

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

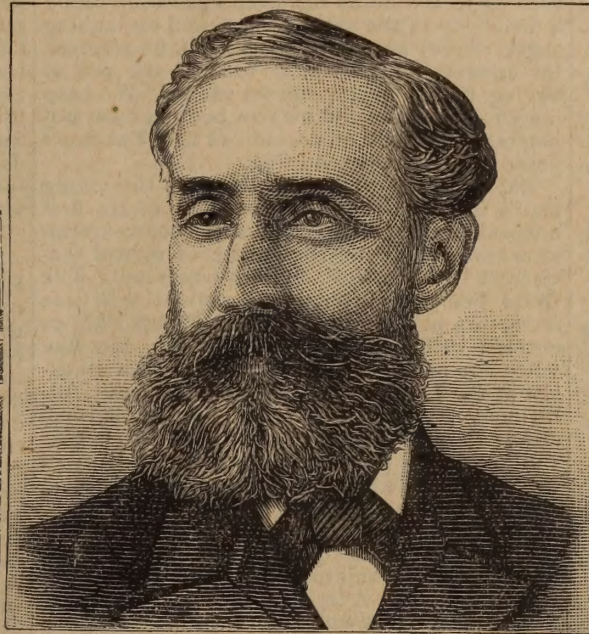
Vol. XII., No. 52. Office, 45 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1889.

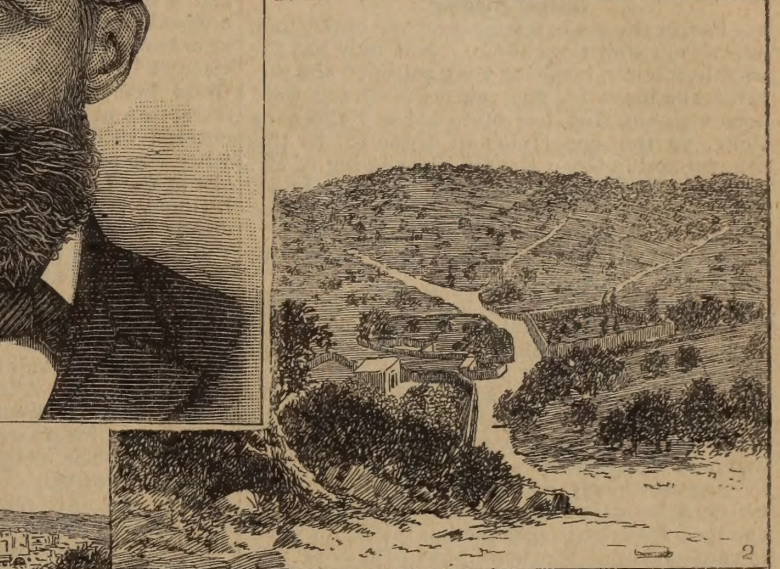
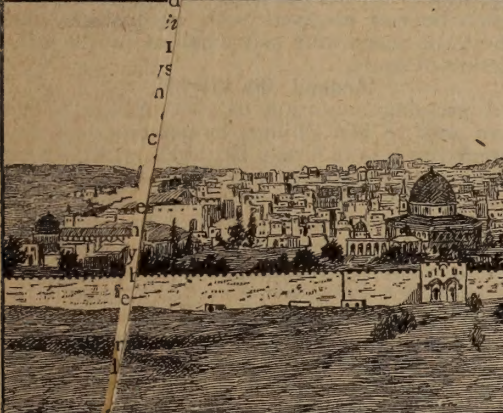
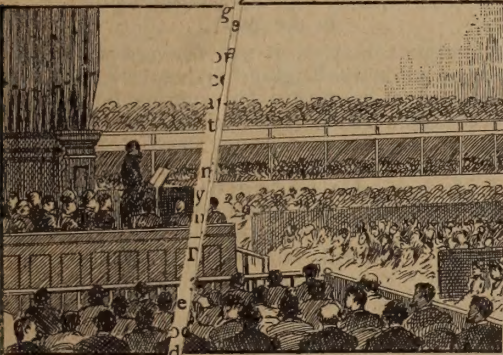
Price, 4 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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MR. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

The Influence of Gospel Song—A Christian Mother—Work on the Farm—First Revival Services—Work in the West—Authorship—Labors in Europe—Around the World—Australia—Ceylon—India—Singing in Jerusalem—Third Tour of Song in England.

DURING the past few weeks a large number of our readers have had the pleasure of listening to the gospel singing of Mr. Philip Phillips, and of seeing the pictures he has been exhibiting, in New York, of the places he has visited in his tour around the world. A portrait of him, and the engravings copied by his kind permission from some of those pictures which appear on the first page will, therefore, be timely and acceptable.

In the kingdom of God there is opportunity for the exercise of that "diversity of gifts" which emanate from "the same Spirit," and if one were called upon to point to the distinguishing characteristics of the era in which we are living, one of them would be the influence

Gospel Singing

has had in the great religious movements which have swept over the church. Not only has the sweetly solemn, inspiring song softened and prepared the heart for the reception of the word preached, but God has often blessed the song alone, to the conversion of sinners. In this country and in Great Britain, the singing of Mr. Sankey, Mr. Stebbins, Professor and Mrs. Lowe, Professor and Mrs. Towner, and others has been blessed, not only as an aid to the evangelists whom they have accompanied, but directly to the salvation of souls.

Mr. Philip Phillips, the pioneer in the work of attaching the graceful courser of music to the gospel chariot, has also enjoyed an abundant measure of God's favor and blessing. Not content with the harvest of souls God gave him in America and Great Britain, he has carried the melodious message to less favored lands; and under southern skies and in tropical climates, in countries newly settled, and in lands famous before America was discovered or Britain had emerged from barbarism, he has raised his voice in celebration of the triumphs of the cross; in very deed accomplishing in his gospel freedom the feat to which the Jewish captives by the rivers of Babylon were unequal—singing "the Lord's song in strange lands."

The story of Mr. Phillips's life is one as full of interest as those detailed in the pages of romance. It is

A Constantly Moving Panorama

and as we follow his footsteps we tread the streets of great cities such as New York, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and San Francisco, and the rural ways of western villages; we see the strange scenes of the Sandwich Islands, and the busy young life of Australia and New Zealand; on to London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and the centres of Old World civilization; on again to Rome and Jerusalem and Egypt, and the classic lands of bygone days, and still further to the unfamiliar Asiatic scenes of Calcutta, Delhi, and the banks of the Ganges, where idolatry and superstition still exercise their malign influence. Space forbids even the most imperfect description of such a life, so full of activity and change; we can but indicate briefly some of its more salient features.

Philip Phillips was born in Chautauqua County, New York, on August 13, 1834. He was the tenth of a family of fifteen children.

His Father and Mother

were distinguished for their earnest practical piety. Of his mother, who died one year after the birth of her fifteenth child, and when Philip was under ten years of age, he speaks in words of tender loving recollection. Her teaching and her prayers, he assures us, are to this day fresh in his mind, and he remembers distinctly her taking him, as she did each of her children, separately to her room and asking God's blessing upon him. Her death was a bitter affliction to the large family of young children, and none felt it more than little Philip.

In 1849, Philip being then fifteen years of age, he was

Apprenticed to a Farmer

who engaged to "instruct him in the art of farming and dairying," to clothe him and provide him with food, and send him to school three months in each year. He also covenanted in the indenture to give Philip, at the end of his term of six years, "a new Bible and two suits of clothes; one to be of a common quality and one to be a handsome suit." Philip appears to have fulfilled his part of the agreement to the satisfaction of the farmer; for observing his passion for music, the farmer resolved to gratify it. Returning to the house one evening, Philip found a melodeon in the sitting-room, and on making eager inquiry as to the instrument, he received for answer: "Well, Philip, what is the use of having money if you cannot use it? We have bought this melodeon for you, but you must not neglect your work on account of it." The boy's heart was full to overflowing.

But a more memorable event in the young man's life even than the possession of his first musical instrument was one that occurred soon afterward, when in the course of revival services at Delanti, N. Y., he was converted. The Good Templar movement was about this time attracting public attention, and Philip Phillips entered with energy into the work. His fine voice was in request, and he was invited to assist at the formation of many new lodges. Additional stimulus was thus given to musical studies, and his employer became conscious that Philip's proper place was not at the drudgery of farm work. He suggested that the young man should take up the profession of music teacher, and with the product of his efforts pay a man to take his place on the farm. Philip accepted the offer gladly, and in 1853 he opened his first singing-school at Allegheny, N. Y. The engagement was carried out, and at the end of the term, when Philip was twenty-one years old, he discharged the obligation, and started in life with his knowledge of music as his only capital. During the next few years his time was given exclusively to his profession.

The First Revival Work

in which Mr. Phillips engaged was at the Delanti church, of which he was a member, and of which Rev. A. Wheelock, D. D., was pastor. The services lasted many weeks, and during that time Mr. Phillips presided at the organ and was busy among the awakened souls.

An invitation was sent to Mr. Phillips at the conclusion of these engagements to sing in Ohio. He accepted, and his first service in that State was held in the Baptist church at Marion. Here he met with Miss Olive M. Clark, the lady who became his wife. Mr. Phillips's first

Published Work,

The Cantata of Esther, was brought out during his Ohio visit. This was followed in 1860 by *Early Blossoms*, of which upward of twenty thousand copies were quickly sold. This success encouraged him to settle in Ohio, and he accordingly opened premises in Cincinnati. In the Queen City success attended him, and he brought out *Musical Leaves*, a book which reached a circulation of 700,000 copies. It penetrated everywhere, and its chords might be heard in churches and schools, on the city street, and in the military camp. Next appeared the *Singing Pilgrim*, founded on John Bunyan's inimitable allegory. The book was enthusiastically received, and Mr. Phillips acquired by the authorship of the work the name by which he is known, the world over, of *The Singing Pilgrim*.

Besides his ordinary professional engagements and his literary labors, Mr. Phillips, during his Cincinnati residence, devoted himself to active Christian work. He sang gratuitously in Sunday-schools, in soldiers' hospitals, and in connection with the United States Christian Commission.

God had other work for Mr. Phillips to do than the mere acquisition of wealth and fame, and, as often happens, He turned his attention to that work by a series of events which the

world names misadventures. In the year 1865 all Mr. Phillips's property was destroyed by fire, and subsequent attempts to renew a business career ended in disappointment and disaster. Thus detached from commercial pursuits, Mr. Phillips gave himself unreservedly to the Lord's work, and in that he held himself ready to go wherever he might be called. In 1868 he visited

Great Britain

for the first time. There he found his fame had preceded him. His songs were on every music-stand, and his melodies were sung everywhere. He sang by invitation Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and other large churches, and at the Temperance Convention at the Crystal Palace. His popularity far exceeded his expectations, and before he left he had promised his English friends to pay another visit. This he did four years later. He then gave one hundred and fifty services for the benefit of the Continental Sunday-school Union Fund for establishing Sunday-schools on the continent of Europe. The fund was increased by the profit on these services to the extent of five thousand dollars.

In the U. S.

An urgent invitation forwarded to Mr. Phillips while in England to visit the Pacific coast, and on his return to America he crossed the continent, and, making San Francisco his headquarters, he went from place to place, returning to San Francisco each week for his Sunday services. He worked during this visit in connection with Mr. Moody, who was at that time preaching on the Pacific coast. Tours followed his California labors, in the Western and Southern States. Among other places, he visited Salt Lake city (a picture of him singing in the Mormon Tabernacle is *Plate No. 1 on the first page*), and in the British Provinces, in all of which he was received with enthusiasm, and where the songs were instrumental in the conversion of souls.

Around the World

A pressing invitation to visit Australia had been sent to Mr. Phillips by persons who had listened to him in Great Britain, and who were anxious that his voice might be heard in that new country. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Phillips determined to make a visit an opportunity for visiting the mission stations which form a belt of light around the world. He sailed from San Francisco, March 8, 1875, and the following three years were passed amid constantly changing scenes and circumstances.

The first halt was at the *Sandwich Islands*. The vessel remained in port only twenty hours, but during that time a service was arranged by the missionaries, one of whom, Mrs. Webb, was found to be a sister of Dr. Hastings of New York. An invitation was received from the King, and Mr. Phillips visited his Majesty, who had but recently returned from his visit to the United States. Thence the voyagers sailed for New Zealand, where a short stay of eight hours was made, and a service of song was held. Melbourne, Australia, was the next city visited. A visit was paid to Ballarat, Creswick, Geelong, Castlemaine, and other large cities. At Sydney, the capital of New South Wales (a picture of which is *No. 4 on first page*), song services were held with success in several parts of the city.

Mr. Phillips prolonged his visit to the colony until October 7, at the urgent request of his friends, singing almost every day in one or other of the places of worship. The next place visited was the Island of Ceylon, where the visitors were entertained by the Superintendent of Missions. An appreciative audience of three hundred people was gathered for the song service and manifested evident pleasure. Three days' sail brought the travellers to Madras, where a Sunday was spent to the mutual pleasure of singer and hearers.

At Calcutta Dr. J. M. Thoburn, and other old friends in the Missionary American Home, extended a cordial welcome to the visitors, and arrangements were made for a singing campaign in India. Mr. Phillips has much to say of the strange sights he witnessed in that wonderful

Christ Himself. He was warmly requested. When the Jews and Mohammedans; and so, I take attend the services only boys that are not would stand without the I think sing to the music, which could be enough the apertures left under the overhang eaves for ventilation; but Mr. Phillips head to learn, before leaving the country. Chi more than one of the mission stations at Reh he sang, his gospel songs had been the Chrof doing good. One of the wonders he nat on his tour through India was the magnificent tomb palace, the Taj Mahal, said to be most beautiful building in the world (*a picture of which is No. 5 on first page*). From India the party set out for the Holy Land, where Mr. Phillips made an extended rd, (singing in Jerusalem (*a picture of which No. 13 on first page*). During his stay in the y city he visited the Garden of Gethsemane, which is probably changed but little since the ht in which the Saviour went to it and bore the agony that forced the bloody sweat m His veins. (*A picture of the Garden as it w is, is No. 2 on first page*.) Mr. Phillips also ited Joppa, Nazareth, and other places of cred associations. From Palestine the route through Egypt, thence to Italy and Austria, rmany and Holland, and so to Great Britain, ere a third singing tour was made. Since at time he has been constantly engaged in spel work in our own and other lands, and, ough now fifty-five years old, he appears to ve lost none of his energy or melody of voice.

ANTICHRIST'S CALENDAR.

o Consist of Years of 360 Days Each, and Probably to Commence on August 14-15, 1897.

THE Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C. L. of St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge, wrote in his book, *The Conflict and the Triumph*, in 1854, in regard to Antichrist's future 1,260 days, as follows: "A period of 1,260 days, or forty-and-two-months, a time, times, and half a time, is mentioned in many places in connection with the Man of in and the persecution which he sets on foot. The following are the passages:

"The eleventh horn, 'a time, times, and the dividing of a time.' Dan. 7: 25. The 'vile person,' 'a time, times and an half.' Dan. 12: 7.

"The holy city trodden under foot 'forty-and-two months.' The witnesses prophesy, 'a thousand and two hundred and threescore days.' Rev. 11: 3 and 4.

"The woman fed in the wilderness 'a thousand and two hundred and threescore days.' Rev. 12: 6.

"The woman fed in the wilderness 'a time, and times and half a time.' Rev. 12: 14; 13: 5.

"The 'beast' continues 'forty - and - two months.' "The first thing that strikes us here is that, although days and months are mentioned, years are not; but that nearly an equivalent is mentioned as 'a time.' A reason has been suggested by an anonymous writer (a Jewish missionary), which seems entitled to great consideration; it is that as of the eleventh horn it is said, 'he shall think to change times and laws' (7: 25), that he will abandon the year of 365 days, and adopt 'a time' or year of three hundred and sixty days.

Mahomet Changed Times;

and the Mahometans consequently reckon upon a different principle to what we do; they reckon from Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina in 622, as we reckon from the birth of Christ; their year contains 354 days, and the year 1854 is the Mahometan year 1271. One of the earliest acts also, of the French Revolutionists was to change the calendar. They made their year to consist of 360 days with five complementary days, and their months of thirty days each, were divided into three decades. The ancient Persians divided their year into twelve months of thirty days each, adding to the last month five supplementary days. The Medes and Persians adopted the old Chaldean year of 360 days, which they afterward reformed as stated in Rees' Cyclopædia on Calendar and Year.

"We thus see that it is no new thing for a change of calendar to accompany a change of dynasty; and further, that the old Chaldean year was a period of 360 days, and this year is called in Scripture 'a time;' and these 'times' or years of 360 days, it would seem probable, the Antichrist will substitute for our present year of 365 days. So that while three modern Gregorian years and a half amount to 1,277 days 15 hours, three times and a half will amount to only 1,260 days, and the months are of thirty days each."

Rev. N. S. Godfrey does not say anything about the probable starting point for Antichrist's New Calendar, but it was suggested as early as 1866 in 'Forty Coming Wonders' that some notable event in Antichrist's future career will probably be the commencement of His Calendar, just as the *Hegira* in 622 was the commencement of Mahomet's Calendar. Dr. Bright, in 1874, in his 'Coming of the Antichrist,' suggested that August 15, being the anniversary day of the double event of the birth of Napoleon I., and therefore observed as the *Bonapartist Fête Day* and being also the great Roman Catholic Fete Day of the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, will very likely be a notable day in the future Antichrist's career whom Dr. Bright in common with many others, believes will be a Napoleon.

Marvellous to relate, when it was discovered some years afterwards, in March, 1887, that April 11, 1901, will be the Last Day of this Age, and when the final 1,335 literal days are traced back retrogressively from April 11, 1901, it is found that those selfsame 1,335 days (of which Antichrist's 1,260 days or $3\frac{1}{2}$ "times" are universally allowed to be the first 1,260 days) actually begin on this very August 15 (in the year 1897) the Bonapartist Fete Day, which Mr. Bright has conjectured would be a notable day in Antichrist's Calendar.

This is an extraordinary undesigned coincidence corroborating the conclusion arrived at on other grounds that the Napoleonic Antichrist will commence his $3\frac{1}{2}$ "times" or Napoleonic years (for which term of office he is to be elected to reign as Roman Emperor of the Ten Kingdoms) on August 15, the very day of the year of all others which he would naturally select as the initiatory day of his triumphal reign as a Cæsar, eclipsing all other Cæsars.

From this day (which by Jewish reckoning will be from Saturday, August 14, at 3 P. M., to Sunday, August 15, at 3 P. M.) as the first initial day of Napoleon's New Calendar, measured by years of 360 days each, instead of 354 days, as in the Mohammedan Calendar—the first "time" or year will be from August 15, 1897, to August 10, 1898, and its second year from August 10, 1898, to August 5, 1899, and so on.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Led to Christ by a Dog.—Mr. Thomson, an evangelist, remarks: "Some time ago a lady entered a little country railway station. Her train was not due, so, to pass the time, she walked up and down the platform, and soon her attention was attracted by a group of men who stood talking together, one of them having by his side a remarkably fine retriever. The lady recognized in this dog's master, a man who had attended a series of evangelistic meetings recently held in that district, and who, the night before, though evidently convicted of his sin, and convinced of his need of a Saviour, had refused to surrender to Christ. She approached the group, and stroking the dog's head, said to the man, 'This is a fine dog.' 'Aye, it be that, ma'am,' was the hearty response. 'I need scarcely ask,' said the lady, 'if you are kind to it, feed it, and look after it well?' 'Course I am kind to it, ma'am; isn't I, Rover?' The dog looked up, wagged his great bushy tail, and seemed to say, 'Yes.' 'And Rover is very fond of you, and follows you everywhere, obeying your slightest command. Does he not?' 'Yes, ma'am,' replied the man, as he fondly stroked the dog's

head. 'Now, suppose Rover left you, who have fed and cared for him, and followed a stranger, paying no attention to your command, would you not think him very ungrateful?' 'Course I would; but Rover would never do that,' and he looked down upon his faithful animal with a kindly smile. 'Now,' said the lady, 'that is just what you are doing with God. He has sheltered, fed, and clothed you. He has heaped kindness after kindness upon you, yet you refuse to obey Him. You turn your back upon Him, and rather follow a stranger, who seeks only your hurt.' For a moment the man seemed stunned, then he exclaimed, as he fondled his dog, 'Yes, it is true; Rover, you have taught your master a lesson that he'll never forget. I have turned my back upon God, who has done so much for me. I will love and follow Christ from this moment.'"

Ingratitude to a Benefactor.—A Young Man asked a Southern planter for a loan of \$5,000. "What security can you give?" asked the planter. "The word of an honest man." The planter eyed him for an instant, and then replied, "You shall have it." This sum gave Nathaniel Prime his great start in life, and he soon paid the debt. Years rolled on, and he became the leading banker of the city. One day the planter who had befriended him at the outset of his career, came to him in poverty, and asked him for the loan of the same sum that he had lent Prime so opportunely. The banker remembered him well, but asked, "What security can you give?" "The word of an honest man," answered the planter, echoing Prime's own words of years before. "That won't do in Wall Street," was the banker's reply. The planter seemed dazed by such an answer, and left without a word. We feel shocked, and rightly too, at such ingratitude, but ingratitude to God does not always awaken such indignation within us.

Why the Boiler Exploded.—Mr. McLauchlan relates: "On one occasion I was preaching in Motherwell, and had remained there over the night. Early next morning the place was saddened with news of a sad accident which had occurred in the town. A man, who was detailed to watch the boiler of a great manufactory, had seen a friend with whom he had passed the previous night, pass the door. He went after him, to have a talk, and while he was gone the boiler exploded, and seven men were hurried, without warning, into eternity. If the man had been at his post, a touch of his finger on the valve would have enabled the steam to escape when it became too strong, and all would have been well; but he neglected his duty, and the death of these men lay upon him. He was apprehended, tried and punished. Sinner, why will you neglect your duty to God, and refuse to give your heart to Him and to His service, and reject Christ's offer of salvation? Take heed, lest your sinful neglect bring fatal disaster upon you."

Puzzled as to the Date of His Birth.—Mr. Paterson says: "At a time of great religious revival, a gentleman said to me, 'Do you know I would do a great deal just to be able to say when I was converted. I see people who a few days ago were in the very gutter of sin, who are now converted, and can tell the very day and hour on which that change took place. I know that I am saved through the blood of Jesus, but I cannot say the precise moment when I passed from darkness into the glorious liberty of Christ.' 'Some time ago,' I replied, 'a company of gentlemen were talking about the new birth, and discussing a case exactly similar to yours, when one man rose and said: "By a strange accident the registration paper of my birth was lost very many years ago, and now I do not know the date of my birth; yet I never doubt that I am living; I have a sound body, which testifies to that fact." So, though a Christian may not know the day of his birth into the kingdom of Christ, yet he knows if he be a living Christian or not. He knows that Christ dwells in him, if he takes delight in the things which are of God, and loathes the things of the world. The life in him testifies that he has been born of the Spirit.'"

A MARRIAGE FEAST.

Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon on the occasion of his visit to Cana of Galilee the miracle at the marriage feast.

"Thou hast kept the good wine until now." John 2:10.

The Blank a Marriage Makes in a Home—The Embarrassment at the Feast—A Poet's Explanation of the Miracle—Its Lessons—I. Christ has Sympathy with Housekeepers—Many Troubled Over a Scant Supply—A Boy's Theology—II. Christ Does Things in Abundance—Not a Meagre Salvation—III. Does Not Shadow Others' Grievances with His Own—Children's Lives Needlessly Embittered—IV. Not Impatient with Luxury—V. Nor with Festal Joy—God's Children Entitled to the Best Privileges—VI. Interferes in Extremity—A Christian Home in Poland—The Final Marriage Feast.

STANDING not far off from the demolished town of what was once called Cana of Galilee, I bethink myself of our Lord's first miracle, which has been the astonishment of the ages.

My Visit Last Week

to that place makes vivid in my mind that beautiful occurrence in Christ's ministry. My text brings us to a wedding in that village. It is a wedding in common life, two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the hothouse. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a princess. It seems hard, after the parents have sheltered her for eighteen years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another; but mother remembers how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces up until the wedding has passed, and the banqueters are gone, and she has a cry all alone. Well, we are to-day

At the Wedding

in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and His mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected. Either some people have come who were not invited, or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not enough supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and He comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water-pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, then waves His hand over the water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it, and see for yourselves; no logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first-rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country, whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine He makes the very best wine; and one hundred and thirty gallons of it standing around in these water-pots—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it, and says: "Why, this is really better than anything we have had! Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle: "The unconscious water saw its God, and blushed."

We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has

Sympathy with Housekeepers.

You might have thought that Jesus would have said: "I cannot be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for Me, Lord of heaven, of earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to." Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus, by miraculous power, came to the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your

household? Have you to make a very close calculation? Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably? If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret; but go to Him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor! Pray in the kitchen! Let there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that He will take care of you and feed you.

A Boy's Theology.

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said, "Yes; you seem very poor." He says, "I am very poor." She says, "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face and said, "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust Him, and then do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. Amidst all the worriments of housekeeping, go to Him; He will help you control your temper, and supervise your domestics, and entertain your guests, and manage your home economies. There are hundreds of women, weak and nervous, and exhausted with the cares of housekeeping. I commend you to the Lord Jesus Christ as the best adviser and the most efficient aid—the Lord Jesus who performed His first miracle to relieve a housekeeper.

I learn also from this miracle that

Christ Does Things in Abundance.

I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deficiency. I think, certainly, they must have had enough for half of the guests. One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons will be enough; certainly ten. But Jesus goes on, and He gives them thirty gallons, and forty gallons, and fifty gallons, and seventy gallons, and one hundred gallons, and one hundred and thirty gallons of the very best wine. It is just like Him—doing everything on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our Creator, go forth to make leaves? He makes them by the whole forest full; notched like the fern, or silvered like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics, Oregon forests. Does He go forth to make flowers? He makes plenty of them; they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grapevine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf in the spiræa—enough for every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every brow a chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the graves. Does He go forth to create water? He pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full, a lake full, an ocean full; pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus provide redemption? It is

Not a Little Salvation

for this one, a little for that, and a little for the other; but enough for all—"Whosoever will, let him come." Each man an oceanful for himself. Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. Pardon for all, comfort for all, mercy for all, heaven for all; not merely a cupful of gospel supply, but one hundred and thirty gallons. Ay, the tears of godly repentance are all gathered up into God's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight, and ask that it be filled with the wine of heaven; and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry, "Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own tears!" and Jesus will say, "Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of heaven?" Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

I remark, further, *Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with his own griefs.* He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I

have so much trouble; the year 1865 all persecution, and the cross destroyed by fire, rejoice, and the gloom of a business sorrows shall be cast over all this disaster. said not Jesus. He said to Himself: Mr. two persons starting out in married life. be a joyful occasion. I will

Hide My Own Grievances.

I will kindle their joy." There are many wise as that. I know a household where are many little children, where for two years musical instrument has been kept shut because there has been trouble in the house. Alas the folly! Parents saying: "We will have Christmas-tree this coming holiday, because there has been trouble in the house. Hush! laughing up-stairs! How can there be any when there has been so much trouble?" And so they make everything consistently doleful and send their sons and daughters to ruin in the gloom they throw around them.

Oh, my dear friends, do you not know that

Children Will Have Trouble Enough

of their own after a while? Be glad they can not appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after while, have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather, be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding His own grief, and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged, and portentous, but after a while the sun with golden pry, heaved back the blackness, and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

I learn from this miracle that Christ is not impatient with

The Luxuries of Life.

It was not necessary that they should have that wine. Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the wine it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that He wants us to eat hard bread and sleep on hard mattresses, unless we like them the best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet, and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden-plated harness as certainly as when we go a-foot. Jesus Christ will dwell with us under a fine ceiling as well as under a thatched roof; and when you get wine made out of water, drink as much as you can.

What is the difference between a Chinese mud hovel and an American home? What is the difference between the rough bear-skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference except that which the gospel of Christ, directly or indirectly, has caused. When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every garment a robe, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall praise of the Lord.

I learn, further, from this miracle, that waited for has no impatience with

Festal Joy,

otherwise He would not have accepted the invitation to that wedding. He certainly would not have done that which increased the hilarity. There may have been many in that room who were happy, but there was not one of them that did so much for the joy of the wedding party as

Christ Himself. He was the chief of the banqueters. When the wine gave out, He supplied it; and so, I take it, He will not deny us the joys that are positively festal.

I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity? I take it to be simply a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved; and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamation, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say: "My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say anything like that. He would say: "The first privileges in all the grounds, and all of my house, shall be

For My Own Children."

And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits, and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders, and not for his own children. It is stark atheism. There is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink; there is no robe too costly for him to wear; there is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in, and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of heaven. Though tribulation and trial and hardship may come unto him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say, rejoice."

I remark, again, that Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did He not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle? This is Christ's way; and when He did come in, at the hour of extremity, He made first-rate wine, so that they cried out: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour. In

A Christian Home in Poland

Great poverty had come, and on the week day he man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer there was a tap on the window pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the king's residence, and for the honesty of the man bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven tapping on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith. Christ in the hour of extremity! You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said: "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off;" but at that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said: "O wanderer, come home, I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon and everlasting life!"

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. You braced yourself up against it. You said: "I will be a stoic, and will not care;" but before you had got through the resolution, it broke down under you, and that all your resources were gone, and

Jesus came. "In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on sea." Why did He not come in the first watch? or in the second watch? or in the third watch? I do not know. He came in the fourth, gave deliverance to His disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

I wonder if it will be so in our very last extremity. We shall fall suddenly sick, and doctors will come, but in vain. We will try the anodynes, and the stimulants, and the bathings, but all in vain. Something will say: "You must go." No one to hold us back, but the hands of eternity stretched out to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to us, and as we say, "Lord Jesus, I am afraid of that water; I cannot wade through to the other side," He will say, "Take hold of my arm;" and we will take hold of His arm, and then He will put His foot in the surf of the wave, taking us on down, deeper, deeper, deeper, and our soul will cry, "All Thy waves and billows have gone over me." They cover the feet, come to the knee, pass the girdle and come to the head, and our soul cries out, "Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot hold Thine arm any longer." Then Jesus will turn around, throw both His arms about us, and set us on the beach far beyond the tossing of the billows. Jesus in

The Last Extremity!

That wedding scene is gone now. The wedding ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down; but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know the Bible says that the Church is the Lamb's wife, and the Lord will after awhile come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music; and Jesus will stretch out His hand, and the Church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the King, and the bridegroom will say to the bride: "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, my love!" and then He shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and

The Bridegroom and Bride

will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say: "That is Jesus the bridegroom! But the scar on his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in His side is covered with a robe!" and, "That is the bride! The weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters, and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with the heavenly vintage, and then all the banqueters will drink standing. Esther, having come up from the bacchanalian revelry of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords feasted, will be there. And the Queen of Sheba, from the banquet of Solomon, will be there. And the mother of Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalices in that light, they shall cry to the Lord of the feast: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

THE LATE MARTIN F. TUPPER.

(See portrait on page 828.)

THE many American admirers of the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* will be glad to get the portrait we now publish of him. As we have mentioned in a previous number of this journal, he died November 29, at the age of seventy-nine. It is more than forty years since he was at the zenith of his fame, and the younger generation of readers do not hold him in so high esteem as their fathers did in their young days. They say of him that his popularity was due to the oracular form of his utterances rather than to their profundity and originality and to like Tupper is an indication of a shallow mind. If that is so, there must have been many shallow minds in the United States, for the book attained an almost fabulous circulation during the first twenty years after its publication here.

Tupper was born in London in 1810. He was

very proud of the fact that his was an old Puritan family, and used to boast that one of his ancestors served under Cromwell. He exhibited to his visitors, as his chief treasures, two documents handsomely framed, one of which was in the handwriting of the Great Protector and the other signed by General Fairfax. Tupper was educated at the Charterhouse School, where he had the late W. M. Thackeray and Sir A. Helps as school-fellows. He graduated at Christchurch, Oxford, where he first made the acquaintance of Mr. Gladstone. Difference in politics has not prevented their friendship from being life-long. Mr. Tupper was educated for the ministry of the Church of England, but an impediment in his speech prevented him from taking orders. He then studied law, but never practiced.

He was twenty-eight years old when he wrote the book that made his fame. His own story of its origin, as given to a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, was as follows: "I was very much in love with my cousin Isabelle, who was afterward to become my wife, and so I thought I would transcribe my notions on the holy estate of matrimony. A letter was too light; a formal essay too heavy. A happy thought struck me. 'I will convey them in the manner of Solomon's proverbs,' I said, and I did so in articles—first, on marriage, then on love, then on friendship, and, fourthly, on education." The book was wholesome and had a religious tone. It took with the masses, and men quoted it as if it had been inspired Scripture. When Mr. Tupper visited the United States in 1851 and 1876, he found himself a very famous man, and was fêted and made much of. The book added largely to his fortune, and enabled him to live in good circumstances. He mixed in good society, was popular with the royal family, and with the aristocracy. Of late years he has not come prominently before the public.

A SCENE AT THE DOCKS.

(See illustration on page 829.)

THERE are few sights more suggestive to the student of human nature than that to be witnessed at a dock before the departure of the great transatlantic ships. The partings between those who are going and those who are staying behind are varied as the faces. Some are going on a mere pleasure trip, and theirs are gay good-byes. But there are partings between parents, and sons and daughters, which may be final, and then old hearts are wrung, and faces long unused to tears are bedewed. But perhaps the saddest sight of all is the departing voyager whom no one cares enough for to visit and bid good-bye to. There are sure to be some of those present, and as they look at others suffering the agony of separation they do not seem glad that they are spared it. Looking at their gloomy faces one is reminded of Tennyson's words, "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." The sight, too, suggests thoughts of that final emigration which lies before every one, that going out from this world for which so few make any preparation. The Book which tells of that better land so neglected, the way to reach it so little sought, and the alternative so appalling, all rise in the mind as one notices among the ship passengers the preparations for the brief voyage, and one wonders at the inconsistency of human nature.

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THE FORERUNNER ANNOUNCED

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for January 5, 1890, Luke 1:5-25;
Golden Text, Mal. 3:1.

Differences Between Luke and John—Luke the Exponent of the Human Side of Christ—Zacharias and Elizabeth—Righteousness in the Household—The Trials of Mismatched People—The Religious Life of the Period—Agnostics and Ritualists Flourishing—The Couple Concerned About National Spiritual Decadence—Prayer Answered After Many Years—A Son with a Divine Mission—A Sign Asked For—Given in Reproof.

THE gospel of St. Luke sets forth especially the manhood of Jesus, just as that of St. John sets forth His Godhead. While the apostle John commences with His past eternity, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," this evangelist enters into all the circumstances which centre in His birth among men. "There was in the days of Herod, the King of Judea" (the same Herod mentioned in Matt. 2:2, and called Herod the Great), "a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia, or Abijah (1 Chron. 24:10), and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth." Both of them contained in their names the name of God, and both were beyond their generation in their apprehension of the mind of God. It was a holy marriage, according to Ezek. 44:22, and there was true unity of walk and unity of purpose in this godly household. "They were

Righteous Before God."

The standard of holiness in their time was not their measure; God's appeal to Abraham found an echo in their hearts, "I am the Almighty God; walk before Me, and be thou perfect." (Gen. 17:1.) This was not a household in which one wanted to introduce worldly fashions, and the other stood out painfully, perhaps bitterly against it. We may well believe that before they were united, Zacharias and Elizabeth had agreed to "walk by the same rule. . . (to) mind the same thing." (Phil. 3:16.) They walked steadily, day by day, "in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord." Theirs was not a life of sudden starts, of hasty impulses to some new thing, hurriedly carried out and soon abandoned; they took pains to discover the will of God from His Word, and then, steadily and perseveringly, walked in it "blameless."

Oh how few Christians are blameless! of how few can it be said, as it was said of Daniel by his enemies, after they had sought in vain to find occasion against him concerning the kingdom, "But they could find none occasion nor fault; for as much as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him." "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God!" Daniel was "blameless," and so were this old couple. It is God's will for all the followers of Jesus that they should "be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke" (Phil. 2:15), that they should "provide things honest in the sight of all men" (Rom. 12:17; 11 Cor. 8:11; 1 Thess. 4:12), and the apostle Paul especially ordains that the bishops shall have "a good report of them that are without." (1 Tim. 3:7.) How many a husband or wife might sigh and think, "If only my husband, or my wife, were one with me it would be easy to walk thus before God! but what can one do when there is not unity in the house? Dear tried one, when you have learned the lesson God will teach you through your partner in life, things will be altered. You will be on your trial some way, and God only knows whether family trial, business trial, trial in the work of God, or peculiar inward trial is that which will most fit you to be a ready instrument to His hand here, and ripe for His purposes in another world. Zacharias and Elizabeth were not without their trials; they had no child, and it was physically impossible that Elizabeth should ever become a mother. This was no light humiliation. Every Jewish wife knew that the promised Messiah was

to be the seed of the woman, and each might feel that perhaps she might be the chosen one. But this was not all. Probably the hope of offspring had long faded from the hearts of this couple. But there was

Another, and a Deeper Trial.

Although, since the Babylonish captivity, the sin of idolatry, which had so grieved the heart of God, had disappeared from among His people, yet a false, unreal religiousness had taken its place, and Phariseism, with all its hollow superstition, and Sadduceeism, with its sinful exaltation of human reasoning, were bringing in miserable substitutes for the true, real fear of God, and the walking in His ways, to which this old couple witnessed in their lives.

Even in the time of Malachi, great abuses had crept in; they had ceased to honor and to fear God; they "offered polluted bread" upon His altar; they offered the blind, the lame, and the sick in sacrifice, such as they would not have offered to an earthly governor; they served God for gain, and were unwilling so much as to shut the doors or kindle fire on the altar for naught. The service of God had become a money-making concern, and they had said of the service of God, "What a weariness is it." More than this, the priesthood was become corrupt; they saw the abuses that had crept in, and yet they, the leaders of the people, did not "lay it to heart;" they were degenerate—instead of turning many away from iniquity, they had become a curse. Ye are departed out of the way; ye have caused many to stumble at the law; ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. 1:6-8, 10, 13; 2:2, 5-8.) But the man with the writer's inkhorn saw in Zechariah's generation some in the midst of Jerusalem who did sigh and cry "for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." (Ezek. 9:2-4.) The sorrows of the old priest and his wife were not private and personal; they had

A Heart at Leisure from Itself"

for the burden of the Lord, and they knew something of what Paul meant by the "fellowship of his sufferings." (Phil. 3:10.) While Zacharias executed his priestly office in burning incense on the "incense altar" (Ex. 37:25), according to Ex. 30:7-9, the people were "praying without." It is not clear whether this was on the great day of atonement, and that this would account for the multitude which were gathered. In any case, the spirit of prayer was upon them. "Like priest, like people," the influence of a praying spiritual leader made itself felt. God's answers to our prayers often take us by surprise. His view of things is much broader and deeper than ours. There appeared to Zacharias "an angel of the Lord, standing on the right hand of the altar of incense."

Zacharias was not prepared for the answer to come this way, and when he saw him "he was troubled, and fear fell upon him." Why is it that our human hearts always tend to regard with suspicion and fear any visitation from God? Why do we apprehend evil from the hand of Him whose name is Love? Oh how it grieves Him! Oh how it wrongs Him! What a rebuke of love it must have been to him when the angel's first word was, "Fear not Zacharias," and the words fell upon his ear,

"For Thy Prayer is Heard!"

The prayer of years gone by and the prayer of to-day were to be answered together, "Thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John." What! could it be that God had remembered this request long after the apparent possibility of such an answer? Yes, God "forgetteth not the cry of the humble." (Ps. 9:12). "And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth." Those who waited for redemption in Jerusalem, "served God with fastings and prayers" (Luke 2:37, 38), but answered prayer fills with joy and gladness. "For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord." Oh what joy to the heart of Zacharias, who had been mourning over a corrupt priesthood, of whom the Lord had said, "Therefore have I also made you contemptible and base be-

fore all the people, according as ye have kept my ways, but have been partial in the law."

"And shall drink neither wine nor strong drink." John the Baptist was to be a Nazar separated unto God, and therefore separated from wine or strong drink. (Num. 6:1-3.) was to "put a difference between holy and holy, and between unclean and clean," and therefore he was not to drink wine or strong drink. (Lev. 10:9-11.) "And he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb." "Be not drunk with wine, wherein excess, but be ye filled with the Spirit." (Eph. 5:18.) There are many who seek to be filled with the Holy Ghost, and who strive with their might by fasting and prayer and means their own to be filled with the Spirit. Here we have an unconscious babe, unable to struggle, wrestle or to do anything to produce such a result, but he was simply empty, simply nothing, and the Spirit took possession. How truly may we become

"As Little Children"

that we may be "filled with all the fullness of God." (Matt. 28:3; Eph. 3:19.) All this was astounding to the old priest, but the main burden of his prayer was only answered in the which follows, "And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God." What then? was the awakening among the degenerate people for whom he had so long prayed to take place by means of his own son? was more than Zacharias could take in. "And yet more, "And he shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." The old priest would recognize the prophecy of Mal. 4:5, but his views of God were not yet large enough to make him readily believe what was told him by the angel. His thoughts reverted to human possibilities and probabilities, and he judged of God by things of time and sense. The work of God was not enough for him, and he said, "Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife well stricken in years."

Oh how it grieves God when we want a sign to confirm His written Word! God is not a man that He should lie; neither the son of man that He should repent. Hath he said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" (Num. 23:19.) Let us be careful how we ask God for a sign. Zacharias gave his sign, but in a way which conveyed a double rebuke to him. "Thou shalt be dumb and unable to speak (thy words) . . . because thou believest not my words." The angel indeed gave his name and address, "I am Gabriel, thou stand in the presence of God;" and he shewed his commission orders, "and I am sent to speak unto thee, and to shew thee these glad tidings."

When will believers learn to believe in God! It stands to reason that in this age of imposture, when some unknown person calls upon one, and demands to be credited in statements which makes, that he should carry some credentials with him. But when God speaks, and speaks "in these last days . . . by His Son, whom He hath appointed Heir of all things" (Heb. 1:2), should we treat His Word, however much it goes beyond our own experience, as though it were not to be relied on? Oh how many of us are dumb in our testimony for God because we believe not His words! But why remain so? Will not give God credit for meaning what He says? When He says, "Sin shall not have dominion over you" (Rom. 6:14), why not

Take His Word and Stand Upon it,

as our strength to resist the devil until he is forced to flee from us? "The people waited for Zacharias, and marvelled that he tarried so long in the temple," but, bound by the sign he exacted from his God, he could give no explanation. They saw that something had happened, but the mystery was left unsolved. And after a day, in constrained silence, the old priest went through the duties of his office, how there must have been of surmise as to what

wonderful communication was which took such hold on Zacharias! The days of his ministration accomplished, Zacharias went to his own house in the hill country of Judea. Elizabeth, by writing or some other means, soon learned the secret of her husband's affliction, and no doubt she gathered from him the very words which the angel had spoken. God was faithful, and fulfilled His Word, and Elizabeth's heart was glad. She hid herself from man that she might live more in communion with God, and be better fitted to train the forerunner of the Lord when he should be born. There were no doubts to harass and perplex her, and her heart was filled with praise to God, who had looked on her to take away her reproach among men.

RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1889.

THE record of the year now near its close is notable chiefly for its sudden and fatal disasters. Comparatively uneventful in political affairs, undisturbed by wars, unmarked by startling social convulsions, its place in history will be shrouded in gloom on account of the large numbers of our fellow-creatures who have been during its course hurried to a violent death. There are, however, in the year's history of the nation and of individuals, abundant reasons to thank God for His mercies; and the devout Christian will not fail to perceive them, and as he passes this milestone of life, renew his trust in God, who has been our Refuge in the past, and our Hope in the future.

Our Political Life

has been marked by that quiet and peaceable transfer of power from one political party to another, to which we have become accustomed, but which in less favored lands often involves fatal struggle and national disturbance. In January the Electoral College assembled according to the Constitution, and declared Benjamin Harrison duly elected to the Presidency. By a curious anomaly the popular vote for him was smaller than that of his rival. He polled 5,442,367 votes, while Mr. Cleveland polled 5,539,891; but the votes in the College were 233 for Harrison and 168 for Cleveland. The country, however, perfectly understood that the election was constitutional, and acquiesced. The Legislative record of the year is utterly barren. That was to be expected under the circumstances; but as the majority in both Houses of Congress is now in practical harmony, there is reason to hope that some legislation, which is badly needed, may be effected. The year, however, will be memorable in our history for the admission of *four new States*—North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington. It will also be remarkable for a new departure which may have an important bearing on our future history, in bringing us into closer relations with our neighbors through the labors of the *Pan-American Congress*. Another body simultaneously assembled in Washington on the invitation of our Government, is deserving of remembrance on account of its humanitarian object. It is the *International Maritime Conference*, to devise measures for increased safety in ocean travel. The Government also deserves credit for its prompt and vigorous action in the *Samoa trouble*, and for so asserting the rights of its weak neighbor in the Conference at Berlin, as to teach Bismarck a needed lesson of non-interference in this hemisphere. The *sealing dispute with Canada* is an unhappy item in the otherwise pleasant record; but the assurances in the President's message, and in the reports from the other side of the Atlantic, lead us to hope that the difficulty may be amicably arranged.

In Foreign Lands

the year has been remarkable for absence of wars, and even the rumors of wars have been less numerous than usual. Only one battle of any note has been fought—that of General Grenfell's attack and discomfiture of the Mahdists at Toski, on August 3. The *revolution in Brazil* on November 15 is probably the most momentous event of the year. The downfall of Dom Pedro, and the organization of a republic in that vast empire was a surprise, though the eventual change of the form of government when the

popular Emperor died was a foregone conclusion. It has come sooner than was expected, and not under the most hopeful auspices. There have been also minor political convulsions in other lands. General Hippolyte has ousted General Legitime from *Haiti*; a futile insurrection has given a note of warning to the King of the *Sandwich Islands*, and, in Europe, the King of *Servia* has abdicated in favor of his son. In *England*, social questions, rather than political, have occupied public attention. The dockyard strike was of proportions to bring the condition of the laboring poor prominently before the people, and to force the problem of the unemployed on the attention of all patriotic people. The Parnell Commission, which has not yet rendered its report, removed the worst feature of the stigma which has attached to the Irish leader, though it has not completely vindicated his associates. In *France* public attention has been diverted from politics by the Exposition, which was held to commemorate the great revolution of 1789. The trial of General Boulanger, and his condemnation for conspiracy and attempted treason, has rendered the year by no means uneventful. The elections to the legislature, which were this year dreaded by the party in power, substantially confirmed the existing order of political supremacy. An event which belongs especially to no one country, but interests the whole civilized world and deserves notice, is the successful achievement of *Stanley's rescue of Emin Pasha* from his perilous position in Central Africa. Such an exploit places him in the very first place among explorers, and makes him at the present moment the most distinguished man in the world.

The Religious Record

of the year has been so fully detailed from week to week in these columns, that it is necessary here only briefly to remind our readers that it has seen the assembling of many important conventions. Notably the Sunday-school Convention in London, to which delegates went from all lands, and proved to the world that, underlying denominational differences, there is a basis of substantial unity among Christians, and a sincere desire to unite in labor in the cause of our Lord. The Protestant Episcopal Convention in New York, the Triennial Congregational Council in Worcester, Mass., the American Board's meeting in New York, and the National Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in Boston this month, all showed that there is present in the churches of all denominations that increase of zeal and general awakening to more earnest effort for the conversion of souls which, it was prophesied, would characterize the church in the days immediately preceding the Lord's Second Advent.

The Disasters

of the year make up so long a record that it is only possible to briefly enumerate them. First, and most saddening to us was the terrible Cemaugh flood, which desolated Johnstown, Pa., on May 31, in which 5,000 persons lost their lives. A parallel disaster occurred in China in July, and a still more terrible one, involving the loss of 10,000 lives in the burning of a town in the same country. Among the other disasters causing serious fatalities, were the tornado in Pennsylvania on January 9, the collapse of a hotel at Hartford, Conn., and the destruction of twenty-three lives on February 18; the cyclone in Georgia on February 19, the hurricane at Samoa destroying the ships of the United States and Germany, on March 16, the terrible railroad accident in Ireland, in June, to a Sunday-school excursion train, in which seventy-six persons were killed, the floods in Japan in August, causing 15,000 deaths, the earthquake at Khinzorik on the Russian frontier on August 27, when 129 persons were buried alive, the explosion of the cartridge factory in Antwerp, Belgium, in September, the landslide at Quebec in the same month, and the terrible tidal wave in Japan on September 27, which drowned hundreds of persons. Great fires have also been more frequent than usual, involving much loss of property.

Spokane Falls, W. T., and Seattle, W. T., have been almost wholly destroyed, and the property consumed was worth many million dollars. Lynn, Mass., Boston, Mass., Minneapolis, Minn., were chief among the other suffering cities. Nor must the catastrophe be forgotten, in which our readers are interested, the burning on October 13 of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The Obituary List

contains but few names of the first importance, though some of them are those of men whom the world sadly misses. Among those at home are, Ericsson the engineer, Allen T. Rice, Ex-Senator Cameron, Mrs. Lucy Hayes, Dr. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, Dr. Alexander Johnston, Professor George Zabriskie Gray, the genial S. S. Cox, Hon. George H. Pendleton, and Jefferson Davis. Abroad, the world has lost the great statesman John Bright, the beloved hymn writer and preacher Horatius Bonar, the philanthropist Robert Baxter, Father Damien the leper's friend, the Italian Evangelist Gavazzi, the poets Tupper and Browning, the journalist Samuel C. Hall, and one king, he of Portugal.

AN EVANGELIST'S PRESCRIPTION.

AT a service in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York, the Rev. B. Fay Mills related an experience of his in another city. While he was conducting meetings there he heard from several persons of the antagonism of a certain young lady of education and refinement to him and the meetings. She had unaccountably conceived a prejudice against him personally, and tried to prevent all with whom she had any influence going to hear him. She was beautiful, sprightly, and fascinating, so that she had many friends. It was not difficult for such a person to exert a widespread influence, for she had the power of setting persons and things in a most ridiculous light, and many who were disposed to attend the meetings, and did not sympathize with her ridicule, were afraid to go lest they should be made targets for the shafts of her wit. For some reason, probably to find matter to burlesque, the young lady came to one of the meetings. There the Holy Spirit touched her heart, and she was in an agony of conviction. It was a most obstinate case. Prayer, conversation, Bible reading, sermons, all failed in bringing peace to her soul. She grew haggard with her terrible distress. She could not eat or sleep, and her friends trembled for her reason. Over and over again the way of salvation was pointed out to her, explained and illustrated, but with no result. She was in despair, when in an interview with Mr. Mills he asked her if she would take a prescription if he gave it. She said she would. He said, "Go to every person to whom you have spoken about these meetings, and tell them you were mistaken, that the salvation of the soul is a matter of the very first and most urgent concern, and beg them to attend to it at once." Three days afterward she entered the meeting with a beaming face. It was easy to see what had happened. Mr. Mills spoke to her, and was thankful to learn that she had fully entered into peace.

Volume XI., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887 are also for sale. We can also furnish complete volumes for 1884, 1885, and 1888, unbound, price \$1.50, including postage.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 45 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for December:

The Bridegroom Cometh. Address by an Evangelist of the Catholic Apostolic Church.
Antichrist's Calendar to Consist of 360 Days, &c.
Politics of Another World.
Annual Second Advent Conference at Adelaide, Australia.
Certainty of Personal Antichrist as well as Personal Messiah.
How I Discovered the Last Day of this Age. By the Rev. M. Baxter.
The Coming Tremendous European War in 1890 or 1891.
Daniel's Prophetic Dates. (Diagram.)
Prophetic Import of the Brazil Revolution.
The Time of Christ's Advent.
Passing Events viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICES, 45 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 4 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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Money should always accompany each order, and the order and remittance should be for the same amount. We keep no books for unpaid subscriptions, and cannot, therefore, enter any names without payment.

The Proposed Increase of the Size of this journal has evoked an unexpected, but decided protest, to which we feel bound to defer. Some increase, however, is necessary, but it will be limited to the addition of six lines to each column instead of twelve. This enlarged edition will therefore not greatly differ in appearance from the present edition, though thirteen pages will contain more reading matter than fourteen of this size. This arrangement will, we hope, meet the views of all.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Strong Claim for the Admission of Wyoming Territory to Statehood was made before the Senate Committee on Territories on December 18 by Delegate Carey. He contended that Wyoming had a larger population, and cast a larger vote now, than many other States had when they were admitted. Its wealth, also, was \$120,000,000, which was more than several new States had at the time of their admission. He said that agriculture, soda, iron, petroleum, and coal would make Wyoming one of the wealthiest States in the Union; that the coal-fields covered 30,000 square miles, that much of the coal is of a superior quality, that quantity is inexhaustible, and that the annual production has already reached two millions of tons. It is probable that the committee will recommend the admission of both Wyoming and Idaho.

The Defaulting Cashier of the House has not yet been found. The salaries of members of Congress are therefore still in peril. This fact may lead them to give some attention to the extradition treaty with England now awaiting confirmation by the Senate. Under that treaty the cashier could be arrested if found in England or Canada, and brought back for punishment, as could many other defaulters now living in ease and safety on their ill-gotten gains under the English flag. The members should use their influence with Senators in favor of the treaty. They should not suffer their attention to this duty to be diverted by the bill introduced into the House on December 18. That bill appropriates \$75,000 to be immediately available for the payment of the salaries of members of Congress lost by the Silcott defalcation. Perhaps the prospects of the treaty being confirmed would be brighter if the Senators themselves were the sufferers by Silcott, but they will be amenable to the influence of their brother legislators if the latter will use it. The country will not

grudge them compensation out of the national treasury if, through their influence, we get a treaty which will protect private citizens who suffer by absconding cashiers, and have not the advantage of access to the public treasury to make good their losses. But the treaty should be confirmed before the appropriation bill is passed.

The Restriction of Immigration is to Come before Congress in the shape of a bill introduced by Mr. Oates, of Alabama, who has thoroughly studied the subject, and was an active member of the Ford Investigating Committee. Mr. Oates is in favor of the system of inspection of intending immigrants by our consuls abroad. He proposes that no immigrant shall be allowed to land who does not hold a consul's certificate certifying that he is not an idiot, pauper, or felon, or afflicted with contagious disease, or is under contract. A further test is suggested at the later stage of naturalization. The courts are to refuse to naturalize any alien who has been convicted of infamous crime or moral misdemeanor, or who cannot speak the English language, or read the Constitution of the United States in English, or who is a *polygamist, anarchist, socialist, or communist, or who belongs to any society or association of such*. The bill will contain other details of importance, but its chief features and those which commend it to all who are concerned for the welfare of the country, are those above mentioned.

The Verdict of the Jury in the Cronin Murder trial rendered on December 16, after the jury had been in deliberation seventy hours, is a disappointment. It is evidently a compromise and is illogical. Of the five accused men Beggs escapes entirely, Kunze is convicted of manslaughter with a sentence of three years imprisonment, and Coughlin, Sullivan, and Burke, are convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. They owe their escape from the gallows to one jurymen, who from some motive not disclosed labored to shield them and held out against the other eleven jurymen. The result is ridiculous. The murder of Dr. Cronin was so atrocious that if the men were guilty they deserved the extreme penalty of the law, and if they were innocent they ought not to be punished at all. Any middle course was inconsistent. Thus the opportunity of administering a much needed lesson to the Irish thugs in America has been missed, and the Clan-na-Gael can go on holding its private investigations and passing sentences of "removal" in comparative safety. The escape of Beggs, who was chairman of the secret meeting of the camp is the most deplorable of all. The jury has failed in its duty to society, and has brought a reproach on the nation.

The Great Strike of the Gas Stokers in London has failed. The companies invited unskilled laborers and promised them a bonus in cash, high wages while the strike continued, and steady employment afterward. To prevent coaxing or intimidation they lodged them within the walls surrounding the works and gave them board. The strike did not arouse public sympathy, as it was not a strike for higher wages, but against yearly contracts. The men refused to sign them on the ground that it would prevent their striking at any time while the contracts were in force. As a sudden strike of gas-stokers would put London in darkness, the public thought the companies were right in arranging against such a contingency, and did not encourage the strike. The most serious feature of the victory is that it has brought about three thousand unskilled laborers into the overcrowded city, and has made a large increase of the strikers to the ranks of the unemployed.

The Precarious Condition of European peaceful relations was outlined in an interview last week between Jules Simon, the French statesman, and a correspondent of the New York Herald. The former spoke with much emphasis of the desire of his nation for peace. He said: "The terrible year left the country in ruins, without a government, without an army, and

without money. By efforts of heroism without parallel in history, she accomplished what seemed an impossible task. To-day she is a new France, stronger, richer, and greater than before. Her enemies, no less than her friends, recognize this. Less than twenty years of peace have done this for her. She wants twenty years more." He believed that all the other Powers, with the possible exception of Italy, were similarly minded, but, referring to the Triple Alliance, he said: "If it is not always the unexpected that happens, in this case it is possible that an unexpected may happen. I will give you an illustration: You leave this house with every intention of wending your way tranquilly homeward; at the corner of the street some one, with or without reason, insults you, and you may have a duel on your hands without having given that eventuality a thought. Your peaceful intentions, your desire for tranquillity, count for nothing; a blow, a word, a trifle light as air, has put them to instant rout. So it is with France and the Triple Alliance."

The Long-Standing Dispute Between England and Portugal on the African question has assumed an acute form. The Washington Government has united with England in demanding satisfaction from Portugal for the seizure of the Delagoa Railroad, and the Portuguese Government has practically admitted its liability, but a new cause of quarrel has arisen. Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese explorer, has precipitated it by invading the territory claimed to be within the British sphere of influence, shooting down natives with Gatling guns, seizing English flags, and forcing treaties upon the local kings. He has followed this up by an invitation to the British missionaries in those regions to place themselves under the Portuguese protection. The British Government has made a formal protest on the subject, and in view of possibilities is removing its property from Portuguese ports, and strengthening its Mediterranean fleet.

A Great Social Upheaval in Great Britain is predicted by an observant Member of Parliament, who, writing to the New York Herald, says: "That thousands of hard-working men should toil for bare subsistence; that thousands of women should be driven to the streets because the 'sweater' takes the profits of their labor when they try honest industry; that the fruits of their toil should, somehow or the other, appear to be passing more and more into the hands of syndicates, great companies, and universal providers, who crush out the small capitalists—all this, and much more of the same kind, is awakening a spirit which the world will hear a great deal more of before it is much older. The issue which will shake England one of these days is not the Irish question or the disestablishment question, but the long-threatened struggle between the socialistic principle and the defenders of the existing system. It is coming nearer, though many eyes refuse to see it. That will be a true Armageddon, when there will be voices and thunders and lightnings and a great earthquake."

Mr. H. M. Stanley has Received a Token of recognition of the value of his services while recuperating at Zanzibar. There was a spontaneous gathering of merchants, and prominent citizens there on December 18, at which they presented Stanley with a silver casket containing an address praising his energy in opening Central Africa to commerce. Stanley gratefully thanked them for the unique compliment, and dwelt upon the prospects for an early commercial development of the British East African Company's territory. He urged the importance of connecting Mombasa, on the coast, with the Victoria Nyanza by a railway which would pass into the heart of a region all parts of which teemed with a dense population and would consequently open for European manufacturers vast markets now dormant or unknown. *Emin Pasha* is now pronounced out of danger, though still suffering from the effects of his fall through the window of the hotel. Surgeon Parke says he is making rapid progress toward recovery.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal, have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$23. They are from: Syracuse, N. Y., \$2; Bassein, Burmah, \$1; Phila., Pa., 50 cents; Allegheny, Pa., \$1.50; Reading, Pa., \$3; Oostburg, Wis., \$2; Denbigh, Ont., Can., \$4; Montreal, Que., Can., \$3; Rooney's Point, Va., 50 cents; Middleboro, Mass., \$2; Oysterville, Wash., \$1; Crothers, Pa., 50 cents; High Bridge, N. Y. City, \$2. One of the twenty-three ministers whose subscriptions these sums enable us to continue, writes us that the journal has now been sent to him through this fund for three years, and it has helped him materially in his work. His people are among the poorest of his race, and he has no means at all for the purchase of books. The light he has gained from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has opened up many passages of Scripture previously dark to him, and has suggested to him illustrations and modes of preaching which have resulted under God's blessing in a great benefit to his church. Many such testimonies are received, and we mention them in the hope that our friends who support this fund will be encouraged to continue in a work which God is so evidently blessing. A large number of subscriptions are now expiring, and the ministers are anxiously inquiring if they may hope to have the paper for another year.

A Crafty Trick to Evade Justice was Described last week by ex-Judge Dittenhoefer in the course of some reminiscences which were published by a New York journal. He said that when he was at the bar he was retained to defend a man charged with selling lottery tickets. On the eve of the trial he was informed that his services would not be required as the defendant had made an arrangement with the District-Attorney to avoid heavy punishment. Mr. Dittenhoefer was amused when he read in the papers that the man had been sent to the island six months, and concluded that the arrangement he had spoken of had failed. The explanation came later. A friend of the convicted man read the report of the case, and went to the island to see him. The prisoner, who had then served two months of the term, was produced. "That is not my friend," said the visitor. "I want to see Mr. — who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for selling lottery tickets." "This is he," said the warden. But it was not he; and, on inquiry, it was discovered that the guilty man had hired a tramp for \$250 to serve the sentence in his place. Search was made, the real culprit was discovered, and sent to serve his full term. Human justice does not admit of substitution, but in divine justice it is the basis of all our confidence, and God has assured us that He accepts it. (Rom. 3:25.)

An Outrage on an American Citizen is Reported to the Washington Government. The steamer *Edam* brought among its passengers to New York on December 17 a man who has a substantial grievance. He was born at Spinoso, Italy, in 1860, and came to this country with his parents when he was ten years old. He was industrious, and prospered, and when his parents returned to Italy he remained here, married an American lady, and took out naturalization papers. Early this year he was notified that a deceased uncle in Italy had left him a legacy of a thousand dollars. He decided to go over and collect it, and took his young wife with him. He arrived at Spinoso on April 18. The very next day he was arrested and ordered into military service. He protested, but when he produced his naturalization papers he was told they were of no use in Italy, and he might wipe his shoes with them. He was sent to join a regiment, after being imprisoned for a month, and fed on bread and water as a punishment for not returning to Italy for military duty when he was twenty-one. He deserted after serving six months in the army, and made his escape to America, arriving last week. He has cabled for his wife to follow, but the Italian officials are detaining her, though she is an American, and declare that they will not release her until her

husband returns and serves his term in the army. The husband has invoked the help of the United States to recover his wife and get damages for his own ill-treatment. There is but little probability of his obtaining satisfaction even if Mr. Blaine demands it, which is doubtful in the case of a man without political influence. Happily the man who becomes a citizen of Christ's kingdom need have no fear of being seized by the dread power to whom he formerly yielded allegiance. Christ expressly said that none could pluck His servants out of His hand. (John 10:28.)

Two Wealthy Chinamen Came to New York last week to arrange for the illumination of the great cities of China. It appears that some American citizens in that country recently gave an exhibition of the electric light, which simply took the people of China by storm. They could not be persuaded to believe at first that it was in the power of man to make night so glorious, and at first they attributed it to the magic of the devils, or some superhuman efforts of some incomprehensible being. When they had its principles explained to them by experts, the officials and the literary classes were amazed and eager to have the benefit of the invention in place of the miserable lamps of bean oil which they now use. A company was formed of which the two Chinamen who have come here are the most wealthy members, and they are purchasing the plant to illuminate their cities. One can but wish that while they are here they may so learn of Christ that when they return they may be able to tell their countrymen of the true Light which can do more for China than any invention, that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. (John 1:9)

A Disregard of a Railroad Signal Caused the loss of three lives in New Jersey last week. The bridge over the Hackensack River at Little Ferry, N. J., was open on December 14, to admit the passage of a sloop. The bridge-tender set the signals to warn approaching trains that the bridge was open, but he was horrified to see a freight train belonging to the New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad, consisting of thirty loaded coal cars coming at full speed. They were making their way from a point up the road to the company's coal sheds at the west end section of Jersey City. An instant later the locomotive had plunged into the open draw, and twenty of the cars pitched into the gap on top of it. The engineer, and his fireman, and the head brakeman, went over with the engine and cars, and their bodies are yet buried in the wreck. The conductor and two other brakemen who were on the rear cars jumped for their lives and escaped with some painful bruises. It is to avert the still more appalling disaster of eternal death that preachers raise the gospel signal, but the majority go on their way and pay no heed to it. (Ezek. 33:5.)

A New Fashion in Breastpins is Said to be in vogue among wealthy young men. The Washington correspondent of a New York journal writes that he encountered in the chief hotels of that city a quiet expert workman who was rapidly accumulating a fortune. He carried a sheet of thin gold and a few fine tools. Wherever he went he was surrounded with eager customers. They would take a letter from their pocket, cut off the first name of the signature, and give it to the workman, who in a few minutes reproduced it exactly in gold. A pin from a stock ready prepared was quickly soldered to the back of the golden autograph, so that the customer could wear it in his neck-scarf. Accepted lovers and bridegrooms were his principal patrons, and every one served as a walking advertisement for the workman, and brought him more customers. It may be inferred that the wearers were also advertising another fact besides the skill of the craftsman. Acquaintances reading the signature so displayed would be at no loss to know to whom their affections were given. Those who love Christ are not always so ready to own their love. We are sometimes in doubt as to the character of some who call them-

selves Christians. Many of them are so reluctant in testifying for Him, and seem anxious rather when among worldly people to conceal their religious profession; but the day is coming when every man's allegiance will be marked upon him whether it be to Christ or Antichrist. (Rev. 22:4; 13:16, 17.)

A Charge of Maltreating a Soul was Heard by an ex-Recorder of Paterson, N. J., who relates the incident among his reminiscences of the bench. He says that on one occasion, while holding court, a lady entered and invoked his protection from her enemies in the city. She alleged that these enemies had the power of taking her soul out of her body and returning it at their will. They exercised that power frequently, and in legal parlance, which she had learned by some means, she claimed that the said soul had been subjected to cruel and vicious treatment, and she had thereby sustained grievous damage. The Recorder, anxious to get rid of the woman, and to proceed with the business of the court, and seeing that she was demented, told her that no power short of the United States Supreme Court could afford her relief. The woman thanked him, and said she would apply to that august tribunal. Others, whose minds are not unbalanced, have reason for being distressed over the pollutions of their souls, and feel the need of a power stronger than their own to protect them from one who has usurped dominion over them. Happily, all such sufferers can obtain the help they need, not from an earthly court, but from Him whose authority their enemy has acknowledged. (Mark 1:23-27.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mrs. M. Baxter gave addresses on behalf of the Gospel Union in Hammersmith, London, on December 1, and in Bristol on December 15.

Evangelist John T. Vine has been engaged to conduct revival services in the Baptist churches of Long Island during the coming year, commencing with Jamaica.

Mr. W. H. Carey, grandson of Dr. William Carey, of Indian Baptist missionary fame, died recently at the age of seventy-two years. His son the Rev. W. Carey, M. B., is conducting missionary work in India.

Rev. Jacob Freshman has resumed his work in the Hebrew Christian Church in New York with redoubled energy. At his Sunday afternoon services there is a large attendance of converted Jews and inquirers.

More than 40,000 Jews have been expelled from Russia in the last eighteen months. The Jews receive orders to leave the Empire within a fixed time—generally a month—and when the time comes they are promptly hurried away.

We are pleased to learn that articles from this journal are being translated into French by Mr. Edward Revel, of the McAll Mission at Lyons, France, for use in the work of the Mission, and we trust that they may continue to be made useful.

Evangelist D. L. Moody preached on Sunday, December 15, to the students of Yale University. On the previous evening he had an informal talk with them in Dwight Hall. Mr. Moody has a son in the junior class of the University this term.

Dr. George F. Pentecost is holding a four weeks mission in the city of Dundee. The Bible-readings, given each afternoon, have been well attended. At the evening meetings in the centre of the city, increasing interest manifested has been very cheering.

The Presbyterian Hospital in New York was partially destroyed by fire on December 19. Eighty patients who were in the building at the time were safely removed before the fire reached them; but one has since died of the agitation and fright produced by the danger.

Mr. Thomas J. Moffitt of Staley, N. C., makes an earnest appeal for help in building a Christian church there. The need is very urgent, and the people are making great sacrifices to raise sufficient funds to carry the work through. The smallest help would be welcome.

The Kansas River Baptist Association has adopted a resolution declaring that any church member who advocates legalizing the sale of intoxicating liquor for beverage use, be the fee high, low, or medium, dishonors the cause of Christ, and is unworthy of Christian confidence, and if he be a clergyman is disqualified for the ministry.

Justice David J. Brewer, whom the President has just raised to the bench of the United States Supreme Court, is the judge who gave the notorious anti-Prohibition decisions in Kansas. This appointment, following so closely on that of Green B. Raum to be Commissioner of Pensions, has intensified the opposition of Prohibitionists to the Administration.

THE PATRIARCHAL MIGRATION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Israel took his journey with all that he had, and came to Beer-sheba, and offered sacrifices unto the God of his father Isaac. And God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, and said, Jacob, Jacob. And he said, Here am I. And He said, I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation; I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up again: and Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes." Genesis 46: 1-4.

God's People Alternating Between Strength and Weakness—God's Speech Appropriate to their Condition—Why Jacob Offered Sacrifice—I. His Fear Natural—A Trying Change for an Old Man—A Country of Idolatry—Of Painful Associations—Of New Temptations—II. His Fear to be Removed—Because It Made Him Unhappy—And Weak—III. How He was Encouraged—Addressed by Name—Put on Communion Terms—Assured of God's Presence—Assured of Inheritance—Comforted in Prospect of Death.

NOTICE in this passage the two names which are mentioned. "Israel took his journey, and God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, and said, Jacob, Jacob." "Jacob" was the name of his weakness; "Israel" was the title of his strength. "Jacob" was the name of his birth-nature; "Israel" was the name of his new and spiritual nature. When Israel set out to go down into Egypt and see his son Joseph, he started in great vigor and strength for an old man: faith made him full of force: hence we read, "Israel took his journey." I see the old man revived, and stirred up to a high degree of hopeful energy. He travelled some few miles on the first day, and reached the well of Beer-sheba. It was the border town, where stood the well of the oak: after passing Beer-sheba he would be out of the land of promise, and on his way to Egypt; and at the remembrance of this fact the old trembling came over him, and he became Jacob, as aforetime. When he was to take the decisive step, to leave Canaan and make his journey into Egypt, then he suddenly felt himself a Jacob, and began to halt upon his thigh; and the Lord in the visions of the night addressed him by the name which was most suitable to his condition, saying to him, "Jacob, Jacob." He did not call him "Israel;" but He came to him in his

Infirmity and Trial,

and suited His speech to his condition. The Lord met the weakness of His servant's faith, and sent him consolations fitted rather for Jacob than for Israel. Dear friends, I am afraid that the lives of many of the Lord's chosen people alternate between "Israel" and "Jacob." Sometimes we are "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might," and at another time we cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Like princes we prevail with God, and are true Israels; but perhaps ere the sun has gone down we limp with Jacob, and though the spirit be willing, the flesh is weak.

Turning to the text, we have a lesson to learn from it. We find that Jacob, on his way down to Egypt, came to Beer-sheba, the border place, and this marked a distinct stage in his journey. He came to Beer-sheba, the place of many memories, where God had spoken to his father Abraham by the well. It was, therefore, a memorable spot in the history of his family, and it was just then a turning-point in his own career, and therefore it called for special waiting upon the Lord. He was to break new ground, and enter upon a way which he had not trodden heretofore; and so we read that he offered sacrifices to the God of his father Isaac. Herein is wisdom. In

Commencing a New Era

let there be new devotion. It is well to begin everything with God, who is the Beginner of all things. When young people begin housekeeping they should consecrate an altar as soon as ever they have set up a tent. When you begin business this thought should be upon you—"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Therefore, wait upon Him for guidance and help. In starting upon

every journey, whether long or short, and entering upon every day, however commonplace the day may be, it is always well to begin it with God. Remember the old and gracious proverb, that *prayer and provender hinder no man's journey.*

I suppose that Jacob on this occasion offered sacrifice for three reasons at least. One was to purge his household of any sin that might lie upon it. He had a very strange family—this man Jacob. It was badly begun at the outset, of four mothers, and jealousies were sure to abound. Taking them all round, his many sons were a very sad lot to be the sons of such a man. His own account of them on his death-bed is most painful. Much sin, even of the blackest dye, had defiled that chosen family. The stories of Reuben, Levi, Simeon, Judah, and others are very dark. The aged head of the clan seems to say, with broken-hearted penitence, "Before we go down into this Egypt, let us offer sacrifice whereby our grievous sin may be put away, lest we provoke the Lord on the road." How often have we cause to suspect some secret backsliding, some careless omission, some transgression unperceived! It is well to go again to the cleansing fountain for fresh washing, to fly anew to the great sacrifice of Christ, and renew our acquaintance with its cleansing power.

Reasons for Sacrifice.

Do you not think that Jacob also offered this sacrifice for another reason? Did he not present it by way of thanksgiving? He is going down into Egypt, but it is to see Joseph: what a joy this meant! Joseph is yet alive; he is going to look him in the face. Benjamin, of whom the old man had said, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away"—Benjamin had come back safe and sound: this was no mean favor. Whereas he had said, "All these things are against me," now he perceives that all these things are for him; and so he offers sacrifice unto the Lord. Let us magnify the Lord whenever we are led to see the extraordinary light of His goodness in those places which looked unusually dark.

Surely, these two alone would be right good reasons for offering sacrifice; but Jacob had this other—that he might inquire of the Lord as to his way. At the altar he hoped to receive the oracle. Poor old Jacob appears to have been in a great dilemma: he seems to have greatly questioned whether it was right for him to go down into Egypt; and, as I shall have to show you, it was a matter that was open to grave question, and could not have been safely decided unless the Lord had spoken. I wish sometimes that God's people would be more careful to ask their way of God; I fear that they too often err by blundering on, and taking no heed to their way. If He does not speak to us in a dream, nor by the Urim and Thummim, nor by a prophet, yet He secretly guides our minds.

I. First, then,**Jacob's Fear was Natural.**

It was natural because he was an aged man—an aged man leaving the land of his birth. Old men do not like changes, and they specially fear changes of country and custom. A young man runs all over the world, and little cares where he goes, for he has plenty of youth's quicksilver in him. He cries, "Sitting hens get no barley;" and so he pecks up a grain here and a grain there, from Liverpool to New York and from New York to San Francisco, and thence to New Zealand, the Cape, and home again. The young man makes himself at home anywhere; but the old man loves the old house at home, and the fireside where his children have been wont to gather. Old trees strike their roots deep, and it is not easy to transplant them. It is neither pleasant nor safe to uproot an ancient elm; let it stay where it is. It was no slight change from Canaan to Egypt. Do you wonder that he was afraid?

His fear also, no doubt, arose, next, from the fact that he was going into an idolatrous country, of which he knew very little, except that it was a place which teemed with the memorials

of false deities; a land of religion so degraded that cats and crocodiles were worshipped, and even vegetables which grew in the gardens. An Egyptian must have been a living riddle to a unsophisticated shepherd from such a country as Palestine. Egypt had a repute for learning, and philosophy, and divination: and these to an aged countryman, would seem mysterious.

Uncanny Features in His Venture.

He loved not the change. The Canaanites were bad enough; but he had grown accustomed to them, and they had a healthy fear of him; these Egyptians, what might they not do? He was encouraged, because Joseph was there, and was lord over all Egypt: even that was a very romantic affair, and the whole business was surrounded with mystery.

Finally, the associations of Egypt were trying. It had cost the good old man many bitter pangs to send his sons down into that country to buy corn. Somehow it was not a country that he had any liking for, and so Jacob's heart was in his mouth; and he trembled to think that in his old age he should be going away from where he had lived, and especially to be going, not to the ancient country whence his family had originally come forth, but to Egypt, a place which was of ill savour to his fathers, a country whose associations were rather trying than hopeful.

Then I have no doubt he felt that the change would involve himself and his family in new temptations. They had behaved badly enough among the simple pastoral people: what would they do in the midst of the vices of Egypt? I must confess that I often feel great diffidence in recommending people to make

Changes in Life;

especially in quitting the country to go to the great city. Change has its perils. You begin to know your temptations by now, and you are somewhat prepared to withstand them; but you know not what may happen to you in another sphere, with other surroundings, and other influences. All things considered, I would rather carry my old burden; for it begins to fit my back, and my back has grown somewhat used to it. But what about a new burden? It might be more heavy, and it might try me in fresh places, and cause fresh wounds. If Jacob trembled at making so great a change, it was not without reason. All the habits of the family would be rudely shaken, and a new mode of life would be forced upon them.

I need say no more on that point: Jacob was always anxious, and in his old age more so than ever. The sketch I have given may be the picture of some friend now present; and if it be so, I will hope that in my discourse he may hear cheering voices from the Lord to allay his fears.

II. But, in the second place, God was not of a mind that His servant should be in dread:

His Fear Was to be Removed.

Therefore, the Lord appeared to Jacob in the night visions, not to tell him of new empires, not to reveal to him the destinies of princes, but simply to say to him, "Fear not." It appears to God to be an important matter to chase away fear, even though it be troubling only one person, and that person an aged man. The Lord broke the eternal silence, to drive away the anxieties of a single individual. He said to him, "Jacob, Jacob;" and then He added, "Fear not to go down into Egypt." Are you very fearful and timorous at this time, dear brother? It is not the Lord's will that you should remain so: He would deliver you from this bondage.

The Lord would drive away your fears because, in the first place, fear makes you unhappy. It is an unhappy thing for a father when he comes home from business and finds his child in distress of mind. He likes to see him run cheerfully to meet him, and smile and sing a welcome. Our heavenly Father would have His people rejoice in Him. Do you want any proof of it? Does He not command you, "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice?"

But, next, the Lord would not have His people vexed with fear, because it is sadly weakening in its effects. Jacob had a difficult task

enough to go down into Egypt and bear witness for the true God in that region, and he needed more rather than less strength. In the midst of Canaan, his path had been a very difficult one, to stand fast for God in the midst of that wicked and perverse generation. He had sadly failed even in that lesser task, for his family had grossly transgressed and fallen into the ways of the world around them. In Egypt his work would be more severe; for he would have the wisdom of the Egyptians to battle with. He must not go to such a battle-field with his hands hanging down and his knees feeble. Before we begin a new enterprise,

Fear May Be Seasonable:

we ought to be cautious as to whether our way is right in the sight of God; and therefore Jacob had that fear. But when we once begin, and intend going through with an enterprise, we must say farewell to fear, for fear will be fatal to success. Go straight ahead. Believe in God, and carry the work through.

Perhaps I might as well apply the subject now, and say, Are you beginning to preach, my dear friend, in a new place, and are you afraid? Do new faces startle you? Set yourself to get rid of this fear of man. The Lord forbids it. Are you going across the sea directly, and are you afraid of the journey and the foreign land? Hasten to the Lord, and ask Him to drive all this fear far from you. Are you undertaking some new service in the church, and are you trembling at the responsibility? Cry to the Lord at once to strengthen your weak hands and confirm your feeble knees; for at this moment, though the Lord does not appear to you in vision, yet He speaks to you out of this grand old Book, and by the mouth of His servant, saying unto you, "Fear not to go down into Egypt." Surely, a "fear not" from the mouth of the Lord will make you bold as a lion.

III. And now I shall need to show you

How His Fear Was Removed.

Who can cheer the heart so effectually as the Lord our God? Fears must depart when the Lord forbids them. First, the Lord removed his fears by showing that He knew him by his name. He said, "Jacob, Jacob." "Oh," says one, "if the Lord were to speak to me by my name I should not be afraid any longer." I am not sure of that, for you might be even more fearful than you now are. But dost thou think that God does not know thy name? Dost thou dream that if thou hast sought His face and cried to Him for mercy He does not know thy name? O poor troubled one, you that are cast down on account of sin, remember that the Lord knew this patriarch by his weak and sinful name of Jacob, as well as by his bright and princely name of Israel. Wherefore, since the Lord knows us altogether, let us trust Him, and He will make even our weaknesses to magnify the power of His grace.

Next, the Lord told him that he was on communion terms with God. The Lord said to him, "Jacob, Jacob," and he answered, "Here am I." God had to call out to Adam, "Adam, where art thou?" But Jacob could say, "Here am I." Oh, it is a blessed thing to be on such terms with God that you can truly say, "Here am I, my Lord: I have nothing to hide. I stand forth before thy presence, and have

No Desire to Conceal

myself from thine eye, neither have I anything to reserve from thy notice. Tell me what I am to do; for I am willing and eager to do it. Take me, and make what thou wilt of me; for I am 'thine, and rejoice to be so. Break me up, and melt me, and pour me out into thy mould, if so thou dost see fit; for 'Here am I.' He that has given up selfhood, and is willing that God should do whatever He will with him, is on communing terms with God.

Next, the Lord removed His servant's fear by declaring Himself to be the God of the covenant. "I am God," said He, "the God of thy father." He manifests Himself as the same God as ever; as much the God of Jacob, the son, as of Isaac, the father. The Lord will be to us what

He has been to His people aforetime. He has pledged Himself to us as to our fathers. He has promised to us, even to us, the blessing, saying, "Surely, blessing, I will bless thee." My dear friends and brethren, can you say, "This God is our God for ever and ever"? If the Lord be yours, all things are yours.

Then the Lord added that which is the richest comfort of all: "I will go down with thee into Egypt." What cause of fear can remain when we have the promise of

The Lord's Presence with Us?

If we can have our Lord's presence, we have no choice of country or company. Egypt, with Jehovah, is as Canaan. Even Hades and the land of death-shade have nothing to make us fear evil, if the Comforter sustains us. "For thou art with me," is the joyful song of the pilgrim when he passes through the valley of the shadow of death. Wherefore, let us dismiss our fears. We will go down into loneliness, poverty, sickness, sorrow, and the grave if the Lord will be with us.

The Lord goes on to say, "And I will also surely bring thee up again"—which meant that Jacob should not lose his inheritance in Canaan, nor be forever in banishment in a strange land. Go down as we may, the Lord will bring us up again. Dear friend, you may lose husband, or wife, or father, or child, or property, or health, or even life; but you shall rise out of every loss, and you shall never lose your share in the sure mercies of David. Blessed be God, we shall never be driven down so low that we cannot rise again, for the Lord saith of every member of the family, "I will surely bring thee up again."

One more fear Jacob had, perhaps, experienced. He had some fear of dying; but that was all removed when the Lord said, "And Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes." "Oh," the good old father thought, "Joseph is to close my eyes; then death has lost its sting." Did you ever think of dying in that light? Let me read it to you with a word changed and another name inserted; "And Jesus shall put His hand upon your eyes."

We may Never Die;

the Lord may personally appear, and then we shall not all sleep; but if He does not come, and we are called upon to die, Jesus will put His fingers on our eyes, and we shall sleep in peace. And Jesus, thy Joseph whom thou lovest, whose bloody coat thou hast seen with tears, He is yet alive, and He is King over all that land whereto thou goest, for the keys of death swing at His girdle. He is the Prince of all realms, and He it is that shall put His hand upon thy eyes and seal them for the moment in darkness, to open them for thee, when thou shalt say, "I am satisfied, for behold, I awake in thy likeness."

By this time, every fear ought to be removed from us, even as it was from Jacob. We may now set up our banners and go forward. Surely this passage is very applicable to all who are removing from one place to another. "Fear not to go down into Egypt. I will go down with thee into Egypt." Take your journey in peace. This also may be used by those who are in perplexity as to what they should do. Wait upon God for direction, and when you get your marching orders, go straight ahead, cheered by this gracious assurance, "I will go down with thee into Egypt." Any of you that are entering upon a new business, upon new trials, new labors, new spheres, accept with joy the promise that the presence of God will be with you. God leading, we fear nothing.

Lastly, to you that are about to die, here is living consolation. There may be some here who will never see another earthly Sabbath, for God has some better thing in store for them, namely, to see the heavenly Sabbath sooner than they think. Fear not to go down into the Egypt of the grave, for the Lord will go down with you into the sepulchre. Jesus has been there; fear not to go where He went. Whenever I am called in to see any of our dying church-members, I find them, without exception, calm and willing to depart. When I come out

of the dying chamber I invariably feel that my faith has been greatly strengthened. The way in which they meet the approach of the great enemy, calmly and triumphantly, makes me rest joyfully confident in the gospel which I preach.

But what is to become of you who have no faith? What is to become of you who have no God to go to? O soul, if thou hast no God, thou art indeed miserable! God bring thee at once to Himself, through Jesus Christ! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

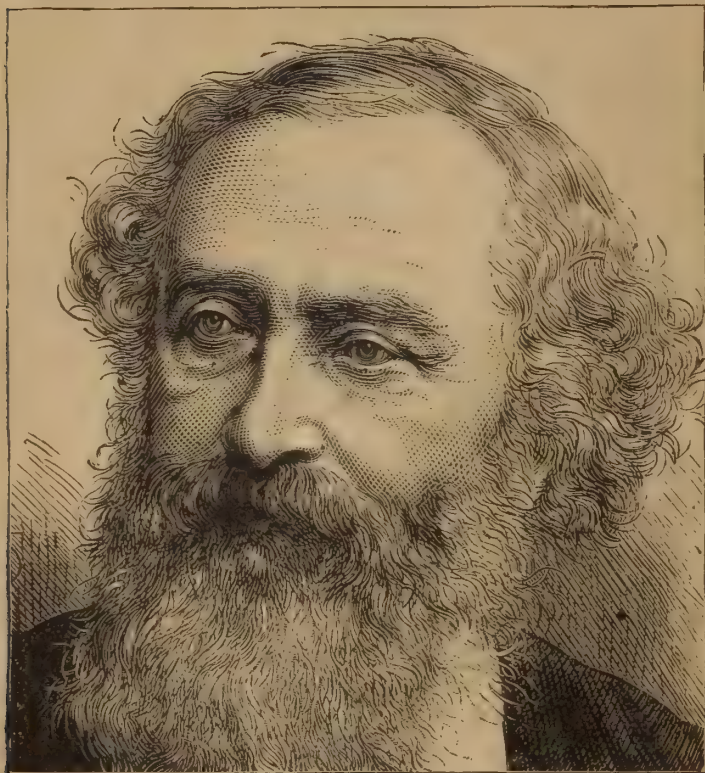
Washington's Peril.*

MANY well-authenticated facts might readily be adduced to show how an over-ruling Providence influences and directs the minds of men when they least think it, but we confine ourselves to a single instance. In the American Revolutionary War, during the two days' skirmishing which immediately preceded the battle of Brandywine, the following startling incident occurred: "We had not lain long," relates an officer in the English army, "when a rebel hussar, followed by an officer dressed in dark green, mounted on a bay horse, pressed within a few hundred feet of my right flank, not perceiving us. I ordered three good marksmen to steal near and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but the officer passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the woods toward him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but after looking at me he proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs for him to stop, levelling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. I was within a distance that I could have lodged half a dozen balls in him before he could be out of my reach; I had only to determine. But it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an individual coolly doing his duty, so I let him alone. The next day I learned through a surgeon who had been dressing the wounds of some rebel officers, that the individual I had thus spared was none other than *General George Washington* himself. And I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who he was."

An Unprecedented Phenomenon.

The prevailing uniformity of natural laws, however, is no proof that their action never has been, and never can be, modified or suspended by a miracle. So far as the observations of living men have extended, they may pronounce positively that no instance, no sign of departure from law, has been witnessed by them; but this is quite another thing from proof that there never has been such a departure. Astronomers had long been telling the world that among the heavenly bodies they observed nothing but regular orbits and uniform motions, and that any departure from this established order was forbidden by law; yet, to the astonishment of all, in 1846 there happened such a thing as a comet splitting into two, each having a distinct tail and nucleus, and, after travelling far apart for millions of miles, reuniting and forming one comet again as at first. Of this extraordinary occurrence the heavens gave no indication before and retained no trace after; the phenomenon is known to us only on the testimony of those who observed it. And so it has been with

* From *Natural Laws and Gospel Teachings*. By Herbert W. Morris, D. D. Prevalent forms of opposition to the Bible being different in our day from those of the past, this volume has been prepared to meet the new method of attack. It shows, from the geography, vegetation, etc., of the Holy Land, the consistency of the Bible narratives, and that in natural law there are no reasons for doubting the miracles, answers to prayer, etc. A very able work of timely interest. Pp. 159. Price 60 cents. Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, New York.



The Late Martin Farquhar Tupper. (See page 821.)



A Scene at the Docks. (See page 821.)

the miracles of the gospel: nature gave no sign of their coming, and has preserved no evidence of their accomplishment; we know that they were wrought only on the concurrent testimony of men who, like the observers of the comet, were eye-witnesses of their performance.

A Hallowed Spot.

"From this point," says Dean Stanley, who carefully surveyed and studied the whole ground, "the road descends a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city [of Jerusalem] is again withdrawn behind the intervening ledge. A few moments and the path mounts; again it climbs a rugged ascent, it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. The temple tower rises as from the earth, the temple courts spread out, and the whole magnificent city, with its background of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind, lies before the view. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road, this rocky ledge, was the exact spot where the multitude paused again, and 'He, when He beheld the city, wept over it.' Nowhere else on the Mount of Olives is there a view like this. And this is almost the only unmarked spot—undefiled or unhallowed by mosque or church, chapel or tower—left to speak for itself that here the Lord's feet stood, and here His eyes beheld what is still the most impressive view which the neighborhood of Jerusalem furnishes; and the tears rushed forth at the sight.

A DISTASTEFUL EXPEDITION.

(See illustration on page 829.)

"Oh, if only poor papa were living! I could go to him without fear," said Julia Lester, as she sat in the room of her most intimate friend, Lina Haldane. Bitter, unavailing tears fell rapidly. "Uncle is so cold and unsympathetic, and so severe on any one who has done wrong, or even made a mistake. And he warned me, too, so it is doubly hard to go back to him and tell him that he was right and I was wrong."

"My poor child," said Lina, "you shall not humiliate yourself like that. Stay here with me awhile; you will be sure to get a position soon."

"No, Lina, you are very good, but there is no hope of that, I am sure. If I did get employment I should lose it as I did before. No, I have thought it all out, and last night I prayed about it, and then I saw that it was my duty to go back home. Oh, I wish I had never left!"

"And Arthur—you are quite sure about him?"

"Lina, that affair is ended forever. I can tell you the whole story now. You know how dull it is at Thorncliffe. Uncle was always very careful that I should be well dressed, and I had everything just the same as my cousins; I can see now that I ought to have been content. But it seemed like charity, and I fancied both my cousins thought of it that way. Very few visitors go there, except when there is some religious gathering in the neighborhood. Yes, I was terribly dull, till Arthur came. He was visiting at Mr. Wynters'. He and Charlie Wynters are college friends, and you know Charlie is engaged to cousin Maud. We became acquainted that way. He was so witty and bright he just fascinated me. I saw a good deal of him, and at last he told me he loved me."

"He really did that, Julia?"

"Oh yes, and a great deal more; he was very passionate in his declarations. No one could doubt that he was sincere. He talked vaguely about his position, but said he was poor. He asked me if I loved him well enough to bear hardship with him for a time, until he got on in his profession. I told him yes, but it would be better to wait. He thought so too. Perhaps he should make more progress without a wife at first, and then it would be better for us in the end. He did not seem sure about it, and sometimes he begged me to be married right away, and struggle along together. That was when we had been on one of our long walks, or had spent an evening together. Then the next time we met, he would say that he had been foolish, and it was better to wait, on my account, as he could not support me as he would like, and he thought I should miss the luxuries of my uncle's home. It seemed to be always *me* that he thought of, and as if he would be much happier himself if we were married, even if we had but bread and water."

"Oh you need not have been so poor as that," Lina interposed; "Arthur has a larger income, inherited from his father, than some men have who keep a family respectably. What he spends on cigars and wines would have kept you comfortably."

"Well, I knew nothing of that; I am telling you just how he talked about it. After he came back here I felt dreadful. I missed him so much. I thought I ought to have shown more courage, and have assured him I was ready to make sacrifices for his sake. I reproached myself bitterly.

I suppose that made me irritable, for we had a sad life after that at Thorncliffe. Frequent quarrels with cousins, and at last my uncle had me in the library and lectured me. I could have borne all he said about home matters, for I knew I was to blame; but someone—Maud, I think—had hinted about Arthur, and he spoke of him. He said he had made inquiries about him, and had learned that he was an idle, frivolous young man, who would never do any good. He was not working hard at his profession, but getting into debt, and not trying to earn money. He advised me to forget him, and hinted that he had only been flirting with me."

"That must have cut you to the quick."

"It did, and I fired up and defended Arthur. I told uncle that I did not believe a word of it, and that Arthur would be only too glad to marry, if I were willing. He shook his head, and said I was mistaken. You know the rest. I left home in a temper and came to you, thinking I had only to see Arthur, and tell him I was ready to be married, and submit to any hardship it might cost us, and he would be glad. You know how embarrassed he was when he came to see me here; but you do not know the worst. He talked lightly of marriage, and asked me did I not love him well enough to dispense with that formality. Fancy, Lina, calling marriage a formality! He said he would be true and faithful to me, and make all the promises of the marriage ceremony, and keep them just as sacredly as if they were made before a clergyman, and we would trust each other."

"Oh the wicked man!" exclaimed Lina.

"I did not tell you about it at the time, it seemed too dreadful. Then, you know, I got that position as a saleslady, but I had not been brought up to business, and they soon found I should not be of any use. And now here I am, with nothing left for me to do but to humiliate myself to uncle, and go back."

"But Arthur has been coming here since then."

"Oh yes; he seemed to think I should yield to his wish when I found I could not earn my own living. He knew it would be hard to go back to Thorncliffe. He will not come again; I told him last night I would rather die than yield. When he was gone, as I said, I thought it all out, and prayed about it, and I am going back. But oh, it is so hard! I must go right now, for it looks worse the longer I think about it." Julia rose as she spoke, and put on her cloak.

"Oh I cannot let you go like that," said Lina. "Stay, and let us try to think of something. We might get a position for you as a clerk or amanuensis."

Julia shook her head and went on with her preparations for departure. Her friend interposed, and tried to draw her cloak from her shoulders. "My poor child," she said, "you cannot go through with it. Think of what your uncle and cousins will say! Do wait a day or two, anyway."

"No, I must do it," said Julia, gently resisting. "It is the right thing, but I feel I shall almost die when I go to face my uncle. I do dread that solemn look of his, and his reproaches, but I must do it."

"A gentleman has called to see Miss Lester," said a servant, coming to the door at that moment, "he would not send up his card."

"I cannot see anyone now," said Julia. "Do go down, Lina, and see what it is."

Miss Haldane was absent for some time, and Julia wondered much what could be keeping her. At last she heard her friend calling her, and she went down. She was seized and kissed affectionately the moment she entered the room. "My dear girl, I have come to take you home," said a friendly voice. "And so you were afraid to come to your uncle, and thought he would reproach you! Miss Haldane has been telling me all. Why, I have been seeking you everywhere since you left. I am too glad to find you to have any reproaches to utter. But I am very glad you had decided to come before I found you. That is more than half the battle. The prodigal waited until he was half starved before he bethought him of the plenty in his father's house. Come, my child, we shall just have time to catch the train, and you shall have the prodigal's welcome."

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 798.)

Challenged to War by the Indians.

EVIL mingles with good in all the social compact of men, strangely chequering the purest schemes of piety and patriotism with evidences of the corruption and depravity of our nature. The very next entry in Governor Bradford's journal records the first exercise of his judicial authority on *two culprits*, arraigned for a far more serious crime than that for which John Billington had been adjudged to be tied together, neck and heels. The same summary mode of punishment was resorted to in the case of the new offenders, who were *convicted of fighting a duel with sword and dagger*, in which both were slightly wounded. Though, on this occasion, the culprits did not escape, the adjudged punishment was mercifully executed. "The combat," says Bradford, "was between Edward Doty and Edward Leister, servants of Mr. Hopkins. They are adjudged by the whole company to have their head and feet tied together, and so to lie for twenty-four hours without meat or drink; which is begun to be inflicted, but within an hour—because of their great pains—at



Preparing for the Distasteful Expedition.

their own and their master's humble request, upon promise of better carriage, they are released by the Governor."

The month of June found the settlers so far advanced with the first necessary labors of a new colony, that they had time to examine more accurately than had been before possible, into the character of the surrounding country, and the disposition of the native tribes who still retained possession of their ancient hunting grounds. It was accordingly resolved to dispatch a *friendly embassy* to Massasoit, the most powerful chief among the surrounding tribes, "partly to know where to find them, if occasion served, as also to see their strength, discover the country, prevent abuses in their disorderly coming to us, make satisfaction for some injuries conceived to be done on our parts, and to continue the league of peace and friendship between them and us." Edward Winslow and Steven Hopkins were selected to go on this delicate mission, in company with Squanto, an Indian, who was to act as their interpreter. He had been kidnapped at an earlier period by a miscreant who carried off a number of Indians to sell them as slaves. Squanto was rescued and taken to England, where he received much kindness, and being at length restored to his native land, he was well qualified to act as a mediator between the new settlers and their Indian neighbors.

The messengers entrusted with this delicate embassy were not sent empty-handed. They bore with them a supply of trinkets best suited to gratify the tastes of their Indian neighbors; and, for the great Sagamore himself, a horseman's coat of red cotton, trimmed with lace,

which stirred up in his Majesty no little pride, when he was decked in such unwonted bravery of attire! They strove also, with skillful diplomacy, to reduce to some degree of certainty and mutual confidence the future political intercourse between the President of the little New England republic and the great king Massasoit. "To the end," says Winslow—the historian, as is believed, of the mission which he so successfully negotiated—"To the end we might know his messengers from others, our Governor had sent Massasoit a copper chain, desiring if any messenger should come from him to us, we might know him by bringing it with him, and give credit to his message accordingly."

The messengers of the colony met with a friendly reception whenever they paused at an Indian settlement, and were entertained by the great King Massasoit, according to the gracious rites of Indian hospitality, and invited the night in the same with himself and his the colonial embassy, the one end and the other. Majesties at the other royal favored by, somewhat irksome recipients, who had to complain of very straitened accommodation, and record that "they were worse weary of their lodging than of their journey."

In the course of that excursion they acquired considerable knowledge of their Indian neighbors, and learned that rivalry and enmity stirred up constant feuds among the tribes by whom they were surrounded. The sight of a strange Indian filled their guides with watchfulness and alarm; and the most frequent warning they received was to place no faith in the Narragansetts. But the courage of the colonists, which had been undaunted by the privations and sufferings of their first New England winter, was not to be daunted by the bravados of Indian savages.

They learned soon after of some wrongs done to their Indian ally by the Narragansetts, and being also informed, though erroneously, of their having murdered Squanto, the faithful interpreter of Winslow on his mission to Massasoit, an *armed party of ten* of the most trusty colonists was despatched to bring their troublesome neighbor to terms, or punish him for his audacity. With the most determined courage this brave little band marched into the forest, surrounded the house where they believed the obnoxious chief to be, disarmed the Indians who came to the rescue, and by their determined bearing completely awed the savages into subjection.

The reader may perchance smile at the formidable expedition of ten armed colonists, going out to war on behalf of their Indian ally, and striking terror to the hearts of their enemies. Yet if we justly estimate it, there was more of sound policy and gallant daring in the proceedings of this handful of strangers than has marked many a deed of arms which historians have delighted to record, and which nations still look back to with exulting pride. The Narragansetts, as they afterward learned, were a numerous and powerful tribe, occupying nearly the whole terri-

tory now comprehended within the State of Rhode Island. They had escaped the pestilence which depopulated the greater part of New England; and at the time that they were thus menaced by the gallant Pilgrims, they numbered among them five thousand fighting men, descendants of a martial race, inured to arms, and confident by reason of the diminished number of the rival tribes with whom they had been wont to engage in war.

Behind the little band of strangers was nothing but the sea. Beyond it no powerful friends or allies watched their fortunes, or hastened to bring them aid. They were alone, and sorely reduced in numbers, on that strange shore, where they had been forced to bury in secret so many of their friends; while before them lay the vast and unexplored forests of the New World, whose lords they had defied and forced into submission by the terror of their arms. Yet their proceedings were characterized by the utmost moderation and self command. They won the respect of the Indians by the anxious care with which they avoided injuring their women and children; and so great was the confidence they inspired, that even the wounded Narragansetts repaired to New Plymouth to be healed by the same hands that had inflicted the injuries.

In a private letter, addressed by Edward Winslow toward the close of this year, to a friend in England, he says, "We have found the Indians faithful in their covenant of peace with us, loving and ready to pleasure us. We often see them, and they come to us. Some of us have been fifty miles by land in the country with them, and the occasions and relations whereof you understand by our general and more full relation of such things as are worth the notation. It hath pleased God so to possess the hearts of these Indians with a fear of us, and love unto us, that we are the greatest king amongst them called

"From this but also the princes and peoples of the country about us, have either made suit unto us, or been glad of any occasion to make peace with us; so that seven of them at once have sent their messengers to us to that end. Yea, an isle at sea, which we never saw, hath also, together with the former, yielded willing to be under the protection and subject to our sovereign lord, King James. So that there is now great peace amongst the Indians themselves, which was not formerly, neither would have been but for us; and we, for our parts, walk as peaceably and safely in the wood as in the highways in England. We entertain them familiarly in our houses, and they as friendly bestowing their venison on us. They are a people without any religion, yet very trusty, quick of apprehension, ripe-witted, just."

In the same letter, the writer refers to the first freight sent home by the Colonists, and describes to his friends the most useful stores to be provided by such as proposed joining the first settlers in New England. Not the least significant portion of this is the advice to "bring paper and linseed oil for the windows, with cotton yarn for the lamps;" requirements which furnish no little insight into the hardships of the Pilgrims, and the very homely accommodation that sufficed to satisfy their lowly desires, and to fill their hearts with gratitude and thanksgiving to God.

The vessel by which Edward Winslow's letter was despatched to England was the *Fortune*, a small barque of about fifty-five tons, which had arrived in Plymouth Bay on the 9th of November, bringing thirty-five new settlers, including, it is believed, those who had been compelled to abandon the enterprise when the *Speedwell* put back, owing to the fears or treachery of its commander. By the same opportunity, William Hilton, one of the passengers in the *Fortune*, thus sums up an account to his "loving cousin," of the wealth and prospects of the country to which he had been borne—"Better grain cannot be than the Indian corn, if we will plant it upon as good ground as a man need desire. We are all freeholders; the rent-day doth not trouble us; and all those good blessings we have, of which,

and what we list, in their seasons for taking. Our company are, for most part, very religious, honest people; the word of God sincerely taught us every Sabbath; so that I know not anything a contented mind can here want. I desire your friendly care to send my wife and children to me, where I wish all the friends I have in England."

The *Fortune* also brought a new charter, granted by the merchant adventurers, as they are generally styled, but which was probably never turned to account by the colonists, as it was very shortly afterwards superseded by another patent, surreptitiously obtained by Mr. John Pierce, a pretended friend of the emigrants, who treacherously labored to place the colony completely in his own power, and to make the labor of the emigrants mainly conducive to his own selfish interests.

The *Fortune* sailed for England on the 13th of December, 1621, freighted with the first fruits of colonial industry, consisting of beaver skins, and wood of various kinds, to the value of \$2,500. But the trials of the Pilgrims of New England were not at an end; the brief summer of their prosperity had once more gone by, and yielded them but a scanty and deceitful harvest. As the *Fortune* drew near the English coast, she was seized by a privateer; and, after being detained fifteen days in a French port, was released to find her way to London with an empty hold. While the colonists were cheered with the hopes arising from the anticipated fruits of the first export of the new settlement, the friends who had been enabled to join the first band of exiles, by means of the good ship *Fortune*, thus vainly freighted with so many hopes—however welcome to the little community of New Plymouth—threatened to involve them in even more dreadful hardships than had been endured during the previous winter. They brought no provisions with them, and the colonists now found themselves nearly doubled in numbers, while their first harvest, gathered amid so many difficulties, was almost the sole resource to which they could look for the subsistence of the whole colony through the second winter of its existence.

To add to their many difficulties, the *Fortune* had hardly sailed from Plymouth Bay when the colonists learned that the Narragansett Indians were preparing to descend in overwhelming numbers to take vengeance on the colonists for leaguings with Massasoit, the chief of their most hated rivals. "The common talk," says Winslow, "of our neighbor Indians on all sides was of the preparation they made to come against us;" and at length an Indian messenger arrived at the New England settlement, commissioned by Conanacus, the great sachem of the Narragansetts, to bear to the colonists their symbolic declaration of war. The Indian hastily entered the settlement, and inquiring for the interpreter, left for him a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake. The colonist to whom this missive was intrusted by the ambassador of the Indian sachem was somewhat puzzled to interpret its significance; but Governor Bradford was at no loss either for a meaning or an answer to so intelligible a symbol, old as the era of the great Persian empire, when the Scythian chief sent to Darius his challenge of war by a herald, who presented the king with a bundle of arrows.

The Governor removed the arrows, stuffed the snake's skin with powder and shot, and sent it back to the warlike sachem, with a message that if his shipping had been at hand to carry him to the Indians' hunting grounds, he would have saved them the trouble of so long a journey. Conanacus shrunk from a conflict with men who possessed such mysterious and destructive weapons. He dreaded even to touch the ominous missive, and would not suffer the newly stuffed snakeskin to remain in his house or country. It was posted from place to place, filling the wild natives of the forest wigwags with terror wherever it appeared; and at length it was brought back untouched to the English settlement. The calm courage and self-possession of the Governor had wrought more effectually than armed

battalions could have done. The settlers received no more challenges to war.

Notwithstanding the courage of Governor Bradford, he was well aware of the inability of the little band of colonists to contend against the Indians for any length of time, if they brought so numerous a body against them as Conanacus was capable of mustering. Every available means of defence was therefore adopted. Early in the spring a strong stockade was constructed, so as completely to enclose the top of the hill whereon their cannon had been planted when they first landed, and secure them a citadel to which they might retreat in any emergency, and hold out against an overwhelming force. Beyond this they constructed a second line of ramparts, inclosing the whole town with four bulwarks, in three of which the gates of the little town were placed. The next step was to divide the whole available force of the colony into four bands, to appoint captains to each, and assign to them the charge of distinct localities for defence, and the observation of certain well-digested rules for mustering and mutual co-operation, in case of any sudden surprise. By this means confidence was infused into the minds of the colonists, and effectual provision made for their safety in the worst extremity.

There were other enemies, however, whom the colonists had to contend with, and who proved far more dreadful than the sachem of the Narragansetts. When the genial breath of the first New England summer brought with it healing on its wings, and the voice of the singing birds was heard in the woods, cheering the exiles with the promise of harvest, and the prospect of realizing such a home as they had longed for in that far wilderness, they naturally yielded to renewed hopes. The sufferings of their first dreary winter were forgotten, despondency gave place to joy and thanksgivings, and the letters which they despatched to their friends in England and Leyden gave an account of their condition which was far more justified by their hopes than their experience.

"Certain of ourselves," says Winslow, "were too prodigal in their writing and reporting of that plenty we enjoyed." One of the earliest fruits of this was the arrival of the *Fortune*, to which we have already referred, toward the close of autumn, bringing a band of new settlers to the colony, totally unfurnished with any provisions for the approaching winter. Fresh settlers are indeed the life of a colony, and had they landed in the spring, in time to bear their part in the labors of colonial husbandry, and to reap the harvest by which their winter stores were to be supplied, the first emigrants would have had no reason to regret the flattering accounts that tempted their friends so speedily to follow in the track of the *Mayflower*. But this augmentation of their numbers took place after their harvest had been reaped, and laid up for their winter's stores. "The *Fortune*," says Winslow, "came so unprovided, not landing so much as a barrel of bread or meal for their whole company, but, contrariwise, received from us for their ship's store homeward." The consequence was, that the whole body of colonists were reduced to subsist on half allowance for nearly six months. They were no longer compelled, as in their first winter's experience, to watch by the deathbeds of their companions, and hide the graves of their brethren, lest the watchful Indian should count the green mounds of their little burial-field, and learn from thence the weakness of the infant settlement. But they had only exchanged deadly sickness for privations and want. "I have seen men," says Winslow, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food;" and yet the historian of the colony tells of no repining or threatened desertion among the devoted and faithful band who thus shared their hard-won harvest with their brethren. At length even their meagre and carefully husbanded stores entirely failed them, and toward the end of May they were left utterly destitute of provisions.

(To be continued.)

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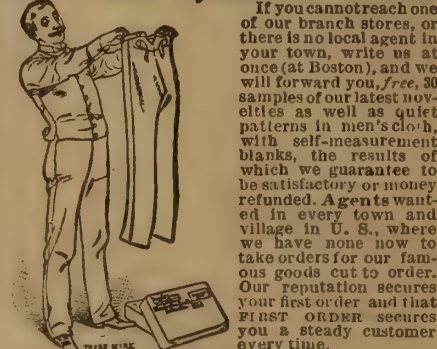


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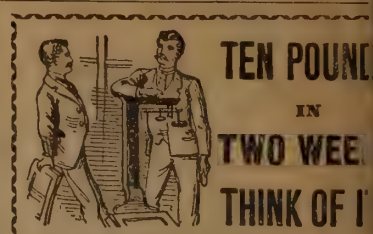
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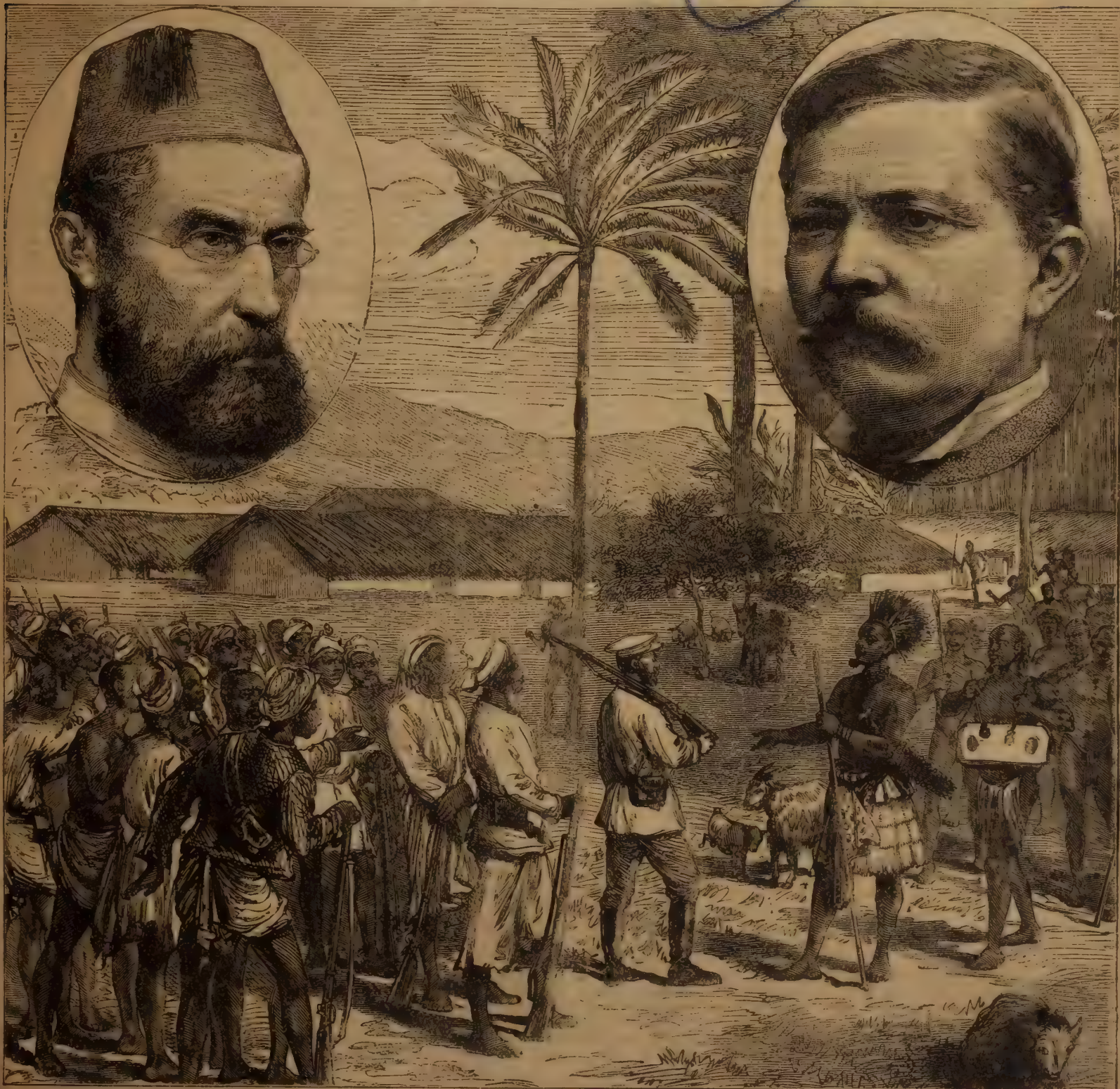
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THE RESCUE OF EMIN PASHA.

Stanley's Former Narrative—The Origin of the Expedition—Return to His Rear Column—Conflict with Dwarfs—Retracing His Steps to the Nyanza—A Forage in the Forest—On the Brink of Starvation—The Last Food Distributed—Arrival at Fort Bodo—News of Emin and Jephson's Imprisonment—Escape of Jephson—Arrival of Emin's Steamers—The Journey to Zanzibar.

THE story of the expedition led into the heart of Africa by Mr. H. M. Stanley for the rescue of Emin Pasha was partly told in these columns on April 24 last, and sketches were then given of the lives of both these distinguished men. At that date there was no authentic intelligence later than that contained in letters from Stanley, dated August, 1888. He reported that he was then about to set out to rejoin Emin, but he was in circumstances which might have made the stoutest heart quail. We hoped he might succeed, but there were reasons for fear that, stripped as he was of medicines, provisions, and the necessities of African life, the expedition might fail, after all. Now, however, the welcome news has arrived that the brilliant achievement is complete; Stanley has reached the coast at Zanzibar, bringing Emin and his party with him. It is the most astonishing feat in the history of African exploration, and our readers will be glad to read some of its incidents, as described in the explorer's letters.

The Object of the Expedition

was to carry relief to Emin Pasha, and to assist him in retreating from his province if he desired to do so. His letters during 1886 represented him as so surrounded by hostile forces that, while reasonably safe in his fortified position, he was unable to leave it, or to accomplish much of anything in the direction of opening up the country to commerce and civilization.

Emin Pasha (whose European name is Dr. Edward Schnitzler), was then Governor of the Khedivial province of Egypt, having been appointed to that position in 1878, at which time General Gordon was Governor of the Soudan. The relief expedition was organized by Sir William Mackinnon, assisted by several other gentlemen connected with the East Africa Company.

Stanley was recalled from the United States, where he was about to enter upon a lecturing tour, to take charge of the relief expedition. He joined, and assumed command of it at Leopoldville on April 20, 1887. Starting up the Congo a few days later, he reached Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, in June. He was accompanied by Major E. Barttelot and several other European officers, and had a force of several hundred Zanzibari and Soudanese soldiers and carriers. About 150 miles up the Aruwimi he established a camp, which he left in command of Major Barttelot, who was afterward murdered by some of the natives. Stanley, himself, still with a force of several hundred, left Yambuya on June 28, and pushed on toward Albert Nyanza through a dense forest penetrable only with the greatest danger and hardships. Near the northern end of the Albert Nyanza he was joined by Emin Pasha on April 28, 1888, being a little more than a year from the time the expedition started from Leopoldville. Later Stanley, leaving Mr. Jephson with Emin, and establishing a camp by the Nyanza, which he called Fort Bodo, retraced his steps to find Barttelot, and to bring up the stores left in his charge. He found that Barttelot had been murdered, the stores scattered, and everything in a demoralized condition.

The Return to Emin

with such of the men and stores as Stanley could collect, was the next business. That was in October, 1888, and the journey was over the ground that he had already traversed once. On November 1, they came to a plantain plantation in charge of the Dwarfs. "The people" says Stanley "flung themselves on the plantains to make as large a provision as possible for the dreaded wilderness ahead of us. The most enterprising always secured a fair share, and twelve hours later would be furnished with a week's provision of plantain flour; the feeble and in-

dolent revelled for the time being on abundance of roasted fruit, but always neglected providing for the future, and thus became victims to famine later on.

"After moving from this place ten days passed before we reached another plantation, during which time we lost more men. The small-pox broke out among the Manyemas and their followers, and the mortality was terrible. Our Zanzibaris escaped this pest, however, owing to the vaccination they had undergone on board the *Madura*. We were now about four days' march above the confluence of the Ihuru and Ituri rivers, and within about a mile from the Ishuru. As there was no possibility of crossing this violent and large tributary of the Ituri or Aruwimi, we had to follow its right bank until a crossing could be discovered. We searched and found a place where we could build a bridge across. Mr. Bonny and our Zanzibar chief threw themselves into the work, and in a few hours the Dui River was safely bridged, and we passed from Indeman into a district unvisited by the Manyemas.

"In this new land the dwarfs called Wambutti were very numerous, and conflicts between our rear guard and these crafty little people occurred daily, not without harm to both parties. Such as we contrived to capture we compelled to show the path. Finally we followed elephant and game tracks on a south-east course, but on December 9 we were compelled to halt for

A Forage in the Middle of a Forest.

I sent 150 rifles back to a settlement that was fifteen miles back on the route we had come, while many Manyema followers also undertook to follow them. I quote from my journal part of what I wrote on December 14, the sixth day of the absence of the foragers: "Six days have transpired since our foragers left us. For the first four days time passed rapidly—I might say almost pleasantly—being occupied in recalculating all my observations from Ugarrowwa to Lake Albert and down to date. My occupation then ended, I was left to wonder why the large band of foragers did not return. The fifth day, having distributed all the stock of flour in camp and killed the only goat we possessed, I was compelled to open the officers' provision boxes and take a pound-pot of butter, with two cupsful of my flour, to make an imitation gruel, there being nothing else save tea, coffee, sugar, and a pot of sago in the boxes. In the afternoon a boy died, and the condition of a majority of the rest was most disheartening; some could not stand, but fell down in the effort. These constant sights acted on my nerves, until I began to feel not only moral but physical sympathy as well, as though weakness was contagious.

"The morning of the sixth day dawned: we made the broth as usual—a pot of butter, abundance of water, a pot of condensed milk, a cupful of flour—for 130 people. The chiefs and Mr. Bonny were called to council, and our plans were discussed. The afternoon of the seventh day mustered everybody, besides the garrison, ten men. In a cheery tone, though

My Heart Was Never Heavier

I told the forty three hunger-bitten people that I was going back to hunt up the missing men; probably I should meet them on the road, and if I did that they would be driven on the run with food to them. We travelled nine miles that afternoon, having passed several dead people on the road, and early on the eighth day of their absence from camp met our foragers marching in an easy fashion, but when we were met their pace was altered to a quickstep, so that in twenty-six hours from leaving Stawahin camp we were back with a cheery abundance around, gruel and porridge boiling, bananas boiling, plantains roasting, and some meat simmering in pots for soup. This has been the nearest approach to absolute starvation in all my African experience. Twenty-one persons altogether succumbed in this dreadful camp.

"On the 17th of December the Ihuru River was reached in three hours, and having a presentiment that the garrison of Fort Bodo were

still where I had left them, the Ihuru was crossed the next day; and two days following, steering through the forest regardless of paths, we had the good fortune to strike the western angle of the Fort Bodo plantations on the 20th. My presentiment was true, Lieutenant Stairs and his garrison were still in Fort Bodo, fifty-one souls out of fifty-nine, and never a word had been heard of Emin Pasha or of Mr. Mounteney Jephson during

The Seven Months of My Absence.

On the 23d of December the united expedition continued its march eastward, and as we had now to work by relays owing to the fifty extra loads that we had stored at the fort, we did not reach the Ituri Ferry, which was our last camp in the forest region before emerging on the grass land, until January 9.

"My anxiety about Mr. Jephson and the Pasha would not permit me to dawdle on the road making double trips in this manner, so, selecting a rich plantation and a good camping site to the east of the Ituri River, I left Lieutenant Stairs in command, with 124 people, including Dr. Parke and Captain Nelson, in charge of all extra loads and camp, and on the 11th of January continued my march eastward."

Five days marching and still no news of the Pasha or Jephson, but on January 16 a letter was delivered to Stanley at a place called Gaviaras, which explained the silence. It was dated more than two months back and contained

Alarming News.

Jephson, who was the writer of the letter said: "I am writing to tell you of the position of affairs in this country, and I trust this letter will be delivered to you at Kavalli in time to warn you to be careful. On August 18, a rebellion broke out here and the Pasha and I were made prisoners. The Pasha is a complete prisoner, but I am allowed to go about the station, but my movements are watched. The rebellion has been got up by some half-dozen Egyptians—officers and clerks—and gradually others have joined, some through inclination, but most through fear: the soldiers, with the exception of those at Labore, have never taken part in it, but have quietly given in to their officers. . . . We are like rats in a trap; they will neither let us act nor retire; and I fear unless you come very soon, you will be too late, and our fate will be like that of the rest of the garrisons in the Soudan. Had this rebellion not happened, the Pasha could have kept the Mahdists in check for some time, but as it is he is powerless to act. If we are not able to get out of the country, please remember me to my friends."

Stanley contrived to get a letter sent to Jephson informing him of his arrival, and Jephson promptly made his escape and found his way to Stanley's camp. He had been more than seven months in Emin's company and had been a close observer of Emin's relations with the people. He could give Stanley no decisive report as to what they would do. Both Emin and the people were irresolute. The approach of the Mahdists might drive them to quit the province and accompany Stanley to the coast, or if the Mahdists did not press them they might decide to remain: Jephson could not tell what they would do. Couriers were immediately dispatched to Emin, bearing a letter asking him in what way Stanley could best serve him. Six days later, on February 13, 1889, Emin arrived at Stanley's camp in person, having made his escape from his mutinous soldiers. He had with him two steamers laden with people desiring to quit the province and travel with Emin under Stanley's escort out of the country.

A Deputation

of officers headed by Selim Bey waited on Stanley on February 18, and asked him to delay his departure until all the people who desired to leave the province could be brought to the camp. Stanley consented to wait a reasonable time, and, in a subsequent conversation with Emin, twenty days was fixed as the limit. Stanley mentions incidentally, as an indication of the character of Emin's officers, that one member of

the deputation stole a rifle while he was in the camp. The time of waiting was spent in nursing the sick back to health, and getting the healthy into condition for the long march. Meanwhile, the refugees came in slowly, bringing their property (immense quantities of rubbish) with them. Thirteen hundred and fifty-five loads of this "property" were brought in, and then Stanley stopped it, saying he had not bearers sufficient to carry it to the sea.

Vexatious Delays

under a variety of pretexts were made, until Stanley suspected treachery on the part of Selim Bey. Many refugees were still to come, but they were at Duffie, and had to be brought to Wadelai on their way to the camp; and Stanley was asked to wait for them. The twenty days grew to forty, and still Emin was pleading for further delay to enable Selim to bring in the people. At last Stanley called a council of his officers, and recounted the facts in the presence of Emin. It was unanimously resolved to set out on April 10, and if Selim could not have all in by that day the others might follow. Subsequently a letter of Selim's was intercepted, which proved his treachery. He was plotting to attack Stanley's camp, and would have done so had he not been robbed of his ammunition.

The Journey to the Coast

Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh that such gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England, and Robert McChesney saw in Dundee! Oh for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century there broke out

A Revival at Somerville, N. J.,

and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the

STANLEY AT MANYEMA.

(See illustration on first page.)

THE picture on the first page is taken from a sketch sent home by Mr. H. M. Stanley, and represents his reception by the king of Manyema. Stanley confesses he has a particular fondness for this village and its unsophisticated people. It was in this neighborhood that Livingstone lay dangerously ill, and where the natives did their utmost for his comfort. Stanley says: "Sitting in the door of my hut, and regarding the village life in East Manyema, I have often been struck with the truth of the adage that 'Ignorance is bliss.' Here is the pompous old king, stalking about as though he owned the whole Dark Continent, whereas his sovereignty over one hundred acres is but precarious. As ignorant as the long-bodied goat which stares so wonderingly at my donkey, he will glide through life in the full belief that he is the proudest monarch that ever reared his feather-crest sunwards. The grown males of the village filled with wine and plantain, possessors of wives and children and goats, with snug houses, care for nothing, except the hour they are accustomed to gossip with the king, their hours of food and sleep, and the arrival of a caravan from some distant region."

A CHINESE EVANGELIST.

IN a letter to the *Missionary Herald* from Mr. Thompson, who is laboring at Fenchow-fu, occurs the following description of one of his native helpers: "Ts'ui Heng T'ai is a native of Shansi and is thirty-three years of age. Nearly all his life has been spent in his native province. When a boy, in his home at Yü Tzu Hsien, not far from Tai-ku, a friend read to him a Christian tract, *The Three-Character Classic*, and this awakened in Ts'ui a desire to learn something more of the doctrine of Jesus. His parents fully approved of his desire, telling him that the doctrine set forth in that tract was worthy of being received. Ts'ui's parents, however, never had the privilege of hearing Christian preaching; they died of starvation during the terrible famine that ravaged Shansi twelve years ago. And here comes in a tale of filial piety that ought to commend itself to the most orthodox Chinaman, as well as touch the heart of the Christian reader. Mr. Ts'ui senior died in the northwest corner of Shansi, three hundred miles from the family burial-ground. The son was absent at Peking at the time of his father's death; but on his return a year or two afterward, he went to the place where his father was buried, paid the expenses that had been incurred for the funeral, dug up the bones, and putting them into a bag, brought them home on his back and buried them in the family sepulchre.

"During his first visit to Peking, Ts'ui heard the gospel preached in the chapel of the American Board, but it was not till a subsequent visit, in 1879, that he understood it sufficiently to apply for baptism. In about another year he again returned to Shansi, and soon afterward entered the family of Mr. Stimson, of our Shansi Mission, as a servant. Mr. Stimson carefully instructed him in the Holy Scriptures, and always took him with him on his tours. Ts'ui has proved to be a diligent student of the Word of God, is always glad of an opportunity to preach, and is becoming quite a powerful and eloquent preacher of the Word."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Chinese Boy's Confession.—Mr. Hamilton observes: "A Chinese boy, about ten years of age, had been converted to Christ, and had a great desire to be baptized. He applied to the missionary to have his desire fulfilled. The missionary, knowing that though the boy was a Christian, he had no Scriptural training, thought he would test him, and began thus, 'Do you love Jesus?' 'Yes,' was the prompt reply. 'Where does Jesus dwell?' 'Jesus lives in the heart of the Christian,' was the boy's answer. The missionary, being fully satisfied, baptized the lad, and admitted him into the Church. Many, I fear, in this Christian land, who profess to be Christians, and are admitted into the Church, are not so far advanced in spiritual geography as that boy. They think Jesus lives far away, but we, like the little boy, who fully trust Him, know that our Saviour and Keeper dwells in our hearts."

A Fall Over a Cat.—"A German Tailor," says an evangelist, "who had recently come to England, occupied apartments in an old house in one of the poorest parts of East London. His work was making that cheapest kind of ready-made garments, known as 'slop work,' or 'custom goods.' The house, like the neighborhood, if it had ever been respectable, had quite forgotten all remembrance of the time, and the tenants were mostly people with broken fortunes, and all more or less poor. They were not quite forsaken, however, for Mr. H., a city missionary, paid them periodical visits. One day, Mr. H. was climbing very carefully the dangerous stairway, when he trod on something which threw him off his feet. It was a cat, which the dimness of the ascent prevented him seeing. Losing his balance, he fell over on the floor below. His back was much hurt, and his cries, together with the noise of his fall, brought a number of the inmates to his aid. Among them was the

German tailor, who, lifting him with great care, bore him to his own room, and laid him on his work-bench, a number of skeleton coats serving as a bed. Through his kind attention, and ascertaining that, though very much bruised, no bones were broken, Mr. H. was able to proceed slowly home. Let us see what followed: First of all, it was the means of creating a close feeling of attachment between the German tailor and the city missionary. The former asked the latter to help him to acquire the English language. The missionary gladly responded, using the Bible as his principal text-book; accepting the aid of the tailor in acquiring German, which he rightly judged would be helpful to him in his work. By these means the truths of God's Holy Word were constantly placed before the mind of the foreigner, with the result that his memory became stored with the parables and miracles and discourses of the Lord Jesus Christ. In reading the blessed pages of inspiration, the tailor found more than he sought: he sought to gain a language, and he found a Saviour. The Holy Spirit opened his understanding, applied the truth to his heart, and leading him as a penitent to Christ he found joy and peace in believing."

A School Girl's Pocket-Book.—Dr. Pentecost said: "Some time ago, my daughter, fifteen years of age, was leaving home for the first time. She was going to school, and I went out from the city to the suburb, where I lived, that I might see her off. I took with me a little pocket-book as a present to her. As we went along she was all excitement, and exclaimed, 'Papa, have you got my trunk checked?' 'Yes, dear,' I replied, 'you will find the check in your pocket-book.' 'Thank you; and have you my ticket?' she inquired. 'Oh yes.' 'And have you any train tickets? as I am going through Boston I'll need some, you know.' 'You will find them all in your pocket-book,' I replied. 'But, papa, I'll need money.' 'It is in your pocket-book also; you will find in it a time-table, directions for your journey, tickets, money, and everything you require.' She had received from her father a pocket-book in which was every necessary for her journey, and which she had only to open and take what she would. A father's love had provided all. So our Heavenly Father in His great love gives us redemption through His only Son, Jesus Christ, and therein He has abounded to us in forgiveness, wisdom, truth, and everything that we require for our journey heavenward."

Two Men Overboard.—"Two Men Were Going down the river Clyde on board one of the magnificent Clyde steamers. In a bit of play they projected themselves over the railing on the bridge, and fell into the river. One of the witnesses of the accident, moved by a humane impulse, threw overboard his walking-stick. Another with a little more presence of mind cut down a life-buoy and threw it over. One of the drowning men clutched the walking-stick with both hands, and went down dragging it with him. The other caught firm hold of the life-buoy and was saved. Now, imagine two very distinguished theologians or metaphysicians on board, and one says, 'The reason why the man who seized the walking-stick was lost is he did not get hold of it in the right way, while the other, who caught the life-buoy, was saved because he got hold of it in the right way.' 'Nonsense!' some common-sense man would exclaim, 'The one was saved, and the other lost, because the thing which the one got hold of was, of itself, not able to save him, while that which the other seized was able to save him.' Look well to what you put your trust in. Mere religion, morality, temperance, philanthropy, or church membership will never save you. Christ is the only Saviour. You may confidently lay your whole weight upon Him."

Volume XI., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887 are also for sale. We can also furnish complete volumes for 1884, 1885, and 1888, unbound, price \$1.00, including postage.

THE STORMY PASSAGE.

Dr. Talmage at Capernaum.

"Entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum." John 6:17.

"And He arose, and rebuked the wind and the sea." Mark 4:39.

The Lake as it was in Christ's Time—The Embarkation—A Change of Weather—Hurricane and Darkness—The Miraculous Stilling of the Storm—I. It is Important to Have Christ in the Ship—The Perils of Life's Voyage—Waves of Trial—II. Following Christ not Always Smooth Sailing—Apostolic Martyrdom—Christians Persecuted Still—III. Good People Often Frightened—Fears that the Church will be Swamped—Spiders Trying to Imprison a Lion—Fright About Revivals—A Revival at Somerville, N. J.—IV. The God-Man—V. Jesus Can Hush a Tempest.

HERE in this seashore village was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of His life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! It has been the wish of my life—I cannot say the hope, for I never expected the privilege—to stand on the banks of Galilee. What a solemnity, and what a rapture to be here! I can now understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by thy side.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

I can now easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. From the gentle way this lake treated our boat when we sailed on it yesterday, one would have thought it incapable of a paroxysm of rage; but it was quite different on both the occasions spoken of in my two texts. I close my eyes, and the shore of Lake Galilee as it now is, with but little signs of human life, disappears, and there comes back to my vision

The Lake as it was in Christ's Time.

It lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, grooved; so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm-tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate. It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure-boats sailing this lake, and countrymen in fishing-smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it

An Embarkation.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the stern of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and His head touched the pillow, than He is sound asleep.

The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night! Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm as it comes on with great stride, and all the terrors of

Hurricane and Darkness.

The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling, and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat and lay hold of Christ, and say unto Him: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great Personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward He cries: "Peace!" Looking downward He says: "Be still!"

The Waves Fall

flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with His feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have *Christ in the ship*; for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the ship. Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ in every enterprise.

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After a while

The Storm Comes.

tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life-boat and the long-boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down—no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the

fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was

Not Smooth Sailing.

So you have found it; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say, if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenes, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go was delivered to Stanley at a place called Gaviaras, which explained the silence. It was dated more than two months back and contained

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Jephson, who was the writer of the letter said: "I am writing to tell you of the position of affairs in this country, and I trust this letter will be delivered to you at Kavalli in time to warn you to be careful. On August 18, a rebellion broke out here and the Pasha and I were made prisoners. The Pasha is a complete prisoner, but I am allowed to go about the station, but my movements are watched. The rebellion has been got up by some half-dozen Egyptians—officers and clerks—and gradually others have joined, some through inclination, but most through fear: the soldiers, with the exception of those at Labore, have never taken part in it, but have quietly given in to their officers. . . . We are like rats in a trap; they will neither let us act nor retire; and I fear unless you come very soon, you will be too late, and our fate will be like that of the rest of the garrisons in the Soudan. Had this rebellion not happened, the Pasha could have kept the Mahdists in check for some time, but as it is he is powerless to act. If we are not able to get out of the country, please remember me to my friends."

Stanley contrived to get a letter sent to Jephson informing him of his arrival, and Jephson promptly made his escape and found his way to Stanley's camp. He had been more than seven

boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the various errors going over the Church of God; we are going to founder; the Church is going to perish; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by iniquity in our day, and think the Church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness.

A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after

Gossamer Thread.

until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After a while the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning

their sophistries and scepticism about Jesus Christ; He seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord; He will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after a while the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse Himself, and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects; they are

Affrighted About Revivals.

They say: "Oh! this is a strong religious gale; we are afraid the church of God is going to be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship captain, with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all the cargo!" and the sailors should say: "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh that such gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England, and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century there broke out

A Revival at Somerville, N. J.,

and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly!" And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom, as the cane kept falling and falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly, and said, "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane;" and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh for gales from heaven to sweep all the continents! The danger of the Church of God is not in revivals.

Again, my subject impressed me with the fact that *Jesus was God and man in the same being*. Here He is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired He looks! what sad dreams He must have! Look at His countenance; He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at Him,

He is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, He falls asleep;

He is a Man.

But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear Him say: "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at His feet, and the tempests folding their wings in His presence; He is a God. If I have sorrow and trouble, and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat, and say: "O Christ! weary One of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, Man of Nazareth! Man of the cross!" A Man, a Man! But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death, and hell, I come to the front of the boat and I kneel down, and I say: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!"

I learn once more from this subject that

Christ can Hush a Tempest.

It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and He puts His foot on the storm, and it crouches at His feet. Oh yes! Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle; the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and the crumbling stairways. Or all your property swept away, you said: "I have so much bank stock, I have so many Government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in My keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest. There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on

The Surges of Death;

all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied, and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our guide.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;

We're home at last, home at last.

Softly we drift on the bright, silv'ry tide,

We're home at last.

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,

We stand secure on the glorified shore;

Glory to God! we will shout evermore,

We're home at last.

THE LATE JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(See Portrail on page 813.)

How many and varied were the emotions aroused throughout the land on December 6 by the message flashed over the electric wire that Jefferson Davis was dead! In many a home that name was the embodiment of fervent hope long since abandoned. In many another home it was the synonym for all that heart-breaking, bitter parting, and irreparable bereavement of the saddest time in all our history. True, he was not responsible for all that misery, but as the chosen head of the movement he was the representative of it, and stood before the people opposed to it as the focus of their enmity. These emotions render the time unsuited for

reaching a just estimate of his character. We stand too near that fearful struggle to rightly fix his place on the roll of our national history-makers. He is dead, and so has passed into the region in which the tongue of vituperation is silenced, and the voice of praise can give him no pleasure.

The facts of his life may be briefly stated. He was born in Todd County, Kentucky, on June 3, 1808, and was consequently over eighty-one years old when he died. His father was a planter who had served as a Georgia officer in the Revolutionary War, and afterward settled in Kentucky, whence he again moved, while Jefferson was a boy, to Wilkinson County in Mississippi, which was then still a Territory. The boy received some academic education at home, and then went to Transylvania University in his native State. At sixteen he received a West Point appointment, and entered the Military Academy in the same class with Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston. Graduating in 1828, he was assigned to the infantry, and three years later won such distinction as a staff officer in the Black Hawk War that he was promoted in 1833 to the rank of first lieutenant and adjutant in a new regiment of dragoons. This gave him two years of active service on the frontier in expeditions against the Pawnees and other hostile Indians.

To the surprise of his comrades, he suddenly resigned his commission in 1835, and quitted military life. Some clue to his motive was furnished shortly afterward, when he eloped with the daughter of Zachary Taylor, then a colonel in the army, and later President. After his marriage he returned to Mississippi, became a cotton planter a few miles from Vicksburg, and lived for eight years in retirement, devoting much of his time to careful study with reference to a public career. In 1843 his name became prominent in the political field, and shortly afterward he was elected a member of the House of Representatives. He was strongly in favor of the Mexican War, and, being elected colonel of Mississippi Volunteers, he left Congress for the field. Serving under his father-in-law, General Taylor, he won brilliant distinction in a daring charge at Monterey; and at Buena Vista he displayed so much heroism, when, after being severely wounded, he kept his place in the saddle and led his troops with coolness and valor that his father-in-law forgave him on the field, honored him publicly, and by his influence secured him the rank of brigadier-general. This honor he declined on conscientious grounds.

On his return home he was elected United States Senator from Mississippi, and from that time on was a recognized exponent of Southern opinion. In 1851 he resigned his seat in the Senate to become a candidate for the Governorship of his State. He was defeated by a small majority, but after the election of Pierce to the Presidency, he again entered public life as Secretary of War. The year 1857 found him again in the Senate, and this time, with all his energies concentrated in the struggle with the growing abolitionist power in the North. In 1860 he was a strong candidate for the Presidential nomination in the Charleston Convention. After Lincoln's election he realized that the crisis was come, and with the most ardent of the Southern leaders planned the movement which developed into the Confederacy. The last speech he made in the Senate was remarkable for its courteous eloquence and dignified vindication of the principles on which he acted.

The remainder of his career is familiar to every one. Chosen by the Montgomery Convention for the Presidency of the Southern States, he devoted himself, heart and soul to the cause of the Confederacy, and was, undoubtedly, the last man to abandon hope. Of his two years' imprisonment, and release without trial, much has been said, and to this day the mention of his treatment arouses bitter feeling. During the last twenty years he has lived quietly on his estate in Mississippi, emerging but rarely from his retirement.

THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE

By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

"So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners, but ye are fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom each several building, fitly framed together groweth into a holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are built together for a habitation of God in the Spirit." Eph. 2: 19-22.

The Greater Temple Now Building—The Site of Solomon's Temple—Its Associations—The Silent Construction—Type of the Peaceful Building of Christ's Temple—The Interior Typifying the Divine in the Human—The Cherubim in the Four Aspects of Christ—The Emblematic Pillars—The Altar of Sacrifice—Other Types of the Christian Dispensation.

A TEMPLE is now in course of erection, of which Christ Himself is the Foundation, the Corner-stone, the Designer, and of which God is the Builder. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. 3: 11.) "Abraham . . . looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. 11: 10). And this building is "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (11 Cor. 5: 1); it is a house of "many mansions" (John 14: 2); it is built with "living stones" who like the living Corner-stone, are rejected indeed of men but with God "elect precious" (1 Pet. 2: 5). The tabernacle and the temple are but types of this building. David was never permitted in his lifetime to realize the

One Ardent Desire of His Life;

he must die before the temple could be erected and indwelt by God. We too have to die with Christ, to die to our self-life, in order that we may become "an habitation of God through the Spirit." David "swore unto the Lord, and vowed a vow unto the mighty God of Jacob; Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed; I will not give sleep to mine eyes nor slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob" (Ps. 132: 2-5); so intent was David on the building of the temple. But Jesus also, the Son of David, who is building up His living stones into a spiritual house, neither slumbereth nor sleepeth (Ps. 121: 4); so intent is He to make His Church a dwelling-place of God.

It was "in the four hundred and eightieth year after the children of Israel were come out of the land of Egypt, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign . . . that he began to build the house of the Lord." The site was "in Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David his father, in the place that David had prepared in the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite" (11 Chron. 3: 1). This was where Isaac had been offered, the type of Jesus whom His Father gave to die, "that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." As we have before seen, the pattern of the temple, as of the tabernacle, was given by God (Ex. 25: 9, 20; 26: 30; 1 Chron. 28: 19). Man initiated nothing, originated nothing. It was only the working out of God's thoughts. And surely Jesus, a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched and not man (Heb. 8: 2), is also working out the pattern which has been given Him of His Father.

We have seen also that all the material was prepared beforehand, that "neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron (was) heard in the house while it was in building." All the noise of the felling of the trees in Lebanon, of the quarrying of the stones, and the sawing them into shape, was done before they left the quarry, all the brazen vessels and instruments, besides the two large pillars of brass, were cast "in the clay-ground between Succoth and Zeredathah" (11 Chron. 4: 17). Just so

All the Noise in Our Lives,

the tumult and the stir come in the preparation work,—our conversion to God, our separation

from the world, the flesh, and the devil, which takes place in our own souls, in our family, and social life, and in our work for God. It is easy work to Him to adjust us to Him and to one another, to fit us into our place in the great building, when He has first succeeded in preparing us and in subjecting our individuality to the great master principle which should govern us, the kingdom of God. He fits "each several building," each of the "many mansions" into its place. In addition to the holy place and the most holy, which may typify the spirit in man, wherein God dwells, and the soul or affections and will, where the priests minister, there was the porch, a type of the body in man; for the time was approaching when the Word should be "made flesh" and dwell among us (John 1: 14).

No sooner was the stone-work finished, and the house roofed in with beams and boards of cedar, and chambers typical of the "many mansions," "each several building," built against the wall of the house, than "the word of the Lord came to Solomon, saying, Concerning this house which thou art in building, if thou wilt walk in my statutes, and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments to walk in them; then will I perform my word with thee, which I spake unto David thy father."

The whole building was lined or matchboarded with cedar, beautifully carved, with knops and open flowers, chains and palm trees, and the whole was overlaid with gold. "The king's daughter is all glorious within." (Ps. 45: 13.) It was a type of the Divine dwelling in the human, God with man, Emmanuel. The ark or the oracle was made of cedar, and was twenty cubits every way, instead of only two and a half as in the tabernacle (Ex. 37: 1), and overlaid with gold, the cherubim above it of olivewood, overlaid with gold; the union of the Divine and the human was typified throughout.

The Cherubim

were a type of glorified men. In Ezekiel's vision they are thus described, "As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle." (Ezek. 1: 10.) These are just the four sides of Christ as given in the gospels. In St. Matthew He is the King, the lion; in St. Mark, the ox, the servant, and sacrifice; in St. Luke, the man; in St. John, the eagle, the Divine One. All this is typified in the cherubim. Then the veil was made of blue, and purple, and crimson, and fine linen, with wrought cherubim thereon. In the holy of holies nothing was to be seen by the High Priest, who alone might enter there, but the ark, the cherubim above the mercy seat, the embroidered cherubim on the veil, and the golden altar of incense. All bore witness to the dwelling of God with man, all prefigured the dying prayer of Jesus, "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." (John 17: 21.) This was the type, how about the antitype? "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." (1 John 4: 16.) Are we so

Dwelling in Love

that the indwelling of God is manifest to those around us? Is the jar, and fret, and noise gone out of our lives, or is God fitting us to Himself and to one another in love? Are we, consciously and unconsciously, witnesses every hour of our lives that God does dwell with man? Do men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus? Is it a reality to us that Christ dwells in our hearts by faith? (Eph. 3: 17.)

Just as God raised up a man specially gifted for the work of the tabernacle, Bezaleel the son of Uri, so He raised up Hiram of Tyre, for the work of the temple. His father was "a worker in brass; and he was filled with wisdom and understanding and cunning to work all works in brass, and he came to Solomon, and wrought all his work." Among other things which he cast were two pillars "of eighteen cubits high apiece," something more than thirty feet, and more than

twenty feet in circumference, and on the top of the pillars were chapters about nine feet high, and the ornamentation must have been most artistic and gorgeous, pomegranates and lily work, chains and net work. These pillars, too, are significant, the one named Boaz, meaning "In it is strength," the other Jachin, "He shall establish," signifying again Christ and His Church. Outside the main building were the courts, and immediately outside the porch stood the brazen sea, a wondrous work of art. It consisted of an immense circular bath, about eighteen feet in diameter, around which were lesser lavers, and the whole contained about 30,000 gallons of water. It was placed upon twelve brazen oxen, three facing each way. The thickness of the brass was a hand-breadth, say five inches. The oxen stood on twelve bases, and the borders between them were ornamented with lions, oxen, and cherubim. We cannot go into all the description of this

Wonderful Work of Art.

Let us seek to get the teaching God would give us in it. On entering the building, within the court which was given to the Gentiles, one side of which was called Solomon's Porch, the first object that met the eye was the great brazen altar, on which, in Solomon's time, the victim was always burning—a wondrous type of the great Sacrifice, Jesus, by whom alone we draw nigh unto God. Without passing the altar none could enter the tabernacle; without forgiveness of sins through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, none can offer worship which God will accept. But they were priests who should minister at the altar, and God calls us to be "a royal priesthood," given up to Him as the priests were of old, for His service, living, speaking, doing, always for Him. But then no priest could enter into His holy place without washing in the brazen sea. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." (Isa. 52: 2.) Only as consecrated and purified may we worship our Lord in spirit and in truth. Within the holy place were the candle-stick and the table of shew bread, opposite the one to the other, signifying that Christ was "the Light of the world" and "the Bread of Life." These were hidden from the congregation until Jesus died; then the veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom and the interior of the Holy of Holies and the contents of the holy place were no longer hidden. Through His flesh the rent veil,

The Way into the Holiest

has been made manifest, and now we may "come boldly to the throne of grace"; it is our privilege to know Christ as "the Light of the world," and our Light, as He calls us even to be ourselves "the light of the world" in His place. (Matt. 5: 14.) The candlestick was "to give light always," the fire on the altar to be "ever burning." (Ex. 27: 20; 29: 42.) God changes not. (Matt. 3: 6), "Jesus Christ (is) the same yesterday, to-day, and forever" (Heb. 13: 8), and He would have His people to be like Him, unchangeable in their devotion to Him, and their witness for Him. God's indwelling is the glorious truth of the Bible; we are saved that God may dwell in us, sanctified that we may be separated unto Him as His alone dwelling place. If He uses us in the conversion of souls, or in the building up of His people, it is as the indwelling Spirit makes use of us as His instrument, and convinces men "of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment," by the presence of the living God they see in us. Satan sought to rob God of His creatures in Eden; Christ, in redeeming us and adopting our flesh, passing through death in our nature, and ascending to God's right hand as the God-man, has made it possible for God to dwell in us and to possess us. The temple was but a type or building made with hands, glorious as it was, but the great architect of the temple of the living God is the Spirit of Him that raised Jesus from the dead (Rom. 8: 11); and He, the eternal Spirit, erects this temple "according to the working of His mighty power which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead." Let us trust

* Mrs. Baxter sends this article in place of the International S. S. Lesson for December 29, which is a Review of the past Quarter's Lessons.

the Holy Ghost in His working within us, yielding ourselves unreservedly to God, that He may fitly frame us together, and that we may grow into an holy temple in the Lord.

DR. TALMAGE'S PILGRIMAGE.

OUR readers may be interested in a few extracts from a letter received last week from a gentleman who is accompanying Dr. Talmage in his trip to the Holy Land, and whose reverent admiration, like that which Boswell cherished for Dr. Johnson, leads him to treasure every word that falls from his lips. He says:

The journey from Rome to Naples was of about six hours' duration, and undertaken after only five hours' sleep. I must say that my most sanguine impressions of Italy and matters Italian do not reconcile me to the discomforts and annoyances of railroad travel in that sunny land. Virtue was rewarded, however, and patient continuance in the train did at length bring us to the city guilty of the proud boast, "See Naples and die." While I cheerfully recognize the beauty of the modern streets of that populous town, I feel obliged to say that these streets resemble those of the same class everywhere else so much, that beyond mentioning them nothing need be said about them. It is in Old Naples that one sees monumentally tall, quaintly built houses, lava pavements, antique churches, and shady, inconvenient narrowness of way, this tolerable, but oh, the omnipresent dirt, and the indescribable, all-pervading stench! What a gay and motley population! and no city could have more varied and discordant noises. The costumes worn by the people, I need not say particularly by the women, are bright and striking and wonderfully diverse. I cannot describe the combination of sounds—laughter, song, stringed music, clinking hoofs of asses and mules, gay converse, chaffering and screaming by sellers of multifarious wares. Naples is a delightful reminiscence to me, at a safe distance from its sights of filth and squalor and its odious odors.

The two full days we spent at Naples afforded a remarkable contrast to our experiences in London and Rome. Dr. Talmage was spared calls and recognitions absolutely. So far as I know, not a soul in the hotel or out of it knew that the Brooklyn preacher was in town.

Our trip from Naples to Brindisi was made by rail, and lasted sixteen hours. Italy has no sleeping-cars, but supplies a mighty poor substitute for them in reclining chairs, for the use of which a charge of four dollars a night per head is exacted. Even at this price the occupier is not left to the quiet enjoyment of his rest. Twice a night he is visited by an officer whose duty it is to change the pans of warm water which are used in heating the compartment. Three times in the night, moreover, the passenger is required to exhibit the ticket which entitles him to a seat in the aforesaid reclining chair. The train stops about every twenty minutes, when the conductor passes along its entire length, on the outside, publishing in a nasal tone in front of each compartment the name of the station. That nobody on the train expects to leave it for hours makes no difference to this industrious official. Our experiences with him and his train began at half-past 7 in the evening, and lasted sixteen hours. We were bored, we were cold, we were wretched.

Brindisi is a good place to get out of. It consists for the greater part of hovels, and is the dirtiest town I ever saw. I am sure I should love the Italians more if they were cleaner. St. Paul, I am informed, landed at Brindisi after being shipwrecked, which made the place specially interesting to Dr. Talmage. The Brooklyn preacher and I spent two hours in the streets of Brindisi to find where Virgil, the Latin poet, was born. Two houses, about as widely sundered as could be, were pointed out as Virgil's birthplace. We paid a franc for each one for the information. The hotel-keeper declined to commit himself to an opinion for either house. He had reached the safe conclusion that nobody is able to say exactly where the poet first saw the light.

We were tired and hungry when we sat down to dine at the hospitable board of the landlord who was willing to be ignorant, even in his relations with tourists. After the meal Dr. Talmage expressed his happiness in the seclusion from visitors achieved by not entering his name on the hotel register. He had hardly ceased speaking of it when a clerical-looking gentleman, slapping him gently on the shoulder, said, "Why, this is Dr. Talmage!" There was no denying the charge, and Canon Wilberforce, of philanthropic eminence and wearing ancestral honors, sat down to a good talk. He was delighted to meet with an old friend, but had sad news to tell. Broken down in health, he was on his way to India, accompanied by his daughter, in the hope that a period of absolute rest from duty and total change of scene would bring about his recovery from a spinal disease which threatened his life. His concern at the burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle was mixed with congratulatory anticipation of the new edifice.

One in the morning was the hour of our embarkation from Brindisi. The voyage to Patras lasted twenty-eight hours. Our tall divine didn't enjoy it, that part of it, at least, which was spent in bed. He complained bitterly of the straitness of his sleeping accommodations. "These coffins," said he, "which they call berths, afford me but little comfort." He had recovered his cordial spirits by the time we were bowling along on a Grecian railroad, making our way from Patras to Corinth. We travelled at the rate of only fifteen miles an hour, it is true, but one does not feel like wanting to hurry when in Greece. Inspired by the prospect of delightful experiences in the Attic city, Dr. Talmage's spirits were exuberant, and he would not have been sorry to jump off the train and run alongside of it for exercise.

THE TIME OF CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

To be Discovered from Prophecy in these Last Times, according to More than Twenty Expositors.

EVERY student of prophecy who attempts to understand the dates and periods given in the inspired Word for our instruction has been warned against proceeding with the study by reverent but mistaken Christians, who remind him of Christ's statement: "Of that day nor hour knoweth no man, not even the angels, neither the Son." That remark, however, was spoken in the present tense by Christ eighteen centuries ago with regard to *that* time only, and of course cannot apply to these latter days, for if so, it states that even now Christ does not know the day and the hour of His own Second Advent, which is incredible. Moreover, Daniel's dates were not then fulfilled, nor the Book of Revelation given. The prophecies were stated, in Daniel 12, to be sealed up until the present Time of the End, when "many shall search into them, and knowledge of them shall be increased, and the wise shall understand them." Christ also said, in Matthew 24: 33, "When ye shall see all these things," namely, the wars, rumors of wars, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, which He there predicted to be the future Signs of His Coming and of the End of the Age, "then know that it is near, even at the doors." This is the opinion of many learned Expositors, such as the Reverends Canon Birks, Dr. Cumming, Dr. Baylee, Dr. Duffield, Dr. Hales, John Fletcher, of Madeley, W. W. Pym, John Hooper, F. Fysh, H. Rile, T. Reader, T. Beverley, E. Murray, R. C. Shimeall, and Major Baker, Messrs. Granville Penn, J. Bayford, J. Bicheno, W. Houghton, the German Commentator Bengel, and others who maintain that the Time of Christ's Second Advent although hidden when Christ was on earth, is predicted to become revealed through the Scripture Prophecies at the Time of the End, a few years before the Second Advent. The Rev. Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, Scotland, in his Commentary on the Bible, published 110 years ago, in 1778, computed from Daniel's Dates that the End of this Nineteenth Century would probably be the epoch of the Second Coming of Christ, and the beginning of the Millennium. The Chronological Index containing this calcu-

lation was adopted in the Glasgow edition of the Rev. Matthew Henry's Commentary in 1808. The same conclusion as to the year 1900 to be the End of this Age, and the three and a half years from 1896 to 1900 to be the period of the future Great Antichrist's persecution, was proved from six Scripture Dates in a book published in Paris fifty years ago, in 1840, called *Le Fin des Temps*, par Pierre L.

A HOPEFUL PRISONER.

A GIRL welcomed a sentence of imprisonment in a New York police court on November 20. She was charged with stealing some articles of clothing from a boarding-house keeper, and pleaded guilty. The Recorder sentenced her to six months' imprisonment. The girl seemed penitent, but did not make any appeal for mercy. She admitted that she deserved her sentence, and said she hoped to gain a more precious freedom from it. She had become a slave to the morphine habit, and it was to get the money to buy morphine that she had stolen the clothing. In prison she would be compelled to abstain from the drug, and once delivered from its power she would never return to it. Her condition was analogous to that of the awakened sinner, who feels himself, not only guilty and deserving punishment, but in need of deliverance and cleansing. He finds both in Christ, who has suffered in his stead, and whose blood cleanses him, and redeems him from the power of sin. (Titus 3: 5.)

A CONVERTED CHINAMAN'S CHARITY.

AN incident related by Dr. Henry A. Stimson in the *American Missionary* may encourage the ladies who are laboring in Chinese Sunday-schools in our great cities. It proves that the Chinaman is capable of understanding and obeying Christ's teaching as to the duties of His followers to the poor and sick. Dr. Stimson says: "Not very long ago there came to my knowledge in St. Louis an ordinary Chinaman, comparatively a young man. He joined our church, and I knew he desired to be recognized as a Christian man. About a year before, he had been a member of a Sunday-school where ladies were teaching Chinese. Before that our newspapers had created great outcry about a case of leprosy in the city. This Chinaman appeared at my house in great trepidation. He had been two or three years in this country, and had been saving his money in order to go back and see his mother's face before she would die, and he hoped to be able to return to China in the following fall. He had learned that there was a Chinaman, *unknown to him*, lying ill, in a little laundry, of a disease of which nothing was known, without friends and without care. He took care of this man, leaving his own work for the purpose, and at length he came to me asking where he could get a physician to attend the patient. I gave him a note to one of the best physicians in my own church, who went at once and saw the man, and he, seeing it was a strange form of disease, went to a specialist of skin diseases, who had the man brought to a hospital in order to watch his disease. Rumors of this reaching the newspapers, the reporters thought it a good opportunity to make a story about leprosy, giving the number and street of an imaginary laundry in the heart of the city. Instantly the patronage of the Chinese laundries stopped. My Chinese friend was in the greatest distress about it, and particularly about me, lest I should think he had brought the contagious disease to my house. What was the result of the story? The Chinaman took care of his friend in the house and in the hospital, paying considerable for his care, and when he recovered sent him to San Francisco—in fact, spent about \$180 on him, the whole sum he had saved to take himself home to his mother, and he did this for a man who was as utterly unknown to him as to you or me. He also came to me with a \$10 bill to pay the doctor, saying it was not enough, but it was all the money he had, and he would add to it by and by."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES, 45 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 4 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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The Manager of "The Christian Herald" would esteem it a favor if subscribers who can conveniently send their renewals for 1890 at once would do so instead of waiting until January 1. Special facilities are made to handle the large influx of letters at the beginning of the year, but in the press of work there is necessarily a liability to delay and mistake. It would therefore be a convenience, and conduce to safety and accuracy, if subscribers would anticipate renewal by a few days.

CURRENT EVENTS.

One Step Toward Dealing with the Financial problem of the nation was taken on Thursday last by Congressman Brower, of North Carolina. He introduced a bill abolishing all taxes on cigars, cigarettes, and manufactured tobacco in any form, and repealing all laws restricting the production of the raw article. This bill, if it becomes a law, will reduce the revenue by \$32,000,000. It is expected that all Republicans will vote for it, and that they will have the support of twenty-one Democrats. So far as it is a reduction of the revenue, and so far as it is a relief to a class of citizens engaged in production and trade, it is to be welcomed, but persons who have seen much of the suffering of the poor, and the difficulties they now have in providing necessities for their families, cannot but regret that the first effort to reduce revenue should have been to cheapen an article of luxury rather than an article of necessity.

The Necessity for a Reduction of the National income is sufficiently clear to any one who has examined the reports now submitted by the heads of departments. Those gentlemen in this, as in every other land, are in the habit of asking for the full amount that should be judiciously expended in their respective departments, and generally overestimating rather than underestimating the sum required. The total of their estimates this year amounts to \$292,271,400. Yet according to the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, the revenue will be \$385,000,000, or nearly \$93,000,000 more than is needed. The object of collecting a sum so largely in excess of the need is, of course, to keep out foreign products and enable home producers and manufacturers to sell their goods at a higher rate than they could sell them at if foreigners competed with them on equal terms. The country endorsed that policy last year, so it cannot justly complain now. It is, however, the duty of Congress,

in view of the facts, to direct its attention not so much to the work of devising means of spending that \$93,000,000 as to devising means for allowing it to remain in the pockets of the people. It is also important to discriminate in this matter. It is the wealthy producers and manufacturers who derive the benefit from the high tariff; to the poor it is an additional burden, because it involves them in paying higher prices for their commodities. It is therefore only just that, in making changes in the revenue, those changes should be made which will most directly benefit the poor.

An Impressive Commemoration of the Centennial of the Inauguration of George Washington took place in Washington on December 11, when the President and his Cabinet, and both branches of Congress, assembled to listen to an oration by Chief-Justice Fuller. It was quite natural that the orator should be jubilant in contrasting our time with that of the father of his country, and in reviewing the progress made during the century. Every patriotic citizen gladly re-echoes his words. The Christian, however, who studies the times in the light of God's Word hesitates to accept the view of the eloquent judge as he turned his gaze from the past to the future. He said: "And so the new century may be entered upon in the spirit of optimism, the natural result perhaps of a self-confidence, which has lost nothing in substance by experience, though it has gained in the moderation of its impetuosity; yet an optimism essential to the accomplishment of great ends, not blind to perils, but bold in the fearlessness of a faith whose very consciousness of the limitations of the present asserts the attainability of the untravelled world of a still grander future." If progress in wealth and culture were a sure sign of moral and spiritual progress, the orator's optimism might be well founded. It is incontestable, however, that selfishness, avarice, dishonesty, scepticism, and disregard of God's will have increased in greater ratio than our wealth, and that fact does not encourage optimism. It is righteousness that exalts a nation.

A Distressing Fatality was Reported on December 10 from that much-afflicted town, Johnstown, Pa., which was the scene of the recent awful inundation. It occurred in the theatre, the only place of amusement in the town which the flood left standing. A cry of "Fire!" was raised while the house was crowded to witness the play. Instantly there was the wildest kind of panic. The aisles being crowded, the people in the seats saw that they had little chance of escaping but by fighting their way through. The doors were narrow and the stairs from the crowded galleries were tortuous, so that even in ordinary circumstances exit was slow. But when the panic came the audience went perfectly wild. Big men put all their strength out to force a passage, without regard to age or sex. Others jumped on the shoulders of those ahead of them, and leaped from point to point on the living way. Nine persons were thrown down and *instantly trampled to death*, and from seventy-five to eighty persons were seriously injured. After all, it was a false alarm; there was no fire.

The Ex-Emperor of Brazil Arrived in Lisbon on December 7. The Empress, the Princess Isabella, and her husband, the Comte d'Eu, accompanied him. The party were received with royal honors. As the Emperor did not abdicate, the Portuguese court regards him as still the rightful occupant of the Brazilian throne. The ex-Emperor refused to issue a manifesto, or in any way to intrigue for his restoration, though he appeared to have little faith in a Republic controlled by the men who are now at the head of affairs in Brazil. He said that if he were summoned back he should return. Describing his own experiences in the revolution, he said: "I received a telegram at the summer palace at Petropolis, announcing that the revolution had triumphed. Upon its receipt I went to Rio Janeiro and placed myself at the disposal of the revolutionary Government. The palace at Rio

Janeiro was instantly encircled by troops, and ingress and egress were stopped. The siege lasted for thirty-two hours, during which time my family suffered much from want of food. We were then taken secretly, after midnight, between a double file of soldiers, from the palace to the arsenal, and placed on board a war-ship." The ex-Emperor has declined to accept the grant of money and the income voted him by the provisional Government.

An Imposing Funeral Ceremony Took Place in New Orleans on December 11 when the remains of Jefferson Davis were committed to the tomb. The obsequies had been postponed until that day to accommodate the enormous number of persons in all the Southern States who had signified their wish to attend. Mr. Davis was buried as a soldier, his body being borne on a caisson with military honors, and a large number of old Union soldiers were in the procession which accompanied it to the cemetery. Fully thirty thousand persons were there to witness or take part in the ceremony. The citizens of New Orleans draped their houses, and by their welcome of their many guests showed how deep was the sympathetic bond which united them in their common sorrow. No one thought that Mr. Davis had retained so completely the affection of the South as this demonstration shows him to have done. *An excellent portrait of him appears on page 813.*

A Plan for the Federation of the Australian colonies on the Canadian model has been formulated by Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales. The proposal is important because it is recognized by all parties as the beginning of a movement tending, by its unifying influence, to national independence. The scheme grew directly out of the proposition for the formation of an Australian army, but it aims especially to overcome many gross evils of misgovernment which seem inseparable from the present system. The first suggestions of the Premier are concerned with details, but an experience of those will, it is expected, lead to a general union. Sir Henry proposes to locate the Federal capital at Albury, a town on the borders of Victoria and New South Wales. He proposes, as the first tentative measures, the abolition of all border duties, and absolute free trade between the colonies, guaranteed, if necessary, by special intercolonial treaties, and a uniform marriage law to protect the family from the evils of divorce. There are now three million people in the seven colonies, each colony having a separate legislature, with power to regulate the tariff and govern its own affairs.

A Strange Disease, Originating in Asia, is travelling westward through Europe. It is now prevalent from Russia on the east, where even the Czar has been a victim, to France on the west. It is popularly known as contagious influenza. The symptoms begin with headache, an acute chill developing into a high fever lasting several days, and then a fortnight of great lassitude. Death intervenes only when pulmonary oedema is superadded in cases of weakness. The alarming feature about it is not the deaths, which are very few, but that its previous appearances, notably in 1837, have been followed by an outbreak of cholera. Medical journals declare that there is no connection between the two diseases, but the coincidence has been too close to be overlooked.

The Reports of the Condition of Emin Pasha during the week were more hopeful, though by no means sanguine. Dr. Parke, Mr. Stanley's physician, who is attending him, declares that he did not fracture his skull in his fall from the balcony, but that he received internal injuries, and was very severely bruised. His eye is rapidly recovering its normal condition. The unfavorable symptoms are the discharge from the ears, which continues to flow, and a distressing cough, which indicates pulmonary affection, and prevents the distinguished patient obtaining the rest he so sorely needs. Dr. Parke says that his condition, though undoubtedly critical, does not preclude hope if no complication occurs.

An Encouraging Report of Bishop Riley's work in Mexico was presented at the recent meeting of the Mexican League. The sum of \$1,602.49 has been sent in contributions since May 1, 1889. Of that amount a considerable part came from friends who had heard of the work through this journal. Of course the total sum did not nearly cover expenses, but the encouragement of the gifts, and, still more, of the kind words of good-cheer and sympathy, was very valuable to the self-denying, devoted workers. They have also been encouraged by a statement made by the Rev. Mr. Gordon, who has been visiting Mexico in the interest of another branch of the work. He spoke of the clergy and evangelists under Bishop Riley's charge as working vigorously and earnestly on a mere pittance of salary, and admitted that he had experienced the difficulty which Bishop Riley's work is specially designed to remove—that of exciting national prejudice against a missionary movement. The report of the good that is resulting from this work should prompt American Christians to support it liberally, and furnish funds for its development and extension. It has a wide field rich in promise, but the laborers are few because there is not enough money to support more. That they must have outside support is obvious, because they labor among unbelievers, and their converts at present are from among the very poor. *Contributions may be sent to Mr. J. P. Heath, 43 Bible House, New York.*

Antipathy to the Public School System is a recent development of Mormonism. Gov. Thomas, in making his annual report, says that it is very plain that the Church has decided to take its place as an enemy of the public school system and the principles which are at its foundation. He recommends that Congress at once place the control of the public schools in the hands of those who are disposed to be friendly to the public school system. He also says that it is a mistake to infer from the elections, in which the Gentiles carried Salt Lake City and Ogden, that there is a Gentile majority in the Territory. The fact is that, outside the two cities named, there are but few Gentiles except those in the mining camps.

Dangerous Dead Electric Wires Were Reported as existing in large numbers last week in the down-town districts of New York. The report says that some of them are partially detached, and have been caught up and twisted around the poles to prevent their touching the heads of passers-by, while others hang in a tangle like a spider's web over the streets. A single point of contact of an electric-light wire with one of the wires in the mass, either close by or at a distance, would work disastrous results. The deadly current would instantly spread in a hundred directions, and nobody knows where it would stop. No doubt all the wires are abandoned and dead, but the city has learned that they are no less dangerous on that account. The demand is therefore made for their removal. A moral and spiritual danger analogous to this has often made itself manifest in human beings. Appetites and passions which have been overcome by an heroic struggle, and are supposed to be dead, are liable to start into new life under temptation or contact with old associations. There is no safety except in their extirpation through a new heart being given of God. (Jer. 24: 7.)

A Death-bed Marriage has Led to Unpleasant results in Jersey City, N. J. Last week a man was arrested there on a charge of bigamy and held for trial. The complaint of the wife narrated that she had married the man two years ago. She was at that time dangerously ill, and believed she was going to die. The physicians had pronounced her case hopeless, and one of them had told a member of the family that she could not live more than a day or two. Having been engaged for some time to be married, she wished the ceremony to take place before she died. Her lover was sent for, and, being acquainted with her wish, consented. The marriage was performed by a clergyman in her sick-room. To the surprise of every one she

did not die, but gradually recovered, and finally was completely restored to health. She was, however, grieved to find that her husband did not manifest that joy in her recovery that might have been expected of him. Quarrels took place, in one of which he declared that he would not have married her if he had thought she was going to live. A few months later he deserted her, and she heard that he had married again, so she had him arrested. Her case is a sad one, for she seems to have been shamefully treated. It is the reverse of the experience which has often caused sorrow to clergymen and Christian workers. In those cases the apparently dying one, who has been anxious to enter into union with Christ while in fear of death, has been the one to desert when health and strength unexpectedly returned. (Ps. 78: 34-37.)

A Corpse as Driver of a Cab Caused Some trouble in New York on December 9. A business man engaged a cabman that afternoon to drive him to his residence in the upper part of Fifth Avenue. For some distance all went well, but after a time the passenger thought the driver was somewhat reckless. The horse was going at a good pace, but the driver seemed to be paying no attention to him. There were several narrow escapes from collision with other vehicles, but the driver sat motionless on his box with the reins in his hand, appearing to care nothing. At length the passenger became alarmed and called to him, but received no answer. He was just meditating jumping from the cab when he was seen by a policeman, who ran into the roadway and stopped the horse. It was then found that the driver was dead of heart disease, and must have been dead for fully twenty minutes. The passenger had reason for thankfulness that he escaped injury during that perilous ride. Many persons, however, make the journey of life under similar circumstances. Though the living God is willing to be their guide, they choose to govern their own way, though they are spiritually dead. (Jer. 10: 23.)

A Glass of Wine that Cost \$60,000 is Among the traditions of the New York Stock Exchange. A reporter who heard a broker refuse with great emphasis an invitation to drink recently, asked his reason for doing so. In reply the broker said that he had learned a lesson from the example of a friend. The friend was interested in a large transaction in stocks, the result of which did not appear to be likely to be reached for several days at least. He went out with an acquaintance to get some lunch, and drank one glass of sherry. He had intended to go directly to the Exchange floor, but the taste of that glass of sherry still lingering in his mouth, he thought he would drop in and have another. He was in no hurry to leave, and from one glass of sherry it went to a number, and 4 o'clock had arrived before the broker returned to thoughts of business. When he returned to his office he took up the tape, and, to his horror, found that the stock in which he had been dealing had gone down five points, completely wiping out his margin. The decline had been gradual, and, had he gone on the Exchange floor when he started to go, he could have got off with small loss. As it was, he lost \$60,000, and left the street that night a ruined man. That, after all, was but financial ruin. Not a few have gone to eternal ruin by the same path. Though occasional intoxication is regarded as a venial sin, the apostle declares that no drunkard will inherit the kingdom of God. (1 Cor. 6: 10.)

A Quarrel of Twenty-five Years' Standing ended in a marriage at Red Bank, N. J., recently. A press dispatch from that town on December 11 reports that a wedding had taken place there under romantic circumstances. Last summer the postmaster at Navesink received a letter from Joliet, Ill., inquiring if a lady, whose name the writer gave, was still living there. He sent a reply in the affirmative, and a few weeks later the writer of the letter, a gentleman about fifty years old, appeared in person. He visited the lady, and after his departure she announced that she was to be married before

Christmas. Being pressed for an explanation of so sudden an arrangement, she said that she had been engaged to him before. It was in the war-time that they first met. In 1864 the gentleman secured an appointment in Washington, and being then able to keep a wife, he wrote her, asking her, as he was unable to leave even for a day, to come there and be married. The lady thought that way of proceeding undignified, and beside, in the disturbed condition of the country, she objected to the journey. She did not intend to reject her lover, but he thought she could not love him much or she would have acceded to his proposal, and he did not answer her letter. Both were too proud to make any advances, and they never saw each other or wrote until this year under the circumstances above described. They must surely regret, if the marriage proves a happy one, that so many years of happiness have been lost to them through their pride. It is often so with people converted late in life. Their joy in union with Christ is alloyed with regret that the best part of their lives has been wasted, because in their youth they would not sacrifice some cherished idol or sin which stood in their way of accepting Him. (Joel 2: 25.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Prophetic discourses were delivered by the Rev. M. Baxter Dec. 1 and 2 in the Corn Exchange, York, Eng. Dr. George F. Pentecost's meetings in Dundee, Scotland, have been greatly blessed. He went there after concluding the wonderful work at Coatbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. George Muller, of the Bristol Orphanages, are still travelling in India. They were at Simla at latest reports, and were about to visit Ayra. Both are in excellent health.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, formerly of Philadelphia, preached for Pastor C. H. Spurgeon on December 1 in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. He has since been holding meetings on Foreign Missions in Edinburgh.

Bishop William Taylor's many friends will be glad to learn that there is no truth in the extensively circulated report that he is in a critical state of health, and not expected to live. He has had a sharp attack of bronchitis, but is now recovered.

Major George A. Hilton has been doing a very successful work at Los Angeles, Cal. Meetings were held for eight days, and the interest grew daily. Many rose to request the prayers of God's people, and the inquiry room was the scene of many wonderful conversions.

Sunday, November 3, was a day of prayer for rain throughout South Africa. At Johannesburg the services were hardly over when a thunderstorm passed over that place, and rain came down in floods. The whole afternoon and evening copious rain and hail fell in succession.

Rev. E. W. Oakes, of Manchester, N. H., has accepted an invitation to spend a few months in evangelistic work in England. He will visit the Mission Stations of the Gospel Union, of which Rev. M. Baxter and Mrs. Baxter are Presidents, and in which over a hundred evangelists are engaged.

Mr. E. P. Telford, who has been laboring with success at Gloversville, N. Y., expects to commence work in Boston, Mass., shortly, and to continue there through the month of January. Rev. C. W. Rowley, the Methodist pastor at Gloversville, writes us, heartily commending Mr. Telford's work in his church.

A Christmas appeal on behalf of the Children's Aid Society, of New York, has been issued by the Secretary, Mr. C. L. Brace. This society has now six lodging houses in different parts of the city, and has had over 38,853 homeless children under its charge during the year. Gifts of clothing and provisions may be sent to 24 St. Mark's Place, New York. Cheques and P. O. orders to Mr. George S. Coe, American Exchange National Bank, 428 Broadway, New York.

Rev. Charles Herald, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal recently, was solemnly ordained, and set apart for the work of the ministry in Brooklyn, N. Y., on December 4. Mr. Herald commenced a gospel work in connection with Dr. A. J. F. Behrends' church a short time ago in a neglected district of Brooklyn. There are now 185 in the membership, and it has a Sunday-school of 1,298 children. Dr. R. R. Meredith and Dr. Lyman Abbott took part in the ordination service.

A convention of the Boston Branch of the Christian Alliance was held in Boston, Mass., December 10-12. The gathering was characterized by the realized presence of the Holy Spirit, and all present felt it to be a time of great spiritual blessing. Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, the President of the Alliance presided, and among the speakers were Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. Peck, and F. L. Chapell of Boston, Dr. Hart, and Rev. H. McBride, of New York, and Rev. E. W. Oakes, of Manchester, N. H.

THE PREACHER'S BURDEN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The burden of the word of the Lord." Malachi 1:1.

Clerical Cripples—A Warning From Jonah—A Missionary Shrivelled—Why the Message is a Burden—I. Because It is the Word of the Lord—A Burden in Its Reception—In Its Delivery—In After Consideration—II. Because of What It is—The Rebuke of Sin—A Lord's Complaint of a Puritan Preacher—III. Because of the Consequences—What They Lose Who Reject It—A Reminiscence of a Village Service—IV. Because of the Way It is Treated—A Shipbuilder Among Whitefield's Hearers—Preaching Three Sermons in One Night—V. Because He Must Give Account—How the Burden is Made Heavier.

THE prophets of old were no triflers. They did not run about as idle tellers of tales, but they carried a burden. Those who at this time speak in the name of the Lord, if they are indeed sent of God, dare not sport with their ministry or play with their message. They have a burden to bear—"The burden of the word of the Lord;" and this burden puts it out of their power to indulge in levity of life. I am often astounded at the way in which some who profess to be the servants of God make light of their work: they jest about their sermons as if they were so many comedies or farces. I read of one who said, "I got on very well for a year or two in my pulpit, for my great-uncle had left me a large store of manuscripts, which I read to my congregation." The Lord have mercy on his guilty soul! Did the Lord send him a sacred call to bring to light his uncle's

Mouldy Manuscripts?

Something less than a divine call might have achieved that purpose. Another is able to get on well with his preaching because he pays so much a quarter to a bookseller, and is regularly supplied with manuscript sermons. They cost more or less according to the space within which they will not be sold to *another clerical cripple*. I have seen the things, and have felt sick at the sorry spectacle. What must God think of such prophets as these?

Yet, do not let me be misunderstood at the beginning. God's true servants, who are burdened with His word, right willingly and cheerfully carry that burden. We would not be without it for all the world. Sometimes, do you know, we get tempted, when things do not go right, to run away from it; but we view it as

A Temptation

not to be tolerated for an hour. When some of you do not behave yourselves, and matters in our church get a little out of order, I say to myself, "I wish I could give this up, and turn to an employment less responsible, and less wearing to the heart;" but then I think of Jonah, and what happened to him when he ran away to Tarshish; and I remember that whales are scarcer now than they were then, and I do not feel inclined to run that risk. I stick to my business, and keep to the message of my God; for one might not be brought so land quite so safely as the runaway prophet was. I had sooner be a preacher of the gospel than a possessor of the Indies. Remember how William Carey, speaking of one of his sons says, "Poor Felix is shrivelled from a missionary to an ambassador." He was a missionary once, and he was employed by the Government as an ambassador; his father thought it no promotion, but said, "Felix has shrivelled into an ambassador." It would be a descent indeed from bearing the burden of the Lord, if one were to be transformed into a member of Parliament, or a prime minister, or a king. We bear a burden, but we should be sorry indeed not to bear it.

I. And why is the word of the Lord a burden to him that speaketh it? Well, first, it is a burden because it is the Word of the Lord. If what we preach is only of man, we may preach as we like, and there is no burden about it; but if this Book be inspired—if Jehovah be the only God, if Jesus Christ be God incarnate, if there be no salvation save through His precious blood—then there is a great solemnity about that

which a minister of Christ is called upon to preach. It hence becomes a weighty matter with him. Modern thought is a trifle light as air; but ancient truth is more weighty than gold.

And, first, the word of the Lord becomes

A Burden in the Reception of it.

I do not think that any man can ever preach the gospel aright until he has had it borne into his own soul with overwhelming energy. You cannot preach conviction of sin unless you have suffered it. You cannot preach repentance unless you have practiced it. You cannot preach faith unless you have exercised it. You may talk about these things, but there will be no power in the talk unless what is said has been experimentally proved in your own soul. It is easy to tell when a man speaks what he has made his own, or when he deals in a second-hand experience. "Son of man, eat this roll:" you must eat it before you can hand it out to others. *True preaching is Artesian*: it wells up from the great depths of the soul. If Christ has not made a well within us, there will be no outflow from us.

The Word of God is a burden in the delivery of it. Do you think it an easy thing to stand before the people and deliver a message which you believe you have

Received From God?

If you so imagine, I wish you would try it. He that finds it easy work to preach, will find it hard work to give an account of his preaching at the last great day. One has carefully to look around, and think, while he is preaching, "I must mind that I do not put this truth in such a way as to exaggerate it into a falsehood. I must not so encourage the weak that I dwarf the strong; nor so commend the strong as to grieve the weak. I must not so preach the grace of God as to give latitude to sin; I must not so denounce sin as to drive men to despair." Our path is often narrow as a razor's edge, and we keep on crying in our spirit, while we are speaking, "Lord, direct me! Lord, help me to deal wisely for Thee with all these souls!"

When we have preached, the gospel becomes a burden in after consideration. "Well, now, it is all done," says one. Is it? Is it all done? You, dear teacher, when you have taught your class to-day, have you done with your children? You have thought of them upon the Sabbath, will there be no care for them all the week? If your soul is toward your children, or your congregation as it ought to be, you will bear them always on your heart. They will never be far away from you.

II. I pass to a second point. It is not only a burden because it is so solemnly the Word of the Lord, and therefore weighty and overwhelming; but next, because of what it is. What is it that the true servant of God has to bear and to preach? Well, first,

It is the Rebuke of Sin.

I have heard of hirelings who preach, but never think of rebuking sin. If a man bears the burden of the Word of the Lord, he speaks most to his people upon the evil of which they are most guilty. Somebody once said to me, "Sir, you were very personal." I answered, "Sir, I tried to be. Do not think that I am going to apologize for it. If I knew anything that would come home to your heart and conscience concerning sin, I would be sure to say that—just that very thing." "And what if I should be offended?" "Well, I should be very sorry that you refused reproof, and should feel all the more sure that it was my duty to be very faithful with you. If, after much love and prayer, you refused the word, I could do no more; but I certainly should not speak with bated breath to please you; and you would despise me if I did."

I remember one in Oliver Cromwell's day who complained to a preacher. He said, "The squire of the parish is very much offended by some remarks you made last Sabbath day about profane swearing." "Well," said the Puritan preacher, "is the squire in the habit of swearing?" It was admitted that he was, and that he therefore thought himself pointed out by the

minister. The Puritan replied to the complaining tenant, "If your lord offends my Lord, I shall not fail to rebuke him for it; and if he is offended, let him be offended." So must every true preacher be careless of man's esteem, and speak faithfully; but this is a burden to one of a tender spirit.

And, next, the Word of the Lord gives a rebuff to human pride. The doctrines of the gospel seem shaped on purpose, among other objects, to bring into contempt all human glory. Here is a man who is morally of a fine and noble nature, but we tell him that he is born in sin, and shapen in iniquity: this is

A Stern Duty.

Here is a man of a grand righteous character in his own opinion, and we tell him that his righteousness is filthy rags: he will not smile on us for this. Here is a man that can go to heaven by his own efforts, so he thinks, and we tell him that he can do nothing of the sort—that he is dead in trespasses and sins: this will bring us no honor from him. He hopes that, by strong resolves, he may change his own nature and make himself all that God would have him; but we tell him that his resolutions are so much empty wind, and will end in nothing: this is likely to earn us his hate.

And then the true preacher has to come into contact with the vanity of human intellect. We ask of man, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Thou sayest, "I know." What knowest thou, poor, blind worm?" Thou sayest, "I am a judge, and I can discern." What canst thou discern, thou that art in the dark, and alienated from God by thy wicked works? The things of God are hidden from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes; and the wise and prudent are indignant at this act revealed of divine sovereignty. He whom God sends cares nothing at all about human wisdom, so as to fawn upon it and flatter it; for He knows that "the world by wisdom knew not God;" and that human wisdom is only another name for human folly. All the savants and the philosophers are simply those who make themselves to be wise, but are not so. Yet to face false science with "the foolishness of preaching," and to set up the cross in the teeth of learned self-sufficiency, is a burden on the Lord.

III. Now, dear friends, I have in the third place to say, that it is a burden, not only because it is the Word of the Lord, and because of what it is, but because of

The Consequences of our Bearing it

to you. Suppose that we do not preach the gospel, and warn the wicked man, so that he turn not from his iniquity, what then? Hear this voice: "He shall perish, but his blood will I require at thine hand." What will my Lord say to me if I am unfaithful to you? "Where is the blood of those people who gathered at Newington Butts? Where is the blood of that crowd which came together to hear you speak, and you did not preach the gospel to them?" Oh, it were better for me that I had never been born than that I should not preach the gospel! I look along these pews, and I remember some of you a good many years ago; you were then in a hopeful state, but you have not received Christ yet. Most faithful hearers you have been, but you have not been doers of the Word. Do not think that I charge you too severely. Have you repented and believed? If not, woe is me that I should bear to you a message which will be a savor of death unto death unto you because you refuse it; for how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

And then it becomes a great burden to me to preach the gospel when I think of what those lose who will not have it. May no one of us miss eternal felicity! May no one of us fall into eternal misery! But here lies the burden of the Lord—in the consequences of our ministry. I recollect walking out to preach nigh unto forty years ago, just when I began my witnessing for the Lord Jesus. As I trudged along with a somewhat older brother, who was going to preach at another village station, our talk was

about our work, and he said to me, "Does it not strike you as a very solemn thing that we

Two Local Preachers

are going to do the Lord's work, and much may depend even upon the very hymns we give out, and the way in which we read them?" I thought of that, and I prayed—and often do pray—that I may have the right hymn, and the right chapter, as well as the right sermon. Well do I remember a great sinner coming into Exeter Hall, and I read the hymn beginning, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and that first line pierced him in the heart. He said to himself, "Does Jesus love my soul?" He wept, because he had not loved the Saviour in return; and he was brought to the Saviour's feet just by that one line of a hymn. It does make it the burden of the Lord when you see life, death, and hell, and worlds to come, hanging, as it were, upon the breath of a mortal man, by whom God speaks to the souls of his fellows. This is serious burden-bearing. At least I find it more and more so the longer I am engaged in it.

IV. But I pass on to notice one thing more now. It is often the burden of the Lord because of the way in which men treat the Word of God. Upon this I will be very brief.

Some Trifle With It.

I was reading last night an account of how people are said to behave who go to church. It was written by a canon. I dare say he knows. Certainly, some people who go to Nonconformist places are as bad. And the writer goes on to say that a large proportion of our people go off at a tangent while we are talking, and their minds are thinking about something else. I hope that it is not quite true of you. A man once went to hear Mr. Whitefield. He was a shipbuilder, and he said, "Oh, that man! I never heard such a preacher as that before. When I have been to other places, I have built a ship from stem to stern—laid the keel, and put the mast in, and finished it all up while the parson has been preaching; but this time I was not able to lay a timber. He took me right away." This pre-occupation of human minds makes it such a burden when we are in earnest to reach the heart and win the soul.

Alas! there are some others that hear to ridicule. They pick out some mannerism, or mistake, or something *outré* about the speaker's language, and they carry this home, and report it as raw material for fun. The preacher is in anguish to save a soul, and they are thinking about how he pronounces a word. Here is a man endeavoring to pluck sinners from the eternal burnings, and these very sinners are all the while thinking about how he moves his legs, or how he lifts his hand, or how he pronounces a certain syllable. Oh, it is sickening work—soul-sickening work! It is the "burden of the word of the Lord," when our life or death message is received in that way. But when it is received rightly, then are we in the seventh heaven! Oh, well do I remember preaching

Three Sermons in One Night,

one after the other; and I think that I could have preached thirty, if time had held out. It was in a Welsh village, where I had gone into the chapel, and simply meant to expound the Scripture, while another brother preached. He preached in Welsh, and when it was done, the question was put whether Mr. Spurgeon would not preach. I had not come prepared, but I did preach, and there was a melting time; and then we sang a hymn. The sound seemed to make the shingles dance. When I had done, we asked those who were impressed to stop. They all stopped, and so I had to preach again; and a second time they all stopped, and I had to preach again. It got on to past 11 o'clock before they went away. Eighty-one came forward and joined the churches afterward. It was but a few months before the terrible accident at Risca, and many of those converted that night perished in the pit. God had sent His Spirit on that glorious night to save them, that they might be ready when He should call them home.

V. And now I must not detain you; but I want to say, in the fifth place, the word of the the Lord is the greatest burden to the true teacher's heart, because he remembers that he

Will Have to Give Account.

They are all down, those fifty-two Sabbaths; and those week-night opportunities, they are all down in the heavenly record, and the writing will be forthcoming when required. There will come a time when it will be said, "Preacher, give an account of your stewardship;" and at the same time a voice will be heard, "Hearers, give an account of your stewardship, too."

I have only these two or three practical words to say: Since it is a burden in itself, I ask you not to make it any heavier. Do not make it intolerable. Some add to it greatly and wantonly. Who are these? Well, I will tell you. Inconsistent professors. When people point to such and such a member of the Church, and say, "That is your Christian!" this makes our burden doubly oppressive. What a spoil it is to our testimony for Christ when outsiders can point to one and another, and say, "That is how those Christians act!" Do not plunge us in this sorrow. I do not know why I should be blamed for all the offences of everybody that comes to hear me. Yet the preacher of God's truth is held responsible by many for matters over which he has no power; and this injustice makes his burden heavy.

And next, do not make our burden heavier by your silence. There was a man of God who had been a very distinguished preacher, and when he lay dying he was much troubled in his mind. He had been greatly admired, and much followed. He was a fine preacher of the classical sort, and one said to him, "Well, my dear sir, you must look back upon your ministry with great comfort." "Oh, dear!" said he, "I cannot; I cannot. If I knew that even one soul had been led to Christ, and eternal life by my preaching, I should feel far happier; but I have never heard of one." What

A Sad Thing for a Dying Preacher!

He died, and was buried, and there was a goodly company of people at the grave, for he was highly respected, and deservedly so. One who heard him make that statement was standing at the grave, and he noticed a gentleman in mourning, looking into the tomb, and sobbing with deep emotion. He said to him, "Did you know this gentleman who has been buried?" He replied, "I never spoke to him in my life." "Then what is it that so affects you?" He said, "Sir, I owe my eternal salvation to him." He had never told the minister this cheering news, and the good man's death-bed was rendered dark by the silence of a soul that he had blessed. This was not right. A great many more may have found the Lord by his means, but he did not know of them, and was therefore in sore trouble. Do tell us when God blesses our word to you.

Do you not think that you add to my burden, too, if you do not aid me in the Lord's work? What a lot of idle Christians we have—Christians who might sing, like mendicants in the street,

"And got no work to do,
And got no work to do!"

What a shameful chorus, when the world is dying for lack of true workers! There is a Sunday-school; do you know it? "Oh, yes, we know there is one of those excellent institutions" connected with our place of worship. Did you ever visit it? Have you ever helped in it? There is an Evangelists' Society, and young men go out to preach. "Oh, dear!" say you, "I never thought of that." Why do you not go out to preach yourself? Some of you could, if you would. I speak to some who do nothing whatever, unless it be a little grumbling. I have but little to complain of among my people; but still, as there is a lazy corner in every village, there is the same in this community. You increase the burden of those who do work, if you are not working with them.

But the greatest increase of the burden comes from those who do not receive the gospel at all. May there not be one such here now, but may

everyone now look to Jesus and live! I shall close by asking you to sing the gospel. Oh, that you may have it in your hearts! The final closing word is this—

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and be saved—
Unto Him who was nail'd to the tree."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

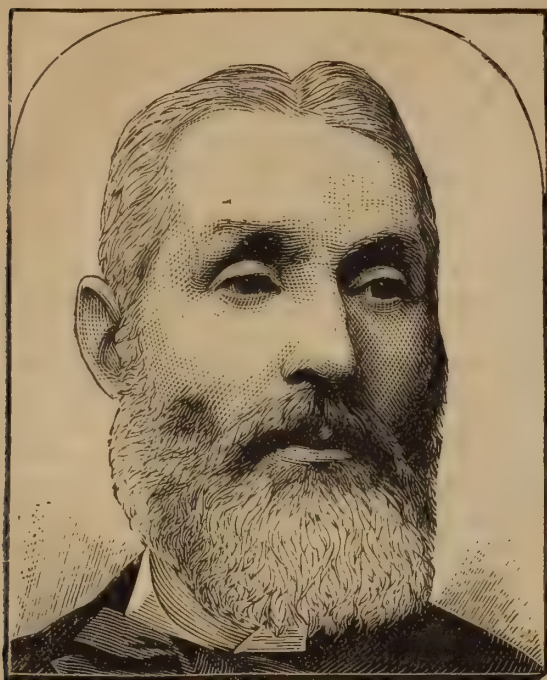
Crystallizing Days.*

ECCLESIASTICAL divisions were at first as strong as civil diversities. The New England colonies were Congregational, and these churches were established and supported by law, except in Rhode Island, where the Baptists were numerically superior. In the royal colonies generally there was a steady disposition to establish the Church of England, and it was more or less successful. In language there were striking dissimilarities, due to a most heterogeneous immigration. It was said that every language in Europe could be found in the colony of Pennsylvania. But, after all, this diversity had no indications of persistence, the immigration in each case had been too small to support itself. Very little of the wonderful increase of American population between 1607 and 1750 was due to immigration, most of it had come from natural increase. After the first outflow from Old to New England in 1630-1, emigration was checked at first by the changing circumstances of the struggle between the people and the king, and, when the struggle was over, by the better-known difficulties of life in the colonies. Franklin, in 1751, when he estimated that there were "near a million English souls in the colonies," thought that scarce eighty thousand had been brought over by sea. No matter how diverse the small immigration might have been on its arrival, there was a steady pressure on its descendants to turn them into Englishmen; and it was very successful. When *Whitefield, the revivalist*, visited America, about 1740, he found the population sufficiently homogeneous for his preaching to take effect all the way from Georgia to New England. The same tendency shows itself in the complete freedom of intercolonial migration. Men went from one colony to another, or held estates, or took inheritances in different colonies, without the slightest notion that they were under any essentially diverse political conditions. The whole coast, from Nova Scotia to the Spanish possessions in Florida, was one in all essential circumstances: and there was only the need of some sudden shock to crystallize it into a real political unity. Hardly anything in history is more impressive than this mustering of Englishmen on the Atlantic coast of North America, their organization of natural and simple governments, and their preparations for the final march of three thousand miles westward, unless it be the utter ignorance of the home government and people that any such process was going on.

Colonial Hardships.

The hardships of colonial life were the special lot of the new England colonist. For some reason—perhaps because the forests retained the snow on the ground—the New England winters were more severe than they are now. The rudely built house, with its enormous chimney, attracting draughts of outer air from every point, was a poor protection against the cold. Travel, difficult enough at the best, became impossible in winter, unless the snow rose so high as to blot out the roads and permit the traveller to drive his sledge across country. Medical and surgical attendance was scarce in summer, and hardly

* From *The United States: Its History and Constitution*. By Professor Alexander Johnston, of Princeton College. A scholarly, well-arranged work, presenting in one small volume a complete history of the country from early colonization days down to the year 1887. Its treatment of political and constitutional subjects is lucid masterly, and comprehensive. The lamented author excelled all historians of this and other countries in terse, decisive, compact statement, and this production was his most brilliant achievement. The general reader will find it a volume of absorbing interest, while to the student needing a book of reference it will be invaluable. Pp. 280; price \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



Mr. Stephen Burrowes, of Naples, Italy.



Mr. Rainey Reads the Anonymous Letter.

dreamed of in winter. The religious feeling of the people was against amusements of all kinds, except going to funerals, an occasional dinner, and the restricted enjoyments of courtship. It was a point of honor or religious feeling to exclude luxury from church equipment: stoves were not known in Connecticut churches until the beginning of this century, and yet new-born infants were taken to church for baptism in the bitterest weather. An extract from a New England diary of 1716 will give some notion of social circumstances at that comparatively late period: "Lord's Day, January 15. An extraordinary cold storm of wind and snow. Blows much as coming home at noon, and so holds on. Bread was frozen at the Lord's table; Mr. Pemberton administered. Came not out to afternoon exercise. Though 'twas so cold, yet John Tuckerman was baptized. At six o'clock my ink freezes so that I can hardly write by a good fire in my wife's chamber. Yet was very comfortable at meeting. *Laus Deo.*"

MR. STEPHEN BURROWES.

(See portrait.)

A LADY who visited Italy recently, and made a short stay at Naples, was driving with a friend late one evening on the seaward side of the town. Her friend had to make a call of a few minutes' duration and asked the lady to wait. She drew up in a retired corner of the street, and sat quietly waiting. She noticed a building almost opposite to her on which there was an inscription announcing that the place was a Sailors' Rest. Presently the door opened, and a crowd of seafaring men streamed out. There were plenty of saloons, variety theatres, and disreputable resorts around, and she expected to see the sailors soon absorbed by them. To her astonishment not one man entered or even hesitated as he passed them. They walked right on with steady step in the various directions, as if the temptation had no attraction for them. She was curious to inquire what influence there could be about the institution to so arm against vice a class commonly supposed to be peculiarly susceptible to vicious influence.

This is what she learned. Six years ago a seaman named Stephen Burrowes arrived in Naples, and quietly opened the place for the reception of sailors. He was an Irishman, fifty-one years of age, who had served in the British Royal Navy. He was a total abstainer and a decided Christian, and he had a wife who was kind-hearted and gentle. Together they had made the sailors who arrived in the port of Naples welcome. Mr. Burrowes visited the ships in port and invited the sailors to the Rest. There were

newspapers to read, writing materials for those who needed them, a cheerful, clean room at their service, friendly advice, and medical attention for any in need of either, and a Bible reading every night. The Rest soon became a recognized institution, more and more the resort of the crews, and its influence was noticed and appreciated by the captains and ship-owners. Mr. Burrowes has recently established a library from which sailors can have books to take with them on their voyages. Many instances of conversion have been reported from the mission, and much moral good has been effected.

THREE LITTLE BREAD-WINNERS.

In a communication from Dr. T. J. Barnardo, the friend and helper of neglected children, he mentions the following pathetic incident: Passing through a London back street, a helper of mine observed three children standing by the curb singing something which struck his ear as the most doleful ditty he had ever listened to. On closer investigation he discovered that the words were those of a hymn, full of joy and gladness, yet which were drawled out in such a manner as to change their character. It was soon found that the three children were the sole bread-winners of the family, consisting of themselves and a poor mother, who lay in a bare room without fire or food of any sort whatever, sick unto death, in a narrow lane in the East End of London. And yet the eldest of the family was a girl of not more than eleven, while the second was a boy of only nine. The three children had picked up in Sunday-school the words and tune of the hymn they sang, and finding there was no one to help their mother, who was so ill, and no food for themselves, the two mites went forth, carrying the smaller child by turns, and monotonously, day by day, sang their two or three verses over and over again until they were hoarse and weary, but none the less picking up in the street, from the pity of the poor among whom they wandered, a few coins, which sufficed to keep the wolf of famine from the door. I was glad, when the case was brought to my knowledge, to do all I could do for mother and children, and especially to lift the latter right out of their misery and wretchedness.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

(See illustration on this page.)

TWO men were sitting in the bay-window of a well-furnished room, waiting for breakfast, preparations for which had been made on a table behind them. One of them, Mr. Rainey, was a man verging on fifty years, but still with all the vigor and energy which he had at thirty. The

other, Mr. Tatham, was a young man only just past his majority.

"I want you to accept a trust, Hervest," said the elder of the two. "When I consented to your engagement to Rosa, I made up my mind that you were worthy of it, and my rule in dealing with a friend is that of Tennyson, 'Trust him all in all, or not at all.' So I invited you here to give you the whole facts. I will give you the outline now and the details to-morrow. I want you, if I should die soon, to be a real brother to my children. Since my wife died I have been concerned about how the little fortune I have saved for them could be securely placed for their benefit, and, if you are willing, I shall leave it in your hands and trust you to administer it. I have temporarily deposited the whole sum that is not in my business in the Equity Bank. Now to-morrow we will decide how best to invest it permanently. I want to have your concurrence on that point, so that if you have to administer, you may not feel called upon to change the investments. That is the trust in outline, and before your visit terminates we will get its details filled in."

The entrance of Rosa and her two sisters with a bright little boy, the youngest and the pet of the family, interrupted the conversation at this point, and Mr. Rainey rose and, taking the family Bible, sat down to morning prayer. It was the custom in the family for each member to recite a passage of Scripture as the opening of the exercise, and Mr. Rainey commenced with the words, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." (Ps. 112: 7.) Prayer over, the family gathered around the breakfast-table. While the meal was in progress, the letter-carrier's whistle was heard at a little distance, growing more distinct as he called at the nearer houses.

"That sound affects people very variously," remarked young Tatham. "It is always a welcome one to me, but I have seen men tremble when they heard it. I know one man who makes a point of getting breakfast over first, because among his letters there is nearly always one or more threatening him with bankruptcy. That passage you gave us just now, sir, reminded me of him. He is very much afraid of evil tidings."

"Perhaps he has not attended to the latter clause," said Mr. Rainey; "a man may well be afraid if he is not trusting in the Lord."

"Oh, I think he does; but he is not a good business man. Everything he touches seems to wither. He is what worldly people call an unlucky man. Yet I think he is a true Christian."

"Ah! that is a very sad condition, because a

true Christian in danger of business failure always dreads the reproach that his failure may bring on the name of Christ, in addition to the painful consequences to himself."

Mr. Rainey's letters were brought in, and laid on the table, near him. He turned them over, recognizing from the writing on the envelopes the various writers. One, bearing a Canadian post-mark, was in an unfamiliar hand. That he opened, and glanced rapidly over its contents. A deep groan broke from his lips, and he rose from the table and turned away with a face of deadly pallor. Rosa was at his side in a moment with her hand on his shoulder.

"Dear papa, what is the matter?" she asked, anxiously.

Mr. Rainey held the letter so that she could read it. "A Well-wisher," it ran, "warns Mr. Rainey that the Equity Bank is in difficulties. It is probably too late to withdraw his deposit, but if the doors of the bank should be open after he receives this warning, he is advised to lose no time in securing his money."

"Can I be of any service?" asked young Tatham, coming around to Mr. Rainey's side.

Mr. Rainey handed him the letter, saying, "After what I told you just now, you can understand what this means to me."

"Yes, yes, it is terrible, but I can scarcely believe it true. The Equity is a pretty firmly established institution."

"The best I know," said Mr. Rainey; "I saw the examiner's report lately. If they are in trouble there has been foul play somewhere. It is not the cashier; I know him well, and he is true as steel. I will go over at once. Will you come with me, Hervest? I may be the better for having a cool young head at my side."

"Certainly," said Tatham. "Do not be distressed, sir. Remember, 'His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.'"

On arriving at the bank they found a crowd around the doors waiting for the opening. Mr. Rainey's heart sank as he saw that other depositors had taken the alarm. His anxiety would not allow him to wait in the throng, so he and his companion went around the block to the house where the cashier lived. They found that official in a state of perturbation.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Rainey," he said. "We need friends to-day, and I hope I can count upon you. There is going to be a run on the bank, and we shall have some trouble. I need not tell you that no bank keeps funds on hand to pay all its depositors at once. If we did not reinvest the deposits left with us we could not pay interest or dividend. We keep sufficient to meet the ordinary call, and a margin over, but if every customer asks for the whole amount standing to his credit, we shall simply have to suspend payment while we realize our securities. An enemy of the bank—we know who he is; a discharged clerk now in hiding in Canada—has scared our depositors, and there is to be a run on us. Now we want our friends to stand by us, and if they will do so the danger will be over in a few hours. You came, I dare say, to write a cheque for your whole deposit. Now I ask you not to do it, and I pledge you my word all will be well."

Mr. Rainey was silent for a moment. It was a serious decision he had to make. The provision for his children's future was at stake. He turned and looked at young Tatham, and read on his face the advice he would give. Then he said to the cashier, "You are a Christian man, Seymour, let us pray about it." The three knelt in prayer for a few minutes, and when they



The Late Jefferson Davis. (See page 805.)

rose, Mr. Rainey said, "I have decided, Seymour; I am going to trust you, as you ask, and I will do more. Tell me the names of your heaviest depositors, and I will go and see such as I know, and do my best to allay the panic."

A few minutes later he was on his way, and by his appeals, and still more by his example, was enabled to restore confidence. Returning to the bank an hour or two later, they found the crowd dispersed, and the business going on as quietly as usual. "Let us thank God for the escape," said the cashier, when they entered his room, "and tell me why you served us so well."

"It is soon told," said Mr. Rainey, as they rose from their knees. "I confess I was shaken when I received that letter, but the contagion of panic does not carry a man helplessly away when 'his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.'"

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continue from page 798.)

Left to Themselves.

THE plot of ground was divided by lot among the immigrants, and each party set to the task of providing a shelter and a home in the wilderness for their little circle. Their houses were built in two rows, for greater convenience and safety, and although these primitive log huts have long since been displaced by the superior mansions of successive generations, the local historian still delights to point to the old thoroughfare of Leyden Street, as the avenue first rescued by the Fathers of New England from the primeval forest. But such operations were necessarily difficult and slow, amid the storms of winter, and the wasting fever of slow consumption which already preyed on many of that devoted band. Sometimes for days together nothing could be done. Brief glimpses of sunshine, between showers of sleet and protracted snowstorms, were the only opportunities the builders had for their important task.

Occasionally the painful monotony of such difficulties is relieved only by a change of sufferings. A party sent to gather thatch lose their way in the forest, and are forced to pass the night on the bare ground, amid frost and

snow—destitute alike of food and shelter; or an invalid, wandering a little way from the rising settlement, is beset by hungry wolves, and narrowly escapes to bear home the tidings of such dangerous neighbors at hand. The house set apart as a shelter for the sick takes fire and is with difficulty extinguished; the violent rain and winds strip their half-built houses of the clay and mortar with which their builders had hoped to shield themselves and families from the cold; and the occasional discovery of an Indian trail, and even sometimes the glimpse of a native straggler, or the smoke of their distant fires, fill the feeble band of colonists with anxiety and fear.

Thus did the infant settlement of New Plymouth slowly progress, amid many difficulties and dangers, and amid much suffering patiently endured. There were wives, and mothers, and sisters there. There were infants fondly pressed to these mothers' breasts amid the privations of that dreary winter. There were husbands and fathers and brothers, too, sinking into untimely graves, who had come from the far-off land of their birth only to find a burial place among the graves of the strangers.

John Carver had been chosen by the unanimous voice of his companions as the first Governor of their little republic. But his own home-circle had been one of the earliest marks for the shaft of death. He had scarcely landed ere he

was called upon to dig a grave for his son, and he had only felt the first breath of the south wind fan his fevered temples, when he also sunk under the severities of the climate and his unwearied anxiety for the common good, leaving a desolate and broken-hearted widow, who was soon laid at rest beside him in the same grave.

"March 24," says Governor Bradford, "dies Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Edward Winslow. This month thirteen of our number die. And in three months past, dies half our company; the greatest part in the depth of winter, wanting houses and other comforts, being infected with the scurvy and other diseases, which their long voyage and unaccommodate condition brought upon them; so as there die sometimes two or three a day. Of a hundred persons scarce fifty remain; the living scarce able to bury the dead; the well not sufficient to tend the sick, there being, in their time of greatest distress, but six or seven, who spare no pains to help them. Two of the seven were Mr. Brewster, the reverend elder, and Mr. Standish, their captain. The like disease fell also among the sailors, so as almost half their company also die before they sail. But the spring advancing, it pleases God the mortality begins to cease, and the sick and lame recover, which puts new life into the people, though they had borne their sad affliction with as much patience as any could do."

Such were the first experiences of the colonists of New England. Had they resembled the rabble of needy and dissipated adventurers, bankrupt courtiers, and covetous gold seekers, who set sail only fourteen years before, with the intention of colonizing Virginia, the fate of their project may well be conceived. Captain Smith described the band of Virginian colonists as composed of some forty-eight needy gentlemen to four carpenters. It was considered as no little advantage to these emigrants, that they took neither wives nor children in their train. Jealousies, divisions, and excesses had sorely reduced their numbers, when they were recruited by a band of new comers, composed, in spite of Smith's remonstrances, chiefly of vagabond gentlemen and journeymen goldsmiths, who were

come to do nothing else "but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold."

The main portion of the new comers returned to England, bearing with them a freight of worthless ochre, which their unskilful refiners had satisfied them was gold dust; while Smith, whose ability and genius had raised him to be president of the Council, had to adopt coercive measures to compel the gentlemen colonists to work, and wrote home to the directors of the colony, "I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of tree roots, than a thousand such as we have."

Such emigrants as these we may well believe would have found no gold on the New England shores, had they landed there to brave the perils and endure the sufferings that attended on the founders of that free State. But they had learned to count the cost of their undertakings, and had entered on the scheme of rearing a home amid the wilderness of the New World, in no hope of gathering gold from the unbroken soil. They had calculated, as we have seen, the worst dangers that were before them, yet it was scarcely possible for the most candid foresight to have exceeded the painful realizations of their experience. Sickness and many privations disabled them, and death thinned their ranks of the wisest and ablest of their number, while the survivors were sometimes scarcely able to tend on the sick, or to bury the dead. At one period during that dreadful winter, only seven were left out of the whole company capable of rendering assistance to their companions.

At length the dreary winter began to draw to a close. On the 3d of March a south wind brought warm and fair weather, and the ears of the sad and toil-worn emigrants were greeted with the cheering notes of the birds as they "sang in the woods most pleasantly." Other comforts followed in like manner, though, like the warmth of the spring sunshine, chequered by many keen blasts and disheartening rains. On the 16th of March, "a faye warme day," while the colonists were consulting together about the establishing of military orders among them for securing the safety of the settlement, they were interrupted by the approach of a Red Indian, whose presence filled them with alarm. But their fears were happily groundless.

Nor were they now dependent for their safety on the forbearance of the Indian straggler. Their citadel on Burial Hill had been laid out according to the simple rules of fortification best suited to this primitive settlement, and the captain and sailors of the *Mayflower* had landed and mounted on their hill fort a formidable array of ordnance, described in Governor Bradford's history as "one of the great pieces called a minion, a saller, [saker] and two bases," all pieces of artillery in common use at the period.

The Indian described himself as one of the sagamores or chiefs of his tribe, but he came at the head of no warlike band of savages, but frankly presented himself alone among the strangers, hailing them with the pleasant English salutation of "Welcome!" He was the first native of the wilderness with whom they had been able to hold converse, and it must have sounded even stranger in their ears than the most unintelligible dialect of the forest, to be saluted by the wild Indian in their own mother tongue. The colonists were soon on friendly terms with their Indian visitor. They entertained him hospitably; giving him "strong water, biscuit, butter, and cheese, with pudding, and a piece of mallard," and received from him information of no little value to them. He informed them that the Indian name of their new settlement was Patuxet, and from him they first learned the glad tidings that they had no reason to fear the return of any Indian possessor to claim the restitution of his native soil.

This fact, however, was already well known to mariners who frequented the coast for the purpose of fishing or trading in furs with the natives. Captain Dermer, who had visited the shores of New England in 1619, described the

country as consisting of "ancient plantations, not long since populous but now utterly void," and all the writers of the period who speak of New England agree in their accounts of a deadly plague which had devastated the whole country, from the Penobscot to Narragansett Bay, sweeping away whole tribes in its progress, and nearly exterminating the old possessors of the soil. It cannot excite our surprise that this should have been regarded, both by the devout colonists of New England and by later historians, as an immediate interposition of Providence, to make room for the settlement of the English colonists. It was so viewed even by the statesmen of England, in the seventeenth century, and is no less confidently referred to by the devout author of the *Plymouth Pilgrims*, as the casting out of the heathen, preparatory to God's planting there the vine which he brought forth from the land of bondage.

In the great patent of New England, which was granted by King James—though unknown to the Pilgrim colonists—before they had set foot on the sacred landing-place in Plymouth Bay, the King thus refers to the extermination produced by the Indian pestilence, as a strong inducement to enter on the possession of these goodly but deserted territories: "We have been further given certainly to know, that within these late years there hath, by God's visitation, reigned a wonderful plague amongst the savages there heretofore inhabiting, in a manner to the utter destruction, devastation, and depopulation of that whole territory, so as there is not left, for many leagues together, in a manner, any that do claim or challenge any kind of interest therein; whereby we in our judgment, are persuaded and satisfied that the appointed time is come in which Almighty God, in His goodness and bounty towards us and our people, hath thought fit and determined, that these large and goodly territories, deserted as it were by their natural inhabitants, should be possessed and enjoyed by such of our subjects and people as shall, by His mercy and favor, and by His powerful arm, be directed and conducted thither."

It would be a strange amount of incredulous scepticism that could induce any one to overlook so remarkable a concurrence of circumstances, or regard the depopulation of so large a portion of the American continent at this important crisis, as merely an accidental and chance coincidence. Had the Pilgrims of New England been compelled to rear the primitive log huts of Leyden Street, with their arms in their hands, and the craft and cruelty of the Red Indian continually opposed to them, according to all ordinary probability, the settlers who left England the following year to cast in their lot among the survivors of that terrible winter would have found only the unburied bones of their friends amid the blackened ruins of their log huts. Of this they were themselves sufficiently aware. Holmes remarks in his *Annals*: "Tradition gives an affecting picture of the infant colony during this critical and distressing period. The dead were buried on the bank, at a little distance from the rock where the Fathers landed; and, lest the Indians should take advantage of the weak and wretched state of the English, the graves were levelled and sown for the purpose of concealment." How touching is the picture which this presents to us of the privations and sufferings endured by these uncomplaining exiles, denied even the sad privilege of erecting the frail memorial of sorrow, or rearing the little mound that speaks so eloquently of the calm repose of the dead.

It was no vague fancy that kept the early colonists alive to the constant danger of attack from the Indians. They had repeatedly learned of their near neighborhood, and even had some experience of their violence, before they learned from Samoset, their friendly visitor, that these were only the straggling survivors of neighboring tribes, who had wandered to the deserted hunting-grounds of Patuxet. The Indians of New England were not totally exterminated, though the survivors were but a feeble and

scattered remnant of the old warriors of the forest. Samoset from time to time guided parties of these to the new settlement, and negotiated both friendly and trading alliance, from which the colonists reaped considerable advantage; though from the first they assumed a bold and uncompromising bearing in all their intercourse with the Indians, to which their safety was in no slight degree to be ascribed.

"They were bound together by the strongest ties of mutual esteem and affection, no less than by those of self-interest, so that a consistent harmony pervaded all their proceedings. The first interruption to this, with the penalty thereby incurred, is thus quaintly recorded in the Governor's journal, toward the end of March: 'The first offence since our arrival is of John Billington, who came on board at London, and is this month convented before the whole company for his contempt of the Captain's lawful command with opprobrious speeches, for which he is adjudged to have his neck and heels tied together; but upon humbling himself and craving pardon, and it being the first offence, he is forgiven.'"

At length, with the return of spring, and the cheering prospects inspired by the season of hope and promise, the surviving colonists felt emboldened to trust to their own resources, and on the 5th of April 1621, the *Mayflower* hoisted sail, and bore away from Plymouth harbor for England. It affords perhaps the best evidence of the firmness and unanimity of the little band of colonists, that notwithstanding the wasting effects of hardship and disease, which had reduced their numbers to nearly a half of what they originally were, and had subjected the survivors to such dreadful privations and sufferings, not one of them offered to desert his companions with the departing *Mayflower*, whose lessening sail must have been watched by some there, till it vanished on the horizon, as the last link that bound them to the land of their birth.

The death of Governor Carver, the first President of the little republic of New England, devolved on the colonists the necessity of a new election, and Mr. William Bradford, the historian of the colony, was accordingly selected to fill his place. Hope now began to reanimate the settlers as the season of summer drew near; and the first fruits of their winter's toils and privations became apparent, in the enjoyment of domestic comforts, and the prospects of a fruitful harvest ere the year drew to a close. Their fortunate discovery of the board of Indian grain had supplied them with the seed best adapted for the soil and climate of their new settlement; and their friendly visitor, Samoset, repaid their hospitality by instructing them in the rules of Indian husbandry.

One of the earliest entries in Governor Bradford's *History* for the first summer of the New England colony, affords good evidence of the return of hope and confidence among the survivors of those who had sailed in the *Mayflower*. Under the date of May 12 the historian writes—"The first marriage in this place is of Mr. Edward Winslow to Mrs. Susanna White." It furnishes the best proof we could desire, that, after counting the cost, and experiencing well-nigh the utmost evils that despondency had suggested, the colonists had no thought of abandoning the hope of founding a home for liberty in the new world. It may perhaps also suggest to us that that influential motive of action which ordinarily springs from the fear of public opinion, had, as yet, acquired but little power in the infant commonwealth of New England, when it is noted that its first bride and bridegroom were among those whom the severities of the previous winter had deprived of their wedded partners. But the necessities of such a state of society are not to be subjected to the rules of ordinary life. The first New England marriage, notwithstanding the brief widowhood which preceded it, is undoubtedly to be viewed as the harbinger of brighter hopes of comfort and security to the poor exiles.

(To be Continued.)

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And in my heart I find the need
Of Him to be my Saviour.

"And was there then no other way
For God to take? I cannot say;
I only thank Him day by day,
Who saved me through my Saviour.

"In heaven he found no grief or blame
To bear away; no bitter shame
Of death and sin; and so he came
To earth to be its Saviour.

"And had there been in all this wide
Wide world, no other soul beside,
But only mine, then He had died
That He might be my Saviour.

"One wounded spirit sore oppress,
One wearied soul that found no rest,
Until it found it on the breast,
Of Him that was its Saviour.

"Then had He left His Father's throne,
The joy untold, the love unknown,
And for that soul had given His own
That He might be its Saviour.

"And oh! that He, fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour.

"Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my courage, from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour."

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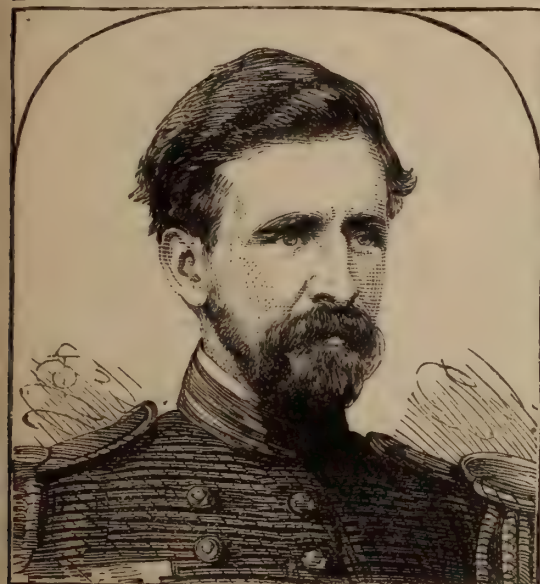
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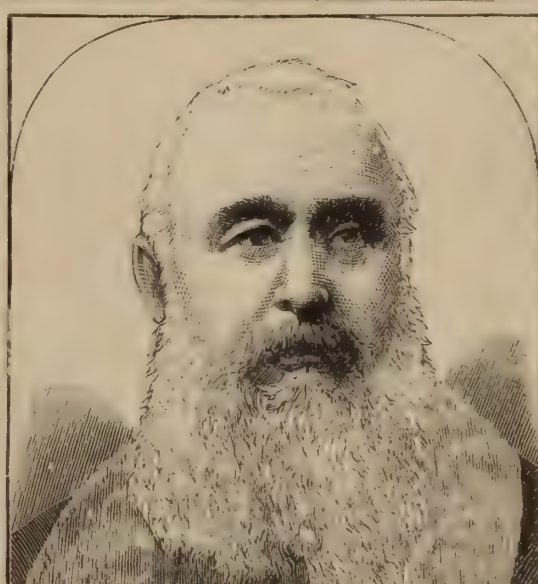
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COMMANDER CAMERON, R. N

Born in 1844—His Career in the Navy—Work of Exploration in Africa from 1872 to 1876—A Chief's Levee—Story of a Submerged Village—Tour Through Asia Minor and Persia to India in 1878—Expedition to the Gold Coast Colony.

THE International Anti-Slavery Conference of the fourteen Powers who signed the Berlin Treaty, besides Persia and Zanzibar, met on Monday, November 18, 1889, at Brussels, and this circumstance, together with the recent settlement of Cape Juby, in northwest Africa, one of the old centres of the slave trade, naturally recalls the perilous work of exploration which in past years was so successfully accomplished by intrepid travellers, such as the late Dr. Livingstone, Mr. H. M. Stanley, and Commander Cameron (*whose portrait appears on the preceding page*), of the British Navy. It was this last-named gentleman who, in fact, completed one great problem, which perplexed Livingstone, by following the course of the river Lualaba, which he discovered to belong to the Congo, and not to the Nile, as had been previously believed; and in his grand achievement of geographical exploration he traversed the whole breadth of the interior of Africa, from Lake Tanganyika westward to the Atlantic seaboard. In this wonderful journey, by which an extent of 1,200 miles of new country was mapped out in 1874, Commander Cameron accomplished as much as was ever done in any one expedition. He

Walked Over 3,000 Miles

of African ground, and his return home in 1876 was greeted with the applause which he so well deserved. Verney Lovett Cameron was born at Radipole, near Weymouth, England, on July 1, 1844, so that he is now only forty-five years of age. His father was the Rev. J. L. Cameron, Vicar of Shoreham, near Sevenoaks. His grandfather was Colonel Cameron, who commanded the Grenadier Company of the 9th Regiment throughout the Peninsular War. Young Cameron entered the navy in 1857, being the first boy under fourteen years of age who passed the examination for naval cadet. He passed in the first class at every succeeding examination. In 1865 he qualified as lieutenant, and in July, 1876, was appointed commander. Between 1872 and 1876 he was engaged in that memorable exploration of Africa which

Made His Name Famous.

While at Unyanyembe all the members of his expedition suffered much from disease. Cameron himself was down with fever twenty-nine days out of forty-five, and afterward suffered much from a still more serious fever of a remittent type, and inflammation of the eyes; and the gallant band were but slowly recovering their health, when Dr. Livingstone's servants arrived, bringing with them the remains of that devoted servant of Christ. Cameron furnished them with means to reach the coast; and ascertaining that an important map belonging to Dr. Livingstone had been left behind at Ujiji, he determined to push on for that place, and recover so important a record of that great traveller's researches. He did so, and having sent it off to Zanzibar, began his march westward to the Atlantic.

He Attended a Sort of Levee

held by the powerful chief of the Urna country, named Kasongo, which he thus describes: "This levee took place in a large quadrangular enclosure, in the middle of which was the hut of the chief, and a couple of other huts for his principal wives. Kasongo stood at one end of the enclosure, dressed in colored grass clothes, and behind him was his shield-bearer, his executioner, and a band of his faithfuls—people who had their hands, noses, and ears cut off. It was one of this chief's favorite punishments, the cutting off of noses and ears, and he often did it out of mere caprice. It was curious to find that many of these people, thus mutilated, stuck closer to him than anybody else."

On one side of the enclosure stood Cameron and his men; and on the other side the Portuguese trader and his men. Each chief came for-

ward in turn, each with a sort of swaggering walk, and with a small boy walking beside him and carrying a bag. He took a bit of pipeclay from the boy, and, having rubbed it over his breast and arms, he returned it to the boy. Then he drew his sword, made a rush at Kasongo, as if to cut him down, calling out the while his various titles, half a mile long; but, before he came quite forward, he went down on his knees, and drove the sword into the ground.

A Hundred and Fifty Different Chiefs

paid their respect to Kasongo in this manner. When the ceremony was over, Kasongo made a great speech, telling them he was the greatest man in the world; the only man that was at all to be compared with him being the chief of Ulanda, who, he might state, had been visited at different times by the Portuguese, and who had hitherto been supposed to be the greatest chief in Central Africa.

After Cameron and his party left the place, they were subsequently met by a string of fifty wretched women, most of them with children in their arms. He found they represented twenty-five villages, which had been destroyed. Most of the fighting men had been killed, and the rest turned out to die of starvation.

The remainder of the journey to the coast of the Atlantic was attended with many dangers, and difficulties, and Cameron states that, when about 150 miles from the coast, he threw everything away, and started unencumbered. After toilsome marches he reached Katombéla on November 4, 1875, just two years and eight months from the time he had left the East Coast. He was warmly welcomed by a French merchant and the Portuguese officials.

In Sept., 1878, he started on a tour through

Asia Minor and Persia to India

with the object of demonstrating the feasibility of constructing a railroad from the Mediterranean to India without following the course of the river Euphrates. In 1882 he and Captain R. F. Burton undertook a journey of exploration in the country lying at the back of the Gold Coast Colony, and the Geographical Society accorded them a loan of instruments to enable them to make scientific observations, and Commander Cameron made some extensive and most valuable surveys. His work has been largely instrumental in opening up large tracts of hitherto unknown country to commerce and civilization, but, best of all, to that glorious gospel of the love of God for sinners, which is daily winning its trophies among the most degraded tribes of Africa, as well as in other parts of the world.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

Born at Bayonne in France in 1825—Begins to Study for the Priesthood in 1840—His Horror of the Slave Traffic—His Visit to London—His Present Crusade.

ONE of the most determined crusaders against the iniquitous slave trade in equatorial Africa is Charles Martial Allemand Lavigerie, Roman Catholic Primate of North Africa, Metropolitan of Algeria, and Archbishop of Carthage. *His portrait appears on the first page.* He was born at Bayonne, France, on October 31, 1825, and is therefore now sixty-four years old. He began to study for the priesthood at the age of fifteen, and he has gained high distinction. He is a most humane man, and has often relieved poor Arab children whose parents have perished through famine, and founded orphanages and other institutions.

At the present moment, however, it is the suppression of the slave-trade in Central Africa which absorbs nearly all his thoughts, and has caused the fame of his name to be sent forth to the four corners of the globe. The reasons which originally caused him to start

His Anti-Slavery Crusade

may be briefly told. It was the religious order of the White Fathers, who had succeeded in establishing themselves in the heart of the Dark Continent, who first drew the Cardinal's attention to the terrible traffic in human beings. From these poor struggling monks, who were

the involuntary witnesses of the atrocities committed, he obtained ample and heart-sickening details. He was very deeply moved. A report was submitted to the present Pope, Leo XIII., and he also hastened to call the attention of Christendom to the subject of African slavery.

The Cardinal himself headed a band of pilgrims who went to Rome to offer to the Pope their respectful homage on his Jubilee, and to express their gratitude for his resolve to deal with the awful subject of slavery. He took with him twelve slaves, bought in the market, a simply unexaggerated specimens of the misery and suffering produced by the system. The Pontiff was not long in making his choice of a fitting mouthpiece, and it was to Cardinal Lavigerie that he intrusted the onerous duty of acquainting the civilized world with this evil. How nobly, how eloquently, he has pleaded the African's cause, all those who have followed his remarkable career from that day to this must be fully aware. The picture he has drawn of the horrors of the slave trade is appalling.

"Slavery," he says, "exists all over the African continent. It is to be found in the Sahara, on the banks of the Niger, along the Red Sea littoral, and, indeed, in the very core of Equatorial Africa, where the missionaries have established themselves. So terrible is the increase," the Cardinal goes on to say, "that the lowest computation assigns the number of slaves at between 40,000 and 50,000. The merchants are all Mussulmans, and in their depredations employ bands of ferocious men. Villages are burnt, all who resist are barbarously murdered, and the survivors, composed principally of women and children, are led into captivity."

Chained Together Like Wild Beasts.

Those who give way from want of food, or the fatigues of the journey, are killed with savage brutality. Consider how Mohammedanism has restlessly and irresistibly crept over half of Africa. I have lived among these Mussulmans, and I would not say one word against them, for undoubtedly Mohammedanism is an advance upon heathenism. But the saddest feature of their creed is that they regard humanity as being divided into two races, one of which is inferior, and destined to serve. Thus they habitually look upon the negro as a mere animal. These slave hunters," continues the Cardinal, "carry off by violence any isolated woman or child they can find, and, to quote Père Moinet, one of my missionaries, 'a woman or child who goes ten minutes' distance from the village has no certainty of returning.' But that is not all. They organize their expeditions with as much care as a war. Sometimes in

The Extreme Refinement of Brutality,

they induce neighboring tribes to join them, by an offer of a share in the pillage, and contrive, later on, to capture them into the bargain. The slaves are on foot in the caravan march, and they tie the hands and feet of all the men who appear strong enough to offer any resistance or flight, in such a manner that every step is painful. For the whole day they drag along their wretched way, and at night a handful of raw grain is given them as food. In a few days grief, pain, fatigue, and privation have broken numbers down. Then the brutal captors pass down the lines, and to save gunpowder in shooting them, deal a heavy blow with a bar of wood, carried for the purpose, on the back of the unhappy victim's neck, who, with one piercing cry, rolls on the sand in the agonized convulsions of death. In the slave market decency is absolutely ignored, and blood ties go for nothing; husband and wife, parents and children, are ruthlessly separated."

Such are a few of the horrors of the slave trade as practiced in Africa in this present year of grace. Small wonder, therefore, that the Cardinal has made it the purpose of the remainder of his life to eradicate this terrible curse, which cries out for sympathy from the whole of the enlightened world.

Actuated by this impulse, Cardinal Lavigerie visited London in July, 1888, to give lectures on

subject. His mission met with active and earnest co-operation. On that occasion Lord Ranville acted as chairman, and Mr. Edmund Urquhart, the well-known Quaker, and many others lent their support to the meeting. Where is a question of dispensing mercy, extremes meet, and it was indeed a noteworthy feature to see

A Cardinal and a Quaker

occupying the same platform. In Spain, also, the anti-slavery crusade has found equal favor, and the Cardinal has ample reason for thinking that his enterprise will eventually prove a successful one. Like Peter the Hermit, who roused the whole of Christendom to deliver the Holy Land from the hands of infidels, Cardinal Viguerie has roused Europe from end to end. His mission is a noble one, and is far more Christlike, inasmuch as its spirit is the beneficent one of preventing cruelty and outrage on a suffering race. Lovers of Christ, whatever their race or creed, must wish the Cardinal godspeed, and it is enjoined that he who loves Him love his brother also.

CAPE JUBY, NORTHWEST AFRICA.

(See Illustration on first page.)

THIS part of Africa was first visited by Mr. Donald Mackenzie in 1876, with a view of founding a commercial settlement, and ultimately of opening up a route to the Western Sudan, and thus tapping the trade of that populous district. After examining two hundred miles of coast-line, Cape Juby was selected by Mr. Mackenzie as the most suitable place for the settlement, for it is the only safe harbor on the coast for hundreds of miles. It has the advantage of being near the Canary Islands, and possesses a splendid climate. In 1879 Mr. Mackenzie founded the settlement, but not without bitter opposition from Spain and Morocco. Mr. Mackenzie again set out, on August 2, 1889, with Colonel Baron Lahure, of the Belgian Army, and Lieutenant Fourcault, of the Belgian Navy. He proposes to incorporate a large company, which will take over Cape Juby, and, with the native chiefs, protect the whole country, and without any open up direct intercourse with the Western Sudan through a healthy district. He hopes this way to make Cape Juby a prosperous settlement, stop one avenue of the slave trade, and bring the interior under the influence of commerce and civilization. During Baron Lahure's visit at Cape Juby he made numerous sketches, some of which are on our front page.

The first is the port of Cape Juby with castles and shore. This castle, which is a very substantial building, was commenced in 1880, and completed in 1882. It is a strong place of defence as well as a residence; the shore house is also a strong building used for trading operations. The centre engraving represents the protected town of Tarfaya, which Mr. Mackenzie proposes to build at Cape Juby. It will have the advantage of an excellent supply of water, and a genial and salubrious climate should attract many Europeans as well as native traders.

The bottom panel shows the great delta of the river Saghiat El Hamra, which was visited by Mr. Mackenzie and Baron Lahure, whose portraits are also given—Mr. Mackenzie on the left, Baron Lahure in the centre, and Lieutenant Fourcault on the right-hand side—and their companions making a journey on camels to explore the country near Cape Juby, which, although without settled inhabitants, is very fertile, and might all be brought under cultivation.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Fifty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York, for \$1.75. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts fully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian Church down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most complete and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

PROPHETIC IMPORT OF THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.

THE sudden and surprising success of the military adventurer, General da Fonseca, who is called the Brazilian Boulanger, and who, as commander of the 5,000 soldiers in Rio de Janeiro, the Brazilian capital, quietly became military Dictator over Brazil, a country as large as Europe, on Friday, November 15, without any one's life being lost, must prove a powerful incentive to revolutionary movements in other countries. A number of French papers in Canada, including the *Patrie*, *Lecteur Canadien*, and the *Evenement*, fired by the revolution in Brazil, are advocating a Republic for Canada. This is only what we must expect in many countries as we approach the Universal Republican Revolution of the Seventh Vial, so ably expounded by Dr. Wylie in his book bearing that title (Rev. 16: 18).

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 18 remarks that "the political disturbance that may accrue from the overturn in Rio may produce disastrous consequences in Europe. It is asserted that the rising is really the work of the priests. [This opinion is confirmed by the haste with which the new Government was blessed by the chiefs of the Roman Catholic Church.] Since the abolition of a state religion and the grant of freedom of worship to all creeds, by the Act of June, 1888, the priests have openly declared for a Republic. If this be so, and the revolution should be crowned by success, it will enormously increase the temptation, already quite strong enough, which suggests to the Pope the possibility of upsetting the Italian kingdom by an alliance with the Republicans. Of course there are obvious obstacles in the way of such a daring and desperate policy. But it is never quite off the cards that the Pope may find it worth while to try to overthrow King Umberto of Italy, even at the price of an alliance between the Reds and the Blacks. The Social Revolutionary party in South Italy is quite strong enough, if suddenly reinforced by the Catholic abstentionists throughout Italy, to upset the Italian monarchy. The Pope will probably shrink from playing so risky a game, but the success of the Clerical Republican movement in Brazil will naturally make him feel that he has a stronger card up his sleeve than he had hitherto ventured to hope. There are many Italians in Brazil, and Rio will react upon Rome."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Sad Story of a French Queen.—The Rev. Mr. Wells says: "In the biography of Mrs. Gibson, of Lochgoilhead, the authoress relates how, when a young woman, living at Lochgoilhead, she was very much interested by the history of Marie Antoinette, the beautiful but unfortunate Queen of France. She was deeply impressed with her career, and sympathizingly followed her step by step, till she reached the guillotine, where she perished under the cruel knife. The shock was such, to a sensitive nature like Mrs. Gibson's, that it showed her the vanity of all earthly things, and caused her to look to Christ for satisfaction, peace, and rest. We are called in various ways; but in whatever way we may be called, the call is clear and distinct. Oh, may we all, who have not already done so, answer, 'Lord, here am I.'"

An Unexpected Partnership.—"I am going into business," said a young man to me some years ago. "Oh, indeed," I answered, "with whom are you going in?" "With so-and-so," and he named a firm, well-known and respected in the mercantile world, in which he had been employed for several years. On New Year's Day he had been surprised by the firm sending for him, and saying that they were drawing up a new contract for five or six years, and that all the members had agreed to take him in as a partner. How long do you think it took that young man to accept the position offered to him? At once he joined these prominent, wealthy, and able business men as his partners, and thanked them for their kindness. God the Father, in His great

love, has made an offer of mercy and grace to us. How long will you take to accept it? Why will you dally with it if you believe the offer to be genuine? Hear the testimony of millions who have proved it. Accept it now, lest you be withdrawn from the sphere in which that offer is proclaimed."

Puzzled about Faith.—Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost said: "Soon after my conversion to Christ I heard my pastor, a God-fearing old man of over ninety years, preach a sermon on faith. I had a good deal of faith when he began, but I had none when he was done, he had preached it all away. He told of so many kinds of faith, saving faith, sanctifying faith, and Bible faith, as opposed to traditional faith, historical faith, and hoping faith. These are but a few; he mentioned so many species of faith that I doubted if I had any, and if I had I was sure it was the wrong kind. But now I know there is only one kind of faith; the faith which we exercise in our common every-day relations towards our fellows is the same as that which we are asked to exercise towards God. It is no unnatural thing that is demanded of us, though sometimes we imagine that faith in Christ is a totally different faith from any other."

A Light Under Water.—Mr. J. G. Forbes says: "Some time ago I had business at one of our city wharfs, and while there I witnessed an experiment with a new kind of light for use under water. The oil and wick were contained in a glass vessel, which was far beneath the surface of the water, but was connected by a long india rubber tube with the atmosphere, down which the air passed freely to feed the flame in the jar. As I watched the experiment, I thought, That is a good illustration of how the Christian should live in this world. All around him is the sea of the world, which presses on every side, but cannot invade him, for inside there burns the sacred light of Christ, possessing which no man need be afraid of the surging billows around, but rejoice that with the oil of grace which Christ pours into his heart he can show to those who are of the world the life of righteousness."

A Wife's Prayers Answered.—A Missionary among railway men relates: "Some time ago I knew a railway man who prided himself upon not being too religious, and that he had never done any one any harm, and had always paid his way scrupulously. If, however, he was spoken to about his soul, he would always remark, 'These things are all very well for women, or people about to die, but I am young, and want to see a bit of life.' God had blessed this man with a Christian wife, who ceased not to pray for his conversion. While he was with his worldly companions she was on her knees at home in the small hours of the morning, praying that in His own good time God would show to her husband the error of his way. She prayed in faith, and the answer came, but not in the way she expected. One dark, stormy night, as her husband was busy in switching operations at one of our large stations, he was suddenly cut down by a passing train, which severed a limb. If it had not been for prompt assistance he would probably have bled to death; but he was conveyed immediately to the hospital. His first words upon regaining consciousness were, 'I thank God I am not in eternity, for I am not ready.' For the first time in his life he prayed. 'Almighty God,' he said, 'Thou who hast miraculously saved my life to my wife and family, hear my prayer. If thou wilt forgive my past sins and raise me up, Thee will I serve all the days of my life, whether they be few or many, and I will try to love Thee. Oh! my Saviour, save me—save me! O Lord, save even me!' Then he broke down and wept bitterly. The Holy Spirit was at work in his soul, for soon a happy calmness came over him. He saw Jesus as his Saviour, and knew that his sins were forgiven. The next day he opened his heart to a friend, who talked and prayed with him, and from that day to this he has never doubted either his own conversion or the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to save the worst of men."

"JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM!"

Dr. Talmage expected to be in Jerusalem on Sunday last, December 8, 1889, and to preach there. The subject he selected for his discourse was the exclamation of the Saviour as He beheld the city and wept over it.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" Matt. 23: 37.

The Associations of the City with the Past—Solomon the Magnificent—His Honors and Possessions—Not a Happy Man—The Miseries of Royalty—Solomon's Wealth and Wisdom—David a Better Man—His Conflict with Absalom—A Grand Association—Christ's Entry Into the City—His Only Day of Pomp—A Scene of Blood—Christ's Humanity—The City a Symbol of Heaven—A Quaint Version of a Hymn.

THIS exclamation burst from Christ's lips as He came in sight of this great city, and, although things have marvelously changed, who can visit Jerusalem to-day without having its mighty past roll over him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exclamatory as we cry, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Disappointed with the Holy Land many have been, and I have heard good friends say that their ardor about sacred places had been so dampened that they were sorry they ever visited Jerusalem. But with me

The City and its Surroundings

are a rapture, a solemnity, an overwhelming emotion. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! The procession of kings, conquerors, poets and immortal men and women pass before me as I stand here. Among the throng are Solomon, David, and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wonder of splendor and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur but it was all his.

Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from Engedi, fell the long shadows of trees brought from distant forests. Fish pools, fed by artificial channels that brought the streams from hills far away, were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from water cave to water cave with endless dive and swirl, attracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been brought from foreign aviaries glanced and fluttered among the foliage, and called to their mates far beyond the sea. From

The Royal Stables

there came up the neighing of twelve thousand horses, standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their bits over troughs of gold, waiting for the king's orders to be brought out in front of the palace, when the official dignitaries would leap into the saddle for some grand parade, or, harnessed to some of the fourteen hundred chariots of the king, the fiery chargers with flaunting mane and throbbing nostril would make the earth jar with the tramp of hoofs, and the thunder of wheels. While within and without the palace you could not think of a single luxury that could be added, or of a single splendor that could be kindled. Down on the banks of the sea the dry docks of Ezion-geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights, who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce, for all lands and climes were to be robbed to make up Solomon's glory. No rest till his keels shall cut every sea, his axmen hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trade in every bazaar, and his name be honored by every tribe.

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace, and see his robes actually incrustated with jewels, as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy? No. While standing here amidst all the splendor, the tears start and his heart breaks, and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What!

Solomon Not Happy Yet?

No, not happy. The honors and the emoluments of this world bring so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquietude. Pharaoh sits on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I. aches under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. Frederick William III. of Prussia, is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces. The world is not large enough for Louis XIV. and William III. The ghastliest suffering, the most shriveling fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power.

Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and the good in all ages have been

Execrated by the Mob

who cry out: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you seek for the favor and the confidence of your fellow men; but do not look upon some high position as though that were always sunshine. The mountains of earthly honor are, like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. Having obtained the confidence and love of your associates, be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." There is an honor worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God. This day rise up and take it. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Who aspires not for that royalty? Come now, and be kings and priests unto God and the Lamb.

Wealth and Knowledge.

If wealth and wisdom could have satisfied a man, Solomon would have been satisfied. To say that Solomon was a millionaire, gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of six hundred and eighty million pounds, and he had silver to the value of one billion, twenty-nine million, three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. The Queen of Sheba made him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down and pick it up.

He wrote one thousand and five songs. He wrote three thousand proverbs. He wrote about almost everything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes, and put on hunter's trappings, and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds; and then with his fishing apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the denizens of the deep, and plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers: and then he came back to his study and wrote books about zoölogy, the science of animals; about ichthyology, the science of fishes; about ornithology, the science of birds; about botany, the science of plants, Yet, notwithstanding all his wisdom and wealth,

behold his wretchedness, and let him pass on. Did any other city ever behold so wonderful a man? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But here passes through these streets, as I imagine I see him, quite as wonderful a man.

A Far Better Man,

David, the conqueror, the king, the poet. Can it be that I am in the very city where he lived and reigned? David, great for power and great for grief. He was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown on his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that, when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David sat in his refuge waiting for tidings of

The Conflict.

Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion. Two great questions were to be decided: the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off, and he sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on the top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes with hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say, "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh no. There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battle-field. "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

When it was told to David that the King, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples, as though he would press them in, crying, "O Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, oh Absalom! my son! my son! Stupendous grief of David resounding through all succeeding ages. This was the city that heard the woe. Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

I am also thrilled and overpowered with the remembrance that yonder, where now stands the Mohammedan mosque, stood

The Temple That Christ Visited.

Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Then Herod built a temple, because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together, and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite, and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades, and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. Stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence! But the material and architectural grandeur of the building were very tame compared with the spiritual meaning of its altars and holy of holies, and the overwhelming significance of its ceremonies. Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But, standing in this old city, all other facts are eclipsed when we think that near here our blessed Lord was born, that up and down the streets of this city He walked, and that in the outskirts of it He died. Here was His only day of triumph, and His assassination. One day in this old Jerusalem is at the tiptop of excitement.

Christ has been doing some remarkable works, and asserting very high authority. The police court has issued papers for His arrest, for this thing must be stopped, as the very Government is imperiled. News comes that last night this stranger arrived at a suburban village, and that he is stopping at the house of a man whom He had resuscitated after four days' sepulture. Well,

The People Rush Out

into the streets, some with the idea of helping in the arrest of this Stranger when He arrives, and others expecting that on the morrow He will come into the town, and by some supernatural force oust the municipal and royal authorities, and take everything in His own hands. They pour out of the city gates until the procession reaches to the village. They come all around about the house where the stranger is stopping, and peer into the doors and windows that they may get one glimpse of Him, or hear the hum of His voice. The police are not make the arrest, because He has somehow won the affections of all the people.

Oh, it is a lively night in yonder Bethany! The heretofore quiet village is filled with uproar and outcry, and loud discussion about the strange-acting countryman. I do not think there was any sleep in that house that night where the Stranger was stopping. Although He came in weary, He finds no rest, though for once in His lifetime He had a pillow. But the morning dawns, the olive gardens wave in the light, and all along yonder road, reaching over the top of Olivet toward this city, there is a vast swaying crowd of wondering people. The

Excitement Around the Cottage

is wild, as the stranger steps out beside an unbroken colt that had never been mounted, and after His friends had strewn their garments on the beast for a saddle the Saviour mounts it, and the populace, excited and shouting and everish, push on back toward this city of Jerusalem. Let none jeer now, or scoff at this rider, for the populace will trample him under foot in an instant. There is one long shout of two miles, and as far as the eye can reach you see ravings of demonstrations and approval. There was something in the rider's visage, something in His majestic brow, something in His princely behavior, that stirs up the enthusiasm of the people. They run up against the beast and try to pull the rider off into their arms, and carry on their shoulders the illustrious Stranger. The populace are so excited that they hardly know what to do with themselves, and some rush up to the roadside trees and wrench off branches and throw them in His way; and others doff their garments, what though they be new and costly, and spread them for a carpet for the conqueror to ride over. "Hosanna!" cry the people at the foot of the hill. "Hosanna!" cry the people all up and down the mountain.

The Procession

as now come to the brow of yonder Olivet. Magnificent prospect reaching out in every direction—vineyards, olive groves, jutting rock, silvery Siloam, and, above all, rising on its throne of hills, this most highly honored city of all the earth, Jerusalem. Christ there, in the midst of the procession, looks off and sees here portressed gates, and yonder the circling wall, and here the towers blazing in the sun, Phasaeus and Mariamne. Yonder is Hippicus, the King's castle. Looking along in the range of the larger branch of that olive tree, you see the mansions of the merchant princes. Through this cleft in the limestone rock you see the palace of the richest trafficker in all the earth. He has made his money by selling Tyrian purple. Behold now the temple! Clouds of smoke lifting from the shimmering roof, while the building rises up beautiful, grand, majestic, the architectural skill and glory of the earth lifting themselves there in one triumphant doxology, the frozen prayer of all nations.

The crowd looked around to see exhilaration and transport in the face of Christ. Oh no! Out from amid the gates and the domes, and the palaces, there arose a vision of this city's

sin, and of this city's doom, which obliterated the landscape from horizon to horizon, and He burst into tears, crying: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" But that was

The Only Day of Pomp

that Jesus saw in and around this city. Yet He walked the streets of this city the loveliest and most majestic being that the world ever saw, or ever will see. Publius Lentulus, in a letter to the Roman senate, describes Him as "a man of stature somewhat tall, His hair the color of a chestnut fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders; in the midst of His forehead is a stream, or partition of His hair; forehead plain, and very delicate; His face without spot or wrinkle, a lovely red; His nose and mouth so forked as nothing can be represented; His beard thick, in color like His hair—not very long; His eyes gray, quick, and clear." He must die. The French army in Italy found a brass plate on which was a copy of His death warrant, signed by John Zerubbabel, Raphael Robani, Daniel Robani, and Capet.

Sometimes men on the way to the scaffold have been rescued by the mob. No such attempt was made in this case, for the mob were against Him. From 9 in the morning till 3 in the afternoon Jesus hung a-dying in the outskirts of this city. It was

A Scene of Blood!

We are so constituted that nothing is so exciting as blood. It is not the child's cry in the street that so arouses you as the crimson dripping from its lip. In the dark hall, seeing the finger-marks of blood on the plastering, you cry: "What terrible deed has been done here?" Looking upon this suspended victim of the cross, we thrill with the sight of blood—blood dripping from thorn and nail, blood rushing upon His cheek, blood saturating His garments, blood gathered in a pool beneath. It is called an honor to have in one's veins the blood of the house of Stuart, or of the house of Hapsburg. Is it nothing when I point you to the outpouring blood of the King of the universe?

In England the name of Henry was so great that its honors were divided among different reigns. It was Henry the First, and Henry the Second, and Henry the Third. In France the name of Louis was so favorably regarded that it was Louis the First, Louis the Second, Louis the Third, and so on. But the King who walked these streets was Christ the First, Christ the Last, and Christ the Only. "King eternal, immortal." Through the indulgences of the royal family the physical life degenerates, and some of the kings have been almost imbecile, and their bodies weak, and their blood thin and watery; but the crimson life that flowed upon Calvary had in it the health of immortal God.

Tell it now to all the earth and to all the heavens—Jesus our King is sick with His last sickness. Let couriers carry the swift dispatch. His pains are worse; He is breathing a last groan; through His body quivers the last anguish; the King is dying; the King is dead! It is said that some religionists make too much of

The Humanity of Christ.

I respond, that we make too little. If some Roman surgeon, standing under the cross, had caught one drop of the blood on his hand and analyzed it, it would have been found to have the same plasma, the same disk, the same fibrin, the same albumen. It was unmistakably human blood. It is a man that hangs there. His bones are of the same material as ours. His nerves are sensitive like ours. If it were an angel being despoiled I would not feel it so much, for it belongs to a different order of beings. But my Saviour is a man, and my whole sympathy is aroused. I can imagine how the spikes felt—how hot the temples burned—what deathly sickness seized His heart—how mountain and city and mob swam away from His dying vision—something of the meaning of that cry for help that makes the blood of all the ages curdle with horror: "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Forever with all these scenes of a Saviour's suffering will this city be associated. Here His trial and His death. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

I am thrilled with the fact that this city is

A Symbol of Heaven

which is only another Jerusalem, "The New Jerusalem!" And this thought has kindled the imagination of all the sacred poets. I am glad that Horatio Bonar, the Scotch hymnist, rummaged among old manuscripts of the British Museum until he found that hymn in ancient spelling, parts of which we have in mutilated form in our modern hymn-books, but the quaint power of which we do not get in our versions:

Hierusalem, my happy home!

When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sorrows have an end,

Thy joys when shall I see?

Noe dampish mist is scene in thee,

Noe colde nor darksome night;

There everie soule shines as the sunne,

There God himselfe gives light.

Thy walls are made of pretious stones,

Thy bulwarkes diamondes square;

Thy gates are of right orient pearle,

Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles

With carbuncles doe shine;

Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,

Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of yvorie,

Thy windows crystal cleare;

Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,

O God! that I were there.

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,

Our pleasure is but paine;

Our joyes scarce last the lookeing on,

Our sorrowes stille remaine.

But there they live in such delight,

Such pleasure and such play,

As that to them a thousand yeares.

Doth seme as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes

Continually are greene;

There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers

As no where else are scene.

There trees for evermore beare fruite

And evermore doe spring;

There evermore the angels sit,

And evermore doe singe.

Hierusalem! my happie home!

Would God I were in thee!

Would God my woes were at an end,

Thy ioyes that I might see!

AN ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

In a letter from Mr. Shearer, of the Honan Province, in China, he relates the following incident: "One of the deacons, Mr. Li, was telling Mr. Johnston of a very narrow escape he had in crossing the river yesterday. He was in one of the small ferry-boats, when suddenly a large sailing-boat was seen bearing right down upon them. They seemed to be in such imminent danger that the passengers in the ferry-boat were pale with terror, and the people on the banks were breathlessly watching and expecting to see the small boat go down. Li himself, standing up in the boat, earnestly breathed a few words of prayer to God to save them, and suddenly a gust of wind, just in the nick of time, blew the large sailing-boat over on her side, and enabled them to turn so sharply that they just cleared the small boat, but only by about a finger's breadth. The natives in the ferry-boat evidently recognized a miraculous intervention to save their lives, and one of them asking why it could be that Heaven had interfered when there was no one of consequence on board? This was a splendid opportunity, and old Mr. Li seized it in his simple way, and, as he told us, said, 'No one of consequence on board! Do you know whose books these are?' pointing to a bag full of books and tracts that he was carrying over his shoulder. 'These are God's books,'"

CLOSE OF SOLOMON'S REIGN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for December 22, 1 Kings 11:26-43, Golden Text, Eccl. 12:13.

Was Solomon Saved?—The Sorrows of His Latter Days—Self-Gratification an Ignoble Aim in Life—A Time of Sharp Chastening—A Series of Rebellions—His Rival, Hadad—Jeroboam's Rise—Ahiyah's Prediction—Its Effect on Jeroboam—A Warning—Solomon Seeks to Kill Him.

WAS Solomon a saved man? Some will say, one who was once saved and born again, never can be lost. Others will say, no man dying in a state of rebellion against God can be saved, even though he may have truly known the Lord. There is no distinct intimation in Scripture that Solomon ever fully returned to the Lord, repented, and was restored. But then, on the contrary, there is no intimation that he did not. Let us study the dealings of God with him, that we may ascertain all we can learn from Scripture about the matter.

In Psalm 73 the writer was perplexed when he saw the prosperity of the wicked; it seemed to him, for the time, as though God had put a premium upon wickedness, and as though it answered better to be wicked than to serve God. "I was envious at the foolish," he says, "when I saw the prosperity of the wicked, for there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men. Therefore pride compasseth him about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment." The Psalmist found the condition of God's people quite another. "His people return hither; and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them." And he came to the conclusion, "Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." In his perplexity he went into the sanctuary of God,

"Then Understood I Their End."

Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places: Thou castedst them down to destruction. How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terror." Thus the Psalmist learned, and we may learn, too, that temporal prosperity is no sign of God's approval. Also, that the people of God are a tried people, and that the end of the wicked who live in rebellion against God, is destruction.

We cannot but see that the close of Solomon's life was full of trouble and sorrows; surely, the Lord was chastening His wayward child, that He might bring him home to Himself. Many were his enemies when he departed from the Lord and gave way to idolatry, and we cannot be far wrong in thinking that when he wrote the book of Ecclesiastes [if he did write it] his fame and popularity must have considerably declined. In his case, there was a "sudden destruction," as with Pharaoh, the men of Sodom, and the inhabitants of the antediluvian world; but there was everything to show him, when the Lord raised him up enemies, that he was under God's displeasure. "The Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice."

Nothing can satisfy a heart which has known communion with God, and turns back to seek satisfaction in something lower. Solomon sought to sound the depths of earthly joy and pleasure, and his summing up of it all is only this, "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." But oh how different is the view of life from the Christian standpoint! Solomon sought to shew how much the gratification of the senses, the intellect, etc., would satisfy a human soul, and he found it utterly inadequate, because man was created with

A Nobler Purpose Than Self-Gratification.

Christ died for us, "That they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." (11 Cor. 5:15.) So living, how do things appear? No more as "vanity and vexation of spirit;" "but we know that all things work together for

good to them that love God." "All things are for your sakes." "Rejoice in the Lord alway!" "God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." (Rom. 8:28; 11 Cor. 4:15; Phil. 4:4; 11 Cor. 4:8.) Solomon came to the conclusion, "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing" (Ecc. 1:12); and oh how true this is! The eye and the ear and all our members were created, not to minister to us, but to God. "Yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God."

We cannot believe it was God who led this wisest of men into the course he pursued, of putting all earthly things to the test; it was a dangerous experiment, and showed that his early simplicity—which he had when he said, "I am but a little child, I know not how to go out or come in;" (1 Kings 3:7)—had left him. He says now, "I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom," etc.; "I communed with mine own heart," etc.; "I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly," etc.; "I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth," etc.; "I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine," etc.; (Ecc. 1:13, 16, 17; 2:1, 3.) No wonder that all his communing with his own heart, instead of with God, only brought him vanity and vexation of spirit, and made him think there was "no profit under the sun." No wonder he hated life, no wonder he went about to cause his heart to despair of all the labor which he took under the sun! (Ecc. 2:17, 20.) Oh how we learn from Solomon that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." (Luke 12:15.)

But God overrules everything for the good of His children; and probably Solomon's very despair, his very satiation of earth, may have made room for a deeper knowledge of God than he had had before. In all this, God was pursuing him, compassing him about, that He might conquer him from his self life to Himself. The temptation to self-exaltation and self-dependence to a man who was wiser than all men, and whose popularity was only bounded by the world itself, must have been very great. But Solomon

Did Not Die in His Glory.

What human being could have borne it for a lifetime? His greatness came down, little by little, and his old age was marked not only by his sad idolatry, but by the harass of enemies. God had declared to him that because of his idolatry, he would rend the kingdom from him, and give it to his servant, leaving one tribe to his son for David's sake. Solomon knew enough of God to be sure that He would keep His word; and when one rebellion after another broke out in Israel, he never knew whether this or that one would be his successful rival. But Solomon, in all his wisdom, did not see the love which was behind all this trial, he did not see how his faithful God was shewing him his own heart and his utter nothingness.

The first rival was Hadad the Edomite, who was of the seed royal of Edom, and who, when David had depopulated the land of Edom in the days of Hadad's father, fled for refuge with some of his father's servants into Egypt. Egypt was at that time as much a place of refuge for unfortunate royalty as England has been of later years. Edom was no place for Hadad. Israelitish garrisons were in every town, and all the men of his father's generation had been cut off. (1 Sam. 8:14.) But Hadad did not forget his parentage. No doubt there was something interesting and princely in the youthful exile, and he found favor with Pharaoh, who "gave him a house, and appointed him victuals, and gave him land." The favor in which Pharaoh held him increased until he gave him the sister of his own Queen in marriage, and thus, by marriage, he became equal with Solomon himself. When he heard that David was dead, and Joab also, he returned into his own land. Pharaoh was loath to part with him, but Hadad persisted; and that he succeeded in re-establishing the

kingdom of Edom is proved from the fact that the Edomites and men of Mount Seir reappeared fighting against Israel in Jehoshaphat's time. And doubtless he may have influenced Shishak the King of Egypt, to make war on Rehoboam Solomon's son. (11 Chron. 12:2-12.)

Rezon, also, who reigned over Syria, was enemy to Solomon. Thus north and south there were hostile powers, which, no doubt, interfered with the commerce which Solomon established in the early part of his reign. He was prosperous while the King depended upon him, and obeyed God, but God must show him all his wisdom, all his wealth, all his honor, and his prosperity, without God were but temporal and subject to decay.

Solomon's Worst Enemy,

however, was Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, own servant. This man was the son of a widow woman, and probably a good son to his mother. He was "a mighty man of valor, and Solomon, seeing the young man that he was distrustful, he made him ruler over all the chariotry of the house of Joseph." Jeroboam had assisted Solomon in some of his public works, one of which was repairing the breaches in the City of David. On Jeroboam's return, the Prophet Ahiyah found him in the way; and he had clad himself with a new garment, "and the two were alone in the field; and Ahiyah caught the new garment that was on him, and rent it into twelve pieces; and he said to Jeroboam, 'Take these ten pieces; for thus saith the Lord, God of Israel, Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee. (But he shall have one tribe to my servant David's sake, and for Jerusalem's sake, the city which I have chosen out of the tribes of Israel); because that

They Have Forsaken Me,

and have worshipped Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Zidonians, Chemosh, the god of the Moabites, and Milcom, the god of the children of Ammon; and have not walked in My statutes, do that which is right in Mine eyes, and to keep My statutes and judgments, as did David my father." This was as startling an announcement as that of Samuel to Saul, when he anointed him king, or that of the same Samuel to the young shepherd lad David, when he came for keeping the sheep, in answer to the prophetic hasty message, and was anointed "king in the midst of his brethren." But David's sense of dependence upon God increased with his responsibility; and his long education in the court of Saul and in the wilderness went far to fit him for his kingly duties, and to be the father to his people. How would Jeroboam act? The unexpected call would either puff him up with self-conceit, or humble him to the dust with the sense of his unfitness for the post to which God called him. Ahiyah told him from the Lord that the one tribe should be left to the house of David, "whom I chose because he kept My commandments and My statutes." What an appeal to Jeroboam to do likewise! "Unto his will I give one tribe, that David My servant may have always a light before Me in Jerusalem, the city which I have chosen to put My name there."

But God did not simply appeal to Jeroboam through the example of David, He made a personal appeal to him: "I will take thee, and thou shalt reign according to all that thy soul desireth, and shalt be king over Israel. And thou shalt be, if thou wilt hearken unto all that I command thee, and wilt walk in My ways, and do what is right in My sight, to keep My statutes and commandments, as David My servant did, I will be with thee, and build thee a sure house, a built for David, and will give Israel unto thee." Jeroboam with God might have been a light in the world in his generation. Oh how grievous to think it was this man who had this call to us we hear of again and again in the history of Israel as "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat,"

"Which Made Israel to Sin!"

Has not God foreknowledge? Was He not aware that Jeroboam would fail? "What I thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know."

hereafter." (John 13: 7.) Wicked kings may be used to educate faithful people, and wicked people to educate faithful kings. Bad parents are sometimes used of God to throw their children more immediately on Him, and bad children are the greatest humiliation and discipline which good parents can know. No man need be evil, but God makes even the wrath of the wicked to praise Him.

Solomon came to know of Ahijah's mission to Jeroboam. God had prepared him beforehand, but when it came to this, that the man who was to reign over the larger half of his divided kingdom was living, and already designated by God, Solomon could not accept the ministration, "he sought to kill Jeroboam." God would not permit this, and from this time there is silence about this once great king. Let us learn the lesson, and be little, take up the Baptist's word, He must increase, but I must decrease."

THE LATE MRS. WEBSTER KIRKHAM.

(See portrait on page 700.)

MANY of our readers will remember the services held in this country in 1884 by the eloquent and devoted lady evangelist whose portrait appears on page 796. She was then Miss Laurie McLatchie. A sketch of her life and labors was published in this journal at that time. Shortly after her return to England she became the wife of Webster Kirkham, Esq., of New Barnet, near London. She continued her work for the Master, and lost none of her interest in evangelical effort by her marriage. A few months ago her friends observed that she suffered almost continually from pain and weakness. Skilful medical assistance was secured, and when her complaint was diagnosed as *cancer*, the most eminent specialists were consulted. They held out no hopes of recovery. Her case was made the subject of special prayer, and it was followed by such relief from pain, and so marked a mitigation of the most distressing symptoms of her disease, that she and her friends were most devoutly thankful to God for His merciful interposition. She was staying at the time at the famous health resort of Bournemouth, and the physicians attributed the unexpected improvement to the salubrious air of that place. "No," said the patient, "it is God who has done it."

For some weeks the intense and increasing pain which marks the fatal progress of cancer, was absent, and the local symptoms so completely disappeared that the loving friends who surrounded her began to hope for her complete restoration to health. But they were disappointed. She suffered a relapse, from which she did not rally; and on Sunday, November 10, she peacefully passed away. To the last, however, she was spared the agonizing pain which usually accompanies cancer, and retained her calmness of mind and the sweet peace which springs from faith in Christ.

Laurie McLatchie was a native of Scotland. Her parents were remarkable for their earnest piety and their concern for the salvation of all about them, especially for that of their own children. In answer to their prayers, their daughter Laurie gave her heart to God in her early girlhood, and almost immediately began to work for Jesus. Her efforts were confined to women's meetings and the homes of the poor. She assisted Mrs. Ranyard in her Bible work in London, and superintended the labors of four Bible-women. Subsequently she assisted Dr. Lyell, a medical missionary who labored among the poor in Glasgow. There she not only learned to dispense medicines, but visited the poor in their homes, and did not shrink from the disgusting sights and smells which only those know who have been in such places as the Havannah and the Vennells and other huge tenement houses of Glasgow. Her wretched patients grew to love her dearly. Her sweet feminine ministrations, her concern for their physical comfort, and, more than all, the spiritual light and life to which they were led by God's blessing on her teachings, led to effusions of grateful affection that went to her heart.

She was engaged in this Christ-like work when the illness of a lady-evangelist involved the disappointment of a large audience in Greenock and the cessation of a very blessed work of grace. Miss McLatchie was urged to step into the vacant place, but her natural modesty made her shrink from any kind of publicity, and she declined. She continued firm in her refusal until, by the advice of her pastor, the workers concerned in the mission actually printed handbills announcing that she would speak on a certain night. One of these was placed in her hand, and she was told that she *must* go. After much prayer she went, and spoke simply and earnestly to the large audience. Five souls were brought to God that night under her presentation of the truth.

From that time forward her course was clearly indicated. Pressing invitations to preach came from other large Scottish towns, and wherever she spoke the Spirit blessed the word. At one service no less than fifty persons were brought to a knowledge of the truth. At some places the work was continued night after night, and the whole town shared in the blessing. Her work extended southward and in Birmingham, Liverpool, and other English towns immense numbers were gathered to hear her, and much good of a permanent kind resulted.

There was a singular charm in her voice which awakened interest at the first words of her sermon. Its peculiar soft, melodious tone was pleasant to the ear, and as it rose and fell in accents of entreaty and pleading, or as she related some pathetic incident in illustration of her subject, the listener was charmed by its musical power and scope. Her manner changed as she proceeded, the natural diffidence and modesty that characterized her opening remarks passed away as she became absorbed in her message, and the eyes would flash and her gestures become animated, while she pleaded with all her soul for her Master with dying sinners. It was a strange sight—that of strong men weeping under her appeals, and careless, jeering men becoming serious, and listening intently to her burning words.

All that is ended now. Her work here is done, save that the life which God used her to impart lives in many a soul and will go on bearing fruit. In her last moments the gospel she had preached to others was her own support. To her beloved brother she said, "It is not rapture that I have; but I have not a particle of fear. I am just resting on the Everlasting Arms; I am safe on the Rock." Her chamber was not like a chamber of suffering. Passages of Scripture which her retentive memory held, dropped from her lips; prayers which spoke of long past intimate communion with God and hymns sweetly sung, made the room a very Bethel, and all that entered it realized that a soul consecrated, chastened, purified was there passing joyfully from scenes of earthly labor into the presence of the King of kings.

A VIRAGO IN A MISSION.

AN evangelist relates the following incident in his work: After a very cheering and happy gospel service at one of the mission-rooms a remarkable-looking woman remained to the prayer-meeting. She was of unusual height and physique, and of equally unusual appearance. Had she been seen in a large town she would have been classed, probably, among the desperadoes. She was a perfect virago to all appearance, and would have made a dangerous antagonist, capable of felling a man with one blow from her powerful arm. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she looked the picture of misery. On being spoken to, she said, between her sobs: "Oh, I be miserable! I be miserable!"

"What makes you miserable?" she was asked. "Oh, I be miserable 'cause I be awfully wicked! I be, sure."

"But Jesus came to save the lost and wretched." "Will 'er save I, do 'ee think? I wish He would; I be miserable."

"We will see what He says," and, opening the

Scriptures, the gospel pure and simple was read and explained. Then, on our knees, we told the Lord of her state, and several brethren prayed. While one was praying, she exclaimed, "I'll give up, I will. I just give up to un." She was asked what she meant. "Why, I'll give myself up to un, and believe un, I will; why I do. I be happy, I be a saved; I be, sure."

"What makes you happy, and how do you know you are saved?" I asked.

"Why, I've a geed myself to un, and He've a took me. He said He would, and He've a made me happy."

This was more than six months ago, and on Sunday last, asking her after the service how she was, she replied, as her eyes filled with tears of downright joy, "Oh, I be terrible 'appy! I've a bin 'appy ever since, and I be gwain to stick to un. Nobody shall make me gee un up. I'll never gee un up; no, never! And He'll stick to me, won't He, sir?"

AN INFIDEL'S CONVERSION IN NEW YORK.

AT a meeting in the mission conducted by Mrs. Van Dunn in Bleeker Street, New York, last week an educated man of commanding presence rose, and said he would like to tell the story of his life as an encouragement to others. In the course of his narrative, he said that he had been an infidel of the most obstinate type. Yet he had never been satisfied with his infidelity. A strange sense of needing confirmation had always been upon him. He had read all the books he could find which would tend to prove religion a fraud, and the Bible a lie. This stimulus needed constant repetition, for his uneasiness always returned. He had travelled much, and lost no opportunity of discussing religious questions with men who had made them their study.

On one occasion when in England, he had visited the famous Cardinal Newman. The Cardinal only increased his confusion of mind by citations from the Fathers, and his demand for blind, uncompromising faith in the voice of the Church. No "kindly light" came from that eminent man, nor from other noted preachers, to whom he had listened, and with whom he had conversed. Socialism attracted him, but on studying it he was convinced that it held no hope for humanity. Unless the nature of man was changed, and selfishness eradicated, socialism could not effect a cure of present evils.

One day, while more restless and discontented than usual, he was strolling up the Bowery in New York, when his eye caught the sign outside the Bleeker Street Mission. He thought it was only another fraud, but having nothing particular to do, he entered. He was impressed by the absence of the music and gorgeous ritual with which he had associated religious observance, and still more by the plain, simple words of the leader, and the current of tenderness and love that flowed through them. He waited, according to his usual custom, to hold an argument with the speaker. As she approached him after the meeting, he was conscious of the same kind, friendly influence which had exerted itself during her address.

"But I cannot believe," was his reply to her appeal. "It is a question of fact, and I don't believe your facts, and so I cannot believe your inferences." He expected that she would go over the facts, and adduce proofs; but instead of doing so she asked him to kneel with her in prayer. She prayed that God would reveal Himself to the doubter, and shed His light into the poor, darkened mind. In that hour light came. "I was reconstructed," the man said; "I knew not what it was then, but I know now that I was converted. It was a new birth—no other words cover the ground—it was a complete revolution. I entered into peace, my doubts fled, and from that day I have been a happy man."

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICES, 45 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Message which was Awaited with unusual interest, owing to the dignified silence General Harrison has maintained since his election, proved to be a cautious and conservative document. The President apparently aimed to give Congress information rather than suggestion, and where he does venture to indicate lines of legislation which he would wish to see followed, his suggestions are chiefly those advocated by the Cabinet officers in their reports. In dealing with *Tariff Reform*, he frankly admits that reductions are necessary, and somewhat vaguely advises that the free list be extended "by placing thereon articles that do not offer injurious competition to such domestic products as our home labor would supply." He opposes the removal of duties on raw materials (which is something of a surprise), and advises the repeal of the tax on tobacco and alcohol used in the arts, as a means of reducing the surplus. The financial part of the message thus puts the President distinctly on record on a crucial question. It shows that he is not in advance of his party, and is certainly indisposed to adopt the principles of many of its members. A remarkable paragraph of the message is that on *Immigration*. The President advocates radical measures on that subject. He expresses the opinion that applicants for naturalization should be rejected, unless they can satisfy a duly appointed federal officer of their good moral character. He would go further still, for "those who are the avowed enemies of social order, or who come to our shores to swell the injurious influences, or to extend the evil practices of any association that defies our laws should not only be denied citizenship but a domicile." *Subsidies to shipping* is one important recommendation made by the President, though he limits it to the ships engaged in the traffic between this country and Central and South America, China, Japan, and the Pacific islands. This doubtless was suggested by the assembling of the Pan-American Congress, but it is only a small part of what must be done if the object of summoning that Congress is to be achieved. The question of *Trusts* was a delicate one to handle, but the President appears to hold decided opinions on the subject, and declares them to be dangerous conspiracies against the public good, and should be made the subject of prohibitory and

even penal legislation. This language is directly opposed to the views of Mr. Blaine, who regards them as private affairs with which the Government should not interfere. As to *Foreign Relations*, it is gratifying to learn that they are generally cordial and friendly, and that "no obstacle is believed to exist that can long postpone the consideration and adjustment of still pending questions upon satisfactory and honorable terms." Among the measures advocated are the Blair Education Bill, International Copyright, a National Bankruptcy law, and an extension of the Pension laws to include honorably discharged soldiers who are in needy circumstances.

The Opening of the First Session of the Fifty-first Congress was a notable event, presenting the unusual spectacle of the harmony of the majority in both branches with each other and with the Executive in party politics. The proceedings of the Senate on the day of opening were, as usual, decorous and dull. The only matter of interest there, was the arrival of four of the Senators from the new States. In the House there was more animation. It had to organize and to elect its Speaker and officers, choose seats and transact the business which will affect the personal comforts and convenience of the members for two years. The election of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed of Maine for Speaker was a foregone conclusion after the Republican caucus had made him the candidate. Mr. Carlisle had the compliment of receiving the Democratic vote, with the exception of one member, who had personal reasons for voting against him. The vote was the first test of strength between the rival parties. It showed that of the members present 166 ranged themselves as Republicans and 155 as Democrats. It was a curious fact that the very first day should witness a bolt. A New York Presbyterian clergyman was nominated for chaplain by the Republican caucus, but when it came to a vote in the House several Republicans absented themselves, and others voted with the Democrats for Dr. Milburn, the blind Chaplain, who was elected by 160 votes to 155.

An Embezzlement Which May Indirectly benefit the country was reported on December 5. The Sergeant-at-Arms informed the Speaker of the House that his cashier had absconded with a large sum of money, estimated at from \$70,000 to \$100,000. It appears that the Sergeant-at-Arms does what is practically a private banking business with members. Some of them leave their money in his hands for safe-keeping, and many sign receipts for their salary and mileage expenses in advance, and give them to him to collect from the Treasurer. As he had unlimited confidence in his cashier, it was easy for the latter to present the certificates in the Treasurer's office, and draw large sums in readiness to meet the demands of members. He drew thus \$132,000 in three days, and departed. How much he paid out legitimately was not known. As the defaulter is probably safe in Canada, the members who may suffer delay in getting their money, and perhaps lose it altogether, may change their opinion about the need of extending the list of extraditable offences, which has been so long urged by bankers and merchants.

The Death of Jefferson Davis in New Orleans, on Friday last, removes the most conspicuous surviving figure associated with the great crisis of our national history. He was eighty-one years of age, and had for some time been in feeble health. No immediate danger, however, was apprehended until the beginning of last week, and even on Thursday it was thought that he might rally. He suffered from a congestive chill on that evening, and from that time he gradually sank. It is gratifying to hear and to read the comments on his life and character which with comparatively few exceptions are evoked in the North by this event. There is an anxiety manifested to do justice to the good traits in the character of the late chief of the Confederacy which is very commendable. Several slanders such as that accusing him of openly rejoicing over the assassination of Lincoln

are now contradicted and denounced. Regret is also generally expressed over the hardships of his imprisonment, and it is admitted that he was the victim of the passions which were the natural product of the war. The kindness expressed is personal. For his public career condemnation, of course, was to be expected. In the South probably the judgment will be reversed.

French Sympathy with the Revolution in Brazil was officially expressed last week in the Legislature by the French Secretary of State. Replying to a question on the subject he said that, after the provisional government of Brazil had placed itself in diplomatic communication with the French authorities he had instructed the French agent to continue the same good relations with the Republic that had been maintained with the Empire. The provisional government had received this decision with satisfaction.

Suggestions for the Suppression of the Slave-trade to all Governments claiming territory in Africa have been embodied in a series of resolutions by the Anti-Slavery Conference. The members advocate the establishment by each Government, within its own African territory, of stations with local military forces for the suppression of slavery, the inland stations to be connected with the coast by railways and by steamers on the great lakes; also for the prohibition of the trade in fire-arms in the slave districts, the suppression of cannibalism and the protection of commerce and missions.

A Distressing Accident has Befallen Emin Pasha. On December 5 while at Bagamoyo, he fell from a balcony twenty feet from the ground, and received severe injuries. The Pasha is near-sighted, and from the brief cable dispatch reporting the incident, appears to have mistaken the window and balcony for a door opening into the grounds. He overbalanced and fell upon his head. When found, blood was issuing from his ears, and his right eye was closed. The doctors found that beside a bad fracture of the skull he had sustained internal injuries. Major Wissmann's doctors at once pronounced his case hopeless, but surgeon Parke, who accompanied Stanley in his expedition, thinks his life may yet be saved. It is a strange and sad event that after so many perils, and escaping dangers so terrible he should reach the borders of civilization only to fall in so commonplace a manner.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley Arrived in Zanzibar in safety on December 6, after three years of the most arduous and heroic achievement ever recorded in the annals of exploration. He is astonished himself at what has been done, and, with reverence, acknowledges that he owes his success to the over-ruling and protecting hand of God. Writing, at the request of the correspondent of the New York Herald, who met him at Msuwah, five days' march from Zanzibar, he said: "I am in perfect health, and feel like a laborer of a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath." Referring to the crisis when he found that Emin Pasha and his own officer, Jephson, were imprisoned, he says: "Jephson's own letters will describe his anxiety. Not until both were in my camp, and the Egyptian fugitives under our protection did I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. My own designs were constantly frustrated by unhappy circumstances. I endeavored to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm. I gave as much goodwill to my duties as the strictest honor would compel. My faith that the purity of my motive deserved success was firm, but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands." After speaking of the hairbreadth escapes of the expedition, he again reverts to the same conviction: "The vulgar will call it luck. Unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains the feeling that verily there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy." And he concludes his letter with, "Thanks be to God forever and ever."

Dr. Talmage was Blessed by the Pope During his recent visit to Rome. Hearing that a beatification service was to be held in the church of St. Peter, the Brooklyn clergyman, with his party, secured tickets and went to the venerable edifice to witness the ceremony. A dense crowd assembled, drawn by the prospect of seeing the Pope, whose increasing years and physical infirmities have rendered his public appearances very rare of late. Dr. Talmage was wedged in the crowd which was held back by a double row of the Pope's soldiers—the famous stalwart Swiss Guard—who faced each other the whole length of the middle aisle. After waiting more than an hour amid the dense throng, in an atmosphere suggesting the Black Hole of Calcutta, there was an expectant stir in the living mass of perspiring humanity which told that the Pope was coming. First there came about twenty-five cardinals, clad in their magnificent robes. Then came the Pope himself—a delicate, fragile, venerable man, of ascetic appearance. At every step he looked around, and raising his almost transparent hands, uttered benedictions on the bystanders. Dr. Talmage's tall form, towering head and shoulders above those around him, was a conspicuous object, so that if any benefit could have come from the Pope's blessing, he was in a situation to receive it. If the Pope had known the character of the man he was blessing, he would have been sadly conscious that his benediction was wasted in falling on that rocky Protestant soil. But knowing not, he passed on unruffled to the altar, where he prayed in a tone inaudible to the crowd for about fifteen minutes, and then returned as he came.

A Fatal Refuge from a Storm was Taken by a crowd in Massachusetts on December 4. The gathering had been drawn by an auction sale on a farm near Belchertown. The business led them out into the fields away from the farmhouse, and it had barely concluded when a heavy storm broke. As the weather-wise predicted that it would soon be over, the crowd ran for shelter to a cider-mill, which was the nearest shelter. It was a very old structure, and had become rickety. The people filled it, and crowded the upper floor, in which there was a mowing machine and other farm implements. There was a good deal of rough fun indulged in while the people waited for the storm to clear. Their weight and the surging to and fro finished the work that time and dilapidation had begun in the old mill. There were a few warning cracks, and then the whole crazy structure collapsed. The heavy implements falling, with the people, on those below, added to the debris of the mill, caused severe injuries and one death, and it is feared that more will die. There is reason to fear that in the great storm of tribulation that is coming on the earth, many, who now mock at warnings and feel secure in the beliefs which false teachers promulgate, will discover that they are living in a refuge of lies, which the prophet says God will sweep away with His hail. (Isa. 28: 17.)

A Man was Shot by His Own Request in a Dime Museum at Lynn, Mass., on November 28. The man, who called himself "an illusionist," in performing there, announced a trick for which he has become famous among the frequenters of such places. It was to have a rifle loaded under the inspection of the audience, and handed to any person who would volunteer. The person was to fire at the mouth of the performer, who would catch the bullet with his teeth. At Lynn there was some difficulty in getting any one to do the shooting, and the professor was quite pathetic in his request. As he truly said, he had done the trick hundreds of times and he added that there was not the slightest danger. At last a man was persuaded to undertake it. He took steady aim and fired, hitting the "Professor" squarely in the mouth. To the surprise of all present, the shot brought him to the ground, and when they picked him up he was dead. The ball had passed through his mouth and severed the jugular vein. The trick consisted in the performer substituting at the last moment, a paper

wad, colored like a bullet for the lead bullet, which, having been passed around for examination, was supposed to be put in the rifle. In this instance he inadvertently reversed the process, putting the paper bullet up his sleeve and the leaden one into the gun. Doubtless, up to this time many persons had regarded the Professor as an extraordinary man, really doing what he professed to do. The credulity of the public in respect to wonderful feats is surprising, and the Spiritualists have used it to lead many astray. The last performer of wonders will be he whose signs and wonders will, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. (Matt. 24: 24.) Credulity in our day, however, produces more disastrous consequences in matters of doctrine among those who disregard the apostolic warning not to be carried away by "*the sleight of men and cunning craftiness* whereby they lie in wait to deceive." (Eph. 4: 14.)

An Amateur Surgical Operation was Performed recently by the aid of an electric dynamo. A stove fitter was fixing a new bottom to a grate when, in chipping it to make it fit, a splinter of iron flew off and struck him in the eye. He was unable to extract it, and the eye soon became intensely inflamed and gave him acute pain. An electrical engineer saw him, and, learning the cause of his agony, took him into his work room, where a large dynamo was revolving. He held the sufferer's face as near to the dynamo as he could with safety, and in a few moments the magnetism that it generated exerted its power on the splinter of iron in the eye and finally drew it out. The sufferer's pain was relieved instantly, and in a short time the eye completely recovered its usual appearance and power. When the spiritual eyesight is impaired by some cherished sin, or in the eager pursuit of worldly business or pleasure, there is no remedy for it but in near contact with Christ whose love extracts the offending evil and purges His child of the dross. (Ps. 139: 23, 24.)

A Crime in No-Man's-Land is Likely to Involve serious consequences to the perpetrators. Since 1850 a strip of land in the Southwest, of one-half degree north and south, and three degrees east and west, was the only spot on the American soil where there was supposed to be neither law nor the shadow of authority. Some time ago a sheriff and some of his men were killed in that lawless locality. About thirty men were arrested for the crime, but they have succeeded in avoiding trial through there being no State authority having jurisdiction over the scene of the murder. Their most recent stratagem was an appeal on habeas corpus to the United States Circuit Court at Topeka, Kan. They appear to have obtained precisely what they did not want. Justice Brewer, who presided in that court, was not satisfied with deciding that they were being wrongfully held by the Kansas authorities, but obligingly settled the tribunal entitled to try them. Though admitting that no State had jurisdiction in the premises, the United States could see to their case. They are therefore to be arraigned before the United States Court of Paris, Tex. That is satisfactory to the public, if not to the criminals. They, like men in more civilized districts who have enough knowledge of the law to avoid breaking it while committing wicked wrongs upon others, expected to escape punishment altogether. Sometimes they do in this life, for there are many spheres of wrongdoing which seem to lie in a No-Man's-Land, but in the next life they must appear before the God who has jurisdiction throughout the universe, and give account of the deeds done in the body. (Col. 3: 25.)

Two Thousand Cats Were Let Loose from a building in New York on November 29. It was the scheme of an enterprising advertising agent, to publish a theatrical announcement. He advertised that he would buy all cats presented at a certain hour at the theatre door. Over 2,000 were brought, and the vendors were offered the choice of a dime or a ticket to the show. The animals were taken in, and a conspicuous tag, briefly describing the attraction to be placed on

the stage, was securely fastened to the protesting creatures. They were then turned out in a body, and went scouring down Broadway and through the cross streets at full speed. The agent being anxious to learn the effect of his stratagem, employed boys to follow some of the animals. They reported that the cats soon recovered from their scare, and proceeded at a more leisurely pace. Some would make long halts, and every passer-by would read the tag. Many of them found their way to their homes at long distances from the theatre, and in making the circuit of the city attracted attention to themselves and the advertisement which they carried. Altogether, the agent considers the scheme a success, and anticipates a harvest from his investment. It is a pity that the tact and energy which such men exert in promoting the success of worldly amusements so seldom characterize Christian workers in interesting the masses in gospel efforts; but "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." A time will come, however, when every agency will be sanctified and consecrated to the Master's use, and then the bells on the horses will bear the inscription, "Holiness unto the Lord." (Zech. 14: 20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. M. Baxter has been lecturing in Hull on Coming Great Events in Prophecy. Both there and at Grimshy he had large and deeply interested audiences.

A brother of the late Father Damien has quitted his work in Europe and set out for Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands, to carry on the work among the lepers.

Two hundred persons were killed in the province of Shantung, China, recently by the collapse of a platform which they had ascended to witness a theatrical performance.

The recent evangelistic meetings conducted at Franklin, N. H., by Rev. N. H. Harriman and Mr. Paquette, have resulted in a marked quickening of Christians, and a number of conversions.

Rev. Sam Jones is expected to commence a series of services in New Orleans early next year. An effort is being made to enlist the sympathy and aid of clergymen of all denominations in the work.

The Northfield Seminary, under Mr. Moody's charge, has largely increased its facilities lately by the addition of two new houses. It now contains 320 pupils. Many applications which cannot be granted are being made.

At the meeting of the Central Council of the King's Daughters recently held in New York, Mrs. Isabella C. Davis said that the number of badges issued from the Central supply during the past four years was 119,819.

By the will of the late J. Warren Merrill, of Cambridge, Mass., public bequests to the amount of \$145,000 were made. Among them were: American Baptist Missionary Union, \$50,000; American Baptist Home Mission Society, \$20,000; and American Baptist Publication Society, \$10,000.

Seventy-six of the 128 students in the Theological Seminary of the Yale University, are engaged in evangelistic work in the city of New Haven. Some of them visit the hospitals, others the jails, others are engaged in the Y. M. C. A., and all of them give gospel addresses, conduct prayer-meetings, etc.

The evangelistic services conducted by Messrs. Hogan and Sawyer in Wheeling, W. Va., have now continued six weeks. The *Daily Intelligencer* of that city says that fully 2,000 persons were in the meeting on December 1, and the number who have been redeemed from a wicked life, and have professed faith is numbered by hundreds.

The Conference of the Evangelical Alliance opened its sessions on December 4 in Boston, Mass. Dr. A. J. Gordon welcomed the delegates. Mr. William E. Dodge, President of the Alliance, in his opening address stated that the canvass of New York City, conducted by the Alliance since the Washington Conference, showed great moral deterioration.

The famous canal-boat missionary, "Father" Thomas Eling, is dead. He began work among this neglected class without any church or society appointment, and labored in it without salary. He was often abused, and did not escape personal violence. In 1868 he accepted the appointment of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association and gave all his time to his chosen work.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills is being wonderfully blessed in his work in New York. Every afternoon and evening the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian church was crowded with earnest hearers, and many remained after the meetings to speak with the pastors, who are assisting Mr. Mills, about their personal salvation. This week the evening meetings are being held in the same church, and the afternoon meetings in the Central Methodist Church, Seventh Ave., between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Sts.

THE DROUGHT AND THE RAIN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters: they came to the pits and found no water," etc. Jer. 14 : 3, 4, 22.

A Conclusion from a Personal and Painful Argument—I. Man a Very Dependent Creature—Needs Continuous Supplies—Bread for Only Six Weeks' Consumption—Spiritual Dependence—All Blessings from God—Yet Men Ignore Him—Are Ungrateful to Him—II. Men Reduced to Dire Distress—The Agony of Spiritual Thirst—Humbles Pride—Secondary Resources Tried First—Disappointed and Confused—III. Man's Only Sure Resort—No Help Elsewhere—Ritualistic Rain-makers—Ordinances Helpless—Verities in Exchange for Vanities.

IN the last verse we have the word "therefore," which shows that the speakers had come to this conclusion by an argument. In truth, they had been forced to their resolution by a very painful and personal argument, which God had set before them in the order of His providence. By their thirst, and by their failure to find water anywhere, the Lord had driven them to say, "Therefore we will wait upon thee." I trust it will not be needful to urge us to conversion by sufferings as terrible. "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding." Come willingly, since the argument for coming is clear and cogent. I should like you to go this morning mentally through the process by which the Israelites passed practically when they came to the gracious conclusion, "Therefore we will wait upon thee." Let us begin at once with the argument, praying God to send it home to every heart by His good Spirit, that we may reach the desired conclusion.

I. First, consider that man is

A Very Dependent Creature.

He is, in some respects, the most dependent creature that God has made; for the range of his wants is very wide, and at a thousand points he is dependent upon something outside of himself. He is peculiarly dependent upon God as to temporals. We see in the text that when the dews no longer fell, and the rains were withholden, then the unhappy inhabitants of Palestine suffered from drought, and that drought brought with it failure of the harvest, famine, disease, and death. To quote our common saying, "the people died like flies. They fell everywhere by thousands, fainting, famished, doomed. On what a feeble thread hangs human life! Water, though it be itself unstable, is needful to the establishment of human life, and without it man expires.

Yes, and life itself would vanish as the food of life ceased. It would be an instructive calculation if it could be accurately wrought out—to estimate how much bread-food there is at any time laid up upon the surface of the earth. If all harvests were to fail from this date; if there were no harvests in Australia during our winter, no harvests early in the year in India and the warm regions, if there were no harvests in America and in Europe, I have been informed that, by the time of our own harvest months, there would be upon the face of the earth no more food than would last us for six weeks. How dependent we are for each year's crop! for should there be universal failure, starvation would be closely within sight.

In Spiritual Things

this dependence is most evident. Brethren, if God shall bless us with His saving health, and with the visitation of His Spirit, we shall be as a field that God has blessed, and our lives shall be glad with a harvest to His praise. But apart from God what can we do? In this realm of spiritual things we are absolutely and wholly dependent upon God; and without His aid we are as a salt land, which is destitute of verdure. Salvation is of the Lord. Vain is all trust which builds not on Him.

The priceless blessings of pardon and grace: how can we procure them apart from God in Christ Jesus? Justification and acceptance: are not these of God? What can you and I do to

justify ourselves, or to make ourselves acceptable with God? These are the gifts of the covenant of grace, and God can give them; but if He gives them not, we can never obtain them.

So is it with the life and the power of the Spirit of God, by which we are able to receive and enjoy the blessings of the covenant; the Holy Spirit, like the wind, bloweth where He listeth, and the order of His working is with the Lord alone. The new life whereby we receive the Lord Jesus: how can it come to us but from the living God Himself?

Can a Dead Soul Quicken Itself?

Can a man steeped in iniquity liberate and purify himself? Every beginning of good, yea, every desire after it, is wrought in us by God, or else it is never in us at all. We are absolutely dependent upon God, not only for all spiritual gifts, but for the power to be partakers of them.

And, brethren, all the graces that are pleasing to the Lord, come they not to us from God our Saviour? Is there a grain of faith in the world that God did not create? Is there a spark of holy love in any human bosom that God did not kindle? Putting this case very broadly—and I cannot put it too broadly—I am not afraid of exaggerating, or going too far in it: I know that for the clouds, and the rain, and the harvest, men are absolutely dependent upon the God of providence; and I know, also, that for the gift of the Holy Spirit, and for the power which saves souls, we are altogether dependent upon the great God who creates all good things.

Here is the pity of it: against God, upon whom we are so dependent, we have sinned, and do sin. We are dependent upon Him, and yet rebellious against Him. Shall the man who accepts from me his daily bread lift up his heel against me? Shall he who could not live without me, yet live to speak evil of me? Shall he abuse my goodness into a means of doing me damage? That were an atrocious thing, which could only spring from a black, ungrateful heart. Yes, every sinner who goes on in sin is acting thus ungratefully. Existing only by His infinite charity, he who continues to do evil is ungrateful in the highest degree to the Lord of love. I wish you could see and feel this great truth; for it would tend to humble you, and prepare you to seek His favor. I pray the Holy Spirit to impress it upon everyone here.

II. Our second remark is this: men may be

Reduced to Dire Distress.

Men, being dependent upon God, may be reduced to dire distress if they disobey Him, and incur His just displeasure. Kindly follow me in the earlier verses of my text. Here we have great temporal distress: the people had no water! The highest ranks of society were made to feel the terrible pinch. The whole of the city was tormented with thirst, and the leading men instituted diligent search to find water. They sent to the great reservoirs which Solomon had constructed in his time—the upper and the lower pools; but they found no water. They searched again and again, but the waters had utterly failed, and they were driven to despair. They covered their heads as men who gave themselves up to die without hope. Terrible was the drought which Jehovah sent upon His land because of the sin of His people: it was as if the day of Elias had returned, wherein there was neither dew nor rain for three years and six months.

My dear hearers, there is a spiritual distress of which this drought is a figure. Behold, as in a parable, the state into which we have seen many brought when God has begun to deal with them; to such there cometh drought of life and famine of hope. My hearer, do you know what is meant by God's dealing with a man? If so, you will follow me with understanding when I say God makes the aroused and convicted man conscious of the greatest conceivable want, even of a drought in his own soul. These people were conscious that they wanted water; the case was worse than that, they were tormented with thirst. So does God come to men, and make them feel that they need the living water of His grace, and He sets them thirsting for it.

To proceed a little in detail with the words of my text; when the Lord causes sinners to feel the spiritual drought,

Pride is Humbled.

"Their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters." Generally, the nobility concern themselves little enough about water; but in great drought King Ahab and his chancellor, Obadiah, went forth themselves to find water. In this case the nobles sent their servants, nay even their sons and daughters, to discover some source of supply. So God knows how to teach a man so that his lofty thoughts are humbled, and his pride is brought down to the dust. My lord, you will feel yourself a nobody should the Spirit deal with you in conviction. Not long ago, your excellency looked down from the highest seat in the synagogue, but now you sit down in the dust, and count every one your superior. The philosopher grows into a little child, and gladly accepts the cup which aforetime he sneered at. Our noblest thoughts become lowly seekers after the water of life in our distress.

But you observe that when humbled and made thirsty, these people went to secondary causes; they came to the pits, or reservoirs. Reservoirs in the East are sometimes great caverns in the natural rock, and at other times they are excavated by labor, or built up by skill, and then streams are turned into them, and they hold a great storage of water. Some of the children of the nobles thought they knew of caverns which others had not seen, hidden cisterns underground, which had been forgotten; and they went forth to find them. They hurried to the place where they hoped for the priceless water; but we read not that they cried unto God, or sought mercy of Jehovah, who could speedily have given them rain. They resorted to the secondary causes, but they turned not to the hand which smote them. Thus souls, when they are awakened, go to fifty things before they come to God. It is sad that in superstition or in scepticism they look for living streams.

They Try Reformation

of manners—I have nothing to say against it—but apart from God reformation always ends in disappointment. They seek consolation from an orthodox creed, for which I might have much to say; but if a belief in a creed be trusted in, it is as if a man sought to quench his thirst with a bottle, but did not care to see whether it held water or no. A creed is a pitcher, in which the water is held, but it is not the water itself. Some try forms and ceremonies in abundance, and to these they add self-denials and penances; they suffer anything sooner than come to God for His grace. Grace is a port to which no man steers until it is seen to be the only one into which he can enter.

If you read on, you will find that when they went to these secondary supplies they were disappointed. "They came to the pits, and found no water." Disappointed, "they returned with their vessels empty." The women, with their water-pots upon their heads, presented a sad sight as they entered the city gate, and one after another all sighed,

"Empty! Empty!"

They thirsted to drink; but not a drop was found to cool their tongues. It is an awful thing to come home from sermon with the vessels empty; to rise from the communion table, having found no living water, and return with vessels empty; to close the Bible, and sigh, "I find no comfort here, I must return with my vessel empty." When the ordinances and the Word yield us no grace, things have come to an awful pass with us. Do you know what this disappointment means?

Now, upon this disappointment there followed great confusion of mind; they became distracted; "they were ashamed and confounded." On the back of that confusion came despair; "they covered their heads." The Orientals cover their heads when in the deepest grief, as David did when he went over the brook Kedron. It means: "I cannot face it. Do not look on me in my sorrow, nor expect me to look on you.

I cover my head, for it is all over with me." Thus have I met with many who, after going to many confidences, have been disappointed in all, and seem ready to lie down in despair, and put forth no more effort. They fear that God will never bless them, and they will never enter into life eternal; and so they sign their own death-warrants. Shall I confess that I have been better pleased to see them in this condition than to hear their jovial songs at other times? It is by the gate of self-despair that men arrive at the divine hope.

III. I have brought you so far in the argument, now I must rush on to the conclusion. Man is a very dependent creature; man may be reduced to dire distress; and thirdly,

Man's Only Sure Resort

is his God. There is no help anywhere else. Read verse 22: "Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can cause rain?" He saith not "the gods of the Gentiles": those who were "gods" in better days are seen to be, in truth, nothing but vanities in the time of need. To make rain in a divine prerogative; hence the priests of the idols pretend to it for their false deities. The Rain-maker is found in every idolatrous country, but I think scarcely anybody believes in him now. What antics and tricks the rain-makers go through to produce rain, but it does not come, neither can their gods create a cloud! And where can you get grace if you refuse to look to God alone? There is

A Rain-maker

over there at the Ritualistic church, who can produce a shower on the child's heart, by which it becomes "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." But I trust you are not so foolish as to believe in him; and therefore you will not make a fruitless journey toward priestcraft. Where will you go? I know where you are likely to go, and that is to your own frames and feelings, to your own resolves and doings. Alas for your folly! Oh yes, you want to get peace, and so you take the pledge, and you vow that you will become a decent, sober body, and all that. What are these confidences but vanities of the heathen? The very best of duties that you and I can perform, if we put our trust in them, are only false confidences, refuges of lies, and they can yield us no help.

Nay, look; according to the text there is no help for us even in the usual means of grace if we forget the Lord. Read that second question: "Can the heavens give showers?" Showers come from the heavens, but the heavens cannot yield showers apart from God. The eastern sky, without rain, is blue, bright, beautiful; but after months of pitiless drought, when

No Tear of Pity

has stood in the eye of the heavens, the blue color becomes the *ensign of melancholy*; and if this continues month after month it becomes the color of despair. Until the Lord opens the windows of heaven to pour out the blessing, neither sun nor moon nor stars can help the need of man. If God does not help thee, oh tried and anxious soul, the sacraments are all in vain, though they be ordained of heaven; and preaching and reading, liturgy and song, are all in vain to bring the refreshing dew of grace.

But with God is all power. There is the mercy: "Art not Thou He, O Lord our God? for Thou hast made all these things." See in how short a time He covers the heavens with clouds, and pours forth an abundance of rain till He makes the wilderness a pool, and the dry land springs of water. He can; He can! He can reach the extremity of human weakness and woe.

What Can He Not Do?

Nothing is too hard for the Lord; and thou, poor sinner, dried up like the sand of the desert, God can, within an hour, ay, in a moment, make thy heart to be flooded with His grace. What though thou hast no grace this morning, no, not a drop of it; He can open streams in the desert. Thou canst not find within thyself, wherever thou lookest, any trace of love, or holy feeling, or aught that is good; yet He can give thee all,

can give thee all for nothing, can give it thee just now! If thou believest that He can, and wilt trust Him, as He displays His love in the Lord Jesus, He will save thee. He can give thee the power to believe it, and lead thee now to cast thyself on Him.

Well, then, what follows from this? If God hath all this power, our wisdom is to wait upon Him, since He alone can help. We draw this inference: "Therefore we will wait upon Thee." Do I hear somebody say, "How I would like to pray"? Yes, that is the way to come to God. Come to Him by prayer in the name of Jesus. Do you want a prayer? This chapter is full of petitions, and there is one which I would point out to you. Here is a short one for you (verse 7), "O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it." "Do Thou it." "Lord, I cannot create grace in my own heart, any more than I can make rain to fall from the sky; but do Thou it." "Lord, I cannot come to Thee, come Thou to me; do Thou it." Is not that

A Wonderful Prayer?

There is more in it than you think; the more you consider it, the bigger you will see it to be. Three monosyllables: "Do Thou it." And then observe the argument: four words, all of one syllable, "for Thy name's sake." "Do Thou it for Thy name's sake." Heartily do I commend this prayer to every soul here that is seeking the Lord. May the Spirit write it on your hearts? I cannot give you a better. "Do Thou it for Thy name's sake."

Well then, next, if you are really going to wait upon the Lord, you must do it through a Mediator. These guilty people of Jerusalem had Jeremiah to pray for them. Jeremiah with the weeping eye fitly typifies a greater than Jeremiah. Remember the Man of sorrows, the Acquaintance of grief! Jeremiah's Master must be your Intercessor. Beg Him to be your Mediator. You cannot go in unto an absolute God; you need a Mediator.

A Mediator is Provided,

He has presented an acceptable sacrifice, He will plead the causes of your soul. Come, trust yourself with Jesus; for He will save.

Let me advise you to make a full confession of sin. Read verse 20: "We acknowledge, O Lord, our wickedness: for we have sinned against Thee." Make a clean breast of it, unbosom the past, lay bare the present. Think not to cloak sin. To conceal sin is to ruin yourself; to confess it is to find mercy. Place yourself among the guilty, for there mercy can fitly reach you.

When you have done this, cast yourself down before your God, saying, "Therefore I will wait upon Thee." Come through Christ, believing in the power of His precious blood, and you may draw nigh to God. Though you be loaded with sins enough to sink a world of sinners down to hell, yet if you will believe in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus, and cast yourself down at His feet, and lie there, He will never say "Depart." Jesus hath said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." If you perish, it is

Because You Do Not Come;

not because you come and He rejects you. Does your heart say, "I will arise and go unto my Father"? Then am I glad. You have tried the citizens of this country, and they have sent you into the fields to feed swine; and husks are all that you have to feed upon. You have spent your money and wasted your substance in riotous living; you can find no pleasure now, go where you may. Vanity of vanities; all is vanity! Quit the vanities and seek the verities. Turn unto your God. Turn instantly! Hark back! Hark back! You have gone too far already in the evil way. A precipice is before you. One more step, ay, one more step, and you are over, and your eternal ruin is complete. Hark back as quickly as you can to the great God from whom you have departed! Come now, even now, for He invites you: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they

shall be as wool." While He speaks in this manner, I hope you will answer to the call, and bow at His feet at once. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." May the Holy Spirit lay hold on you, that you may lay hold on Jesus! God grant it, for Christ's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Ancestors of the English-Speaking Nations.*

THE men of the North who settled and conquered part of Gaul and Britain, whose might the power of Rome could not destroy, and whose depredations it could not prevent, were not savages: the Romans did not dare to attack these men at home with their fleet or with their armies. Nay, they even had allowed these Northmen to settle peacefully in their provinces of Gaul and Britain. . . . The museums of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Bergen, and many smaller ones in the provincial towns of the three Scandinavian kingdoms, show a most wonderful collection of antiquities, which stand unrivalled in Central and Northern Europe for their wealth of weapons and costly objects of gold and silver, belonging to the bronze and iron age. The remnants of articles of clothing with graceful patterns interwoven with threads of gold and silver, which have escaped entire destruction, show the existence of great skill in weaving. Entire suits of wearing apparel remain to tell us how some of the people dressed in the beginning of our era. Beautiful vessels of silver and gold also testify to the taste and luxury of those early times. The knowledge of the art of writing and of gilding is clearly demonstrated. In some cases, nearly twenty centuries have not been able to tarnish or obliterate the splendor of the gilt jewels of the Northmen. . . . Objects many of which show much refined taste, such as superb specimens of glass vessels with exquisite painted subjects, unrivalled for their beauty of pattern even in the museums of Italy and Russia, make us pause with astonishment and ask ourselves from what civilization they could have come.

Idols Destroyed.

One of the most ancient records contains the following: King Olaf went with his men after Yule to Thrandheim. When he came to Mœri those chiefs of the Thrand who were most opposed to Christianity were there, and with them all the great boendr who had before been accustomed to keep up the sacrifices there. A great crowd was present, and as had been agreed upon at the Frostathing, a Thing [general assembly of the people] was summoned, and both parties went fully armed to it. At first there was noise and tumult; but when it had subsided, and a hearing could be got, King Olaf bade the boendr be christianized as he had done before. Iron-beard answered and said: "Now as before, king, we do not want thee to break our laws; it is our will that thou sacrificest like other kings have done here in the country before thee, and other chiefs of the Thrand. . . . The only thing that will do for thee is to act as we told thee before this winter, for we have not changed our mind since about the belief." Then the king said: "I will do as we agreed to at the Thing at Frosta: I will now enter the temple and see your proceedings and the preparing of the sacrifice." The boendr were well pleased and went to the temple. The king went in with a few of his men and some of the boendr. All who went in were unarmed. The king had a gold ornamented staff in his hand. When they came into the temple there was no lack of idols. Thor sat in the middle and was most worshipped; he was tall, and ornamented all over with gold and sil-

* From *The Viking Age*. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. The controversy as to the origin of the English-speaking peoples receives a valuable contribution in these two large volumes. There can be no question as to the obligation under which the author has laid all students of the subject. His researches have been enormous. They have been both literary and archaeological, and he presents his discoveries in clear and intelligible form. Scholars will doubt the conclusions he draws from them, but his facts are valuable, and those who do not agree with him acknowledge gratefully the light he has shed on these interesting antiquities. Pp. 1,153; profusely illustrated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Late Mrs. Webster Kirkham. (See page 791.)



The Children's Flower Festival.

ver. The king raised his staff and struck Thor, so that he fell down from the altar and was broken; then the king's men who had entered with him rushed forward and knocked down all the gods from their altars.

Locating a Site.

Thorolf Mostrarskegg made a great sacrifice, and inquired from his beloved friend Thor whether he should reconcile himself to the king (Harald Fairhair) or go away from the country and seek other fate. The answer pointed out to him Iceland. Thereupon he got a large sea-going ship, and made it ready for the Iceland journey, and took with him his household and live-stock. Many of his friends went on the journey with him. He took down the temple and carried with him most of the timbers which had been in it, and also the earth and mould from under the altar on which Thor had sat. Thereupon he sailed out to sea with fair winds, reached the land, and went along the south coast, westward, past Reykjanes. Then the fair wind ceased, and they saw that large fjords went into the land. Thorolf threw overboard his high-seat pillars, which had been standing in the temple; the image of Thor was carved on one of them. He declared that he would live in Iceland at the place where Thor landed them. As soon as they left the ship they drifted to the western fjord. Then there came a breeze; they sailed westward and into the fjord.

THE FLOWER FESTIVAL.

ONE of the last services conducted by the late Mrs. Kirkham (whose portrait appears on this page) was a flower festival at the church near her home at New Barnet. The children were invited to bring the flowers from their pretty gardens in the suburban district to the church. There they were welcomed and entertained by the lady evangelist whom they loved, and who delighted in making all around her happy. None knew better than she how to win the way to a child's heart, and how to implant there the lessons which would grow and flourish in after life in the home and the world.

To the children, as they carried their simple offerings to the festival, the flowers were commonplace objects; but before they left, they had heard of Him who is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley; of Him whose love to man had provided that things of beauty should spring from the soil to gladden his sight;

of the grand, beautiful life it was possible to live in homes as unlovely as the soil in which the flowers had their root; and of the sick men and women in the city hospitals to which the flowers were going, who though unknown to the little givers were the brothers and sisters whose claims on the love and kindness of all who would follow Christ must not be neglected. Like the cup of water given to a disciple, the flowers were an offering to the Master, who taught us to think of the poor and afflicted, and whose words and deeds, when made the rule of life, would make every life, however humble, blessed and a blessing.

LOUISE KINGSFORD'S FUTURE.

(See illustration on page 797.)

"HERE is an invitation for Christmas-eve for you, Louise," said Mrs. Kingsford, addressing her daughter, who had just entered their home from a mission service. "It is from Mrs. Lattimer."

"I must decline it, mamma," said the young lady, as she threw off her wraps, revealing a tall, spare figure in keeping with the pale, clear-cut features and lustrous, intense eyes. "We are giving an entertainment to the poor boys and girls at the Mission, and I should not like to be away."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Kingsford. "You make altogether too much of the Mission, Louise. I wish I had never consented to your going there. You neglect your social duties, and everything you used to take interest in, for those wretched people. I have not said much about it before, but I lose patience when you throw over a party like this of Mrs. Lattimer's for the sake of those dirty children."

"Oh, mamma! do not be angry. This party is no duty. They will get along without me, but the children would miss me terribly."

"I don't know that it is not a duty, Louise. It seems to me it is a duty to yourself. If you do not go into society you will never be married. At your age, you should have some regard to your future. You do not want to be an old maid, I presume."

"That would not be the worst fate that could befall me, mamma. Indeed, I rather think I should prefer it. Still, I am quite willing to leave my future in God's hands. He will take care of me."

"Oh, you are fanatical, Louise. I should like to see you well married, and you ought to have

sufficient prudence to wish it too. You will have barely five hundred dollars a year if your father should die; for we have not been able to save much, and the business is not so good as it used to be. You may imagine how far that sum would go toward keeping you as you have been used to live. You might have a rich husband who would take care of you when we are gone, if you were like other girls."

"But I am not, mamma, and I do not wish to be. Do not worry about my future; I have no anxiety. I have learned to trust in God, and I assure you He never leaves those who trust in Him to want."

"I have no patience with you, Louise! God helps those who help themselves. I shall get your father to talk to you."

Mrs. Kingsford did not get any help from her husband in the matter. "Louise is a good girl," he said, when she tried to incite him to interfere. "I wish I had her faith. It would save me more anxiety than all my forethought. Let her have her way. She will do; if she does not live in luxury after we are gone, she will live happily, and she'll have a better welcome than either you or I when she gets on the other side. A girl so unselfish as she is, is good material for an angel."

It was useless to argue with Mr. Kingsford. His wife had given that up long ago. By sheer persistence she might worry him into doing something he was reluctant to do; but she could never convince him that he was wrong in his first position. If anything was to be done to instil Louise with more worldly prudence, Mrs. Kingsford saw she would have to do it herself. Her husband even abetted the girl about the party, and actually escorted her to the mission on Christmas eve, and helped entertain the little waifs.

Still, Louise was wrong in thinking Mrs. Lattimer's guests would not miss her. One man thought her absence spoiled the evening, and did not rest until he discovered its cause. Then he drew certain inferences, and made a plan. Hugh Randall was as much in earnest as he could be in seeking to win Louise for his wife, though she had given him no encouragement. If Mrs. Kingsford had known of his suit, she would have done all in her power to aid him, for he had the money qualification, which, in her eyes, was the most important of all. His record was not of the best, but a rich young

man's faults are easily condoned, and he would reform when he was married.

One afternoon, shortly after that Christmas party, Louise encountered her admirer on her way to the mission, and consented when he asked permission to walk there with her. He showed much interest in her work, and asked many questions about it. Some of his remarks showed penetration, and he made a suggestion or two that struck Louise as being really useful. Finally, he volunteered to help in the mission himself in the evening, when some of the rougher boys were there, and needed a man to control them. He said, frankly, that it was not much in his line, but perhaps it would be better if he did adopt a new line, as the old had brought him sorrow.

A week or two later people were surprised to learn that Hugh Randall was a regular worker in the mission, and wondered what kind of religious teaching he could give. The boys, however, said that he did not give anything of the kind. He looked after the writing and arithmetic, and other studies, but took no part in the addresses or Bible reading. They were observant enough to guess at his motive, for his attentions to Louise were obvious even to them. Nor could Louise herself be ignorant of them, but they pained her, and she tried to avoid them. She gladly noticed the change in Mr. Randall, and prayed that it might be permanent, and lead to real change of heart, but her thoughts were too fully given to divine things to be occupied with the subject which her mother had pressed upon her.

A decision, however, was forced upon her. Hugh Randall had made himself acquainted with her habits, and one afternoon, as she emerged from the lane, which was her usual walk on the days that she did not go to the mission, she met him face to face. She hesitated for a moment, and would have gone back, but he had seen her—in fact, had been waiting for her—and she could not retreat without rudeness. Then he pleaded his cause, and would take no refusal. He would wait patiently as long as she chose, but he must see her parents and tell them of his suit.

That was Mrs. Kingsford's opportunity. The young man could have had no better ally. Day by day Louise was assailed by subtle arguments and persuasions, until at last she yielded a reluctant consent. "Her future is secure, now," Mrs. Kingsford said to her husband triumphantly, as she told him of her success.

"That was secure before," he said; "the girl could have no better security than God's promises to those who trust and serve Him. I am not sure that you have done well in urging her into this marriage."

"I only advised her for her own good," said the wife.

"I hope it may prove so," said Mr. Kingsford. It was evident, however, that he was in doubt. Had he gone to Louise then, and given her the moral support she needed, the marriage might have been averted. How gladly would he have done so could he have foreseen the character of



Louise Kingsford Waylaid.

that future which his wife called "secure"! That foresight would have shown him a woman striving to serve God, yet thwarted by a worldly, selfish husband, who strove to draw her back into the world. A woman whose soul was vexed every day by association with godless men and women, who were that husband's chosen companions. Finally a woman, prematurely aged, in a miserable home, waiting upon a husband whose dissipation had left him in utter penury, the prey of disease, and the terror of all who approached him. Better, far better for her had her future been left as she would have left it, in the hands of her faithful God rather than confided to the keeping of a wealthy libertine!

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 782.)

Exploration.

MEANWHILE, however, the explorers set out to examine the capabilities of their destined home. They struck inland, and found a little path to certain heaps of sand, one of which they dug into, "musing what it might be." It contained a bow and arrows greatly decayed, the simple memorials of an Indian warrior, one of the last of his race. They left the others untouched, because they thought "it would be odious unto them to ransack their sepulchres." There was deep meaning in this first discovery, though they thought not of it at the time. They met with many more such evidences of death.

The same journal records at the close of the month: "We followed certain beaten paths and tracts of the *Indians* into the Woods, supposing they would have led us into some Towne, or houses; after we had gone a while, we light upon a very broad beaten path, well nigh two foot broad, then we lighted all our Matches,

and prepared our selues, concluding we were neare their dwellings, but in the end we found it to be onely a path made to drive Deere in, when the *Indians* hunt, as we supposed.

"When we had marched five or six myles into the Woods, and could find no signes of any people, we returned againe another way, and as we came into the plaine ground, we found a place like a graue, but it was much bigger and longer than any we had yet seene. It was also covered with boords, so as we mused what it should be, and resolved to digge it vp, where we found, first a Matt, and vnder that a fayre Bow, and there another Matt, and vnder that a boord about three quarters long, finely carued and paynted, with three tynes or brochies on the top, like a Crowne; also betweene the Matts we found Boules, Traves, Dish-es, and such like Trinkets; at length we came to a faire new Matt, and vnder that two Bundles, the one bigger, the other lesse, we opened the greater and found in it a great quantitie of fine and perfect red Powder, and in it the bones and skull of a man.

"The skull had fine yellow haire still on it, and some of the flesh unconsumed; there was bound vp with it a knife, a pack-needle, and two or three old iron things. It was bound vp in a Saylers canvas Casacke, and a payre of cloth Powder was a kind of Embaulment, and yielded a strong, but no offensive smell; It was as fine as any flower. We opened the lesse bundle likewise, and found of the same Powder in it, and the bones and head of a little childe; about the leggs, and other parts of it was bound strings, and bracelets of fine white Beads; there was also by it a little Bow, about three quarters long, and some other odd knackes; we brought sundry of the pretiest things away with vs, and covered the Corps vp againe. After this, we digged in sundry like places, but found no more Corne, nor any thing els but graues."

Nothing but graves! and the keen frosts and snows of an American winter already settling down upon them; the morrow the 1st of December; and no shelter yet provided against the inclement region! A superstitious or even a desponding mind might be pardoned if, in like circumstances, it read in such ominous traces of death's footsteps the foreshadowing of doom. Yet therein lay their pledge of safety and their charter to the soil. The Red Indian's lease of ages of the forests of the New World had at length come to an end. The Great Spirit had granted it to another race, and the Red warrior and his child reposed together beneath the memorial mounds of the Wampanoags.

And who shall deem the spot unblest,
Where Nature's younger children rest,
Lull'd on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less
These bronzed forms of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild flowers blow,
As if with fairer hair and brow,
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

The explorers found other relics of the old Indian possessors of the soil more welcome to them than those we have described. Digging into one of the forest mounds, which seemed to have been very recently constructed, they discovered "a little old basket full of faire Indian corne, and digging further found a fine great new basket full of very faire corne of this year, with some 36 goodly eares of corne, which was a very goodly sight. The basket was round and narrow at the top, it held about three or four bushels, which was as much as two of us could lift up from the ground, and was very handsomely and cunningly made." It was a most opportune and seasonable discovery; a treasure of more worth than a tumulus of such gold dust as the first colonists of Virginia sought for in vain.

But the explorers met with other adventures, and found evidence of the Red Indian's ingenuity and skill, ere they got their harvest treasure borne safely home. They had to pass the night in the forest, and in the morning wandered from the track, or as their quaint old journalist records it, "were shrewdly pus-led, and lost their way. As we wandered," he continues, "we came to a tree, where a yong Spritt was bowed downe over a bow, and some Acornes strewed vnderneath; *Stephen Hopkins* sayd, it had beene to catch some Deere, so, as we were looking at it, *William Bradford* being in the reare, when he came looked also vpon it, and as he went about, it gaue a sodaine jerk vp, and he was immediately caught by the leg; It was a very pretie devise, made with a rope of their owne making, and having a noose as artificially made, as any Roper in England can make, and as like ours as can be, which we brought away with vs."

It was a pleasant jest to the wanderers, in which the gravest of them doubtless indulged in a laugh at their too curious companion, thus caught in the Indian's deer-trap. The hint, however, was well worth their study; a lesson in New England forestry which might serve them in good stead, ere the ringing axes of the colonists should scare the wild deer to follow the Indian hunter beyond the reach of encroaching civilization. "And thus," adds the honest journalist, "wee came both weary and well-come home, and delivered in our corne into the store, to be kept for seed, for we knew not how to come by any, and therefore were very glad, purposing so soone as we could meete with any of the inhabitants of that place to make them large satisfaction. This was our first discovery while our shallop was in repairing."

The rigor of the northern winter was now setting in, and the want of any fit landing-place added to the difficulties and hardships of the settlers. Every time they came on shore they had to wade, often considerably above the knees. The cold was severe, and the frost frequently so keen that the water froze upon them, and made their garments like coats of mail. Coughs and colds followed, and the seeds of death were sown in many of that forlorn band of pioneers in the wilderness.

The roll of names is printed in the recent edition of the *Pilgrims' Journal*, from that copied by Mr. Prince from the end of Governor Bradford's folio manuscript. This list only gives the names of the forty-one males who signed the original compact drawn up on board the *Mayflower*, and of this little company, twenty-one names are printed in Italics, as those who died before the following March.

"For an undefiled conscience, and the love of pure Christianity," says Prince, "they first left their pleasant and native land, and encountered all the toils and hazards of a tumultuous ocean, in search of some uncultivated region, where they might quietly enjoy their religious liberties, and transmit them to posterity, in hopes that none would follow to disturb or vex them." But they were to be sorely tried, and sifted, and winnowed, ere the first-fruits were to be reaped of a harvest sown in such toil and sorrow. Hardships and delays had been the first winnowers of the little host, and now death stepped in and

still further reduced the number of these brave adventurers for liberty of conscience. They had gone from "their pleasant and native land," only to find a grave beside the burial mounds of the red Indian.

The shallop was at length fit for sea, and Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish, all celebrated in the annals of the infant settlement of New England, set out with some eight or ten men to explore the shores of the New World, and fix on the spot of their final settlement. But the season was now far advanced. December had brought with it the bitter blasts of winter. The rude gusts of wind dashed the spray of the sea about them, which froze as it fell, congealing upon their garments like the mailed grasp of death.

On shore the prospect was little more cheering, for at length, on the 8th of December, when they had risen before dawn, and commended themselves with pious fervor to the protection of heaven, their ears were for the first time stunned with the horrid yell of the Indian war-whoop, and a flight of arrows gave notice of an attack. A wandering tribe, to whom the English were already an object of hatred, from the wrongs done by former visitors, had stolen on the exploring party; but they stood to their arms, and no harm followed. Once more they thank God for His protecting care over them, and resume their task.

For more than fifteen leagues they steer their shallop along the coast, in search for a convenient harbor, but in vain. A storm sets in, with snow and drizzling rain. The sea rises, the rudder is broken, and the gathering clouds add to the gloom of approaching night. One of the crew, who had visited these regions before, assuring them of a convenient harbor within reach, they crowd all sail, the mast is shivered to pieces, and the whole crew are on the point of perishing amid the breakers of a lee-shore. On gaining the land, the half-frozen and weary wanderers tremble to kindle a fire lest it should guide the fierce savage to their hearth.

"In the morning," adds Bradford, "they found the place to be a small island, secure from Indians; and this being the last day of the week, they here dry their stuff, fix their pieces, rest themselves, return God thanks for their many deliverances; and here, the next day, keep their Christian Sabbath." It was the 9th of December, and the bitter experience of their wanderings had given no uncertain note of winter. Time was pressing. Every consideration demanded haste, and yet these single-hearted and sincere Christian men spent the day in the solemn rites of Christian worship, and awoke the sylvan echoes of the Indian forest with their hymns of thanksgiving and praise to God. "Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people Thou hast redeemed; Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation. Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which Thou has made for Thee to dwell in; in the sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established. The Lord shall reign for ever and ever." So might they—so perchance, may they—have sung, in the words of the old Hebrew Prophet, in that first celebration of the Christian's rest amid the wilds of the New World, which they had gone up to possess, as the servants of the Most High.

"On Monday," says the old Pilgrim chronicler, "we sounded the harbor, and found it a very good harbor for our shipping. We marched also into the land, and found divers corn-fields and little running brooks—a place very good for situation—so we returned to our ship again with good news to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts." This is the day ever memorable to the children of New England as that on which the Pilgrim Fathers first landed at Plymouth. It is one worthy of commemoration; and annual rites and sacred services still mark the return of its anniversary, familiar to the New Englander by the homely but endearing appellation of *Forefathers' Day*.

"Plymouth," says President Dwight, "the first town built in New England by civil men, and those by whom it was built were inferior in worth to no body of men whose names are recorded in history during the last 150 years. A kind of venerableness, arising from these facts, attaches to this town, which may be termed a prejudice. Still it has its foundation in the nature of man, and will never be eradicated by philosophy or ridicule."

Prejudices we may call them if we please, but they spring from the same source whence the noblest, and the holiest feelings arise in the soul of man; and cold must he be who could tread, unmoved, the spot which well-authenticated tradition has recorded as that of the Pilgrim Fathers' landing. In 1774, the rock, which was in danger of being buried by the increasing wharfage of the thriving sea-port, became an object of attention to the successors of the Pilgrim founders of Plymouth. A mass of it, weighing several tons, was rescued from the threatened destruction, and removed to an open area in the town, where it now stands within an appropriate inclosure—a far fitter memorial of the Fathers of New England than all that the most costly efforts of the sculptor, in brass or marble, could have produced.

It would be folly to attempt to realize the thoughts of these wanderers, as they first set foot on the rocky landing of Plymouth Bay. They dreamt not of cities and empires founded by their efforts. They sought only to discover a place of shelter where the weary voyagers of the *Mayflower* might rear their home in the wilderness. Nevertheless, be it remembered, their trust was in God, and they were in search of "some uncultivated region," where they might not only enjoy religious liberty themselves, but transmit the same to their latest posterity.

The month of December had nearly drawn to a close, with all the hopes and disappointments of that eventful year, ere, amid the snows or driving rain of an American winter, the Pilgrim founders of New England got a beginning fairly made to their destined settlement. Having fixed on the scene of their intended home, the journal of their proceedings records four excellent and satisfactory reasons for settling there; but the candid annalist adds, "The last and especial reason was, that now the heart of winter and unseasonable weather was come upon us, so that we could not go upon coasting and discovery without danger of loosing men and boat, upon which would follow the overthrow of all. Also cold and wet lodging had so tainted our people, scarce any of us were free from vehement coughs, as, if they should continue long, would endanger the lives of many. . . . It was also conceived, whilst we had competent victuals, that the ship would stay with us, but when that grew low they would begone, and let us shift as we could." This harsh and unanswerable argument of necessity sufficed better than all other reasonings to promote unanimity among the colonists.

Wood was cut down, and reduced to shape for building materials, in the intervals between the storms that usually attend on the closing season of the year. A rising ground was chosen as the site of the new city they were to found, and the citadel which was to secure its safety against the dreaded assaults of the wild Indian. The "great hill," which the old historian of the colony designates as that "on which we point to make a platform and plant our ordnance, which will command all round about," is now known to the modern New Englander as Burial Hill, an eminence commanding one of the most extensive and magnificent sea views in the country. As the difficulties of their task became more apparent, the whole company were divided into families, the unmarried being required to choose a family into whose circle they should be adopted, in order that fewer houses might be needed. By this wise arrangement, the colonists were subdivided into nineteen families; and at length on the 9th of January, 1621, the first operations of building the city were begun.

(To be Continued.)

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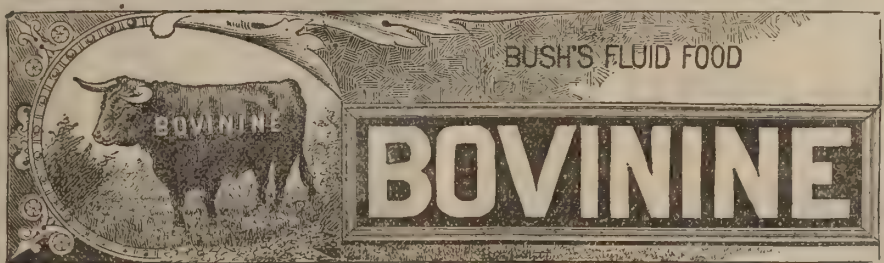
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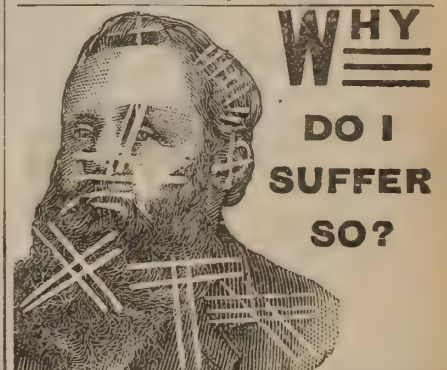
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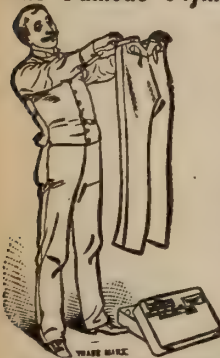
Lord, I have been waiting
To know Thy blessed will, and be at rest.
I know that Thou hast led me, though my
heart
At times has wayward been. Too oft my feet
Have strayed, and ceased to follow in Thy
steps;
But when, repentant, I have turned again,
Thy hand has always been outstretched to
mine,
And with a loving clasp has held me up.
Methinks, to-day, I love Thee more because
Thou hast forgiven much, and in my soul
There springs a new desire to show my love
By walking hand in hand with Thee. My trust
Is perfect only when I lean my head
Upon Thy breast, and underneath the arms
Of everlasting love doth compass me;
Then, alone, I find Thy grace sufficient,
And human weakness lost in strength divine.

Lord, help me thus to live and do Thy will
O make me perfect in my love to Thee!
Let all my wishes and my hopes be such
As Thou canst bless, and lead me forth to do
The work in life Thou shalt prepare for me.
Thou knowest that I would not idly wait,
And yet I could not go without Thy word.
I hear the Spirit's voice in accents plain;
My trembling heart can do no less than send
A quick response, obedient to my Lord.
Thou knowest all the way, and I can trust
Thy guiding hand amid the darkest hours.
Lord, take me, keep me, make me all Thine own;
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My home, at length, with Thee in paradise.

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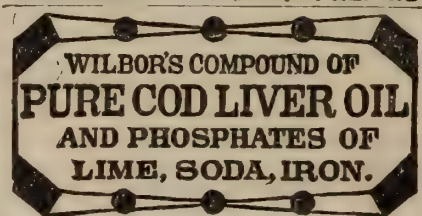
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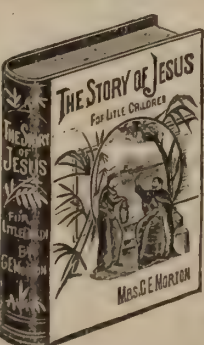
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Vol. XII., No. 49. Office, 45 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1889.

Price, 4 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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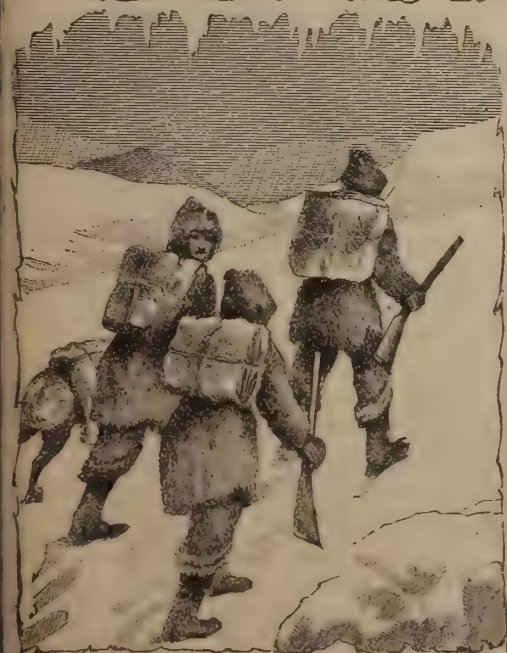
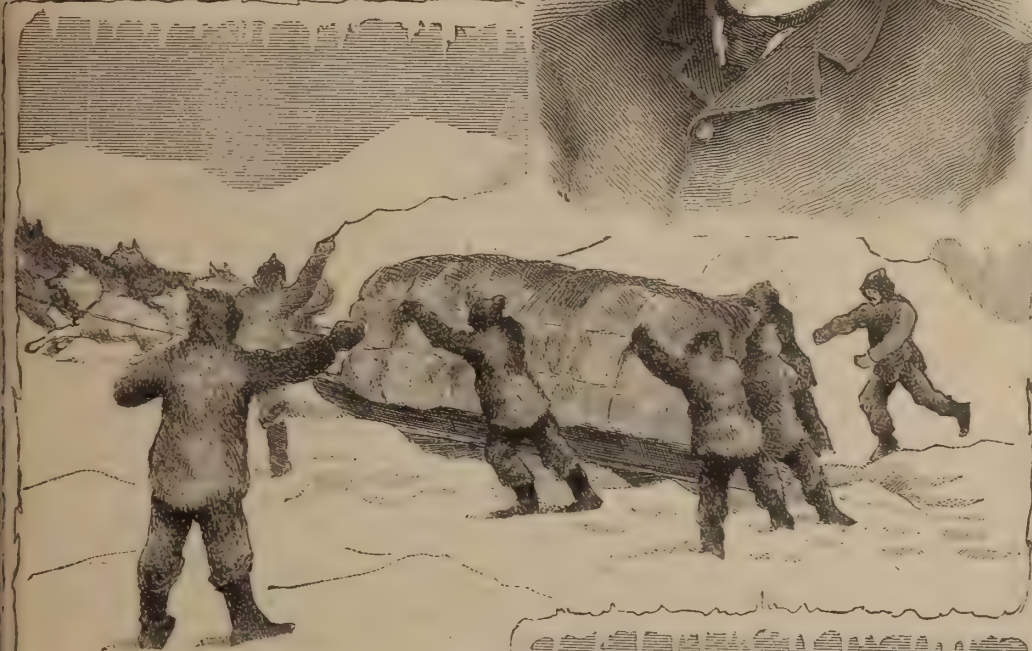
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LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA, THE ARCTIC EXPLORER—Scenes in the Story of His Expedition.

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA.
The Age of Exploration—Personal Details About Schwatka—The Arctic Expedition—The Five Comrades—Commencing the Longest Sleigh Journey on Record—Schwatka's Narrative—The Relics Discovered—Burying the Skeletons of the Franklin Expedition—A Difficult Journey Down Hill—A Hunt for Reindeer—The Igloo Camp.

STUDENTS of prophecy the world over have during the past few years warned this generation that the coming of the Lord is at hand. They have arrived at this conclusion chiefly by intelligent observation of the prominent characteristics of the age. They recognize those characteristics as precisely those which were to distinguish the closing period of this dispensation. Among them is the one that it should be a time when many should run to and fro, and knowledge should be increased. (Daniel 12:4.) At no period in the world's history has there been a generation so fully corresponding to this characterization. It has been an era of unprecedented exploration, and that not of a superficial character, but with a minuteness and exactitude of detail which increases knowledge. No half century has added to our geographical knowledge so largely as this. America has borne a share in the

Arduous and Perilous Work.

To the exploration of the Dark Continent she has given Stanley, and to the fatal region of the Arctic she has given Hayes, Hall, DeLong, Greely, and the distinguished explorer whose portrait appears this week on the first page of this journal—Frederick Schwatka. The record of Lieutenant Schwatka's labors in this field is a long one. The most important and interesting of his journeys, however, is that which he undertook in 1878 in search of the records of the Franklin expedition, and in which he solved the dark mystery in which the fate of that brave man and his associates had been enveloped for thirty-five years. Some account of that expedition, incidents of which are illustrated on the first page, may interest our readers.

The Personal Appearance

of Lieutenant Schwatka is thus sketched by one of his companions on that expedition. He is tall and powerfully built. His face, bronzed by his long life out of doors, shows a mingling of the man of action and the man of thought. Underneath a high, intellectual forehead, his bright blue eyes are half hidden behind his glasses. A straight, large nose, a firmly set mouth, and a heavy chin speak of energy and determination. Although he wears the light mustache and imperial supposed to be peculiar to military men, his appearance is rather that of a German professor with an exceptional physique than of an explorer and a soldier.

At West Point, where he was graduated in 1871, Lieutenant Schwatka pulled stroke oar of his victorious class crew, and afterward, stationed among the Indians on the frontier, he participated in the Sioux War of 1876. In 1878, having obtained indefinite leave of absence, on application of Chief Justice Daly, president of the American Geographical Society, Lieutenant Schwatka was placed in command of the expedition to search for the records of Sir John Franklin.

The Expedition Left New York

June 19, 1878, on board the whaler *Eothen*. It consisted of only five persons, Lieutenant Schwatka, William H. Gilder, Henry Klutschak, a Bohemian engineer experienced in arctic travel, Frank E. Melms, who had made several voyages on a whaler, and Joseph Ebierbing, who had been a member of the *Pandora* expedition and could speak the Esquimaux language. The *Eothen* was manned with special care. Her captain was Thomas F. Barry, who on a previous voyage had discovered the traces of Sir John Franklin which had encouraged the Geographical Society to send out the expedition on the *Eothen*. The crew consisted of twenty-three men, all inured to the hardships of a Northern climate.

On August 7 Whale Point was reached, and after a long consultation it was decided to go to the mainland near Depot Island to spend the

winter, and engage natives, buy dogs, etc., for the sleighing expedition inland. The winter was spent in making these arrangements, and in searching for clues as to the direction in which search for the Franklin relics would have the best prospect of success. On April 1, 1879, all was ready, and the three heavily laden sledges set out on their long journey over the snow (see illustration). The following is the modest record of the journey which Lieutenant Schwatka gave to the Geographical Society:

"My party consisted of four white men, four Esquimaux families, consisting of thirteen persons, all dog-drivers, hunters, etc. We had three sleds, carrying about one thousand pounds each, and forty-four dogs. The sleds carried about one month's provisions for the party and two weeks' food for the dogs. The route was to be directly across land, in a northwest direction, to the nearest point on Back's River, thence to King William's Land. Our greatest obstacle was the well-known tempestuous weather of the Arctic. We had an almost

Uninterrupted Storm

from the 20th of April to the 1st of June—forty-three days. We came upon a small village of about thirty souls, only two of whom had ever before seen any white man. One of these, a very intelligent looking man, aged about fifty-five or sixty years, gave us much interesting information of a lost ship that he had personally visited some thirty years before, eight miles due west of Grand Point. This is evidently one of Sir John Franklin's ships that floated down Victoria Channel after its abandonment.

"He remembers Lieutenant Back's exploration in 1834, and recounted minutely his meeting with that explorer at the Dangerous Rapids. He says that the next white man that he saw was a dead one, in a large ship some thirty years ago. The body was in a bunk in the after part of the ship. On the mainland, near Grant and Smith points, he saw the tracks of white men, and judged they were hunting for deer. The first time he saw the tracks of four, and afterward the tracks of three men. He never saw the white men, but thinks that

They Lived in the Ship

until fall and then moved on the mainland. The natives did not understand how to enter the vessel, so they cut through one side; and when the ice melted in the summer she sank, as the water poured in. After sinking, her masts stuck out of the water, and they collected many things which floated ashore. Shortly after the ship sank they found another small boat in Wilmot Bay. No monuments erected by the white men were ever found.

"On the 31st of May we encountered a large village, containing about 100 persons. From them we had obtained some very important information, which, coupled with other testimony obtained elsewhere, shows beyond all reasonable doubt the complete destruction of the more important records of Sir John Franklin's expedition at a point (which I called Starvation Cove) three miles northwest from this village. The spot was then visited. At Starvation Cove the natives found a small boat on its keel, and in it some skeletons, while outside were a few scattered around. All of the natives I interviewed, and who had been eye-witnesses of the sad scene, place the number at from six to ten.

"The most important information connected with this boat place, which is evidently the farthest reached by any body of Franklin's men in 1848, is that concerning

A Sealed Tin Box,

about two feet long and about one foot square on the ends, which was broken open by the natives and found to contain books, and a small piece of iron to which all pieces of the same material would adhere when brought in contact. This tin box was retained by the natives, and its contents emptied on the ground, where they slowly perished. Some few of them were given to their children for playthings. That men thus placed should have burdened themselves with such a quantity of books, and the careful man-

ner of their preservation, shows an importance which can only be attributed to the records of the expedition. I think it not improbable that the magnetized iron spoken of by these people from its description, was the dip-needle with which the north magnetic pole had been redetermined. This instrument would be a valuable historical relic.

"The party remained on King William's Land from June 10 to November 8, engaged in a thorough search of that island and its adjacent mainland. It may be interesting to note that the civilized food of the party was exhausted June 24. After this date, and until March 2, 1880, the white men subsisted the same as the native allies, principally upon the flesh of the reindeer, 511 of which were killed by the party on the expedition. The snow had sufficient disappeared by the 4th day of July to commence the search, and at this date we were at Cape Felix, King William's Land, near which the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been beset in September, 1846. From Cape Felix to Collinson Inlet only from fifteen to twenty-five miles of coastline, we were engaged in searching from July 27 to July 14, traversing 278 miles, the search being thorough, and extending a number of miles inland.

"This strip of coast was important, as being the nearest land to the imprisoned ships during the two years previous to their abandonment.

A Number of Relics

here found was large and interesting. In a grave between Victory Point and Cape Jan Franklin was found a silver medal awarded by the Royal Naval College to John Irving in midsummer of 1830, as second mathematical prize. This, with corroborative evidence, showed the grave to be that of Lieutenant Irving, the third lieutenant of His Majesty's ship *Terror*, Sir John Franklin's second ship.

"Returning southward, a skeleton was found and interred near Franklin Point, and another, which, from the fine quality of clothing, liner buttons, etc., I infer to be an officer, was reinterred in a desecrated grave on Point Le Vesconte. A skull was found about five hundred yards from a despoiled grave on Payer Point, in the latter there being found only a belt buckle and a musket cap. In South Erebus Bay the boat place was encountered. Here some four or more skeletons were properly buried, and a few interesting relics gathered.

"Near here the ice broke up with us July 24, rendering further sledding impracticable, and we were occupied until August 6 in crossing our effects from Erebus to Terror Bay, a very slow undertaking. The expedition achieved

The Longest Sledge Journey

ever made, both in regard to time and distance having been absent from its base eleven months and twenty days, and having traversed 3,295 statute miles. It is the first Arctic expedition whose sole reliance for the subsistence of itself and draught animals has been premeditatedly placed in the game of the locality. It was the first expedition wherein the white men of a party lived solely upon the same diet, voluntarily assumed, as its native allies. From the thoroughness of the search and the conspicuous contrast of bleaching bones with the brown clay-stone composing the flat coasts of King William's Land and adjoining mainland, I do not hesitate to state that not a single unburied man of Sir John Franklin's expedition probably exists."

Other Incidents

of the journey, which fill in the outline presented by Schwatka, were gleaned from his comparisons. One of them (the subject of the second illustration), occurred at the summit of a high hill. The dogs had dragged the sledge up the steep declivity, their efforts stimulated by the peculiar cries of the Esquimaux and an occasional touch of the long whips. There was an interval of a few minutes for the recovery of breath and a look round over the strange, weird wilderness of ice and snow. The dogs were then detached, as the sleighs were to run down the slope by their own gravity. A long pole was

passed through the load, and a man grasped it at each end to retard progress. It was one of the most exciting and most difficult passages of travel, for it needed all the strength to maintain the perpendicular with the feet held by the snow and the heavy weight of the sleigh pressing behind. The dogs ran behind, and occasionally one would be entangled in the harness, roll over, and be dragged along, barking and howling, by his companions, who seemed to have almost human enjoyment of practical joking.

On one occasion the ice hummocks became so difficult to climb that it was necessary to attach all the dogs to one sleigh. The party, therefore, divided, some of them going forward with the sleigh, while three others remained behind for a day with the other sleigh until the dogs could return for it. The inaction in that bracing air became intolerable, and Schwatka, Gilder, and Ebierbing set out with guns to try to kill a reindeer. (See *third illustration*.) They describe this journey as the most pleasant of the expedition. Ebierbing was particularly expert, and the three men, before night, succeeded in killing three reindeer, which formed a welcome addition to the larder.

The camp, in which several weeks were spent while waiting for the snow to melt, is depicted in the *fourth illustration*. The igloos, as the huts are called, are built of stones, with moss piled up and around them, and these, which were found ready constructed by the Esquimaux, with the tents, furnished accommodation for the party. A long, low passageway leads into the igloo, so constructed as to exclude the wind from the interior, and the only means of ventilation is by leaving open the door. In these places the Esquimaux will crowd and sleep in such numbers as to astonish the white men, who say that the simile of the packing of sardines in a sardine-box affords but a faint idea of the crowding.

DR. TALMAGE IN FRANCE.

FROM a letter from Mr. L. Klopsch, Dr. Talmage's travelling companion, received last week, we extract a few items of public interest. After describing Dr. Talmage's reception in London, where he was urged to stay a week or two, and preach and lecture, but declined, the letter reports the journey to Dover, and thence by steamer to Calais. There in the midst of a babbling crowd of porters, hotel runners, etc., which surrounded the party "a gentleman laid hold of Dr. Talmage's arm, and inquired if he had the 'honneur of addressing Mons. le docteur Talmache?' Having received an answer, he shouted: 'Pardon! I call my wife.' In less time than it takes to pen these words he returned with a bright, cheerful-looking lady, who at once shook both of Dr. Talmage's hands, and then bestowed the same salutation on each of the other members of the party.

"In the meantime her husband quickly apprehending the difficulty we were in, owing to our ignorance of French, straightened out matters in a twinkling. Then taking as much of the hand-baggage as he could manage to carry, he led the way to the waiting-room, where he begged permission to supply the ladies with luscious pears and grapes there on sale, and without waiting for a reply bought sufficient for the party. The acceptance of his friendly offering made him feel proud as a king. Thus encouraged, he again took the lead, carrying baggage in both hands and under both arms to the train, where, taking the conductor to a corner, he managed to secure for us the advantages of a private compartment from Calais to Paris. Our Frenchman was an entire stranger to the party, and thus far all we had managed to ascertain with regard to him was, that he was 'so glad of the honneur to meet Mons. le docteur Talmache.' Dr. Talmage was about to say that he was very thankful, etc., when the Frenchman promptly interrupted him by saying: 'Oh, ve ride a little vay!' and suiting the action to the word he and his wife, after politely bowing to us all, followed and closed the door.

Our strange friend, who spoke English imperfectly, addressed Dr. Talmage exclusively, at the rate of a volume a minute, and never stopped till the train arrived at ancient Calais, which is ten minutes distant from the landing place, known as new Calais. His wife addressed the whole party. Her English was awfully broken, and in her great anxiety to say all that was in her mind to say, she jammed her words together.

We gathered that the pair had been greatly profited by reading the Brooklyn sermons in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Not understanding English, they had managed to carry themselves through them with the aid of a dictionary. Although engaged as an engineer in a cracker bakery, the good man found considerable opportunity to do missionary work among his fellow townsmen, and he found Dr. Talmage's sermons exceedingly helpful to him in his Christian activity. He belonged to the Wesleyan denomination, in which he was an exhorter. Such knowledge of English as he and his wife possessed they had gained exclusively through their efforts to read the Tabernacle sermons, and he was proud of the fact that, though he spoke English but brokenly, he could both read and write it correctly and fluently. From the columns of the paper named, he and his partner had learned Dr. Talmage's plans of travel, and, filled with a burning desire to see the man whose sermons had done them so much good, they had decided to go to the dock at Calais and there await his arrival. To make sure of recognizing him, they had, before they left home, studied the features of a portrait that adorned their home.

As we arrived in Paris the day after the World's Exposition closed, we were, unfortunately, not able to see it in its glory. Getting up early in the morning, however, we took a coach and drove over to the grounds in order to see the famous Eiffel Tower. When questioned as to his impressions of the Tower, Dr. Talmage said: "It surpasses my expectations. I never before saw the exquisite and majestic so effectively combined. The way to look at it is to let your eye start at the base and very slowly ascend, and by the time your sight has travelled to the top, you will find yourself out of breath with emotion. A man who could build that tower could build a world if he had the materials and machinery requisite. Nothing that will ever be built on either continent will take anything from the originality and splendor of the intellect that planned that marvel before yet its two first bars of iron were interlaced. But the idea I have seen in some newspapers, that we cannot equal that structure for our American Exposition of 1892, is an absurdity as high as Eiffel Tower. Our American architects and engineers are as talented, our building materials are as strong, our foundations as solid, our skies as lofty. Surely, the lines of beauty are not all exhausted. I warrant you there are already a dozen American artists who have a tower more graceful than this, either in their brain or actually put in diagram."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Business Man's Plans Changed.—Mr. Stewart, an evangelist, says: "I knew a business man who before his conversion was in the habit of going to church in the morning, and in the afternoon walking a short distance in the country with a companion, that they might procure drink. One Sunday morning he was at church as usual, and while standing singing he suddenly noticed the solemnity of the words. At once he stopped, for he knew that he was a servant of Satan and not God. He did not sing another word, but silently stood out the remainder of the Psalm. When he got home, he looked so troubled and dejected that his mother and sisters thought he was unwell, and advised him to remain quiet and not go out that day. The conviction of his sin was now so heavy upon him that he felt he could not go with his companions on their usual drinking expedition. In the evening his state of mind became unbearable. He determined to have the matter settled that

night, and despite the advice of his mother and sisters he went out to an evangelistic meeting. He stayed at the close of the service and accepted Christ, resolving that from thenceforth he would serve God and Him alone. Soon the effects of his conversion were seen in his home. One by one, first his mother, then his sisters, came to Christ, and now they are a united family."

An Architect Thrown to the Lions.—The Rev. F. B. Meyer says: "It is related that when the Roman Colosseum was built and filled with all the great men and women of that great city there sat beside the Emperor the architect who had designed it. One of the objects of that assembly was to crown this architect and give great honor to his name. But before the Emperor did so he said, 'Let us first see how quickly and how many Christians a few lions can devour; turn the lions into the arena, and let the Christians out of their dungeons.' Before they opened the bars of those Christian dungeons, the architect rose beside the Emperor, and said, 'Sire, stay! if those Christians are to be thrown to the lions, let me be thrown first, for I too am a Christian.' And they took him and hurled him from that place of honor into the very mouths of the lions. He received no laurel crown from an Emperor's hand, but he received a crown that fadeth not away, from the King of kings. He confessed his Lord."

A Convert and the Weaver.—Dr. George F. Pentecost said: "I was converted when a young fellow of twenty. I had gone to a meeting to see the mourners, as we called them, go up to the front bench, and to generally make fun of the whole affair. But it pleased God to send the word home to my heart by the power of the Holy Spirit, and I had to give myself up to Christ. In that same little Baptist church there was a member, a very peculiar man, a Scotch weaver, who kept a number of hand-loom in his house, and spun, carded, and wove wool, making an honest living by his industry. He was a man of so many peculiarities that every one made fun of the queer little Scotchman with the cross eyes, but they never made fun of him in his presence, for he was one of those men who command respect. He was a real Christian. I had never spoken to him before, but the morning after my conversion I went up to him and reaching out my hand, said, 'Good morning, sir.' He looked surprised, and I hastened to explain: 'I thought you would like to know, sir, that I have given my heart to God, and for Christ's sake He has forgiven me.' A bright look came over his face. Thus while 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' one touch of grace makes all Christians kin and feel that they are brothers."

A Tourist Finds Christ.—Mr. Blane, of South Africa, relates: "I knew a young man who was the only unconverted member of his family. At home he was constantly hearing of Christ, and being asked to accept Him as his Saviour. He determined to rid himself of all home restraint, and enjoy himself by going a tour on the Continent. He set out, and for some time all went well. At one of the hotels at which he stayed, there was an old Christian woman, and as was her constant habit, she having first obtained the consent of the proprietor, went from room to room, leaving upon the table of each a little tract or book. She entered this young man's room, and with a prayer to God for guidance, took out a small copy of *Sankey's Hymns*, and opening it at that hymn beginning with

'There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,'

under the guidance of the Holy Spirit she took her pencil and drew a stroke under the third line, 'One was out on the hills away.' Soon the young man entered his room, and at once the book caught his eye. He went over and read the pencilled line. Like a flash the image of his home came up before him, and all the dear ones there, until his stony heart was broken. Throwing himself upon his knees, he cried for mercy, and besought the Father to receive him, for Christ's sake. Soon the answer came, and he rose to his feet a new man in Christ Jesus."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF SEWING SOCIETIES.

DR. TALMAGE expected to spend last Sunday, December 1, in Joppa, now called Jaffa, a port on the southwest coast of Palestine, from which Jonah took ship for Tarshish, and where Peter resided for some time in the house of Simon the Tanner, and had the vision of clean and unclean beasts, and where he raised Dorcas from the dead. The subject Dr. Talmage selected for his discourse at Joppa was the character of Dorcas.

"And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." Acts 9: 39.

The Ministry of Dorcas—The Light of Poor Homes—Her Work Interrupted—Lamentations of Her Friends—The Miracle Wrought by Peter—I. Dorcas the Disciple—The Essential Step in Womanhood—II. Dorcas the Benefactress—The Charities of the Needle—Practical Work Needed—Woman in the War—III. Dorcas the Lamented—The Obsequies of the Empress Josephine—IV. Dorcas the Resurrected—Good Influences Never Stop—The Crowd Around the Risen Benefactress—The Heroes of the Crimea.

Christians of Joppa! Impressed as I am with your mosque, the first I ever saw, and stirred as I am with the fact that your harbor once floated the great rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples of Jerusalem were built, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through this very town on the way to Jerusalem, nothing can make me forget that this Joppa was the birthplace of the sewing society that has blessed the poor of all succeeding ages in all lands. The disasters to your town when Judas Maccabæus set it on fire, and Napoleon had five hundred prisoners massacred in your neighborhood, cannot make me forget that one of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was

Started in this Seaport

by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway, and around about the building, and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement.

Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow; and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out the lane, eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow, and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half-paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home, and sees his little boy well clad, and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas bought the oil. In another place, a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread. But there is a sudden

Pause in That Woman's Ministry.

They say, "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door, and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate, telling the stages of a king's disease, is more anxiously awaited for than the news from this sick benefactress. Alas! for Joppa there is wailing, wailing! That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of

wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every God-forsaken place in this town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm, wherever there is hunger and no bread, wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort—there are despairing looks and streaming eyes, and frantic gesticulations as they cry, "Dorcas is dead!" They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of this place, stopping with a tanner by the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands

In the Presence of the Dead.

What expostulation and grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amidst the excited crowd, so he kindly orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulchre, and in the strength of Him who is the resurrection he cries, "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart flutters; the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes; the eye opens; she sits up!

We see in this subject

Dorcas the Disciple;

Dorcas the benefactress; Dorcas the lamented; Dorcas the resurrected. If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needle-work of this woman, I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you, in the name of God, and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, oh women! that you attend to the first, last, and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with Him. When the trumpet shall sound, there will be an uproar, and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amidst the rising of the dead, and amidst the boiling of yonder sea, and amidst the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens, calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ; calm notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventime with laughter, and shouting "Dorcas, the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

Further, we see

Dorcas the Benefactress.

History has told the story of the crown; epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops, and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plough. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor, the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity, and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high priest; it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle; it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon; it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth; and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the

war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer are constructed.

Amidst the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of

The Charities of the Needle.

This woman was a representative of all those who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute, bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of your city of Joppa were to be relieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals; or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform, and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying: "Hush your miserable howling!" Sufferers of the world want

Not so Much Theory

as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless you!" as jackets and frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard working, against five thousand mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism who never sent a farthing for evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now, and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor-box. The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine-stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII. of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amidst the rabble, and took a stick, and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison-door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amidst the poor, and washed their sores, and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the Civil War in America who has not heard of the women of the Sanitary and

Christian Commissions,

or the fact that, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the North met the women of the South on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded, and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas, the benefactress.

I come now to speak of *Dorcas, the lamented*. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in this town of Joppa! I suppose there were women here with larger fortunes; women, perhaps, with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their de-

parture, like this at the death of Dorcas. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean Sea, dashing against the wharves of this seaport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages, and a plumed hearse; there may be high-sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting-place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The Church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine-cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The Church of God cries out, like the prophet: "Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar has fallen." Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of

The Sleeping Benefactress.

Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning because Dorcas is dead. When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave, there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because when they lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities. There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellars of the city, and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I speak to you of

Dorcas the Resurrected.

The apostle came to where she was, and said: "Arise; and she sat up!" In what a short compass the great writer put that—"She sat up!" Oh, what a time there must have been around this town when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected!

You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to fifty years of age, serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No. His influence on earth will

Continue Till the World Ceases.

Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self-denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is fifteen years since she went away. Now the spirit of God descends upon that church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that Christian woman, who went away fifteen years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected!

After a while all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others, some one will make a

garment for them; the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be; but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb, and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep.

Then one day there will be a sky rending, and a whirl of wheels, and the flash of a pageant; armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street, whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she had administered! Daughter of God, so

Strangely Surrounded,

what means this? It means that reward has come, that the victory is won, that the crown is ready, that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth. Sing it through all the flying heavens. Dorcas is resurrected!

In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkerman was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them in the name of her Government, and uttered words of commendation to the officers and men, and distributed these medals, inscribed with the

Four Great Battlefields,

Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol. As the Queen gave these to the wounded men, and the wounded officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song:

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!

And then they shouted "Huzza! huzza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better, and gladder day will come when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in His service, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and, in the presence of all the glorified of heaven, He will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven, Bethlehem! Nazareth! Gethsemane! Calvary!

HEALING DIRECT AND INDIRECT.

A QUAIN testimony to divine healing, which was given in Australia by a colored man, is published by Mrs. M. Baxter in her monthly magazine, *Thy Healer*.* The man described his conversion, and then went on to relate how he had suffered in bodily health. He said that he had suffered for a long time, but latterly had grown much worse. He obtained no relief from medicine, and was led to trust in the Lord for the healing of his body, as he had trusted Him for the salvation of his soul. He made his severe pain a matter of prayer, and determined to leave it in God's hands. But his faith led to self-examination, and he began to see that his pipe and tobacco were holding a place in his affections inconsistent with his consecration to God,

* *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual subscription, 30 cents, may be sent to Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD.

They must be given up. It cost a hard struggle, but eventually he had the moral courage to tie up his pipe, tobacco, and matches, and flung them away. He walked away quickly that he might not be tempted to recover them. Then, feeling that he had passed through the crucible, and his spiritual nature had lost some of its alloy, he renewed his petition for healing. It came; the pain ceased, and he was well. The man had subsequently been informed that his malady had been induced by excessive smoking, and, therefore, there was nothing supernatural about his recovery, and that if he had abandoned smoking without trusting in God he would have recovered. But his faith was not shaken. He knew that he would not have put away his pipe without God's guidance and help, and therefore, whether the healing was direct or indirect, it had come from God.

A HAZARDOUS VISIT.

THE missionary of the American Board at Bailundu in West Central Africa, Mr. Woodside, tells in a letter to the *Missionary Herald* an incident which shows how intrepid the man can be who puts his trust in the King of kings. He had to go down to the coast to bring up a new missionary who had just arrived. King Kwikwi was at war, and Mr. Woodside's way led near the camp of the dreaded monarch. He soon found that his porters were in great terror at finding they must pass the camp. He goes on to say:

"One morning while they were on their way, three men came from the king's camp, which they had left the day before, warning the porters not to go further. 'You cannot go to the coast: the king will not allow it. You will be caught; they will tie you up; they will take your head off. They have lots of powder; they will shoot you,' etc. They asked me if I was going to the king. When I told them yes, they said: 'You must not go. The king is very angry. Don't go.'

"You can perhaps imagine what effect their story had upon my men. I never saw a caravan move off so quickly. Fortunately our camps were not together. Ours being a little in the rear, they had to pass us, and I succeeded in stopping them, and sent for my headmen. It did not take me long to come to the terms they had proposed in the morning. But they were now determined to return to their villages. They however consented to remain while Tomasi and I went to the king; Moso with most of our boys remaining with them; I taking Bole with my bed, and Mguma with food-box. My tent had to remain behind. Last night I spent my first night in a native hut, and I have this to say: it was the most comfortable one since I started. With a fire in the centre we kept quite warm.

"This morning we came on to the king's camp. We had no serious fears, for we knew we were in the service of One in whose hand are even the hearts of kings. The king was sitting outside the camp, and when he saw me he was very much delighted, and asked if I was going to the coast. When told that our carriers were afraid, he at once delegated one of his men to go with us. He asked us to stay in camp with him, and has given us one of the best huts; I must needs remain here two days waiting for the caravan.

"The king has been here in my hut to visit me. He tells me what he would like from the coast. I have promised to bring him a tepoia net, ten candles, some matches, and he added a blanket. He had me write these things down. He may think of some more things before I go, but it will be optional with me whether to bring them or not."

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev. M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 45 Bible House, New York.

SOLOMON'S FALL.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for December 15. 1 Kings 11:1-13. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 10:12.

Bible Photographs—A Common Human Fallacy—Who are Most Likely to Fall—Examples from Scripture—No Inherent Virtue in Man—Paul's Humbling Experience—Prosperity the Severe Test—The Falls of God's People Gradual—Solomon's Disobedience of God's Commands—His Relations with Foreign Nations—His Luxury and Magnificence—The Spiritual Sedative of Sin—The Influence of the Foreign Women—God's Judgment on Him—The Place of Danger—The True Source of Strength.

"LET him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." God draws no flattering portraits; He shews us, in the many Bible biographies which He has given us, man as he is; and only in the life of Jesus does He fully shew us man as he may be, as he ought to be, as he has been, in the person of our great Example. If we want to know how fallible man is, let us not look into man-written biographies, but into those which are photographed in the Scripture of truth. It is a common fallacy, in our narrow, human way of viewing things, to think that those who are the most gifted, the most advanced, and the most prominent among God's people, are the least likely to fall. God's Word shews us just the contrary. It was the meekest man on the face of the earth who was tempted to and fell by a fit of anger; it was the man after God's own heart who fell into the awful sins of adultery and murder; the very prophet whose best commendation was in his saying, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand," fled for his life before the wicked Jezebel; the very forerunner of Jesus, whose vocation it was to preface the way of the Lord, was so tempted to unbelief that he sent unto Him, saying, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" The very disciple who proclaimed Him "the Christ, the Son of the living God," was the one who denied Him; and in the history before us we find the wisest of men guilty of the most consummate folly.

"Cease ye from Man,

whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?" (Isa. 2:22.) "Let no man glory in men." (1 Cor. 3:21.)

Oh, how long we take to learn that there is no inherent virtue in man; how slow are we to come to the conclusion which common honesty, in the light of the Holy Ghost, forced on Paul! "In me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." (Rom. 7:18.) The great apostle of the Gentiles saw in himself only ruin, bankruptcy, and death, but it was death for a glorious resurrection. "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

The peculiar temptation to one in a high state of grace or of gift, is to rest in it instead of resting upon God. Paul learned through his humbling experience of being buffeted by a messenger of Satan, just as any other man might be, to rest in the grace of God as sufficient for him, and not in his revelation or wondrous usefulness, so that his testimony is, "By the grace of God I am what I am" (1 Cor. 15:10), not by my wonderful conversion, not by my being filled with the Holy Ghost even, but "By the grace of God I am what I am;" and his own experience leads him to warn others, through the example of the failure of some who were highly privileged, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Prosperity is truly far more dangerous than adversity. When King Solomon felt so strongly that he was "but a little child," that he knew "not how to go out or to come in," and that so he was unable to judge the people, he was far more secure than when his fame was spread abroad, and there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, from all kings of the earth which had heard of his wisdom. (1 Kings 1:34.)

The Falls of God's People

do not come about suddenly. The wicked are "brought into desolation as in a moment." (Ps. 73:19); not so with the people of the Lord.

There is always something which leads up to a fall, a lack of prayerfulness or of recollectedness of spirit, an indulged resentment against someone, a yielding to feelings of envy or to heart-burnings of some kind or other, before the sin becomes a word or a deed. David was acting without reference to the Lord before the enemy had power to bring about his terrible fall; Solomon had fallen into disregard of the word and commands of God before he became the terrible backslider which he was when he fell into open idolatry.

Several centuries before Solomon came to the Throne, God had instituted the law of the kingdom, and given specific commands regarding him who should reign over his people. "He shall not multiply horses to himself" (Deut. 17:16), yet we find that, in defiance of God's command, "Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen." (1 Kings 4:26.) "And Solomon gathered together chariots and horsemen; and he had a thousand and four hundred chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen, whom he bestowed in the cities for chariots, and with the King at Jerusalem." (1 Kings 10:26.) God's command ran, "He shall not . . . cause the people to return to Egypt, to the end that he should multiply horses: forasmuch as the Lord hath said unto you, Ye shall henceforth return no more that way." Yet they brought unto Solomon horses out of Egypt and out of all lands." (11 Chron. 9:28.) "And a chariot came up and went out of Egypt (perhaps a kind of mail-cart) for six hundred shekels of silver, and an horse for an hundred and fifty; and so for all the kings of the Hittites, and for the kings of Syria, did they bring them out by their means." Solomon, by this constant communication with Egypt and the surrounding nations, for mercantile purposes, and not with the sole object of winning them to God, gradually lessened the barrier which made Israel a separate people, "a special people" unto the Lord. God had commanded, "Neither shall he multiply wives to himself,

That His Heart Turn not Away,"

yet this is the very glaring sin which is connected with the latter part of his life. And again, "Neither shall he greatly multiply to himself silver and gold," yet Solomon made a navy with the express object of bringing gold from Ophir. "And they came to Ophir and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon." In his own house all his drinking vessels were of gold, "and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold: none were of silver; it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon." The weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred and three score and six talents of gold, besides that which chapmen and merchants brought." (11 Chron. 9:13, 14.)

Thus we see that in the style in which he lived Solomon relaxed from the simple loyalty to God which characterized him when he was a little child in his own eyes. Then he felt himself the steward of God; now, in his glory and fame, and conscious wisdom, he ceased, little by little, to lean upon the wisdom of God; and the wisdom of the world, which seeks its own, colored his life. From self-love, self-will, and self-esteem it is but a short step to idolatry. "Solomon loved many strange women." The holy chasteness and simplicity of the law of God, which he had already forsaken in the matter of horses and riches, and association with the heathen, was now forsaken in his family life. His marriage with Pharaoh's daughter was an alliance with Egypt. She may have become converted, but this is not mentioned. When, however, he "loved many strange women, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites, of the nations concerning which the Lord said unto the children of Israel, Ye shall not go in to them, neither shall they come in unto you; for surely they will turn away your heart after their gods," Solomon was going straight into sin

with his eyes open. (Ex. 34:16; Deut. 7:3, 4). No wonder "his wives turned away his heart." We cannot be guilty of any disobedience toward God without incurring a proportionate deadness and powerlessness in our souls.

Sin is a Spiritual Sedative

which acts on the soul as laudanum and morphia do on the body. Insidiously sin got the upper hand of Solomon. No doubt, in his God-given wisdom, he was slow in yielding to the demands of his many wives for the institution of their heathen religion in the land; but the evil was at work within; the separation between him and his God grew; and when old age came on, the wisdom of this wisest of men did not suffice him; "his wives turned away his heart after other gods; and his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God, as the heart of David his father." David was faulty enough in his relation to man, but he never faltered in his allegiance to God as God. When he had sinned he never justified himself, but always justified his God. Solomon, on the contrary, forsook the Lord, and while his outward life was more respectable in the eyes of the world of that day, yet in God's eyes he had fallen far lower than his father fell. He added sin to sin, he "went after Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians, and after Milcom, the abomination of the Ammonites. And Solomon did evil in the sight of the Lord, and went not fully after the Lord, as did David his father."

Man's Wisdom Without God

is an awful thing; it was the knowledge of good and evil which brought grief and suffering to our first parents. Like a ship without a rudder, it drifted Solomon farther and farther from his God. His departure from God could not be a secret from his people; sooner or later every sin comes to light, he began to build high places for the false gods which his wives worshipped, and he sacrificed to them even on the sacred soil of Jerusalem, which "God had chosen for Himself" to set His name there. (11 Chron. 6:6.)

"And the Lord was angry with Solomon because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice, and had commanded him concerning this thing, that he should not go after other gods; but he kept not that which the Lord commanded." God would not break His word, and He could not countenance sin: He had promised Solomon that He would establish his kingdom *if he would serve and obey Him*; but Solomon had failed, and God must show His hatred against sin; therefore He declared to Solomon that He would rend the kingdom out of his son's hand, leaving him but one tribe, and that for David's sake, and for Jerusalem's sake. If we are unfaithful to the position in which God places us, He must withdraw us from it. It may be, it probably was, the case that Solomon was brought back before he left this world. The book of Ecclesiastes, with its graphic picture of the hollowness of this world, even where it can be enjoyed in the fullest degree of which human nature is capable, looks like a sorrowful retrospect of one who had made a terrible mistake in life. Oh how different its tone from that of David, "I will bless the Lord at all times, His praises shall continually be in my mouth!" (Ps. 34:1.) "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness which he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." (Ezek. 18:27.)

Let us learn the lesson so needful to us all, that we are never out of reach of temptation in this world, never in a state where it is impossible to us to sin. The nearer we are to God; and the more He is pleased to use us, the more surely are we a target for the enemy of souls. While we keep our true place of nothingness, crucified with Christ, expecting nothing from our own zeal or wisdom, our own integrity or experience, but rely only and absolutely on the keeping power of Jesus, the enemy cannot touch us. "He that was begotten of God keepeth him, and the evil one toucheth him not." (1 John 5:18 R. V.) And let us be careful about little infidelities; every step we take is either a step with

rod, or away from Him. There is often immense significance in little things, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." (Luke 16: 10.) His grace truly is sufficient for us, but only as we learn with Paul to say, "When I am weak, then am I strong." (II Cor. 12: 10.)

YEAR APPROACH OF CHRIST'S ADVENT.

By Rev. G. Weldon.

It was a memorable declaration of the Apostle John in Revelation 22, that *the testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy*—that is to say, that from Christ all prophecy proceeds; in Him the centres, and to Him returns. Prophecy fulfilled in the history of the past, unfulfilled it is the history of the future. Each accomplishment of any one predicted event is not only a guarantee for the accomplishment of future ones, but affords cumulative evidence of the truth of our Christian faith. A prayerful examination of prophecy shows to us one of the most exalted and delightful views of the Divine economy in the history of the world.

When we think of God looking through the mists of countless ages, beholding generations yet unborn, depicting as in a photograph not only their actions, but their very words and thoughts, and making the conflicting plans andarring passions of perverse human hearts fulfil to the letter the minutest details of His Almighty will, we have a wonderful and magnificent illustration that the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and is a Governor among the nations.

The most casual observer of events now transpiring in the world must be constrained to admit that we are living in

An Age of Rapid Transition.

Events develop themselves now in a single year which, a century ago, would not have appeared in twenty years. Just exactly as a stone rolling down the mountain-side increases its velocity in proportion as it reaches the termination of its course, so, as each succeeding year glides on toward the consummation of our hopes in the Coming of Christ, events develop themselves with increasing interest and progressive speed. And, therefore, as we look around us now in the present age, and take up our Bibles, and read of certain signs which are to transpire in the last days, if we can find such signs actually in existence around us, we are warranted in saying that we are in the last days, and are approaching the Advent of our long expected and absent Lord.

As the end draws nigh, we must expect Wickedness to Become Aggravated.

Just as in the disease of consumption, in proportion as the victim approaches the grave the body becomes more and more the seat of the disease, until at last it sinks a prey to the fell destroyer; so we may expect that as time advances, the various forms of iniquity and developments of evil will appear in an intensified and aggravated degree. The history of the antediluvian world will repeat itself in these last days: "As it was in the days of Noah, even so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man." St. Paul says there will be in the last days some "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." These are the modern Pharisees and superstitious formalists, who, equally with the sceptical Sadducees, flourish like a green bay tree in these latter times. They may be seen on Sunday morning at fashionable churches, acknowledging in the general confession that they are miserable sinners, and have gone astray like lost sheep; and in the afternoon promenading at fashionable resorts, arrayed in purple and fine linen, with every outward adornment of wealth and luxury; and on week days attending the theatre or opera, or dancing polkas or waltzes in brilliant ball-rooms.

We find Romanism and ritualism putting forth their seductive attractions to deceive, if possible, the very elect; and society, for the most part, becoming more and more worldly, with

Superabounding Luxury

and extravagance. These, with other things too numerous to particularize, strangely coincide

with St. Paul's prediction, "In the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, incontinent, . . . lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." (II Tim. 3: 1, 5.) We are in fact treading upon the borders of the final crisis of this dispensation. We have much reason to believe that the 6,000 years from the creation of man, as well as the 1,260 years from the complete establishment of the Papal and Mohammedan Antichrists, is very near its termination, and that we are on the eve of the appearance of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ, to establish upon this earth the glorious fifth monarchy predicted by the prophet. (Daniel 7: 9-14.)

THE REV. E. W. OAKES.

(See Portrait on page 780.)

THERE is an important significance in the words which the Master used in the parable in which He depicted the course of events between the time of His ascension and His second coming. He likened the situation to a house in which, when the householder departed for a long absence, He gave authority to His servants and *to every man his work*. (Mark 13: 34.) It is this discrimination in appointments which has been the most conspicuous mark of the Church's history. When a work needed to be done, a man specially adapted to do that work has been raised up. Happy is that man, and well is it for the Church when the call to special work is recognized and obeyed. Sometimes, like Abraham, the servant of God has to leave home and friends and pleasant surroundings, to obey; but when a conscientious man hears the call he has no alternative.

These thoughts are suggested by an announcement in a recent issue of a daily journal of Manchester, N. H. It states that the Rev. E. W. Oakes (whose portrait appears on page 780), has felt it his duty to resign the pastorate of the People's Baptist Church, in which he has labored for over three years. The reasons for that step are outlined in the report of the proceedings of the church meeting, at which the resignation was tendered, and the adjourned meeting at which, with many expressions of regret, it was accepted. The resolutions then passed record that Mr. Oakes visited Manchester in the summer of 1886, and held evangelistic services, intending to remain only one or two weeks. But a great work resulted from God's blessing on his labors. Crowds filled the First Baptist Church in which the meetings were held, and Mr. Oakes was urged to protract his visit into the winter. He consented, and the meetings continued with ever-increasing blessing.

It was represented that as a large proportion of the persons who came were non-churchgoers, still more of that class might be attracted if the meetings were held in some secular building. The experiment was made of hiring the Mechanics' Hall, and the result justified the theory. The large building was regularly filled. Men and women came who never went to church. Many conversions took place, and gradually a little band of seventy-five persons, who had publicly confessed their faith in Christ by baptism, surrounded the evangelist. They were reluctant to leave the man whom God had blessed to their enlightenment, and begged him to continue his ministrations. Meetings continued to be held almost every night, and the numbers grew. They did not come from other churches, but from the outside ranks of the careless and indifferent. But the work was vigorous and aggressive. It extended widely, and after two years the people desired to change their temporary quarters for a permanent church home.

It was astonishing to see workmen and even the very poor bring their offerings for this work. What sacrifices they must have made to give such sums as they brought, only they knew. But they gave gladly, and a few wealthy friends, who were delighted to see these people gathered from the highways and hedges, came to their

help. The People's Baptist Church was built at a cost of \$16,000, with a seating capacity of 500 persons. It was speedily filled, more than 200 members have been received into church fellowship, and numerous spheres of aggressive Christian work have been occupied.

Now Mr. Oakes has tendered his resignation. The consternation with which it was received shows that pastor and people had been looking at the work from different standpoints. The church thought they had a permanent pastor; the pastor thought that his mission had been to gather a people together, see them well organized, and then hand them over to a suitable pastor, when he would go to other fields for the rough pioneer work. An adjournment for a week was taken, that God's will might be learned in prayer, and that the pastor's friends might labor with him to change his determination if that should seem best. But Mr. Oakes was clear that God's purpose with him was to use him in evangelistic work, and that in that sphere rather than in the comfortable position of a church pastor he might expect a blessing. There was no gainsaying this view of his call, and the church, therefore, sorrowfully accepted his resignation, only stipulating that he should return to them once a year to hold evangelistic meetings.

We admire the promptitude with which a soldier or a sailor in the service of his country quits his home or station at the call of his commanding officer to duty in the field, and this seems to be a like case. A permanent home, a regular salary, association with old and tried friends, are no mean adjuncts of happiness, but the soldier of Christ does not make his personal happiness his chief object in life. Mr. Oakes seems to look chiefly for the sphere in which he can render the most effective service for the Master, and in that aim must be found the motive of his action.

We sincerely trust a very wide sphere may be opened to him. As a sketch of his life appeared in this journal a few years ago, it is sufficient to say here that a very sad experience has fitted him to deal specially with the degraded and abandoned outcasts of society. He is able to tell them that he was once under the power of evil, which held him helpless in its remorseless grasp; that neither in pious and influential friends, nor in his own good resolutions nor in temperance alone, could he get deliverance. That when all seemed lost, and his ruin for time and eternity seemed inevitable, Christ took him and gave him a new nature, and made him a new man. While sympathizing with the depraved as only a fellow-sufferer can, he can tell them of the means of his own rescue, and point them to the same sure way of escape. In the Bowery of New York, in other large cities in the East, and across the continent to the Pacific slope Mr. Oakes has done this work, and none will ever know until all God's rescued children are gathered at last into the Father's house in heaven how many have been brought in through the testimony and example of this devoted evangelist. We are glad to know that this grand work is to be resumed, and hope that the pastors in the cities where drunkenness and vice abounds will summon Mr. Oakes to their help in fighting the Lord's battle against the mighty. His address until January 1, 1890, is at Manchester, N. H.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOR 1890.

THE announcement that the publishers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD intended to enlarge the paper at the beginning of next year has called forth a large number of letters from the subscribers. Among them are a few expressing regret that there should be any change. It is gratifying to learn that the journal, in its present form, is so highly appreciated, and it is pleasant to be able to inform its friends that the change contemplated will not materially alter its form, although by the intended slight alteration its appearance will be much improved. It is proposed to make the page an inch and a quarter longer and half an inch wider. Thus the paper will retain the shape which has been found convenient for reading, and will nevertheless contain in the aggregate considerably

MORE READING-MATTER.

Each column will have twelve more lines than now, and the lines will be a little longer. The result will be that the reading-matter on each page will be more than now goes on a page by about seventy lines of the present length, and the thirteen pages will contain as much as would fill sixteen pages of this size.

As readers will perceive, this change will entail increased expense for paper, composition, and electrotyping, and if the primary object of the publishers had been to make money by the publication, the change would not be made. Their endeavor has been to supply their subscribers, at a low price, with a good, bright, elevating journal, which should be pure without being inane, instructive without being dull—a paper which should be a practical proof, to young and old, that the printed page can be made interesting without records of crime, and illustrations attractive without pandering to prurient tastes. The publishers believe they have achieved their object, and now that the support the Christian public has given them justifies an increase of expenditure, they propose to make THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a still more valuable journal by supplying more reading-matter.

NEW TYPE

and better illustrations without raising the price. In taking this new departure, the publishers cherish the hope that a still more extended field of usefulness will be opened to them. They are anxious that the gospel truth contained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might reach a still greater number of homes than it has ever done. There are thousands of Christian families in our broad land who do not know of the existence of such a paper—thousands who have children growing up with a desire for entertaining literature, which they will have, but which the godly parents do not know how to give them without deleterious elements. Such a paper as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is precisely what they are looking for. Canvassers might reach such families, conspicuous advertisements in local journals might inform them, but the cost of either method would be enormous, and would curtail the means the publishers would prefer using in improving the paper itself. Besides this, the present large circulation has been mainly built up by the labor of the subscribers themselves, and the publishers believe they can do no better than continue to rely on the same method. They therefore, with the object of getting THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its improved form still more extensively circulated, announce that the paper is

TO BE SENT FREE

from now until the end of this year to any person in the United States or Canada. Subscribers having friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper, have only to send the names and addresses of their friends by letter or postal card to the Manager, 45 Bible House, New York, and the remaining numbers of this year will be mailed to those addresses free of charge each week, as they are published, until the end of 1889. It will also be mailed free for the same period to any person, not a subscriber, who may wish to have it, and who will notify the Manager of his wish, and state his name and address.

This offer is made in the hope that a large number of names will be sent, and the paper so become known and made useful in districts which it has not reached heretofore.

Subscribers intending to canvass or make up clubs would do well to send to the Manager, enclosing two-cent postage stamp for the new list of terms, which have been slightly changed in their favor, and so avoid the delay and mistakes liable to occur in the busy season at the end of the year.

N. B.—Any person sending \$1.50 now will receive the paper until the end of 1890, including the remaining issues of this year. This applies to old subscribers as well as new ones.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Session of Congress Which Opened on Monday last promises to be a barren one. The small majority which the Republicans have in the House, which is always liable to be depleted by absence, illness, etc., will be likely to be more productive of deadlocks than of legislation. Besides the interminable tariff question, which will probably give rise to a long debate, the subjects which are expected to occupy its attention are a national bankruptcy bill, the currency question in relation to the silver coinage, the proposal of subsidies arising out of the deliberations of the Pan-American Congress, and the federal control of elections for Congress. The necessity for going early to press precludes our giving a sketch of the proceedings at the opening.

The Postmaster-General's Annual Report, issued last week, shows a deficiency of \$6,350,183. The gross receipts were \$56,175,611, from which is deducted \$27,596 for bad debts, etc.; the gross expenditure was \$62,498,198. The total number of employees is now 150,935, of whom 59,838 are postmasters, 5,640 are in the railway mail service, and 47,466 are clerks. Mr. Wanamaker makes several suggestions in his report, and one important admission which, it may be hoped, he will not have to repeat next year. Referring to the proposed reduction of the letter-rate to one cent, he says: "It would seem to be wiser first to improve the facilities rather than reduce the postage while the service still remains conspicuously imperfect." It is worse than imperfect: it is in a most deplorable condition. One of his suggestions is to save time in the delivery of foreign mails by having sorting offices on board the mail steamers. This would enable the Post-Office to dispatch the foreign mail to cities in the interior immediately, without waiting for them to be sorted in port. A matter that concerns a very large class of the public is the establishment of Post-Office Savings Banks. Mr. Wanamaker takes a favorable view of this project. He suggests "early consideration of the question of establishing postal savings banks at 10,000 of the fourth-class offices, in towns where such facilities are most needed, leaving the extension of this privilege to be determined after a trial of two years."

Two Gigantic Fires were Chronicled Last week. On Tuesday the town of Lynn, Mass., was a scene of desolation. A fire which started about noon in a wooden factory, spread from building to building over fifteen acres of the business portion of the town, burning almost unchecked for ten hours. Large factories, stores, hotels, churches, and newspaper offices fell before it. The heat was so intense that the firemen had to work behind shields, and but for their heroic persistence the whole town must have been destroyed. It is matter for congratulation that, although an enormous number of operatives were employed in the factories, only one life is reported to have been lost. The loss is estimated at \$5,000,000, but the most serious feature is that on the verge of winter about eight thousand operatives must be thrown out of work. On Thursday Boston saw the largest fire since the great fire of 1872, which destroyed sixty million dollars worth of property. The fire on Thursday started in the granite building occupied by the dry goods firm of Jordan, Marsh &

Co., which was supposed to be fire proof. The fire spread rapidly, owing to the high wind, and two acres covered with tall buildings holding valuable stock were burned over before it was under control. The loss, which was at first estimated at eleven millions, will not, it is now thought, exceed six. The general belief is that it originated in a crossed electric wire.

The Bargain with the Chippewas Concluded last week, is another step in the right direction in the Government's dealings with the red men providing its terms are honestly observed. The Chippewas are to receive for their land in northern Minnesota, comprising about two and a half million acres, not only \$1.25 per acre for the farming lands, but a price for the timber on their extensive and valuable pine lands, which, though it cannot be exactly reckoned yet, will amount to many millions. Instead of being scattered at many points, the various bands of Chippewas will concentrate on two main reservations, where they are to hold their lands in severalty. That appears to be the only true and rational solution of this perplexing problem, and it must be supplemented by a thorough system of Christian education or even the individual possession of land will not be beneficial to the Indian.

The Scheme of Federation of the British Empire which has been advocated by many eminent statesmen is vigorously opposed by the party in power. Lord Salisbury, speaking on November 27 at a Conservative Conference, condemned the declaration recently made by Lord Rosebery, that the reform of the House of Lords must be of a drastic character, and said that the declaration was a rash one. If Lord Rosebery meant that the House of Lords ought to contain an elected element superior to the hereditary members, that necessarily involved an encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the House of Commons. Referring to the progress of the home rule scheme to federate England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, Lord Salisbury said he considered the application of such a scheme to Great Britain as chimerical.

The Death of the Poet Martin Farquhar Tupper took place on November 29. He was seventy-nine years of age, and of late but little had been heard of him. It is nearly fifty years since his work entitled *Proverbial Philosophy* was issued, and made his name a household word with American readers. He continued to write even so lately as 1886, but none of his later works had the popularity of the *Proverbial Philosophy*, of which half a million copies were sold in America alone. He visited this country in 1851 and 1877.

Letters Received From H. M. Stanley show with what reluctance Emin Pasha abandoned his province. Nothing but the advance of the Mahdists, massacring all they met, seems to have decided him to leave. Then came the rebellion in his own camp, in which he was made prisoner with one of Stanley's officers. But for the ammunition which Stanley carried to him, he could never have suppressed the mutiny, nor held the Mahdists at bay long enough to make his escape. He must have perished at Wadelai, or been carried captive to Khartoum. As it is, the fruits of his long labors have been scattered to the winds, and the officers who did not accompany him on his retreat with Stanley will probably add to the forces of the Mahdists. After Emin had consented to accompany Stanley, there was a long delay in gathering the people with their effects for the march, and then Stanley himself was stricken down with sickness. He says it was "a dreadful illness. The strain had been too much, and for twenty-eight days I lay helpless, tended by the kindly and skilful hand of Surgeon Parkes. Then little by little I gathered strength, and ordered the march for home." Stanley's letter is dated from the Church Missionary Society's station at the south end of Victoria Nyanza, and the explorer dwells on the gratitude to God which filled his heart when he saw rising above it the cross, which told him that he had reached the outskirts of blessed civilization.

The Revs. H. R. Keates and W. M. Stonehill, who have had long and successful experience in Evangelistic work in Great Britain and Ireland, and who are commended by Bishop Richardson, R. E. C., and the Rev. M. Baxter, of London, have just arrived in this country for the purpose of conducting special evangelistic or revival services; and they are holding meetings during December in the W. C. T. U. Rooms, Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings; and in Ridgewood Hall, corner Lexington Avenue and Broadway, Brooklyn, on Sunday evenings. Pastors who may desire to correspond with a view to their conducting revival meetings in their churches, or any of our readers who may know of openings for such meetings in their locality, are invited to address Rev. H. R. Keates, care of Manager CHRISTIAN HERALD, 45 Bible House, New York.

The Providential Escape of Bishop Whipple of Minnesota in a railroad accident is reported from Albany, Ga. He was travelling on the Savannah, Florida, and Eastern Railroad on November 23. The train had attained a speed of forty miles an hour when on reaching a point five miles east of Albany a broken rail caused the sleeping-car in which Bishop Whipple was to fall on its side. It was dragged about three hundred feet, but before the train could be stopped it was detached and rolled down over an embankment. There were eight passengers in the sleeper, all of whom were badly bruised and shaken up. They were made as comfortable as possible until the train reached Way Cross, where Surgeon Folks, of the Savannah, Florida, and Western Road came aboard and attended the injured ones. No bones had been broken, and all were able to proceed. The Bishop spoke of his escape as almost miraculous.

A Cablegram From Dr. Talmage, Published by the daily journals on November 28, announces that on the previous day he and his party left Alexandria for Cairo. He expected to eat his Thanksgiving dinner under the shadow of the Pyramids and to proceed thence to Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. Thence he intended to go straight to Jerusalem. He will make an extensive tour in Palestine, visiting Jericho, the Sea of Galilee, Bethsaida, Tiberias, Nazareth, Mount Carmel, Sidon, and other points of interest, leaving Beyrout about Christmas Day. The route followed by Dr. Talmage is about the same as the one taken by the Roman Catholic Pilgrims last Spring.

A Little Girl's Appeal to a King has Received a favorable reply, as announced in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of November 18. It states that among the sailors on the Belgian steamer *Rhynland*, of the Red Star line, plying between Philadelphia and Antwerp, was a sailor who was a citizen of the former city. About five years ago, while the vessel was in the American port, he received a letter stating that his sister was dying, and begging him to come to her. He showed the letter to his captain, and begged for leave of absence. But the vessel was just going to sail, and leave was refused. Thereupon the sailor deserted, and made his way to his sister's home just in time to receive her dying farewell. After her death he shipped on the *Waesland*, a sister ship of his former vessel, the *Rhynland*. He shipped under another name, and tried to conceal his identity. But after several voyages he was discovered, and when his ship was in Antwerp he was sentenced to seven months imprisonment for desertion. On the return voyage a shipmate went to his friends and reported what had occurred. The story made a deep impression on the orphan daughter of his dead sister, who had written the letter which led to his offence. She was deeply concerned about her uncle, and finally concluded to write to the King of the Belgians himself, stating the facts, and asking for her uncle's release. She did so simply and respectfully. An answer has now come from the King's private secretary. It was addressed to the little girl, and said that "in compliment to his majesty's little correspondent in Philadelphia, the King had ordered the sail-

or's immediate release." He had not served one-half his sentence. Instances have been known of still greater condescension. The prayers of children to the King of kings have been heard and answered in the deliverance of the captives of sin and Satan. (Matt. 18: 10.)

A Whale Entangled in an Ocean Telegraph cable was found recently off the coast of Brazil. For some months past there has been a defect in the cable of the Western and Brazilian Telegraph Company. It was located at length, and the repairing steamer *Viking* was sent out to raise the cable and restore the insulation. At the place where the fault was detected the cable lay in fifty-seven fathoms of water. The strain of drawing it up was much greater than was expected, and finally the cable broke at the fault. As the end came to the surface it brought with it part of the carcass of an enormous whale, fifty feet long. The whale had evidently made a desperate struggle for liberty, for the cable was twisted twice around its tail, and had almost cut the monster in two. Though it had been able by its gigantic strength to strain the cable and impair its usefulness, it had not been able to break it and it lost its life in the struggle. The suicidal folly of the great enemy of souls is manifested in an analogous conflict. In attempting to sever the tie that unites Christ with His people, and interrupt their communion with Him, he courts defeat and involves himself and the men whom he uses as instruments in destruction. (Matt. 21: 44.)

A Bride's Mortification is Described by the *Atlanta Constitution*. It states that a young lady of that city had been engaged for some time to be married to a very devoted lover, whose patience she had tried severely by her capricious ways. He had vainly endeavored to get her to fix a day for their marriage. She would answer him flippantly, or would declare that she did not mean to be married for some years. The lover bore with her treatment uncomplainingly, for he loved her well and believed that in time she would yield to his wish. As his business took him away from the city, he pressed her to arrange the wedding for a particular day, when he knew that he would be at liberty to go to Atlanta for the purpose, but as usual she treated his request lightly, and he forbore to press it. But it appears that the capricious young lady had concluded that it was time to stop playing with him. After he was gone, she began to make arrangements to be married on the day he had named. The bridal dresses were purchased and minister and guests invited, but she omitted to notify the bridegroom. When the party was gathered he was absent. They waited until late, but when he did not come the bride became agitated and wept bitterly. The wedding had to be postponed until the next day, when the bridegroom could be sent for. Even then he could with difficulty be convinced that he was not being made the victim of a practical joke, but he went and gladly took his part in the delayed ceremony. There are some who have postponed union with Christ for years, and who have put off final decision from time to time, though always intending to give themselves to Him some day. Such conduct is wicked as well as dangerous, and it is not surprising that when they seek Him in earnest they have difficulty in finding Him. (Prov. 1: 28.)

Widows' Weeds Were Joyfully Cast Off by a lady in Canandaigua, N. Y., on November 27. Three years ago she was married to a young man, who after making a futile attempt to increase his income to meet his increased expenditure, went West, and engaged in business with two partners. The firm settled in Kansas, and for a time did a good business. As a precaution against a disastrous loss of capital, each member of the firm insured his life for \$5,000, for the benefit of the surviving partners, the premiums on the policies being treated as business expenses. The young husband corresponded regularly with his wife, whom he had left behind with her mother; but suddenly his letters ceased, and shortly afterward his partners notified

her that he was dead. She put on widows' weeds, and mourned for him bitterly. Recently she heard that the company with which her husband had insured, had demurred about paying his life policy. Inferring that there must be some reason for their action, she sent a friend to aid in the investigation. On Tuesday of last week she learned to her intense joy that her husband had been found alive in a lunatic asylum. He had suffered from a slight aberration of mind, and had been secretly sent to the asylum, his partners had then declared he was dead, and had tried to collect his life insurance. The telegram announcing the discovery of him, stated that he had recovered his reason, and was coming East to rejoin his wife. Some Christian families have been similarly gladdened by the conversion of a godless member. The erring one was not utterly dead to the things of God, as they were apt to think, but was held captive by Satan, his mind being alienated. Under the Holy Spirit's influence he has "come to himself," and sought his heavenly Father's house. (Luke 15: 17.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. M. Baxter delivered prophetic discourses on November 17 in the Corn Exchange, Lincoln, England, to crowded congregations.

Messrs. Bliss and Towner have been greatly blessed in their evangelistic work at Salina, Kans. Thence they went to Lawrence to hold meetings.

A new 1,000-pound bell, inscribed, "Presented to the First Methodist Episcopal Church, York, Neb., by the Young Converts of the Winter of '89," now swings in the belfry of that church.

Dr. and Mrs. Ludlow have gone to Japan to take charge of the Rev. A. B. Simpson's mission at Yokohama. Miss Helen Kinney, who preceded them to the same sphere of labor, has arrived safely.

Mr. D. L. Moody has promised to preach to Dr. Talmage's congregation in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, next Lord's Day. He will also give addresses on Saturday in the Hall of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A.

A conference of Y. M. C. A.'s is to be held some time during the winter in Jerusalem. Representatives are expected from all the associations in Syria, which are Beirut, Damascus, Jaffa, Nazareth, and Jerusalem.

Mr. Terence V. Powderly, Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, in spite of all the conflicts he has had with capital, said in a recent address in Chicago that the saloon is the worst enemy of the workingman.

Rev. B. Fay Mills is holding services in New York this week in the Thirtieth Street Presbyterian Church, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. Two services are held each day, and a great work of grace is in progress.

Major Whittle is holding United Evangelistic services at Woolwich, England. Woolwich is a large military centre, and efforts are being made to attract the soldiers. Major Whittle desires the prayers of his Christian friends.

A hopeless paralytic, aged thirty-five, committed suicide at Pottstown, Pa., on November 28. A few months ago he was a strong, healthy man. He was stricken with paralysis after an awful outbreak of blasphemy. He was dumb from that moment until his death.

The American Sabbath Union will hold its first anniversary on December 10 and 11, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. Among the speakers, are to be Drs. Arthur Little, of Boston, T. A. Fernley, of Philadelphia, W. W. Atterbury, and R. S. MacArthur, of New York, and Hon. E. L. Fancher, President of the Bible Society.

A paper on the Limited Area of Christianity is to be read before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy on December 9, at 8 P. M., by Professor William W. Olszen D. D., of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y. The meetings of the Institute are now held in the Lecture Room of the Y. M. C. A., Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York.

In the city of Melbourne, Australia, the law decrees that no newspaper shall be published on Sunday, and no vehicle must drive past a place of worship during the hours of divine service at a faster pace than a walk. Numerous attempts have been made to start Sunday newspapers in Melbourne, but the law invariably extinguished them at the second or third number.

Dr. L. W. Munhall closed his services at York City, Pa., on November 21, with appropriate addresses to the new converts. Three meetings were held that day. Eighteen clergymen of various denominations took part in the night meeting. During the series of services, 816 persons have made profession of faith and have given their names to the evangelist in token of their resolve in Christ's strength to be true to Him. Of these, 251 have expressed a preference for joining the Lutheran Churches, 123 for the Presbyterians, and the others for various evangelical denominations.

PEACE: HOW GAINED, HOW LOST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints: but let them not turn again to folly." Ps. 85: 8.

The One Harmonious Voice—Foot-notes to Prayer—The Voice of Command—I. What the Lord will Speak—To a Certain Company—Saints Once Given Over to Folly—The Only Real Peace—The False Peace of Carelessness—Of Sullenness—Peace Sure at the Last—II. How the Blessing May be Marred—By Inward Conflict—By Hasty Judgment—By Doubt and Distrust—By Intellectual Speculation—By Sin—The Jonah in the Ship.

"I WILL hear what God the Lord will speak." There were voices and voices. There were voices of the past concerning God's wondrous mercy to His people: "Thou hast been favorable unto Thy land; Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob." But mingled with these were the sad voices of the present. From this mingling of singing and sighing the Psalmist turned away and cried, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak; I will get me into the secret place of the tabernacles of the Most High; I will hear that voice from between the cherubim which speaketh peace to the soul." Beloved, herein is wisdom. Resort to the sanctuary of God. When you cannot find harmony in the voices of the street, or the voices of the church, turn to the melody of that one voice which "will speak peace unto His people."

Again, the Psalmist had been praying. At the mercy-seat he had spread out this petition, "Wilt Thou not revive us again: that Thy people may rejoice in Thee? Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation." When he had spoken, he desired an answer. He watched and waited till the Lord God should give him a reply. A friend, kindly wishing to spare me, puts at the end of his letter,

"No Answer Expected."

This is too often a foot-note to men's prayers. David did not pray in that fashion: he did expect an answer from the mouth of the Lord. He said within himself, "I have spoken: but now I will speak no more, but hear what God the Lord will speak." Always follow up prayer with holy expectancy. Prayers which expect no answer are guilty of taking the name of God in vain; they are a misuse of the holy ordinance of supplication; and they are a question put upon the divine existence, inasmuch as they reduce the Godhead to an idol, like to those images of the heathen which have ears, but they hear not, neither speak they through their throats. Prayers without faith are an insult to the attributes of God, and do dishonor to His sacred name. If thou prayest aright, in the name of Jesus, expect the Lord to hear thee, even as thou wouldst hear thy child if he asked bread of thee.

In addition to this, it should be the daily resolve of every Christian man—"I will hear what God the Lord will speak." Not only when I am dazed and confused with other voices, nor only when I have expressed my heart in prayer, but at all times and seasons, I will hear what God the Lord shall speak. There are many doctrines and controversies; but "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." His voice, by His prophets and apostles, shall be the umpire of every dispute with me. I will also turn to the Word of God for the rule of my daily life, as well as for the instruction of my mind in doctrine. I will have regard to the precepts as well as to the promises. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." When I would know my duty, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak;" and, hearing His word of command, I will need neither whip nor spur, but will make haste in the way of His commands. Like Samuel, say, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

I. First, let us consider

What We Know

the Lord will speak. "I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for He will speak peace." The first point is, He speaks peace to a certain company—"to His people, and to His saints." Let

us, then, ask ourselves, Has the Lord ever spoken peace to us, or will He do so? He will certainly do so if we have an ear to hear His voice; for God will not speak sweet words to those who turn to Him a deaf ear. He that will not hear the gospel of peace, shall never know the peace of the gospel. If you will not hear the Holy Spirit when He warns you of your sin, neither shall you hear Him revealing peace through pardon. If you will not hear the Lord when He proposes to you reconciliation through the sacrifice of His dear Son, if you will not hear Him when He bids you repent and believe, and be washed in the blood of the Lamb, then He will never speak peace to your soul.

Those to whom the Lord speaks peace are His people, and they acknowledge Him to be their God. If God is everything to you, you are among His people, and He will speak peace unto you. That peace is, however,

Always Connected with Holiness,

for it is added, "and to His saints." His people and His saints are the same persons. Those who have a God know Him to be a holy God, and therefore they strive to be holy themselves. He that hath no saintship about him will have no peace about him. If thou livest a blundering, careless, godless life, thou wilt have much tossing to and fro, and many questionings of heart. "There is no peace," saith my God, "unto the wicked;" but to His people, His saintly ones, His sanctified ones, the people who follow after righteousness—to these the Lord Himself will secure peace by His own word of mouth.

Do I hear anyone saying, "Alas! I could not venture to be classed with saints"? Listen one minute: these people, though they are now God's people, and though they are now made saintly by His grace, were once given over to folly. How do I know this? Because the text says, "Let them not turn again to folly;" which shows that once they did follow after folly. Therefore, dear hearer, let not thy past foolishness dismay thee, if thou wouldst now come to God. Fool as thou mayest have been, the Lord is turning thee from folly; and if He brings thee to be numbered among His people and His holy ones, He will speak peace to thee.

I think I hear one say, "I have turned away from folly, but I feel that there is in my heart a tendency to return to it!" I know it. I, too, have felt the old Adam pulling at my sleeve, to draw me back to the old way if possible. So it was with these people, or else the Lord would not have needed to say, "Let them not turn again to folly." If thou findest

The Old Leaven Working

within thee, fermenting unto evil, and making thee feel sick at heart to think that thou shouldst be so base, then bow low at thy Saviour's feet, and cry to Him in the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Yet remember, even if it be so with thee, yet nevertheless thou mayst be numbered with the Lord's people, of whom He has said that He will speak peace unto them. But if you have no horror of sin; if you have no conflict with evil; if you have no longing for righteousness, and no ear for the voice of the Lord, then God will not speak peace to you; but one of these days He will speak thunderbolts, and accent His words with flames of fire, and this shall be the tenor of His speech: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." May you never hear that voice of wrath; but may peace be spoken into your soul!

But now, dear friends, I notice here that the peace which is to be desired is peace which God speaks, and all other peace is evil. The question is sometimes put—"We see bad men enjoy peace, and we see good men who have but little peace." That is one of the mysteries of life; but it is not a very difficult one as to its first part. Why do bad men enjoy a kind of peace? I answer; sometimes their peace arises from sheer carelessness. They will not think, reflect, or consider. They do not intend to look about them or before them; for "they count it one of

the wisest things to drive dull care away." They go through the world like blind men. They live right merrily, like the men of the old world; they marry and are given in marriage, they drink and are drunken, till the flood comes, and there is no escape.

Many are quiet in conscience because of worldliness. They are too much occupied to give fair attention to the affairs of their souls. They are taken up with business; at it from morning till night; shutters up and shutters down; they can find time for nothing but counting their money, or shifting their stock. Adam was lost in the garden of Eden; but these men are lost in their shops, lost in their warehouses, lost in their ships, lost in their farms, lost in the market. They give no thought to the world to come, because this world engrosses them. From this kind of peace may we be delivered!

And some have a peace of sullenness;

An Awful Peace

of despair, in which the man steels himself against that which he calls his fate. A man says, "I know I am to be lost; I have sinned myself beyond all hope of mercy; and why should I trouble myself further?" Like a condemned criminal, who hears the hammers fitting up the scaffold, and gives himself up to silent despair, he feels, "I am doomed; it is all over with me." Oh my friend, it is not so; this is a lie of Satan's own invention. Whilst thou livest, there is hope. Whilst thou art yet in the land where Christ is preached, thou mayest come to Him and live. But deadness, sullenness, and obstinacy are thy worst enemies.

God alone can speak true peace to the soul. When once a soul begins to feel its sinfulness, and to tremble at the wrath to come, none but God can speak peace to it. Ministers cannot. I have often failed when I have desired to bring comfort to troubled hearts. Books cannot do it, not even the most wise and gracious of them. The Bible itself cannot do it, apart from the Spirit of God. The ordinances of God's house, whether they be baptism, or the Lord's Supper, or prayer, or preaching—none of these can bring peace to a heart apart from the still small voice of the Lord. I pray that none of you may rest in anything short of a divine assurance.

I have told you that only God can speak this peace; let me remind you that He can give it you by speaking it. One word from the Lord is

The Quiet of all Trouble.

No deed is needed, only a word. Peace has not now to be made: the making of peace was finished more than eighteen hundred years ago on yonder cross. The Lord Jesus, who was our peace, went up to the tree bearing our iniquities, and thus removing the dread cause of the great warfare between God and man. There he ended the quarrel of the covenant. Harken to these words, "The chastisement of our peace was upon him." Yet think not that for God to speak is a little thing. His voice is omnipotence in motion. He spake the universe out of nothing: He spake light out of darkness. Where the word of our King is, there is power. He speaks, and it is done. If He speaks peace, who can cause trouble? In Jesus Christ there is divine peace, for the guilty soul.

Sooner or later the Lord will speak peace to His own. How blessed are

The Shalls and Wills

of the Lord God! "He will speak peace unto His people." Doubt it not. He will. He will. Some of you have lost your peace for a while; yet, if you are believers, "He will speak peace unto His people." You have come to Christ, and are trusting him, but you do not enjoy such peace as you desire. Yet "He will speak peace unto His people." There may be a time of battling and of struggling, the noise of war may disturb the camp for months; but in the end "He will speak peace unto His people." If peace comes not before, yet "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." The Lord will not put His child to bed in the dark: he will light his candle ere he sleeps the sleep of death.

Beloved, when the Lord does speak peace to His people,

What a Peace it is!

It is sound and safe. You may have as much of it as you will, and suffer no harm. The peace of God is never presumptuous. It is a holy peace; and the more you have of it, the more you will strive to be like your Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. It is a peace which rules the heart and mind, and not merely the face and the tongue. It is a peace that will rise superior to circumstances. You may be very poor; but you shall find an inward wealth of contentment. You may be lonely; but communion with God will bring you company. You may be very sick in body; but peace of soul enables a man to bear pain without complaining. Beloved friends, do not be satisfied without the constant possession of unbroken peace. You may have it; you ought to have it. It will make you greater than princes, and richer than misers. This peace will shoe your feet for ways of obedience or suffering. "May the peace of God keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus!"

II. Now we must come down from our elevation, to talk about a more humbling theme,

What May Mar This Blessing

of peace. "He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints; but let them not turn again to folly." The grounds of a believer's peace are always the same, but a believer's enjoyment of that peace varies very greatly. I always have a right to the divine inheritance, but I do not always enjoy the fruit of that inheritance. Peace may be broken with the Christian, through great trouble, if his faith is not very strong. It need not be so; for some of those who have had the greatest fight of affliction have had the sweetest peace in Christ Jesus. Inward conflict, too, may disturb our enjoyment of peace. When a man is struggling hard against a sin, when some old habit has to be hanged up before the Lord, when corruption grows exceedingly strong and vigorous, as at seasons it may do, the believer may not enjoy peace as he would wish. And yet I have known warring times when the fight within has not diminished my peace. "How so?" you may say. I have found peace in the very fact that I was fighting! I have seen clearly that if I were not a child of God, I should not struggle against sin. The very fact that I contend against sin, as against my deadliest foe, proves that I am not under the dominion of sin; and that fact brings peace to my soul.

When the Lord hides His face, as He may do as the result of grave offence that we have given Him, ah! then we cannot have peace. Peace runs out to a very low ebb when we are under withdrawals; and then we cry, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His feet!" We can never rest till we again behold the smile of His face, and take our place among the children.

But, after all, the chief reason why a Christian loses his peace is because he "turns again to folly." What kind of folly? Folly is sin and error, and everything contrary to divine wisdom. I will briefly show you a few of the

Different Shapes of this Folly.

There is the folly of hasty judgment. Have you never judged without knowing and considering all the surroundings of the case? Have you not come to a wrong conclusion, when you have ventured to judge the dealings of God with you? You have said, "This cannot be wise, this cannot be right; at any rate, this cannot be a fruit of love;" but you have found out afterwards that you were quite mistaken, that your severest trial was sent in very faithfulness. Your rash judgment was most evidently folly; and if you turn again to such folly in your next season of sorrow, you will certainly lose your peace.

Another kind of folly is of like order: it is repining, and quarrelling with the Most High. Some are never pleased with God; how can He be pleased with them? There can be no use in contending with our Maker; for what are we as compared with Him? "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." No man, by quarrel-

ing with God, can gain any advantage, for the right is on God's side, and eternal principles establish His government. When the barque wars with the rock, we know which will suffer. Yield thee, O my brother, yield thee to the Lord of love! Thine hope can only climb on bended knee; thy peace can only return with bowed head; for to proud rebellion there is no peace, since it is folly of the grossest kind.

Another kind of folly to which men turn is Doubt and Distrust.

What peace you have had has come by faith; and when faith departs, peace goes also. To doubt the Lord is folly; even the least degree of it is folly of the worst order. Be satisfied with God, and you shall be satisfied in God. Go not back to your old doubts and fears, for they are as a thicket of thorns. It seems to me that some of you were born doubting, and have hardly left off ever since. Some professors never seem to be happy unless they are miserable. I hardly know whether to call some of you doubters or believers. Yes, I thank God that I hope you are really believers; but you are terrible old doubters still. I am persuaded you will get to heaven, but you will not have much of heaven on the road unless you shake off this pernicious habit of distrust.

Some lose their peace by turning again to the folly of intellectual speculation. Some of our friends, who once walked in the light, as God is in the light, and were as happy as all the birds of the air, have now lost their joy because they have read a pernicious book, which started for them a whole host of difficulties, of which they never dreamed before. Would you like me to answer those difficulties? Suppose I took the trouble to do so, and succeeded, what would happen? You would read another book tomorrow, and come to me with another set of doubts; and if we were to slay all these, you would simply invite another band of invaders to land on the shores of your mind. Therefore, I decline to begin the endless task. No fact, however certain, is beyond a critic's questioning. I have done with the whole band of quibblers. People say, "Have you seen the new book? It is terribly unsettling!" It will not unsettle me: first, because I know what I know; and secondly, because I do not care one atom what the unbeliever has to say. If you have once been staggered by modern thought, do not turn again to that folly. Be not like silly people, who seem to fall down in the mud for the sake of being brushed. Why desire to be befogged and bewildered for the sake of getting set in the right way after long straying? Stick to the Scriptures.

The Worst Form of Folly

is *sin*. Scripture continually calls sinners fools; and so they are. What a touching pleading there is about this use of language! "God will speak peace unto His people; but let them not turn again to folly;" as much as to say, "to turn aside will not only grieve Me, but it will harm you. Sin is not only fault, but folly. It will be to your own injury as well as to My displeasure." Dear child of God, are you out in the storm just now? Have you no rest? Let me whisper in your ear. Is there not a cause? Somebody on board your vessel has brought this storm upon you. Where is he? He is not among the regular sailors that work the ship; he is neither captain nor mate; but he is a stranger. Down under the hatches is a man named Jonah; is he the cause of the tempest? "No," you say, "he is a good fellow, for he paid his fare." This makes me feel all the more suspicious. He is the cause of the mischief. You will never get peace until the Jonah of sin is overboard. Cast him into the sea, and it will be calm unto you. Many a child of God harbors a traitor, and hardly knows that he is doing so; and the Lord is at war with him because of the harbored rebel.

Beloved, I pray that no one of us may go back to folly. If we have ever tasted the peace of God, and communion with God, can we leave it for earthly joys? Can we quit the banquet of infinite love for the coarse pleasures of sin? God forbid! Remember what it cost your Lord to

make you free from the consequences of former folly; never return to it. Beloved, we cannot turn again to folly! O God, do not permit us to do so! Grant us thy peace, that by it we may be kept, both in heart and mind, loyal to thee! With minds at perfect peace with God, we set our face like a flint, and press on toward the haven where peace will never end. Glory be to God, who will bring us safely there! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Midnight Conflict.*

ALL night he walked the floor of his room at the inn in conflicts sharp and crucial. As knights of old fought with giants, slew dragons, conquered wild beasts, and fearlessly encountered every foe, so now this modern knight battled for his faith against all the unseen hosts of evil, marshalled by the devil of doubt. Now he conquered, now was baffled; now, slew a sneering fallacy, now was beaten back by some diabolical suggestion. Suddenly in the hottest of the fight, when the mortal man, pale with agony, braced his quivering nerves to a renewed attack—suddenly, like lightning's flash, shone before his mind's eye a blinding vision, and a voice whispered to his soul, "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Down he fell, like Saul of Tarsus; the wilderness temptation, Gethsemane, the cross, the Resurrection, all flashed before his soul in visions of dazzling light. Why should he try to fight the devil with his puny human strength? The divine Christ had fought and conquered Satan, sin, and death. Did he believe now in His divinity? Ah, who but God has ever achieved this victory? Believe Him! Oh, thank God, to believe in this divine Christ meant to lay upon His heavenly shoulders his load of doubt and guilt; nay, more; already had that divine Substitute borne his sins upon the cross. Did his will accept this atonement on his soul's behalf? Ah! with streaming eyes the weary, doubt-harassed man cried: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? My Lord and my God!" And the doubting cavalier arose from his knees a Christian knight of faith. Peace entered his soul, and when he turned with brave defiance to meet the devil of doubt, lo! he had gone. The Christ had flashed forth His glorious Divinity in the sight of Satan, and the tempter slunk away abashed and defeated.

A Debt to a Mission.

Eric saw a tall man rise, and heard him say: "I have come to pay a debt I owe to the McAll Mission." He spoke in fluent French, though with a slightly foreign accent. "I am a Russian," he continued. "Six years ago I was in Paris. I was then an infidel, and an anarchist. I imagined that society needed reforming, and I bent my mind and energies to the work of stirring up rebellious spirits like myself. I had inherited a fortune, and received a liberal education. I used both mind and money in the furtherance of my scheme. Like most of my class, I was wild, reckless, and dissipated, giving myself up to every form of immorality and vice.

"One rainy evening I was wandering through the streets listlessly, and I stumbled into one of the McAll Halls, on the Rue St. Honoré. The eloquence of the preacher arrested my attention, and his text shot like an arrow to my soul: 'Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all those things God will bring thee into judgment.' I went out from that hall with my conscience awakened, but I determined to stifle it. So I plunged again into my anarchist schemes, but I found that for some reason they were less attractive than before. Then I resolved to rush deeper into pleasure, and I went to Geneva, where I squandered my fortune in vice. At length, so low did I sink that, with purse empty, fortune gone, health shattered, and mind in de-

* From *A Knight of Faith*. By Lydia Hoyt Farmer; a story of religious struggle and religious life amid trial, doubt, and temptation; pp. 288; price \$1; published by J. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose Street, New York.



Rev. E. W. Oakes. (See page 775.)



The Late Hon. George H. Pendleton.

spair, I sought the Lake of Geneva with the intention of ending my wretchedness in suicide.

"Along the lake side I wandered, gazing into the still depths of the water with intense longing for rest. Should I find rest at last beneath those tranquil waves? I made ready to plunge into the watery grave, when, like a flash of lightning, came those words to my soul: 'For all these things God will bring thee into judgment.' Back I started in horror. If I had spurned Christ in Paris, I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in Geneva. I am here on my way to Belgium, commissioned by the Temperance Association to work for the Master among those ensnared by the devil in the haunts of drunkenness and vice. But I could not pass this city without acknowledging the debt I owe, through God's providence, to this wonderful mission!"

THE LATE HON. G. H. PENDLETON.

(See Portrait.)

THE death of Mr. Pendleton, which occurred in Brussels on Monday of last week, is a national loss. Politicians will not grieve over him, though he was a politician. The Democratic party, to which he belonged, will not mourn his loss. It is the nation as a whole that is the sufferer, and it is the best and wisest men in the nation who alone understood his worth, and know how much has been lost in his death. He was a statesman in the best sense of the word; one of the very few men we have who hold the national welfare in higher regard than their own interest or that of their political party.

George Hunt Pendleton was sixty-four years of age, having been born July 25, 1825, in Cincinnati, Ohio. His grandfather, Nathaniel Pendleton, was a Virginian. He was appointed by Washington a judge of the United States District Court for Georgia. He acted as Hamilton's second in his duel with Aaron Burr. His son, Nathaniel G. Pendleton, was a warm personal friend of President William Henry Harrison, grandfather of the present President, and was a devoted supporter of Henry Clay. George H., the deceased statesman, studied at Woodward High School and Cincinnati College until he was nineteen, when he went to the famous university of Heidelberg, Germany. Here he became a first-rate classical scholar, and acquired

that proficiency in French, German, and other European languages for which he was noted in after years.

At the close of his university course he spent three years in European travel. He studied closely the systems of government he found there, and gained that wider and higher view of statesmanship which the pot-house politicians who swarm in Congress are incapable of understanding. On his return he settled down in Cincinnati to the practice of law, but in 1853 he was elected, without his own solicitation, to the State Senate, and in 1856 he was sent to Congress by his district. He was re-elected in 1858, 1860, and 1862. In the Presidential contest of 1864 Mr. Pendleton ran for Vice-President on the McClellan ticket. In 1868 he came within two and a half votes of securing the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. The next year he was nominated for the Governorship of Ohio, but was defeated by Rutherford B. Hayes. In 1878 the Ohio Legislature elected him United States Senator in succession to Stanley Matthews. His term expired in March 1885, and President Cleveland then appointed him Minister to Germany.

Mr. Pendleton's most noted achievement was the Civil Service Reform measure, which is now in operation. It was interesting to note how it divided Congress. The selfish and tricky politicians of both parties opposed it violently, as they still do, while patriotic men who were anxious to remove the scandal which disgraces the country, and half-kills every President in the first year of his term, supported it heartily. The passage of the measure was a fatal blow at the power of the party bosses throughout the country. The detestation in which they hold him is a crown of honor, which will adorn his record in American history.

ETHEL DAWSON'S RETALIATION.

(See Illustration on page 781.)

"It never rains but it pours," said one of Ethel Dawson's school friends as the two were walking away from the Young Ladies' Academy at the close of an autumn day.

"Everything has gone wrong with me to-day," had been Ethel's remark calling forth her friend's quotation of the old saw. "The profes-

sor misunderstood me, and thought I was saucy; and I forgot to mail mamma's letter, and she will be angry; and I lost my knife that Cousin Maude gave me. Oh! it has been a day of vexations."

"Well, it is about over now," said her friend. "I get such days sometimes. Grown up people think girls do not have any troubles, but they are mistaken. My mamma says they are all of my own making. It is just as hard for us if they are."

Ethel did not mention in her list of troubles the primary influence which had agitated her early in the day, and unfitted her for bearing annoyances. The last words she had spoken before leaving home in the morning had been to her elder sister. Laying some money and a bit of bright-colored wool on the table she said, "There, Clara, you may get your own ribbon yourself, I am not going to be bothered with matching colors for a girl who treats me as you do."

"But you promised, Ethel," Clara said, "and you are going right past the store. You know I cannot go myself, and if you do not get it for me I cannot finish my work in time. You know you *did* promise."

"Yes, but that was before you persuaded mamma not to let me go to the concert. It was only because you wanted Nettie Rawlings to go with you instead of me. You gave her the ticket I should have had, I know you did. It was real mean of you, and you may just get the ribbon yourself, or ask her to get it for you; I won't. Perhaps it will teach you a lesson of sisterly behavior."

Ethel gave her sister no time to reply, but walked out of the house feeling that she had administered righteous retribution, which would be salutary for her sister. She did not feel quite at peace with herself, and was half inclined to turn back, when she reached the corner of the street, and make her peace with Clara by undertaking the commission. But she reflected that to do so would be a sign of weakness which would rob the lesson of its moral influence, so she went on, with firm step, as became the moral educator. But the harp strings were jarring, and she had not the equanimity which should have resulted from conduct based on principle. The

annoyances Ethel reported to her friend followed, and the little lady was returning home with anything but a roseate view of this mortal life.

She was looking forward to the time when, supper over, and certain usual duties performed, she could retire to her own room for reading, drawing, or any recreation that suited her mood. Her behavior in the interval was as dignified as Ethel could make it, but its effect was spoiled by her mother inquiring why she was so dull, and by Clara remarking that she did not like to see "a child in the sulks." Ethel did not consider herself a child, nor think that dignity could have been mistaken otherwise than wilfully for sulkiness. But at last she made her escape, and when once in her own sanctum, felt herself safe from further vexation. Letting down the long golden hair over her shoulders, and taking up some needlework which was to be a triumph of neatness and establish the reputation of the worker for skill in that department, she stitched vigorously for a few minutes. Her mind, however, worked even more rapidly than her fingers, and soon the work was forgotten and Ethel lost herself in a reverie.

Mrs. Dawson thought she formed a pretty picture as she sat there lost in thought, when a little later she opened her daughter's door.

Motherly solicitude over the girl prompted the visit. So much may be done to save the future life from trouble by timely counsel when it is tenderly and judiciously given. Mrs. Dawson was well aware of the fact, and hoped to seize the right moment for planting some sound moral lessons in the mental soil so evidently broken upon.

"What is wrong, Ethel, love?" she asked, sitting down by her daughter's side and taking one of her hands lovingly in her own.

The confidence she sought was not easily won, but when at length the whole story came out, the mother saw that there was abundant opportunity for her good offices.

"And you would have matched Clara's ribbon for her," she said, after listening to Ethel's defence of herself, "if you had not had that grievance?"

"Oh yes, mamma; I had *really* promised, you know, but she did not deserve to have me do anything for her after being so mean."

Mrs. Dawson was too wise to discuss the conduct of her elder daughter with Ethel. "Do you think duty a conditional thing, Ethel?" she asked, "Does the conduct of another absolve you from a duty? That would make duty a kind of contract binding upon one party only so long as the other is faithful. I fear my daughter has much trouble and sorrow, and perhaps remorse, before her if she cherishes that idea. It is not for us to punish each other, my child, for dereliction of duty. God will see to all that. Especially we should not try to inflict punishment by acting unkindly ourselves. That degrades us, and it is an offence in God's sight. To go right on, doing our duty, doing acts of kindness whenever we have opportunity, resenting no injury, leaving vindication and the righting of



Ethel Dawson's Reverie.

our wrongs to God, that is the true and noble line of conduct. Think what would be our case if God treated *us* as we deserve. Think of Jesus dying for His enemies. Come, let us pray about it, and see if some better rule of life than this of yours does not commend itself to you."

Mrs. Dawson knelt down with her daughter and prayed. When they rose, Ethel's cheeks were wet with penitent tears, but there was a purpose in her heart that, being held in the strength of God, saved her shedding tears far more bitter in after life.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 766.)

The Settlement.

FRESH difficulties perplexed the wanderers as they touched the shores of the New World. The place of their destination was the Hudson River, which lay to the south, and the patent which they had obtained under the Virginia Company's seal, at considerable cost and after long vexation and delay, was of less value in that northern latitude than the sheep-skin on which it was engrossed. But the land seemed to the weary voyagers to smile in welcome. The place of their intended settlement was one of the most fertile and convenient along the whole Atlantic seaboard, and, whether from treachery or ignorance, their captain had guided them to one of the least inviting portions of the coast. But the Pilgrims yielded to the natural impulse of the tempest-tossed wanderer at the sight of the green earth.

"The appearance of it," says Governor Bradford, "much comforted us, especially seeing so goodly a land, and wooded to the brink of the sea, it caused us to rejoice together, and praise God that had given us again to see land."

Nevertheless, they were not inclined to overlook the risks which they must incur by forfeiting the privileges of the charter it had cost them so much labor and difficulty to procure; and after they had gratified themselves by setting foot on the New World, towards which their hopes had so long been turned, they resolved to endeavor still to reach their destined settlement.

Half a day was thus spent. The Pilgrims then urged the captain to pursue his course southward. But the Dutch had resolved to establish settlements of their own in those parts, and had bribed the commander to frustrate the purpose of the colonists in that respect. This he did by entangling the ship amidst shoals and breakers, instead of putting out to sea, and, foul weather coming on in the early part of the second day, they were driven back to Cape Cod.

It was now the middle of November. The shelter offered at the cape was inviting. The captain became impatient to dispose of his company and return. He admonished them that nothing should induce him to expose himself and his men to the hazard of wanting provisions. Unless they meant, therefore, that he should at once set them and their goods on shore and leave them to their course, it would behoove them to adopt their own measures and to act upon

them without delay. They knew that the documents they had brought with them from England gave them no authority to attempt a settlement on the land now before them. But the plea of necessity was upon them, and was more than enough to justify them in selecting a home wherever it might be found.

"The voyage had reduced most of them to a weak and sickly condition. The wild country, as they gazed upon it from their ship, was seen to be covered with thickets and dense woods, and already wore the aspect of winter. No medical aid awaited them on that shore, no friendly greetings, but hardship and danger in every form. They felt that their safety, and such poor comfort as might be left to them, must depend on their power to confide in God and in each other. Hence, before they left the *Mayflower*, they constituted themselves as subjects of their 'dread sovereign lord, King James,' into a body politic, and bound themselves to such obedience in all things as the majority should impose."

"Writers are, not unnaturally, inclined to make the most of the independent position thus forced upon the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. The terms of this voluntary political constitution were thus briefly drawn out, and signed by all the men of the party: "In the name of God, amen; we, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign, King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid;

and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This most interesting document is worthy of admiration, because of the wisdom and sagacity it displayed in these Fathers of the New England State. It was a recognition of the advantages of social union, and of well-defined laws, over the wild liberty of men loosed from all restraint; and it acquires its peculiar value when we remember that the men who thus carefully guarded these fruits of civilization, had been driven forth to this inhospitable wilderness by the oppressive laws of this same "dread sovereign, King James," whose loyal subjects they so anxiously strove still to remain.

"This instrument," says Bancroft, "was signed by the whole body of men, forty-one in number, who, with their families, constituted the one hundred and one, the whole colony, 'the proper democracy,' that arrived in New England. This was the birth of popular constitutional liberty. The Middle Ages had been familiar with charters and constitutions; but they had been merely compacts for immunities, partial enfranchisements, patents of nobility, concessions of municipal privileges, or limitations of the sovereign power in favor of feudal institutions. In the cabin of the *Mayflower* humanity recovered its rights, and instituted government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the 'general good.' John Carver was immediately and unanimously chosen governor for the year."

In like terms, Dr. Cheever rejoices over the "unpatented and unfettered" landing of the Pilgrims to take possession of their new homes; though acknowledging that another patent, which included their settlement, had been drawn up and signed ere their landing. "Meanwhile," says he, "the noblemen and gentlemen engaged before in the old patent for North Virginia were seeking a new and separate patent of incorporation for New England, under the style and title of the council established at Plymouth, in the county of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England, in America, which, says Mr. Prince, is the great and civil basis of all the future patents and plantations that divide this country. This patent they at length obtained from King James; but it was not signed by the King until long after the Pilgrims had set sail, not indeed till November 3, 1620, just before the *Mayflower* anchored in Cape Cod harbor. There the Pilgrims were to land in New England, unchartered by any earthly power, and were to take possession at Plymouth of their desired retreat in the wilderness, in full liberty of conscience, unpatented and unfettered."

Years of suffering, perplexity, and fears had prepared the exiles of Leyden for contentment with a humble resting-place, and tedious months of hardships and disappointments schooled them into moderating their humblest wishes, ere at length they set foot on the New England shores. It seems to be the appointed law of Providence to perfect men in the school of suffering, for every great work; and many circumstances had combined to accumulate hardships round these devoted pioneers of civilization. They had parted with their brethren at Delft Haven in the warm month of July, and the bright skies of an early English harvest cheered them as they embarked at Southampton on board the *Mayflower*. But hope long deferred had made them sick at heart, and the warm breezes of July had been exchanged for the boisterous gales of the Atlantic ere the weary fugitives stepped on the New England shores just as winter was assuming its keenest severity.

They stood between the wilderness and the sea. In doubt and difficulty, their leaders strove to explore the coast, with the hope of lighting on some more sheltered and convenient spot whereon to found the first city of refuge for the outcast children of England. But time was

pressing; the captain of the *Mayflower* was impatient to be gone, and no friendly guide appeared to bid them welcome and point them to a haven of rest. No friendly guide—and yet an unseen hand was there, not unrecognized, amid all their sufferings, by these weary wanderers. God, in His good providence, was leading them by a way that they knew not. The chosen spot whereon they were to find rest and the liberty of conscience, in pursuit of which they had braved such perils, was already prepared; even as the land of promise, when "the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth" passed over before them into the Jordan, and the people of Israel entered as an armed host to take possession of their long-promised inheritance.

To the bold hunter who sought pleasure as well as profit in the toils of the chase, or to the hardy adventurer whom the novelties of a strange land had attracted from the Old World, there were not wanting romantic incidents on the New England coast. But though these have been preserved to us in the quaint and graphic descriptions of Governor Bradford's journal, they offered no attractions to the poor exiles, cast amid the inclemencies of winter on a bleak and inhospitable shore. Nevertheless, they were no body of unprincipled adventurers, such as those who had landed on the shores of Virginia during the previous reign, in expectation of possessing the golden treasures with which the New World was reputed to abound. In the *Chronicles of the Pilgrims* we find evidence enough that they had counted the cost before leaving the shores of Europe.

"Some," says the contemporary annalist, "from their reasous and hopes conceived, labored to stir up and encourage the rest to undertake and prosecute the same; others, again, out of their fears, objected against it, and sought to divert from it, alleging many things, and those neither unreasonable nor unprobable; as that it was a great design, and subject to many inconceivable perils and dangers; as, besides the casualties of the seas (which none can be freed from), the length of the voyage was such as the weak bodies of men and women and such other persons, worn out with age and travail (as many of them were), could never be able to endure; and yet if they should, the miseries of the land which they should be exposed unto would be too hard to be borne, and likely, some or all of them, to consume and utterly to ruin them. For there they should be liable to famine and nakedness, and the want, in a manner, of all things." Nor does the chronicler forget the "danger of the salvage people, who delight to torment men in most bloody manner that may be." But to all these it had been answered, "That all great and honorable actions were accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages."

"It was granted the dangers were great, but not desperate, and the difficulties were many, but not invincible; for although there were many of them likely, yet they were not certain. It might be that some of the things feared might never befall them; others, by providence, care, and the use of good means, might in a great measure be prevented; and all of them through the help of God, by fortitude and patience, might either be borne or overcome."

From the greatest of all these dangers—that of the savage Indian—they were rescued by the good Providence that cast them, against their wills, on the bleak coast of New England. Had they followed out their original plan, and the requirements of the charter granted under the seal of the Virginia Company, they would in all probability have perished by the hands of the Red Indian tribes, who then populated the vast savannahs along the shores of the Hudson. Various attempts had been made from time to time to colonize New England, but without success; and at length all thought of it seemed abandoned by the boldest of English adventurers, unless where they occasionally established a temporary summer station there, for traffick-

ing with the Indians. But the chosen soil which had thus been protected by the rude hand of the savage from the mere mercenary adventurer in search of gain, was suddenly prepared for the reception of those who "sought a faith's pure shrine."

The first of the natives with whom the Pilgrims had any intelligible intercourse was Samoset, an Indian of the Wampanoags, who had acquired some smattering of the English tongue from frequent intercourse with the fishermen who visited that shore. From him they learned that a terrible pestilence had broken out among the tribes of Massachusetts only four years before, and that out of these Indian nations, who had numbered among them thirty thousand fighting men, scarcely three hundred were left alive. There was no need of the signing of treaties, or the smoking of the calumet of peace, as in the negotiations of the founder of Pennsylvania. *The land was without possessors*; the succession of heirs had failed; and the broad savannahs had been gifted anew, by their great suzerain, to the wandering outcasts of the pale-faces.

Scarcely any position can be conceived of as more desolate than that of the passengers on board the *Mayflower* when it rounded Cape Cod and cast anchor in Plymouth Bay. After their tedious and long-protracted voyage, their eyes at length rested on the land of promise. But no friendly hand was extended to welcome them to the shore. Along the coast, far as the eye could reach, no spot appeared to offer even a convenient landing, or a commodious shelter; while, on board, they must have felt that they could repose little faith on the friendly aid of the mercenary hirelings who had guided the *Mayflower* thus far from their destined haven, and were now impatient to land them and be gone. Dreary indeed must have been the prospect that presented itself, when, after a tempestuous passage, during which the little band, with their wives and infant children, had been exposed for nine weeks to all the terrors of the stormy Atlantic, they still hesitated to land.

Exploring parties tracked their way through the woods, followed on the trail of the wild Indians, and strove with all diligence to familiarize themselves with the capabilities of the new country they had come to take possession of. Their desires were humble enough, their gratitude overflowed in thanksgivings at the least favor of heaven. After a long and devious ramble, in which their slender stock of provisions had proved inadequate for their wants, their own journalist remarks:

"About ten a'clocke we came into a deepe valley, full of brush, wood-gaile, and long grasse, through which we found little paths or tracks, and there we saw a deere, and found springs of fresh water, of which we were heartily glad, and sat us downe and drunke our first New England water, with as much delight as ever we drunke drinke in all our lives."

So soon as the voluntary charter of association, already referred to, had been drawn up and signed by every member of the new colony, a party of sixteen explorers was sent on shore "to see what the land was, and what inhabitants they could meet with." Time pressed; the chill blasts of winter were already come, and the little band, with their wives and helpless infants, were to be left to brave its worst on that inhospitable shore. Yet some sixteen more precious days were spent ere the carpenter could unship the shallop and render it seaworthy, they "having been forced to cut her downe in bestowing her betwixt the decks, and she was much opened with the peoples' lying in her." There are no complaints or murmurs recorded in these early journals of the Pilgrims, from which we quote. It is only from such passing allusions as this that we learn of their privations. For the tedious weeks of the long voyage, when tossed about by the equinoctial gales of the Atlantic, the shallop between the decks had been the hard couch of these uncomplaining wanderers.

(To be continued.)

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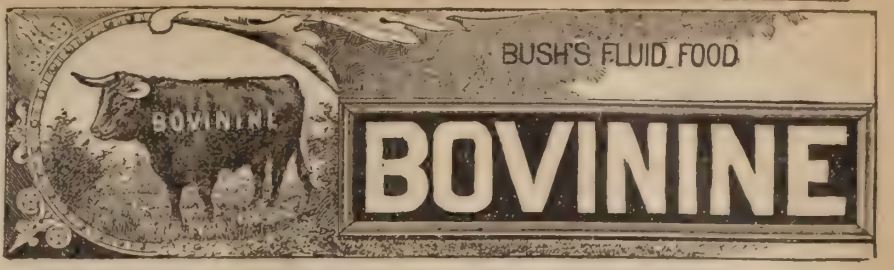
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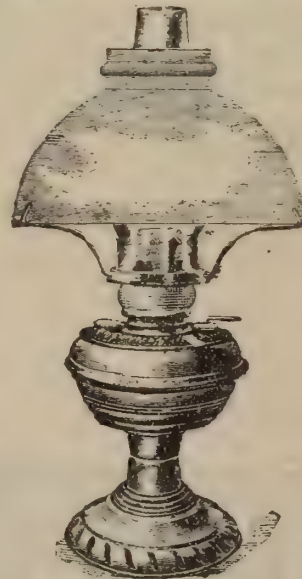
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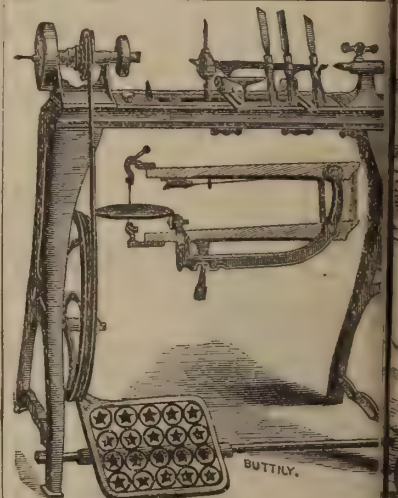
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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1889.

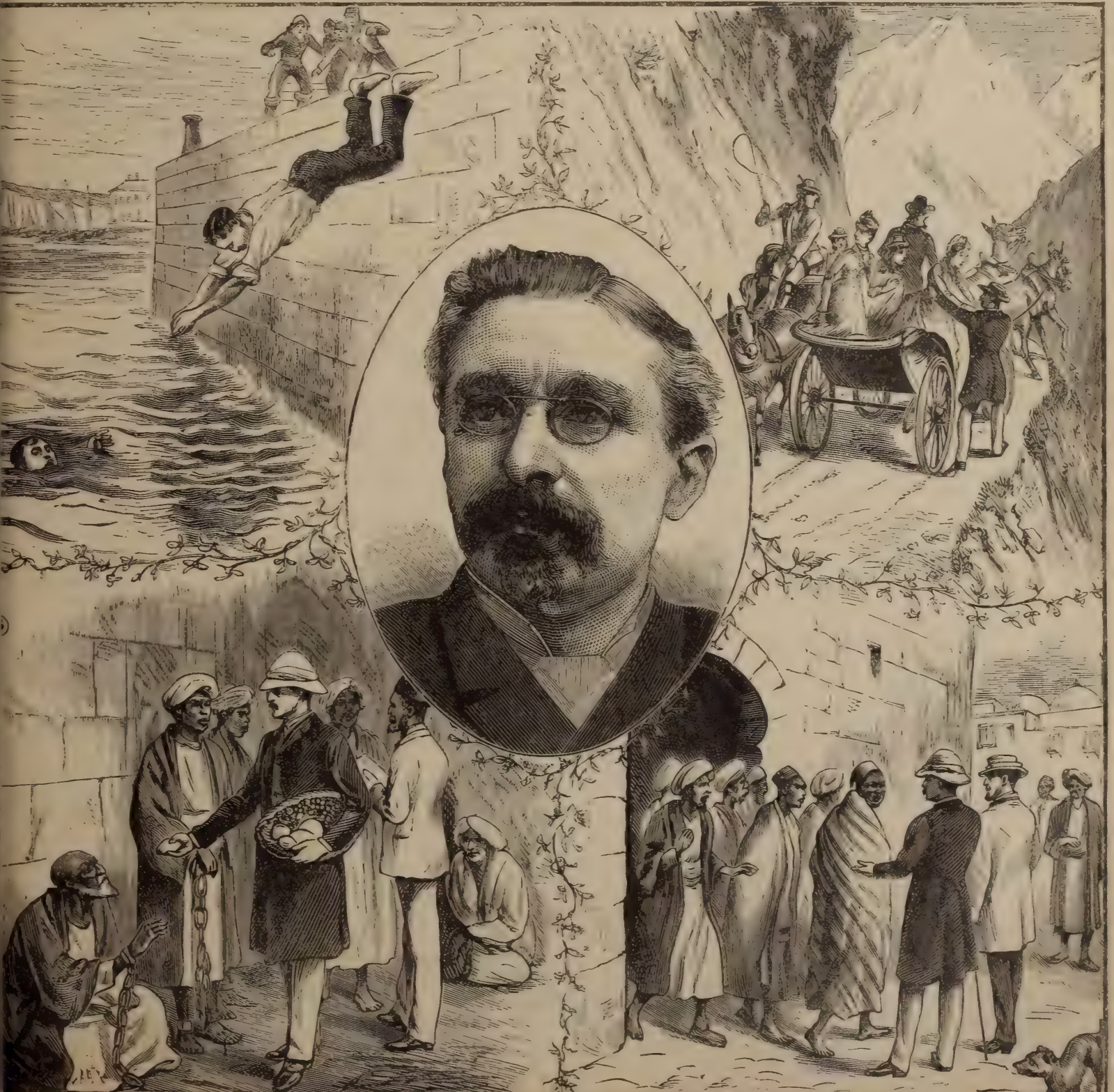
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MR. CHARLES COOK, THE EVANGELIST AND PRISON PHILANTHROPIST—Scenes in His Life.

MR. CHARLES COOK.

A Romantic Life—The Modern John Howard—Early Orphanhood—Years of Dissipation—His Conversion—Open Air Preaching—Rescue of a Drowning Boy—Travellers on the Alps Saved From a Precipice—Attractions of Prison Work—Interceding for Untried Prisoners in Egypt—The Horrors of Greek Jails—A Scramble for Bibles in Italy—Other European Dungeons—Work in Morocco—Prison Fever—Results of Open Air Services.

ONE of the most remarkable of the English evangelists is Mr. Charles Cook, who has been holding meetings this month in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, of which the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is pastor. He is known to many of our readers through his visit to this country in 1882, and many others are familiar with his name by reputation. Few, however, know the strange and almost romantic story of his life, and as it is most interesting and instructive, a brief sketch of it is here given, with a portrait on the preceding page.

Mr. Cook is the son of prosperous tradespeople in London, and was born there in 1846, so that he is now forty-three years of age. When he was only fifteen his mother and father, who were both most excellent people, suddenly died, and the lad was left to confront the world alone. A mere boy in years and experience, with money at command to gratify his tastes, and without the restraining influence of religion, it is not surprising that he gave his days to pleasure. The next six years he rapidly trod

The Downward Road.

Scenes of dissipation, the racecourse, the theatre, and haunts of degrading vice marked the stages of his career. But a startling change was at hand. Happening one day in 1867 to stroll into a church—an unusual thing with him, as may be supposed—it was his good fortune to hear an able sermon from the text, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." The words haunted him; he knew not why, he knew not how. Unlike those mystic characters on the wall that proclaimed to King Belshazzar his reprobation and doom, they encouraged him with hope that in their fulfilment there were mercy and peace everlasting. It was as if an angel had spoken. He went home to meditate on this strange message he had never understood before, and all at once its hidden meaning flashed upon his soul. That was

The Turning-Point

of his life. He knelt down, and with many tears of penitence prayed for guidance and strength to lead a godly life in the future. And the prayer was granted. He yielded himself to Christ. Henceforth his former haunts knew him no more, and the blandishments and derision of his old associates was like the rush of an angry sea, which bespatters the rock that it cannot shake. He had chosen the better part, and it should never be taken away. Nor was it long before in the first glow of his new-born love for the Saviour, he felt impelled to proclaim to others the tidings of great joy he had himself received. His first address was delivered on a common near London, to the wonderment of all who had known him previously; and thereafter, in the commonest lodging-houses of the city and at street-corners, he became a familiar figure as the years sped on. He had a bright, winning manner, he was in earnest, and he knew the evils against which he warned his hearers, and the remedy for them.

The Rescue of a Life

early in his evangelistic career, was the subject of much notice at the time. Mr. Cook was holding services at Lowestoft, a port on the south-eastern coast of England, when one afternoon as he was walking by the sea, near the harbor, there was a cry of "A boy drowning!" It appears that a number of boys were playing, when one carelessly pushed one of his companions into the harbor, where he was sinking for the second time. Rapidly divesting himself of his coat and vest, Mr. Cook jumped from the pier into the water and, managing to reach the drowning lad,

held him up until a boat came to their rescue. (See illustration on first page.)

A Struggle On the Alps

was another memorable incident in Mr. Cook's life. Crossing the Tête Noire Pass in the Swiss Alps in 1878, on a mule, his guide walking alongside, he noticed on the path ahead a carriage containing three ladies and a gentleman. The road being very narrow, he wondered how a second carriage which was coming towards them could pass. When they met, the vehicles collided, and the off-side carriage swayed toward the verge of the abyss. Seeing with horror that the earth was breaking away from the feet of the opposite mule, Mr. Cook jumped off his mule and ran to the rescue. By a desperate effort he succeeded in getting the ladies out of the carriage (see illustration on first page), the driver hanging on to the pole of the carriage to save the vehicle from going over the precipice, which is about 2,000 feet in depth at this point. It needed no exhortation to give God thanks for His delivering mercy, and in no heart that day was gratitude so profound as in his who had been used as the means to save precious lives from an imminent death.

The Modern Howard

is the character in which Mr. Cook is best known. It has been said that prison philanthropy is wasted and that wrongdoers who are caught and lodged in jail have no claims on the good offices of philanthropists who should rather give all their time and effort to the honest poor who do not break the laws. There is common sense and justice in this view but men who have learned the lesson of the Cross do not adopt it. They know that it was not for the righteous that Christ came to die and that if we were all treated as we individually deserve our case would be deplorable. Therefore they do not regard the evildoer as outside the pale of pity, and they are encouraged to tell him the glad tidings of salvation by the thought that in prison he is in favorable circumstances for realizing the consequences of sin. That is a work to which Mr. Cook has given much time, and in which he has been much blessed. Beginning with the prisons of his own land he visited one after the other, and in addition to work among the prisoners, studied the reformatory methods in operation. Thence he went to other countries. The influential position England holds in Egypt led Mr. Cook to make that country one of the first points of his journey of mercy. As England might lose her ascendancy there, and, if he delayed, it might be too late. He thus speaks of his

Tour of Egyptian Prisons.

"From seaboard to Soudan, from Alexandria to Philæ, did we travel, scattering the Word in villages and towns, on board the steamers, and in cells of prisons. In Cairo the prisons were not so very bad; but in other places, and especially in Upper Egypt, they were most unhealthy; it was no uncommon thing to find the water used for drinking purposes kept in the latrine, and in some cases there was a cesspool under the room where the prisoners slept. This was bad indeed; but on inquiry of the authorities, I found over 1,400 men in prison awaiting trial, and I was officially informed that many of them had thus been imprisoned without trial for nearly seven years. This and other instances of injustice led me to lodge a strong protest at the Palace of the Khedive; and, writing to his Highness, I complained bitterly of the inhumanity of detaining prisoners so long before bringing them to trial. Whether actually through this letter or not, I noticed that three days afterwards 150 poor wretches were released, and others were to follow. (See illustration on first page.) I thanked God and took courage; and having given copies of the Scriptures to all who could read in the prisons of Egypt, I left these miserable dungeons, with their chained and manacled inmates, and sailed for the classic shores of Greece."

Horrors in Greece.

"Passing by the island of Crete, in less than three days, from Alexandria, we reached the Piræus, and after a long and dusty drive, we

entered Athens. Visiting the prisons here, we were surprised to find them dirtier than those we had recently left, and quite as unhealthy; for in one room only ten feet square we found ten men, and in another, where thirteen men were confined—one being dangerously ill—the room measured twelve feet square, the only mode of ventilation we could see being the occasional opening of the door. No work was given the prisoners to do, and no books were provided for them to read; whilst the floors, staircases, and passages were simply thick with dirt. On our arrival, the chief prison in Athens was in a great uproar, as three prisoners had escaped, and only one had just been recaptured. This man we visited, and gave him a copy of the Gospels; but so dejected and miserable did the captives all appear, that we first ordered them all to be supplied with coffee, and then left copies of the Scriptures in modern Greek for them all. We wrote to the Minister who has charge of the prisons, pointing out the urgent need of immediate reform, and complaining of the unsanitary condition of the place. We had to leave Athens before there was time to get an answer, but trust something was done to mend matters."

In Italian Prisons

Mr. Cook found abundant scope for Christian effort. He says: "From Milan, in the north, to Naples, in the south; from Puzzuoli to Brindisi, in the old state dungeons of the Inquisition at Venice, to the convict prisons of Rome itself, have I had the joy and pleasure of distributing the Word of life. The people of Italy are struggling to be free from the thralldom of the Romanist priests—are far more loyal to the King than to the Pope; and I was rather helped than hindered in my work by all of the officials I came in contact with. Among the many interesting visits paid to the jails of Italy, I select but one. We had run through Rome, visiting every prison it possesses, and leaving behind us our precious books without any opposition from the authorities, and reached Brindisi, where some 600 convicts were imprisoned in the old castle. So eager were these men to possess the Scriptures, that they pressed round us so closely as to anger the governor, who was conducting us over the place.

"We were in one of the exercising yards—prisoners in chains all around us clamoring for our books; the governor was about ordering the men into their cells, because of their noise, etc. Not a moment was to be lost; so, taking all the copies I had with me, and smiling the official into a good humor, I threw them into the middle of the yard. The noise of the chains clanking on the stones, caused by the scrambling of the convicts to obtain possession of those books, will ever live in my memory. In this country there are over 5,000 men imprisoned for life, and these are known by their dress."

The French Jails

were next visited. "How long has this man to endure solitary confinement?" I asked of the warden, who was conducting me over the 'Maison Centrale,' of Caen, in Normandy. 'Ten years,' was the answer. 'What is the effect of this on the prisoners?' I asked. 'It drives them mad,' replied the officer. Descending into the lower part of the prison, I found a man in a 'dark cell,' and inquired the time he had been thus immured. 'He has been in this cell twenty-five days, and has five more to stay,' was the answer. The light of the lantern which I carried almost blinded the man. We gave away our books to the prisoners, with a prayer for their salvation, and left the place."

No Roman Catholic Government supplies its prisoners with Bibles; but Mr. Cook has travelled in many such countries, visiting them for the purpose of given them the Scriptures in their own tongue, and has been most gladly welcomed. The nine huge prisons of Paris alone occupied him nearly two years. The prison discipline of France, he says, is extremely rigorous; but there is nothing about it which is calculated to reform a man, much less to convert him. The result is seen in the enormous

per of men who are convicted again and and who, at last, have to be shipped as rigibles to the wilds of New Caledonia.

Austrian Prisoners

more difficult to reach, because of the jealousy of the despotic government, which suspended even the simple evangelistic efforts of pious designs. Mr. Cook says: "I learned several persons had been arrested for giving away tracts, and the wife of the chaplain to British Ambassador told me they were not red to hold public prayer-meetings in their house. We managed, however, to give four hundred and fifty Testaments in four in the streets of Vienna. By the aid of our entials, we were soon in possession of the ful authority for visiting the prisons of ria. It would not be wise, concerning this try, to speak in detail; enough to say that estants, Catholics, and Jews alike shared in blessing of having the Word in their own age. We asked for and received an official pt for all the books which we gave away. ource, I found that what could be done in na it was possible to do in the provinces, the receipt we held was, as I expected, of use to me when we reached Hungary, e we felt that we were breathing another Though still under the rule of Austria, the garians are a liberty-loving people; and I liberty given me to go where I liked and o wished. In the capital—Buda-Pesth—in day I supplied every prisoner with God's d. Servians, Hungarians, Croats, and rs, all received the books with thankfulness. ventilation of the prisons here was bad, the th was horrible; but the authorities thank- te for calling attention to it, and promised medy it." Last year Mr. Cook paid

A Visit to Morocco,

finding the prisoners famishing for food, he ht up all the bread to be had in Tangier day, and supplementing this with grapes, ed the two prisons of Tangier, and fed all prisoners (see illustration on first page); by the help of a friend who spoke Arabic, ad the Word of God to them, preached the el of Christ, and left with all who could copies of the Word of God; managing, to get one prisoner released from incarceration by paying his debt. At Tetuan, an inland t, he was also enabled to feed all the poor gry wretches who were there confined. On way home he visited the prisons of Spain, h he found indescribably filthy. There the eless abominations through which he passed ight on him an illness which prostrated him three months, and compelled him to abandon further investigations in Spain. It was the prison-fever, once well known in all Euro- lands, and which found its victims, not only ng the prisoners, but among the warders, sometimes the contagion spread in the tinal courts even to judge and jury. Hap- the right of prisoners to good sanitary argments is now recognized in the more istian lands, and the fever has disappeared, gh its memory is perpetuated still in many rts by strewing the ledge in front of the oners' dock with herbs supposed to have dis- ing properties. Mr. Cook suffered terribly, has now recovered, and has resumed his ngelistic work by his recent meetings in Mr. rgeon's Tabernacle. It should also be men- ted that in the intervals of his prison work, continued his open air meetings in London. le Park was his favorite Sunday afternoon rt, and frequently he had an audience there hree thousand persons. So much good red from these services that a hall has been d near the spot for the winter months, and y Sunday night it is crowded with non- rch goers, who by their orderly manner and e attention prove the value of these efforts.

Volume XI., of the Christian Herald, contain the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in t, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including age. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887 are also for We can also furnish complete volumes for 1884, 1885, 1888, unbound, price \$1.50, including postage.

A LIVING BOOK.

AN interesting incident was related on October 25 at a meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions in Chicago, by Dr. Peoples, who has returned from his work in Laos to procure type to print the Bible in the language of his people. It referred to a man who, being unable to read, and too old to learn by rote, brought to the mission his son, who committed passages of the Bible to memory so as to recite them to his father: Dr. Peoples said:

One of the last events that transpired before we left Lakawn was the conversion of a prominent man. He had been one of the most conscientious, faithful Buddhists, remarkable among his neighbors, yet he was not able to read; having heard of the Christian teachers, he became interested inquired about them, but could not learn anything. So he came, like Nicodemus, by night to our place, and finding a native elder, he asked if it would be out of place for him to visit the teacher; then, he asked about the new religion. The elder took the Bible and began to read the first of Genesis, "In the beginning," etc. Listening attentively, he presently said, "Is that the way?" as if a mental problem had been solved. Then the elder turned to the New Testament and read of the Saviour of men. He then said, "What shall I do? I cannot remember, I cannot read, I cannot wait to learn." He came to me, and I could but be impressed with the straightforwardness and simplicity of his character. The next time he came he brought a little son of about five years; the elder read to the boy, who committed to memory what he heard, so as to be able to repeat to his father. This man has become a Christian, but is now ostracized and persecuted. His wife's relations were about to take his children from him, saying, "The foreigners would take them to feed their spirits." (This is actually believed.) But we had, fortunately, gained enough influence to prevent their taking his property or forcing his children from him, although they persuaded the younger children to live with them.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

How to Get into Heaven.—Dr. Pentecost said: "I well remember the last week of a series of meetings conducted by Mr. Moody in our city. The crowds were immense, and more people standing outside who could not get in than were in the great tabernacle. Towards the last day of the mission I slipped out to the little side-door to get some fresh air. In front of this door were massed about 3,000 people, anxious to enter. As I stood there a splendid carriage drove up, and a lady, richly attired, stepped out, and going up to the policeman in charge, said, 'I wish to get in.' 'I am very sorry,' he replied, 'but it is impossible.' The lady looked first at the policeman, and then at her horse and carriage, as much as to say, 'That is all good enough for common people, but I must get in.' But the policeman was obdurate, and she had to go again into her carriage and drive away. Then there came up one of the city aldermen, and asked to be admitted. 'My orders are very strict,' replied the officer: 'I cannot allow anyone to pass in.' The alderman looked at him as if to say, 'Will you not let me in?' but he had to retire. He had scarcely gone when another gentleman came up, who explained that he had just arrived from Washington, and had to go back the same night, would he not let him in, but was told that it was impossible. 'I scarcely like to use this means,' he said, as he handed the policeman his card, and there he saw the name of one of the first governors in the United States, but his name did not avail him there. I was just turning away when a little, hard-working looking man squeezed his way up to the door and asked to get in. 'I have been turning away aldermen and governors, and do you think I'll let you in?' said the policeman. Turning to me, the little man said, 'Go and tell Mr. Moody that his brother George is here.' I carried the message, and Mr. Moody exclaimed, 'My brother George!

I did not know he was in town. Why, get him in!' Then, turning, he said to the crowd on the platform, 'Make a passage for my brother!' Soon he was in and seated on Mr. Moody's chair, the only vacant one in the hall. Similarly we may knock at the gates of heaven, and make any plea we like, but if we be not 'Sons of the Most High and brothers of Christ,' we cannot enter."

"Never Too Late to Mend."—A Minister Remarks: "There was a young man who, when his conscience was awakened, and he was in a state of most intense anxiety about his soul, tried by every means to turn a deaf ear to the loud callings of the Spirit. One evening, when more than usually disturbed, he resolved to go to the theatre and see if he could find distraction there. On his way he met a friend, a Christian young lady, who, as they shook hands, said, 'What do you think of the evangelistic meetings that are being held just now?' 'Oh,' he replied, carelessly, 'I do not think much about them. There seems to be a lot of daft folk making an ado about nothing.' Yet, even as he spoke, he was most anxious about his soul. He went to the theatre, bought a play-bill, and when settled comfortably in his seat, glanced over it. There was to be a tragedy, followed by a farce. Alas! that in real life the sinner's career should be exactly opposite—a farce followed by a tragedy. The first part was over, and the young man consulted his play-bill to see the name of the farce. It was, 'It is never too late to mend.' The words struck home to his heart. 'Never too late to mend,' he murmured. He became oblivious to all that took place on the stage; he heard the laughter and applause, but it seemed to him as if coming from persons far away from him; he was thinking of these words, 'Never too late to mend.' Were these words true of him? Would God pardon him? When he left the theatre he went home, and locking himself in his room, he knelt in prayer and sought Christ as his Saviour."

A Talk Between Two Campbells.—Mr. Campbell relates: "Not long ago, I was at a place on the river Clyde, and one fine day I thought I would cross the river by the ferry, and visit a brother pastor who lived on the other side. I arrived at my friend's house and was shown into the study. There were three chairs in the room; he took one, and I took another, leaving a vacant one between us. We had not been long seated when a young man came into the room, and seating himself on the middle chair, burst into tears exclaiming, 'I am not saved! I am not saved!' Then the minister, my friend, said, 'Here is a Mr. Campbell, an evangelist, and here is a Mr. Campbell, a sinner; let the one speak to the other.' Turning to the young man, I said: 'You say you are not saved; did you ever think you were?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I heard that Jesus died for all mankind; therefore He died for me, and consequently, I was saved among the rest.' Then I showed him that he must accept Christ as his personal Saviour. The result of the interview was that he professed that very night to accept Christ. As he left us, I said, 'I shall be here for some time, and shall be pleased to see you at the meetings on the other side of the water.' He promised to come, and night after night he was present at the hall, perceptibly growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord. Before his conversion he was resting on a false assurance. It is only as a personal Saviour that we feel Christ nearest and dearest to us."

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

THE GLORIOUS REVELATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon at Athens, Greece, November 24, 1889.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly." 1 Cor. 13: 2.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." 1 Cor. 2: 9.

Classic Associations — Eclipsed by Paul's Visit — His Sojourn at the Neighboring City of Corinth — The Ancient Splendor of that City — Paul's Proclamation of Greater Magnificence — The Day of Vision Yet Future — The Bible Chained to the Throne — Our Dim Knowledge Introductory — The Vision of God — The Excellency of Christ — The Mysteries of Providence — The Death of Your Child Explained — Financial Trouble Understood — Heaven's Dense Population — Its Incomprehensible Happiness — The Glorious Reunions — The Gleaming Mountain-Tops.

BOTH these sentences were written by the most illustrious merely human being the world ever saw—one who walked these streets, and preached from yonder pile of rocks, Mars' Hill. Though more classic associations are connected with this city than with any other city under the sun, because here Socrates and Plato and Aristotle and Demosthenes and Pericles and Herodotus and Pythagoras and Zenophon and Praxiteles wrote or chiseled or taught or thundered or sung, yet, in my mind, all those men and their teachings were eclipsed by Paul and the gospel he preached in this city and in your nearby city of Corinth. Yesterday, standing on the old fortress at Corinth, the Acro-Corinthus, out of the ruins at its base arose in my imagination

The Old City as Paul Saw It.

I have been told that for splendor the world beholds no such wonder to-day as that ancient Corinth, standing on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy-yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus, and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down, through the olive groves, on the beach to collect a tariff from all nations.

The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticoes, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stones, there were all the beauties of

Sculpture and Architecture,

while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the corintharii, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city the hill held its magnificent burdens of columns and towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered one of my texts. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been moulded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah,

it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acro-Corinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Indeed, both my texts, the one spoken by Paul and the one written by Paul, show us that we have imperfect eyesight, and our day of

Vision is Yet to Come:

For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then, face to face. So Paul takes the responsibility of saying that the Bible is an indistinct mirror, and that its mission shall be finally suspended. I think there may be one Bible in heaven fastened to the throne. Just as now, in a museum, we have a lamp exhumed from Heracleum or Nineveh, and we look at it with great interest and say, "How poor a light it must have given, compared with our modern lamps!" so I think that this Bible, which was a lamp to our feet in this world, may lie near the throne of God, exciting our interest to all eternity by the contrast between its comparatively feeble light and the illumination of heaven.

The idea I shall develop to-day is, that in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisfactory, but, nevertheless, is introductory to grander and

More Complete Vision.

This is eminently true in regard to our view of God. We hear so much about God that we conclude that we understand Him. He is represented as having the tenderness of a father, the firmness of a judge, the pomp of a king, and the love of a mother. We hear about Him, talk about Him, write about Him. We lisp His name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the dying octogenarian. We think that we know very much about Him. Take the attribute of mercy; do we understand it? The Bible blossoms all over with that word—Mercy. It speaks again and again of the tender mercies of God; of the sure mercies, of the great mercies, of the mercy that endureth forever, of the multitude of His mercies. And yet I know that the views we have of this great Being are most indefinite, one-sided, and incomplete. When, at death,

The Gates Shall Fly Open,

and we shall look directly upon Him, how new and surprising! We see upon canvas a picture of the morning. We study the cloud in the sky, the dew upon the grass, and the husbandman on the way to the field. Beautiful picture of the morning! But we rise at daybreak, and go upon a hill to see for ourselves that which was represented to us. While we look the mountains are transfigured. The burnished gates of heaven swing open and shut, to let pass a host of fiery splendors. The clouds are all abloom, and hang pendant from arbors of alabaster and amethyst. The waters make pathway of inlaid pearl for the light to walk upon; and there is morning on the sea. The crags uncover their scarred visage; and there is morning among the mountains. Now you go home, and how tame your picture of the morning seems in contrast! Greater than that shall be the contrast between this scriptural view of God and that which we shall have when standing face to face. This is a picture of the morning; that will be the morning itself.

Again: My texts are true of the Saviour's excellency. By image, and sweet rhythm of expression, and startling antitheses, Christ is set forth—His love, His compassion, His work, His life, His death, His resurrection. We are challenged to measure it, to compute it, to weigh it. In the hour of our broken enthrallment, we mount up into high experience of His love, and shout,

until the countenance glows, and the blood bounds, and the whole nature is exhilarated, "have found Him!" And yet it is through glass, darkly. We see not half of that compassionate face. We feel not half the warmth that loving heart. We wait for death to let rush into His outspread arms. Then we shall be face to face. Not shadow then, but substance. Not hope then, but the fulfilling of prefigurement.

That will be a magnificent unfolding. Throwing out into view of all hidden excellencies the coming again of a long-absent Jesus to me us—not in rags and in penury and death, but amidst a light and pomp and

Outbursting Joy

such as none but a glorified intelligence could experience. Oh! to gaze full upon the brother that was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed: to stand close up in the presence of Him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in horrible crucifixion; to feel of Him, to embrace Him, to take His hand, to kiss His feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering, to say: "This is my Jesus! He gave Himself for me. I shall never leave His presence. I shall forever behold His glory. I shall eternally hear His voice. Lord Jesus, now I see thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was distorted. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on thee. No more looking through imperfect glasses. No more studying thee in the darkness. But as long as this throne stand and this everlasting river flows, and these gay lands bloom, and these arches of victory remain to greet home heaven's conquerors, so long shall I see thee, Jesus of my choice, Jesus of my song, Jesus of my triumph—forever and forever—face to face!"

The idea of my texts is just as true when applied to God's providence. Who has not come to some pass thoroughly inexplicable? You say

"What Does This Mean?"

What is God going to do with me now? He tells me that all things work together for good. That does not look like it." You continue to study the dispensation, and, after a while, guess about what God means. "He means to teach me this. I think He means to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me the uncertainty of life." But, after all, it is only a guess—a looking through the glass, darkly. The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding. "What I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter." You will know why God took to Himself that only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group, instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if He meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming, if He meant to dash it down? Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fibre of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to tear you apart, until you fall bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that?

God will Explain That?

Yea. He will make it plainer than any mathematical problem—as plain as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right—all right. "Just and true are all Thy ways, thou King of saints!" Here is a man who cannot get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise, and fails; that business, and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens. His income is increased. But that year his family are sick, and the profits are expended in try-

to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters. Others wait for something to turn up; he waits for it to turn down. Others, with only half as much education and character, get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says: "Perhaps riches would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. Perhaps I might, things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipation." But there is no complete solution of the mystery. He sees through a glass darkly, and must wait for

A Higher Unfolding.

Will there be an explanation? Yes; God will like that man in the light of the throne and say: Child immortal, hear the explanation! You remember the failing of that great enterprise. This is the explanation." And you will answer: It is all right."

I see, every day, profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus

Will Thank God

that he was blind, and Lazarus that he was covered with sores, and Joseph that he was cast to the pit, and Daniel that he denuded with lions, and Paul that he was humpbacked, and David that he was driven from Jerusalem, and the sewing woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment, and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow, and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hodgepotters will sing it, those who were once the scouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and bowed backs, and martyred agonies.

Again: The thought of my texts is true when applied to the enjoyment of the righteous in heaven. I think we have but little idea of

The Number of the Righteous

heaven. Infidels say, "Your heaven will be very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the really lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. I suppose that the few sick people in the hospitals of our great cities, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. This be so, the multitudes of the saved will be vast majority.

Take all the congregations that have assembled for worship throughout Christendom. Put them together, and they would make but small audience compared with the thousands and tens of thousands, and ten thousand times a thousand, and the hundred and forty and a thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those flashed up to heaven in martyrdom; those tossed for many years upon the invalid couch; those fought in the armies oferty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled

from high scaffoldings, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea, from the Red Sea bank, and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brickyards, and Gideon's threshing-floor. Those, thousands of years ago, slept the last sleep, and these are this moment having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sepulchre. A general expecting an attack from the enemy stands on a hill, and looks through a field-glass, and sees in the great distance multitudes approaching, but has no idea of their numbers. He says: "I cannot tell anything about them. I merely know that there are a great number." And so John, without attempting to count, says: "A great multitude that no man can number." We are told that heaven is

A Place of Happiness;

but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help us understand the joy of heaven, the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank. We see the waters flow on with ceaseless wave. But the filth of the cities is emptied into it, and the banks are torn, and unhealthy exhalations spring up from it, and we fail to get an idea of the River of Life in heaven.

We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children came home. A good time, that! But it had this drawback—all were not there. That brother went off to sea, and never was heard from. That sister—did we not lay her away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her? Ah! there was a skeleton at the feast; and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas day. Not so with heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christian parent will look around and

Find all His Children There.

"Ah!" he says, "can it be possible that we are all here—life's perils over? The Jordan passed and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal is here. I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! but grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here!"

No more breaking of heartstrings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed of many hardships, shall join their parents, over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances forever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face.

Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat with us studying these gospel themes; but they only saw dimly—now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonderstruck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed, and of Him who carries them in His bosom, you shall soon stand face to face. Oh that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy! May we be able to say, like the Christian not long ago, departing: "Though a pilgrim walking through the valley, the mountain-tops are gleaming from peak to peak!" or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, saying in his last moment that which has gone into Christian classics: "I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

THE EX-EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

(See portrait on page 764.)

WE did not expect to ever read or write that title of the worthy gentleman and liberal statesman whose portrait is here given. It was thought that the vast Empire over which he ruled could not much longer resist the influence of the example of her neighbors, but the Emperor was so much respected and beloved by his people that it seemed probable he would retain the throne until he died. Then a republic would be inevitable, for his daughter, who was his heiress and natural successor, did not share his popularity. But unforeseen events have precipitated the revolution; Dom Pedro II. has been deposed, and on November 17 he quitted his country for Europe.

Dom Pedro is sixty-four years of age, having been born December 2, 1825. To men who retain the old reverence for "blue blood," he must be an object of reverence by his illustrious descent. In his veins flows the blood of the Braganzas, the Bourbons, and the Hapsburgs, families whose representatives have occupied for centuries the proudest thrones in Europe. His father was a Braganza, and his mother a Hapsburg whose sister was the wife of Napoleon I. Yet a more striking and creditable contrast than that existing between Dom Pedro and the families to which he is allied by blood cannot be found. The faults and vices which have made those great names hateful to thousands have no existence in the great mind and noble spirit of the American monarch.

He was proclaimed Emperor in April, 1831, when he was little more than five years old. His father, Dom Pedro I., had incensed the people by banishing the most popular leaders, and by acts which aroused the suspicion that he was scheming to attain absolute power. Finally, in 1831 he abdicated and sailed for Portugal, leaving his three children—one son and two daughters—behind. The boy Emperor was at once proclaimed, and a council of three regents was elected by the Legislative chambers to superintend his education and to carry on the business of the country in his name. Three years later two of the regents were dispensed with, and Brazil became practically a republic under Feljoe, who was elected sole regent by the Legislature. His administration was not successful, more than one of his measures having aroused doubts of his fidelity to the young Emperor. Arango Lima, his successor, also failed to satisfy the nation. In July, 1840, the patience of the people and the Legislature was exhausted, and, encouraged by the reports of the young Emperor's ability, he was declared of age, and began to govern before attaining his fifteenth year.

It was soon found that the Emperor possessed wisdom rare at his age. He was modest, studious, and solicitous of the welfare of the nation. His first efforts were directed to organizing a scheme of national education, and he personally aided the statesmen entrusted with the duty of executing it. His next effort was to devise plans for the gradual extinction of slavery, and this became the most earnest and persistent labor of his life. He struggled to overcome the prejudices of his people in favor of slave labor, and, by planting colonies of European immigrants, to prove to them that their own interests would be promoted by employing free men instead of slaves. It was a gigantic task, and it was not until 1871 that he had the pleasure of signing a decree declaring free every child born of slave parents after that date.

Of his war with Paraguay, which was a severe strain on the resources of Brazil, and of the other important events of his long reign of fifty-eight years, we have not space to write at this time. Nor has a clear account yet arrived of the circumstances which have involved his fall. That he foresaw the republican tendencies of the nation is well known, and it is to his credit that he did not attempt to check them. He rather sought, by every means he could devise, to render the nation fit to govern itself when the time should come that it desired a republic.

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for December 8, 1 Kings 10:1-13; Golden Text, Matt. 12:42.

Solomon's Glory not of Conquest—Directly from God—His Fame World-Wide—The Royal Philosopher and Poet—The Queen Seeking Knowledge—Solomon Teaching—The Journey Well Taken—A Greater Teacher than Solomon—The Spirit in Which to Inquire of Him—The Temple He is Building—His Servants and their Apparel—What it is to Stand in His Presence—Solomon a Vicegerent—His Gifts to the Queen.

"THE Queen of the South shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon is here." (Matt. 12:42.) Such is the reference made by our Lord Himself to the Queen of Sheba.

The fame of Solomon spread far and wide; he became the leading man of his day. In all countries, far and near, his name was a household word. It was not the extent of his territory, nor the conquests that he made, which brought him this popularity, for Solomon, as his name implies, was "a man of rest." (1 Chron. 22:9.) The fame of Solomon when in the height of his glory was

Concerning the Name of the Lord.

What a rebuke to the men of note in our own day, who, as a rule, ignore the name of the Lord, and substitute their own name! Here was a man of unquestionable mental power, embracing in its exercise every department of literature, art, and science; and at a time when there was neither post nor telegraph, neither newspaper nor other modern means of communication, his reputation became world-wide, and always in connection with the name of God, whom he served!

His learning was very extended; "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the seashore." The variety of his learning is thus described: "He spake three thousand proverbs; and his songs were a thousand and five." So much for his philosophy and poetry. "And he spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Thus he was a botanist, fully understanding the treasures of the vegetable world. "He spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes." Thus natural philosophy was one of his studies. Architecture and mechanics must also have formed a part, as we see in the construction of the Temple; political economy and all that appertained to good government also. It was a capacious mind, stored by the hand of God. We have no reason to think that Solomon did not take pains to acquire knowledge; no doubt he did, but God was specially with him in his studies, leading him to grasp and retain that which he learned in an unusual manner.

The Queen of Sheba must have been a remarkable woman of her time, possessed of no small intelligence and force of character. Her responsibility as queen pressed upon her, and questions arose within her which no man she knew could answer. Hearing in her remote country of this king of Israel, of his wisdom and of his glory, every account accompanied with the name of his God, she naturally came to the conclusion that this man's God must be totally different from the gods she knew and worshipped. But she did not mean to be deceived, so she determined to come to Jerusalem and to prove the King with hard questions. If he could answer questions in her mind which no one else had been able to solve, then she would believe in him and in his God. She spared no trouble,

She Was in Earnest

about the matter; if Solomon's God were the true God, then it was for her to teach her people to worship Him. As a true mother of the people she came to put the report about Solomon to the test. She came to Jerusalem with a very great train. Probably she had foresight enough to perceive that if some of her chief courtiers

heard with her the wisdom of Solomon concerning his God, they would more easily consent to a work of religious reform in the land. She brought also evidences of the wealth and industry of her country, "camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones."

When she arrived, this practical woman did not begin by sightseeing, but went straight to the point. The main business of her journey was the inquiries she had to make concerning the name of the Lord. "And when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart. And Solomon told her all her questions: there was not anything hid from the King that he told her not." Heaven is all around the earth, and so is God around us on every side; He can send light from any quarter.

We may be quite sure that this woman became truly converted to God, that her anxiety gave way to peace, and that she entered upon a life of faith in God, of obedience to and communion with Him. Oh what a new life for her! No more questions now, only worship; she could say, "Mine eyes have seen the King." The great source of Solomon's fame and wisdom, the God who made him what he was, was her God too, and would teach and strengthen her to govern as He had taught Solomon. All the expenditure of time and money and strength for the journey, all the risk of leaving her government in other hands during her absence, was worth the while because she had found God.

And we? Are we sometimes perplexed in the hard questions? Are these things so inexplicable in the course of events around us, and in God's dealings with ourselves and others, that we are in trouble about them? Well, "a greater than Solomon is here." But He would have us take the same trouble which the Queen of Sheba took to have a personal interview with Him about the matter, leaving prejudice aside, abstaining from reasonings, and all which keeps us on a human level: He wants us to commune

With Him

of all that is in our heart. So many who have questions commune about Jesus to other Christians, but do not come direct to Him. It is alone with Him and with His Word that questions get answered, and the heart gets satisfied and stilled. Even when we get light through a brother or sister, we have to go over the matter alone with God in order to get confirmed in what we have apprehended of His truth. There are many who say, "I have prayed about such and such a thing, and have received no answer." They pray with the thought in their minds, "Now I have done my part; if God does not hear me, it is no fault of mine," and they have no definite expectation of being heard; the idea is rather to satisfy their own conscience than to listen to the Lord. The true spirit of an inquirer is to place his question before the Lord with a heart open to receive all He may have to say, avoiding all distraction possible, but maintaining no unnatural strain because the trusting heart is sure that God desires to communicate His thoughts to His attentive children. So many take for granted that God must answer them in a certain way, by the teaching of some Christian, by the reading of some book, etc., and they do not look for God to speak directly to them. Yet, as though He would invite our questions, Jesus says, "The Queen of the South came from the uttermost part of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold,

A Greater Than Solomon is Here."

"And when the Queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house he had built, and the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cup-bearers, and his ascent by which he went up to the house of the Lord, there was no spirit in her. And she said to the King, 'It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom; howbeit I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it, and behold, the half

was not told me; thy wisdom and prospered the fame which I heard.' What our Solomon? Do we speak thus to Him? It is a fact that, as we read His precious Word, the wondrous wisdom of that Word dawn upon us, our hearts cry out, 'The half was not told me.' Are our hearts full of wonder at the spiritual house which Jesus is building of 'stones,' to be an habitation of God through the Spirit?" (1 Peter 2:5; Eph. 2:2.) Have we found our own place in the building? Are we fitted into Jesus, the one foundation, and into one another as parts of the whole? (1 Cor. 3:11; Rom. 12:4, 5.) And then, the measure of his table, the Bread of Life which came from heaven. (John 6:51.) Is He our 'meat indeed' to us, and is His blood 'indeed,' and are we 'made partakers of Christ'?

Then there is "the sitting of his servants," "made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." (Eph. 2:6.) "The attestation of his ministers." In the household of the servants or slaves may sit down, but the ministers who serve from love and not from obligation, stand, because it is their privilege; service is perfect freedom," it knows no age. Yet the freewill servants, ministers make no bargains about wages, but leave to the Lord, like the later laborers in the field (Matt. 20:4-9), find theirs is the best portion of all. "And their apparel"—robe of righteousness, garments of salvation (Isa. 61:10) the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit (1 Peter 3:4)—such is the apparel of those who minister to Jesus. And then His "cup-bearers." It is not one of us who has not, by our sins, Jesus to drink of the cup of suffering, the His Father's wrath against sin. What now give Jesus to drink? Does He have through us? What is the portion which He receives at our hands? "And his ascent by which he went up unto the house of the Lord." He ascended into the highest heavens, but I ascend He took with Him our nature, so that our Brother-man, He sits at the right hand of God, God-man in heaven as He was God on earth. If we let all this goodness of Solomon sink into our hearts, we shall echo the words of the Queen of Sheba:

"The Half Was Not Told Me."

"Happy are thy men," continued the Queen of Sheba, "happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom. Oh, if this was so, how infinitely more happy are they who stand before Jesus, and hear His wisdom. Elijah was a man whose distinguishing characteristic was that he lived in the presence of God; 'The Lord God of Israel whom I stand'" (1 Kings 17:1), he could and no man disputed his word. A man of God would answer by bringing the dead again, by stopping the rainfall three and forty years, by turning King and people as one back to the fear of God, by sending rain upon earth, had a right to say, 'God I whom I stand.' But shall we leave such a privilege to Elijah alone when it is the privilege of the weakest Christian who will take it? Well, all, if we will, live continually in the presence of our God, and so be happy as His servants.

"Blessed be the Lord thy God, which doeth in thee, to set thee on His throne, king for the Lord thy God; because thy loved Israel to establish them forever, the made He thee king over them to do judgment and justice." (11 Chron. 9:8.) The Queen of Sheba had learned much during her visit, had learned the greatness of God, so that she saw Solomon as only His deputy, he was for the Lord his God. We may well inquire what an apostle of God this woman was, she returned to her own land. But have we learned, in all our several spheres, to be what we are and what we are for the Lord our God? Do we see that our true vocation in life is to be prepared for Jesus, masters, teachers, employers, servants, children, or workmen for Jesus; living, not to ourselves, but to Him?

The Queen had brought costly presents

King "an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones; there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon." Royal gifts, but gladly given, not as necessary tribute, but as the ready acknowledgment of a grateful heart. These are the gifts which Jesus loves, especially when they come in thanksgiving for His grace, "Not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth the cheerful giver." (II Cor. 9: 7.) During the visit of the Queen of Sheba, Hiram, King of Tyre, brought a great quantity of almsg-trees, as well as gold and precious stones, so that, princely as were the gifts of the Queen of Sheba, she could see that others equalled or excelled her in the honor done to Solomon. "When ye have done all, say, We are unprofitable servants." (Luke 17: 10.)

"And King Solomon gave unto the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty: so she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants." And thus it is with Jesus; of His royal bounty He gives us life from the dead, a free, unmerited pardon for all our sins, purchased by the precious blood. But above all that, infinite as it is, He says, "whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it." (John 14: 13, 14.) "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." (Mark 11: 24.) God calls us to give ungrudgingly, because He gives in like manner, and would have His children resemble Him. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

If we could have followed the Queen of Sheba to her own country, we should have found a humbler and a wiser woman than the one who set out. She had found in Solomon not only an equal, but one who was vastly superior to her, and she saw him living in the presence of his God, whom he reckoned infinitely superior to him. The world was larger to the Queen than before, and heaven and eternity, and responsibilities beyond this life, were now a reality to her who was lately an inquirer. She came to see Solomon; she departed knowing God.

DR. TALMAGE AT SEA.

FROM a letter received from Mr. Louis Klopsch who has accompanied Dr. Talmage on his trip to the Holy Land, we extract the following remarks written on board the *City of Paris*:

Dr. Talmage is the lion of the trip. As such he attracts attention and excites comment whenever he appears. Fortunately he is in full command of his physical and mental energies. The Doctor evidently is as good a sailor as he is a preacher. He is down to meals just as regularly and as promptly as though he were engaged to lead off the company of hardy travellers who have the disposition and the ability to enjoy three square meals a day regardless of the ups and downs inevitable to life at sea. No more valiant trencherman ever handled knife and fork (I mean in crossing the deep), and 'tis prophetic of future displays of picturesque oratory that the ocean breezes give him capacity to eat things that never tempt him at home in Brooklyn. Everybody talks to the genial divine, and he talks to everybody. He is in great spirits, and active as a boy. "When I first talked of taking this trip," he said to me the other day, "lots of people told me that the sea would be rough, and I should have a hard time of it at this season of the year. Well, there always have been and always will be more Jeremiahs than Isaiahs in this world." Dr. Talmage has

A Smile Peculiarly His Own.

It has never been copyrighted, and I have never heard that any one has pirated it. Once started, it grows in breadth. A passenger noticing this peculiar smile in its early stage, congratulated the Brooklyn orator on his happy frame of mind and body. "Thank you," responded he, "my spirits are ninety-five on this trip. Generally they are about sixty on the sea." "Then you

have known what it is to be seasick, Doctor," timidly chimed in a lady. "Yes, indeed; when I first crossed the sea, in 1870, I was under an engagement to write a series of magazine articles. The ocean was as gentle and quiet as a mill-pond all the way, and I felt that it had been wofully maligned and maltreated by all previous writers. My sense of justice compelled me to prophesy smooth things concerning it. So I penned an article which I called *The Smile of the Sea*. Since that time, with this exception I have never seen anything but its anger, petulance, cruelty, and fury; and although I have now crossed it eight times, I have never seen the sea smile again. I generally spend the time on shipboard seated at the foot of the smokestack, looking out upon an ocean of ipecac."

The "Church of Roses"

which was sent to Dr. Talmage by one of his Brooklyn admirers, is in an admirable state of preservation, notwithstanding the inability of the stewards to place it in the refrigerator because of its enormous size. It stands at the upper end of one of the centre dining-room tables, and its steeple is in close proximity to the organ, the sweet tones of which support the voices of worshippers during devotional exercises. Dr. Talmage's intention is to present this marvel of beauty and of floral wealth to some unsectarian charitable institution on our arrival at Liverpool. He was greatly touched by the gift of this magnificent tribute of gratitude from one whom he had helped to find spiritual peace.

Sunday on board the *Paris* had as its leading incident service according to the Church of England form. Captain Watkins officiated as reader with effective elocution. Dr. Talmage sat in the place he usually occupies when at meals, I noticed that he joined in the responses and in the singing of the hymns, which were very appropriate to the occasion.

THE INDICATIONS OF THE LAST DAYS.

By Rev. Geo. H. Pember.*

1 WHEN the blue gray-clouds begin to gather in the sky and move toward each other, though we may as yet have perceived neither flash nor sound, we know that a storm is impending.

"Ye hypocrites," said our Lord to the Pharisees, "ye can discern the face of the sky, and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?"

He spoke thus of His first coming, the signs of which are not nearly so fully depicted in Scripture as those of His second.

What, then, will He say to us if we fail to discover the secret of God in the things which are taking place around us, when we have so wonderful a commentary whereby to explain them? Even the statesmen, philosophers, and thinkers of this world are

Expecting Great Changes

in its social and political condition. Surely, then, it becomes us to search and see whether the ceaseless preparations which are everywhere apparent, the tendency of opinions in matters civil and religious, and the generally unsettled and frequently lawless state of Christendom, do not show that the last times of our age have come; that the world will shortly be confronted by her despised but rightful and all-powerful King; and, therefore, that His Church—the living and the dead alike—no longer *may*, but *must*, speedily be summoned to meet Him in the air.

Were we floating on a broad river which, at no great distance, was hurling itself in mighty cataract to a lower level, what should we infer when we found that we were being borne along more swiftly by the quickening stream, when we perceived an ever-increasing agitation in the waters around us, and began to hear, mingling with their tumult, the sound of a deeper roar-

ing? Should we not at once understand that we were already within the rapids caused by the terrific fall?

And have we not exactly described the present condition of the stream of time? For both the prophets and the Lord Himself foretold a mighty catastrophe which will usher in a new age;

A Season of Perplexity

and trouble immediately preceding the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; a general disruption and disintegration of society, amid wars, tumults, and the most appalling calamities, to be followed by the glorious reign of the Prince of Peace. And are not signs of our approach to these predicted days of terror continually multiplying around us? Do not events, which were wont to float by in slow procession, now chase each other before our bewildered eyes with such rapidity that they pass away in months or weeks, instead of years?

Doubtless one chief cause of all this confusion has been that very thing which the world regards as a cure for every evil—

The Spread of Knowledge.

For many of those who acquire a little learning—and the majority of mankind can do no more—are not slow to give proof that in very deed "shallow draughts intoxicate the brain," and are wont, by a confident and persistent setting forth of their opinions, to lead astray those whose ignorance exceeds their own, and in this manner to confound the counsels of wiser and more experienced guides.

Meanwhile, the growing impatience and irritability of men, arising from stimulants and narcotics, and the painful pressure and excitement of modern life, are beginning to manifest themselves in deeds of recklessness and violence, such as may be found in the records of any newspaper; while lawlessness and crime of every description are increasing, and—which is still worse—often assume shapes difficult to detect or punish.

And over all this sin and misery the giant forms of more terrible woes are projecting their

Advancing Shadows.

Europe is armed to an extent hitherto unknown, and has been converted into a vast camp through the jealousy of the great Powers, which are simply waiting for an opportunity of carrying out their aggressive schemes. Few are those who expect more than a brief respite before the air is again tormented with the rush of shot and shell, and polluted with the smoke of burning villages and homesteads.

Nor are physical commotions wanting to heighten the excitement. The last few years have been unusually prolific in violent

Storms and Inundations.

destructive to life and property. Earthquakes have become alarmingly frequent, and seem by their ubiquity to betoken a widespread disturbance in the bowels of the earth which may culminate in some appalling catastrophe. And although the greater number of shocks are at present comparatively slight, yet there have been not a few grave disasters—such as those at Casamicciola, Chio, Ischia, and Java, the last of which has been characterized by competent authorities as the most stupendous convulsion on record. Famines, too, have occurred in divers places—in different parts of India, in Persia, in China, in Morocco, and in several other countries; while various kinds of sickness and disease seem to be more than usually prevalent.

The inhabitants of earth must awake some morning to find that the Day of the Lord is present; and as a snare will it come upon all those who have not understood the warnings of revelation. We should, therefore, pray for wisdom that we may understand, and for the power of the Spirit that we may watch. Nor could words be stronger than our Lord's injunction upon this point: "Take ye heed," He said, "watch and pray: . . . For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!"

*From his invaluable work on prophecy, entitled *The Great Prophecies Concerning the Jews, the Gentiles, and the Church of God*; for sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOR 1890.

THE announcement that the publishers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD intended to enlarge it for the coming year, has called forth a large number of letters from the subscribers. Among them are a few expressing regret that there should be any change. It is gratifying to learn that the journal, in its present form, is so highly appreciated, and it is pleasant to be able to inform its friends that the change contemplated will not materially alter its form, although by the intended slight alteration its appearance will be much improved. It is proposed to make the page an inch and a quarter longer and half an inch wider. Thus the paper will retain the shape which has been found convenient for reading, and will nevertheless contain, in the aggregate, considerably

MORE READING-MATTER.

Each column will have twelve more lines than now, and the lines will be a little longer. The result will be that the reading-matter on each page will be more than now goes on a page by about seventy lines of the present length, and the thirteen pages will contain as much as would fill sixteen of the pages of this size.

As readers will perceive, this change will entail increased expense for paper, composition, and electrotyping, and if the primary object of the publishers had been to make money by the publication, the change would not be made. Their endeavor has been to supply their subscribers, at a low price, with a good, bright, elevating journal, which should be pure without being inane, instructive without being dull—a paper which should be a practical proof, to young and old, that the printed page can be made interesting without records of crime, and illustrations attractive without pandering to prurient tastes. The publishers believe they have achieved their object, and now that the support the Christian public has given them leaves a margin of profit over expenditure, they propose to use that profit in making THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a still more valuable journal by supplying more reading-matter,

NEW TYPE,

and better illustrations without raising the price. In taking this new departure, the publishers cherish the hope that a still more extended field of usefulness will be opened to them. They are anxious that the gospel truth contained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might reach a still greater number of homes than it has ever done. There are thousands of Christian families in our broad land who do not know of the existence of such a paper—thousands who have children growing up with a desire for entertaining literature, which they will have, but which the godly parents do not know how to give them without deleterious elements. Such a paper as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is precisely what they are looking for. Canvassers might reach such families, conspicuous advertisements in local journals might inform them, but the cost of either method would be enormous, and would curtail the means the publishers would prefer using in improving the paper itself. Beside this, the present large circulation has been mainly built up by the labor of the subscribers themselves, and the publishers believe they can do no better than rely on the same method. They, therefore, being anxious that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its improved form should be still more extensively circulated, offer additional facilities to subscribers in making it known. They will send, *free of charge*, all the numbers from this date to the end of this year to any address in the United States or Canada. This offer is chiefly made to enable subscribers

TO INTRODUCE THIS PAPER.

to as many of their friends and acquaintances as they think may be interested in it, of which opportunity it is hoped all will take advantage. Simply send postal-card or letter, with their names and addresses, and the paper will be mailed as published. We are sending this issue

to a number of persons who have not previously seen the paper, who, by writing us, expressing their desire, may have the paper free from now to the end of the year. It is also being sent to many whose names have dropped from our lists, in the hope that this reminder may lead them to renew the acquaintance of an old friend. Those wishing to do so, by subscribing now for 1890 will receive the remainder of this year's issues free, as will all new subscribers.

Those of our subscribers intending to canvass and to make up clubs, are asked to send stamp for terms, which have been slightly altered in their favor, and so prevent mistakes in remitting during the rush of our busy season.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Significant Figures Appear in the Annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. They are more gratifying to him in his official capacity than to social reformers. It appears that the revenue has increased 5 per cent. over the previous year, and was, in all, \$130,894,434. It is estimated that the receipts for the current fiscal year will reach about \$135,000,000. The additional receipts were chiefly due to the taxes on distilled spirits. There was a very decided increase in the amount of tobacco and snuff and the number of cigars and cigarettes taxed, and a considerable increase in the quantities exported; but that in distilled spirits was the most remarkable; in 1888 the taxed production was over 70,000,000 gallons, but in 1889 it was over 89,000,000 gallons, an increase of 19,000,000 gallons. Of this about 75 per cent. was in what is known to the trade as Bourbon whisky.

Numerous Dismissals in the Pension Office are said to be impending. Secretary Noble's disapproval of Commissioner Tanner's proceedings was clearly emphasized when Tanner resigned, and the report is now circulated that such of the employees as were instrumental in having their cases rerated and increased, in violation of the law, as interpreted by the Interior Department officials, will be dismissed from the service, and the money so obtained will be recovered, if necessary, by legal process. What action the Secretary may take in the case of such employees as were not instrumental in procuring an increase for themselves, and who refund the amounts received, has not, it is understood, been definitely determined upon.

The Pan-American Congress Returned to Washington, after its trip through the States, on November 20, and resumed its sessions. Our visitors, however, think that the travelling experience might be advantageously extended by a reciprocal tour. In an interview with a correspondent of the New York Herald, one of the delegates said that the Central and South American members were anxious to have representatives of the United States travel through the countries represented in the Congress, and had drawn up the plans of such a journey. "The advantages," said the gentleman, "to be derived from such a trip are manifold, but the most prominent is that your manufacturers will have a chance to study the requirements of the markets; they will see the goods now shipped to Mexico, Central and South America, from England, Germany, France, and other countries. They will thus know what goods of their own manufacture will meet ready sale, and what modifications are necessary to suit the consumers in the countries south of us." Each nation would gladly bear the travelling expenses of the Congress within its own borders.

Startling Evidence was Given by Mormons and apostate Mormons last week in the Salt Lake court, which was investigating the fitness of applicants for naturalization. Dr. Richards, who belongs to the Melchisedec order of priesthood in the Mormon Church, admitted in cross-examination that he understood it to be a doctrine of the Church that if a man apostatized he should yield himself up voluntarily to be killed for the atonement of that sin. It was thought such a killing would be perfectly lawful, and that it would not be looked upon as murder. John

Bond confessed that when he went through the Endowment House he took an oath to obey every obligation of the Church, especially in opposition to the United States, under penalty of his life. He was also required to take an oath to avenge the blood of Joseph Smith on this nation, and to teach this to his children and children's children to the latest generation. Charles W. Penrose, editor of the Deseret Evening News, and one of the leaders of Mormonism, was sent to prison for contempt of court, because he refused to answer the question, how many wives he had, though he admitted that he was protected by President Cleveland's amnesty from any criminal proceedings in which a confession of polygamy might otherwise have involved him. It is supposed that he has married another wife since the amnesty was granted, or else he preferred imprisonment to standing the test of further cross-examination.

The Reports from Brazil Continue to Be vague, and in some respects contradictory. It is known, however, that the Emperor has quitted the country, after writing a dignified letter to the Provisional Government, expressing an earnest desire for the national welfare under the new form of government. The Senate and State Council have been abolished and the Chamber of Deputies dissolved. A proclamation by Deodora Fonseca, the chief of the Provisional Government, has been issued, in which he promises that the army and navy, the ordinary functions of the Department of Justice, and the civil and military administrations, will continue under their existing organizations, and respect for those holding position will be maintained. The Provisional Government has promised to respect the Princess's matrimonial contract, and also the pensions conceded the poor by Emperor Dom Pedro. All Brazilians able to read and write are entitled to vote at elections for Government officers. The Republican flag is the old national colors, with the addition of twenty-one stars, representing the different States of the new United States of Brazil.

A Gift of a Million and a Quarter Dollars has been made by Sir Edward Guinness, the noted Dublin brewer, for philanthropic purposes. He has placed the sum in the hands of trustees, to be applied to the erection of dwellings for laborers. One million is to be spent in London, and \$250,000 in Dublin. The income derived from the rents of the dwellings is to be invested until the principal sum is exhausted, when the invested income is to be used for the erection of more dwellings. It will thus form a perpetual fund for the benefit of the poor. It is carefully stipulated that the houses shall be designed for the rank below that of artisans. The gift is a magnificent one, but as Sir Edward derives his wealth from the brewing trade, which is largely responsible for the extent of pauperism, he probably felt that he ought to be liberal if he moved in the matter at all.

A Letter from Mr. H. M. Stanley, Written so lately as November 11, is published by the New York Herald. It reports the explorer's arrival at Mpwapwa with Emin Pasha and his party. Altogether the company numbers 750 souls. Emin's people are 294, of whom 59 are children. The majority of his men refused to follow him in his southerly course, as every step took them farther from their homes. They were unable to perceive that if they reached Zanzibar they could reach Egypt by sea more quickly and more easily than by land. Mr. Stanley says: "We had as stirring a time for four days as we had anywhere. For those four days we had continuous fighting during the greater part of daylight hours. The foolish natives took an unaccountable prejudice to the Pasha's people. They insisted that they were cannibals and had come to their country for no good. Talking to them was of no use. Any attempt at disproof drove them into white-hot rage." Mr. Stanley reports the important geographical discovery of a southwest extension of the Victoria Nyanza, which brings its waters within 155 miles of Lake Tanganyika.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$20.50. They are from Woodhaven, N. Y., \$5; Marple, Pa., \$1; Lancaster, Pa., \$3; Minneapolis, Kans., \$6; Horn Brook, Pa., \$5.50. A Canadian subscriber who has contributed to this fund sends us an interesting letter from a colored minister who has been receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through her kindness. His sincere and warm thanks are mingled with testimony to the help which, by God's blessing, the paper has rendered to him, his family, and his church. Our correspondent says that she is a Sunday-school teacher, that it is the children in her class who gave a few cents each to send the paper to the colored minister, and that they are so delighted with the result of their gifts that they are making another collection among themselves to send a second copy to some other minister. She thinks other Sunday-school teachers may be glad of the suggestion.

The Rev. W. F. ReQua's Mission at Lone Wolf's camp has already been blessed with fruit. It was opened avowedly as a Christian school for the Indian children, especially for orphans, but of course Mr. ReQua availed himself of the opportunity of preaching to the adults. The next morning an Indian came to him and humbly but earnestly avowed his desire to give himself to Christ, and asked for public baptism as a testimony of his faith. This early conversion which Mr. ReQua believes is genuine, greatly encourages him in this arduous undertaking. He has now returned to McAlester, Ind. Ter., for a time, leaving his assistant in charge of the work at Lone Wolf's camp. Contributions for the general work among the Indians should be sent to him at McAlester. Gifts of clothing, which are very badly needed for the children at Lone Wolf's camp, should be sent to Vernon, Tex., and a letter at the same time notifying the missionary of their being sent, should be addressed to him at Quartz City, Ind. Ter., so that he may send to Vernon for them.

How a Chalk-Marked Coat Secured Privileges to the wearer is told by the *Journal*, of Lewiston, Me. It says: "John Goddard, who died last week, was a king among Penobscot lumbermen in his day. Goddard sent large crews into the woods every year. As soon as he had hired his man he started him off for the scene of operations. He always furnished transportation, together with food and lodging, while on the way. He franked the men through, as it were. Upon the back of each he scrawled a few chalk-marks, and a man bearing that superscription was entitled to all the privileges that stage-line or hotel could furnish. John Goddard settled the tariff and paid the score. Furthermore, no man was received by the woods boss unless he could whirl about and show Goddard's bold chirography in the vicinity of his spinal column." Every stage-driver and hotel-keeper knew that Goddard would pay for the accommodation furnished to his employee. Christians should have the same confidence as to gifts to Christ's servants. The promise is sure and the Promiser faithful. (Mark 9:41.)

The Extraordinary Recklessness of a Ship's captain caused a wreck on the shores of Long Island, N. Y., on November 19. Just as the sun was setting, the guard at the Life Saving Station at Point Lookout saw a vessel, with all sails set, heading direct for the shore. It began raining heavily and soon darkness settled, hiding the warning signals which were made at the station. Then the night danger signals were sent up and red lights burned, but to the astonishment of the guard no notice was taken by the ship, which did not alter her course a single point. A bad wreck was clearly inevitable, so the surf boats and rocket lines were brought out in readiness for use. Fifteen minutes later the ship struck the shore with such force that her masts were broken by the shock. The life-saving crews launched their boats, and after a hard struggle reached the vessel and took off sixteen men from the wreck. The captain refused to

leave, so he was left on board. The men who were saved said that the danger signals had been seen on the ship, but in spite of their protests the captain refused to take in sail or change the course. Even when their proximity to the shore was pointed out to him, he was obstinate. The men said the captain had been drinking, which explained his foolhardiness. But the same excuse cannot be offered for thousands who, in their sober senses, disregard the warnings given by clergymen and Christian workers and keep on their wicked course until they are wrecked for time and eternity. (Ezek. 33:9.)

The Story of a Horse's Broken Heart was told recently by an army officer. He said: "When it comes to battle a horse seems to know everything that is going on; but he does his duty nobly. He enters into the spirit of the battle like a human being. He shows no fear of death. A horse in my battery was once struck by a piece of a shell on the head and badly wounded. The driver turned him loose, but he walked up by the side of the gun. When a shell would burst near by he would calmly turn and look at it. When he saw his own team going back for ammunition, he ran back to his own place and galloped back to the caisson with the rest. When the lieutenant pushed him aside to put in another horse, he looked at the other one sorrowfully while he was being harnessed up, and when he seemed to realize that there was no further use for him he lay down and died. The lieutenant strongly asserted that he died of a broken heart." Such fidelity to duty until death is truly wonderful. In a horse we cannot understand the basis of it; in a soldier it might be based on patriotism; and in the soldier of the Cross on devotion to his Lord, who has promised a crown of life to them who are faithful until death. (Rev. 2:10.)

The Lost Cabin Gold Mine has had Three more victims. More than forty years ago this mine was found among the Wolf Mountains. The finders were driven away by Indians, but they reported the mine to be immensely rich, and they returned with sufficient force to hold it. But they could not relocate the claim. The Indians had skillfully obliterated every trace of the white men's visit. That the Indians hold the clue to the mine is proved by their selling at periodical intervals small quantities of virgin gold. Many parties have been organized in Wyoming to search for the mine; but all have failed. Three years ago, three men set out from Linkville, Ore., on the same errand. Last week the authorities of Carbon County were notified that their dead bodies had been found on the mountain. There was no evidence to show the cause of their death, but as their watches and money were still in their pockets it seems improbable that they were murdered. One of them had kept a diary for several months, and it was found on his body. It recorded the story of their daily search. On some days the entries are in a hopeful strain; on others they are despairing, but one of the last of them records their united resolve to dig over every inch of the wilderness of several hundred thousand acres before abandoning their search. This is only one of many parties who have lost their lives in the futile attempt to find the mine. It is a fatal quest, but even its melancholy record is not so appalling as is the record of those pursuits which also have riches as their object, and in which men lose their souls. (1 Tim. 6:9.)

A Man who Married a Very Ugly Woman Explained his reasons for doing so to a party of drummers recently. The husband and wife entered a railroad car at a country station, and as the wife had on bridal attire the couple at once attracted notice. It was observed that the woman's face was seamed and distorted to a state of extreme ugliness, and the drummers in the car whispered some rude remarks about it to each other which produced laughter. When shortly afterward they went to the smoking-car the bridegroom followed them. He said he would like to tell them the story of the marriage, because there was a moral lesson in it. A few

months before, the bride was a beautiful woman. Several young men were suitors for her hand. The narrator was one, and he was in terrible earnest. He became so jealous that one day when she was going for a drive with his chief rival, he went to the stable and drove a few tacks into the harness. When they came to start, the horse ran away. The man jumped and escaped injury, but the woman was dragged along the road, and her face almost smashed. When she recovered, she was so ugly that there was no rivalry, but the man through whom she had suffered felt that she had then a double claim upon him, and he married her. After telling the story he left the drummers to point the lesson for themselves, and returned to his wife. They might have learned from it a lesson of Christian obligation. He who bore humiliation, cruel scourging, and death on the cross to atone for their sins, has claims on their devotion which it is wicked to ignore. (1 Peter 2:24.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. M. Baxter gave prophetic discourses on Sunday, November 13, in the Lyric Hall, West London, to large audiences.

The Rev. J. L. Countermine has resigned his charge at Waterloo, Douglas County, Neb., and accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Fort Howard, Brown County, Wis.

Evangelist John Puttenham, who has labored zealously and successfully in Port Hope, Ont., for upward of two years, was presented recently with an address and a purse at a large meeting of friends in Baxter Hall.

A German journal states that "at Vienna, last year, 363 Jews became Christians;" and another tells us that "at no period since the first century have conversions from Judaism to Christianity been so frequent."

Dr. Talmage's arrival in Athens, Greece, is announced by cable. On Friday he preached to a large congregation of English-speaking visitors, and attended the reception of the ex-Empress Frederick, of Germany, who was visiting the city.

Rev. B. Fay Mills commenced services in New York on Sunday last at the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, just east of Sixth Avenue. Thence he goes to the Seventh Avenue Church, near Fifteenth Street. Prayers are asked for a blessing on these services.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, late of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, has promised to preach for Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, on December 1. Mr. Spurgeon has gone to Mentone to escape the suffering which the English fogs of the early winter always entail.

Mr. Philip Phillips is holding meetings every evening this week in Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, between Second and Third Avenues, New York. His stereopticon views of scenes in the Yosemite Valley and the Yellowstone Park delight large audiences, while his singing has all its old-time power and sweetness.

Miss Emma C. Nason, President of a Committee of King's Daughters at Blodgett Mills, N. Y., sends an earnest appeal for help in their endeavor to support an evangelist in the lumber regions of northern Michigan, to which men go in the winter months. Churches are far away, and dens of vice, saloons, and temptations abound.

The name of "The Gospel Train" has been given by the railroad men to a train running between Norristown, Pa., and Philadelphia. The name originated in the fact that during Dr. Munhall's services in the former city the conductor of the train was successful in leading to Christ the engineer, fireman, baggage-man and two brakemen.

The Rev. J. C. Quinn, Ph. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Helena, Mont., has been doing a valuable and very successful work among the workmen of the city. An earnest congregation has been gathered. Though mainly poor men, they have subscribed \$1,500 to build a church. They need a little outside help, which if sent to Dr. Quinn he will gratefully receive and acknowledge.

Dr. Justin D. Fulton's campaign in Canada is arousing public attention to a remarkable degree. Last week he was at London, Ont. He preached and lectured in the Falbot Street Baptist Church and in the Adelaide Street Church to crowded audiences. The local papers report him fully, and reach still wider circles. The Doctor's exposure of Romish iniquities has enlightened many minds, and is doing great good.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at York, Pa., continue to enjoy a large outpouring of the Spirit. On Sunday November 17, three thousand were present at the women's meeting in the Central Market House. Such a meeting in York was never seen before Dr. Munhall's coming. At the evening meetings the Hall is thronged as soon as the doors are opened, and crowds stand around the doors unable to obtain admission.

A PARALLEL AND A CONTRAST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit," Eph. 5:18.

The Moloch of the Nineteenth Century—Drunkenness the Mother of Vices—The Prohibition and the Command—I. A Parallel—Motives for Drinking—To Find Exhilaration—To Gain Strength—To Brace the Courage—To Assuage Pain or Sorrow—To Promote Good-Fellowship—II. A Contrast—Drunkenness Leads to Riot—Contention—Folly—Unnatural Behavior—Weakness—III. The Lessons of the Comparison—Reverence the Spirit—Do not Grieve Him—Be Fit for His Presence—Obey Him.

WHILE I was reading to you just now, in the fourth and fifth chapters of Paul's letter to the Ephesian believers, I could not help feeling that you could little understand the elevation and the purity of the precepts of the apostle, as they must have appeared to the inhabitants of such a wicked city as Ephesus. When first read, these precepts must have seemed like an unearthly light. We have now a public sentiment which condemns drunkenness, lying, and many other vices, which were scarcely considered worthy of censure by that degraded people. Christianity had not affected public sentiment at the time; that sentiment was distinctly immoral. The sin of fornication was scarcely judged to be sinful; theft was most common, as, indeed, it is in the East to this day; lying was universal, and only blamed if committed so clumsily as to be found out. I may say of drunkenness, that, although it was not regarded as a commendable thing, yet it was looked upon as

A Failing of Great Minds,

not to be too much condemned. The apostle sets before his new converts, not a modified system of right and wrong, but the purest virtues and the most heavenly graces. As the ages have rolled on, we have seen the wisdom of holding up from the first an elevated standard, both of doctrine and practice. We must not bring the standard down to the men, but the men up to the standard. We may not, with the design of making converts more rapidly, alter the pure Word with which our Lord has entrusted us.

Brethren, I am not going to speak to you at this time about the sin of drunkenness. Many of you feel an intense aversion to that degrading vice. If there are any here who require a homily upon drunkenness, they have only to let conscience speak, and it will tell them how base a sin it is. Perhaps of all the sins that are rife in our country to-day, drunkenness brings the most present misery upon mankind. A very large proportion of the want from which people suffer is due to wasteful excess in drink. You know it is so, if you are intelligent observers. Other sins may seem to go deeper into the soul, and are more subject to punishment by law; but for creating widespread suffering, suffering brought upon the innocent, upon the wife, and upon the child, this vice raises its head above all others. This throngs our workhouses, fills our jails, and crowds our lunatic asylums; ay, and fairs our cemeteries with carcasses of men and women who die before their time. This is

The Moloch of the Century.

I am not going to preach about that one particular vice now, as though I would saw off a big limb from the tree of evil. It is my custom to lay the axe at the root of the tree, aiming my blows at the very nature which bears this evil branch. Still, this is a very far-spreading bough; and, as I have seen the woodmen lopping the tree before they cut it down, there will be no waste of time if I aim a blow or two at this huge branch of the tree of evil, this bough of drunkenness. It is far too common to this day; but, thank God, through the efforts of temperance friends, and, I hope, through the power of the Spirit of God upon many, it is not as it used to be; and it is regarded now in a very different light from that in which it was viewed even by Christian people years ago.

The apostle has been pleased, in this passage, guided by the Holy Spirit, to put in apposition, and, in some respects, in opposition, a prohibi-

tion and a command: "*Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.*" There was a reason, and a very good reason, for this conjunction of things so far apart in character. I think that I see two reasons. The first is because *there is a parallel between them*—a degree of similarity amid their infinite difference. Secondly, he so placed them because *there is a contrast between them* of a very striking kind. The contrast is as instructive as the parallel. "*Be not drunk with wine*"; but hasten to the opposite extreme, and "*Be filled with the Spirit.*"

I. First, let me draw

The Parallel.

Why do men become drunk with wine or other alcoholic liquors? There are several reasons. I shall not mention them all, for they are innumerable, and many of them too ridiculous to be mentioned in a sermon. One motive is to find in wine an exhilaration. It is a feast-day; let us have wine, that we may warm our hearts, and laugh and sing, and make merry. It is a marriage-day; it is a birthday; it is a royal holiday; it is something out of the common; bring forth the wine-cup! So say the sons of men. Strong drink is taken to exhilarate; and for a while it has that effect. How some men are carried away when intoxicated! How lifted up they are! What a great man the least becomes! What a divine the man who never looked into his Bible! What a philosopher the boor that does not know his letters! What a lord of creation the loon who has not two shirts! What a hero, every way, the coward who is afraid of his shadow! He is exhilarated when he has taken wine.

I grant you, that it is natural that we should all wish to be somewhat exhilarated. We like to have stirring times, in which we do not lie still and stagnant; we would have our whole nature stirred with pleasure. We like to have our high-days and holidays, even as others. "Now," says the apostle, "that you may enjoy

Exquisite Exhilaration,

be filled with the Spirit." When He comes into a man with extraordinary power, so as to fill his soul, He brings to his soul a joy, a delight, an elevation of mind, a delightful and healthful excitement, which lifts him up above the dull dead level of ordinary life, and causes him to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Furthermore, I have known people to take wine with the idea of being strengthened thereby. There are such individuals still alive in the light of this advanced century. Many of the best physicians tell us that there is no strength whatever in strong drink. At any rate, whatever strength there is in the drink, it does not give any strength to the man. There is no doubt that many indulge in wine with the object of getting strength thereby. I believe their action to be founded on a very grave mistake. But to you Christian people instruction comes in here. "*Be not drunk with wine,*" with the view of gaining strength thereby; "*but be filled with the Spirit,*" for the Spirit of God can give you strength to the highest degree. He can gird you with spiritual strength—the strength of faith; and there is

No Strength Like it;

for all things are possible to him that believeth. He can give you the strength that wrestles in prayer, that lays hold upon the angel of the covenant, and will not let him go, except he grant a blessing. The Spirit of God gives the strength to suffer and the strength to labor; the strength to receive and the strength to give out again; the strength to hope, the strength to love, the strength to conquer temptation, the strength to perform holy action. When you are filled with the Spirit, how strong you are!

In the next place, wine has been taken by a great many, and taken to excess, to embolden them; and it does embolden them to a very high degree. A man under the influence of liquor will do what he would never think of doing at any other time: he will be rash, foolhardy, and daring to the last degree. We have heard of foreign nations whose troops have been so afraid

of the fight that they have dosed them with strong drink to induce them to march into the battle. We used to hear the expression, "*Dutch courage,*" which meant the boldness which came of ardent spirits; though I do not suppose the Dutch had more of it than the English. No doubt many a man under the influence of drink has risked his life, and performed what looked like feats of valor, when indeed, he was simply beyond himself, and out of his right mind, or he would not have been so foolhardy. Wine does embolden many men in a wrong way. Beloved friends, we are not to make ourselves

Ridiculous With Fanaticism;

but bold with the spirit of truth. "*Be not drunk with wine, wherein is riot,*" in order, to be emboldened to do anything; but be ye filled with the Spirit of the living God, wherein is quietness, and whereof cometh a courage which is to be admired, and not derided. A man in whom the Spirit of God dwells abundantly says: "*I shall never think, from this day forth, what may be to me the consequences of any course of action which the Lord my God commands me to follow. If it is right in the sight of God, I will do it. If God approves it, so shall it be; but if it be wrong, not a world made of gold, if it could all be mine, should tempt me to parley for a moment.*" Be ye filled with the Spirit. It will make you bold in the cause of the Lord Jesus.

Wine has been also taken in large quantities, for the destruction of pain, for the drowning of misery, for support in the agony of a cruel death. Solomon says: "*Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.*" No doubt many persons have most foolishly taken to drink in order to forget their grief and assuage their sorrow. We must earnestly condemn such wicked conduct; but still, so it is; and the apostle puts it, "*Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit;*" for that will remove depression and sustain under anguish in a most wonderful way; indeed, in a holy and perfect way. If you want to forget your misery, remember to apply for a sweet visitation of the Comforter.

Again, I think a fifth reason why some have been drinking is to arouse themselves. They feel flat, they say. "*I want a pick-me-up. I am rather down, seedy, dull. I want*

Something That Will Brace Me,

so that I may be up to the mark." By the time the man has had enough of his stimulant he is worse than before. Many have most effectually knocked themselves down in their desire to set themselves up. But, Christian man, if ever you feel dull, "*be filled with the Spirit.*" There is not a more dull or stupid head than mine in this place. But I have a remedy, and I fly to it. I wish you would all do so. I go to Him—you know His glorious name: He is the Resurrection and the life. I look to Him for quickening, and it comes. May that be an example to some of you whenever you feel dull! We have found the true arousing; and there will be no reaction after it, no falling back into a deeper depression.

Once more, many men, no doubt, become drunkards from love of what is called good-fellowship. "*Look,*" said a wife to her husband, "*how can you drink at the rate you do? Why, a hog would not do so.*" The wretched man replied, "*No, I do not suppose that it would. It would be more sensible than I am, no doubt, but,*" he said, "*if there was another hog at the other side of the trough that said, 'I drink your health,' this hog would be obliged to do the same; and if there were half a dozen of them together, and they kept on toasting one another, I expect the hog would get as drunk as I am.*" Sad are the effects of evil fellowship. The fellowship in which people indulge, and which they think it necessary to stimulate by drink, has led many into drunkenness. Now see the beauty of this expression, "*Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.*" When the Spirit of God comes upon Christian men, what fellowship they have with

one another, what delight they take in holy conversation, what joy there is in meeting together for solemn worship! I do not wonder that it is added immediately after, "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

II. I cannot stay longer on this parallel, I have already been too long: now let me point out

The Contrast.

I do not think that Paul was running the parallel only, for it would dishonor the work of the Holy Spirit to think that his operations could be in all things likened to the influence of alcohol. No, the divine afflatus far excels anything that earthly excitements can produce. "Wine creates riot," says the apostle; and that is a point of contrast. When men are drunken what a noise they will make! They are ready for any disturbance; but the Holy Spirit, when you are full of Him, makes you quiet with a deep, unutterable peace. I do not say that you will not sing and rejoice, but there will be a deep calm within your spirit. I wish that some Christian people were filled with the Spirit, if there were no other effect produced upon them but that of peace, self-possession, restfulness, and freedom from passion. Our friends, the members of the Society of Friends, who speak much of the Spirit of God, whatever virtues they may not have, certainly have this one—that they are, usually, a very quiet, unexcitable, peaceable people. We want more Christians of this sort.

The next point of contrast is, that wine causes contention. When men are drunken with it, how ready they are to quarrel! They make a harmless word to be an insult. Many a man, when full of wine, will bear nothing at all: he is ready to fight anybody and everybody: he cannot have his fill of fighting. But when you are filled with the Spirit, what is the result? Why, peaceful submission. Listen to this: "Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God." Be filled with the Spirit, and you will soon submit to inconvenience, misapprehension, and even exaction, for the sake of doing good to those who are out of the way, and in the hope of edifying the people of God. Wine causes riot; the Spirit causes peace. Drunkenness causes contention; the Spirit causes submission.

Furthermore, drunkenness

Makes Men Foolish;

but the Spirit of God makes them wise. I am keeping to the connection of my text. Read the fifteenth verse, "See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise." The drunken man cannot walk at all, because he has not made up his mind as to which way he will go. He attempts to go two ways, and ends in staggering till he falls. The man filled with the Spirit has a very definite idea of which way he is going. He knows the right, and he deliberately chooses it; he perceives the strait and narrow way, and he steadfastly follows it; for God has made him wise. Folly clings to the wine-cup; but wisdom comes with the Holy Spirit.

In the next place, drunkenness makes men forget their relationships, but the Holy Spirit makes us remember them. The rest of the chapter goes on to mention our domestic conditions as wives, husbands, children, fathers, servants, masters. The drunken man is bad in every relation, and the drunken woman is, if possible, worse. A special infamy hovers around womanhood soaked in liquor: relationships, in such instances, are quite forgotten under the influence of the accursed drink. Selfishness eats up the very heart of those who else might have been the objects of reverence and love. The contrast to this is the fact that when filled with the Spirit the husband is the tenderest of husbands, the wife the best of wives. No master is so just as the man that is mastered by the Spirit of God; no servant so diligent as he that serves the Lord. By the Holy Spirit our relationships become ennobled.

Lastly, excess of drink leaves a man weak and exposed to peril. But to be filled with the Spirit!

When filled with the Spirit the man is no longer naked, like the drunkard. He no longer lies upon the ground in danger, as one overcome with wine. He is no longer open to the attack of adversaries, as one who sleeps through strong drink. God hath made him strong, and armed him, and now he goes forth to fight in the service of his Master. I think that you will see the contrast. It is as evident as the parallel.

I shall keep you no longer, except to say this: My beloved Christian friends, our heart's desire is, that the members of this Church, and, indeed, all the members of Christ's mystical body, should be filled with the Spirit. Oh, that you may come absolutely under the sway of the Holy Ghost, and may abide under His most powerful inspirations! Do you ask how this is to be? First, reverently regard Him.

Reverently Regard Him.

Never speak of the Holy Ghost as *it*. Talk not of the Third Person of the adorable Trinity as *an influence*. He is very God of very God. God has guarded the sanctity of the Holy Spirit by causing a certain sin to be specially condemned, and excepted from pardon—the sin against the Holy Ghost. Honor Him much, then: worship Him, and adore Him, and look to Him for help.

Next, *do not grieve him*. If there be anything that would grieve the Holy Spirit, let it grieve you, so that you may keep clear of it. Put away every thought, idea, principle, and act that is not agreeable to His mind. Neither live in sin, nor trifle with evil, nor fall into error, nor neglect the reading of the Word of God, nor fail to obey the commands of the Lord. Do not grieve the Comforter, but welcome Him as your best friend. Open your heart to His influences. Watch each day to hear His monitions. Pray every morning, "Holy Spirit, speak with me, bedew me, enlighten me, set me on fire, dwell in me." As you welcome Him when he comes, so

Be Fit for Him to Come

to you, and dwell in you. Be clean, for He is pure. Do not expect the Holy Ghost to dwell in a foul chamber. You cannot make that chamber like Solomon's temple, wherein the cedar wood was overlaid with pure gold; but you can take care that it is well cleansed. Only the pure in heart shall see God. Oh for a clean life, a clean tongue, a clean hand, a clean ear, a clean eye, a clean heart! God give you these, and then you shall be ready for the Spirit to dwell in you.

And when He does come, learn this thing. If you would have Him fill you, obey Him. If you believe that an impulse is from the Spirit of God, follow it out. Never trifle with conscience—especially you that are beginning life. Mind you set the tune for the whole of your life by the tenderness of your consciences at the first. Young men, young women, mind you begin straight! Do not begin with truckling and making compromises. If you take your hats off to the devil to-day, you will have to take your shoes off to him soon; and by and by you will become utterly his slaves. Be strong for the truth. Quit yourselves like men. Stand fast for God and holiness. You will be filled with the Spirit if you are obedient to Him.

If you are filled with the Spirit of God, and wish to retain His gracious presence, speak about Him. Note this, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is riot; but be filled with the Spirit; speaking." That is

A Curious Word

to follow so soon. The Holy Ghost is not a dumb Spirit; He sets us speaking. "Speaking to yourselves;" it is a poor audience; but, still, it is a choice audience if you speak to your brethren. "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." Beloved, when the Spirit of God fills you, you will not only speak, but sing. Let the holy power have free course; do not quench the Spirit. If you feel like singing all the while, sing all the while, and let others know that there is a joy in the possession of the Spirit of God which the world does not understand, but which you are feeling,

and to which you wish to bear witness. Oh, that the Spirit of God would come upon this entire church, and fill you all to overflowing! May the members of other churches that are here take home fire with them, and set their churches on flame! The Lord bless you, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

How Jefferson Looked.*

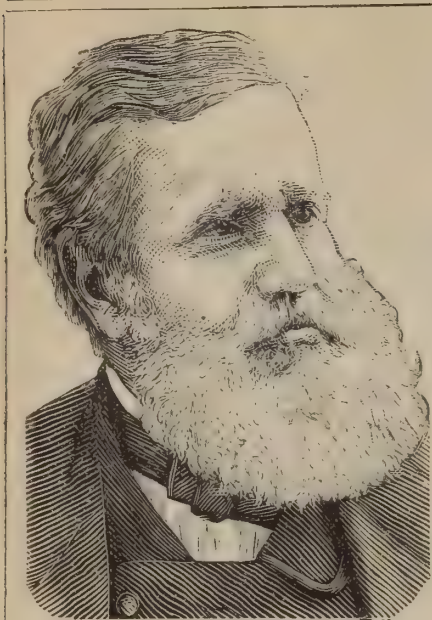
SENATOR MACLAY, of Pennsylvania, thus described him in 1790, when he had returned from France to become Secretary of State, and appeared before a committee of the Senate to answer questions about foreign relations: "Jefferson is a slender man; has rather the air of stiffness in his manner. His clothes seem too small for him. He sits in a lounging manner, on one hip commonly, and with one of his shoulders elevated much above the other. His face has a sunny aspect. His whole figure has a loose, shackling air. He had a rambling, vacant look, and nothing of that firm, collected deportment which I expected would dignify the presence of a Secretary or Minister. I looked for gravity, but a laxity of manner seemed shed about him. He spoke almost without ceasing; but even his discourse partook of his personal demeanor. It was loose and rambling; and yet he scattered information wherever he went, and some even brilliant sentiments sparkled from him." Augustus Foster gives another but similar description in 1804: "He was a tall man with a very red, freckled face, and gray, neglected hair; his manners good-natured, frank, and rather friendly, though he had somewhat of a cynical expression of countenance. He wore a blue coat, a thick gray-colored hairy waistcoat with a red under-waistcoat lapped over it, green velvet breeches, with pearl buttons, yarn stockings, and slippers down at the heel—his appearance being very much like that of a tall, large-boned farmer."

How Louisiana was Acquired.

On April 10, 1803, Napoleon, addressing two of his ministers, said he wished to explain his intention of selling Louisiana to the United States; and he did so in his peculiar way. He began by expressing the fear that England would seize Louisiana as her first act of war. He said, "I think of ceding it to the United States. I can scarcely say that I cede it to them, for it is not yet in our possession. If, however, I leave the least time to our enemies, I shall only transmit an empty title to those republicans whose friendship I seek. They ask of me only one town in Louisiana; but I already consider the colony as entirely lost, and it appears to me that in the hands of this growing Power it will be more useful to the policy, and even to the commerce, of France, than if I should attempt to keep it. . . . Irresolution and deliberation are no longer in season; I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I cede; it is the whole colony, without reserve. I know the value of what I abandon. I have proved the importance I attach to this province, since my first diplomatic act with Spain had the object of recovering it. I renounce it with the greatest regret; but to attempt obstinately to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate the affair. Have an interview this very day with the American Minister."

On April 29 Messrs. Livingston and Monroe, representing the United States, called on the French Secretary. Mr. Monroe thus wrote of

* From *The History of the United States During the First Administration of Thomas Jefferson*. By Henry Adams. A valuable work, ably written, covering an interesting period of our national life. 2 Vols. Price \$4. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



Dom Pedro, Ex-Emperor of Brazil. (See page 757.)



The Island of Loanda, on the Coast of Africa.

the interview: "We called on M. Marbois and gave him our project, which was read to him and discussed. We proposed to offer fifty million francs (\$10,000,000) to France, and twenty millions (\$4,000,000) on account of her debt to the citizens of the United States, making seventy in the whole." Marbois replied that he would proceed only on the condition that eighty millions were the price. Then, at last, the American commissioners gave way, and with this change Marbois took their project for reference to Napoleon the next morning.

THE ISLAND OF LOANDA.

THE accompanying illustration gives an idea of a typical African town in its stage of development under the influence of advancing civilization. It is situated on the western coast of Africa, about 200 miles south of the mouth of Congo, opposite to the town now known as St. Paul de Loanda, in Angola. This island is distinguished by its having been the site of the first Portuguese settlement in West Africa. Its history dates back to 1484, when, according to a Portuguese historian, a naval expedition under the command of Diego Cam sailed on a voyage of discovery along the coast of Africa. At various points along the coast he set up stone pillars, which he had brought with him for the purpose of marking the points touched at, and implying that King Joas II. of Portugal claimed dominion there by right of discovery. A few years later a settlement was made on Loanda Island, and in 1534 the settlers had extended their operations northward to the Congo, had converted the King of Congo to the Roman Catholic faith, and had erected several churches.

The Portuguese claim to the Congo, which has been so embarrassing to Stanley, had its origin in these facts. The King of the Congo, it is claimed, was attacked by the savage tribe of Jaggas, who overran his country, burnt San Salvador and its cathedral, and killed nearly half his people. The King, and such of the people as could escape, fled with the Portuguese priests to an island in the Congo near Boma; from thence an appeal was sent to the King of Portugal, who responded with an expedition of 600 men. They attacked the Jaggas with fire-arms, which terrified all they did not kill, and the invaders speedily evacuated the country. A document is still in existence at St. Paul de Loanda, dated 1570, in which the King of the Congo covenants, in return for this service, to give the King of Portugal all the territory between the mouth of the river Congo and the mouth of the river Coanza, 250 miles to the south. This, however, according to a Dutch geographer, was declined by the King of Portugal. The Portuguese were expelled from San Salvador about

1634, but still maintained their ascendancy at Loanda, and actively engaged in the slave trade, which they continued to carry on long after every other European nation had abandoned it.

CONTAMINATION BRAVED.

THE good medical missionary who has charge of the Christian Hospital at Oroomiah, Persia, writes: One day an old man, a Mohammedan, having his arm badly gangrened, came and lay down at the gate of the Hospital, and asked for the physician. Dr. Cochran sent for him to come into the dispensary, where he could be examined. "No, no," replied the man. "I have been a faithful Mohammedan. I have fasted, and prayed, and taken pilgrimages, and now near the end of my life I am not going to forfeit my right to enter Paradise by contamination with Christians." The doctor protested against his remaining outside, insisting he must at least come into an outer room, where he could be treated. The man said he must not defile himself by touching Christian food or eating off Christians' dishes. So, at first he was treated at the gate, but later was gotten into the hospital, and placed on a bed in the ward, where he could receive full attention from nurse and physician. One night the man was much worse. The nurse called the doctor, who worked over him a long time. When somewhat relieved the man burst into tears, and said: "How could I think what you should do for me would keep me from Paradise? How kind and good you are!" Over and over he expressed his confidence in the doctor, and humbly implored forgiveness for having thought that contact with so good and wise a man could injure his prospect of Paradise. Afterwards, alluding to his former fear of contamination, he said: "I will eat your food off your dishes." Thus the old man's prejudices were removed, and when he left, it was to tell others of the good he had received of the Christian missionaries.

THE MISSING CHEQUE.

(See illustration on page 765.)

THERE was no difference of opinion among those who knew him, as to the character of Horace Maynard. He was a hard man. Strictly just, scrupulously honest, and the very soul of honor, but merciless when there was any failure on the part of others to fulfil their obligations. One year after the new firm name of Hervey, Stuart & Maynard appeared on the brass plate of the merchants' stores, Horace Maynard married.

The marriage was a surprise to his friends. It was thought that so shrewd a man as Maynard would have seen in marriage an opportunity for strengthening the one weak point in his position. Every one expected him to marry a rich

wife if he married at all, which was doubtful of a man so cold and self-contained. But the girl whom he married was poor, and had scarcely the style to grace the position which Maynard might one day reach in society. "She will not ruin him by extravagance," was the prediction of one of his friends. "No," said the man to whom the remark was made; "and I fancy Maynard thinks it is just as good to have a wife who can save a fortune, as to have one who would bring him a fortune, and then want it all spent on herself in dresses and carriages, and society pleasures. Oh! he knows what he is about."

There was some truth in the observation. Eleanor Maynard managed her husband's domestic affairs with the economic skill that comes of a childhood spent in genteel poverty, and astonished him by the smallness of the sum she required to maintain his home in comfort. He could spend his evenings as he chose, without giving account of his doings, and Eleanor was content to remain quietly at home alone, or to accompany him if he invited her. Her respect for him amounted to veneration, and Maynard could play the tyrant whenever he chose. There were depths in her nature that he had never sounded, though he knew they were there. Only once had he touched them, and then, to his amazement, Eleanor had told him quietly that the matter in question was a duty to God, and she must act according to her conscience, even though it might grieve him. She was so submissive in all their relations, that her unexpected firmness on this occasion gave him pause, and he made a mental note of the fact that there were boundaries to his authority over her.

Only one really urgent, importunate request could Maynard remember his wife making to him. She had been content to receive what he gave her, and to ask for no money or privilege of her own accord. But she *did* ask him one favor, and her heart was in it. She begged him to take her young brother Walter into his office. Maynard was reluctant to comply. He had made up his mind that he was not marrying the whole family when he married Eleanor. But there had been no evidence that the family wanted to draw upon him, and he had seen but little of them since his marriage. And Walter seemed a bright, intelligent boy. Still he hesitated, but his wife was so much in earnest that he finally yielded, and Walter was received into the office. The lad took no advantage of his relationship, was respectful and industrious, and though Maynard was on his guard against approaches he had no reason to complain.

Two years had passed since Walter had entered his brother-in-law's employ, and he had been promoted for merit to a more responsible position, when one night a clerk came hurriedly to

Maynard's residence. Maynard was dressing for an evening party, so Mrs. Maynard sent the clerk into the library to wait until her husband could see him. Half an hour later she heard Maynard let the clerk out himself, and then he entered the room where she was sitting. His face was pale even to ghastliness, looking still more deathly as its leaden hue contrasted with the broad expanse of snowy shirt bosom disclosed by his evening dress.

"Eleanor," he said, in a hoarse voice, "your brother is a thief; he is a disgrace to you, and to me too. Why did you insist on my taking him into the office?"

Eleanor sprang to her feet, letting the basket she had in her lap roll to the floor. "What!" she cried, in a voice of agony. "It is not true; I will never believe it!"

Maynard looked at her sternly. "I am not accustomed to make false accusations," he said. "The head clerk of the department has just been here with conclusive evidence. I will tell you. A letter from my broker came for me to-day with a cheque for a large amount inclosed. That cheque has disappeared, and the letter and envelope in which it came have been found in your brother's desk. Is not that clear proof of his guilt?"

"Oh! I do not understand it," cried Eleanor; "I cannot explain it, but I am sure Walter never stole the money."

"Well, then you are the only one who could doubt. Every one else would be sure, and he will be arrested to-night."

Maynard turned and left the room, and Eleanor heard him close the outer door as he went to his evening's pleasure. What could she do? With her there was no question. Going to her own room, she shut herself in, and bending before God she laid the whole case before Him, entreating His help in her time of bitter trouble. Indisputable as the proof of her brother's guilt seemed, she could not believe it, and she besought God to vindicate the youth, who, like herself, was an earnest servant of Christ.

How long she remained pleading at the Mercy-seat she did not know. She was aroused by a ring at the door-bell. She met the servant coming up to inquire when Mr. Maynard would be home. The same clerk who had brought the dreadful news wished to see him. She told the man where her husband was, and he said he would go there to him, as he had something important to tell him. Eleanor dare not ask him what it was, but that night her husband told her. When the policeman had gone to arrest her brother, Walter had shown no consternation. "The cheque is in the safe," he said. "I saw the letter had been overlooked by the chief clerk, and knowing it contained the cheque I took it out and put it in the safe and put letter and envelope in my desk until morning. You will find it there." And there they did find it. The chief clerk had remembered leaving the letter, and had returned to the office to rectify his omission, but not finding the letter, had searched the desks of the other clerks, and made the discovery which had seemed to implicate the protégé of the junior partner. "I am sorry,



Conclusive Evidence of the Missing Cheque.

deeply sorry, Eleanor," Maynard said, as he finished the story; "it will be a lesson to me in future not to be so ready to doubt."

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

(Continued from page 750.)

The Voyage to America.

"MANY weighty reasons, often and seriously discussed, inclined the Pilgrims to change their abode. They had been bred to the pursuits of husbandry, and in Holland they were compelled to learn mechanical trades; Brewster became a printer; Bradford, who had been educated as a farmer, learned the art of dyeing silk. The language of the Dutch never became pleasantly familiar; and their manners still less so. The climate was not grateful to the aged; and close occupation in mechanical trades was detrimental to the young.

"Upon their talk of removing, sundry of the Dutch would have them go under them, and made them large offers; but the Pilgrims were attached to their nationality as Englishmen, and to the language of their line. A secret, but deeply-seated love of their country, led them to the generous purpose of recovering the protection of England by enlarging her dominions. They were 'restless' with the desire to live once more under the government of their native land.

"And whither should they go to acquire a province for King James? The beautiful fertility and immeasurable wealth of Guiana had been exhibited in dazzling colors by the brilliant eloquence of Raleigh. But the terrors of the tropical climate, and the proximity of bigoted Catholics led them rather to look toward Virginia; and Robert Cushman and John Carver repaired to England to obtain consent of the London Company to their emigration. The envoys were fa-

vorably received; and a patent and ample liberties were cheerfully promised. Assured of the approbation of Sir Edwin Sandys, they declined completing their negotiation till they could consult the multitude with whose interests they were entrusted.

"The Pilgrims, following the principles of democratic liberty, transmitted to the company their request, signed by the hands of the greatest part of the congregation. 'We are well weaned,' added Robinson and Brewster, 'from the delicate milk of our mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land; the people are industrious and frugal. We are knit together as a body in a most sacred covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole.' It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."

The desire for peace induced them to leave Amsterdam in 1609, after they had lived there about a year, although, says Governor Bradford in his *History of Plymouth Colony*, "they well knew it would be much to the prejudice of their outward estate, both at present and, in all likelihood, in the future; as indeed it proved to be." The old historian, after enlarging on the attractions of Leyden, as "a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet

situation," adds of it, "but, wanting that traffic by sea which Amsterdam enjoyed, it was not so beneficial for their outward means of living and estates. But being now here pitched, they fell to such trades and employments as they best could, valuing peace and their spiritual comfort above any other riches whatsoever; and at length they came to raise a competent and comfortable living, and with hard and continual labor.

"Being thus settled, after many difficulties, they continued many years in a comfortable condition, enjoying much sweet and delightful society and spiritual comfort together, in the ways of God, under the able ministry and prudent government of Mr. John Robinson and Mr. William Brewster, who was an assistant unto him in the place of an elder, unto which he was now called and chosen by the church; so as they grew in knowledge and other gifts and graces of the Spirit of God, and lived together in peace and love and holiness. And many came unto them from divers parts of England, so as they grew a great congregation. And if at any time any differences did arise or offences broke out (as it cannot be but that sometimes there will, even amongst the best of men), they were ever so met with and nipped in the head betimes, or otherwise so well composed, as still love, peace, and communion was continued, or else the church purged of those that were incurable and incorrigible, when, after much patience used, no other means would serve; which seldom comes to pass."

The magistrates of the city bore honorable testimony to their virtuous and peaceable lives during the years they sojourned among them: and when they spoke of seeking a place of final settlement in the New World, "sundry of the

Dutch would have them go under them, and made them large offers." But England was still the home of their hearts, and its institutions a birthright derived from their fathers, which they would not willingly forego. They dreaded "that their posterity would in a few generations become Dutch, and so lose their interest in the English nation," while love rather than ambition prompted the desire "to enlarge His Majesty's dominions, and to live under their natural prince."

Negotiations were immediately entered into with the Virginia Company, and even the favor of the King was sought to be conciliated, but in vain. Their generous and unquenchable loyalty met with no like response. It was in the year 1618 that the messengers from the exiles at Leyden were received by the London merchants, who controlled the direction of the Virginia Company. Until four years preceding this, the whole extent of country between Florida and Canada was loosely comprehended under the name of Virginia; but in 1814 the name of New England began to be generally applied to the northern portion. Two companies had been chartered by James to colonize the country, and empowered to effect regular and permanent settlements, extending to a hundred miles inland. The one of these merchant companies was in London, the other in Plymouth, and it was with the latter that the Pilgrims of Leyden negotiated their scheme of colonization.

The enterprise had already been maturely weighed. Solemn days of humiliation had been set apart, in which they sought divine guidance by united prayer; and at length it had been resolved, "that part of the church should go before their brethren into America, to prepare for the rest. And if in case the major part of the church should choose to go over with the first, then the pastor should go along with them; but if the major part stayed, that he should then stay with them." The church at Leyden had good reason to look up with confidence to their generous guide, who was indeed a pastor to that little flock. He appears to have been a man of the most noble and disinterested heroism, whose abilities fitted him to shine in a far more conspicuous station, had he not chosen rather to cast in his lot with the people of God. But like Moses, he was only to guide them through the wilderness, and behold the promised land from afar.

Delays and difficulties yielded before the persevering exertions of the expectant colonists. Their property was sold and converted into a common stock, not, however, as Robertson the historian affirms, "under the influence of a wild notion of imitating the primitive Christians," but as an arrangement into which they were necessarily forced by the nature of their negotiations with the English Company of Merchants, on whose co-operation they mainly depended for success. Their first expenditure from this fund was in the purchase of the *Speedwell*, a small vessel of sixty tons. In this the brethren who had formed the deputation to England, returned when their negotiations were completed. Landing at Delft Haven, they thence proceeded to Leyden, and reported their success. A patent had been obtained for the emigrants under the Company's seal, which secured their civil rights and ample liberty of worship, along with some prospect of worldly comfort: though in the latter respect the Merchant Company had dictated terms wherein more respect was paid to their own profit than to the interests of those who were to risk all in the attempt.

In addition to the *Speedwell*, which the intending emigrants had purchased in order to retain possession of it for the service of the colony, the *Mayflower*, a ship of 180 tons, was hired in London to sail in company with it, and to bear the chief portion of the emigrants. The limited accommodation which could be afforded in these vessels, admitted of only a minority of the congregation at Leyden proceeding to their new destination; and Robinson therefore remained behind. The parting between these pioneers and their brethren was a most touching scene.

The time had come at length. Nearly the whole congregation, old men, women, and children, accompanied the emigrants from Leyden to Delft Haven, and spent the last night in friendly converse and prayer. They were to see their beloved pastor's face no more, and doubtless the anticipation that such might be, added not a little to the natural shrinking from the perils they were about to face.

At parting, Robinson addressed to them the most affectionate and earnest counsels, characterized by a spirit of enlightened judgment and true liberality, such as was rare indeed in that age. "Brethren," said he, "we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your face on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you, before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded *the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His holy Word.*"

"For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of His will our good God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

"This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God; but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received, for it is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick Antichristian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once."

In the same noble spirit, Robinson wrote to the band of New England emigrants ere they finally sailed for their destination, urging upon them motives of action which afford us the best evidence of the principles by which they were actuated. It was a small and feeble company who were thus committing themselves to the wide waste of waters, and to the wilderness beyond; but there were brave and true men among them, whose names are now mentioned with pride in the populous cities of New England.

"As morning dawned," says Bancroft, "after the night of parting passed by them at Delft Haven in Christian converse and prayer, Carver, Bradford, and Winslow, Brewster, the ruling elder, Allerton, and the brave and faithful Standish, with their equal associates—a feeble band for a perilous enterprise—bade farewell to Holland; while Robinson, kneeling in prayer by the seaside, gave to their embarkation the sanctity of a religious rite. A prosperous wind soon wafts the vessel to Southampton, and, in a fortnight, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, freighted with the first colony for New England, leave Southampton for America. But they had not gone far upon the Atlantic before the smaller vessel was found to need repairs; and they enter the port of Dartmouth.

"After the lapse of eight precious days, they again weigh anchor; the coast of England recedes; already they are unfurling their sails on the broad ocean, when the captain of the *Speedwell*, with his company, dismayed at the dangers of the enterprise, once more pretend that his ship is too weak for the service. They put back to Plymouth to dismiss their treacherous companions, though the loss of the vessel was 'very grievous and discouraging.' The timid and the hesitating were all freely allowed to abandon the expedition. Having thus winnowed their numbers of the cowardly and disaffected, the little band, not of resolute men only,

but wives, some far gone in pregnancy, children, infants, a floating village, yet, in all, but *one hundred and one souls*, went on board the single ship, which was hired only to convey them across the Atlantic; and, on the sixth day of September, 1620, the passengers in the *Mayflower* set sail for a new world, where the past could offer no favorable auguries.

"Had New England been colonized immediately on the discovery of the American continent, the old English institutions would have been planted under the powerful influence of the Roman Catholic religion; had the settlement been made under Elizabeth, it would have been before activity of the popular mind in religion had conducted to a corresponding activity of mind in politics. The Pilgrims were Englishmen, Protestants, exiles for religion; men disciplined by misfortune, cultivated by opportunities of extensive observation, equal in rank as in rights, and bound by no code but that which was imposed by religion, or might be created by the public will."

The difficulties seemed enough to daunt the stoutest heart; but the exiles were strong in the courage supplied by noble principles and a pure faith, and if these had failed them, had they not even the courage of despair? Whither were these poor outcast children of England to go, if not onward, even amid such dangers? The all that they possessed was with them, and their only hope lay beyond the terrors of the Atlantic. But God's eye was over them, and His dealings seemed as the winnowing of Gideon's band—"It shall be that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go." These, indeed, were the true founders of a colony, the elements from whence a great nation might arise, and return upon the Old World the influences of the noble principles in which it found being.

The pioneers of civilization, who bear the seeds of future colonies and kingdoms to distant lands; require, under the most favorable circumstances, the utmost courage, firmness, and self-denial; and never were such virtues more eminently required than among the wandering outcasts whom the little *Mayflower* was bearing to the New England shores. On the 22d of July, 1620, they had taken their last farewell look on the fond group of brethren and friends who knelt on the shore, and commended them to the protection and favor of heaven. The vessel weighed anchor, and stood to sea under a smiling sky and favoring breeze; and soon the receding sail faded before the eyes of these faithful watchers, and disappeared on the faint blue line of the distant horizon. Wives were there, and children; the young, the sanguine, and hopeful; old men, too, were there, and some who looked forward with doubt and fear, even under the smiling skies and prosperous breeze. How must their hearts have sunk within them when weeks and months passed over, and found them still far from the goal of hope! It was the sixth of September ere the *Mayflower* at length sailed from Plymouth, and the Pilgrim Fathers saw the headlands of England fade forever from their sight. The Old World had cast them forth; it was with no cheering welcome that the New World received her adopted sons.

Nevertheless, the eye of God was upon them, and His good providence had prepared for them the chosen land. From amid the convenient harbors and the majestic bays and estuaries with which the coasts of America abound, the Pilgrims had chosen for their destined home the mouth of the river Hudson, where now the wealth of every quarter of the globe is borne by native sails. But a less hospitable coast had been chosen for them, where they should rear their tabernacle in the wilderness. After a long and stormy voyage of sixty-three days, during which the emigrants had endured great sufferings, and one had died, the anxious outlookers were gladdened by the sight of land.

(To be continued.)

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

he day with God;

down to Him in prayer;
thy heart to His abode,
seek His love to share.

le Book of God,

read a portion there;
may know all thy thoughts,
sweeten all thy care.

ugh the day with God,

er thy work may be;
er thou art—at home, abroad,
all is near to thee.

re in mind with God;

spirit heavenward raise;
wedge every good bestowed,
offer grateful praise.

le the day with God;

sins to Him confess;
n the Lord's atoning blood,
plead His righteousness.

n at night with God,

gives His servants sleep;
en thou tread'st the vale of death,
ill thee guard and keep.

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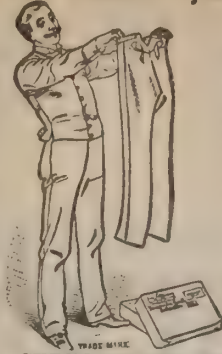
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Vol. XII., No. 47. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1889.

Price, 4 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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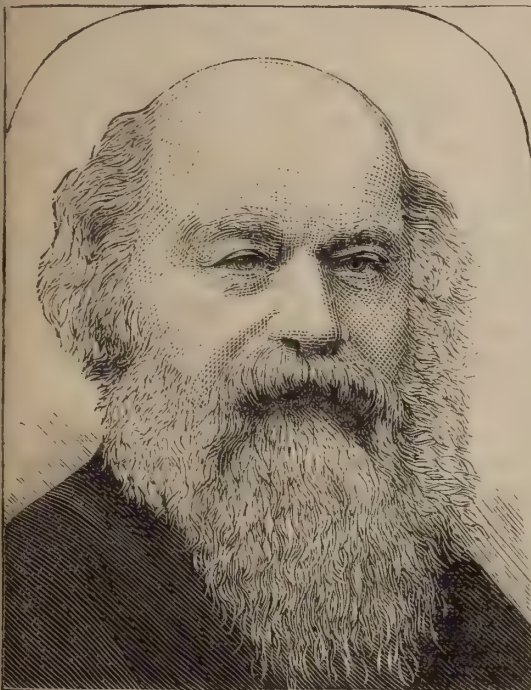
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REV. SAMUEL BOOTH, D.D., Secretary of the Baptist Union.



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REV. JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D., AND DR. SAMUEL H. BOOTH—A Scene in Birmingham, England

THE ENGLISH BAPTIST UNION.

THE withdrawal of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon from the Baptist Union has attracted to that body the attention of the religious community in all the world. It has recently been holding its annual meeting at Birmingham, the great midland metropolis, and there was some curiosity manifested by outsiders as to the course it would take. Some predicted that Mr. Spurgeon and the ministers who think with him, having come out of the Union, there would be a manifestation of the spirit which caused the unhappy divergence. It is gratifying to learn that the Down grade controversy was not even mentioned, and still more gratifying to see from the reports of the sermons and speeches that the ministers composing the union devoted their attention to the practical subjects of Foreign Missions, the social problems of the day, and the best means of making Christianity a potent and beneficent influence on the outside world.

Whatever ministers may think, such problems are more urgent than internal doctrinal differences. In these last days there is no work more pressing than that of gathering out of the world a people for Christ; any Christian brother who is willing to work zealously in that effort ought to be welcomed in the ranks, even though he may have doubts about some of the doctrines which other workers think are taught in the Bible. He may think his brethren are wrong in drawing those inferences from the Scripture, but if he has full faith in the gospel as the power of God for the conversion of the world, let him go out and proclaim it, and let every other minister and worker bid him God-speed. Doctrinal differences can wait for their solution for further light when every man is fully persuaded in his own mind. That seems to have been the spirit in which the Baptist Union went to its work, and it is one worthy of all honor.

This week, realizing the interest a large number of our readers take in the doings of this influential denomination on the other side the Atlantic, we give portraits of Dr. Angus, one of its most famous ex-presidents, and Dr. Samuel H. Booth, its secretary, with a picture of a scene in Birmingham, the town in which its meetings were held.

REV. JOSEPH ANGUS, D. D.

THIS eminent minister is best known in this country by his incomparable *Bible Hand-Book*, which is used in our schools and colleges of all denominations, and is valued and used by ministers, teachers, and Christian workers throughout our land. It has been translated into French, Italian, Armenian, Magyar, and Welsh, and in each tongue has had an immense circulation. That book is the work of a scholar and a hard student, as every page proves. Its author is now at the head of the great educational institution of Stepney College, and he is identified with this country by his degree of D. D., which was conferred upon him by Brown University.

Joseph Angus was born in Bolam, in Northumberland, on January 16, 1816, so that he is now approaching the seventy-fourth year of his age. The family to which he belongs came out of Scotland in the year 1580, and settled in Tyne-side. One member of the family is Mr. George Fife Angus, one of the founders of the Colony of South Australia. Some branches of the family occupy leading positions in the city of Newcastle-on-Tyne at the present time.

A studious boyhood prepared the way for higher paths. When he was only fourteen he began the study of Hebrew and Chaldee beneath the roof of a relative at Accrington, the Rev. Joseph Harbottle, and the account which Dr. Angus himself has given of those days is probably one of the pleasantest.

Reminiscences of His Life.

He says: "I spent three or four months at Accrington, and studied with Mr. Harbottle. We were related. The different branches of our family had long been bound together by common religious feelings, and by a strong clannish affection. Traditions lingered in our northern home of visits paid to the far-distant

regions of Cumberland, and the younger members of our families heard and read of Tottlebank and Accrington as the very ends of the earth. Once or twice members of the Harbottle family visited us in the north, and left behind fragrant memories of simplicity, affection, and faith. I was a mere lad of fourteen, grave and thoughtful beyond my years, with a taste for study, and especially for religious inquiry and discussion. Owing to these circumstances, Mr. Harbottle admitted me to a degree of intimacy which surprised me at the time, and which I have valued ever since."

After leaving Mr. Harbottle the young student became a scholar in the Ancient Royal Grammar School of Newcastle—the school of Lord Eldon, the famous judge, and Lord Collingwood—at that time in charge of Dr. Mortimer, between whom and himself there sprang up a lifelong friendship; and when Dr. Mortimer, having accepted the head-mastership of the city of London School, in 1833, young Angus accompanied him to the metropolis, and became

A Student at King's College.

In 1835 he went to the University of Edinburgh, attended the lectures of the renowned Dr. Chalmers, and in 1837 graduated as M.A. Already well prepared by his previous studies, Mr. Angus pursued an almost unparalleled career at the modern Athens. He took the first prize in Greek, in Logic, in Rhetoric, in Mathematics, and the Gold Medal in Moral Philosophy. He closed his university course with the Students' Prize for the best essay on "The Influence of Lord Bacon's Philosophy," a prize open to competition to the entire University.

Animated by a spirit of devout consecration, and with a heart stirred by a desire to lead men to Christ, to whom he himself had been converted before he left home, Mr. Angus now laid all his gifts and attainments at the feet of the Saviour, and resolving to become

A Minister of the Gospel,

he entered the Baptist Academy at Stepney, of which Dr. Murch was then the President, to go through a course of theology. That institution was then one of the antique houses of old London, having been, according to common report, formerly associated with the inglorious history of King John. At the close of the year 1837, and before he was of age, he accepted an invitation to become the minister of the church in New Park Street, London. Dr. Rippon, whose hymn-book was once extremely popular, Dr. Gill, the author of the celebrated *Commentary* which bears his name, and Benjamin Keach, author of *The Key to open Scripture Metaphors*, were all successively pastors of the same church; and it was this congregation of which the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon took charge in 1854.

In 1840 Dr. Angus was appointed one of the Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, and soon afterward, owing to the death of his colleague, the entire responsibility of this office devolved upon him. Two years later he was called to the Presidency of Stepney College, and added the arduous duties of that office to those of his secretaryship, and continued to perform them both with efficiency and zeal for seven years. At the end of that time, the claims of the college having multiplied through the large number of students attracted to it by his reputation, he resigned his office in the Missionary Society and concentrated his labors on the college. His collegiate reign has been, in every respect, eminently successful. In 1856 the institution was transferred from Stepney to Regent's Park, where it occupies a building which originally cost \$250,000. Mentally, also, the standard of the college has been greatly raised, its affiliation with the London University marking a new epoch in its history. In recent years provision has been made for largely extending and perpetuating its work: and the sum of \$150,000 has just been secured through Dr. Angus's instrumentality for the double purpose of guaranteeing more efficient Biblical and theological teaching, and extending the advantages of the college to an increased number of students.

Recognition of his erudition and ability outside his own denomination has not been lacking. He was appointed examiner in the English language and literature in the London University, and for a long time has fulfilled a like duty in the College of Preceptors. In 1870 also, he was selected for his pre-eminent qualifications as

One of the Company of Revisers

of the Authorized Version of the New Testament, and was entrusted with the organization of the American Companies who co-operated with their English brethren, who met in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, for several years, engaged in the solemn work of Bible Revision.

Rare indeed are the men in whom the qualities of preacher, foremost scholar, popular author, and theological tutor are so happily and efficiently combined as in Dr. Angus. The services he has rendered his day and generation are most distinguished. He is beloved as a father by the hundreds of students, professors, and others who have been enriched by his genius as an instructor; trusted by the denomination of which he is a member, and affectionately cherished by Christians of all churches, by whom his evangelical piety, his great gifts, and devotion to the kingdom of Christ at large are justly recognized.

REV. SAMUEL H. BOOTH, D. D.

THE present Secretary of the Baptist Union, whose portrait accompanies that of Dr. Angus, on the first page, is sixty-five years of age. He was born in London in 1824. He had a pious mother, whose prayers for his conversion were answered in his youth. When he was eighteen years old he was baptized and received into the Church. Soon after making a public profession of Christ, he began to preach in the villages near St. Albans. His education for the Christian ministry was gained at Stepney (now Regent's Park) College, of which Dr. Angus is still the Principal.

After completing his college course, Mr. Booth settled at Birkenhead, and became the pastor of the Baptist church there. This was in 1847. In 1851 he removed, from this sphere to Falmouth, but under the influence of a severe domestic loss, he returned to Birkenhead, when the people erected what is known as Grange Lane Chapel for him. It was not long before his special secretarial gifts were discovered by his brethren in the north, and he was made Secretary of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association of Baptist Churches. He occupied various spheres of labor until 1877, when he was asked on the retirement of the Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., to undertake the secretariat of the Baptist Union, the work and responsibility in connection with which had assumed large proportions. At the same time he received overtures from several important churches, whose members were desirous of securing his services as pastor. He, however, was constrained to accept

The Secretaryship of the Union,

and to devote his energies to its service. That position he held till 1880, when he retired, and the Rev. W. Sampson was invited to succeed him. To the great grief of all who knew him, Mr. Sampson's useful career as a devoted minister of Christ was cut short by death, after a lingering illness in November, 1882. Throughout Mr. Sampson's prolonged sickness, Mr. Booth discharged the duties of secretary, generously foregoing all salary in favor of his stricken brother. The period during which Mr. Booth thus gratuitously rendered service was from February 1, 1882, to Mr. Sampson's decease toward the close of the year. He subsequently became pastor of a church at Beckenham, but has now returned to the office which he seems pre-eminently adapted to fill as secretary of the Baptist Union.

BIRMINGHAM'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE illustration on the first page represents the large square in the centre of Birmingham around which are grouped the Town Hall and other Municipal and County buildings. The

Town Hall which is shown on the right of the picture, is capable of holding 7,000 persons. The New Post-office is also a magnificent building. The palatial Council House, where the Mayor's reception of the Baptist Union took place, is a noble edifice of Corinthian architecture, nearly adjoining the Town Hall. And among other noteworthy structures in the group may be mentioned the Central Free Library, the Museum of Arts and Art Gallery, Sir Josiah Mason's Science College, the Queen's College, etc. The Exchange is a handsome pile of brick and stone, more than 180 feet long, whilst the Central Railway Station, is one of the finest in the country. The population of the town is 448,000.

The Town 800 Years Ago

is thus described as it then appeared: "It was crowded with timber within and without; her streets dirty and narrow, but much trodden. The inhabitant became an early encroacher upon her narrow streets, and sometimes the lord was the greatest. Her houses were mean and low, but few reaching higher than one story, perhaps none more than two; composed of wood and plaster—she was a stranger to brick. Her public building consisted solely of one, the church."

Toward the close of the fourteenth century, when Wycliffe's doctrines began to be circulated, and copies of the Scriptures found their way into several towns and villages in the Midlands, many of the inhabitants of Birmingham became dissatisfied with the religious services and the vicar. Those who lived at a remote distance from the church, therefore, made plausible excuses for absenting themselves from the services. Such a state of things became unsatisfactory to the more piously inclined, and they resolved to build a church for themselves. They were able to accomplish this in due course, and an arrangement was made with the bishop whereby they acquired the right of choosing their own minister. Birmingham has been noted all through its history for its sturdy republican spirit, as it is to this day. When King Charles I. visited the town on his march to Shrewsbury, a few days before the battle of Edge Hill, in 1642, he found no support forthcoming from its inhabitants. Indeed, the day after he had left Aston Hall, where he was entertained, the inhabitants seized his carriages containing the royal plate and other valuables, and sent them to Warwick Castle. They also attacked the royal party, and harassed them in many ways sending the prisoners to Coventry. For this disloyalty to the king's party they were shortly afterward severely punished. Prince Rupert arrived with an army of 2,000 men, and ordered the town to be set on fire. This was done, and the fight that ensued when the royalist troops attempted to plunder is known as "the battle of Birmingham."

The Manufactures of the Town

were famous more than two centuries ago. They were chiefly of fire-arms, buttons, and base coinage, the latter product earning for the place an unenviable reputation. During the next century the extension of the hardware trades of the town was exceedingly rapid, and its progress has continued until the present time. Everything that can be made of metal is made at Birmingham, and it is said that the town is so busy a place that there is not a street, however small, without a manufactory and an engine of some kind in it. One of its most influential men is well known and esteemed in this country. He is Dr. R. W. Dale, the Congregational minister who succeeded John Angell James.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for November:

- That Glorious Future. By Rev. J. L. Thompson.
- Prophetic Diagrams.
- General Signs of the Times and Those Relating to Israel.
- Seven Proofs that Antichrist is Future.
- H. I. H. Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte in Brussels.
- The Coming of Christ. Address by an Evangelist of the Catholic Apostolic Church.
- "Quidams" Gladstone.
- Passing Events. Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

A BUDDHIST NUN.

In a letter from Shanghai, China, to the *Missionary Link*, Miss Andrews gives the following account of the conversion of a Buddhist nun in the hospital where she labors: "One rainy day in April, when we had few patients in the Dispensary, a Buddhist nun came to us, and wanted Dr. Gale to cure her. She had a growth which Dr. Gale told her must be removed, and if she wished this she must remain at the hospital, for several weeks at least. The nun consented, saying she had prayed to one of her idols, and she or he had told her to go to Shanghai and be cured. As soon as she went into the ward, all the patients began to talk to her about 'the new doctrine,' as her dress proclaimed her profession at once. They shave the head, and look very like a man. As soon as we could, we gave the nun a Bible and hymn book, which she read all day, and far into the night. I seldom went into her room without finding her reading the Bible, and learning the hymns. She asked many questions about what she read, and tried very hard to understand it. She would sit for hours by herself, and read and think. When our Bible-reader, Mrs. Tae, one of the most powerful women in China, came in, she would ply her with all manner of questions. She told us that she had been looking for the right road to eternal bliss all her life, and that she had lived by what she was taught. She had perfect faith in the idols until she came to us, but now she believed she had found the right road through Christ to God the Heavenly Father. When she was eight years old she was sent to the nunnery, because her mother had too many daughters, and as she grew older she became the head nun, and has seven under her. She is about forty-two years old, and has a very strong face. She wishes to give us her temple to have the Gospel preached in, so her friends can hear the good news."

One of the Bible women returned with her, and reports that the people are willing to listen and the nun is earnestly giving testimony, and a great work has commenced.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Holding on by a Finger.—A Devoted Worker says: "A gentleman, accompanied by his two little sons, was out walking on a very cold and frosty day. The ground was so slippery that they could scarcely get along. One after the other the boys fell, until one of them took hold of his father's hand, and then he walked quite securely. But the other did not think that he needed the whole of his father's hand; he could almost walk alone. By the aid of one of his father's fingers he walked a short distance; then he fell. He got up, and still unconscious of his own inability, he took the finger again and again, until at last thoroughly humbled and feeling his helplessness, he said, 'Father, give me your hand.' Then he walked on safely! How many of us are like that boy! We think that with a little help from God we shall be quite able to get along, but time and again we fall in the slippery path of sin, until we come to see that we are safe only as we hold our Heavenly Father's hand."

A Victim of Heart Disease.—Dr. Pentecost said: "A friend of mine, an American commercial gentleman, was taken ill with heart disease. His physician told him that if he would preserve his health he must give up business for some time, and take complete rest and change of air. The doctor, knowing his patient was wealthy, advised a tour in Europe, adding that when passing through Paris he might call upon a celebrated doctor there, a specialist in that species of disease with which he was affected. The gentleman set out, and one of his first visits was to the Parisian physician, to whom he stated his condition. The doctor made a most careful examination, and as he proceeded the gentleman was alarmed to see the grave expression which overspread his face. When he had finished, my friend, summoning all his courage, said, 'Now, doctor, please tell me the result of your examination. What is your diagnosis? Tell

me the worst; I am quite able to bear it.' The physician answered, quietly, 'All I can say is, if you have any affairs to settle, you should settle them in order at once.' 'Why? You don't think I am going to die? I don't feel anything wrong with me. I am comparatively well,' the gentleman replied. 'My advice to you is to make your arrangements at once,' the physician replied, 'for you will die within ten days.' 'Die within ten days! Stuff and nonsense! I don't feel a bit like it, I have not an ache,' was the answer. The gentleman returned to his hotel; he did not believe the doctor, and went on in his usual way, but within three days he was dead. He had not felt it, yet the fell disease was doing its deadly work, and soon the citadel of life succumbed. Many sinners, when advised of their peril from sin and the law, reply they do not feel it. Their conscience is dead; they do not feel sin entwining its deadly grasps. But suddenly the climax comes. We therefore tell you of your danger, and say, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'"

Returning to the Filthy Mire.—Mr. Campbell relates: "About thirty years ago a man came into an evangelistic meeting, and being impressed with what the preacher said, he waited among the anxious to be pointed to Christ. There was no need to tell him he needed a Saviour. He had upon himself and within himself ample evidence of the degradation that drink works upon its slaves. His body was weak and emaciated, his clothes ragged and worn, while his shifting eye and flushed cheek showed too plainly his failing health. In the after-meeting he professed to accept Christ, and indeed he seemed to be altogether changed. From being a confirmed drunkard he became a sober, industrious man, and to outward appearance seemed to be a true Christian; but I was never very sure of him. After twelve years of decent moral living he fell, and plunged again into the abyss of drunkenness, going deeper than he had ever done before, and died in that horrible condition. What was wrong? The man had looked at his drunkenness and thought that if he were free from that, he would be all right; and the natural result was that he fell again into temptations."

A Judge Pays a Prisoner's Fine.—A Criminal was brought before a Scottish judge, charged with a grave violation of the law, the penalty of which was a fine not exceeding \$500, or imprisonment until the fine was paid. As the poor, miserable criminal was brought in, he looked at the judge, and at once a bright smile took possession of his hitherto dejected countenance. It was also noticed that as the judge regarded the prisoner, a slight flash of recognition crossed his face. From that moment the prisoner seemed to lose all anxiety. Witness after witness was called, and the case clearly proved, and now it only remained for the judge to pronounce the sentence, yet the prisoner seemed to have no fear of the result. The judge and he had been old school-fellows and close companions. The one by his energy had attained an honorable position on the bench, but the other went down step by step in the path of sin until he came to the criminal dock. The prisoner was called, and condemned to pay a fine of \$500 and to be imprisoned until it was paid. As the prisoner heard it, he murmured, 'My old friend does not know me.' The officers removed him, and as soon as he was gone the judge said to the clerk of the court, 'Make out the prisoner's discharge; I will pay the fine.' He paid when the day's business was finished, and then he hastened after his old friend, and, seizing him by the hand, said, 'O Donald!'—and there was tenderness in his voice as he continued—'when I was on the bench I was the representative of the law and must be just, but here is your discharge; I have paid the fine. Come home with me till I see what can be done for you.' Sinners, if we stand before the law we must be condemned. God must condemn sin, but He has found a substitute, even Jesus Christ. 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

A MEDITERRANEAN VOYAGE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon at Brindisi, Italy, November 17, 1889.

"And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land." Acts 27: 44.

The Associations of Brindisi—Near the Port where Paul's Warning was Given—The Warning Disregarded—Paul's Consoling Assurance—Lessons of the Voyage—I. Those Who Get us Into Trouble do not Help us Out—II. Danger of Rejecting Counsel—III. Christians Always Safe—Experience of an Atlantic Cyclone—A Night to Turn the Hair White—The Scene in the Saloon—The Crashing Skylights—Cries of the Steerage Passengers—Like a Sea of Fire—Prayers of Prayerless Men—The Morning of Peace.

HAVING visited your historical city, which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your harbor, and after touching at Athens and Corinth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in

A Port Not Far From Here.

On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers: one, Josephus the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the captain. Indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans and yardarms and cables and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marline-spike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway!"

Who Fears the Mediterranean?

They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors! Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea-monsters snort in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed, and there is
No Abatement of the Storm.

It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding-line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little farther, they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fif-

teen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

I learn from this subject: First, that

Those Who Get Us Into Trouble

will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stay to help us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying, "I will back you!" will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when with damaged rigging you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank, or throw you a rope? Not one! Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb, but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money, but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new-comer. They who take Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him in the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is

Dangerous to Refuse Counsel

of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said, "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers, "They know nothing about the world! They cannot talk to us!" Ah, my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief, and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say, "Father is over-suspicious, and mother is getting old." But those parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place

where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sank. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of infernal fires. His eye flashes not as once, with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer, through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry, "Wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: *Lost Pacifics!*

Another lesson from the subject is that

Christians are Always Safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogsheads and cornbins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land. Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through His goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations of

How God Delivers His People.

I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call a Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer *Greece*, of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred—crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and, committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles.

It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night at 11 o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when the ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand, rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the

white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurge through the hatches and port-holes, it lowers away thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead on the quarter-deck! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great

Cemetery of Dead Steamers,

beside the *City of Boston*, the *Lexington*, the *President*, the *Cambria*—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches. I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril save two: one was an Englishman, and he was drunk; and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh, what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something

Like Minute Guns.

It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments: pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said, "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted on a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend! After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtasked machinery going thump! thump! thump! At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin

A Shriek of Horror

which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck.

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught

hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze,

Silent in their Terror.

Some wrung their hands and cried out, "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below!" Crash! went the lifeboat on one side. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jibboom, studdingsail boom, and squaresail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to

The Awful March

and music of the hurricane. Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again! Everybody prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here, Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thine infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of

Shipwreck and Darkness

commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you that a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port-holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave-cliff to wave-cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might, it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew His voice. The waves knew His foot. They died away. And in the shining track of His feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild, until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph, bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed

Like the Spirits of the Night

walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky, and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire-cleft stood opposite to

fire-cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the widows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper and crystal and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and

Night of the Christian's Life.

The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we came into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,

Home at last!

Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,

Home at last!

Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er,

We stand secure on the glorified shore,

Glory to God! we will shout evermore,

Home at last!

Home at last!

THE IMPERIAL ENTRY INTO TANGIER.

(See Illustration on page 748.)

SINCE the courageous and zealous labors of Mr. Pearce and his colleagues among the Kabyles of northern Africa have been extended to the Berber races of the other sections of that region, Christian people have taken a growing interest in all that relates to these extraordinary nations. The accompanying illustration, therefore, depicting the entrance, into his great city of Tangier, of Muley Hassan, Emperor of Morocco, Sultan of Fez, etc., etc., will be welcome to our readers. The high potentate was received on September 22 last with all the pomp and barbaric splendor that the city could organize. Two files of soldiery were drawn up to do him honor. On the one side Aska infantry, on the other Majasnia cavalry, and between these the monarch rode, preceded and followed by a suite magnificently bedecked, and carrying the insignia of their offices. The city lies a few miles southwest of the point of the African coast opposite Gibraltar, and is a strongly fortified port, highly prized by his Moorish majesty.

They are a strange and deeply interesting race, these Moors, differing widely from the other races of Africa, and very proud of the differences. Their language is Arabic, and their religion the highest type of Mohammedanism. Until 1881 no systematized effort was made to proclaim the gospel among them. It was generally believed that the effort would be futile. A race that had forced Mohammedanism upon unwilling neighbors by the sword did not appear a promising field for gospel effort. But in that year Mr. Pearce labored with so much success among the Kabyles that when he returned two years later with the report of what God had effected through him, arrangements were at once made for extending the mission to Morocco and other lands. Both in Tunis and Morocco a wide field was found for Christian work, and no serious obstacles were encountered, except such as arise from the wretched misgovernment of the country. The mission has ten workers there, and several friends who co-operate. It has a medical mission, which includes a hospital and dispensary. The workers are full of hope, and have already been cheered by several conversions.

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for December 1, 1 Kings 8: 12-63; Golden Text, Heb. 2: 20.

The Momentous Question About the Temple—God Appearing When Men Retire—The Effect of the Monarch's Testimony—Solomon's Question—His Humility—The City Without a Temple—The Temple of Christ's Body—Special Crises Foreseen and Cited—The Refuge for All Troubles—a King's Blessing—All Committed to God—Recognizes Him as a Person, Not an Idea—Ancient and Modern Notions of Fools—The Attesting Glory—The Joy of the People.

"THE Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." The essence of true worship is to let God have His place, to let Him have the word. God was pleased when first David thought of building the temple, and He watched over all the preparations which were made, and over the progress of the building itself; but the question still remained open, Would He dwell there? Solomon had a grand dedication service. He thought such an occasion demanded the presence of "the elders of Israel, and all the heads of the tribes, the chief of the fathers of the children of Israel, . . . that they might bring up the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of the city of David, which is Zion." The presence of the ark of the covenant, the witness of God's covenant with His people, was to be the real dedication of the building. Between the cherubim, where the ark was set, was the place for the glory of the Lord, the visible token of His dwelling among His people.

The "men of Israel," following the example of their elders, assembled themselves unto King Solomon in such numbers that the sacrifices that they brought, and offered, "could not be told nor numbered for multitude." When the priests brought in the ark of God to the most holy place under the wings of the cherubim, nothing remained in the ark at the time but the tables of stone containing the commandments of God. The golden pot of manna, and Aaron's rod that budded had been lost when the ark was in the hands of God's enemies. Man had done what he could, they had assembled to do honor to God, they had brought up the ark, all was in order, but one thing was lacking still; it needed for man to retire before God could take full possession. "And it came to pass,

When the Priests Were Come Out

of the holy place, that the cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord." "The Lord is in His holy temple."

It is impossible to consider this subject without remembering "Ye are the temple of the living God." (2 Cor. 6: 16.) "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?" (1 Cor. 6: 19.) The body may be presented a living sacrifice to God, it may be made a receptacle for the ark of the covenant, that is, we may be converted, and even consecrated, but man must go out for God to come in, self must give way before God. "The Lord is in His holy temple." What then? "Let all the earth be silent before Him," let all that is of self, all that is of the earth, earthy, go out from His dwelling-place, that His name may be hallowed, His kingdom come, His will be done, in us. God and self cannot reign together, both cannot have the kingdom. In order that he might be better heard, King Solomon had caused a brazen scaffold to be constructed, and he had "set it in the midst of the court; and upon it he stood and kneeled down upon his knees before all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands toward heaven." (11 Chron. 6: 13.) Oh what a day it would be for any country if the reigning monarch had it in his heart to pour out a full heart to God in prayer in the midst of the people. We can hardly conceive of the effect it would have upon the masses of the people if such a testimony of the true fear and love of God were given from the throne. Solomon's

glory was very great, his wisdom was unsurpassed, but never did he so shine as the king and father of his people as at this moment. Solomon was **Not Ashamed of His God,**

as so many people are in the present day; it was his glory to shew what a value he set upon his God. Having blessed the people, as being their royal priest for the time, he told out to the assembled multitude the origin of the temple building in the communion with God which his father David had had on the subject, how the Lord had not permitted David his father to build the temple, but had promised him a son who should rise up in his stead and build; and the King testified to the faithfulness of God in fulfilling His word. "The Lord hath performed His word which He spake; and I am risen up in the room of David my father, and sit on the throne of Israel, as the Lord promised, and have built an house for the name of the Lord God of Israel. And I have set there a place for the ark, wherein is the covenant of the Lord, which He made with our fathers, when He brought them out of the land of Egypt." And there before the altar where the sacrifice—the type of "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1: 29)—was laid, Solomon began to pray. "Lord God of Israel," he said "there is no God like Thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath, which keepeth covenant and mercy with Thy servants that walk before Thee with all their heart." Here was a king justifying and glorifying the King of kings. A king who was no cypher in the politics or in power, whose intellectual gifts were the wonder of the age, yet, on the greatest occasion of his life, not ashamed to commend his God, but acting the prophet and the priest in his own person.

What Has Come

to the so-called Christian kings and queens of our days, that we hear of no such royal testimonies to our God? How comes it that in high circles the fear of God is at a discount, and men of intellect and position so often look down on those that fear God? Alas! "the fear of God," which "is the beginning of wisdom," is wanting in the wisdom of this world which God hath made foolish. (1 Cor. 1: 20.)

But the powerful King Solomon finds himself in the real, felt presence of a greater than he, and he says, "But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded!" Solomon, great as he was, did not delude himself into the idea that he was conferring a great favor upon God by building Him a temple. On the other hand, he counted it a great favor of God to accept anything at the hands of His servants; and he continued, "Yet have Thou respect unto the prayers of Thy servant, and to his supplication, O Lord my God, to hearken unto the cry and the prayer which Thy servant prayeth before Thee to-day; that Thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day, even toward the place of which Thou hast said, My name shall be there, that Thou mayest hearken unto the prayer which Thy servant shalt make toward this place. And hearken Thou to the supplication of Thy servant, and of Thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place: and hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place; and when Thou hearest, forgive."

Solomon took in the situation—the infinite God could not be circumscribed by place or time. But since He called Himself the God of Israel, Solomon prayed that His eyes and His ears might specially be open toward the temple, and those who prayed toward it, so that the eye of the great Father might meet His children's eyes, the ear of the great God might hear the cry of His creatures. Thank God, in the new Jerusalem there is no temple, for "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof." (Rev. 21: 22.) Thank God, those of us who have taken our place as members of Christ's body, of His flesh, and of His bones, look toward the temple of His body, and there our eye and ear meet God's.

Then the king particularized certain cases in which he claimed the answer to prayer which should be made toward the temple. In the case of wrong between man and man, he claimed that God should show which was the guilty party: in the case of defeat in war, as a judgment following sin, that, upon confession, God should forgive and restore them; in the case of drought or famine, pestilence, blasting, mildew, locust, caterpillar, or if besieged by an enemy,

"Whatsoever Plague, Whatsoever Sickness

there be; what prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all Thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands toward this house, then hear Thou in Heaven Thy dwelling-place, and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his ways, whose heart Thou knowest, . . . that they may fear Thee all the days that they live in the land." Solomon recognizes there that no trouble comes by chance or by accident; he recognizes the hand of God in all; he does not ask for pardon without confession; and then He asks it, not simply for the penitent, but "that they may fear Thee." All through this marvellous prayer the King takes the side of God, and looks at things from His point of view. He asks for the stranger who shall come and pray before this house, that God will hear him in all that he calleth to Him for . . . "that all people of the earth may know Thy name."

At the end of his prayer, as at the beginning, Solomon blessed the people: he rose from his knees and stood and blessed all the congregation of Israel with a loud voice, saying, "Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto His people Israel, according to all that He hath promised; there hath not failed one word of all His good promise which He promised by the hand of Moses His servant." . . . "Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, Thou and the ark of Thy strength; let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness. O Lord God, turn not away the face of thine anointed." (11 Chron. 6: 41.)

It was one definite committal of himself and his people unto the hands of God, with perfect confidence that he was dealing with the living God, who was an interested party in the welfare of his people. Modern religion scouts the idea of the efficacy of prayer, and reduces God to an insensate and immovable idea. It is out of fashion to deal with God as one who has power to interfere in things which happen around us; a cynical smile creeps over the face of those who hear God mentioned as

A Real Living Person

But the wisest of men thought differently. In his days those who said "no God" were counted fools (Ps. 53: 1), now, those who believe in Him are counted fools. Solomon believed in the supernatural, and according to his faith it was unto him. When he had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven and consumed the burnt offerings and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house." There was a token from God that the prayer was heard, a visible witness which human eyes could see. "And the priests could not enter into the house of the Lord, because the glory of the Lord had filled the Lord's house." The priests could not add anything to a God-filled house.

This distinct answer from God awed the people. All the children of Israel looked on when the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord was upon the house, and with one common impulse they threw themselves upon their faces "and worshipped and gave thanks unto the Lord, saying, For He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever." Solomon had shewn great power of organization; the priests and Levites were all in their offices, as though the temple worship had been an habitual thing, and there was much of music in the worship. Then Solomon dedicated the middle court, and afterwards the altar, the ceremony taking seven days, to

signify that this was a perfect dedication. Jerusalem must have been filled with the little tents of people from all parts of the land, "from the entering in of Hamath," on the extreme north, "to the river of Egypt," on the extreme south.

What was the effect of this ceremony upon the people? Some pretend that the service of God leads to melancholy and depression. "On the three and twentieth day of the seventh month, he sent the people away unto their tents, joyful and glad of heart (not sullen or morose), for the goodness that the Lord had shewed unto David, and to Solomon, and to Israel his people." There is life and power, joy and gladness in the service of the Lord; contact with God dignifies man, and gives him liberty of movement in all his being, as nothing else can.

THE MURDERED MISSIONARY.

NEWS has come that the Rev. E. B. Savage, the well-known missionary in New Guinea has been murdered by the natives. It arrived on October 29, and but few details were given in the cable dispatch, nor have since come.

The mail, however, brought a letter from Mr. Savage himself, which, though written in June, arrived almost simultaneously with the telegram announcing his death. The latter discloses facts from which it is not difficult to infer the circumstances that led to his massacre. It described a visit which the writer had just paid to a wild tribe of skull-hunting cannibals, by whose treachery his life had been greatly imperilled.

There was in the centre of New Guinea a tribe of people called Togari, a most mysterious race of unknown origin, speaking a different language from the other inhabitants, and though Mr. Cousins, the friend to whom Mr. Savage addressed his letter, could not, as a matter of certainty, say that Mr. Savage and his native companions had been murdered by these savages, everything seemed to point in that direction. Mr. Savage said that he had spent Sunday, May 21, at Sabail, an island off the coast, and the Togari had been seen on the mainland on the previous Thursday. A high fence was put up round the mission house as a protection, and the men armed themselves. Before long a lugger came up bringing tidings that the Togari had attacked a village not far off, and had killed a man named Martin. They cut off his head, but left the body, and therefore Mr. Savage thought they were not cannibals. On the following Thursday, as he was going on board to return to Sabail from the mainland, fire was discerned on the mainland. A native chief pressed him to go and see what the intentions of the Togari were. Mr. Savage replied "I am quite willing to go, but it will be to try and make friends with them, and you must not spoil my work by commencing hostilities."

He started in the *Mary* with two canoes following, and saw a regular string of Togari canoes coming toward them. Presently to his

DIAGRAM of APPROXIMATE LENGTH of each of the Four Epochs or Intervals which have yet to elapse during the ensuing Four Years and Six months between the present month of November, 1889, and Napoleon's Jewish Covenant on April 21, 1894, which commences the Seven Final (Jewish) Years of this Christian Age, ending on April 11, 1901.

THE FOUR EPOCHS.

FIRST EPOCH of Continuance of the existing general European Peace onward from the present month of November, 1889, until the outbreak of the Prophetic War, which is to reconstruct the map of Europe, and change 23 kingdoms now existing within the territories of Cæsar's Roman Empire into a Confederacy of Ten Kingdoms. (Dan. 7: 24; 2: 41.)

SECOND EPOCH of the Greatest European War ever known, which will end with changing the existing 23 kingdoms of Cæsar's Roman Empire into 10 Confederated Kingdoms ruled by Ten Kings as foretold in Daniel 7: 24; 2: 41.

THIRD EPOCH of an ensuing Peaceful Interval from the Formation of the Confederacy of the Ten Kings until the rise of Napoleon as an Eleventh Little Horn or King in or near Macedonia. (Dan. 8: 9.)

FOURTH EPOCH of Napoleon's earlier career, from his first rise as a Little Hellenic King (over some Little State like Macedonia), and his waxing great toward the South and the East and "Pleasant Land," until he becomes King of Syria and makes a seven years' covenant with the Jews on Passover Day, April 21, 1894 (Daniel 7: 24; 8: 9; 9: 27), reaching to Passover Week 1901.

THEIR DURATION.

Surely not longer than *several months*, until near the middle of 1890. For can the wars and revolutions that are to change *Twenty-three* kingdoms into *Ten*—apparently by the end of 1892—be accomplished within less time than *two years*, from the midst of 1890 to the midst of 1892?

Most likely not shorter than *eighteen months*, but more probably about *two years*, and beginning near the middle of 1890, much more probably than so late as the early part of 1891, and ending not later than the middle of 1892.

This interval may be expected to be scarcely less than several months, nor longer than about a year, and probably falling to a great extent within 1892.

Napoleon's initial exploits included in this Epoch seem to occupy at least *eighteen months*, and, therefore, as they culminate in his covenant on April 21, 1894, to commence not later than the latter part of 1892, but they might occupy as long a time as *two years*, and, therefore, begin in the early part of 1892.

The Foregoing Diagram indicates the expected course of events between now and Passover Day, April 21, 1894. The occurrences afterwards are: the renewal of sacrifices in a rebuilt temple at Jerusalem, on November 8, 1894: then the translation of 144,000 watchful living Christians on March 5, 1896: then after nine months of great Gospel preaching from March to Dec. 1896, eight months of universal war from Dec. 1896 to August 1897 (Rev. 6: 2-4): and lastly, 3½ years of the Napoleonic Antichrist's world-wide reign of terror until Antichrist perishes at Christ's descent in Passover Week 1901, which is the end of Daniel's great period of 2,345 years from Artaxerxes' command to rebuild Jerusalem in Passover Week B. C. 445 (Daniel 8: 14; 12: 11, 12; 9: 25; Neh. 2).

astonishment and dismay, he saw smoke from a rifle fired by one of his own men, and then knew that all hope of a friendly meeting had passed. His people, however, assured him afterward that they had only fired after a Togari had shot arrows at them. The Togari fled, and on examining what had been left behind by the Togari, he was shocked by the signs of barbarism. Mr. Savage wrote, "At present I can see no way open to reach them, but God may open it when we least expect it." The murdered missionary was thirty-five years of age, and had been at the New Guinea station about four years.

A BIG CONVERT.

At a meeting of Congregational ministers at Hull, England, last month, the Rev. W. Mottram, who has been successfully preaching the gospel for twenty-eight years, thus described his infantile ordination and first service: My dear old father used to say to me, "William, when they told me you were born, and I might go upstairs, the first thing I did was to go and kiss your cheek, and then kiss the brow of your mother, and then," he said, "I went straight away to my barn, and in that barn I prayed that my dear boy might love Jesus from his earliest childhood, that he might become a Christian man, and a minister of the gospel, and preach the Lord Jesus Christ to hundreds and thousands of souls." I was born, sir, with a feeling that I must be a preacher of the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus early, and before I was fifteen my father said to me, "Now, William, yonder is a little congregation, there will be twenty or thirty people; I cannot go because of this bronchitis; you must go and do your best." Well, I was not fifteen, but I went and stood up in my round jacket, and took these words as my text: "Him

that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." A great big farmer was there, six feet high. He came to me afterward, and said, "Well, William, if a little fellow like you has begun to serve the Lord Jesus, it is time a great big fellow like I did." He said, "Now, William, you must pray for me." I did so, and he bowed down his ear to me, for I could not reach up to him, and I talked to him, and told him how I believed in the cross of Christ, how I knew Jesus had saved me, and felt sure He would save him. Two years ago, and more than thirty years after that service, I went to the death-bed of my own dear mother, and on my way I called at the farmhouse; but Philip Miles was not there; two months before he had gone to heaven, and his widow told me the very day before he died he said, "Thank God that William Mottram came to conduct that meeting that night. I am going to heaven, and I rejoice in my Saviour."

AN INDIAN WOMAN PHYSICIAN.

In his *Medical Missionary Record* Dr. Dowkontt reports that a girl of the Omaha

tribe has graduated in medicine at the Philadelphia Woman's Medical College, and has received her diploma. He says: "The lady is Dr. Susan La Flesche, who had already become a favorite among her people, and now that she returns to take them scientific medicine, combined with Christianity, to replace the 'Medicine Man' of former days, we may feel assured of her usefulness and success among them."

"Dr. Walker, one of the principal lecturers of the college, in his address at its Commencement, spoke thus of the Indian graduate; 'Dr. La Flesche commenced her studies of English at the school on the Indian reservation. Coming East, she continued them for awhile at a boarding-school, and later at the excellent school for her people at Hampton, Va., where she graduated in 1886, and came at once to Philadelphia to study medicine. The impulse to a professional career was not of recent growth nor from friendly suggestions from those who had watched her course. It came as an inspiration when at home with her people, and was born of a desire to see them independent, so far as she could make them, of the too frequently unskilled and oftener indifferent attention of the reservation doctor. Thoughtful of a service to her people, child though she was, she permitted not the magnitude of her task to stay the inspiration, but bravely, thoughtfully, diligently pursued the course, and to-day receives her fitting reward. All this without a precedent. She will stand among her people as the first woman physician. Surely we may record with joy such courage, constancy and ability.'"

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CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 4 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Benefits to be Expected from the Pan-American Congress were outlined by Senator Frye, of Maine, last week in an interview with a reporter. As the Senator was the originator of the legislative action which resulted in the meeting of the Congress, his opinions are of more than ordinary weight in the matter. It appears that he has no expectation of free trade being established between this country and the States represented in the Congress, nor does he believe that if the Congress advised it, the proposal would find favor with this Administration. He thinks, however, that special concessions of tariff might be made mutually, which would enormously increase our commerce with our southern neighbors without detriment to home producers. He mentions, as an instance, some kinds of sugar and a particular variety of wool, which are not produced here, but are grown in South America. By abolishing the duty on those two articles, and getting, as compensation, free admission from them of some of our own products, we would suffer no loss and get a fourfold advantage. Some such arrangement, and the adoption of a common silver coin to be current in all the countries, are, the Senator thinks, the main direct advantages to be hoped for from the Congress. Indirectly, he expects that the 6,000-mile trip the Congress is making through the States will enlighten the members as to the extent and resources of this country, which cannot fail to increase their respect and induce a desire for closer relations.

Proposals for a New Treaty Between Hawaii and the United States have been brought by the Hawaiian Minister who has just returned to Washington from Honolulu. The chief of these proposals, and the one that involves the greatest responsibility, is that the United States shall guarantee the independence of the Hawaiian kingdom. That this is a grave position to take is evident from the recent complication with Germany in the Samoan question, and the struggle in the Berlin conference. At the same time it is generally understood that our Government has practically, though not formally, assumed the position of guarantor. For more than forty years it has been known that the United States would not tolerate the interference of any European power with the independence of Hawaii, and the proposed treaty would simply give formal expression to that understanding, and might be a useful warning to some parties whom it may concern. On the other side Hawaii offers, in order to inspire us with confidence, to pledge herself to make no treaties with foreign powers without the cognizance and consent of the United States. Besides this external advantage which Hawaii would gain, it would relieve her of an internal vexation. Cer-

tain interested or nervous politicians periodically arouse national prejudice by circulating a report that the United States are plotting to annex Hawaii. A clause of the treaty pledging us to make no such attempt would reassure the Hawaiian people and disarm apprehensions which have led to political complications in the Islands.

A Warning to the Ocean Greyhounds was administered on November 12 by the International Maritime Conference now in session at Washington. An effort was made to remove a clause of the existing regulations relating to the speed of vessels in a fog, mist, or falling snow. This was opposed by the delegates from Germany, France, and Norway, who desired to make the regulation still more stringent instead of removing it. In fact, Mr. Flood, a Norwegian delegate, urged the conference to forbid any vessel proceeding in a fog at more than half its normal speed. The English and American delegates were in favor of leaving the rate of speed to the discretion of the captains, on the theory that concern for the safety of their own ships would make them cautious. Finally, however, the conference rejected their arguments, and passed an amendment requiring "moderate speed," and ordering that whenever a steamer was apprised by a fog-horn of a ship being apparently before her beam, her engines should be stopped until all danger of collision is over.

The Attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in America on the public school question was defined last week at the great Congress of the Church in Baltimore, Md. The committee appointed to frame the platform adopted the following clause: "As in the State schools no provision is made for teaching religion we must continue to support our own schools, colleges, and universities already established, and multiply and perfect others so that the benefits of a Christian education may be brought within the reach of every Catholic child within these United States." It was evident, however, from the speeches that this negative censure of our public schools did not fully express the views of the delegates. One of them went so far as to contend that "the State which demands education, which collects money by public taxes, and pays that money out for teaching, must pay equally all who teach." This implies that the State should pay the Roman Catholic teachers who are teaching Romanism to the children. It is well that the public should understand this, and be on its guard.

The Trial of the Men Charged With the murder of Dr. Cronin reached the end of its first stage last week. The State rested its case after the evidence of a most important witness, who supplied a missing link in the chain of proof. The witness was a German woman, who apparently did not herself know the full import of her story. She stated that on the night of the murder she passed the Carlson cottage just as the now famous buggy and white horse stopped at the door. She saw a man jump from the buggy and enter the cottage. She did not know Dr. Cronin, but her description of the man, his dress, and the instrument-case he carried, proved that it was Cronin whom she saw. Passing the cottage again a few minutes later, she heard the sound of a scuffle, cries for help, and then murderous blows, which crashed as if breaking something. Painful circumstances of a personal character had served to fix the exact date and time and place in the woman's memory. Her testimony remained unshaken under cross-examination. It must therefore be impossible for the jury to doubt that on the night of May 4 Dr. Cronin entered the cottage, as the State contends. The evidence previously given, with this last link unexpectedly supplied since the case began, makes a very strong case.

An Expedition to Meet Mr. H. M. Stanley, bearing provisions and supplies, is being sent out by the New York Herald from Zanzibar. As it will march through territory under German control, it will carry the German flag and be under the protection of the German Government. The fact that Emin Pasha is a German will make

this action a gratification to the German people. Stanley, too, will naturally be peculiarly gratified that the journal which equipped him and sent him on his first journey to Africa when he went in search of Livingstone should go to his succor in this the most arduous and perilous of all his undertakings. He will surely be in need of medicines and provisions, as he does not, according to his latest letters, expect to reach Zanzibar before the middle of January, and will therefore be in a condition to appreciate the relief which the *Herald* is sending. The expedition will consist of seventy-five men besides its German escort, and its supplies will comprise quinine, tea, coffee, and other luxuries. As *Mr. Stanley is a total abstainer*, it will not be necessary to take wine or spirits for his use.

A Revolution in Brazil was Reported in a brief cable dispatch on November 15. It stated that there had been an outbreak at Rio Janeiro, that a republic had been proclaimed, with Senator Da Fonseca as President, and that the army was in control. The news caused profound astonishment, as the Emperor, Dom Pedro, was believed to be heartily beloved by the whole nation. His daughter, who is heiress to the throne, was not so popular, but it is not long since her husband, the Comte D'Eu, publicly stated that she was ready to renounce her claims whenever a popular vote indicated that the nation desired a republic. The revolution is the more surprising because, at the recent election, the advocates of republican institutions were unable to elect more than two members of the Chamber of Deputies. It is conjectured that the movement is exactly the reverse of the general order of such outbreaks. Persons acquainted with Brazilian politics say that the change may be in the direction of a less liberal form of Government, and has probably been organized by discontented Conservatives and slave owners, who resented the emancipation proclamation of last year, by which half a million slaves were set free without compensation to their owners. Should the revolution be successful there will be no monarchy left in America. Every other independent nation on the two continents is a republic.

The Election of President of the French Chamber of Deputies has placed that office in the hands of M. Floquet. An effort is made to show that the choice indicates radical supremacy. Another and more probable explanation is that it is merely an indication of tact and moderation on the part of the Opportunists. It would appear that in the face of the alliance of the enemies of the Republic, its friends are concentrating their forces and dropping their minor differences. If the Radicals can be conciliated by the election of so experienced and able a president as M. Floquet, the Opportunists could well afford to make the concession.

A Roseate View of the Condition of Ireland was taken by the English Premier in his speech at the banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London. He said that he was glad to be able to affirm that Ireland was progressing. Prosperity was increasing in that country, disorder was vanishing, and there was every prospect of a permanent settlement of the burning questions between the two countries. No member of the Government indulged in wild theories of home rule, but were ready with a practical policy which would satisfy the country. He added that the Government had not the faintest intention of changing its Irish policy. Dispatches from American press correspondents, however, indicate that there is trouble ahead for Lord Salisbury. He could not maintain his position without the aid of Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and the other deserters from the Liberal party, and they are said to be demanding too high a price for their support. A prominent Conservative is reported to have declared that he and his friends would prefer to see his party out of office than to see them abandoning Conservative principles at the dictation of their Liberal allies. If this feeling spreads, Lord Salisbury will have to decide whom he will offend, his own party or his allies, and either decision will be disastrous.

A Testimony in the White House to the Value of the Bible was given recently before a band of Indians. Mr. Wanamaker, in the course of a speech at the meeting to bid farewell to Dr. A. T. Pierson on the eve of his departure to Scotland, said that a company of Indians called on President Harrison in the White House. The Indian chief remarked on the comfort of the President's surroundings, and contrasted them with the rude, primitive state in which he himself lived. He asked why there was such a difference, and what was the remedy for this condition. General O. O. Howard, who was present, took up a Bible and said, "This is it—the Word of God."

The Silver Cross Circle of the King's Daughters in New York has undertaken an appropriate work. It has organized a project for aiding a number of poor families to get better homes than they now occupy. There are many parents in the city with straitened means who are now obliged to live and rear their families amid vicious surroundings, where the health of body and soul is imperilled. The King's Daughters propose to build an improved tenement house in a central situation, and to rent its rooms to godly families at the same rates which they now have to pay in the objectionable tenements. It is believed that after the first outlay the enterprise would be nearly, if not quite, self-supporting. Those who are feeble and aged, and the weak and friendless, widows with little ones to maintain, and wives with sick husbands, who are, of necessity, the only bread-winners, will have the preference.

The Plans for the New Brooklyn Tabernacle were finally determined last week. It is to be the most imposing church edifice in the city, and is to cost \$150,000, exclusive of the site. The style is Norman, but not of the conventional ecclesiastical type. The material is a species of granite, with dark-red veins running through it, which is found in Connecticut. The facings will be of Lake Superior brown. The striking characteristics of the exterior will be a high tower at the corner, and two large gables on each façade, with small towers at the extreme ends of each façade. The corner tower will be 160 feet high from the ground to the finials. Its general form will be square, but over the two principal entrance-ways, one of which is on the Clinton Avenue side, and the other on the Greene Avenue side of the tower, there is a rounded projection which is carried up for two stories. Above that the tower is square, but the corners will be treated with slender round turrets, each of a different size, and somewhat different in treatment. The framework of the steeple will be of iron, and it will be covered with Spanish tiles. The general shape of the interior will be that of a large amphitheatre, semicircular in shape. There will be two galleries, and the whole seating capacity will be about five thousand people, about one-half on the main floor, and the remainder in the galleries. The roof is to be open-timbered, with all the beams in sight, and its apex will be seventy feet above the ground. We hope to publish a picture of it soon.

A Search for an Heiress has Been Commenced by a firm of lawyers in Jersey City, N. J. Eighteen years ago a wayward girl, the daughter of an English baronet, left her home, and no trace could be found of her. About the same time a young man connected with the family was also missing, and it was conjectured that the two had gone away together. This suspicion was confirmed in the opinion of the family when, a few years after their departure, a brief letter was received announcing the death of the young man in New York. The handwriting of that letter was recognized as that of the missing girl. Search was made for her at the address of the letter, but she was not found, nor could any record be found of the death announced in the letter. The baronet died recently leaving a large estate, part of which is bequeathed to his wayward daughter. Advertisements have been inserted by the New Jersey lawyers who are act-

ing for the executors in this country, urging the girl to appear and claim her fortune. As she has not done so, the lawyers are coming to the conclusion that she must be dead. They are probably right in that opinion, for when a fortune is to be had people are not usually backward in claiming it. Unhappily there is not the same eagerness to seize the offer of eternal riches which God makes to those who come to Him through Christ. (Eph. 1:18, 19.)

A Poetic Retribution Befell Some Litigants in Chicago some time ago. In the course of a recent debate on the respective merits of high license and prohibition, one of the speakers quoted an amusing illustration of the fact that evil sometimes comes home to those who promote it. He said that several suits of an analogous character were brought in a Chicago court, and it was agreed to make one of them a test case, the decision in which should govern the other cases. The litigants shared the expense of legal talent to fight the test case, but when the lawyer whom they had engaged appeared in court on the day of trial he was under the influence of liquor. He was not uproariously drunk, nor "dead drunk," or some other lawyer would have taken charge of the case, but he was so bemuddled and stupefied that, though he could perform his duty after a fashion, he did it so clumsily that his clients lost their case. Such things have happened before, and deplorable results, involving ruin to the litigants, have ensued, for which the sufferers deserve our sympathy, but in this case *the losers were all saloon-keepers*, who thus had an opportunity of realizing, under most favorable circumstances, the evils produced by the beverage they supply. It is well that sometimes men who dig a pit for the destruction of others should fall into it themselves. (Prov. 26:27.)

A Dispute About a Prayer Test is Described by the *Journal*, of Lewiston, Me., in the course of some reminiscences of Elder John Stephens, of Gardiner. It states that the elder was riding one day along the road to West Gardiner, when he overtook an ox team attached to a wagon which was fast in the mud. The discouraged oxen had refused to pull any more, and the exasperated driver was beating them and uttering awful oaths. The elder expostulated and advised the driver, to try prayer. "Try it yourself," said the driver contemptuously. "I'll do it," said the elder, and he knelt down in the road by the wagon and besought the help of the Lord of the cattle on a thousand hills. Then he rose and was about to make an effort to start the oxen, when a team was seen approaching in the opposite direction. The elder immediately asked the new-comer for help, which he readily consented to give. But the swearing teamster objected. He contended that as the elder had chosen to try prayer, doubling-up was not fair. The elder replied, "My friend, the Master I serve is abundantly able to move this load with a single yoke of oxen—or without any oxen at all, but when, in direct answer to prayer, He sends me an extra pair of cattle, I'm going to hook 'em on!" It was done, and the wagon was pulled out of the mud. We should hear less of unanswered prayers if those who complain were ready to recognize as an answer help that comes in a way unexpected to them. When men attempt to dictate to God the means He shall use in answering their requests they are very likely to be disappointed. (Prov. 16:9.)

A Man Without Nationality has Been Placed in an awkward dilemma by arrangements which he made to evade a disagreeable duty. On November 13 a young German arrived in New York from a Prussian port. He said that he had been ordered out of Prussia by the German Government, and he had come to seek redress from our State Department. It appears that he came here once before when he was seventeen years of age, and declared his intention of becoming a citizen, hoping thereby to avoid the military service required of young men born in Prussia. Subsequently he had reason to believe that he need not have taken that step, as certain physi-

cal defects exempted him from military service. He therefore did not complete his naturalization and after staying here a short time he returned to Prussia to look after a considerable property to which he was heir. There he was seized by the authorities and held for examination. They secured evidence of his having taken the preliminary step to naturalization, and would not discuss the question of his right of exemption. They held that he was practically an American citizen who had evaded German military service, and as such he was ordered to leave the country. When he refused he was summarily taken and put on board a steamer bound for the United States, and was brought back against his will. As he did not complete his naturalization our Government will not interfere in his behalf, and he is thus repudiated by both Governments. Consequences still more disastrous await some professing Christians, who, though nominally members of the Church, are living as worldlings and trying to make the best of both worlds. (Matt. 6:24.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. M. Baxter has been distributing Second Advent pamphlets in French at Calais and Boulogne.

An unprecedented revival of religion and conversion of souls has taken place in Airdrie, Scotland, under Dr. Pentecost's preaching.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has just closed a most successful series of services at Ashtabula, O. He was invited by the Y. M. C. A., and the various churches co-operated.

The meetings of the Revs. Messrs. Crossly and Hunter are exciting such great interest in Kingston, Canada, that the police have been needed to regulate the crowds outside the building.

Mr. E. P. Telford has consented to remain at Troy, N. Y., another week, as the work there is growing daily in power and blessing. Grace M. E. Church, in which the meetings are held is crowded at every service. A large number of young men have been led to confess Christ. Mr. Telford's next point is at Gloversville, N. Y.

Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea is conducting evangelistic meetings at Peoria, Ill. A very hopeful work of grace has commenced, and appears to be spreading rapidly. The work at Stratford, Ontario, Canada, which he has just concluded, was marked throughout by a very deep and strong current of public interest. On the last day of the services a special train was run from Seaford and other towns to bring in the crowds anxious to hear him once more before his departure from Canada.

The American Sabbath Union holds its first anniversary in New York, December 9, 10, and 11. The first meetings will be held in St. Paul's M. E. Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and 22d Street, at 7:30 P. M. December 9. The meetings of the next two days will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, corner Sixth Avenue and 34th Street. Particulars as to railroad fares, etc., may be obtained from the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, D. D., 23 Park Row, New York.

A Union Bible Conference was commenced in Calvary Baptist Church, West 57th Street, New York, last Sunday at 3:30 P. M. and it is to be continued every Sunday afternoon through the winter. It is conducted by Mr. William C. Conant. The main object of its studies is to show from evidence that the Bible and Christianity are not mere evolution of human thought, as the leaders of the new school contend, but a revelation from God. Ministers and Christian men and women of all denominations are invited.

The Evangelical Alliance holds its National Christian Conference in Boston, Mass., December 4-6. Among the speakers are to be Drs. Phillips Brooks, A. J. Gordon, Josiah Strong, J. M. Buckley, Moses D. Hoge, Howard Crosby, and Professors Francis L. Patton, Theodore W. Dwight, and R. T. Ely. Among the subjects for discussion are: The Progress of Christian Co-operation, The Needs of the Times, Our Debt and Duty to the Immigrant Population, Christianity and the State, the Gospel and the People. For further particulars address the Evangelical Alliance, 42 Bible House, New York.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at York City, Pa., continued last week with unabated interest. Twenty-four churches have united in the work. On Sunday over two thousand men and youths filled the Market House to hear the famous evangelist. Dr. Munhall's sermon from the words, "For all these things God will bring thee into judgment," was blessed to many there, who rose to ask for prayer. At the general service in the evening there was another overflowing congregation, and the number of inquirers was very large. Services are held every night except Saturday. The statement that Dr. Munhall stipulates for a definite sum in payment to himself and Professor Lowe, which has been extensively published, is false from beginning to end.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOWERS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then said He, Unto what is the kingdom of God like, and whereunto shall I resemble it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and cast into his garden; and it grew, and waxed a great tree; and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it." Luke 13: 18, 19.

Cheer for Self-Denying Workers—I. A Very Simple Work—What the Nameless Man Did—took the Grain—Had a Garden—Brought Seed and Soil in Contact—Life in the Seed—An Act of Faith—II. What Came of It—Hope Fulfilled—It Grew—Became a Tree—The Tree Became a Shelter—The Way to Produce Music—The Honor of Sowing—Need of Sowing in Evil Times—A Good Investment.

I SHALL not attempt fully to explain this great little parable. A full exposition may be left for another occasion. The parable may be understood to relate to our Lord Himself, who is the living seed. You know also how His Church is the tree that springs from Him, and how greatly it grows and spreads its branches until it covers the earth. From the one man, Christ Jesus, despised and rejected of men, slain and buried, and so hidden away from among men—from Him, I say, there ariseth a multitude which no man can number. These spread themselves, like some tree which grows by the rivers of waters, and they yielded both gracious shelter and spiritual food. I called it a great little parable, and so it is: it has a world of teaching within the smallest compass. The parable is itself like a grain of mustard seed, but its meanings are as a great tree.

But at this time of the year, Sabbath-school teachers come together specially to pray for a blessing on their work; and pastors are invited to say a word to cheer them in their self-denying service. This request I would cheerfully fulfil; and therefore my discourse will not be a full explanation of the parable, but an adaptation of it to the cheering of those who are engaged in the admirable work of teaching the young the fear of the Lord. Never service more important; to overlook it would be a grave fault. We rejoice to encourage our friends.

I. First, notice

A Very Simple Work.

The work of teaching the gospel is as the casting of a grain of mustard seed into a garden. Note, first, what the nameless man did. "It is like a grain of mustard seed which a man took." He took it—that is to say, picked it out from the bulk. It was only a grain of mustard seed, but the man set it before his own mind as a distinct object to be dealt with. He was not sowing mustard over broad acres, but he was sowing "a grain of mustard seed" in his garden. It is well for the teacher to know what he is going to teach; to have that truth distinctly in his mind's eye, as the man had the grain of mustard seed between his fingers. Depend upon it, unless a truth is clearly seen and distinctly recognized by the teacher, little will come of it to the taught. It may be a very simple truth; but if a man takes it, understands it, grasps it, and loves it, he will do something with it.

Further in this little parable we notice that this man had a garden: "Like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and cast into

His Garden."

Some Christian people have no garden—no personal sphere of service. They belong to the whole clan of Christians, and they pine to see the entire band go out to cultivate the whole world; but they do not come to personal particulars. It is delightful to be warmed up by missionary addresses, and to feel a zeal for the salvation of all the nations; but, after all, the net result of a general theoretic earnestness for all the world does not amount to much. As we should have no horticulture if men had no gardens, so we shall have no missionary work done unless each person has a mission. Where should this unnamed man sow his mustard seed but in his own garden? It was near him, and dear to him, and thither he went. Teach your own chil-

dren, speak to your neighbors, seek the conversion of those whom God has entrusted to you.

Having a garden, and having this seed, the man sowed it: and simple as this is, it is the hinge of the instruction. You have a number of seeds in a pill-box. There they are: look at them! Take that box down this day twelve months, and the seeds will be just the same. Lay them by in that dry box for seven years, and nothing will happen. Truth is not to be kept to ourselves: it is to be published and advocated. There is an old proverb, "Truth is mighty, and will prevail." The proverb is true in a sense, but it needs to be taken with a grain of salt. Truth has been mighty, and has prevailed; but yet not without the men who gave it life and tongue. Not even the gospel itself, if it be not taught, will prevail. If revealed truth be laid on one side and kept in silence, it will not grow. Mark how, through the Dark Ages, the gospel lay asleep in old books in the libraries of monasteries, till Luther and his fellow reformers fetched it out and sowed it.

This man simply cast it into his garden. He did not wrap it round with gold leaf, or otherwise adorn it; but he put it into the ground.

The Naked Seed

came into contact with the naked soil. O teachers! do not try to make the gospel look fine; do not overlay it with your fine words or elaborate explanations. The gospel seed is to be put into the young heart just as it is. Get the truth concerning the Lord Jesus into the children's minds. Make them know, not what you can say about the truth, but what the truth itself says. It is wicked to take the gospel, and make a peg of it to hang our old clothes upon. The gospel is not a boat to be freighted with human thoughts, fine speculations, scraps of poetry, and pretty tales. Sow the very truth; not your reflections on the truth, not your embellishments of the truth, but the truth itself. This is to be brought into contact with the mind; for the truth is the seed, and the human mind is the soil for it to grow in.

These remarks of mine are very plain and trite; and yet everything depends upon the simple operation described. Nearly everything has been tried in preaching of late, except the plain and clear statement of the glad tidings and of the atoning sacrifice. People have talked about what the Church can do, and what the gospel can do: we have been informed as to the proofs of the gospel, or the doubts about it, and so forth; but when will they give us the gospel itself? Brethren, we must come to the point and teach the gospel, for this is the living and incorruptible seed which abideth forever.

That which is described in the parable was

An Insignificant Business:

the man took the tiny seed and put it into his garden. It is a very common-place affair to sit down with a dozen children around you, and open your Bible, and tell them the well-worn tale of how Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. It is a lowly business altogether; but yet to the mustard seed, and to the man with a garden, the sowing is the all-important matter. The mustard seed will never grow unless put into the soil: the owner of the garden will never have a crop of mustard unless he sows the seed. Dear Sunday-school teacher, do not become weary of your humble work, for none can measure its importance.

Let us consider what it was that the man sowed. We have seen that he sowed: What did he sow? It was one single seed, and that a very small one. This one seed, apparently so little, so insignificant, we continue to sow. They sneeringly say, "What can be the moral result of preaching such a gospel? Surely it would be better to discourse upon morals, social economics, and the sciences?" Ah, friends! if you can do any good in those ways, we will not hinder you, but our belief is that a hundred times more can be done with the gospel; for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth. The gospel is not the enemy of any good thing; say, rather, it is the force by

which good things are to be carried out. Whatsoever things are pure and honest and of good report, are all nurtured by that spirit which is begotten by the simple gospel of Christ.

But the seed, though very small, was

A Living Thing.

There is a great difference between a mustard seed and a piece of wax of the same size. Life slumbers in that seed. What life is, we cannot tell. Even if you take a microscope you cannot spy it out. It is a mystery; but it is essential to a seed. The gospel has a something in it not readily discoverable by the philosophical inquirer, if, indeed, he can perceive it at all. Take a maxim of Socrates or of Plato, and inquire whether a nation or a tribe has ever been transformed by it from barbarism to culture. A maxim of a philosopher may have measurably influenced a man in some right direction; but who has ever heard of a man's whole character being transformed by any observation of Confucius or Socrates? I confess I never have.

Truth to tell, a seed is a very comprehensive thing. Within the mustard seed what is to be found? Why, there is all in it that ever comes out of it. It must be so. Every branch, and every leaf, and every flower, and every seed that is to be, is, in its essence, all within the seed: it needs to be developed; but it is all there. And so, within the simple gospel, how much lies concentrated? Look at it! Within that truth lie regeneration, repentance, faith, holiness, zeal, consecration, perfection.

And for this reason it is so wonderful: it is a divine creation. Summon your chemists: bring them together with all their vessels and their fires. Select a jury of the greatest chemists now alive, analytical or otherwise, as you will. Learned sirs, will you kindly make us a mustard seed? You may take a mustard seed, and pound it and analyze it, and you may thus ascertain all its ingredients. So far, so good. Is not your work well begun? Now make a single mustard seed. Clever chemists prove their wisdom by saying at once, "No, we

Cannot Make a Mustard Seed,"

and wise thinkers will equally confess that they cannot make another gospel. My learned brethren are trying very hard to make a new gospel for this nineteenth century; but you teachers had better go on with the old one. I want you to see what a little affair the sowing seemed, as we answer the question, What was it to him? It was a very natural act; he sowed a seed. It is a most natural thing that we should teach others what we believe ourselves. I cannot make out how some professors can call themselves Christians, and yet never communicate the faith to others. That the young people of our churches should gather other young people around them, and tell them of Jesus, whom they love, is as natural as for a gardener to put seeds into his prepared ground.

Still, it was an act of faith. It is always an act of faith to sow seed, because you have, for the time, to give it up, and receive nothing in return. The farmer takes his choice seed-corn, and throws it into the soil of his field. He might have made many a loaf of bread with it; but he casts it away. Only his faith saves him from being judged a maniac: he expects it to return to him fifty-fold. If you had never seen a harvest, you would think that a man burying good wheat under the clods had gone mad; and if you had never seen conversions, it might seem an absurd thing to be constantly teaching to boys and girls the story of the Man who was nailed to the tree. We preach and teach as a work of faith; and, remember, it is only as an act of faith that it will answer its purpose. The rule is, "According to thy faith, be it unto thee."

II. Secondly, let us inquire,

What Came of It?

First, "it grew." That was what the sower hoped would come of it: he placed the seed in the ground, hoping that it would grow. It is not reasonable to suppose that he would have sown it if he had not hoped that it would spring up. Dear teacher, do you always sow in hope, do you

trust that the Word will live and grow? If you do not, I do not think your success is very probable. Expect the truth to take root, and expand and grow up. Teach divine truth with earnestness, and expect that the life within it will unveil its wonders.

But though the sower expected growth, he could not himself have made it grow. After he had placed the seed in the ground, he could water it, he could pray God to make the sun shine on it; but he could not directly produce growth. Only He that made the seed could cause it to grow. Growth is a continuance of that almighty act by which life is at first given. The putting of life into the seed is God's work, and the bringing forth of the life from the seed is God's work too. This is a matter within your hope, but far beyond your power.

To the sower this growth was very pleasing. How pleasant it is to see the seed of grace grow in children! An unsympathetic person cries, "Oh, I do not think anything of that child's emotions. It is merely a passing impression: he will soon forget it." The teacher does not think so. The cold critic says, "I don't think much of a child's weeping. Children's tears lie very near the surface." But the teacher is full of hope that he sees in these tears a real sorrow for sin, and an earnest seeking after the Lord. The questioner says, "It is nothing for a child to say that he gives his heart to Jesus. Youngsters soon think that they believe. They are so easily led." People talk thus because they do not love children, and live with the desire to save them. If you sympathize with children, you are pleased with every hopeful token, and are on the watch for every mark of divine life within them. If you are a florist, you will see more of the progress of your plants than if you are no gardener, and have no interest in such things. Think, then, of what my text says: "It grew."

Next, having started growing, it became a tree; Luke says, "It waxed a great tree." It was great in itself; but the greatness was seen mainly in comparison with the size of the seed.

The Growth was Great.

Here is the wonder: not that it became a tree, but that, being a mustard seed, it should become "a great tree." Do you see the point of the parable? I have already brought it before you. Listen! It was only a word spoken—"Dear boy, look to Jesus." Only such a word, and a soul was saved, its sin was forgiven, its whole being was changed, a new heir of heaven was born. Do you see the growth? A word produces salvation! A grain of mustard seed becomes a great tree! A little teaching brings eternal life. That is not all: the teacher, with many prayers and tears, took her girl home, and pleaded with her for Christ, and the girl was led to yield her heart to the dominion of Christ Jesus—a holy heavenly life came out of that pleading. See! she becomes a thoughtful girl, a loving wife, a gracious mother, a matron in Israel, such a one as Dorcas among the poor, or Hanrah with her Samuel. What a great result from a little cause!

A boy was about as wild as any roamer of our streets: a teacher knelt by his side, with his arm about the lad's neck. He pleaded with God for the boy, and with the boy for God. That boy was converted, and as a youth in business he was an example to the workroom; as a father, he was a guide to his household; as a man of God, he was a light to all around; as a preacher of righteousness, he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. There is much more which I might easily picture; but you can work it out as well as I can. All that is to be desired may spring out of the simple talk of a humble Christian with a youth. A mustard seed becomes a great tree; a few words of holy admonition may produce a noble life.

This great tree became a shelter: "the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it." Mustard in the East does grow very large indeed. The commonest kind of it may be found eight or ten feet high; but there is a kind which will grow almost like a forest tree, and there probably were some of these latter trees in the shel-

tered region wherein our Lord was speaking. A mustard which grew here and there in Palestine was of surprising dimensions. When the tree grew, the birds came to it. Here we have *unexpected influences*. Think of it. That man took a mustard seed which you could hardly see if I held it up. When he took the mustard seed, when he put it into his garden, had he any thought of bringing birds to that spot? Not he. You do not know all you are doing when you are teaching a child the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. When you are trying to bring a soul to Christ, your action has

Ten Thousand Hooks to it,

and these may seize on innumerable things. There may seem no connection between teaching that boy and the reclaiming of cannibals in New Guinea; but I can see a very possible connection. Tribes in Central Africa may have their destiny shaped by your instruction of a tiny child. When John Pounds bribed an urchin with a hot potato to come and learn to read the Bible, I am sure John Pounds had no idea of all the Ragged-schools in London; but there is a clear line of cause and effect in the whole matter. A hot potato might be the coat of arms of the Ragged-school Union. No man can tell the end of his beginnings, the growth of his sowings. Go on doing good in little ways, and you shall one day wonder at the great results.

But what is that I hear? I see this mustard tree—it is a very wonderful tree; but I not only see, I hear! Music! music! The birds! the birds! It is early morning, the sun is scarcely up—what torrents of song! Is that

The Way to Produce Music?

Shall I sow mustard seed, and reap songs? I thought we must buy an organ, or purchase a violin; or by some wind or stringed instrument come at music; but here is a new plan altogether. Nebuchadnezzar had his flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music; but all that mingled sound could not rival the melody of birds. I shall sow mustard seed now, and get music in God's own way. Friends, when you teach your children the gospel of the Lord Jesus, you are sowing the music of heaven.

Having said so much, I now close with these three practical observations. Are we not highly honored to be entrusted with such a marvellous thing as the gospel? If it be a seed comprehending so much within it, which will come to so much if it be properly used, blessed and happy are we to have such good news to proclaim!

Let us be encouraged to sow the good seed in evil times. If we do not see the gospel prospering elsewhere, let us not despair; if there were no more mustard seed in the world, and I had only one grain of it, I should be all the more anxious to sow it. You can produce any quantity if only one seed will grow. So now to-day there is not very much gospel about; the church has given it up; a great many preachers preach everything but the living truth. This is sad; but it is a strong reason why you and I should teach more gospel than ever. Don't you be afraid:

It has Life in it,

and it will grow: only you bring it out, and let it grow. I am sometimes afraid that we may prepare our sermons and addresses too much, so as to make ourselves shine. If so, we are like the man who tried to grow potatoes—he never grew any, and he wondered much; "for," said he, "I very carefully boiled them for hours." So, it is very possible to extract all the life out of the gospel, and put so much of yourself into it that Christ will not bless it.

And, lastly, we are bound to do it. If so much will come out of so little, we are bound to go in for it. Nowadays people want ten per cent. for their money. Hosts of fools are readily caught by any scheme, or speculation, or limited liability company, that promises to give them immense dividends! I should like to make you wise by inviting you to an investment which is sure. Sow a mustard seed, and grow a tree. Talk of Christ, and save your soul: that soul saved will be a blessing for ages, and a joy to God throughout eternity. Was there ever such

an investment as this? Let us go on with it. If on our simple word eternity is hung, let us speak with all our heart. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown, hang on the lips of the earnest teacher of the gospel of Jesus: let us never cease speaking while we have breath in our body. The Lord bless you! Amen, and Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

An Unpromising Community.*

WE found the Tannese to be painted savages enveloped in all the superstition and wickedness of heathenism. All the men and women go in a state of half nudity. The older women wear grass skirts, and the young women and girls grass or leaf aprons like Eve in Eden. They are exceedingly ignorant, vicious, and bigoted, and almost void of natural affection. Instead of the inhabitants being improved by coming in contact with white men, they are rendered much worse, for they have learned all their vices, but none of their virtues—if any of the latter were possessed by the pioneer traders among these races. The sandalwood traders are, as a class, the most godless of men, whose cruelty and wickedness make us ashamed to own them as our countrymen. By them the poor, defenceless natives are oppressed and robbed on every hand; and if they offer the slightest resistance they are ruthlessly silenced by musket and revolver. Such treatment keeps the natives always burning under a desire for revenge, so that it is a wonder any white man is allowed to come among them.

Cheating the Missionary.

The novelty of our being among them soon passed away, and they began to show their avarice and deceitfulness in every possible way. The chiefs united, and refused to give us the half of the small piece of land which had been purchased on which to build our mission house, and when we attempted to fence in the part they had left to us, they "tabooed" it, that is, threatened our teachers and us with death if we proceeded further with the work. This they did by placing certain reeds stuck into the ground here and there around our house, which our Aneityumese servants at once knew the meaning of, and warned us of our danger; so we left off making the fence, that we might, if possible, avoid giving offence. They then divided the few bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees on the ground amongst themselves, or demanded such payment for those trees as we could not give, and threatened revenge upon us if the trees were injured by any person. They became so unreasonable and offensive, and our dangers so increased as to make our residence among them extremely trying. At this time a vessel called, and I bought from the captain the payment they demanded. On receiving it they lifted the "taboo," and for a little season appeared to be friendly again. This was the third time they had been paid for that site. We knew we were being cheated, but to yield was the only way of saving our lives.

Champion Chiefs.

The inhabitants for miles around united in seeking our destruction, but God put it into even savage hearts to save us. Old Nowar, the chief under whom we lived, and Arkurat, the chief under him, set themselves to rescue us. Along with Monuman and Sirawaia, they opposed every plan in the public assembly for taking our lives. Some of their people also remained friend-

* From John G. Paton, *Missionary to the New Hebrides. An Autobiography*. A thrilling narrative of perils among the Heathen, of devoted labor and self-sacrifice. Pp. 375. Price \$1.50. Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York.



Dr. Peters, recently Killed in Africa.



The Emperor of Morocco Entering Tangier. (See page 741.)

ly to us, and by the help of our Aneityumese teachers warned us of danger and protected our lives. Determined not to be baffled, a meeting of all our enemies on the island was summoned, and it was publicly resolved that a band of men be selected and enjoined to kill the whole of those friendly to the mission, and not only to murder the missionaries, but also a trader who was there, that no one might be left to give information to the white men, or bring punishment on the islanders. Frenzy of excitement prevailed, and the blood-fiend seemed to override the whole assembly; when, under an impulse that surely came from the Lord of pity, one great warrior chief who had hitherto kept silent rose, swung aloft a mighty club, and smashing it earthwards, cried aloud, "The man that kills Missi must first kill me—the men that kill the mission teachers must first kill me and my people, for we shall stand by them and defend them till death." Instantaneously another chief thundered forth the same declaration, and the great assembly broke up in dismay. All the more remarkable was this deliverance because these two chiefs lived nearly four miles inland, and were regarded as our enemies. It had happened that a brother of the chief who spoke first, having been wounded in battle, I had dressed his wounds and he recovered. But I do not put much value on that consideration; for it was clear that our dear Lord Jesus interposed directly on our behalf that day.

THE LATE DR. CARL PETERS.

THERE is now little room for doubt that another brilliant life has been sacrificed in Africa. The news of the death of Dr. Peters, mentioned in these columns last week, has been corroborated by intelligence received in London. The identification of the race that murdered him is not complete, but the crime is generally imputed to the Masai, the savage people whose hostility to all foreigners is well known. It is stated that Dr. Peters had reached Kororo, on the Tanu River, in his journey toward Wadelai, whither he was going ostensibly to rescue Emin Pasha.

The enterprise was believed to be simply a trading expedition, in the interest of the German East African Company. As such, it was opposed by the English from the outset. They complained to the German Government that it was

a violation of the arrangement between the two Governments, which pledged Germany not to interfere with the trade north of the Victoria Nyanza. Prince Bismarck admitted the fact, and repudiated responsibility for Dr. Peters. Thereupon the English seized the ship containing Dr. Peters's supplies. The Germans protested, but Bismarck acquiesced in the seizure. Dr. Peters proceeded inland, starting from Vitu on July 26, and no more was heard from him until November 6, when news reached Zanzibar that he and all his party, with the exception of Lieutenant Tiedemann and one Somali carrier, had been massacred.

Dr. Peters was thirty-three years of age, a native of Neuhaus, on the Elbe. He was educated at Ilfeld, and subsequently studied at Gottingen, Tübingen, and Berlin. He spent three years in England, and on his return made an effort to stimulate German enterprise in the East African trade. He organized the German East African Company, for which he obtained a charter from the German Government. He made several journeys to Africa, and in one of them succeeded in obtaining a concession of trading privileges from the late Sultan of Zanzibar.

THE SISTERS' MISSION.

(See illustration on page 749.)

In an old-fashioned mansion in a densely populated Eastern city two girls sat reading, one summer afternoon. It was the beginning of a period to which both had long looked forward. The elder, Hester, had been living at home with her parents for a year past, but both she and her sister had felt that their happiness would not be complete until Celia too had finished her school-life and come home "for good." Now that time had arrived, and the past two weeks had been full of plans for the future. As they were thoughtful girls, they were anxious that their lives should not be frittered away, but should be spent in self-culture and in the acquirement of that most valuable kind of education for which school-life should be only the preparation.

They were largely left to their own devices in the matter, for Mr. and Mrs. Balfour, their parents, were somewhat embarrassed by the presence of the two grown girls in their home. They had loved and petted them in their childhood, and had taken a delight in making them happy with gifts of toys and picture books; but now it was not so easy to know what would make them

happy. They had looked forward to the time when their two daughters would be at home with them, but when they saw them there, with their bright, intellectual faces, they suddenly realized a responsibility which they did not know how to discharge. If there had been a necessity for the girls to earn a livelihood for themselves their future might have been more easily arranged, but there was a sufficiency of money, though not an abundance. It was therefore open to the girls to drift into the frivolous young lady life in which dress and pleasure were the only important elements. But both of them had a wholesome contempt for such a life.

The book they were reading together that summer afternoon was the life of that noble lady whose heroic self-sacrifice in the hospitals of Scutari and the Crimea won the admiration of the whole civilized world. "What a noble life!" said Celia, who had been reading aloud while her sister sketched. "What a glorious opportunity she had! and how grandly she used it!" The talk drifted to other heroines—Clara Barton and the other ladies of the Christian Commission, the Sisters who succored the yellow fever sufferers, Elizabeth Fry, Mrs. Judson, and other heroic women.

"Theirs were higher lives than those we have laid out for ourselves," said Hester. "We have chosen the better, but not the best."

"Our design is the best open to us," contended Celia. "Such opportunities as they had are not open to us. If they were we would use them."

"Perhaps an opportunity may come some day, and our names may be quoted with those of the world's heroines by future generations. It would be worth living for."

"Yes," said Celia, "and worth dying for. I would willingly give a few years of life for an immortality of fame." "So would I," said Hester, "and the best thing we can do is to carry on our plans of self-culture, so that when the call does come we may be ready to respond to it with powers trained for effective service."

The prospect was so dazzling to the imagination, that the sisters fell into a silent meditation on it, which after it had lasted several minutes was broken by an exclamation from Celia, whose abstracted gaze was fixed on the large garden which their window overlooked. "Look, Hester," she cried, "look at that wretched little boy! He has climbed over the wall to steal

the fruit. Oh you bad boy!"

"He is one of the children belonging to those families in the rear houses," said Hester; "I have seen him playing around instead of going to school. I wonder what his mother is thinking of! That boy ought to be sent to a reformatory, and all like him. They are training for criminals. If he does not learn better now, he will go on until he gets into the penitentiary. Let us go down and scare him."

The little urchin was too busily engaged with the fruit trees to notice the approach of the young ladies until they were near him. Then he turned and ran to the wall, and made a futile effort to escape by climbing. Then he crouched against the wall and looked in dismay at Hester who had followed him. "Oh, let me go this once," he cried, beginning to shed tears, "I'll never do it no more. I ain't took anything."

"You wicked boy," said Hester, "what is that in your pockets? Don't you know where boys who tell lies have to go?"

The boy did not know, and when his fear was allayed sufficiently to answer questions, it appeared that he knew very little about anything, and knew nothing about morality. He was troubled at being caught stealing, but seemed to have no shame for the act itself. He was fully alive to the possible consequences of detection, but seemed to have no perception of the wickedness of his conduct. The girls yielded eventually to his plea for mercy, but they were sadly conscious as they allowed him to escape that there was no penitence in him, nor any result from their lecture.

"What a pity it is such boys as that cannot be brought to Sunday-school," said Hester. "They ought to have some religious teaching."

"I suppose he would not like to come in those ragged clothes, and it is not likely he has any better," said Celia.

"No; that is the difficulty. I wonder no one opens a school specially for such boys."

The subject was dismissed, and the girls resumed their reading; but that night Hester spoke of it again. "That boy is a regular little heathen," she said, "and right at our own doors. We need not go to Africa or China to find work, with such as he around us. Why should not we make an effort?"

The more the sisters thought of it, the less reason there appeared to be against their undertaking it. In fact the call seemed to be imperative. But it was not the kind of work they had idealized. And there was no fame to be won in that sphere. This consideration led to an analysis of motive, and they realized that the desire for the immortality of fame of which both had been conscious was only a form of selfishness unworthy of the work and the worker. In severe self-abnegation they set themselves to this task thus thrust upon them, and found so much joy in the success that followed their labors in the cottages and in the little school, which they opened, that their hopes of fame



The Sisters Confronted with a Heathen.

were cheerfully relinquished. They learned, as all consecrated workers have learned, that in forgetfulness of self and in love for others lies the only way to true service in Christ's vineyard.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Their Perils, Pains, and Privations.

[THE history learned in our school-days, under compulsion, is apt to be forgotten when the school-house is left behind and the hard duties of life demand our most strenuous thought. Yet there are some passages in the history of our own country which it is a shame to forget. One passage especially ought to be well known and treasured in the memory of every man, woman, and child who lives under our glorious Constitution. It is that of the heroic struggle with savages, with severe disease, famine, and dangers of many kinds that was waged by the brave band of men who, loving God and liberty more than home and country, came to this country two centuries and a half ago, that in a new land they might live as their conscience dictated.]

Some deeply interesting incidents from that story will appear in this place during the next few weeks. They will be more elevating, while no less fascinating, than the effusions of the best writers of fiction.]

It was at the very close of Queen Elizabeth's long and prosperous reign, that a band of humble and little-noticed pioneers of religious liberty in England found the yoke of bondage too galling to be longer endured. With patience they had borne confiscations, imprisonments, mutilations, and cruel deaths, not only without murmuring, but with uncomplaining and even

thankful submission. Henry Barrow, the son of a gentleman of good estate in Norfolk, had united with his old friend and fellow-student at Cambridge, Mr. John Greenwood, in holding secret assemblies for religious worship in Islington—then a quiet village, at some distance from the English capital.

Both Barrow and Greenwood were apprehended in consequence of these Islington meetings, and committed to the dungeons of Newgate; their crime was forming churches and conducting religious worship contrary to law; and to this was added the charge of impugning the Queen's prerogative of spiritual supremacy. They were condemned to the gallows. Conveyed to Tyburn, and with the rope round their necks, these brave confessors held fast to the faith and doctrines they had professed as the true teaching of the Holy Scriptures; but they declared their unshaken loyalty to the Queen, and their fidelity to the Government, expressing unfeigned sorrow if they had ever been betrayed into any expression of irreverence or undue freedom against those in authority over them. They prayed for the Queen, for their country, and for all who had borne a part in their sufferings. It was as if with their dying breath.

They were about to close their eyes on all earthly things, when suddenly a reprieve was announced. Her Majesty had interposed her

royal prerogative of mercy, and they were led back to Newgate amid the shouts and acclamations of the populace. The bitterness of death was past. The captives wrote to Elizabeth, urging that their loyalty could no longer be doubted, since they had maintained it when they believed all hope was vain, and beseeching her, at the least, to interpose on their behalf, and mitigate the rigor of their imprisonment in the loathsome dungeons of Newgate.

But the royal reprieve was a heartless mockery. These Christian men who, with their last breath, as they believed, had prayed for the Queen of England, and called down the blessings of heaven on her throne and kingdom, were secretly led back on the morrow to the same spot where they had before so bravely faced death, and executed with the ignominy of felons.

In like manner the noble-hearted young Welshman, John Penry, was hurled to the scaffold. In closing the final protest, which he addressed to the Lord Treasurer, rather with the desire of vindicating his character than from any hope of mercy, he thus writes, "Subscribed with the heart and the hand which never devised or wrote anything to the discredit or defamation of my sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, I take it on my death as I hope to have a life after this; by me, John Penry." But the martyr, while bravely bowing his head to the cruel blow, could not forget the ties that bound him to life. He was sustained by the consciousness of innocence and the prospect of heaven; but his heart yearned over the young wife and infant children, whom he must leave desolate in their sorrow. Assured, from his own sad experience, that his brethren

could entertain no hope of justice or liberty of conscience from the tribunals that had condemned him to death, he penned a letter "to the distressed and faithful congregation of Christ in London," which is characterized by the same simple and touching eloquence as his address to the Lord Treasurer, and by the love, strong in death, of a faithful heart.

In this he anticipates the distant refuge of the Pilgrim Fathers, urging them to forsake their country, and seek, in some foreign land, the liberty to worship God; and then he adds, "I humbly beseech you, not in any outward regard, as I shall answer before my God, that you would take my poor and desolate widow, and my mess of fatherless and friendless orphans, with you into exile, whithersoever you go, and you shall find, I doubt not, that the blessed promises of my God, made unto me and mine, will accompany them, and even the whole church for their sakes; for this also is the Lord's promise unto the holy seed."

The ties of country are strong, and the stroke that severs them is a harsh and cruel one, whatever be the necessity that drives the exile forth. Even the children of Israel, though their lives had been made bitter with cruel bondage, were loath to leave Goshen, wherein the patriarch had established their fathers, as in a chosen and fertile land. Their cry had already gone up to heaven, and yet it required the aggravation of still crueler oppressions ere the thousands of Israel went forth, with their little ones, their flocks and herds, and sought a home by the way of the wilderness beyond the sea. But the rulers of England would not let the sufferers rest. Imprisonments, with attendant miseries crueler than death itself, penalties, confiscations, and wrongs of every kind, at length filled up the cup of their sorrows. Their state in England had become unendurable, and the long-persecuted sufferers began very generally to look upon voluntary exile as their sole refuge.

But, in the estimation of England's rulers, even voluntary exile had become a crime. To live in England as Nonconformists was to live with the loathsome dungeon and the gallows ever in view; to leave it was at the risk of precipitating the fate which they attempted to avert. It is only a little more than two centuries since Englishmen were compelled to choose between such an alternative. "Even this course," says Dr. Vaughan, in a well-written article on *The Pilgrim Fathers*, "was beset with difficulty. They could escape only by secret means; to be detected was to fall into the snare they were so much concerned to avoid. But the thought of the religious freedom which might be enjoyed in Holland was so welcome, that for that object numbers became willing to bear the pains of separation from their native land, and to brave the dangers of attempting to withdraw from it.

"Many made that attempt with success, but some were less fortunate. An instance of the latter kind is recorded in the history of Robinson, a clergyman, who had embraced the principles of the Brownists, but who so far modified those principles on some points as to bring them more into the form of modern Congregationalism, and who, on that account, is generally regarded as the father of the English Independents. Robinson and a large company contracted with the master of a ship for a passage to Holland.

"They were to embark at Boston, in Lincolnshire, on a certain day, and from a point agreed upon. The captain was not punctual. At length however, the vessel arrived, and, under cover of the night, the men and women and children all reached the ship in safety. But the captain was a villain. He betrayed them to the officers of the port. The passengers and their goods were immediately removed from the vessel to several boats in waiting to receive them. All their property was turned over and examined, and not a little of it rifled. The persons of the men were searched, 'even to their shirts,' and the women were treated with indelicacy and rudeness. When these unhappy people reached the town,

crowds assembled to gaze upon them, and many mocked and derided them. Nor was their condition improved when brought before the magistrates. Several were bound over to the assizes, and all were committed to prison. Some were released after the confinement of a few weeks, others after a longer period.

"This happened in 1602. In the following spring, Robinson and his friends resolved on making a second attempt of this nature. They made an arrangement for this purpose with a Dutch captain; and their plan now was, that the men should assemble on a large common, between Grimsby and Hull, a place chosen on account of its remoteness from any town; while the women, the children, and the property of these parties, were to be conveyed to that point of the coast in a barque. The men made their way to the place of rendezvous in small companies, by land. But the barque reached its destination a day before the ship. The swell of the sea was considerable, and as the females were suffering greatly from that cause, the sailors ran the barque into the shelter of a small creek.

"The next morning the ship arrived, but through some negligence on the part of the seamen, the vessel containing the women, their little ones, and the property, had run aground. The men stood in groups on the shore, and, that no time might be lost, the captain of the ship sent his boat to convey some of them on board. But by this time, so considerable a gathering of people in such a place, and in a manner so unusual, had attracted attention; information had been conveyed to persons of authority in the neighborhood; and as the boat which had taken the greater part of the men to the ship was proceeding again toward the shore, the captain saw a large company, armed with swords and muskets, and consisting of horse and foot, advancing toward the point where the barque was still ashore, and where the few remaining men had grouped together.

"Fearing the consequences of his illicit compact, the captain returned to the ship, hoisted sail, and was speedily at sea. Robinson—honest and able general as he was in every sense—had resolved to be the last to embark. He was a witness, accordingly, of the scene of distress and agony which ensued. The outburst of grief was not to be restrained. Some of the women wept aloud, others felt too deeply, or were too much bewildered, to indulge in utterance of any kind; while the children, partly from seeing what had happened, and partly from a vague impression that something dreadful had come, mingled their sobs and cries in the general lamentation.

"As the sail of that ship faded away upon the distant waters, the wives felt as if one stroke had reduced them all to widowhood, and every child that had reached the years of consciousness, felt as one who in a moment had become fatherless. But thus dark are the chapters in human affairs in which the good have often to become students, and from which they have commonly had to learn their special lessons. The ship soon encountered foul weather, and after being driven far along the coast of Norway, all hope of saving her being at one time abandoned, she at length safely reached Holland."

Such was the fate of those who were foremost in the *guilt* of seeking to escape from persecution. But even to the servile magistrates of King James, it seemed monstrous to punish and imprison wives and children for no other crime than that of seeking to accompany their husbands and fathers. They could not send them home, for they had no home left in England; and at length, after enduring much misery, they were left to go whither they pleased. Persecution had become generally odious by its excesses; and during the reaction which followed, Robinson and the remainder of his company succeeded in escaping from their native land, and, early in the year 1608, the English exiles effected a settlement at Leyden.

During eleven years the English exiles lived together in Leyden in peace and harmony. Their leader, John Robinson, was a man of de-

vout piety, and of great learning and judgment. The fame of their virtues and worth attracted numbers from England, and won the respect of the people among whom they had sought a home. "The church under the care of Robinson," says Dr. Vaughan, "increased until it numbered more than three hundred members, consisting almost wholly of English exiles. Robinson himself was greatly respected by the clergy of Leyden, and by the professors in the university, and on more than one occasion the pastor of the Congregational Church in that city gave public proof that his piety, his amiableness, and his eminently practical understanding, were allied with sound scholarship, and with much intellectual vigor and acuteness. He succeeded also, in communicating much of his own well-regulated temper to his charge. We have good reason to believe that no church in Europe in that age exhibited more of the wise simplicity of a primitive church, or more of that correctness of habit by which we suppose the primitive churches to have been distinguished."

England had proved so cruel a step-mother that it might have been thought no difficult matter to wean these exiles from the strong love of their native land. But these superstitions of the heart, as they have been happily styled, are not to be subjected to the cold formulas of reason. Common sympathies had attracted the emigrants to Holland. In the long struggle with Spain that country had been the barrier of northern Europe against despotism and religious intolerance. England had often been her ally, and garrisoned her walled towns with the island Protestants; and when at length the Spanish influence was utterly overthrown in the Low Countries, an ecclesiastical discipline had been established which the English Nonconformists regarded with a favor they could not concede to the hierarchical constitution of the Church of England. There was much, therefore, in the circumstances of the period, to point out Holland as the fittest refuge for the English exiles. Nor were they disappointed. Hundreds found there the peace and liberty of conscience they were denied at home. But they felt themselves as strangers in a strange land, and sighed for old scenes, familiar and dear to them from many fond associations.

The annals of the Pilgrim Fathers naturally excite the liveliest interest among their American descendants and successors. With excusable pride emigrants who have hardly lost the provincial *patois* of some rural district of England or of Germany, boast of the fathers of New England as the root of their family tree; and even the calmer annalist overlooks the legitimate inferences from the evidence at command when treating of this favorite theme. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, strangely enough, describes these exiles for conscience' sake as "restless, from the consciousness of ability to act a more important part on the theatre of the world. The career of maritime discovery," he adds, "had been pursued with daring intrepidity, and rewarded with brilliant success. The voyages of Gosnold, and Smith, and Hudson; the enterprise of Raleigh, and Delaware, and Gorges; the compilations of Eden, and Willes, and Hakluyt, had filled the commercial world with wonder."

The reader may be pardoned if he smile at the historian when he describes the home-sick exiles of Leyden, as impatient to play their part in "the great drama of humanity!" as he has elsewhere styled it. The gentle English poetess has caught the source of their actions with truer inspiration, when she exclaims:

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!"

The American historian assigns juster motives, however, for the final decision of the Pilgrims to abandon their foreign resting-place, and found a new home under the Government of their native land.

(To be continued.)

MY THREE-FOLD REST.

I.

Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi., 28.

From sin and sins, dear Lord I rest—
Altar and Priest and Sacrifice Thou art;
By law and sin no more oppress,
I share in Thy beatitude a part.
Yesterdays are covered by Thy blood;
To-day my only shelter is Thy power;
To-morrow Thou wilt be as strong and good
As in the past most gracious hour.

II.

Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me: for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. ix. 29.

Rest by serving at Thy will—
Thy yoke is easy and Thy burden light;
And peace grows deep and deeper still,
As my obedience proves Thy might.
Hold my powers alone for Thee—
Use them in loving errands of Thy grace;
And calm me, though I may not see
Thy methods, as before Thy face.

III.

Here remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv., 9.

And yet the noblest rest remains
In sweet reserve for hope and love;
No path no place for sighs or pains,
'Tis kept a glad surprise above.
In rest untroubled and serene,
In Thy bright presence, spotless Lamb!
To me each day, by every scene
For robe and harp, for crown and palm.

—Stone.

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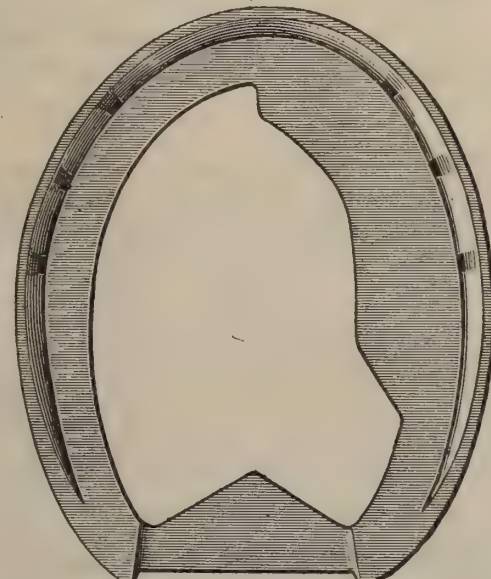
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Yet His blessed presence
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Vol. XII., No. 46. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1889. Price, 4 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.

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PORTRAITS OF THE DUKE OF SPARTA AND PRINCESS SOPHIE, and Report of the Wedding, IN THE ETERNAL CITY. Dr. Talmage's Sermon in Rome.

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SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE EYE AND THE LIGHT. A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Gems from New Books: An Inventor's Discouragements—Princeton in 1800—How Jefferson Looked.

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DR. SPENCER'S STENOGRAPHER. (Illust'd.)

PICTURE OF THE NEW CANTILEVER BRIDGE OVER THE FORTH.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS. The Life Story of Mrs. Stenhouse. (Concluded.)



H.H.L. PRINCESS SOPHIE OF GERMANY.



The Greek Royal Wedding: The Duke of Sparta and Princess Sophie, and the Royal Family of Greece.

THE ROYAL GREEK WEDDING.

THE interesting ceremony in the ancient capital of Greece on October 27 has been mentioned in our news columns. We now give portraits of the bride and bridegroom, and a picture of a group of the Greek Royal family, comprising the King and Queen and their six children.

The Bride

was the Princess Sophie Dorothea Ulrica Alice, of Germany, third daughter and fifth child of the late Emperor Frederick, and sister of the reigning Emperor William. Her mother is the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. The Princess was born at Potsdam, June 14, 1870, and is therefore nineteen years of age. Not much is known of her character, as German newspapers do not concern themselves, as the press does in our own land, with the private lives of persons in exalted station. The few facts, however, which have become known indicate that the young lady is a worthy daughter of *Frederick the Good* and his brilliant and able wife. The description of her departure from the home of her girlhood shows that those who had been most intimately associated with her had learned to love her, and that their station in relation to hers had not excluded them from her kindly and even friendly interest.

Leaving Home.

It is stated that on leaving Potsdam for the capital, where, in the natural course of events, she will one day reign as a Queen, one of her last acts was to visit the Children's Home and say "good-bye" to the little inmates. Before setting out from her old home, the whole household were assembled, and the Princess shook hands with all, even to the humblest domestic, at the same time handing each a present. It is on the surface only a trivial incident, but when we recollect how haughty and arrogant royal personages often are, and the contempt they frequently show for the common people, the spectacle of a royal bride finding time in the midst of her preparations for her wedding to visit the little waifs in their refuge, and to bid a personal good-bye to the men and women who had waited upon her, implies that this was not the first time that she had manifested her interest in them. Then, too, before she left home she went with her mother and sisters to the mausoleum in which lie the remains of her beloved father, whose pure, noble life cannot but have exerted an ennobling influence over her own disposition. The visit must have been a sad one, for all there must have thought of the interest that loving father would have taken, had he been living, in the new relations into which his daughter was entering. Yet, as the Princess showed by visiting the mausoleum, that her father, though dead, was not forgotten, we may hope that his example and his teachings will still be potent influences on her future life.

The Bridegroom

was Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta, the eldest son and heir of George I., King of Greece. He was born at Athens, July 21, 1868, and is therefore twenty-one years old. His father is the second son of the King of Denmark, who is also the father of the Princess of Wales and the Czarina of Russia. The Danish royal family furnishes a remarkable illustration of what may be termed the romance of history. "The family," says a prominent European journal, "but little more than a generation ago occupied a private and comparatively an obscure station. In the course of a generation it has given a Princess of Wales to England, an Empress to Russia, a King to Greece, and a daughter to the House of Orleans. Within the same period Denmark has engaged in an unequal struggle with the German Powers, and though it emerged defeated and despoiled, the King of Denmark has now lived to see his grandson betrothed to a sister of the German Emperor, whose own Imperial Crown was won in the conflicts which arose, more or less directly, out of the Danish war. What an epitome of history, ancient and modern, we have in the names and personages associated with this latest of royal weddings!"

The present King of Greece is forty-four years old. He was serving in the Danish navy when the Greek crown was offered to him. The kingdom was then still in its infancy. All the glory of ancient Greece had departed from it. For nearly four centuries it had been enslaved by the Sultans of Turkey, and in no part of their dominions had Mohammedan ignorance, intolerance, and corruption been felt more severely than in that classic land. At length (in 1820) the long-suffering people rose and shook off the hated yoke. They were aided by the sympathy of England, France, and Russia, who recommended to them a king when the independent kingdom was eventually established. He was Otho, the second son of the King of Bavaria. His difficulties were enormous, for under Turkish rule there had grown up among the Greeks themselves a lawless spirit, the product of long years of misrule. Otho labored zealously to bring order out of chaos. He was partially successful, but the vigor of his rule, and mistakes that in his position were inevitable, made him unpopular with the people, and in 1862 he was driven ignominiously from his kingdom.

Seeking a King.

Perhaps, had they been free to choose, the people would have established a republic, but they were under the tutelage of the great powers who had helped them to gain their independence, and none of those were likely at that time to look with any favor on republican institutions. The people were, however, left free to choose a king, subject to the approval of their powerful mentors. Their choice fell on Prince Alfred, now Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of the Queen of England. Happily for the Greek nation, their offer was declined, the English Government refusing to sanction the choice. The personal character which the Prince has since developed proves that no greater misfortune could have befallen the nation than to have him as its ruler. The next choice was Duke Ernest, of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who also declined. The next year (1863) the crown was offered to the second son of the King of Denmark, who accepted it, and he has now reigned over the country for twenty-six years.

His reign has been comparatively tranquil, but since the year 1876, when active trouble broke out in the Balkan Peninsula, King George's position has been very difficult. As yet he has maintained it without going to war. His country gained a considerable addition of territory by the decision of the Conference which followed the Congress of Berlin, in July, 1878. In 1886, after the revolution at Philippopolis and the Servo-Bulgarian War, Greece, instigated by a rash and injudicious minister, M. Delyannis, was eager to declare war against Turkey, and was only stopped by the firm attitude of England.

The Wedding

was celebrated with unusual pomp and magnificence. Few cities have ever seen so many distinguished guests as were gathered together to witness it. Among them were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Emperor William of Germany and the Empress Victoria, mother of the bride, and the King and Queen of Denmark, the eldest son and heir of the Czar of Russia, and a host of representatives of the royal families to which the young couple are related, besides diplomatic representatives from the United States, Turkey, and the leading European states.

The Greek capital was put in bridal array. Preparations were made of a most extensive and picturesque character. Numerous triumphal arches sprang up, and each of itself was a work of art. The largest of these was at the lower end of Constitution Place and Gardens, lying in a direct line between the Palace and Hermes Street. It was supported on large Corinthian pillars. The frame was of woodwork, but was covered with white plaster, giving an appearance of substantial solidity. There were classic decorations and designs on the upper portions, and the arch was hung with wreaths and flags of all nations. There were other arches also, the handsomest, perhaps, of which was in front of

the Church of the Virgin, off Hermes Street; and about fifty yards higher up an arch was erected over each of the entrances and exits of the Piræus Athens Railway Station, by which all the most distinguished guests arrived. The square in front of the main entrance of the Cathedral where the ceremony took place was built round with seats for occupation on the wedding day.

The Ceremony

was conducted by Archbishop Germanos, Metropolitan of Athens, assisted by the Archbishops of Arta, Démétride, Larissa, Pharsale, Stagon, Chalkis, Phthiotide, Arkanian, Triakis, the six archbishops and five bishops of the Peloponnesus, one archbishop and four bishops of the Ægean Isles, and three archbishops and four bishops of the Ionian Isles. On the arrival of the royal party at the Cathedral, the Metropolitan met them at the door. The ceremony commenced at once, the Empress Frederick leading her daughter to the table, and the King of Greece his son. The King gave his hand to the Empress Frederick, and they both retired. The ceremony was of a most impressive character and lasted an hour and a quarter. It was the usual one prescribed by the ritual of the Greek Church, with one exception. Instead of the usual ceremony with the crown of orange blossoms, at the special request of the Queen of Greece, gold crowns, surmounted by a cross, were used. These were held over the head of the bride three times by Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George of Wales, and over the head of the bridegroom by the Czarewitch and Princes George and Nicholas of Greece. This ceremony was repeated when the bride and groom walked round the table three times.

At the moment the young couple were united a magnificent burst of red light poured through the colored windows of the cathedral, suffusing bride and groom, and producing a marvellous effect upon the brilliant uniforms and dresses.

The ceremony completed, the Princess Sophie kissed the King of Greece, the Queen of Greece, the Empress Frederick, the German Empress, and the Queen of Italy. She then kissed the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and the young princesses. The German Emperor kissed his mother heartily three times.

After the wedding the newly married couple gave a breakfast at their new home. In the afternoon the Duke of Sparta and Princess Sophie drove through the city in an open barouche amid the greatest enthusiasm. At night the whole city was illuminated and the entire population and many visitors paraded the streets cheering and shouting. The scene as the royal cortège drove through the streets of Athens was one of indescribable enthusiasm. Flowers were thrown into the bride's carriage, and huzzas of welcome rent the air. Empress Frederick was affected to tears by the warmth of her daughter's reception in her new home.

An Ancient Tradition.

All reports agree that the Greek populace is simply delirious with joy over the event, and that no such excited public welcome has been seen in a European capital before in our times. The splendor of the match from a political point of view might well arouse Hellenic enthusiasm, but the secret of the popular fervor lies in the old familiar tradition that the glories of the ancient Greek Empire would be revived when a ruler named Constantine should wed a bride named Sophia. The young heir to the Greek throne was avowedly named in deference to this tradition, and to the exuberant Athenian imagination there is nothing less than the hand of destiny in the fact that his German bride bears the name of Sophia.

Greece in Prophecy.

The very existence of a *king of Greece* at the present time is a remarkable fulfilment of prophecy, because the revival and distinct reappearance of Greece as a separate kingdom at the time of the end of this dispensation, when the last Antichrist shall arise, was distinctly predicted in Daniel 8, where Greece was prefigured as one of the four horns on the he-goat which

sprang up in the place of the notable horn, Alexander the Great. The Grecian Empire of Alexander was parted after his death among his four commanders, and thus dismembered into four kingdoms, *Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Thrace*.

Four hundred years ago the Turks conquered and absorbed these four kingdoms into the vast Ottoman Empire. But they must be separated and reappear as four kingdoms within their ancient boundaries at the time of the end, because Daniel foretells them to be then *re-existent*. "In the *latter time of their kingdom*, when the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance [Antichrist] shall stand up," and shall perish at Christ's second advent. This Antichrist is represented as a little Horn springing out of one of those Four Horns, and consequently those Four Horns will re-exist in clearly-defined separate distinctness at the time of the end.

It was, therefore, a fulfilment of prophecy when Greece revolted from Turkey in 1820, and in 1827-8 secured its complete political independence, and convened a national parliament, and had Otho I. appointed its king.

Greece must before long have Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia added to its territories, because it possessed those countries when it was one of the *four horn* kingdoms after Alexander the Great's death. And this enlargement of Greece northward will probably be accomplished within a few years.

CHRISTIAN EQUANIMITY IN AN EARTHQUAKE.

THE terrible earthquakes in Japan, previously mentioned in our news columns, have, it appears, furnished evidence of the power of grace in the Christian converts. Mr. Sidney Gulick, the missionary of the American Board at Kumamoto, where the earthquakes did most damage, writes: "The city seems to have been very near, if not actually, the centre of the disturbance. The ground was rent in many places, the fissures in the city ranging from an inch to two feet in width; from some cracks sand and water were ejected.

"The earthquakes began with a severe shock a little before midnight, which demolished several houses, threw down considerable portions of the great castle walls, and left its mark on all the houses of the city. On that first night four persons were killed in the city, and twenty-four in the province, while many were more or less injured by falling tiles and timbers and by fright. During the following twenty-four hours there were *more than fifty distinct shocks*, none, however, of a severity equal to the first, though they did much damage to the already weakened buildings. During the succeeding week the shocks decreased in frequency, and confidence began to return to the people, who had been living in booths in the streets and public squares.

"At this juncture there came a fresh earthquake of great severity, also in the dead of night. For two nights and nearly two days the people fled like frightened sheep. They ran through the streets in the dead of night crying aloud and calling on Buddha to help them, repeating time without number their single vain prayer, '*Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu*.' Parents lost their children, and children their parents; the sick were abandoned in their houses; and the lame and blind were left to care for themselves. What a scene that was, continued for nearly forty-eight hours, with the panic and terror kept at fever heat by the frequent shocks and thundering detonations of the rending rocks!"

"But this time of terror was just the time for the Christians to manifest the superiority of their faith, and they rose nobly to the emergency. Taking counsel together, they went to the city officials and offered to turn over two school buildings into hospitals. Their offer was eagerly accepted, and the officials promised to furnish the medicines and physicians needed. They also consulted together about other measures to be taken for the safety of the city and people. The coolness and wisdom of our Chris-

tian leaders inspired the officials with confidence, who then went about their work with coolness. The result was soon seen throughout the city: the panic began to subside, the sick, the lame, the blind, and the homeless were soon provided for; a few days later confidence was quite restored, stores were open, and the people had largely returned to their customary work."

WORK IN BRAZIL.

THE work of the Presbyterian missionaries in Brazil, though carried on under grave discouragements is making progress, and the missionaries are cheered by some remarkably hopeful circumstances. The Rev. A. L. Blackford, D. D., writing from Bahia to *The Church*, mentions the following among others: At our communion here on the 2d instant one young woman was received on profession of faith. Her mother was formerly a slave, but has been for a number of years a member of our church. The girl was brought up by a lady of means, who treated her very kindly and was strongly attached to her. About two years ago the lady made it a condition of remaining with her that the girl should give up reading a New Testament her mother had given her and should promise to continue a Roman Catholic. This she declined doing, and left a comfortable home to earn her own living in difficult and often trying circumstances, and she has ever since maintained a steady and correct deportment.

Some months since a soldier of the police force, who had learned of the gospel still further in the interior, went to reside in Bomfim. He is naturally intelligent and of a decided and active character, and through his influence a number of persons have become deeply interested in the truth. His name is Sant' Annas. Another police soldier, who had heard of the gospel from Sant' Annas, stationed at a town in a neighboring district and who is at work in a similar way. He has written me requesting books and tracts to be sent by mail. These soldiers may at any time be sent from one place to another. Sant' Annas in fourteen years' service has been over a good deal of the province.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Old Lady in the Gallery.—A Minister related that "a great meeting of Methodists was held on the death of John Wesley. They mourned the loss of their founder, and great fears were expressed lest Methodism would cease to be a power in the land. One old woman in the chapel gallery, unable to listen in silence any longer, shouted, 'Glory be to God, what you say is a lie! Though Mr. Wesley is dead, the Lord is living.' The meeting accepted her words as a message from God."

Fighting the Deadly Cobra.—Mr. Hutchieson says: "In India there is a small animal called the chechnuse, which is the deadly enemy of the cobra-di-capello. When the two meet, a fight inevitably ensues. Sometimes it happens that the snake stings the chechnuse. At once the animal retires and seeks a certain shrub, which it eats. This shrub counteracts the poison and renders it impervious to stings which it may sustain in the renewed fight; for it immediately returns to the conflict, and, re-attacking the cobra, never leaves it until it is killed. Christians, you have felt the sting of sin, but have come to Christ and received from Him the antidote. Should you not imitate the little chechnuse, and return to wage unceasing and exterminating war against your old enemy, the devil, that you may thus be instrumental in saving some of your fellows from his clutches?"

Christ Found in a Railway Train.—Mr. Duncan, a Scotch drummer, observes: "A few days ago, I was coming from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and as I stood in the station, I asked the Lord to direct me into a compartment in which I could do some work for Him. I seemed to be led into an empty carriage, and as I got in I said to myself, 'Well, Lord, thou knowest best.' Soon after I was seated an old man entered, and at once I thought this was he with whom the

Lord intended me to deal; but just as the train was starting, a young man rushed up, and, jerking the door open, jumped in. When he was seated I recognized him as a young fellow whom I had seen at the hotel in Stranraer, and with whom I had been very anxious to speak regarding his soul, and I at once broached the subject, and found that although he was not a Christian he was ready to be led to Christ. We had a very good time of it. I showed him the way to salvation, and there and then in the carriage he embraced Christ as his Saviour. When we arrived at Glasgow we were both rejoicing, he in the possession of a newly found Saviour, I because I was used in leading him to Him."

A Nightly Visit to the Children.—Dr. George F. Pentecost says: "One of the last things that I do at night when I am at home is to visit my children as they lie asleep. I go into one room, and there lies my little girl slumbering peacefully. She does not know that I am there. I go gently over, and looking tenderly down upon my sleeping child I breathe a prayer over her, then, kissing her lightly, I slip from the room. She never knows of these nightly visits, nor how I yearn over her. When I leave her room, I go to that in which my little boy sleeps, and there the same scene is repeated. As I stand by his bedside and recall his day's behavior, I rejoice with thanks to God as I note good qualities opening, or become anxious as evil propensities make their appearance. Do you think the prayers of a father or mother are of no use to a son or daughter? I tell you a righteous parent's prayers form a circle of steel, against which many of Satan's sharpest, heaviest, and most envenomed javelins fall powerless. Next to the grace of God I have to thank the prayers of my righteous mother for keeping me straight."

A Clever Passenger on Board.—"A Young Scotch minister said to Dr. Jamieson, as he pointed to three or four hundred young ministers, 'Do you not sometimes think, Doctor, that the Church would not get on very well without us?' The Doctor smiled, and remarked, 'That reminds me of a certain passenger on board an emigrant ship. He was constantly going among the sailors, telling them how to do this thing and the other, and showing them generally that he knew much better how to manage a ship than they did. One day a storm was coming on, and the officious passenger was much concerned. He came up to the captain, and warned him that the ship and all on board would soon be at the bottom, as the sailors were thoroughly incompetent. The captain listened, and agreeing with him, said it was very unfortunate, especially just then, as he needed a man on whom he could implicitly rely. 'I could trust you,' said the captain, 'if you would do it.' 'I am at your service' was the reply. 'Thank you,' said the captain. 'You see this rope; now I want some one to hold that with all his might, and not let it slip while there is any danger.' The passenger was delighted, and readily accepted the task. Throughout the whole night he stood at his post, firmly believing he was serving the ship. It was only the next morning he heard that the rope had been of no use whatever, except to keep him out of the way!' Some of us imagine, like the young minister, that we are doing all the work and forwarding Christ's cause, when in reality we are either in the way of God's workers, or are standing idly by, doing nothing, while we flatter ourselves we are doing much."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for November:

That Glorious Future. By Rev. J. L. Thompson.
Prophetic Diagrams.
General Signs of the Times and Those Relating to Israel.
By Rev. E. Guers, of Geneva.
Seven Proofs that Antichrist is Future.
H. I. H. Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte in Brussels.
The Coming of Christ. Address by an Evangelist of the Catholic Apostolic Church.
Remarkable Vision, July 14, 1889.
"Outidas" Gladstone.
Passing Events. Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Prepared for Delivery in Rome, Italy, on November 10, 1889.

"I must also see Rome." Acts 19:21.

Why Paul Wanted to See Rome—Objects Which Must Have Interested Him—A Journey in Search of Confirmation of Faith—Scenes in Which Apostles Were Martyred—Paul Bent on Sight-seeing—Christian Curiosity—Death an Embarkation on a Voyage of Discovery—Works Which Survive Life—We Build for Eternity—Associations With the Mightiest Intellect of the Ages—Paul's Education—The Future Triumph of Christianity—The Eternal Rendezvous.

HERE is Paul's itineracy. He was a travelling or circuit preacher. He had been mobbed and insulted, and the more good he did the worse the world treated him. But he went right on. Now he proposes to go to Jerusalem, and says, "After that I must also see Rome." Why did he want to visit this wonderful city in which I am to-day permitted to stand? "To preach the gospel," you answer. No doubt of it; but there were other reasons.

Why He Wanted to See Rome.

A man of Paul's intelligence and classic taste had fifty other reasons for wanting to see it. Your Colosseum was at that time in process of erection, and he wanted to see it. The Forum was even then an old structure, and the eloquent apostle wanted to see that building in which eloquence had so often thundered and wept. Over the Appian Way the triumphal processions had already marched for hundreds of years, and he wanted to see that. The Temple of Saturn was already an antiquity, and he wanted to see that. The architecture of the world-renowned city, he wanted to see that. The places associated with the triumphs, the cruelties, the disasters, the wars, the military genius, the poetic and the rhetorical fame of this great city, he wanted to see them. A man like Paul, so many-sided, so sympathetic, so emotional, so full of analogy, could not have been indifferent to the

Antiquities and Splendors

which move every rightly organized human being. And with what thrill of interest he walked these streets, those only who for the first time, like ourselves, enter Rome can imagine. If the inhabitants of all Christendom were gathered into one plain, and it were put to them which two cities they would above all others wish to see, the vast majority of them would vote Jerusalem and Rome. So we can understand something of the record of my text, and its surroundings, when it says, Paul purposed in the spirit when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia to go to Jerusalem, saying: "After that I must also see Rome."

As some of you are aware, with my family and only for the purpose of what we can learn, and the good we can get, I am on the way to Palestine. Since leaving Brooklyn, N. Y., this is the first place we have stopped. Intermediate cities are attractive, but we have visited them in other years, and we hastened on, for I said, before starting, that while I was going to see Jerusalem, I must also see Rome. Why do I want to see it? Because I want, by visiting regions associated with the great apostle to the Gentiles, to have

My Faith in Christianity

confirmed. There are those who will go through large expenditure to have their faith weakened. In my native land I have known persons of very limited means to pay fifty cents or a dollar to hear a lecturer prove that our Christian religion is a myth, a dream, a cheat, a lie. On the contrary, I will give all the thousands of dollars that this journey of my family will cost to have additional evidence that our Christian religion is an authenticated grandeur, a solemn, a joyous, a rapturous, a stupendous, a magnificent fact. So I want to see Rome. I want you to show me the places connected with apostolic ministry. I have heard that in your city, and amid its surroundings, apostles suffered and died for Christ's sake. My common sense tells me that people do not die for the sake of a falsehood. They

may practice a deception for purposes of gain, but put the sword to their heart, or arrange the halter around their neck, or kindle the fire around their feet, and they would say, My life is worth more than anything I can gain by losing it. I hear you have in this city

Paul's Dungeon.

Show it to me. I must see Rome also. While I am interested in this city because of her rulers or her citizens, who are mighty in history for virtue or vice or talents; Romulus and Caligula and Cincinnatus and Vespasian and Coriolanus and Brutus, and a hundred others whose names are bright with an exceeding brightness, or black with the deepest dye; most of all am I interested in this city because the preacher of Mars' Hill, and the defier of Agrippa, and the hero of the shipwrecked vessel in the breakers of Melita, and the man who held, higher than any one that the world ever saw, the torch of Resurrection, lived and preached and was massacred here. Show me every place connected with his memory. I must also see Rome.

But my text suggest that in Paul there was the inquisitive and curious spirit. Had my text only meant that he wanted to preach here he would have said so. Indeed, in another place he declared: "I am ready to preach the gospel to you who are at Rome also." But my text suggests a sight-seeing. This man, who had been under Dr. Gamaliel, had no lack of phraseology, and was used to saying exactly what he meant, and he said, "I must also see Rome." There is such a thing as

Christian Curiosity.

Paul had it, and some of us have it. About other people's business I have no curiosity. About all that can confirm my faith in the Christian religion, and the world's salvation, and the soul's future happiness, I am full of an all-absorbing all-compelling curiosity. Paul had a great curiosity about the next world, and so have we. I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. No well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there! Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know, after the body is resurrected, what they wear, and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find the American continent, and shall we shudder to go out on

A Voyage of Discovery

which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs; and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn, with alpenstock and guides and rockets and ropes, and, getting half-way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold, and said in joy: "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Paul himself before he died.

Friends, the exit from this world—or death, if

you please to call it—to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt, and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany and geology and astronomy and theology. Oh, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved.

Who will Fear to Go

out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity? As this Paul of my text did not suppress his curiosity, we need not suppress ours. Yes, I have an unlimited curiosity about all religious things, and as this city of Rome was so intimately connected with apostolic times, the incidents of which emphasize and explain and augment the Christian religion, you will not take it as an evidence of a prying spirit, but as the outbursting of a Christian curiosity when I say I must also see Rome.

Our desire to visit this city is also intensified by the fact that we want to be confirmed in the feeling that human

Life is Brief, But Work Lasts

for centuries; indeed, forever. Therefore, show us the antiquities of old Rome, about which we have been reading for a lifetime, but never seen. In our beloved America we have no antiquities. A church eighty years old overawes us with its age. We have in America some cathedrals hundreds and thousands of years old, but they are in Yellowstone Park, or Californian cañon, and their architecture and masonry were by the omnipotent God. We want to see the buildings, or ruins of old buildings, that were erected hundreds and thousands of years ago by human hands. They lived forty or seventy years, but the arches they lifted, the paintings they pencilled, the sculpture they chiselled, the roads they laid out, I understand, are yet to be seen, and we want you to show them to us. I can hardly wait until Monday morning. I must also see Rome. We want to be impressed with the fact that what men do on a small scale or large scale lasts a thousand years, lasts forever, that

We Build for Eternity,

and that we do so in a very short space of time. God is the only old living presence. But it is an old age without any of the infirmities or limitations of old age. There is a passage of Scripture which speaks of the birth of the mountains, for there was a time when the Andes were born, and the Pyrenees were born, and the Sierra Nevada were born; but before the birth of those mountains, the Bible tells us, God was born, aye, was never born at all, because He always existed. (Psalm 90:2) "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God." How short is human life! what antiquity attaches to its worth! How everlasting is God! Show us the antiquities, the things that were old when America was discovered, old when Paul went up and down these streets sight-seeing, old when Christ was born. I must, I must also see Rome!

Another reason for our visit to this city is that we want to see the places where the mightiest intellects and the greatest natures wrought for our Christian religion. We have been told in America by some people of swollen heads that the Christian religion is a pusillanimous thing, good for children under seven years of age and small-brained people, but not for the intelligent and swarthy-minded. We have heard of your Constantine the mighty, who pointed his army to the cross, saying, "By this conquer!" If there be anything here connected with his reign, or his military history, show it to us.

The Mightiest Intellect of the Ages
 was the author of my text, and if for the Christian religion he was willing to labor and suffer and die, there must be something exalted and sublime and tremendous in it; and show me every place he visited, and show me, if you can, where he was tried, and which of your roads leads out to Ostia, that I may see where he went out to die. We expect, before we finish this journey, to see Lake Galilee, and the places where Simon Peter and Andrew fished; and perhaps we may drop a net or a hook and line into those waters ourselves, but when following the track of those lesser apostles I will learn quite another lesson. I want, while in this city of Rome, to study the religion of the brainiest of the apostles. I want to follow, as far as we can trace it, the track of this great intellect of my text, who wanted to see Rome also. He was a logician, he was a metaphysician, he was an all-conquering orator, he was a poet of the highest type. He had a nature that could swamp the leading men of his own day, and, hurled against the Sanhedrim, he made it tremble. He learned all he could get in the school of his native village, then he had gone to a higher school, and there had mastered the Greek and the Hebrew, and perfected himself in belles-lettres, until, in after years,

He Astounded the Athenians,
 and the Cretans, and the Corinthians, by quotations from their own authors. I have never found anything in Carlyle, or Goethe, or Herbert Spencer that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's epistles. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir William Hamilton that shows such mental discipline as you find in Paul's argument about justification and resurrection. I have not found anything in Milton finer in the way of imagination than I can find in Paul's illustrations drawn from the amphitheatre. There was nothing in Robert Emmet pleading for his life, or in Edmund Burke arraigning Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, that compared with the scene in the courtroom when, before robed officials, Paul bowed and began his speech, saying, "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day." I repeat, that a religion that can capture a man like that must have some power in it.

It is time our wiseacres stopped talking as though all the brain of the world were opposed to Christianity. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow. I am glad to know that Christ has, in the different ages of the world, had in his discipleship a Mozart and a Handel in music; a Raphael and a Reynolds in painting; an Angelo and a Canova in sculpture; a Rush and a Harvey in medicine; a Grotius and a Washington in statesmanship; a Blackstone, a Marshall, and a Kent in the law; and the time will come when

The Religion of Christ Will Conquer
 all the observatories and universities, and philosophy will, through her telescope, behold the morning star of Jesus, and in her laboratory see that "all things work together for good," and with her geological hammer discern the "Rock of Ages." Oh, instead of cowering and shivering when the sceptic stands before us, and talks of religion as though it were a pusillanimous thing—instead of that, let us take out our New Testament and read the story of Paul at Rome, or come and see this city for ourselves, and learn that it could have been no weak gospel that actuated such a man, but that it is an all-conquering gospel—aye! for all ages the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

Men, brethren, and fathers! I thank you for this opportunity of preaching the gospel to you that are of Rome also. The churches of America salute you. Upon you who are, like us, strangers in Rome, I pray the protecting and journeying care of God. Upon you who are resident here, I pray grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. After tarrying here a few days we resume our journey for Palestine, and should we never meet again, either in Italy or America, or what is called the

Holy Land, there is a holier land, and there we may meet, saved by the grace that in the same way saves Italian and American, and there, in that supernal clime, after embracing Him who, by His sufferings on the hill back of Jerusalem, made our heaven possible, and given salutation to our own kindred whose departure broke our hearts on earth, we shall, I think, seek out the travelling preacher and mighty hero of the text who marked out his journey through Macedonia and Achaia to Jerusalem, saying: "After I have been there, I must also see Rome."

THE LATE PROFESSOR CHRISTLIEB, OF BONN UNIVERSITY.

(See Portrait on Page 732.)

THE cause of evangelical Christianity has lost a distinguished and valiant champion by the death of Professor Christlieb (whose portrait appears on page 732), who filled the chair of Theology at the University of Bonn until September of this year, when he entered into rest. Both by tongue and pen he labored indefatigably to stem the tide of Rationalism, which is sapping the faith of Germany's most brilliant sons, and to lead young men to trust in Christ instead of in their own unaided reason. The value of such a man in our day cannot be overestimated. It is from the learned, the deep thinkers and able logicians, that the doubt and scepticism which are so prevalent in all lands proceed, and young men are in consequence apt to imagine that learning and faith cannot exist together. In Professor Christlieb they saw them combined, and they were reassured by their knowledge of his character. Like our own Dr. McCosh, he was a leader whom any young man might feel safe in following. God can raise up men like him to take his place, or we might be tempted to feel that his loss was irreparable.

Theodore Christlieb was born at Birkenfeld, in Würtemberg, March 7, 1833. He was, therefore, little more than fifty-six years old when he died. His father was pastor at Birkenfeld, and afterward Dean of the Church of Würtemberg at Ludwigsburg. At the age of eighteen he entered the University of Tübingen, in which he remained from 1851 to 1855. For a short time afterward he was engaged as private tutor to a nobleman's family at Montpellier, in France, and then entered the gospel ministry, discharging for ten years the duties of assistant pastor at Würtemberg; during this time he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1858, by very special request, he went to London for the purpose of spending a short time in Christian work among the German young men who are employed there in large numbers as clerks and mechanics. He hired a room under a Congregational Church, but the work grew so rapidly and extensively under his hands that he was persuaded to remain, and a church was built for the congregation which he gathered around him. A German Young Men's Christian Association was also formed through his efforts. He stayed seven years in London, and during that time did much valuable work, especially by his course of lectures, in German, on the Evidences of Christianity.

In 1865 he returned to Germany and became pastor of Friedrichshafen, where he labored for three years. In 1868 he received the call to the position in which he became famous the world over as Professor of Theology at Bonn. This was congenial occupation, for there was no work he loved so well or for which he was so well fitted as that of leading young men to Christ and training them for Christian work. At the same time his power as a debater, his erudition, and his stalwart defence of the doctrines of the gospel, won for him the much-prized distinction of the D. D. degree of the University of Berlin.

In 1885, in conjunction with the Rev. E. Schrenk and other friends, Professor Christlieb founded the *German Evangelization Society*, in connection with which a *training-school for evangelists* was afterward opened at Bonn, called the *Johanneum*. Homiletical lectures were delivered gratuitously by Professor Christlieb,

who made a practice of hearing the students preach, and then, by kind, critical suggestions, aided them in the preparation of their sermons. Additional rooms have recently been added to the *Johanneum*, in order to extend the accommodation for the reception of more students. To the influence of this institution is due, under God, in no small measure the reaction which has in some of the German Universities set in against the deadly Rationalism which formerly prevailed, and in favor of evangelical truth.

Besides this double work, he found time to prepare his valuable work on *Modern Doubt and Christian Belief*, which has been translated into English and extensively circulated here and in England. Professor Christlieb has also rendered noble service to the same cause by a paper read in 1873 before the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, on *The Best Methods of Counteracting Modern Infidelity*. In pamphlet form this paper has been published in English, French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Italian, and Greek, and has exercised a powerful influence by its thorough exposure of the hollowness of current unbelief, and by its admirable counsels as to the spirit and method by which it is to be met and refuted. Of late years Professor Christlieb's name has also been prominently before the public as the historian and advocate of Christian missions, by his work entitled *Protestant Foreign Missions: Their Present State*. Many other works have also issued from his pen during his thirty years of labor, all bearing on the same all-important subject.

BISHOP TAYLOR IN ENGLAND.

THE indefatigable and energetic Bishop Taylor is now paying a visit to England, and thus writes to one of its journals: "I have just arrived from the Congo. My principal business, on a hasty trip, to return to West Africa in a few weeks, is to complete arrangements with the builder of our steamer, to send a master builder from his yard to put her together, and set her afloat as quickly as possible. Happily, delays are not always failures, but often essential conditions to ultimate success. I believe it will be so in regard to our unexpected delays with the steamer."

"The teaching force of all the facts in the case bring us clearly to the conclusion that the planting of missions extensively in the great and populous countries of the upper Kassai and Sankura requires that we have a chain of missions, and a transport agency and facilities, extending from the sea to the centre of the continent, giving us, by the way, a neglected, densely populated region, belonging to the Congo State, on the north side of Lower Congo, 100 by 250 miles in extent. The older missions are working on the south side of the Congo, so that we shall in no way encroach on them. So, as a part of these foundation arrangements on the Lower Congo, essential to success on the Upper Congo waterways, we find that our steamer is needed, by twenty to one, more on the Lower Congo than upon the Upper. We shall build her at Vivi, to carry missionaries and mission goods from ship's side at Banana 100 miles up the river to Vivi."

"In connection with this we will build a steel launch, to be propelled by oars and sails, to carry up river cargoes through the middle passage of Congo, eighty-eight miles from Isangila to Manyanga. When this is developed, then we shall require a small steamer for the Kassai and the Sankura. We needed such a boat in 1886, when we had a force waiting at Stanley Pool, who would have met *Dr. Summers*, who entered by the Angola route, at Luluaburg, but we could not, on any of the five little steamers on the Upper Congo about the time of his arrival, get a passage for one missionary. Now there are a dozen little steamers on those waters, and we can get a passage to take up a successor to dear *Dr. Summers* and others also, to keep our promise to the Bashalange people and other nations beyond, till we can complete arrangements below, as aforesaid, for the planting of missions in those far interior countries on a broad scale."

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for November 24, 1 Kings 3; Golden Text, Prov. 8: 11.

Solomon's Unwise Marriage—Innovation in Worship—His Greatness God-Given—A Worker's Painful Experience—The National Convention—Personal Intercourse with God—The King's Gifts Accepted—His Humble View of Himself—His Desire for a Hearing Heart—All that it Implies—His Request Granted—A Definite Transaction—The Gift Tested.

AFTER the death of David, and after he had fulfilled the last direction given to him by his father, Solomon next turned his attention to taking a consort, and, apparently without God's direction, he married Pharaoh's daughter. This was, humanly speaking, a politic step, which would strengthen his kingdom in the eyes of the surrounding nations. But if he had sought a wife, as Abraham sought one for his son, from the hand of God, how much more blessed the life of Solomon might have been! Pharaoh's daughter may have been, and probably was, a very beautiful and gifted woman, but if she had been to him all that a godly wife should be to her husband, how would he have also loved many strange women?

At this time "Solomon loved the Lord, walking in the statutes of David his father, *only* he sacrificed incense in high places." The very mention of this would infer a tendency to want of simplicity in worship, though now only latent, and like a dangerous germ in his life. He loved

The Lord, *Only*.

How often this may be said of some child of God! He is a Christian, *only* he is so conceited; she is a Christian, *only* she does so talk against others, etc., etc. Oh how many more there are of the damaged article Christianity than of the original, genuine type, when men "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus," when "none of them said of aught that he possessed that it was his own," and "great grace was upon them all." (Acts 4: 13, 32, 33.)

Solomon "was strengthened in his kingdom, and the Lord his God was with him and magnified him exceedingly." (II Chron. 1: 1.) His greatness was not imperilled, it was not intrinsic, but it was given of God. Let us never forget that wealth, position, talent, or any other earthly advantage is ours only by grace, and is given us only to "profit withal" (I Cor. 12: 7); all that we possess we have for the glory of God and for the good of men and not for ourselves.

A worker who had been much used of God for the conversion of souls, had never fully learned the capital lesson of Christianity, "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." (II Cor. 5: 15.) God provided her with a comfortable home where she could live in ease and luxury, and she took for granted that after her faithful work for God she had a right to expect a quiet and enjoyable end of life. But God loved her better than she knew, and permitted the enemy to afflict her with dangerous and painful sickness. She could not understand God's dealings with her, and thought it hard that she, who had labored for Him, should experience what looked so much like punishment. What did it all mean? Just this: even in her work for God she had lived to herself, she had enjoyed being the instrument used, had eagerly drunk in the flattery of admirers, and, while in real earnest for souls, was not in any real sense "a living sacrifice" to God, and He was now calling her to see

How Unlike Jesus

were all her plans, and how she had yet to learn to let Him make her plans, and take the reins of her life in His hands. For this He waited that He might heal her, and give her a far happier old age in unselfish service than she could have had in the gratification of her own tastes.

Then Solomon held his first great national assembly; he gathered the captains of thousands, and of hundreds, the judges, and every governor in all Israel, the chief of the fathers, and they

went with him to the tabernacle of the Lord, which was pitched at Gibeon, and there Solomon, in the presence of assembled Israel, offered a thousand burnt offerings upon the brazen altar. It was a magnificent testimony of the honor in which he held his God; he meant all Israel to know that he was not ashamed of his God or of his worship. It was a good beginning, and God was pleased with it. But the whole of this zeal might have been manifested without any heart to heart intercourse between him and God: it is this latter which God prizes. "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth;" "the Father seeketh such to worship Him" (John 4: 23, 24.) But this always begins by a revelation of God to our souls. Oh, it is indeed a new birth when first real, personal intercourse takes place between Him and us, and we know with "joy unspeakable and full of glory," that God is speaking to us. Solomon may have known this before, but at this time it is recorded. It was

"In That Night,"

after the thousand burnt offerings had been offered by Solomon in Gibeon (II Chron. 1: 7), that "the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream . . . and God said, Ask what I shall give thee." Solomon had been giving to God. It is a wondrous grace that God will ever receive anything at our hands; and we know little of our true relation to God, if we are proud or self satisfied, when we are permitted to give Him anything. David has the right spirit when he says, "But who am I, or what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? For all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given thee." But although we cannot give to God anything but of His own, yet "God loveth a cheerful giver." (II Cor. 9: 7.) He marked the widow's mite (Mark 12: 42, 44): He said, "who-soever shall give you a cup of cold water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." (Mark 9: 41.) Nevertheless, on God's side as well as on ours, "it is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20: 35), and He loves a receiving spirit which will value His gifts as much as a cheerful giver who will count God worthy of anything and all which we can give Him. Ask what I shall give thee. Every promise of our God for spirit, soul, and body is spread out before us, and His spirit lights them up as He speaks these words to us.

"And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee." Solomon recognized that God's grace to his father was according to his walk with Him. "And thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord, *my* God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father; and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in." Oh, if Solomon had always remained a little child in his own eyes, he would have been safe from the many snares into which he fell afterwards. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18: 3.) The child spirit is the true preparation for blessing. "I know not" is the true preparation for being guided by God. "If any man thinketh that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." (I Cor. 8: 2.) "And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding ('hearing,' margin) heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?"

A Hearing Heart.

Oh what a gift of God! A heart attentive to His voice, a heart which leans not to its own understanding, but is open to God's rebuke, to His caution as well as to His comfort. A hearing heart is never in a hurry, for if God can wait,

so can His child. A hearing heart is never anxious, because it has learned to cast all its care on God, knowing that He careth for His child. A hearing heart is never self-conscious; the presence of God blots out its own presence. A hearing heart is never unkind, it lives so near to Him who is love, that it cannot but love as He loves. This hearing heart is, in the language of the gospel, simply a heart which abides in Christ. Solomon was simply yielding himself up to the direct and continual guidance of his God.

God was "pleased." Oh how glorious that God can be pleased with sinful man! But for the precious blood of Christ, it could not be. "And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life: neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold, I have done according to thy words; lo,

I Have Given Thee

a wise and an understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee." Solomon had the word of God for it, but there is no evidence that he felt himself any wiser than before; God was his guarantee that it was so. This was enough. It is thus God would have us take His promises, taking for granted that what He says must be in the very nature of things. "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." (Ps. 33: 9.) Oh how much we miss of God's blessing because we do not take the Word of God in its simplicity, without some side evidence of feelings to endorse it!

God's measure is not our measure; He always gives as much as we can contain, "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." He said to Solomon, "And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor; so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, as thy father David did walk, then will I lengthen thy days." It was like our God to give, and to give more abundantly in this manner. "Solomon awoke, and behold, it was a dream;" but it was no ordinary dream which comes simply "through the multitude of business" (Eccl. 5: 3), it was the Lord speaking in a dream (Num. 12: 6), and Solomon commemorated it by standing before the Ark of the Covenant in Jerusalem, as though to ratify the matter, and he offered burnt offerings and peace offerings, and "made a feast to all his servants." So real, so definite, was this transaction with God to him.

It was not long before his wisdom was put to the proof. All manner of causes came before him for judgment. On one occasion "two women that were harlots" came and "stood before him." The first woman stated that both of them had recently become mothers, that the other woman had overlaid her infant and it had died, and that while she herself still slept, the other woman, finding her own child dead, had risen up at midnight and changed the babes, she knowing nothing of it till the morning, when she awoke and found the other woman's child in the place of hers. The other woman denied the statement, and claimed the living child as hers. Thus they disputed before the king each claiming the living child, each repudiating the dead one. The king commanded that a sword should be brought, and the living child divided between them. "Then spake the woman whose the living child was unto the king (for her bowels yearned upon her son), and she said, O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it. But the other said, Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it. Then the king answered and said, Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it, she is the mother thereof." It was God's wisdom given to the "hearing heart." And now was manifest that which God had spoken: "All Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged, and they feared the king: for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him to do judgment."

THE MISSION AT LONE WOLF'S CAMP.

A LETTER just received from the Rev. W. F. Re Qua describes his journey to this remote Indian settlement. It is sixty-five miles from the nearest railroad point, and the same distance from the Government agency. The hopeful feature of the work is that it is undertaken at Lone Wolf's urgent request, and he is heartily in sympathy with it. On his arrival Mr. Re Qua found the logs ready cut and drawn to build the school-house, as Lone Wolf had promised. While it is being built Mr. Re Qua and his helpers will live in tents, though the weather is getting very cold. The brave missionary, however, is full of faith and hope. He is cheered by the welcome he has received, and the evident desire of the people to hear the gospel and to get some education. "If the dear readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," says Mr. Re Qua, "could see the people out here, and the need for mission work, their hearts would be melted, and we should soon have all the funds we need."

What Mr. Re Qua needs just now is money to pay for the floors and windows which must be bought; a few barrels of clothing to make the poorest of the children decent, and some old school-books and lithograph pictures of simple objects to aid in teaching the school. These requests are by no means extravagant, and we shall be surprised if they are not speedily met. All clothing should be addressed to Rev. W. F. Re Qua, Vernon, Wilbarger County, Texas. Gifts of money and letters should be addressed to him at Post-Office, Quartz City, Greer County, Ind. Ter.

TWO INSTANTANEOUS ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

IN an article by Dr. E. K. Alden on "The Place Occupied in the Missionary Work by Prayer" in the *Missionary Herald* he quotes two notable cases reported by the senior missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Ceylon, who says:

"I may mention two most striking cases of answer to prayer. One was the case of young C— last year, during the time of prayer-meetings held by Mr. Chelliah Pilly at Nellore. There was a large gathering of Christians and heathen present, when one of the new converts proposed to pray for his friend Mr. C—, who was led astray from Christ by his own bad example and counsel and by giving him infidel books, etc. With unspeakable grief he knelt down in prayer to God to save this soul. About twenty to twenty-five, one after another, pastors, catechists, and other who were moved by the Spirit of God to pray, knelt down and poured out their hearts, wrestling with God fervently for the conversion of this soul, and singing appropriate songs at intervals which would inspire trust in the merits of Christ. The result was that this infidel was touched by the Spirit of God, and he began to sob and cry. His stubborn heart melted; and, as he afterwards confessed, some power which he could not withstand worked in him—the power of God. Thus we saw a proud heart which was opposed to all persuasions subdued, and he returned home with a childlike, Christian heart. It was curiosity that took him to the meeting there, but God gave him the gift of salvation in Christ Jesus. Thank God, that convert from that day forward lives a consistent Christian life, and he has been the means of leading his wife and others to Christ. He continues an earnest Christian. I can never forget this scene. The power of prayer was never so strongly felt in my heart, and by many others present, as on that day when God so miraculously saved this soul. The heathen marveled at this conversion."

"The second case was the conversion of one A—, who belonged to the family of priests who officiated in the Maruthady temple next to us. I never even dreamed that this young man will ever become a Christian, though I doubted not the power of God to convert him. This also happened during the occasion of a prayer-meeting held at Dr. Mills's house by Mr. Paul and myself. The people of the family were present, and joined in praying and singing, and the spirit of prayer began to blaze in every one

as fire from heaven. All this occurred while this young man was standing in the veranda outside listening to the prayers, and filled with groans and grief, thinking that there are none who will take notice and pray for him. He was right in so thinking, as none of us cared to have him in the meeting, for we never expected he will ever be a Christian. Having closed the meeting, we came outside, and saw this young man with a sad face leaning against the wall. We took him, and prayed, and prayed one after another, interspersed with singing, asking him if he does believe the merits of Christ to save him, and persuaded him to surrender himself entirely to Christ. God touched his heart, and from that time forward he lives as a Christian, and works for the salvation of others. He has given up his caste, and his relatives have cast him out of their society. These trials he has borne with much Christian fortitude. This is another striking example of instantaneous answer to prayer."

DANIEL'S EIGHT NOTABLE DAYS OF PROPHETIC EVENTS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

IT is remarkable that Daniel's Dates show that there are *Eight Days* of the year that will be days of extraordinary future prophetic events, and we give them here in order of the successive months in which they occur, and not in the order of the years in which they happen.

In the future Millennium of 1,000 years these Eight Days will be marked in Almanacks and Calendars, as Anniversary days of the great historical events mentioned below, just as in modern Almanacks, June 18 is set down as the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, and August 15 as the birthday of Napoleon I., and November 9, as Lord's Mayor's day in London, being the commencement of his year of office, etc.

These future Eight Great Prophetic Days are—January 26, February 25, March 5, April 4, April 12, April 21, August 14–15 (the Jewish day from afternoon to afternoon), and November 8. The particulars of these days are as follows:—

I. JANUARY 26, 1901, about 3 p. m., will be the end of time, times and half time, or 1,260 days or 42 months, which will be the political term of office for which the Imperial Antichrist Napoleon will, according to Daniel 7: 25; 12: 7; Revelation 12: 6, 14; 13: 5; 17: 12, 13, be elected by universal suffrage to reign as Roman Emperor over Ten Antichristian Kings of the Ten Kingdoms of Caesar's original Roman Empire, viz., France, Britain, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and the Balkan states. The Ten Kings (who probably also may be Napoleons) will be elected by plebiscites to reign for the same term of 1,260 days, which will expire on January 26, 1901, as it will have commenced on the Jewish day, August 14–15, 1897.

Antichrist is to "change times and laws" (Dan. 7: 25), and we believe that just like the Mohammedan Antichrist, he will establish a new style of Calendar, slightly varying, however, from the Mohammedan lunar year system and consisting of precisely 360 days or 12 months of 30 days, *i. e.*, three decays of ten days. And this Calendar may be expected to commence on the Jewish day corresponding with the Bonapartist Fête Day and birthday of Napoleon I., viz., Aug. 14–15, 1897, because according to Dan. 12: 12, it is to commence 1,335 days before April 11, the last day of this Age.

Hence three years and a half, or three times and a half, by the future new Napoleonic Calendar will reach from the Jewish day, August 14–15, 1897, to January 26, 1901.

II. The afternoon of FEBRUARY 25, 1901, will be the end of the 2,300 days and the 1,290 days, which are 30 days longer than the 1,260 days, and which, therefore, will end 30 days after January 26, 1901, viz., on February 25, 1901. These 1,290 days are stated in Daniel 12: 11 to be "The time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination of desolation set up" by the erection of Napoleon's Image in the holy place of the rebuilt temple at Jerusalem on Saturday, August 14, 1897, but it will be cast down by iconoclastic hands on Saturday, Feb.

25, 1901, and thus the sanctuary will be cleansed at the conjoint end of the 2,300 days and the 1,290 days at the distance of 45 days before April 11, 1901, the last day of this Age (Daniel 13: 14; 12: 11, 12). The 1,290 and 45 make up the 1,335.

III. The afternoon of Thursday, MARCH 5, 1896, will be the end of Daniel's 69 weeks of literal days, or 483 days, which commence on Thursday, November 8, 1894, with the renewal of sacrifices in a temple at Jerusalem, and also with "the going forth of a command to rebuild Jerusalem," as predicted in Daniel 9: 25. "From the going forth of the command to rebuild Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks," (*i. e.*, 69 weeks of literal days in the literal day fulfilment), "And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be made a covenant."

These words, according to the best interpretation, imply that these future 69 weeks extend unto Messiah's Second Advent, when He will be made a covenant to His waiting people, by translating them to meet Him in the heavens, and therefore March 5, 1896, is thus indicated to be the day of this great event, as being the end of the 69 weeks, which will begin on November 8, 1894, because, according to Daniel 9: 24, they are "divided off" or "determined" from the commencing part of the 2,300 days which extend from Nov. 8, 1894, to Feb. 25, 1901.

IV. APRIL 4, 1901, which is Passover Day in that year, will be a notable day as being the day of Antichrist's future Covenant with the Jews for one week of seven literal days until April 11, 1901, in literal day fulfilment of Daniel 9: 27.

V. APRIL 11, 1901, is the foundation of the chronological position of all the rest of these Eight Prophetic Days. It is the retrospective terminus a quo of them. It is the last day of Passover Week in 1901, and is therefore the Last Day of this Age, because it is the Last day of Daniel's 2,345 years, which started on the last day of Passover Week in Nisan B. C. 445 (Artaxerxes' 20th year) with Artaxerxes' "command to Nehemiah to rebuild Jerusalem," according to Nehemiah 2 and the year-day fulfilment of Daniel's 69 weeks of years which extended from that command until Christ was made a Covenant at His crucifixion in Passover Week A. D. 39. The 2,300 years reached from Passover Week B. C. 445 to the last day of Passover Week (April 27) in 1856, when by the Crimean War treaty of Peace the cleansing of the sanctuary of the Holy Land began to run its predicted course during the final 45 years of this Age (the extension of the 1,335 beyond the 1,290) from the last day of Passover Week 1856 to the last day of Passover Week (April 11) 1901.

VI. APRIL 21, 1894, which is Passover Day in 1894, will be the great day of the Covenant between the Antichrist Napoleon and the Jews in Jerusalem for one week of seven years in the year-day fulfilment of Daniel 9: 27. He shall confirm a covenant with many of the Jews for one week (of seven years) even until the Consummation" or End of this Age, *i. e.*, Passover Week of 1901, which itself will be the literal-day week of Antichrist's renewed Jewish Covenant for seven days.

VII. AUGUST 14–15 (the Jewish day from 3 p. m. August 14, to 3 p. m., Aug. 15), 1897, will be exactly at the distance of Daniel's 1,335 days (12: 12) before the Last Day of this Age, which strictly speaking is the Jewish Day from 3 p. m. April 10 to 3 p. m. April 11, 1901. Therefore August 14–15, 1897, will be the first day of the 1,260 days, and 1,290 days, and 1,332 days, and this will be the day of the setting up of Napoleon's image the abomination of desolation, and the first day of his Imperial reign for 1,260 days (Daniel 12: 7, 11, 12).

VIII. NOVEMBER 8, 1894, being exactly 2,345 literal days previous to April 11, 1901, will be, according to Daniel 8: 14, 9: 24–5, 12: 11, 12, the day of the renewal of the sacrifices in a rebuilt temple at Jerusalem, and also of "the command to rebuild Jerusalem," as further explained in some of the above remarks. The 2,345 days consist of the 2,300 days and the additional 45 days.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 4 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Preparations for a Thoroughly Rapid and accurate report of the census are being made. The work of collecting the material will require the services of 175 supervisors and 42,000 enumerators. The latter force will be employed only about six weeks. They will be required to report to the Washington office daily by postal cards which means, in short, forty-two thousand pieces of mail every twenty-four hours from this source alone. Superintendent Porter does not propose that the work of preparing the next census shall be delayed as that of the previous census was. A very considerable amount of the preliminary labor has already been performed. Mr. Porter believes that within three years from the time the enumerators are put in the field he will have all the data ready for distribution.

The Result of the Elections Last Week was eminently gratifying to the Democratic party, and has caused the Republicans not a little concern. Whether it indicates a change in public opinion is doubtful. In some cases local causes are reported, which are sufficient to account for the large Democratic majorities, and for the reversal of the Republican vote of last year. Besides this, there is the inevitable reaction of the year following a Presidential election, when candidates for office whose claims have not been recognized are discontented, and disinclined to work for the party ticket. The registration was generally light, especially so in New York State, which indicates that a large section of the voters refrained from expressing an opinion at all, and there is good reason for believing that the stay-at-homes were chiefly Republicans. In New York, Ohio, Iowa, and Virginia the figures are most significant. In New York Tammany scored a decisive victory. Only one candidate on its ticket was defeated. That was the candidate for Judge of the Court of General Sessions, who, with few personal claims on the support of Tammany voters, was opposed by an Irishman who has been a strenuous supporter of the Parnell movement. The citizens' ticket, of which so much was at first expected, proved to be merely a combination of the Republicans with the County Democracy, and as such, awakened no enthusiasm in either element, while Tammany, put on its mettle by the alliance of its foes, put forth all her energies. There is a great deal of grumbling and apprehension among the higher classes of the city, but as there were not so many votes cast by 300,000 as were cast last year, it is not difficult to fix any blame that may be due. In Ohio the redoubtable Foraker is defeated. No event causes so much surprise as this, because he and his friends were confident of victory. The fact, however, that he was running for his third term, and also that in the Chicago Convention last year his conduct was

offensive to influential Republicans explains his defeat in some measure. Gains were also made in the Legislature, which encourage the Democrats to believe that they can elect a United States Senator to succeed Senator Payne. In Iowa the result was close, but there is little doubt that the entire Democratic State ticket is elected for the first time in thirty-five years. The Republicans believe the defeat is due to anti-Prohibition feeling, and to the offensive railroad record of the head of the ticket. In Virginia, in spite of all that could be done for Mahone in the Navy-Yard, Post-Office, and Custom-House, he was defeated. Charges of intimidation and illegal practices are freely made. These, it may be supposed, will be investigated, but the result, as it now stands, indicates that Mahone must have been deceived, or have deceived himself and the national administration.

One of the Most Important Results of the election is the practical test it furnished in Massachusetts of the Australian system of voting. It was tried and approved in all parts of the State. The objections made to the system when it was first advocated were that it was cumbrous, complicated, and liable to mislead ignorant voters, but after trial it was found that not over a dozen ballots in Boston were spoiled, and that the most illiterate voters easily understood what they had to do. A voter on entering the polling booth, instead of coming provided with the usual printed slips, received, after being identified, a paper on which was printed the name and politics of every candidate, with the office for which he was nominated. He took it to an enclosed desk and put a cross against the name of the candidates for whom he wished to vote. This he folded up, and as he passed out deposited it in the box in the usual way. As it was impossible to tell how he voted, bribers were chary of paying, as they could have no proof that he had "earned" his money, except his word, which in the case of a man who would sell his vote was not worth much. The experiment was watched with interest, and several persons from New York went to Boston to see the system in operation.

How the Proclamations Were Signed Which admitted the two Dakotas to Statehood, is told by a Washington correspondent. As there was sure to be a question of precedence and perhaps jealousy between the infant States, the President resolved that the question of priority should not be satisfied. He ordered the documents, which were exactly alike, to be covered down to the blanks left for his name. Then they were turned face down and rapidly changed about until nobody could tell "which was which." After this they were turned over, and the President wrote his name on each. The ink was allowed to dry without the use of blotting paper and then the documents were again turned down and again shuffled about. Then they were taken up and the coverings were removed, and Secretary Blaine telegraphed the Governors of North and South Dakota that the States had been admitted. One of them came into the Union ahead of the other the length of time it took the President to write his name. Which that one was no one knows. Another version has it that the President signed both proclamations at the same time, using a stylus, with carbonized paper between the sheets. On Nov. 8 the proclamation admitting Montana was signed.

The Irish Question is Again at Fever Heat. The attacks of Sir Henry James on the Parnellites in his speech before the Parnell Commission and the recriminations of the Irish members of Parliament are inflaming the passions of both sides. Sir Henry James, on November 6, reminded the Commission that it had evidence regarding the importation of arms into Ireland from men who were openly supporting Mr. Parnell, and who were members of associations that were in active sympathy with the objects of the League. He contended that if it was proven that crime was rife in many districts in Ireland where there was no distress, but where the League had roused the people against the authorities, the charges made by the Times against the

League as the source of crime must be held to be proved. Mr. Molloy, one of the Irish members, made a counter charge on the same day at a political meeting. He said that the Parnellites had in their possession documentary evidence proving the complicity of Government officials in a conspiracy against the Irish, and that the publication of this evidence would cause a sensation even greater than that resulting from the commission revelations.

The Paris Exposition Was Closed on Wednesday, November 6, with a most brilliant fête. The number of persons present was estimated at 370,000. Since the Exposition has been open the total number of paying visitors has been 25,000,000, as compared with 12,000,000 in 1878 and 8,000,000 in 1867. The Eiffel Tower receipts alone have been \$1,300,000.

The Prediction that a European War is Inevitable is made by Captain E. L. Zalinski, who has gone from this country to study the French war-explosive novelties in Paris. In an interview with the European correspondent of the New York Herald, he said that though a general war might be averted for two or even three years, it was inevitable. "Postpone it as they may," he said, "the crisis must come, and it will be terrible. I have just witnessed the German manoeuvres at Hanover, and I assure you that had those two army corps done in earnest what they made pretence of doing, of the 50,000 men who went into that ten days' action, there would not be 10,000 ready for service to-day. The rest would have been dead or wounded—to such a degree have modern improvements in life-destroying machinery added to the horrors of war."

The Massacre of Dr. Peters and His Party in Africa was reported last week. Dr. Peters was the leader of the German expedition which went to the relief of Emin Pasha. The English suspected that Emin's rescue was only the ostensible object of the expedition, and contended that the real object was to establish a chain of German trading-stations. The expedition had not the protection of the German Government, and Dr. Peters was notified that Stanley was doing all that could be done on Emin's behalf, but he proceeded in the direction of Wadelai. A cable message from Zanzibar now states that the Masuis or Somalis have massacred the whole party except one European named Tiedemann and one Somali, who were wounded, and who are now at Ngao. The latest known at Zanzibar about Dr. Peters, who started inland from Vitu, on July 26, was that he had reached Korkorro, a long distance up the Tanu River. The second column of the expedition, which left Vitu in September had not joined Dr. Peters's advance party when the massacre took place.

Another Letter from Mr. H. M. Stanley Has been received by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee. The explorer says: "I reached the Albert Nyanza from Bonalya for the third time in 140 days, and found out that Emin and Jephson had both been prisoners since the 18th of August, 1888, being the day after I made the discovery that Barttelot's caravan had been wrecked. The troops in the Equatorial Province had revolted and shaken off all allegiance. Shortly after, the Mahdists invaded the province in full force. After the first battle in May the stations yielded, and a panic struck the natives, who joined the invaders and assisted in the work of destruction. The invaders subsequently suffered reverses, and despatched a steamer to Khartoum for reinforcements. I found a letter waiting for me near the Albert Nyanza, exposing the dangerous position of the survivors, and urging the immediate necessity of my arrival before the end of December, as otherwise it would be too late. I arrived there on the 18th of January for the third time. From the 14th of February to the 8th of May I waited for the fugitives, and then left the Albert Nyanza homeward bound." Stanley leaves us to infer that Emin accompanies him, though it is strange that, if it is so, he does not state the fact.

The Proclamation of the President Appointing Thanksgiving Day for November 28 has been issued. Mr. Harrison says: "A highly favored people, mindful of their dependence on the bounty of Divine Providence, should seek fitting occasion to testify gratitude and ascribe praise to Him who is the author of their many blessings. It behooves us, then, to look back with thankful hearts over the past year, and bless God for His infinite mercy in vouchsafing to our land enduring peace, to our people freedom from pestilence and famine, to our husbandmen abundant harvests, and to them that labor a recompense of their toil. Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do earnestly recommend that *Thursday, the 28th day of November*, be set apart as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people of our country, ceasing from the cares and labors of their working day, shall assemble in their respective places of worship and give thanks to God, who has prospered us on our way, and made our paths the paths of peace, beseeching Him to bless the day to our present and future good, making it truly one of thanksgiving for each reunited home circle as for the nation at large."

A Pitiable Scene in a Cathedral in New York was witnessed a few days ago. It was about noon, and there were about a score of persons in the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. The silence was broken by the entrance of an elderly woman, wearing widow's weeds, who advanced down the centre aisle carrying in one hand a large oil portrait and in the other a porcelain miniature. Walking rapidly to the chancel rail, she fell on her knees, threw back the veil from her face, and holding the two portraits above her head, gazed upward at a figure of Christ and prayed aloud for a blessing on them. So violent were her demonstrations that an officer of the cathedral remonstrated with her. She protested, and continued to cry for a blessing on her pictures, which she said were the portraits of her father and her husband, both of whom were in heaven, but came down to visit her every day. She was ejected from the building, but returned as far as the doorway, and there, kneeling on the threshold, again prayed for a blessing on her portraits. Her excited manner and wild talk aroused suspicions as to her sanity, so she was arrested, and was pronounced insane by a physician who examined her. To a thoughtful person the fact of her offering so foolish a prayer might have been evidence that her mind was unbalanced, were it not that foolish prayers are so common. Those men who ask God to bless work undertaken in His name, but really run for their own honor or profit, are as foolish, though they are not so afflicted, as this poor widow. (James 4: 3.)

A Journey Across the Continent for One Dollar was made recently by a Scotchman, who has written an account of his adventures. He formerly resided in San Francisco, where he made considerable money, but, on returning to Scotland, he engaged in speculation, and lost his fortune. He resolved to return to San Francisco, but had only enough money to reach New York. There he hunted up a Scotchman whom he knew, and from him obtained a ticket to Chicago. Thence a friendly engineer, whose accent showed him to be a fellow-countryman, took compassion on him, and let him ride on his engine to St. Louis, and shared his dinner with him too. Then he walked a considerable distance, getting food from kindly persons by the way. He had one dollar when he started from New York, and he used that to finish his journey to North Platte. There he entered a store which had a Scotch name over the door, and received food and a free pass to Julesburg. Thence another friendly engineer took him in a caboose 240 miles to Cheyenne. He walked and stole rides as far as Ogden, where he was imprisoned as a tramp. He thinks the rest and wholesome food did him good, so he was not sorry when the Mormons put him in prison again at Salt Lake City. On coming out of prison he was

recognized by a Scotch merchant with whom he had formerly done business, and who took pity on him, gave him a suit of clothes and a ticket through to San Francisco. Thus he crossed the entire continent at the cost to himself of only one dollar. His success was due to the fact that he met Scotchmen, who were willing to help him because he, too, was a Scotchman. The incident teaches a lesson to Christians, who are sometimes indisposed to help a man in the journey of life, though he be a Christian, and though Christ Himself promised a special blessing to those who give help for that reason. (Mark 9: 41.)

The Mysterious Dwindling and Death of some fine shade trees has puzzled the arboriculturists in several sections of Brooklyn, N. Y. The trees have been growing for many years at the edge of the sidewalks and have been much admired. Without any apparent cause they have recently wilted, and some of them are quite dead. Several suggestions have been made, but the only one that meets the case is that of a scientific botanist who attributes it to the electric lights near the trees. They are swung from cross-arms on high poles and make the avenues all night long almost as light as day. He contends that trees need darkness as much as men need sleep, and in proof of his theory that the nearness of the electric lights is the cause of the drooping of the trees, points out that similar trees, not exposed to any other illumination than that of the sun and the dim gas-lights have not been affected in any way, and are bright and strong. It is not improbable that the failing spiritual life of some Christians may have an analogous origin. The uninterrupted light of worldly prosperity has often exerted a blighting influence which those have not felt who have been driven in the darkness of adversity to cling closely to Christ. (Ps. 119: 71.)

The Wonderful Mirage of the Silent City was witnessed in Alaska recently by Mr. L. B. French, who has returned to Chicago from a journey in that Territory. He thus describes the weird spectacle: "About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we suddenly perceived rising above the glacier over in the direction of Mount Fairweather what at first appeared to be a thin, misty cloud. It soon became clearer, and we distinctly saw a spectre city moving toward us. We could plainly see houses, well-defined streets, and trees. Here and there rose tall spires over huge buildings, which appeared to be ancient mosques or cathedrals. It was a large city, one which would contain at least 100,000 inhabitants. I have seen Milwaukee mirrored over Lake Michigan, and this city appeared considerably larger than that. It did not look like a modern city—more like an ancient European city. I noticed particularly the immense height of the spires. It was visible for nearly half an hour." The Indians who were with the party were terrified and ran away, but Mr. French and his friends remained and tried to photograph it. The day is coming when a real city will be so seen. Happy they who through faith in Christ will then behold it without terror and have the privilege of entering into it. (Rev. 21: 2, 3.)

A Ship's Officers Embarrassed by Their Own light is the subject of an anecdote related in connection with the International Maritime Conference, now in session in Washington, and considering the question of lights at sea. An American naval officer states that his ship was in a foreign port at the same time as a British man-of-war was there. On the night before the British ship sailed away, her officers were entertained on board the American vessel, and when they went back to their own ship they showed the effect of the liquor which had been consumed. After a short interval, the British ship was seen to be moving, but in a singularly erratic manner. Though the course out of the harbor was a straight one, the vessel tacked first to one side, then to the other, in a most sudden and delirious manner. The Americans could hear a number of orders shouted to the helmsman to port the helm, and then to heave it hard over the other way. Presently, after narrowly escaping

running down several other ships, the Britisher got clear out of the harbor and sailed away. A few weeks later the same ships were again companions in another port, and then the trouble was explained. It appears that a ship anchored in harbor is required to hoist a light over her bows. This light should have been hauled in before the ship started, but the British officers in their befuddled condition forgot to have it done. They saw the light right ahead, and thought it was on some other ship, shifted their course to avoid it. But no matter which way they steered, the light was, of course, directly before them. After several frantic efforts to escape a collision with the ship carrying the light, some one on board perceived that the light was on their own vessel, and had the lantern taken down. Perhaps the erratic course of some modern preachers may be due to a similar cause. The light of their own unaided reason dazzles them, and until it is lowered they cannot be guided by "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." (John 1: 9.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A gift of \$100,000 has been made to Johns Hopkins University, by Mrs. Caroline Donovan, of Baltimore, Md., the widow of a merchant formerly doing business in New York.

Evangelist Frank L. Smith has commenced a series of services in the Baltimore, Md., Y. M. C. A. His two weeks' mission at Binghamton, N. Y., was much blessed. The Presbyterian and Methodist churches united in the effort, and large numbers made a profession of faith.

Rev. M. Baxter, aided by two evangelists, has distributed at the French exposition since its opening half a million (500,000) copies of the greater part of his Second Advent pamphlet, *The Great Crisis Between 1890 and 1901*, translated into French under the title of *La Fin du Monde*, in addition to other tracts, and 50,000 gospels in French.

Philip Phillips, the Singing Pilgrim, commenced a series of his illustrated entertainments of gospel singing and narratives of missionary travel on November 11, in the Union Tabernacle, Thirty-fifth Street, near Broadway, New York. Wherever he has gone, these entertainments have been much enjoyed and highly appreciated by Christian people.

The Westchester County (N. Y.) Sunday-School Convention will be held at Tarrytown on November 19, in the Second Reformed Church, commencing at 10:30 A. M. and continuing through the day. Prominent Sunday-school workers will attend and answer the inquiries in the Question Box. A county Sunday-school association is to be formed at this Convention.

Major George A. Hilton, the famous Gospel Temperance Evangelist, is laboring with much success in the West. His appointments for the next four weeks are, Modesto, Cal., November 17-20; Los Angeles, November 24-30; Pomona, Cal., December 8-12. Major Hilton's work is blessed because it does not end with total abstinence, but goes on to faith and trust in Christ.

The Conference on the Person and Ministry of the Holy Spirit, organized by the Rev. George C. Needham, commenced in Baltimore, Md., on October 29. Preliminary services were held on October 27 in several churches. Among the speakers at the Conference were Bishops Nicholson, and A. W. Wilson, Dr. L. W. Munhall, Rev. W. J. Erdman, of Asheville, N. C., Dr. Pitzer, of Washington, D. C., Dr. T. A. Hoyt, of Philadelphia, Rev. J. E. Grammar, of Baltimore, and Dr. J. H. Brooks, of St. Louis.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at York City, Pa., have awakened an interest never before witnessed in that locality. Spiritually, too, they are among the most successful this eminent evangelist has held, which is saying a great deal. On Sunday, November 3, the Market House was crowded with 3,000 children. A local journal says that about 600 of them pledged themselves to Christ. At night Dr. Munhall and Professor Lowe had to divide their services. The Market House was filled directly the doors were opened, then the neighboring M. E. Church was thronged, and a large crowd remained outside for some time unable to get into either place.

Rev. Jacob Freshman and wife arrived in New York on November 7, from their journey in Europe and the Holy Land. It has been a journey of hard work and much blessing. Mr. Freshman preached and lectured on the work among the Jews in the European cities through which he passed, encouraging Christians to labor in this cause by his own experience in New York. He was enabled to establish a Hebrew Christian Mission in Jerusalem itself, of which he expects much fruit. He has returned with redoubled energy to resume his work among American Jews. Funds to aid him in the distribution of Christian literature and the maintenance of his mission may be addressed to Rev. Jacob Freshman, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York.

THE EYE AND THE LIGHT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

The light of the body is the eye," etc. Luke II: 33-36.

The Light Raised by Crucifixion—For the Benefit of the Whole World—Light in the Soul—I. How it Enters—The Eye as Needful as the Lamp—How it May be Darkened—Men Who Are Saved From Headaches—II. How it is Perverted—By Abusing God's Forbearance—By Trusting in Ordinances—By Indifference About Creed—By Learning—Taking the Eye to Pieces to Analyze It—By Presumption—By Despair—III. How the Light Acts—Reveals Dirt—Illuminates the Faculties—A Boy Singing in a Coal-Mine.

IN this parable our Lord Jesus Christ is the light. Some saw His brightness, and were even dazzled by it. The malicious saw not His light, but even dared to impute His miracles to the Prince of darkness. Others professed to see so little in Him that they demanded a sign from heaven. Our Lord's constant answer was, to go shining on. He was meant to be observed; even as a lamp is intended to be seen. A lamp is not lighted to be placed in a cellar, nor to be hidden under a bushel: the lamp is lighted on purpose that all who come into the house may see the light. Even so, our Lord Jesus Christ could not be hid. In the narrow circle of the Holy Land He shone so clearly that Gentiles came to the brightness of His rising. Yet, to make Him seen to the ends of the earth, He must needs be

Set on the Lamp-Stand.

He was lifted up by crucifixion; and anon He was further raised by resurrection: He was lifted up from earth to heaven at His ascension, and in another sense He was set on high by the descent of the Holy Ghost and the widespread ministry of His servants. Our Lord was thus taken from under the bushel of the obscurity which attached to His humble origin, brought away from the dark cellar of the despised Jewish nation, and set out in the open, where Greek and Roman, barbarian and Scythian, might rejoice in His light. It is our duty to keep His name and His truth ever before the world, waiting for the time when every eye shall see Him on the throne of His glory.

Our Lord would have all men behold the light of His gospel; for the text saith, "that they which come in may see the light." Whosoever comes into the church, or even into the world, should be met with this lamp; for this gospel is to be preached to every creature under heaven. The mighty deeds of His salvation were not done in a corner; they are for world-wide observation. He that hath eyes to see, let him see. If you do not see Jesus, it is not because He has hidden Himself in darkness, but because your eyes are blinded. The doctrines of our Lord Jesus Christ are not meant to be the monopoly of a few learned doctors; they are the common inheritance of those who labor and are heavy laden. As the morning breaks for all weary, watching eyes, so shines the light of the glorious gospel for all who sit in darkness and long for the light of God.

Beloved, the great thing to be desired is that the light which is so freely given forth by the Lord Jesus may become

Light Within Our Souls.

There He stands, as the lamp placed upon the lamp-stand, conspicuous to all; but we need that the light outside in the room may become light inside, within the soul. Nothing more truly needs light than our inner man. We are, by nature, as a lantern with the candle blown out. Whether we will believe it or not, by nature we are in thick Egyptian night. Well saith the apostle, "Ye were sometime darkness." Much is said about the light of conscience, but in many this is but a glimmering taper whose beams are "not light, but darkness visible." The light of nature is dimmed by so many surroundings, and has so little oil to sustain it, that it leads no man to eternal life, unless there be added to it light from above—the light of grace, the clear shining of the Holy Spirit.

Light is absolutely essential to spiritual life.

Ignorance is not the mother of devotion, but of superstition. Knowledge, grace, truth, are the nurses of true faith. The light of God is needful to the life of God. We must know Christ, we must be illuminated by His Holy Spirit, we must have fellowship with the Father's truth, or else we are dead as well as dark. Light within we must have, or the light outside will not benefit us. Upon that subject we will speak.

I. First, then, consider

How the Light Enters

the soul. Into the body the light enters through the eye. A man without an eye might as well be without the sun, so far as light is concerned. The eye is needful as the lamp, if a man is to see. The most brilliant light that ever has been invented, or ever can be discovered, will be of no use to the person who has no eye: hence it is true, "The light of the body is the eye." It is most important to attend to that which is the eye of the inner man; for in vain doth Christ Himself shine if His light cannot enter our souls. The condition of the eye of the mind is of the utmost importance: our light or our darkness will depend upon it. The battle of grace is with man's unwillingness to see those truths against which he is naturally at enmity. If a man wills to see the honest truth, and submits himself to the enlightenment of the Holy Ghost, he will not be left in darkness.

Many things darken the eye of the soul. One of the most common is *prejudice*. The man conceives that he has light already. His father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, and previous generations, were brought up in a certain religion, and therefore it must be right. Whether the lamp gives light or not, is not the question: it is *the family lamp*, and he will have no other. He will not inquire: he is quite sure, and wants no evidence. When the light of God comes to him, he at once repels it.

Sloth, too, is a great blinder of the eye: it draws down the eyelid, and

Shuts Out the Light

by the spirit of slumber. The man does not care what the gospel is, or is not. Like Pilate, he asks, "What is truth?" but he never waits for an answer. It is too much trouble to some people to think, to search the Scriptures, and to pray. They have no heart for a process so troublesome. "No," saith the worldling, "I have other fish to fry. I go my way to my farm, and to my merchandise. Let graceless bigots fight about creeds and the like; it matters not one jot what a man believes." Thus do many abide in the blackest darkness, because it is too much trouble to open the shutters.

The light is often shut out by *gross error*. I cannot go over the list of the favorite errors of the present hour, for that list has grown too long for one day's reading. Speciously taught in selected phrases, cunningly supported by a dreamy science, and adorned with certain great names, errors come to us nowadays as respectable forms of thought. Falsehoods of which we heard when we were children—but only heard of them as loathsome heresies, long ago decayed and thrown into the limbo of worthless and mischievous imaginations—these are now refashioned, freshened up with touches of bright color, and brought out as advanced ideas. When any of these are permitted to occupy the mind, as they so commonly do nowadays, the old gospel is no longer seen, because the eye is inflamed by the incoming of a foreign and irritating substance. Surely judicial blindness has happened to this generation: the chaff of their own folly has darkened their eyes, and Christ is hid from them.

One thing darkens the eye more than any other, and that is *the love of sin*. Nine times out of ten, allowed

Sin is the Cataract

which darkens the eye. Men cannot see truth, because they love falsehood. The gospel is not seen, because it is too pure for their loose lives and lewd thoughts. Christ's holy example is too severe for the worldly; His Spirit is too pure for lovers of carnal pleasure. When sin,

like a handful of mud, seals up the eye, you need not wonder that the man becomes an agnostic, a doubter, a caviller. To have a clear eye one must have a clean heart.

Self-seeking, in every form, is a sad cause of obscuring the light of the soul. Self-seeking, in the grosser form of avarice, makes men grope in the daytime. *The glitter of*

Gold is Injurious

to the eye. How could Judas see the beauty of Christ when he saw such value in the thirty pieces of silver? How can a man set store by a future heaven when a present fortune is heaven enough for him? Mammon repays its worshippers with blinded eyes. Self does the same when it appears as ambition, desire of honor and respect, or a wish to have a finger in one's own salvation. Self, in the form of magnifying the nobility of human nature, and all that is a very blinding thing.

Multitudes are kept in darkness through *fear of men*. They dare not see. They feel bound to think as the fashion goes—and there is a fashion of opinions as well as of coats and bonnets. If you resolve to hold fast the faith once delivered to the saints you will be regarded as antiquated. To many it would be great sin to be singular. They never think for themselves; in fact, they are mentally shiftless. They ask their way of a certain person supposed to be a deeper student than themselves: of him they inquire what they ought to believe, disbelieve, praise, or blame. I remember well a man who never knew whether he liked a sermon till he had asked a certain knowing old gentleman whether it was a good one or not: he had no home-grown judgment, he imported his ideas. His brains, for safe keeping, were placed in another person's head: this is a very convenient thing, and saves a good deal of headache; but it has its drawbacks. Let us never inquire, "Have any of the rulers believed?" Whether the rulers have or have not believed, let us follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and rejoice in that pure light which flows from Him.

God save you, dear friends, from having your eye injured by any of the mischiefs I have mentioned. There are legions more of these blinding things: may grace guard you from them!

II. Secondly, let us consider

How the Light May be Perverted.

Some men might have light enough, but their eye is in such an evil condition that the light is turned into darkness. I suppose that in the natural world light could not actually become darkness; but in the spiritual kingdom it is certainly so: "When thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness."

A man has heard the gospel of free grace and dying love, he has heard a message full of love concerning the forgiveness of sin, and pardon bought with blood, and freely given to him that believeth. The doctrine of justification by faith has been clearly explained to him. He believes firmly in these great evangelical truths, and calls them glorious and precious. But he draws an inference from this teaching which is ruinous to his soul. He considers that, after all, sin is of small consequence, and he may indulge in it freely, for God is merciful, and grace is infinite. At some time or other he will repent and believe in Jesus, and then he will be set right, however grossly he may have offended. God is gracious, and therefore he may be sinful; God freely forgives, and therefore he may recklessly offend. This is to turn light into darkness.

Let me set before you another form of this evil. A man perceives the great value of the means of grace, but he goes further and misuses them. Having been brought up religiously, he has a deep respect for the ministers of God's house, for the services of the sanctuary, and especially for the two ordinances which Christ has established in His Church—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. He reverences the Sabbath and the inspired Word, and the Church and all its sacred ministries. But it may be that he proceeds from a due regard of these things to a superstitious trust in them, making of them

what God has never made of them: thus his light becomes darkness.

I have known many go another way: they have said, "I care very little about the shape or form of religion. A sincere spirit is everything. The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." Such a man professes to clutch at the soul of things, but I have seen him grow indifferent in creed and licentious in life. He believes everything to have some measure of truth in it; every evil practice to have some good point about it. This is a poisonous atmosphere for any man to breathe.

Blind Critics.

I have also seen this light turned to darkness, in the case of the student who has gathered great erudition and enrolled himself among the learned. He begins to criticise. Do not condemn him for that: he judges very properly at first, he criticises things that ought to be criticised; but he stops not there. Once having his critical faculty aroused, he is like a boy with a new knife; he must cut something or other. Nothing comes in his way more often than the Scriptures; and he must have a cut at them. He whittles at Genesis; he makes a gash in Deuteronomy; he halves Isaiah; he takes slices out of the Gospels, and cuts the Epistles into slivers. You see, he has so sharp a knife that he must use it. By-and-by, from a critic he advances to an irreverent fault-finder, and from that to an utter unbeliever, hard in the mouth and stiff in the neck. His light has blinded him. *He has taken his own eye to pieces* that he might study its anatomy, and henceforth the light will be of no more use to him.

We have seen the light turned to darkness in a further sense; hear and understand. There is a blessed light called the full assurance of faith: the more we have of it the better. But I have seen something very like to this holy confidence which has been before the Lord a very different matter. Assurance has been counterfeited by presumption. The man has taken for granted that he is a child of God when he is not, and he has appropriated privileges which are none of his. Dreadful is the case of the man who has presumed to hope for heaven while living an ungodly life; boasting of freedom from all fear, when he was destitute of all hope.

I have also seen the light turned to darkness in quite another manner. Sweet and soft is the light of holy fear: it is as the twilight of the evening. It is a light that comes from God, when a man is afraid to sin, when he fears lest he should grieve the Spirit of God, when he trembles lest in anything he should err from the teaching of his heavenly Father. But then this light may be corrupted into slavish dread, dependency and despair. Introspection, or looking within, may degenerate into a morbid habit; under its influence, the soul may refuse to look to Christ, and may enshroud itself in the gloom of remorse. Truth may be distorted till it takes a most alarming shape, and the soul in sullen despair, refuses to be comforted, refuses to believe in the Son of God.

III. I close by coming to the third and most important point:

How the Light Acts,

when it comes within. If the eye be right, single, and clear, there is no laborious work for that eye to do to obtain the light. When the sun is shining, if you wish for light you simply open your eyes, and you have light at once. If the Lord, in His great grace, has made your eye single, so that you desire only to know the truth, and to be yourself true, then without toil you will perceive truth, and the image thereof will readily appear before your mind. The light is willing enough to enter when the window of the soul allows its admission. When that light comes in, you will know it. No man passes from his natural darkness into heavenly light without being aware that a great change has taken place. Beloved, I will try to show you how the holy light acts when it enters our nature.

When it first comes in it reveals much that was before unperceived. If a room has been long shut up, and kept in darkness, the light

has a startling effect. You may have hurried through that room with a candle, but you never stayed to look, and therefore did not notice the state of things. The room did not strike you as being very unpleasant, though it smelt a little stale and fusty; but now that you have put back the shutters and drawn up the blind, the light has made the mould and

Dust Very Manifest.

That black festoon of spiders' webs; those insects which hurry out of the light; that all-en-crusting dust—these had been overlooked. The room cannot be suffered to remain in such a state. What a change is demanded! All hands are summoned to clean out the den, and turn it into a healthy chamber fit to be inhabited. The light of heaven reveals a thousand sins, and causes their removal. The first effect of the light of God in the soul is painfully unpleasant: it makes you loathe yourself, and almost wish that you had never been born. Things grow worse and worse to our consciousness as the light shines more and more.

The light is poured in upon the conscience, and now that poor, half-blinded thing issues edicts and gives forth verdicts which are according to the oracles of God. What a difference between a natural conscience and a conscience instructed by God and enlightened by His Word! There remains much more to be done in this direction than many of us suspect.

This same light, falling on the memory, awakens penitence for our faults, and gratitude for God's goodness. Shining on our thoughts, it makes them sparkle with the beauty of holiness; shining upon our emotions, it makes them flash and glow with love to God and heavenly things. A soul is a fine object when thus lit up!

Light on the Temper.

Brethren, we need the light to shine in upon our tempers. We know some Christian people who will not let you mention their tempers: they have taken out a license to be as surly as they like, on the ground of "it is their constitution." "No," they say, "I cannot help being passionate. My mother was a very quick-tempered woman, and I am naturally in that way. There's no help for it." Let the light in upon that unseemly thing. If what you say be true, write it down in black and white that you are an incorrigible vixen, and must be so all your life. Are you angry with me for suggesting it? I am only taking you at your word. Do not say, "I cannot help having a bad temper." Friend, you must help it. Pray God to help you to overcome it at once; for either you must kill it, or it will kill you. You cannot carry a bad temper into heaven. They will have none of your passions in the Father's house above.

Your desires, your hopes, your fears, your aspirations, should all be set in the light, and what a joy it will be when they all glitter in it! "No part dark"—what

A Wonderful Condition!

Some professors appear to have a little light in the upper rooms; they have notions in their heads, and ideas on their tongues! Alas! the first floor is dark, very dark. From their common conversation the light of God is absent. Enter at the door, and you cannot see your way into the passage, or up the stairs; the light is up aloft, but not in the dwelling-rooms. Oh, for light in the region of the heart!

This light, when it dwells in the heart, *brings good cheer* with it. Darkness is doleful, light brings delight. A poor boy who was put down in the coal-mine to close a door after the coal wagons had passed by, was forced to sit there all alone, hour after hour, in the dark. He was a gracious child; and when one said to him, "Are you not weary with sitting so long in the dark?" he said, "Yes, I do get tired; but sometimes the men give me a bit of candle, and *when I get a light I sing*." So do we. When we get a light we sing. Glory be to God, He is our light and our salvation, and therefore we sing.

This inner light will make us shine before others. It is the only shining we should seek. A clean lantern with a lighted candle in it makes

no noise, and yet it wins attention: the darker the night, the more is it valued. There never was a time in which true inner light was more needed than now: may the Lord impart it to each one of us, and then we shall shine as lights in the world! The Lord God bring this light to you, and fill you with it; and unto His name shall be the glory! You have not to work for the light, you have only to receive it. Then shall your profiting be known unto all men when it is true profiting to your own character. God bless you, for Christ's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

An Inventor's Discouragement.*

"WHEN I was building my first steamboat at New York," says Robert Fulton, "the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt as a visionary scheme. My friends indeed were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity upon their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet—

'Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.'

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path."

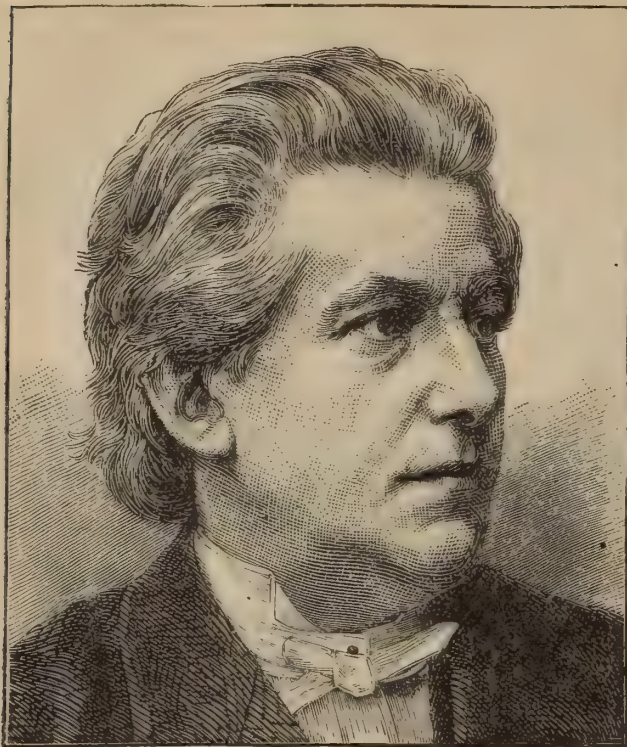
Princeton in 1800.

Mr. Weld, a keen if not friendly critic, who visited Princeton in 1800, wrote: "A large college, held in much repute by the neighboring States. The number of students amounts to upwards of seventy; from their appearance, however, and the course of studies they seem to be engaged in, it better deserves the title of a grammar school than of a college. The library, which we were shown, is most wretched, consisting for the most part of old theological books, and even those not arranged with any regularity. An orrery, contrived by Mr. Rittenhouse, stands at one end of the apartment, but it is quite out of repair, as well as a few detached parts of a philosophical apparatus enclosed in the same glass case. At the opposite end of the room are two small cupboards which are shown as the museum. These contain a couple of small stuffed alligators and a few singular fishes, in a miserable state of preservation from their being repeatedly tossed about."

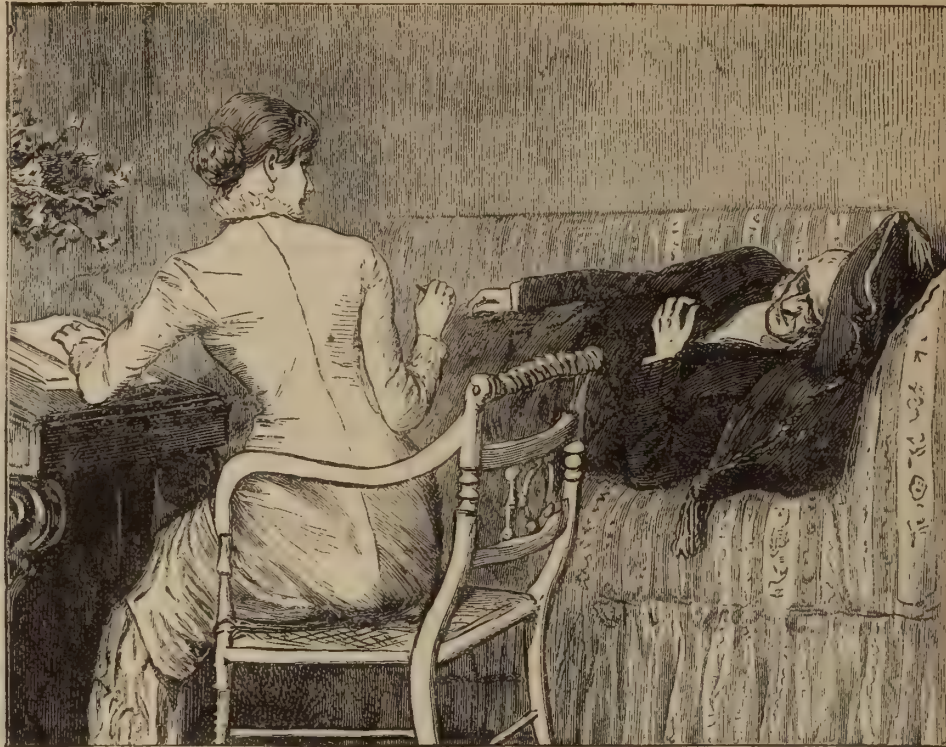
The Wealth of the Future.

"Look," cried the American of 1800, "at my wealth! See these solid mountains of salt and iron, of lead, copper, silver, and gold! See these magnificent cities scattered broadcast to the Pacific! See my cornfields rustling and waving in the summer breeze from ocean to ocean, so far that the sun itself is not high enough to mark where the distant mountains bound my golden seas! Look at this continent of mine, fairest of created worlds, as she lies turning up to the sun's never-failing caress her broad and exuberant breasts, overflowing with milk for her hundred million children! See how she glows with youth, health, and love!" Perhaps it was not altogether unnatural that the foreigner, on being asked to see what needed a century to produce, should have looked about him in bewilderment and indignation. "Gold! Cities! Cornfields! Continents! Nothing of the sort! I see nothing but tremendous wastes, where sickly men and women are dying of home-sickness or are scalped by savages! Mountain-ranges a thousand miles long, with no means of

* From *The History of the United States During the First Administration of Thomas Jefferson*. By Henry Adams. A valuable work, ably written, covering an interesting period of our national life. 2 Vols.; Price \$4; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



The Late Professor Christlieb. (See page 725.)



Dr. Spencer and His Stenographer.

getting to them, and nothing in them when you get there! Swamps and forests choked with their own rotten ruins, nor hope of better for a thousand years!" Met in this spirit, the American, half perplexed and half defiant, retaliated by calling his antagonist a fool, and by mimicking his heavy tricks of manner. For himself he cared little, but his dream was his existence.

AN INFIDEL'S REMORSE.

DURING the progress of a revival, says a writer in Dr. A. J. Gordon's *Watchword*, a minister spoke to an aged man of hard, stern features who was evidently suffering acute anguish. The man said that he had been an infidel of a most intolerant type. It was his delight to scoff at the Bible; and again and again he bought copies of the sacred Scriptures to read certain portions to men and boys who gathered around him, and then to tear them to pieces with profane and obscene jesting.

He had given strict orders that no religious book or paper should be admitted into his house, and every member of his family was forbidden to listen to the preaching of God's word. At length his wife's health began to fail, and she had a sorrowful, wistful look, which he attributed to her illness, although she uttered no complaint, and expressed no concern about anything. A few months previous to the interview with the pastor, business had called him to the city where he was seen in the hall, and his little girl had accompanied him. One day as they were passing a book-store, she said: "Papa, before we left home mamma gave me some money, and asked me to buy her a hymn-book; please let me get it." "No," he replied with an oath, "I will have no nonsense about my house!"

Immediately on their return home he heard his wife say to their little girl, "Did you bring me the book?" The child replied: "No, mamma. I did not forget, but papa would not let me buy it." The mother made no reply, but in less than four weeks afterwards she was in her grave. "And now," exclaimed the man, in husky tones, and with a look of remorse and terror, "I murdered her; I murdered her by inches, for I found out after her death that my infidelity had broken her heart. She so longed for some one to speak to her about Jesus, but she dared not ask the privilege. I would not permit her to read His name even in a hymn-book, and she died and was buried without a prayer." He was overwhelmed with despair, and no words that the pastor could utter availed to relieve it.

Some time afterward the minister was preaching on the efficacy of Christ's blood, in the same town, when the wife-murderer entered the room and beckoned to him. He went and spoke to him. "That blood has cleansed even me" said the man. "Tell the people that it can save the vilest wretch that ever lived."

DR. SPENCER'S STENOGRAPHER.

(See Illustration.)

"I SHALL never live to finish my book," said Dr. Spencer, addressing his wife, as the aged couple sat at breakfast. "Every day the work seems to exhaust me more than it did the day before, and I do less. My brain seems as vigorous as it used to be, and the thoughts flow as easily, and I think more rapidly than ever, but the labor of putting them on paper is too great for me now, I am so weak."

"Poor dear!" said the sympathetic old lady; "it is very hard, after all the years you have given to it. Suppose you were to lay it aside for a few weeks and go to the mountains!"

"I cannot, I dare not. Life is so short now. I cannot bear the thought of leaving the book unfinished. I have nearly a whole volume to write yet, and the time is so short! Ah! if I had only had a good son I could have finished the book. All the material is at hand, and I could dictate, if I could only be relieved of the trouble of writing. Fred will have to answer for this heavy burden of mine, as well as for his other sins. God will hold him accountable."

Tears were in his wife's eyes as the old man spoke, with glittering eyes and vindictive emphasis. But the tears were not all sorrow. She was glad that even so her husband would speak of their son. It was more than two years since he had even mentioned him, and had forbidden her to do so. Fred had not been a good boy; even his mother, who loved him best, could not maintain that. He had been frivolous and wilful and dissipated; but he had sobered down after attaining his twentieth year, and had suddenly become serious, obedient, and respectful. Father and mother had rejoiced in the change, until one day they learned the cause of it. Fred was in love, and had realized that his love could never end in marriage unless he gave up his wicked ways and went to work in earnest. There would be no property to come to him from his father, and he would never be able to maintain a wife, except as he abandoned his habits and became industrious. Both father and mother hoped that he would eventually

marry the daughter of a wealthy neighbor, which would relieve them of anxiety about his future; but with the perversity of such lads he had scouted the idea, and had fallen in love with a girl who, as he admitted, had not a dollar to her fortune. Then it was that his father quarrelled with him, called him a fool, and finally bade him either give up the girl or leave home and shift for himself. He chose the latter alternative, and from that time Dr. Spencer had regarded him as dead, and did not even care to know where he had settled, or how he was prospering.

"Don't you think a stenographer would be a help to you?" asked Mrs. Spencer, prudently ignoring the remarks about Fred. "If we were to send to the Phonographic Institute, they would send one whom we could pay by the day, and he would relieve you of the drudgery."

"A good idea!" exclaimed Dr. Spencer. "I wonder I did not think of it before! Send at once. It will be easy to dictate to him, and I can get refreshing naps while he transcribes his notes."

Mrs. Spencer lost no time in sending for a stenographer. Both she and her husband expected that a young man would be sent, and they were therefore surprised when a neatly dressed girl came, and, introducing herself as Amy Vincent, said she was the stenographer from the Institute. Dr. Spencer did not like it, but, as she had come, he suffered her to remain for that day; and, as she proved quick, intelligent, and accurate, he was more than satisfied that she should continue her services. The volume made rapid progress under the new arrangement. Still more rapidly did Amy Vincent rise in the esteem of her new friends. She did her work quietly, but as she grew more at her ease, Dr. Spencer was indebted now and again to her quick intelligence for a missing word.

One day—it was his son's birthday—Dr. Spencer, with a craving for sympathy, told her Fred's story, concluding with the question, "Now, was I not right in resenting his undutiful conduct?"

"The best of us must try our heavenly Father very much at times," was Amy's thoughtful, though Dr. Spencer thought rather evasive, answer.

"He tried me beyond the power of human endurance," he said. "He behaved badly at first, and when he did right, he did it from a wrong motive."

"That is very human," Amy said; "the most

serious view of our case is that God perfectly comprehends all our motives."

"Do you defend Fred, then?" the old man asked, almost fiercely.

"I? No; why should I? It only seemed to me a common case in its essence."

No more was said at the time, but a few days later Dr. Spencer reverted to the subject. It was one of his bad days, as he called them, when even dictation was difficult to him, and he had to lie on the lounge instead of pacing the room, as was his usual custom, while Amy's pen kept time with his words.

"Do you think," he asked, "that God will deal with us as we deal with others?"

"Oh no; I hope not," Amy replied. "We hope for more forbearance and mercy, but Christ gave a solemn warning to us in His parable of the unmerciful servant, which implied that our conduct would be taken into account."

A little later in the day Dr. Spencer tried to write a letter, but, failing through weakness, requested Amy to write it. It was addressed to his son, whose address he found was known to Mrs. Spencer. It was very brief, but it was very clear. Fred was forgiven and invited to return.

The prospective family reunion was naturally felt to be one of the occasions on which a "stranger would intermeddle with the joy," and as there could be no work done on the book at such a time, Amy was to enjoy a vacation. But it was a brief one. Fred was not to be reconciled by halves. He was bidden bring the penniless girl whom he loved and introduce her to his parents. It was to Amy's house that he went on this mission, and it was Amy whom Dr. and Mrs. Spencer gladly received as their future daughter-in-law.

THE NEW FORTH BRIDGE.

(See illustration.)

ON October 22 an important triumph of engineering skill was formally declared achieved, and devoted to public use, in the bridge over the Scottish river Forth. The two large rivers, the Tay and the Forth, run from west to east, flowing into the German Ocean. Each of these has a long and wide firth, or estuary. To avoid these firths, land traffic coming from the north had to make a long detour, and cross the Tay at Perth and the Forth at Stirling. The alternative was to ferry goods and passengers across the Forth from Granton to Burntisland, and, before the Tay Bridge was built, again at Dundee. To secure a direct, unbroken line of communication it became necessary to bridge over the two firths; and this has now been successfully done.

The magnitude of the undertaking in the case of the Forth is realized when we learn that at that point where the bridge was needed the distance to be spanned was 8,296 feet in width, or over a mile and a half. A portion of this, about five-eighths of a mile, connects the bridge proper with the high ground on each side of the firth. The bridge itself is 5,349 feet 9 inches in length, which is about sixty feet over a mile. It consists of three mammoth cantilevers, as seen in the illustration. The Parliamentary sanction for the project was obtained in 1873, but it was not until 1882 that the projectors felt sufficiently assured that they had a practicable plan to



The New Bridge Over the Forth.

begin the work. When it was begun, unforeseen difficulties had to be grappled with and overcome, so that seven years have been consumed in completing the work.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

The Life Story of Mrs. Stenhouse, For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 718.)

Freedom.

WHEN Mr. Stenhouse informed his wife that he was thinking of marrying Miss Zina Young, he doubtless anticipated a vigorous protest. He had not taken into account the effect of her past sufferings upon her. Women by thousands have endured unkindness, neglect, even blows, and their love for their brutal husbands has survived. But even they are aroused to fierce indignation and scorn if another woman supercedes them in their rightful place. Though Mrs. Stenhouse had striven to believe that her husband had been acting from a high sense of duty in his second marriage, the blow had been very heavy and her suffering acute. It had produced alienation and a dulled sensibility, as in one who has drunk the cup of humiliation to the dregs. Whatever the future might have in store for her, it could not occasion her so much misery as she had already endured. She, therefore, listened to the announcement without protest. What mattered it to her, now that she had been deposed from her place, whether two occupied it or only one?

Mr. Stenhouse explained, as he had done before, his motive for the step. His improved financial condition, his desire for a "kingdom," and his duty to support the leaders of the Church, were the three chief reasons on which he expatiated, but he might have spared himself the trouble of justifying himself. Mrs. Stenhouse made no attempt to dissuade him, knowing full well that even if she had had enough spirit left, or had felt sufficiently concerned to protest, it would have availed nothing.

Yet on consideration she realized that the proposed union was one of ill omen to her. The alliance with the daughter of the prophet could not but attach Mr. Stenhouse more closely to Mormonism, while it would introduce into the household a son who could be relied upon to

report to Brigham Young whatever might be said or done in unguarded moments. It would crush out the small hope Mrs. Stenhouse had cherished that some day light would break on her husband's mind, and he would quit the Church, disgusted by the hypocrisy of its recognized leaders. Such a marriage as the one contemplated must enormously increase the reluctance Mr. Stenhouse would feel to sever himself from Mormonism, and at the same time increase the danger Mrs. Stenhouse would incur should she endeavor to prejudice him against the Church or its leaders.

Another influence, however, was destined to do that work, and to do it effectually, without the intervention of his wife. Mr. Stenhouse had the true journalistic instinct, which leads its possessor to make the acquaintance of all kinds and conditions of men, and to keep himself informed of the currents

of thought outside his own particular circle. He had also found it necessary, in the interests of the *Telegraph*, to appoint correspondents in the Eastern States, who would send him early information of important events; for the success of his journal encouraged him to make it a first-class paper, abreast of the times. With this object he made an extended visit to the East, occupying several months. There was after his return a vigor and a clear-sighted penetration noticeable in his editorials on national questions, though in dealing with the affairs of the Territory and with religious questions he was still heartily loyal to Brother Young. Another influence which had its effect on Mr. Stenhouse proceeded from the visits of tourists passing through Utah, who naturally visited the editorial rooms of the *Telegraph*, and were frequently entertained at the hospitable home of Mr. Stenhouse. Though he could not agree with their strictures on Mormonism, and valiantly defended the faith which he had given the best twenty-five years of his life to propagate, the arguments with which he was assailed could not but penetrate so logical a mind. He could at least see how the Mormon policy and government appeared in the eyes of men on whom the glamor of Mormonism had not fallen. It is probable, too, that his guests, in opposing him, frequently gave form and words to doubts which troubled him, but which he suppressed as sinful.

It was not difficult in writing on questions of national import, in which his faith was not concerned, to write clearly, and take a bold stand for truth and justice and righteousness, but when he came to apply the principles which he had laid down to home affairs it was difficult to be consistent. It was Brigham Young's ambition to control the whole trade of the Territory, and concentrate it in the hands of his faithful followers. The rigid system of tithing in force made him a sharer in their prosperity, and he adopted measures in the spring of 1869 to increase it which were manifestly unjust to Gentile traders. This was an offence to Mr. Stenhouse, who had many Gentiles among his advertisers. About this time, too, Young assumed a more dictatorial tone, and manifested a disposition to interfere in the private affairs of the people. No free-born American can en-

sume sumptuary control, yet Young was so foolish as to claim the right to say what ribbons a woman should wear, and how much a man should spend on his own dress and the furnishing of his home. His demands for contributions also became more frequent and importunate, and even the most enthusiastic Mormons grew restive under the growing conviction that their hard-earned property was not safe under his rule. He who aspires to control the property as well as the faith of a people had need of a character above suspicion, and against which no imputation of selfishness can be hurled. Knowing Brigham Young as intimately as Mr. Stenhouse did, the task of defending his measures became increasingly difficult and distasteful.

Young himself, as has been said, despised all learning, and doubtless had not the critical faculty for perceiving the logical tendency of the editor's public teaching; but he had others around him who could see it, and they called his attention to it. Young himself, also, was not slow to miss the direct, outspoken, unequivocal support of his policy which he wished and expected, and it was soon evident to close observers that Mr. Stenhouse was sinking in the Prophet's esteem.

Young, after a time, showed his hand more plainly, and adopted the tactics which had proved successful in other cases. Mr. Stenhouse was appointed to a mission. He was required to remove from Salt Lake City to Ogden. Mr. Stenhouse was to be permitted to continue publishing his paper while prosecuting his mission, but the removal to Ogden would rob it of its influence, would impair its value, and decrease its facilities for acquiring speedy and accurate information. Besides this, the people around Ogden were too poor to advertise or subscribe, and as Mr. Stenhouse would lose the bulk of the Salt Lake City patronage, with no compensatory return in Ogden, the removal would practically ruin him.

The love affair between Mr. Stenhouse and Zina Young seemed at the same time to suffer under a blight like that which had fallen on the paper. It had at its inception, some fifteen months before, been of the most ardent character. With the fanatical disposition to ascribe to God the impulses of their own passions, to which Mormons were prone, the lovers boldly declared that their marriage had been foreordained in heaven. The mother of the young lady was still more definite. She declared that it had been revealed to her in a vision that Mr. Stenhouse was to be her daughter's lord in the eternal world, raising her, through her close relations to the prophet, to a supremacy in his kingdom. So devoted a lover was Mr. Stenhouse, and so superior to less educated Mormons did he appear by his talents, his accomplishments, and the refined manners which his Eastern visits and associations had given him, that the bride-elect had not concealed her elation. When, therefore, an estrangement took place it was speedily observed. The cause was not known, but that there was a very perceptible change, from some cause, could be seen by all. Some attributed it to the indignation of the Prophet at the articles in the *Telegraph*, others to the arrogant manners of the lady, but Mr. Stenhouse held his peace.

The removal to Ogden was accomplished in due course, but at a ruinous cost. To transfer furniture and printing plant so long a distance involved, in itself, a frightful expenditure. Then premises had to be rented in Ogden, while the houses in Salt Lake City belonging to Mr. Stenhouse stood empty. There was no longer a steady income from the paper, and after a few months of struggle and privation, which recalled the old days of hardship in Europe, Mr. Stenhouse realized that he was face to face with ruin. He therefore went to Brigham Young, and appealed for permission to return, for without his consent Mr. Stenhouse dare not leave Ogden. He secured it with much difficulty, and set about reviving the paper in the city of its origin. It had, however, lost its old prestige. The Gentiles took it and read it with avidity, but the

Mormons were shy. It was a mystery at first, but after a time Mr. Stenhouse learned from one of his former subscribers that certain Mormon teachers, acting on their own authority, but without doubt under Young's orders, had warned the people against taking the paper.

A painful experience lay before Mrs. Stenhouse on her return to Salt Lake City. She heard that Elder Shrewsbury, whose wife, Mary Burton, had been her dear and intimate friend in their young days, had come from southern Utah to live in Salt Lake City. To have her dear old friend near to her again was a real pleasure, the delight of which none could fully realize but they who have borne a heavy burden in solitude. Now, Mrs. Stenhouse felt, she would never want for a sympathetic ear in which to pour the story of her trials.

Her first visit showed her that Mary had more need of sympathy than she had. Elder Shrewsbury was now the husband of four wives besides Mary, and this in spite of the pledge he had given before Mary would consent to marry him. With Ellen, the second wife, she had grown friendly. The two women had been drawn together by a common sympathy as the Elder entered further into polygamy, but with the other three wives she would hold no association. She had one little daughter, whom she loved dearly, and who was her mother's inseparable companion. All the old brightness and merriment of Mary's girlhood was gone, and a settled melancholy oppressed her. Nothing, however, pained Mrs. Stenhouse so much as to see in her friend's cheek the hectic flush that marked her for a victim of pulmonary disease.

Almost every day Mrs. Stenhouse made time to visit her, for Mary herself was too apathetic and soon grew to weak to go out. She would sit for hours at her window looking into vacancy and shedding bitter tears over the wreck of her life. There Mrs. Stenhouse would find her and endeavor, though with little success, to cheer the drooping heart. Elder Shrewsbury was seldom with her. He had prospered, and had become portly in appearance and impressive of manner. Conscience could not have troubled him much; though, had it done its duty, he must have suffered as he saw the wife who had loved him so well, and who had toiled at his side through that terrible journey with the hand-cart company across the plains, sinking into the grave. But for Mormonism she might have been a happy wife, living to a good old age instead of dying in her prime, weary of a life of misery, hardship, and neglect. Poor Mary! the end was not far off. Early one morning a messenger called Mrs. Stenhouse, who, hurrying to her friend's house, was just in time to receive one loving grasp of the hand before Mary's spirit took its flight from the enfeebled frame.

Scarcely had Mrs. Stenhouse returned from the funeral of her old friend, when she was summoned to the sick-bed of her eldest son, who was living in San Francisco. Mr. Stenhouse was in as much anxiety as she was, and they set out westward together to nurse him. How ardently she wished, as they left Salt Lake City, that she might never again see the place where she had suffered such anguish! For the first time in many months she had her husband entirely to herself, for in the trouble that necessitated the journey, Belinda had no part, and was therefore left behind. During the journey there was a renewal of the old-time relations between the husband and wife. There was a common anxiety drawing them together and there was no interloper to remind them of their late estrangement.

They remained in San Francisco until their son was fully recovered, and then returned to Salt Lake City. The journey had an unexpected result. It appears that Mr. Stenhouse's second wife, Belinda, had felt aggrieved by the journey. She thought that Mr. Stenhouse should either not have gone, or should have taken her with him. The fancied slight had rankled until it grew into a serious grievance, which, as she was not delicate of feeling, she spoke of freely. She found ready listeners, now that Mr. Stenhouse

was no longer in favor with Brigham Young and was much poorer than he had been. She took no decisive step during Mr. Stenhouse's absence, but on his return she was quick to perceive that his love for his first wife had been intensified by their journey together. Then her resentment took fire, and she applied to Brigham Young for a divorce. The papers were drawn up, her own signature affixed, and then they were served on Mr. Stenhouse at his office. There was no resistance on his part. He signed the papers cheerfully, and at once drove to his home, where he showed them to his first wife with the remark, "I am a free man again."

After this, Mr. Stenhouse's estrangement from the Church increased rapidly. Brigham Young had laid it down as a rule that whenever any man expressed a doubt as to the infallibility of Joseph Smith or his successors, he had taken the first step toward apostasy. Mr. Stenhouse had taken that step. He had been too closely associated with Young to think him infallible, and he had good reasons for regarding the founder of Mormonism as fallible also. Nevertheless, he abstained from hostile criticism of the Prophet in his paper, and though he occasionally deplored some details of his policy, he for the greater part kept silence when he could not approve.

The crisis, however, was precipitated by Young himself. A few of the more intelligent members of the Church combined to establish the *Utah Magazine* which should hold an independent attitude, and express public opinion whether it might agree with Brigham Young or not. It was to be a Mormon periodical, and to oppose Young's policy only when the editors believed he was acting inconsistently with Mormon principles. It must, however, inevitably excite Young's indignation, because it struck at the root of his power as a revealer of the will of God.

Mr. Stenhouse was not on the staff, but when the *Magazine* ventured to remind the Prophet that the people had some rights which the priesthood were bound to respect, he maintained silence. Young noticed that he failed to protest against this open expression of discontent, and when the editors of the *Magazine* were called upon to answer for their words Mr. Stenhouse was summoned to appear with them. At the inquiry the charge was changed for some reason. They were accused of absenting themselves from a meeting which was held every Saturday, and was called the "School of the Prophets." Of this they were undoubtedly guilty, and they could not raise inconvenient issues in defending themselves, as they might have done had the charge related to the *Magazine*. Young's sentence upon them was *disfellowship*. Mr. Stenhouse promptly wrote to the Bishop of his district, withdrawing entirely from the Church, and Brigham Young retaliated by "counseling" the people not to buy or read the *Telegraph*.

The result was a heavy loss to Mr. Stenhouse, for not only did his subscribers refuse to renew their subscriptions but many of those who were in his debt refused to pay, as no Mormon could then be compelled to keep his obligations to an apostate. Mr. Stenhouse was urged to make the paper a Gentile organ, and liberal promises of support were made to him. All the associations of the past twenty-five years, however, made such a course distasteful to him, so he sold the paper and quitted the Territory, to begin life again in the Eastern States as a journalist.

At first Mrs. Stenhouse assisted by opening a millinery business, but having delivered one lecture on Mormonism, she was solicited to deliver more, and ultimately she gave her time entirely to the work, with the gratification of knowing that she was the means of saving many from a fate like her own. Mr. Stenhouse prospered in his profession, and continued to labor in it until his death in 1882. Mrs. Stenhouse went on with her work until failing eyesight necessitated her retirement. Since that time she has resided with her son in California.

THE END.

ASPIRATION.

BY MRS. BESSIE H. TOBEY.

her, on Thy great heart of love depending,
We enter on the duties of the day.
Thou hast brought us hither on our way.

he calm night, our lives have found in
slumber
rest and renewing strength to resume our
task;
in Thy care, from toil and cares that
cumber,
we freedom than our weary hearts dared
ask.

with endeavor earnest, and more holy,
we would live upward, seeking after Thee;
make us eager to climb high! yet, lowly,
remember all the striving there must be.

ve us longing, deep, intense and blessed!
at shall find sating but in things above;
e all desires in our hearts confessed,
for Thy favor, and Thy constant love!

let us have for earth, no wrong despising,
er all its loves, and joys, and beauties rare,
er, through these, let us find glad up-
rising,
where all scenes, diviner semblance wear.

God, to Heaven, the soul's supreme
fruition,
Thee, and Jesus! Sanctified, redeemed—
hall know all was but the glad transition,
real and true, through things that only
seemed!

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1889, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XII., No. 45. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1889.

Price, 4 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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The Late Robert Baxter, Esq., the Christian Lawyer—Born August 14, 1802—Died Oct. 8, 1889.

THE LATE ROBERT BAXTER, ESQ.,
 Born in 1802—His Early Life—Settles at Doncaster in 1824—Marriage—His Work Among the Poor—His Study of Prophecy—His Connection with the Church of Rev. E. Irving—His Withdrawal and "Narrative of Facts"—His courage During the Cholera Visitation of 1832—Removes to London in 1845—His Fame as a Lawyer—His Evangelic, Temperance, and Philanthropic Work—His Last Illness, and Death.

It is related of a godless English nobleman, whose dissolute life involved him in frequent litigation, that he went early one morning to visit his lawyer at his private residence. He needed professional assistance immediately, and, knowing that the lawyer would not be at his office before 10 o'clock, he drove out to the suburb where the lawyer lived, and sent in his card. "I will take it to Mr. ——— presently," said the servant; "he is having family prayer." "What," said the dissolute scapegrace, "a lawyer at prayer! I should not have been more surprised to hear that the devil was at prayer." He only gave expression to an impression which was prevalent at the time among a class who had learned to dislike lawyers as their natural enemies because through the lawyers they had been punished for their misdeeds, and compelled to fulfil their obligations. That men so astute, so vigorous of mind, should be conscientious Christians seemed astonishing, yet a larger proportion of the legal profession than such men have any idea of are sincere followers of Christ. All honor to them, and the more honor because in their profession they are assailed by stronger and more subtle temptations than come to men in other professions. An excellent specimen of

A Christian Lawyer

was the eminent jurist whose portrait appears on the first page. He was the head of one of the most prominent firms of lawyers in London, yet in spite of the enormous extent of the business of the firm, their many and varied contests, Mr. Baxter maintained a conscience void of offence, and made time out of his busy days for earnest and diligent study of God's Word, for communion with his Saviour, and for much religious and philanthropic labor. During his long and brilliant career of eighty-seven years no man, whether client or antagonist, could justly charge him with unfair dealing or conduct inconsistent with his Christian profession; and when he died, October 8, it was with the general regret of a large circle of Christian friends, and to the heavy loss of many religious societies, to which he had been a valued and generous friend.

The Family

from which Mr. Robert Baxter sprang was an ancient Leicestershire family, one of the best-known members of which was Richard Baxter, the author of *The Saint's Rest*. For nearly two centuries the family seat has been maintained at Stoke Golding, in Leicestershire, while another branch settled at Atherstone, in Warwickshire. How so long a life as Mr. Baxter's connects us with history that to this generation seems far distant, is realized from the fact that his father, Mr. Dudley Baxter, a magistrate of Stoke Golding, has a patriotic record as the colonel of a regiment which he raised and equipped to help defend his country against the hostile designs of the first Napoleon. Robert Baxter was born August 14, 1802.* His early years were passed at Stoke Golding, and he was articled at a solicitor's office at Atherstone, and entered on the roll at Lincoln's Inn in 1823. He soon gained a reputation for talent and energy. At the age of twenty-one he received the

Offer of a Lawyer's Business

at Doncaster, where he settled in 1824. In 1825 he married Miss Paget, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Bradley Paget, a banker of Tamworth. Her earnest Christian spirit and life of prayer were greatly blessed in the quickening of

* It is a coincidence worthy of note to a prophetic student as Mr. Baxter was, that his birthday—August 14—is a day of note in prophecy, being the day of the future commencement, in 1870, of Daniel's three prophetic dates the 1,260, 1,290, and 1,335 days, and the day on which Antichrist's Image is to be set up in the Jewish temple. (Daniel 12: 7, 11, 12.)

his soul, so that his zeal and energy in the work of God were increased by this union. Mrs. Baxter was a lovely and gifted woman, as well as a devoted Christian. But while her large family of ten children were yet very young, she was called away, and Mr. Baxter left a widower in 1837. He never married again. She entered fully into his prophetic views respecting the speedy second advent of Christ. *Her portrait* at the age of about twenty-five is on page 716.

Mr. Baxter was one of the first to establish in the Deanery of Doncaster auxiliaries of the Church Missionary and Bible and other religious societies, and to commence a system of district visiting among the poor—labors which at that time were new to the public mind, and provoked much criticism.

In 1829 his attention was drawn to the subject of Scripture prophecy, which at that time was taken up by a large number of earnest men in the churches of England and Scotland, including the Rev. Hugh M'Neile (the late Dean of Ripon), the celebrated Joseph Wolff, the equally eminent Henry Drummond, and the Rev. Edward Irving, and both by personal intercourse and by writing in the great prophetic periodical of that day, the *Morning Watch*, Mr. Baxter joined earnestly in their investigation respecting

The Speedy Arrival of the Second Advent.

Mr. Irving was then in the zenith of his fame, attracting immense congregations by his eloquence, and drawing round him a devoted band of earnest and godly men and women, who were engrossed in the expectation of the restoration of miraculous gifts to the Church. In the autumn of 1831 their excitement was raised to the highest pitch by the news of miraculous cures among a kindred congregation of Presbyterians in Scotland, and by the appearance of utterances of wonderful power, which seemed to coincide with the gifts of tongues and prophecy recorded of the Apostolic Age. After a brief trial, Mr. Irving acknowledged these utterances as inspirations from above, and adopted them.

Mr. Baxter, after occasionally attending Mr. Irving's services in 1830 and 1831, joined his church as a member in January, 1832. The power with which he spoke, and his great ability, gave him at once an important place in the congregation, and made him one of the most notable of their leaders. He continued among them until April, 1832, when the failure of important predictions, unanimously proclaimed by those who were supposed to have the "gift of tongues," and in which he himself had taken part, convinced him that "the tongues" were a delusion. He at once publicly declared that he had been mistaken, and endeavored to convince Mr. Irving, who was then on his trial before the Presbytery of the Scotch Church.

Failing in this object, he published a *Narrative of Facts*, which had a considerable effect. The experience which he gained while under

The Irvingite Delusion,

especially while himself speaking "in the power," as he describes it, is given with wonderful wisdom in this little book. He says in one part: "Satan can imitate what he cannot perform, and as an angel of light, he can come before us in all the array of faith and love, meekness and wisdom, prayer and patience. He can work a confident persuasion, which we may mistake for faith; produce excitement of feeling, which we may mistake for love to God; allure into a pride of humility, which we may mistake for meekness; foster imaginations and high thoughts, which may appear to us true wisdom; constrain us toward continual supplication after somewhat we have set our hearts upon, without submission to the will of God, which we may mistake for devoted and faithful prayer; and buoy up our expectations and flatter our obstinacy, which we may mistake for patience. Moreover, those who have known the teaching of the Holy Spirit and have tasted the powers of the world to come, when they fall under delusion, devote what they have learned of God to the service of the enemy.

"Whenever God sees fit, for chastisement, to suffer His own people to be deluded, they bring

into their delusion all they have learned of the Spirit of God, and truth and holiness are continually displayed in their discourse and conduct though mixed up and contaminated by their delusion. Those who are

Really God's People

are, notwithstanding their delusion, still worked upon by the Spirit of God; and as the Spirit of truth continues to bear witness in them, they will never be at peace or satisfied in their delusion, but be tired and troubled. Under this trial and trouble God may carry on His gracious work in their hearts, notwithstanding the hindrance of their delusion, and thus it may be that the genuine fruits of the Spirit of God may be manifested, even in the midst of the fearful working of a system of false worship."

Part of this book was republished in Mrs. Olphant's *Life of Edward Irving*. Some of his companions, including several clergymen of the Church of England, followed Mr. Baxter in his withdrawal from Irvingite communion, while others remain in it. Among the latter the most noted was Mr. Henry Drummond, M. P., who for many years afterwards continued to sit and speak in Parliament, and who lived and died the chief prophet and pillar of the Irvingite "Catholic Apostolic" Church. His son-in-law the Duke of Northumberland, is now a leading member of that Church.

It should be understood that Mr. Baxter always agreed in the main with the Rev. Edward Irving's expositions of Revelation as to the

Pre-Millennial Second Advent of Christ

taking place probably before or about the end of this nineteenth century. His chief, and almost his only, subject of divergence from the teaching of that remarkable man was regarding the "speaking with unknown tongues," which he could not believe in.

Mr. Baxter continued his business at Doncaster as a lawyer from 1832 to 1845, at the same time actively assisting in parochial and religious undertakings. In the terrible visitation of Asiatic cholera in the autumn of 1832, which struck down hundreds of the inhabitants, he devoted a good deal of time to organizing a system of house to house visitation, and with devoted courage chose for himself the Marshgate district, where the disease raged in its most virulent form. He spent days and nights in finding out and relieving those who were struck with the disease, and was himself attacked by it.

In 1845 he removed from Doncaster to London, and commenced the career of parliamentary solicitor, and was instrumental in carrying the Great Northern Railway bill through Parliament in spite of immense opposition. This made him famous as a lawyer. After his successful promotion of the Great Northern bill, he was for more than thirty years chiefly occupied in parliamentary and railway business, at the head of the large firm of Baxter, Rose & Norton, and, since its dissolution in 1875, at the head of the firm of Baxter & Co.

In 1868, in the general election to Parliament Mr. Baxter was Conservative candidate for the representation of Hull, and again in 1870 for the city of Londonderry, but without success.

Although he was by profession an evangelic member of the Church of England, his union with the whole body of Christ in His member was far more manifest in his life. He would often attend the Church of England service in the morning, and preach in a hall or in a mission chapel in the evening. Possessed of great power of organization, he was foremost, both in Doncaster and London, in promoting systematic

District Visiting of the Poor

at a time when such a work was subject to much opposition. In order to further the education of the working classes, he in 1835 collected an analyzed, from every parish from the great county of York, containing two millions of people, the state of the schools and number of scholars.

As an earnest *total abstainer*, he took especial interest in promoting the cause of temperance, and was treasurer to the Church of England Temperance Society. As a public speaker at

religious meetings at Exeter Hall and other places in London, Mr. Baxter's voice was frequently being heard. In conjunction with Lord Radstock he founded, in 1865, the *Evangelization Society*, of Surrey Street, London, which, under the energetic secretaryship of Captain W. E. Smith, now has an annual income of about \$50,000. He has also been an active promoter of Miss Daniel's *Soldiers' Homes* at Aldershot, Chatham, Colchester, and Plymouth.

It was His Great Joy to Preach

to the soldiers of the love of Jesus. Some who have died in Egypt and elsewhere owed their conversion in some measure to his preaching. During his autumn holiday it was his wont to drive out from Doncaster or Stoke Golding to various places in the neighborhood and hold meetings in some hall or chapel, and often souls were won at these services.

He likewise was from the first a zealous friend of the *Midnight Meeting Society*, of which he was treasurer. Its first meeting was held nearly thirty years ago in St. James's Restaurant, when about 250 unhappy wanderers were welcomed to a tea-meeting, and addressed by the late Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel and others. He was also a member of the committee of the Religious Tract Society. He was President of the *Christian Community*, an association of numerous unremunerated Christian workers who preach the gospel in almshouses, lodging-houses, mission halls, refuges, and the open air. Another very useful society—the London *Open-Air Mission*—from its commencement had his co-operation as a member of its Committee, and for many years he co-operated with the late Earl of Shaftesbury in promoting the *Ragged School* movement. The poor and needy have throughout his long life frequently found in him sympathy and help. During

The Last Four Years of His Life

he was unable to give as much attention personally to business or to travel as before on account of his health. Up to the age of eighty-three, that is to say, the year 1885, he continued to go to some Mission Hall of the Evangelization Society every Saturday, and to preach twice on the Sunday.

During his last illness, which only continued for two days, he was very peaceful. Although there was considerable labor in his breathing, yet his face wore no marks of pain, and, although unable to speak, a smile of recognition would pass over his features as a familiar hymn was sung at his bedside, or a well-known text repeated. He was like a shock of corn fully ripe.

He leaves two sons, the Rev. M. Baxter, his second son, editor of the London *Christian Herald* and the *Prophetic News*, whose lectures on prophecy in this country two years ago attracted much attention; and Mr. Frank Baxter, his third son, a lawyer; also four daughters, nearly twenty grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

He was buried in Marylebone Cemetery, Finchley, on October 12, the service being conducted by the Rev. M. Baxter and Rev. H. Disney, his son-in-law.

Robert Baxter's Vade Mecum.

A London evening paper publishes the following: "An Old Solicitor" writes: 'Your reference to the death of that eminent solicitor, Mr. Robert Baxter, calls to mind a characteristic anecdote in which he was the chief actor. He was attending a Committee of the House of Lords on railway business, and a witness having been called for examination, a Testament upon which to administer the oath to the witness was searched for, but, owing to the temporary absence of the committee clerk, could not be found, and the proceedings were likely to be at a standstill, when Mr. Sergeant Merryweather told the Committee he thought, his friend Mr. Baxter could help them, and who, upon an intimation, at once produced a Testament from his pocket for the use of the Committee; and although the room contained numerous other persons, I could venture to say that not one of them had a Testament with them.'

COMING EARTHQUAKE AT MT. OLIVET.

It is noteworthy that an earthquake took place in Japan about September 11, in describing which a correspondent of the London *Times* of October 18 uses the following words: "It was a volcanic convulsion, a mountain being completely split in two, and half of it moved to some distance from the other part. Owing to this, the course of the river has been completely blocked up in places, forming lakes, of which the largest is stated to be twelve miles long."

Undesignedly this language is nearly the same as is used in Zechariah 14:4, respecting a very similar future earthquake at Christ's descent on Mt. Olivet at the battle of Armageddon, on the Last Day of this Age (which is indicated by Daniel's dates to be April 11, the last day of Passover Week in 1901); "The Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north and half of it toward the south."

It is stated on good authority that a complete, although at present dry, watercourse runs all the way from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea; and Mt. Olivet is the only barrier that blocks it up. So that when Zechariah's predicted earthquake shall form a great valley through the midst of Mt. Olivet, the waters which are foretold in Ezekiel 47 to burst forth and flow eastward from under the re-built temple at Jerusalem, will have an unobstructed waterway from that holy city to the Dead Sea, which is to be healed and to become tenanted with "a great multitude of fish, and fishers shall spread forth their nets," and trees shall grow on the banks of the river, and "the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine." (Ezek. 47:12.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

An Eye Always on the Prisoner.—The Rev. Dr. Brown says: "General Lafayette, the commander of the French auxiliaries in the American war of Independence, and one of the heroes of the French Revolution, has related how at one time he was confined in prison, and in the door of his cell there was a little hole, just large enough to permit the eye of a man, when placed at it, to command a view of the whole cell. At that door a sentry was constantly placed, his eye at the hole, following the prisoner's every movement; wherever he turned, whatever he did, the eye was upon him. Sentries came and went, but night and day he felt that an eye was upon him. Lafayette was a man of great mental power, and not likely to be easily scared with superstitious fancies, yet he tells us that that eye, constantly glaring upon him was horrible, unbearable, almost maddening. If it be so to have the eye of a man upon us, what must it be to have the eye of God resting upon us, not only now, but on that great day when we are called before Him to answer for our deeds in the flesh!"

Sobbing Heard Through a Wall.—Mr. C. Lazenby, an evangelist of Mr. Spurgeon's church, relates: "Some five years ago I was preaching in the South London Palace, London Road. One night, among the audience were some personal friends of mine—a mother and two daughters; also a near relative, a poor fellow who had been afflicted with paralysis. One result of his affliction was, that he could not whisper, but always talked very loudly. Under the preaching of the Word that night, one of the daughters was deeply impressed. I had some conversation with her but she did not seem to grasp the truth. They left, accompanied by my poor friend, who, being very anxious for the salvation of this dear girl, went home with the sisters, telling them all the way about the Saviour he loved so well. When he arrived at their home he continued to urge this young woman to decide for Christ, and eventually she did so. The most wonderful part of the story is this: While telling them of Jesus, and praying with them, which, owing to his affliction, he did very loudly, they were rather startled by hearing some one sobbing in an adjoining room. Upon going to

see what was the cause of this sobbing, and who it was, they found it was a young woman, a niece of the landlady of the house, who, having heard through the wall all this poor brother had said about Jesus and His love, was thereby brought to see herself a poor, lost sinner. She was pointed by him to the sinner's Saviour, and was led there and then to trust in Jesus for salvation."

"A Self-Conceited Infidel Once Said to Me," says Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, "I do not know how you can believe the Bible, Dr. Pentecost." 'I suppose not,' I replied, 'or you would believe it also.' 'Why, it is so abundantly contradictory that on the face of it I do not see how you can credit it. There is the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, for instance, the chapter which tells of all the saints. A fine lot of saints they were, to be sure, Noah, Abram, Jacob, Jephthah, David, and the rest of them! A prime lot of saints, if these be the best you have!' 'Well, my friend,' I said, 'I never expect much sense from an atheist, and there is very little sense in what you have just said. You do not know what the Bible teaches. It is a book which shows that the grace of God is able to take men like those you have mentioned, weak and sinful though they be, and make them saints. In the previous chapter to the one you have referred to, God says, 'Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more.' God forgives the sins of those who seek Him, then they stand forth covered with Christ's righteousness, saints and heroes of faith."

The Miller and His Business Lies.—Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost said: "I was sitting in the office of a miller, who had a most extensive business. Two men entered, and as my friend talked with them I could see that he was fencing with them, and trying to keep both from talking business. Ultimately he made engagements to meet them at different places. When they had left I said to him, 'What was wrong, that you were manoeuvring with those two men?' 'Well,' said the miller, 'You see the one wanted to sell me 20,000 bushels of wheat, and the other wanted to buy 10,000 barrels of flour.' 'What of that? Could you not conduct business with the one in presence of the other?' I inquired. 'Oh no,' he answered; 'don't you see that I must make sellers imagine that wheat is bound to go down, and equally I must lead the buyer to think that flour is bound to go up, or he would wish to buy it cheaper?' These are business lies. If you speak to a merchant about them, he will tell you that it is impossible to conduct business without them; and affirm that if you are going in for these strict notions you must keep out of business. Very well, but let me say that if you do go in for these notions you are likely to be kept out of heaven."

The "Open Sesame" of a Son's Letter.—Mr. Stevenson relates that "Two friends left this country to seek their fortune abroad. They settled in a distant land and prospered, but by and by one of them was seized with a longing to revisit his native land. He had no friends to visit, but he wished once more to look upon the familiar haunts of his boyhood. He tried to persuade his friend to accompany him. His constant companion until then, however, would not leave the land of his adoption, but wrote a letter of introduction to his father. Provided with that letter the young man set sail for Britain. As soon as he disembarked, he went to his friend's father, and sent in his name, but was refused an interview. The young man tried every means to get an interview, but it was of no use. As a last resource he said, 'Will you please tell him that I have a letter from his son?' 'What! a letter from my son?' exclaimed the merchant; 'send him up at once.' And while he remained in that part of the country he was the honored guest of his friend's father. He owed his hospitable treatment not to his own merits or efforts, but because he came in the son's name. Similarly we cannot find acceptance with God by any merits or efforts of our own, but if we come in the name of Jesus, His well-beloved Son, He will receive, and bring us into His own glorious home."

GOOD-BYE.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage Dictated on the Eve of his departure to the Holy Land on October 29.

"And they accompanied him unto the ship." Acts 20:38.

A Religious Journey—Paul an old Sailor—The Perils of Ancient Navigation—The Anchors they Carried—Their Plumb-Lines—Paul's Departure—The Church a Dry-Dock—The First Need of a Vessel—Love for the Helm—Three Mountain Surges—The Canvas of Faith—Prayer for a Halliard—Rules for the Voyage—Look Out for Icebergs—Keep the Colors Flying—The Best School for Christians—Parting Words.

To the more than twenty-five million people, in many countries, to whom my sermons come week by week, in English tongue and by translation, through the kindness of the newspaper press, I address these words. I dictate them to a stenographer on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermon I will be mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on

A Religious Journey.

I go because I want, for myself and hearers and readers, to see Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem and Calvary, and all the other places connected with the Saviour's life and death, and so reinforce myself for sermons. I go, also, because I am writing the *Life of Christ*, and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eye-witness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journeying and my safe return.

I wish, on the eve of departure, to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends, in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in absence of pastors, upon groups gathered out on prairies and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who cannot attend churches, but to whom I have long administered through the printed page. My next sermon will be addressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also."

The fact is that Paul was ever moving about, on land or sea. He was

An Old Sailor—

not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship-captains. The sailors never scoffed at him for being a "land-lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashore at Melita. When the vessel went scudding under bare poles, Paul was the only self-possessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he exclaims, in a voice that sounds above the thunder of the tempest and the wrath of the sea, "Be of good cheer."

The men who now go to sea with maps and charts and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, know nothing of the perils of

Ancient Navigation.

Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland, and from island to island, and not until long after spread their sail for a voyage across the sea. Before starting, the weather was watched, and, the vessel having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off, they at the last moment leaping into it. Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden—the transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory, as in our day, when the first desire of a man in one place seems to be to get into another place. The ship from which Jonah was thrown overboard, and that in which Paul was carried prisoner, went out chiefly with the idea of taking a cargo.

As now, so then, vessels were accustomed to carry a flag. In those times it was inscribed with the name of a heathen deity. A vessel bound for Syracuse had on it the inscription "Castor and Pollux." The ships were provided

with anchors. Anchors were of two kinds—those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were thrown up on the rocks to hold the vessel fast. This last kind was what Paul alluded to when he said: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." That was what the sailors call a "hook anchor."

Winter Voyages.

The rocks and sand-bars, shoals and headlands, not being mapped out, vessels carried a *plumb-line*. They would drop it and find the water fifty fathoms, and drop it again and find it forty fathoms, and drop it again and find it thirty fathoms, thus discovering their near approach to the shore. In the spring, summer, and autumn the Mediterranean sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first winter blast they hid themselves to the nearest harbor, although now the world's commerce prospers in January as well as in June, and in mid-winter, all over the wide and stormy deep, there float palaces of light, trampling the billows under foot, and showering the sparks of terrible furnaces on the wild wind; and the Christian passenger, tippeted and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smoke-stack, looking off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written, in scrolls of foam and fire, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, women, and children on the beach of the Mediterranean.

Paul is About to Leave

the congregation to whom he had preached, and they are come down to see him off. It is a solemn thing to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet! The solid ground may break through, and the sea—how many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good-bye, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are hoisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. I expect to sail over some of the same waters over which Paul sailed, but before going I want to urge you all to embark for heaven.

The Church is the dry-dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage,

The First Need

is sound timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their jibbooms into the eye of any tempest, when caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's word are what I mean by floor timbers. Away with your lighter material! Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are stanch enough for this craft.

You must have Love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither Pride nor Ambition nor Avarice will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye and tingling in the hand—Love married to Work, which many look upon as so homely a bride—Love, not like brooks, which foam and rattle, yet do nothing, but Love like a river, that runs up the steps of mill-wheels, and works in the harness of factory bands—Love that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying, "Poor fellow, you are dreadfully hurt!" but like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine, and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance. There are

Three Mountain Surges

that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh, and the devil; and that is a well-built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back, and never started again. It is the broadside wave that so often sweeps the deck, and fills the hatches; but that which strikes in front is harmless. Meet troubles courageously, and you surmount them. Stand on the prow, and as you wipe off the spray of the split surge, cry out with the apostle, "None of these things move me." Let all your fears stay aft. The

right must conquer. Know that Moses in an ark of bulrushes can run down a war-steamer.

Have a good strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do not always stay in the same latitude and longitude. You will never ride up the harbor of eternal rest if you all the way drag your anchor.

But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jib, the foresail, the topgallant, the skysail, the gaffsail and other canvas.

Faith is Our Canvas.

Hoist it, and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be slit to tatters by the first northeaster.

Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior, a crank to the most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry up pyramids, a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sails to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven.

But you are not yet equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew-lines, and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted, nor the canvas in anywise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes, you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong

Prayer for a Halliard

One more arrangement, and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness and storm it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures—"Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three

Rules for the Voyage.

Allow your appetites and passions only an under-deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage. Let watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel, and shoot down with great promptness anything like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

Be sure to look out of the fore-castle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the Church. The frigid-zone professors will sink you. *Steer clear of icebergs!* Keep a log-book during all the voyage—an account of how many furlongs you make a day. The merchant keeps a day-book as well as a ledger. You ought to know every night, as well as every year, how things are going. When the express train stops at the depot, you hear a hammer sounding on all the wheels, thus testing the safety of the rail-train. Bound as we are with more than express speed toward a great eternity, ought we not often to try the work of self-examination? Be sure to

Keep Your Colors Up!

You know the ships of England, Russia, France, and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, crown, and a dove; and from the masthead let float the streamers of Immanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say: "There goes a Christian, bound for the port of heaven. We will not disturb her, for she has too many guns aboard." Run up your flag on this pulley: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God, and the wisdom of God unto salvation."

When driven back, or laboring under great stress of weather—now changing from starboard tack to larboard, and then from larboard to starboard—look above the topgallants, and your heart shall beat like a war-drum, as the streamers float on the wind. The sign of the cross will make you patient, and the crown will make you glad.

Before you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven, and Christ, the Pilot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and say, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Are you ready for such a voyage? Make up your minds. The gang-planks are lifting! The bell rings!

All Aboard for Heaven!

This world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying to make its nest on the rocking billow. Oh now I wish that, as I embark for the Holy Land in the East, all to whom I preach, by tongue or type, would embark for heaven! What you all most need is God, and you need Him now. Some of you I leave in trouble. Things are going very rough with you. You have had a hard struggle with poverty, or sickness, or persecution, or bereavement. Light after light has gone out, and it is so dark that you can hardly see any blessing left. May that Jesus who comforted the widow of Nain, and raised the deceased to life, with His gentle hand of sympathy wipe away your tears! All is well.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way

To Purify the Gold

out to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless, and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amidst all the applause and enthusiasm, Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

It is Prosperity that Kills

and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amidst great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a large flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! it is the quails!

I cannot leave you until once more I confess my faith in the Saviour whom I have preached. He is my all in all. I owe more to the grace of God than most men. With this ardent tempera-

ment, if I had gone overboard I would have gone to the very depths. You know I can do nothing by halves.

Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!

I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight. I have been most unworthy, and would be sorry to think that any one of my friends had been as unworthy a Christian as myself. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope He will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if He is going to rub any of it out, I think He will rub it all out.

And now give us (for I go not alone) your benediction. When you send letters to a friend in a distant land, you say *via* such a city, or *via* such a steamer. When you send your good wishes to us, send them *via* the throne of God. We shall not travel out of the reach of your prayers.

There is a scene where spirits dwell,
Where friend holds intercourse with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

And now may the blessing of God come down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sisters, and your friends! May you be blessed in your business, and in your pleasures, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house, and by the way! And if during our separation an arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us, may it only hasten on the raptures that God has prepared for those who love Him! I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal, a word for me to speak or write. But, considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, an affectionate, and a cheerful good-bye!

A FRENCH REPROBATE SAVED.

The following incident is related in the *American McAll Record*, by Mrs. M. T. Astley, of the McAll Mission in Versailles, France:

Seeing a portly, pleasant-looking man passing by one night, I handed him a "*feuille*" [leaflet] and asked him to walk in. He did so, and for upwards of six months was so regular in his attendance, that he had been known to leave his meal unfinished in order to be in time. I had great hopes of him, but from some cause unknown to me he came less and less often, and at last ceased altogether. His wife, a poor sickly looking thing, could come rarely on account of the children. I used to go to them from time to time, but could not find out the reason of the change. One day, however, it oozed out that the husband had taken to drink, which, when all was told, was not the biggest of his sins, though it was no doubt the source of them. This suffering soul poured out her heart into mine, and a wretched heart it was.

What could I say to her? How comfort her? Only by showing her Jesus. She knew herself unworthy of heaven, and when I read from the Word how Jesus had suffered in her stead, she just believed it, and will ever believe it. I never saw such simple faith, such wonderful joy. A short time before, as she was holding her baby, her husband took her by the neck and thrust her head through a large pane of glass! Her life was a torture.

"But I have nothing in my heart but pardon and love for him now," said she to me. "A short while ago I was more than once on the point of putting an end to myself, but I could not do it now, madame. No, I am ready to bear all that my Lord thinks fit to send me, for He gives me patience. When I remember that He has suffered for *all my sins*, I don't know what to do sometimes for joy, and though I don't know how to pray to Him *properly*, I am continually talking to Him, for I am sure He is with me."

Early in November we agreed to pray for the conversion of her husband; she said that he let her talk to him now and then, and was not quite so bad. I asked the Lord for his soul. The

eldest child fell ill, then the baby boy, the only thing his father seemed to love. He grew worse, and but little hope remained. The wife and I kept on praying. On Saturday night week I called, and they almost dragged me in. The baby was chattering away on his father's knee, and the father beaming. "And shall we not give thanks?" said I, and we did so. I also asked that the man might be touched. "Oh, he is touched already!" was the answer. And this is what he said: "On going to work yesterday morning I was broken-hearted. In my despair I asked God to have mercy, and in pity to save my child, who was so dear to me. I deserved nothing, I knew. I was on the street at the time, and I hardly knew how the day went on. The evening came, and found me lifting the latch, expecting the worst, when my wife cried out, 'Peter, Peter, the little one is saved!' For a moment I could hardly take it in, and then I saw that God had answered my prayer, and bowing my head in my hands I thanked Him, and asked Him for Christ's sake to pardon all my sins, and I believe He did so then and there. I intend, by His help, to lead a new life." The following Sunday his boon companions came to have a night with him, but he thanked them and declined, saying he was going to the *Conférence*; wouldn't they come with him? What a change!

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS IN TURKEY.

MENTION has been made in these columns of the wonderful work of grace which is going on at Aintab in Turkey, under the ministrations of the missionaries of the American Board. From fuller details published in the *Missionary Herald* from a letter by Mr. Christie, one of those missionaries, it appears that no less than 588 persons have been converted. He says:

"The revival continues with ever-deepening interest and power. Multitudes come every night to hear the simple truths of salvation; their hungry interest in what is said is remarkable; the presence of the divine Spirit gives a freshness and force to the simplest and most common truths of the gospel; the great congregations listen as if they could never hear enough. Every forenoon, in all the three churches inquiry meetings are held, when the pastors and their helpers talk with individuals for four hours or more each day.

"Some very remarkable conversions have occurred: one, a notorious gambler; another, a victim of strong drink. This intemperate man had been awakened to a sense of his sin, and had begun the struggle with the enemy. The conflict within was so fierce that he fled from his house one morning early, and spent the whole day without food, wandering up and down among the tombs to the south of the city. On our way to the evening meeting we encountered him there, and he told us of his desperate condition; we took him with us to the church, where he listened to a rousing discourse on 'Quench not the Spirit,' and at its close he rose for prayers, and he is now rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free. A few weeks ago two young men, with a number of others, had been carousing nearly all night; on the way home a drunken brawl ensued, when one of them stabbed the other, and it was of God's mercy that the wound was not fatal. Both of these men are now converts, and are to unite with the First Church next Sabbath. This very day we have talked with four young men (among the twenty-two who came to open their hearts to Pastor Mardiros and myself) who have been well known as 'hard cases,' utterly indifferent to religion, but who are now, we believe, entirely changed in heart and life.

"I could give incident after incident of a similar sort. It is estimated that perhaps 200 Gregorians have been converted who, for various reasons, will not at this time join any of our churches; they will nearly all come to us in time, however, as they cannot long remain contented with the senseless mummeries of the old Church."

THE NEW TABERNACLE.

THE ceremony of breaking ground for Dr. Talmage's new Tabernacle, to be erected in Clinton and Greene avenues, Brooklyn, took place on October 28, and attracted a large number of spectators. The exercises consisted of singing, prayer, reading the Scriptures, and addresses. Dr. Talmage presided, and among the ministers who participated were the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, the Rev. John D. Wells, and the Rev. Dr. Terhune.

Treasurer John Wood said it would be one of the largest and most imposing churches in the world. The regular seating capacity would be more than 5,000, and by throwing open the Sunday-school rooms there would be accommodation for 2,000 more. The insurance companies affected by the late fire have settled with the trustees for \$115,000, which will about pay for the ground for the new building. Before turning the sod Dr. Talmage said: That begins right which begins with God. That begins wrong which begins without Him. From first cut of spade till last ring of trowel, from deepest foundation stone to highest pinnacle, from this hour when, standing under the cloudy rafters, and amid the illumined walls of

God's First Temple,

the world, to the hour when the people shall gather for dedication service under the roof of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle, we want to put all under the Divine direction.

In the beginning of life, in the beginning of families, in the beginning of nations, in the beginning of churches. They who wait until the corner-stone of a church is laid, wait until the church architecture is fixed, and the designs are determined, and the employees engaged, and to ask God to decide things then, would be to ask a miracle. That may be the reason why so many auditoriums are a defiance of acoustics, and so many buildings are unsympathetic.

God could not answer the belated prayers and make the church what it ought to be without demolition of all that had been done. It is useless to ask the Lord to make the church a blessing to the people, if already lack of ventilation has decreed asphyxia, and disturbing echoes are waiting in the new corridors ready to spring out upon sermon and psalm, and the modes of ingress and egress are a provocation. In the beginning, and while yet no architectural plans are adopted, and no craftsmen are engaged, and all is yet undetermined, let us implore divine guidance.

Brooklyn Tabernacle Now Moves On.

Like the Israelites of old, we are led by a *pillar of fire by night*, and I remember that pillar conducted them to the Promised Land. We put our church here, because it is as near as we can get to the centre of our congregation. We were central when we planted our former church where it was, but Brooklyn has moved on and moved up and moved out, and so great and grand are the prospects of our beloved city that the church now on the utmost city limits will, after a while, be far this side of the centre, and the tides of our municipal life will meet the incoming tides of ocean.

We also plant our new church here because it is a street of gardens and umbrageous trees. The only time that God is represented as walking on earth at all, He is said to have walked "in the garden in the cool of the day." The world started with a garden and will close with a garden. All up and down the Bible the Church is compared to a garden. In the garden of Gethsemane Christ wept, and He appeared to Mary Magdalene in the costume of a gardener, and our Lord's tomb was in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. What more appropriate place could we find for our church than a street of gardens?

As we break the ground to-day for a new church let me state

What This Church Will Stand For.

Evangelism, liberty of conscience, Christian patriotism, charity, righteousness toward God, and honesty toward man. May it be a great

place for the cure of heartaches! May its windows look into the next world as well as this! May all the children baptized here become the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! May all the marital oaths taken at these altars be kept until death does them part! May there be a revival of pure religion here which shall roll on without interruption until Christ descends through the wide-opening heavens! May the Lord God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Joshua and Paul and John Knox and John Wesley and Hugh Latimer and Bishop McIlvaine take possession of this ground and all that shall be built upon it!

We have but one regret in breaking ground on this spot, and that is, that this grand and beautiful tree on my left must be cut down to make room. The tree seems sad and its leaves are a little tremulous, and there are voices within us which become recitative, saying, "Woodman, spare that tree!" What America greatly needs to-day is, not more trees cut down, but more trees planted. He who needlessly slays a tree is an assassin. The kingdom of God is to be a kingdom of trees: "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree." And "all the trees of the wood are to clap their hands." And in Revelation the angel cries out, "Hurt not the trees!" There must be some good reason for laying the axe to the root of such a pillared glory, or it would not be done at all. But perhaps we may atone for the deed by putting here what Isaiah calls "the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord."

And now I proceed to the ceremony of breaking ground for a new House of God. (Here a spade, of which the iron part was gilded and the handle covered with blue plush was handed by an elder of the church to Dr. Talmage, who with a turn on the spade removed a portion of the sod.) In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost! The work is begun. Now let the building rise! Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory! Amen and Amen!

THE BLIND MADE TO SEE.

THE following incident is published by the New York *Sun* of October 29: Miss Annie Ryder, who lives with her mother and stepfather at 189 Mercer Street, Jersey City, says she has been cured by prayer of blindness. She is twenty years old. Following is her own story, which is corroborated by her mother: Eighteen years ago she had small-pox, which left her almost totally blind. Her parents consulted eminent oculists, who all declared that the case was hopeless. Dr. Knapp, of New York, told her parents they would waste money in trying to do anything for her. Her eyes remained in the same condition for sixteen years, and during that time she had to be led by a companion when she went out-doors. Two years ago a friend of the family advised her to visit the Mount Zion Sanctuary, in Greenville, where Sister Annetta Jackson and Brother Hancox were conducting services. A friend led her to the church, and she asked the prayers of the congregation that her sight might be restored. From the time of her visit the darkness gradually disappeared as she continued to pray for more light.

On last Thursday [October 24], however, her eyes became affected with a cold, and her sight failed again. She told her mother to go to the faith cure church in Grove Street, where Pastor Hancox conducts services daily, and ask again for prayers. Her mother went to the church a little before 9 o'clock, and at her request the congregation prayed fervently. Miss Ryder says that at 9 o'clock the same morning she herself sank down on her knees in the house, and prayed that her sight might be restored. When she had finished she could see the sun shine once more. Her mother returned to the house, and found her daughter pacing the room and giving thanks for the cure. Mrs. Ryder says it was about 9 o'clock when the faith-cure congregation joined in prayer.

When a *Sun* reporter called at the house last evening Miss Ryder was preparing to go, unaccompanied, to the church. She said she could see well, and that she had no doubt her faith had brought about a miracle. She said she was going to travel the country through, to give testimony of what God had done for her.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON'S TWO SONS.

IN connection with the strong expectations which have been set forth ever since 1873, as to the probability of Prince Jerome Napoleon becoming the Great Napoleon of the coming crisis, it is of interest to observe what is said about his two sons. A European weekly journal said on October 9, in describing Prince Victor Napoleon, the eldest son, who is about 27 years of age, and who lives in exile in Brussels, in Belgium:

"This young Prince is said to unite the dogged perseverance of the House of Savoy to the strong faith and vivid imagination of the Bonapartes, and that ever since he became the acknowledged representative of the Napoleon family by the political testament of his cousin he has devoted all his energies to thoroughly fit himself for the exalted position which he implicitly believes will one day be assigned him by the *plébiscite* of the French people. Prince Victor Napoleon's dark eyes, olive complexion, and well-knit figure would remind you strongly of Robert Lefèvre's picture of Napoleon I., if it were not for the heavy black moustache and unpretending suit of grey tweed, which savour essentially of the present. He regards the memorials of triumphs and vicissitudes of his ancestor as powerful incentives to labor for the future; and it would be difficult to name a work on French finance, politics, or military history which cannot be found on his book-shelves. The Bonapartes have always been artillerymen, and the models of shells below King Jerome's cuirass, in his house, are the solitary souvenirs of his grandson, Prince Victor's, brief service as a volunteer at Orleans."

The London *Standard* of October 14 said: "The report that the second son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, Prince Louis Napoleon (who is about twenty-five years of age), intends to enter the Russian Army is, to say the least, premature. Prince Louis is at present serving as captain in a cavalry regiment in the Italian Army. He is with his father in Switzerland, but is expected at Monza, together with his mother, the Princess Clotilde, about the end of October."

A PRAYER FOR HALF A DOLLAR.

AN interesting incident is related by a writer in *The Silver Cross*, the excellent organ of the King's Daughters. She says that a well-educated lady, once wealthy, had fallen into adversity, and was living with her husband in a poor neighborhood. She was an invalid, and had to deny herself every luxury, that the small sum her husband was able to earn might cover expenses and keep them out of debt. One day when heavily burdened with pain and sorrow a visitor came and left with her for an hour a book full of such choice consolation and directions to Bible promises that the cloud lifted, and she once more recovered faith and joy. The visitor called again for the book, expressing at the same time her regret that as it was not her own she could not leave it with the afflicted lady for a longer time. The sufferer yearned for the treasure, that she might read it through and gain help for the bearing of her daily struggle. But the cost of the book was fifty cents, and as already every cent of income was needed for necessities there was no hope of obtaining such a sum. But the book had taught her the power of prayer, and she prayed that in some way the money might come. No answer came for several days, but she continued praying. At length, one day, the physician who visited her laid half a dollar on the table as he entered, saying he had picked it up on the door-step, and supposed her husband must have dropped it as he went out to his work. The lady had good reason for doubting that theory, and when her husband returned he

peedily disposed of such an idea. Inquiries were made of the only persons who had been to the house that day, but none of them had lost the half-dollar, and then the lady thanked God that in that way He had answered her prayer.

DAVID'S LAST WORDS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for November 17, 11 Samuel 22:1-23:7; Golden Text, 11 Samuel 23:5.

Two Triumphal Songs—Deliverance From Outward and Inward Enemies—David's Conception of God—How He Fell—Through Leaving his Fortress—David's Experience in Prayer—Was a Business Matter with Him—Regarded Answers as a Natural Thing—A Deliverance by Storm and Earthquake—A Wrong Inference—Driven Back to God—On Safe Ground Again—A Revelation of the Future Dispensation—How God Deals with Human Thorns.

IN these two chapters, 11 Sam. 22 and 23, we have two songs: both are songs of deliverance, the one commemorating David's deliverance from "all his enemies, and out of the hand of Saul"—his outward foes; the others commemorating his deliverance from his inward foes, this being David's last utterance as a poet.

In the first of these songs, the Lord has the prominent place. He begins with His name, "The Lord is my Rock, and my Fortress, and my Deliverer." He is beneath him, to stand upon; around him, as a fortress; between him and his foes; and more than that, an active Deliverer. No wonder David knew himself safe. "The God of my Rock; in Him will I trust; He is my Shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high Tower and my Refuge, my Saviour; thou avest me from violence. . . I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised; so shall I be saved from mine enemies." How was it possible that a man who could write thus, whose confidence in God was so absolute, who saw God around him, and himself hemmed in by God on all sides—how was it possible that such a one could use deceit with Achish, king of Gath. How could such a one fall into the grievous sins which afterwards stained his life? The explanation is simple: God never puts any of his children into a state or position where they are beyond the reach of temptation. He did not ease to be David's fortress when David fell, but the King had left his fortress, and outside of it he was fortified by God no more.

"He That Dwelleth

in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." (Ps. 91:1.) Christ is all to us which God's word says He is, while we abide in Him. When David acted without God, he found himself undefended. When he made his own wisdom his ground of action, he was leaving his Rock, and no wonder his steps slipped. Persevering faith is a momentary-moment necessity with each of us: it becomes a habit little by little. David next tells his experience in prayer, "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God." The Psalmist does not stop here. Prayer was a real business matter with David, and no mere discharging of conscientious duty. He knew the ground he stood on, he knew how far he might go, he prayed to a God whom he knew personally, and he looked for a certain result. He records, not as a marvellous answer to prayer, but as the most natural thing for him to expect.

"He did Hear my Voice

out of His temple, and my cry did enter into His ears." How did he know God heard him? Because something happened immediately. David counted that God was so true a Father that He would sooner move heaven and earth than leave the cry of His distressed child unheard, and he was not disappointed. When this occasion was, we know not, but it must have been at a time when David was in great danger, and God used both earthquake and thunder-storm against his enemies. "Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of heaven moved and shook, because he was wroth. . . . He bowed the heavens also, and came down . . . and He rode upon a cherub, and did fly: and He was seen upon

the wings of the wind (seen by David's eye of faith). . . . The Lord thundered from heaven, and the Most High uttered His voice;" and it was all for His child's deliverance. "The waves of death" had compassed him, "and the floods of ungodly men" had made him afraid. (ver. 5.) And now he sings, "He sent out arrows, and scattered them; lightning, and discomfited them. . . . He sent from above, he took me; He drew me out of many waters: He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them that hated me: for they were too strong for me. . . . He brought me forth also into a large place: He delivered me, because he delighted in me."

Up to this point the Psalmist's eye is fully upon the Lord; he sees Him in everything, and everything in relation to Him. Then comes the danger, which is such a danger to God's children, the danger of being pleased with himself, and his own spiritual state, and he accounts the gracious dealings of the Lord as due to him in some measure, because of his faithfulness. He talks of his righteousness, of the cleanness of his hands, of how he has kept the ways of the Lord, and has not departed from His statutes and judgments, "I was also upright before Him, and have kept myself from mine iniquity. Therefore the Lord hath recompensed me according to my righteousness; according to my cleanness in His eyesight." One cannot but detect danger in these words and those which follow.

It is so true, that only the merciful understand God's mercy, only the pure His purity, only the upright, His uprightness; but it is evident, in his own eyes, it is David who is still the merciful, upright, and pure man. Perhaps it was this very self-consciousness which first opened the door to the enemy.

Then comes a change; he owns that God is his strength, "By thee I have run through a troop; by my God have I leaped over a wall," and in doing so his eye seems to rest on God again, and himself is comparatively in the shadow. "As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord is tried, He is a Buckler to all them that trust in Him." Now he is

On Safe Ground Again,

attributing all to God. "God is my Strength and my Tower; and He maketh my way perfect;" not as before, "I have kept the ways of the Lord." Now it is "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places; teacheth my hands to war; so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms. . . . Thy gentleness hath made me great." There is every difference between exulting in *our own* purity or faithfulness or zeal, and thinking that by these things we lay God under an obligation to us, and exulting in God's faithfulness and power, and rejoicing that by Him we overcome. In the former *we* get the glory; in the latter, God has the glory.

David continues his song of triumph over his enemies, but attributes now all his conquests to God. "Thou hast girded me with strength. . . . Thou hast also given me the necks of mine enemies. . . . Thou also hast delivered me from the strivings of my people" (this latter was indeed a deliverance). He closes his psalm with the glorious words, "The Lord liveth," etc. God was no mere idea to David, no distant, awful, unknown Being: He was real, true, and

Knew a Living God.

"The Lord liveth. . . . Therefore I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, among the heathen, and I will sing praises unto Thy name. He is the tower of salvation for his King; and sheweth mercy to his anointed, unto David and to his seed forevermore." In all this song, there is much of the knowledge of God, much of blessed experience; . . . David is not yet fully broken; the bitter, terrible experience of his sin and its consequences was used of God to cut away from David all self-dependence, all self-exultation. In his last words there is a wonderful mellowness; they are the utterances of a heart melted, broken by grace. He calls himself "David, the son of Jesse;" he does not forget his origin, and he speaks of it now instead of recounting the

mighty deeds which he had done, and the purity, faithfulness, and integrity in which he had formerly taken such pride. It is a subdued, conquered king who now calls himself "the son of Jesse." "The man who was raised up on high," and therefore had been low down. He says nothing about being the "man after God's own heart," and "chosen from among his brethren;" God's condescension to him fills his thoughts, and he feels that through His grace only he is the anointed of the God of Jacob and the "sweet Psalmist of Israel." And having so named himself, he again wonders that God could use such an instrument. "The spirit of the Lord spake by me," as though to say; "nothing but this constitutes me the sweet Psalmist of Israel;" "and His word was on my tongue. The God of Israel said, The Rock of Israel spake to me." It would seem as though, in this, his last prophetic utterance, David saw in some way the three Persons of the Trinity, a revelation of the Godhead in advance of the dispensation in which he lived—God, the Rock, the Spirit; God, the Father, Jesus, the Rock of Ages; the Spirit, the Holy Comforter. And this was given to the fallible but humbled David, the man who, sinner as he had been, took God's part against himself and his sin, and, when once he saw it, was true to God at all costs. On earth he could never undo the past; but the precious blood of Christ, surely beforehand, cleansed David from all sin, and God manifested Himself unto him as He does not unto the world. (John 14: 21, 22.)

What, then, is the message thus vouchsafed to David by the Godhead thus manifested? David saw his life as it should have been, and as it should be in the life of his great antitype, Jesus, the Son of David. The Revised Version gives it, "Then shall be one that ruleth over men,

A Righteous One

that ruleth in the fear of God." And Young translates what follows: "And as the light of morning he riseth, a morning sun—no clouds! By the shining, by the rain, tender grass of the earth." Such will be the coming reign of Jesus—"A Morning Sun," as well as, "the bright Morning Star;" "no clouds; ruling uninterceptedly in the fear of God."

Jesus said to His disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." (John 16: 12.) Toward the end of life, God may say things which would have brought us to utter despair when we first knew Him and were full of expectations from ourselves. God showed David the perfect pattern, and instead of asserting his righteousness, integrity, faithfulness, etc., he says, "Verily my house is not so with God." (R. V.) It was a plain, unvarnished admission of failure. But there was no depression, no discouragement with it; he turns from himself to his God and says, "Yet *He* hath made with me an everlasting covenant,

Ordered in All Things and Sure;

for this is all my salvation and all my desire, although He made it not to grow." In his old age, looking back on God's goodness and wondrous deliverances, seeing his life from the verge of an endless eternity, David does not fall back on one thing in his past, present, or future, but on God's covenant; neither purity, faithfulness, uprightness, nor aught else is sure ground now, but the covenant of God, "ordered in all things and sure;" that and that alone he can trust.

Perhaps the thought struck him, "How is it that I am not cast away like the wicked? I have committed their sins; why am I rescued, and they lost?" And again a revelation from God explains the matter: "But the sons of Belial shall be all of them as thorns thrust away, because they cannot be taken with hand." God stretches out His hands in love and mercy, but those who will not be taken with hands must be utterly burned with fire. David had let God conquer him. There is hope for any man who will let God win him, or, if he is astray, win him back. But those who resist God are hopeless. "The man who shall touch them must be fenced with iron." Thus David's last words glorified God, while they left him in the dust.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 4 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

Remittances by Mail should be by Post-office money order, bank cheque, draft, or express money order, whenever possible, and should always be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Letters containing money sent in this way need not be registered, as, when lost, duplicates can always be obtained.

NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Pension Agents will Have Greater Difficulties under General Raum than they found in dealing with the Bureau under the charge of Corporal Tanner. The new Commissioner requires the section of the law authorizing a grant or relating to be quoted in the form, and the circumstances justifying the payment to be fully stated. He has also issued instructions to heads of divisions in the Pension Office directing that all claims involving large sums of money, after they have been prepared for special adjudication, are not to be passed upon. They are to be brought to his department, and he proposes to give them his personal consideration before the pension certificate will be issued. This change will not delay the final adjudication of the claim, as the Commissioner intends to give the preference to business of this character and examine the cases as soon as brought before him. He does not intend to make a re-examination of the cases, but in connection with the official familiar with the cases he will go over them so as to know what they are, and the principle upon which they have been decided. This is as it should be. The nation is as desirous that no proper and just claim should be neglected as it is that no unjust claims should be allowed.

A Decision on the Electric Light Question in the Supreme Court of New York on October 29 deserves the attention of all large cities. They may profitably take warning by the dilemma in which New York is placed, and which this decision renders only more embarrassing. For about three weeks the principal thoroughfares of the city have been so dark at night that highway robberies and sandbag assaults have been perpetrated with impunity. In Broadway between Fourteenth Street and the Battery the drivers of vehicles have had to exercise the utmost care to avoid collisions. Persons on one sidewalk could not see persons on the opposite sidewalk. The reason was that the gas lamps had been removed to give place to the electric light, and the electric light was not used while a dispute was pending in the Supreme Court. The decision rendered last week exposes the tricks of the politicians. After the lineman was killed and almost consumed in mid-air by a badly insulated wire on October 11, the public insisted that the wires should be better protected or put underground. The Electric Light Company, in defending themselves in the court, stated that the Board of Electrical control would not allow them to build subways, and were slow in building them themselves, and would not allow them to hang new wires. They were therefore obliged to use defective wires or discontinue the light. The Supreme Court finds that this plea is valid, yet that the law permits the Board of Electrical Control to exercise this

power. The situation in which New York finds itself is an illustration of the result of placing power in the hands of selfish politicians.

The Postmaster-General has Yielded to the protests of the telegraph companies in the matter of rates for Government telegrams. On October 31 he issued a general order, raising the compensation to ten times the sum fixed by him last July, and abandoning his position on the subject of distance. One cent, instead of one mill a word, is to be paid for messages of ten words for distances of 400 miles and under. Between 400 and 1,000 miles the price is to be fifteen cents for ten words. Over 1,000 miles the rate is twenty cents. These rates are to be maintained until June 30, 1890. Future rates are to be fixed by a board consisting of five persons, of whom two are to be appointed by the telegraph companies, two by the Post-Office Department, and the fifth by the other four members of the board. Mr. Wanamaker must have felt the backdown to be somewhat humiliating, and probably wishes he had more fully considered the matter before fixing the one-mill rate. The nation shares that feeling. It expects its statesmen to have more dignity than to offer lower prices than they intend to pay. Some classes of tradesmen still follow the practice, but they are not the highest.

A Startling Statement on the Divorce Question was made at the recent meeting of the National Reform Association in Philadelphia by Judge Thayer, of Pennsylvania. He said: "I have granted many decrees of divorce that I did not think should be granted, simply because by my official oath I am bound to administer the laws as they are upon the statute-books. In many and many a case I have felt that this thing was being done by agreement, and that people who were bound together by the laws of God were sundering themselves by a trick. I am bound, and every judge is bound, hand and foot in this matter. No judge can say no, nor has he any opportunity to protest against it." If this evil flourishes in Pennsylvania, which has by no means the worst record among the States in the matter of divorce, how much greater must it be in those States where the laws are more lax! Other evils also proceed from the diversity of the laws. These are now so generally recognized that Congress would now have the approval of a majority of the people if it undertook to legislate on the subject for the whole country.

A Notable Speech of Thanks by King Mataafa, of the Samoan Islands, was made when the United States Consul-General distributed to him and his men the presents which Congress voted in recognition of the generous assistance afforded by the King and his people to our shipwrecked sailors at the time the *Trenton* and *Vandalia* were destroyed in Apia Harbor. Mataafa showed his modesty and his regard for Christian principles by saying, in reply to Mr. Blacklock's address: "We return our grateful thanks, through you, to the great American people whom you represent. When we assisted your sailors we considered that we were only doing the duty of human beings toward our brothers. We have been taught that the Saviour came into the world to save everybody, and we were only following His teachings in a small way." Evidently to characterize such a man as Mataafa as a savage, as was done lately, is a gross injustice.

The Emperor of Germany Set Out for a Visit to the Sultan of Turkey on October 31. A Turkish journal says that the visit is a happy event for Turkey, and that it shows that Germany approves the Sultan's wise policy of neutrality. Outside observers have good reason to doubt whether this construction can justly be placed on the visit. Recent events suggest that the true explanation is rather a desire to consolidate the hereditary enemies of Russia with the enemies of France in a powerful league of mutual defence which shall form a cordon to prevent Russia uniting her forces with those of France in the event of war. That view is supported by the fact that before the Emperor's

departure there were long conferences at the German foreign office between Bismarck and the Turkish Ambassador at Berlin. Rumors are also current that a new international conference to revise the arrangements made by the Berlin conference of 1878 is to be called, at which the Balkan question and the English occupation of Egypt are to be discussed, with the view of removing causes of mutual distrust between the allies, and inducing more cordial relations.

The Speech of Mr. Davitt Before the Parnell commission was concluded on October 31. Sir James Hannen, the President of the Commission, complimented him on the force and ability of his arguments, and thanked him for having given to the commission the assistance which was withheld by others on the Parnellite side. In the course of his speech Mr. Davitt defended boycotting, which he declared was not advocated as a means of personal injury or intimidation, but as embodying the popular sense of refusing to associate with those acting against the public interest. Mr. Davitt denounced the charge that Mr. Patrick Egan, treasurer of the Land League, paid money to assist in the Phoenix Park murders, or that Mr. Biggar or others advanced money belonging to the League to pay for the committal of outrages.

The Tide of Liberal Triumphs at the Polls in England has been checked at Brighton. Though the Conservative candidate was weak, and was opposed by Sir Robert Peel—an effective speaker of popular manners, who was, moreover, personally aided by Mr. Gladstone's presence and active support—the Conservative candidate was elected by a majority of 2,507. A member of Parliament, writing to the *New York Herald* on the subject, contends that the election was a more reliable test of public opinion on the Irish question than were the recent Gladstonian victories. He makes, however, some significant comments, which are worthy of notice apart from politics. Referring to the victorious candidate, he says: "There was one thing which helped him greatly—he had a character. Sir Robert Peel now knows better than he did before the value of character in English public life."

Mr. Gladstone Paid a Glowing Tribute to the United States in the course of a recent address to the workmen of Chester. He urged all English workmen to study the history of the American Revolution. He claimed that it was by and from England that a love of freedom was sown in America. England now in return reaped advantages from the American vindication of those principles of freedom which animated the Revolution. The system of government in America combined that love of freedom, respect for law, and desire for order which formed the surest elements of national excellence and greatness. It was no extravagance to say that, although there were only two millions of people in the thirteen States at the time of the Revolution, the group of statesmen that proceeded from them were a match for any in the whole history of the world, and were superior to those of any one epoch.

A Renewal of the Trouble in Samoa is Reported from Sydney, New South Wales. It appears that a pitched battle was fought on the Island of Savaii, about October 15, between the forces of Malietoa and Tamasese. The report states that a large number of men were slain, but the result of the battle was still in doubt when the despatch left. The news excites unpleasant suspicions. It indicates that Tamasese has received help from the Germans. He had but a small following, as was proved when Mataafa was elected to succeed Malietoa. He had no ammunition except what he could get without paying for it from the Germans. Being without funds and without native support he was able to hire soldiers, and arm them in such numbers as to cope with Malietoa's forces. The question therefore arises whether the representatives of Germany at the Samoan Islands, being aware of Bismarck's objection to Mataafa's elevation, have not disregarded the pledges given by Germany at the Berlin conference.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$20.54. They are from: Des Moines, Iowa, \$5; Stamford, Conn., \$1; Newark, N. J., \$1; Lakeville, Cal., 54 cts; Nichols, N. Y., \$1; Lancaster, Pa., \$3; Camden, N. Y., \$1; San Francisco, Cal., \$3; Pilot, Va., \$2; Kalkaska, Mich., \$1; Titusville, Pa., \$2. These contributions are very welcome, as we have just now a very large number of applications on hand, both from ministers who have not yet had the paper, and from others who have had it and learned its value in their work, but whose terms have expired. Our friends who are supporting this fund may be assured that their gifts are highly appreciated, and are being much blessed to the beneficiaries and their congregations.

A Scared Burglar Alarmed a Family in Chicago on October 28. He secured an entrance into an aristocratic mansion in Bellevue Place while the family were at dinner, and began stealthily collecting the valuables in the bedrooms. He tied them up in a bundle ready to carry away, when he appears to have thought he might profitably extend his exploration to the parlor on the same floor. At the end of the passage between the rooms is a large mirror, which is built into the wall. As the burglar turned into the passage he would see his own reflection like a man walking to meet him. In the dim light he did not recognize himself, and instinctively drew his revolver. As the man in the mirror would do the same, the burglar would see that there was no time to lose, and he fired two shots quickly, shattering the mirror to pieces. The family down-stairs heard the reports and the crash of the glass, and the men of the family armed themselves and ran up-stairs. They found the broken mirror and an open window, through which they saw a flying figure in the distance. The burglar made good his escape, but he left his plunder behind him. Analogous terror comes upon men under conviction of sin when they see themselves in the light of God's holy law. They not only see their own hideous deformity, but they see themselves as their own enemies, and are alarmed. Happy are they then, if, instead of condemning the law they fly to Christ for pardon and renovation. (Rom. 7:7, 8.)

A New Use was Found for the National flag at a public school celebration in the West some time ago. A public man in New York who takes a deep interest in education says that while staying in a Western city he was invited to attend a celebration at a school and distribute some prizes. He wished to excite patriotic feelings in the minds of the children, and led up to the subject of his address by pointing to the Stars and Stripes, festooned on the opposite wall. "What is that?" he asked. "The National flag," was the reply. "And why do we hang it there?" was the next question. There was silence for a moment, and then a bright little girl answered, "To hide the stain on the wall." The answer was not the one he expected, nor the one he wanted. He thought the child would have said that it was put there as a sign of patriotic sentiment, an emblem of which they were proud. Ministers and Christian workers are often pained by discovering that the profession of religion is worn for the same purpose—to hide the stains on moral character. It frequently serves the purpose so far as men are concerned, but it does not deceive God, who expects the heart and life of those who profess Christ's name to be purified through His blood. (1 John 3: 3.)

A Disinherited Daughter Explained Her poverty to a friend connected with the Chicago *Tribune* recently. She said that when her father was informed last December that he could not recover from his illness, he sent for a lawyer, and had his family gathered around his bed while he gave instructions for his will. He explained his motives for each clause, and the lawyer drew the will up, and it was signed there and then. The daughter in question was not present, but without learning the provisions of

the will she agreed to abide by them and avoid litigation, as did the other members of the family. The old gentleman was very wealthy, and there was a considerable portion for each of his children, varying according to the testator's opinion of their needs and merits. This daughter's share was one of the largest, but it was contingent on her renouncing her lover, a young theological student. When the will was read after her father's death, and she heard of the family council, she inquired what reasons her father had assigned for attaching such a condition to her inheritance. She was told that he had made no objection to the lover except on the ground that he was poor, and that excited his contempt. "Then," she said, "I must choose between my lover and my fortune?" "That is it," said the lawyer. The choice was soon made, and when the student has graduated, and is able to support a wife, he will marry his portionless bride. The Christian in business has often to make a similar choice between Christ and a fortune. Happy is he who is enabled to choose the better part. (Matt. 10:38, 39.)

A Bedroom to Cost \$27,000 Has Been Partially constructed for a millionaire resident of New York. The details came into publicity by a lawsuit with the architect, which was tried before the Court of Appeals last week. The architect, in the course of his testimony, said that his orders were to construct a palatial chamber, with a carved frieze, and windows with Venetian stained glass, with allegorical pictures. The bathroom adjoining it was to be domed and finished in hand-painted embossed leather, with windows of opalescent jeweled glass. Incidentally there was to be a closet with a tiled floor, and a shoe-box of polished slate in one corner. In the wall was to be built a cabinet wardrobe, with wall ornaments of hammered brass and antique bronze. The whole would require an expenditure of \$27,000. Whether these sumptuous surroundings would have conducted to the main purpose of the room—that of its occupant enjoying refreshing sleep in it—may be doubted. They would serve to remind him of his vast wealth, but if they also reminded him of the contrast between that room and the close quarters in which the poor and the sick were tossing, and of those who have no home, he might have twinges of conscience that would keep him awake. David, who had had a very varied experience in his resting-places, tells us under what circumstances he could best sleep. (Ps. 3:5.)

A Disappointed Politician has Become a political outcast in Minnesota this year. Mr. Wanamaker recently appointed a Republican postmaster in his city, and soon after being inducted into office this man waited upon him and asked for promotion. He said that he had been a clerk in the office for eight years. Being asked how he retained his position under the late postmaster, who had the character of being particular as to the politics of his subordinates, he replied that he had represented himself as a Democrat. "Are you, then, a Democrat or a Republican?" asked the new postmaster. "Oh, a Republican, certainly," was the reply; "but I should have lost my position if I had not professed to be a Democrat under Mr. —." "You may go to the cashier and get your pay," said the postmaster; "I do not want men around me who are ready to abjure their party to make money." The clerk is now, therefore, politically homeless. After his confession the Democrats will not welcome him, and it appears that the Republicans have no use for him. There is reason to fear that many professors of religion will suffer by similar duplicity when Christ comes. Their conduct shows that they are among those who do not love Him more than houses and lands. (Matt. 19:29.)

The Discovery of a New Rock in the Atlantic was announced last week. It is called Lamb's Rock, and it lies twenty-two miles off Cape St. Mary's, on the southern coast of Newfoundland, and, though covered by thirty-three feet of water, is right in the track of vessels making for the mouth of the St. Lawrence. When a heavy sea

breaks, such a rock must form a serious danger to navigation. Up to two years ago its existence was not suspected in official circles. "This discovery does not form a valuable addition to the American continent," says the journal announcing it. "But a rock covered by the sea is to the sailor often of infinitely greater importance than an island above it. For, while it is not easy to run against the land, even in the dark, it requires a great deal of caution to avoid splitting a vessel on a bank over which it cannot float." There is reason to believe that the existence of the rock has been known for some time to one or more fishermen, who did not disclose their knowledge because the rock was a favorite haunt of codfish, and so long as the secret was kept they made a profit by their knowledge. To give warning of the obstruction might save some ship from destruction, but it would spoil business, so the warning was not given. Recent disclosures of immorality in New York and another city show that even men professing Christianity are acting in the same way as to the hidden dangers by which the souls of young men are wrecked for time and eternity. The punishment for such silence is clearly revealed in God's Word. (Ezek. 33:6.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The retail liquor traffic is now prohibited in seventy-nine municipalities of the province of Manitoba.

Thirty-three missionaries have been sent out by the American Baptist Missionary Union this fall, of whom twenty-three are newly appointed.

Mrs. Louis (née Miss Ada Leigh) is now in Canada with her husband, the Bishop of Ontario. She has received acordial welcome from Christian friends there.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson holds a service in the Gospel Tabernacle, Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, New York, every evening at 8 o'clock during the winter.

The American Baptist Education Society reports that one-half of the \$400,000 needed to secure John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$600,000 for a Baptist university in Chicago has been secured.

It has been determined to open in Springfield, Mass., an industrial and technological school in connection with the School for Christian Workers, of which the Rev. David A. Reed is the head.

Rev. M. Baxter and Mrs. Baxter have been giving Second Advent and Gospel addresses in Worthing, England. The New Assembly rooms were crowded by a large audience to hear them.

The sum of \$20,000 has been given to Johns Hopkins University by Eugene Levering, of Baltimore, to be spent in the erection of a Y. M. C. A. building to include a library, reading-room, and chapel.

A Chinese guild is to be established at No. 23 St. Mark's Place, New York, where the 500 pupils in the twenty-five Sunday-schools in this city may find entertainment and instruction during the week.

The work of revising the German Bible is progressing. The statement is made that not only has the Old Testament been revised very thoroughly, but the revised version of the New Testament, which had been previously completed, has been again corrected.

There are now twenty-seven vessels engaged in missionary work in different parts of the world under the auspices of sixteen societies; of these missionary vessels, sixteen are running on the coasts or rivers of Africa, and six among the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

In compliance with a request from a worthy member of a Wesleyan church in England, we ask if any of our readers happen to know anything about the death of a man calling himself Reynold Lukey, who came to this country from England. His relatives lost track of him, and have heard indirectly of his death.

A statement is made by Rev. Mr. Noyes, of Canton, that \$200,000,000 are spent annually in China on ancestral worship alone. He found that the ratio of gifts to income, in the case of several families about which he inquired, ranged from one-fifth to one-third, and that in no case were the gifts so small as a tithe.

Dr. Justin D. Fulton is holding meetings in Hamilton, Ont. The Arcade Hall, in which they are held, is densely thronged. In a letter just received from the Doctor, he says: "We have a daily morning prayer-meeting at the James Street Baptist Church. It looks as if a revival work was going to sweep over Canada. Pray for it, lovers of Christ in all lands!"

Mr. E. P. Telford commenced a series of services in Grace M. E. Church, Troy, on November 3. On their conclusion he goes to Gloversville, N. Y., to the First M. E. Church, which has a membership of over 1,100. He asks for prayer for God's blessing on these meetings. The services at Dover, N. H., have been greatly blessed. Crowds of hearers and many unsaved persons rescued.

PREPARATION FOR SERVICE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Jesus saith unto them, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Matt. 4: 19.

Fishermen Made Apostles — Usefulness a sign of Following Christ — I. Something for the Christian to Do — How to Become an Efficient Preacher — The Great Training-School — Separation Demanded — Abiding With Christ — The Vaudois Method — Obeying Christ — Teach What He Taught — Imitate His Holiness — II. Something for the Lord to Do — Preparation of Experience — By Distinct Monitions — By the Holy Spirit — III. The Instructive Figure — The Fisherman — Trustful — Diligent — Watchful.

WHEN Christ calls us by His grace, we ought not only to remember what we are, but we ought also to *think of what He can make us*. It is, "Follow Me, and I will make you." We should repent of what we have been, but rejoice in what we may be. It is not, "Follow Me, because of what you are already," It is not, "Follow Me, because you may make something of your selves," but, "Follow Me, because of what I will make you." Verily, I might say of each one of us as soon as we are converted, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It did not seem a likely thing that lowly fishermen would develop into apostles; that men so handy with the net would be quite as much at home in preaching sermons and in instructing converts. One would have said, "How can these things be? You cannot make founders of churches out of peasants of Galilee." That is exactly what Christ did. Oh, you who see in yourselves at present nothing that is desirable, come you and follow Christ for the sake of what He can make out of you. Do you not hear His sweet voice calling to you, and saying, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men?"

Note, next, that we are not made all that we shall be, nor all that we ought to desire to be, when we ourselves are fished for and caught. This is what the grace of God does for us at first; but it is not all. We are like the fishes, making sin to be our element; and the good Lord comes, and with the gospel net He takes us, and He delivers us from the life and love of sin. But He has not wrought for us all that He can do, nor all that we should wish Him to do, when He has done this; for it is another and a higher miracle to make us who were

Fish to Become Fishers

—to make the saved ones saviours—to make the convert into a converter—the receiver of the gospel into an impartor of that same gospel to other people. I think I may say to every person whom I am addressing—If you are saved yourself, the work is but half done until you are employed to bring others to Christ. You are as yet but half formed in the image of your Lord. You have not attained to the full development of the Christ-life in you unless you have commenced in some feeble way to tell to others of the grace of God; and I trust that you will find no rest to the sole of your foot till you have been the means of leading many to that blessed Saviour who is your confidence and your hope. His word is—Follow Me, not merely that you may be saved, nor even that you may be sanctified, but, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

I. First, then, I will take it for granted that every believer here wants to be useful. If he does not, I take leave to question whether he can be a true believer in Christ. Well, then, if you want to be really useful, here is

Something for You to Do

to that end: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." What is the way to become an efficient preacher? "Young man," says one, "go to college." "Young man," says Christ, "follow Me, and I will make you a fisher of men." How is a person to be useful? "Attend a training-class," says one. Quite right; but there is a surer answer than that—Follow Jesus, and He will make you fishers of men. *The great training-school for Christian workers* has Christ at its head; and He is at its head, not only as a

tutor, but as a leader: we are not only to learn of Him in study, but to follow him in action. "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." The direction is very distinct and plain, and I believe that it is exclusive, so that no man can become a fisherman by any other process.

I understand this, first, in this sense: be separate unto Christ. These men were to leave their pursuits; they were to leave their companions; they were, in fact, to quit the world, that their one business might be, in their Master's name, to be fishers of men. *We* are not all called to leave our daily business, or to quit our families. That might be rather running away from the fishery than working at it in God's name. But we are called most distinctly to come out from among the ungodly, and to be separate, and not to touch the unclean thing. We cannot be fishers of men if we remain among men in the same element with them. Fish will not be fishers. The sinner will not convert the sinner. The ungodly man will not convert the ungodly man; and, what is more to the point, the worldly Christian will not convert the world. Nowadays we hear professors pleading that they may do this, and they may do that—things which their Puritan forefathers would rather have died at the stake than have tolerated. They plead that they may live like worldlings, and my sad answer to them, when they crave for this liberty, is, "Do it if you dare. It may not do *you* much hurt, for you are so bad already. Your cravings show how rotten your hearts are. If you have a hungering after such dog's meat, go, dogs, and eat the garbage!"

Worldly Amusements

are fit food for mere pretenders and hypocrites." Come, ye children of God, you must stand out with your Lord outside the camp. Jesus calls to you to-day, and says, "Follow Me." Was Jesus found at the theatre? Did He frequent the sports at the race-course? Was Jesus seen, think you, in any of the amusements of the Herodian court? Not He. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." In one sense, no one mixed with sinners so completely as He did when, like a physician, He went among them healing His patients; but in another sense there was a gulf fixed between the men of the world and the Saviour, which He never essayed to cross, and which they could not cross to defile Him.

A second meaning of our text is very obviously this: abide with Christ, and then you will be made fishers of men. These disciples whom Christ called were to come and live with Him. They were every day to be associated with Him. Many of them fulfilled that word, "Where thou dwellest, I will dwell;" they were with Him in His afflictions and persecutions. They witnessed his secret agonies; they saw His many tears; they marked the passion and the compassion of His soul, and thus they caught His spirit, and so they learned to be fishers of men.

At Jesus' feet we must learn the art and mystery of soul-winning: to live with Christ is the best education for usefulness. It is a great boon to any man to be associated with a Christian minister whose heart is on fire. The best training for a young man is that which

The Vaudois Pastors

were wont to give, when each old man had a young man with him, who walked with him whenever he went up the mountain-side to preach, and lived in the house with him, and marked his prayers and saw his daily piety. This was a fine instruction. Was it not? But it will not compare with that of the apostles who lived with Jesus himself, and were His daily companions. And now to-day His bodily presence is not among us; but His spiritual power is perhaps more fully known to us than it was to those apostles in those two or three years of the Lord's corporeal presence. This is the surest method of learning how to do good. Live with Jesus and He will make you fishers of men.

A third meaning, however, must be given to this "Follow me," and it is this: "Obey me, and then you shall know what to do to save

men." We must not talk about our fellowship with Christ, or our being separated from the world unto Him, unless we make Him our Master and Lord in everything. Failure in obedience may lead to failure in success. Each one of us, if he would wish to see his child saved, or his Sunday-school class blessed, or his congregation converted, must take care that, bearing the vessels of the Lord, he is himself clean. Anything we do that grieves the Spirit of God must take away from us some part of our power for good.

Again, I think there is a great lesson in my text to those who preach their own thoughts instead of preaching the thoughts of Christ. These disciples were to follow Christ that they might listen to Him, hear what He had to say, drink in His teaching, and then go and

Teach What He Had Taught

them. Their Lord says, "What I tell you in darkness, speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops." If they will be faithful reporters of Christ's message, He will make them "fishers of men." But you know the boastful method nowadays is this: "I am not going to preach this old, old gospel, this musty Puritan doctrine. I will sit down in my study, and burn the midnight oil, and invent a new theory; then I will come out with my brand-new thought and blaze away with it."

Many are not following Christ, but following themselves; and of them the Lord may well say, "Thou shalt see whose word shall stand, mine or theirs." Others are wickedly prudent, and judge that certain truths which are evidently God's word had better be kept back. You must not be rough, but must prophesy smooth things. To talk about the punishment of sin, to speak of eternal punishment, why, these are unfashionable doctrines. It may be that they are taught in the Word of God, but they do not suit the genius of the age. We must pare them down. Brothers in Christ, I will have no share in this. Will you? O my soul, come not thou into their secret! Certain things not taught in the Bible our enlightened age has discovered. Mark you, in proportion as the modern theology is preached, the vice of this generation increases. To a great degree I attribute

The Looseness of the Age

to the laxity of the doctrine preached by its teachers. The Lord's directions make Himself our leader and example. It is, "Follow me, follow me. Preach my gospel. Preach what I preached. Teach what I taught, and keep to that." I close this head of discourse by saying we shall not be fishers of men unless we follow Christ in one other respect; and that is, by endeavoring, in all points, to imitate His holiness. Our power lies in this word, "Follow me." Be Jesus-like. In all things endeavor to think and speak and act as Jesus did, and He will make you fishers of men. This will require self-denial. We must daily take up the cross. This may require willingness to give up our reputation—readiness to be thought fools, idiots, and the like, as men are apt to call those who are keeping close to their Master. There must be the cheerful resigning of everything that looks like honor and personal glory, in order that we may be wholly Christ's, and glorify His name. We must live His life and be ready to die His death, if need be. O brothers, sisters, if we do this and follow Jesus, putting our feet into the prints of His feet, He will make us fishers of men.

II. But secondly, and briefly, there is**Something for the Lord to do.**

If we follow Christ He will make us fishers of men by all our experience. I am sure that the man who is really consecrated to bless others will be helped in this by all that he feels, especially by his afflictions. I often feel very grateful to God that I have undergone fearful depression of spirits. I know the borders of despair, and the horrible brink of that gulf of darkness into which my feet have almost gone; but hundreds of times I have been able to give a helpful grip to brethren and sisters who have come into that same condition; which grip I could never have given if I had not known their deep

despondency. So I believe that the darkest and most dreadful experience of a child of God will help him to be a fisher of men if he will but follow Christ. Keep close to your Lord, and He will make every step a blessing to you. If God in providence should make you rich, He will fit you to speak to those ignorant and wicked rich who so much abound in this city, and so often are the cause of its worst sin. And if the Lord is pleased to let you be very poor you can go down and talk to those wicked and ignorant poor people who so often are the cause of sin in this city, and so greatly need the gospel.

Further than that, if you will follow Him He will make you fishers of men by

Distinct Monitions

in your own heart. There are many monitions from God's Spirit which are not noticed by Christians when they are in a callous condition; but when the heart is right with God, and living in communion with God, we feel a sacred sensitiveness, so that we do not need the Lord to shout, but His faintest whisper is heard. Nay, He need not even whisper. "Thou shalt guide me with thine eye." Oh, how many mulish Christians there are who must be held in with bit and bridle, and receive a cut of the whip every now and then! But the Christian who follows his Lord shall be tenderly guided. Every opportunity of usefulness shall be a call to you. If you are ready, the door shall open before you, and you shall hear a voice behind you saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it." If you have the grace to run in the right way, you shall never be long without an intimation as to what the right way is. That right way shall lead you to river or sea, where you can cast your net.

Then, too, I believe that the Lord meant by this that He would give His followers the Holy Ghost. They were to follow Him, and then, when they had seen Him ascend into the holy place of the Most High, they were to tarry at Jerusalem for a little while, and the Spirit would come upon them and clothe them with a mysterious power. This word was spoken to Peter and Andrew; and you know how it was fulfilled to Peter. What a host of fish he brought to land the first time he cast the net in the power of the Holy Ghost!

III. The last point you might work out in full for yourselves in your private meditations with much profit. We have here a figure full of instruction. I will give you but two or three thoughts which you can use. "I will make you fishers of men." You have been fishers of fish; if you follow me, I will make you fishers of men. A fisher is a person who is *very dependent, and*

Needs to be Trustful.

He cannot see the fish. One who fishes in the sea must go and cast in the net, as it were, at a peradventure. Fishing is an act of faith. I have often seen in the Mediterranean men go with their boats and enclose acres of sea with vast nets; and yet, when they have drawn the net to shore, they have not had as much result as I could put in my hand. A few wretched silvery nothings have made up the whole take. Yet they have gone again and cast the great net several times a day, hopefully expecting something to come of it. Nobody is so dependent upon God as the minister of God. Oh, this fishing from the Tabernacle pulpit! What a work of faith! I cannot tell that a soul will be brought to God by it. I cannot judge whether my sermon will be suitable to the persons who are here, except that I do believe that God will guide me in the casting of the net. I expect Him to work salvation, and I depend upon Him for it. It is good to be a fool when Christ is made unto you wisdom. It is a blessed thing to be weak if Christ becomes more fully your strength.

A fisherman who gets his living by it is a diligent and persevering man. The fishers are up at dawn. At daybreak our fishermen off the Doggerbank are fishing, and they continue fishing till late in the afternoon. As long as hands can work men will fish. May the Lord Jesus make us hard-working, persevering, unwearied fishers of men!

The fisherman in his own craft is intelligent and watchful. It looks very easy, I dare say, to be a fisherman, but you would find that it was

No Child's Play

if you were to take a real part in it. There is an art in it, from the mending of the net right on to the pulling it to shore. How diligent the fisherman is to prevent the fish leaping out of the net! I heard a great noise one night in the sea, as if some huge drum were being beaten by a giant; and I looked out, and I saw that the fishermen of Mentone were beating the water to drive the fish into the net, or to keep them from leaping out when they had once encompassed them with it. Ah, yes! and you and I will often have to be watching the corners of the gospel net lest sinners who are almost caught should make their escape. They are very crafty, these fish, and they use this craftiness in endeavoring to avoid salvation. We shall have to be always at our business, and to exercise all our wits, and more than our own wits, if we are to be successful fishers of men.

The fisherman is a daring man. He tempts the boisterous sea. A little brine in his face does not hurt him; he has been wet through a thousand times, it is nothing to him. He never expected when he became a deep-sea fisherman that he was going to sleep in the lap of ease. So the true minister of Christ who fishes for souls will never mind a little risk. He will be bound to do or say many a thing that is very unpopular; and some Christian people may even judge his utterances to be too severe. He must do and say that which is for the good of souls. It is not his to entertain a question as to what others will think of his doctrine, or of him; but in the name of the Almighty God he must feel, "If the sea roar and the fullness thereof, still at my Master's command I will let down the net."

Success Assured.

Now, in the last place, the man whom Christ makes a fisher of men is successful. "But," says one, "I have always heard that Christ's ministers are to be faithful, but that they cannot be sure of being successful." Yes, I have heard that saying, and one way I know it is true, but another way I have my doubts about it. He that is faithful is, in God's way and in God's judgment, successful, more or less. For instance, here is a brother who says that he is faithful. Of course, I must believe him, yet I never heard of a sinner being saved under him. Indeed, I should think that the safest place for a person to be in if he did not want to be saved would be under this gentleman's ministry, because he does not preach anything that is likely to arouse, impress, or convince anybody. This brother is "faithful," so he says. Well, if any person in the world said to you, "I am a fisherman, but I have never caught anything," you would wonder how he could be called a fisherman. Go thou with the fire of God in thy hand, and fling it among the stubble, and

The Stubble Will Burn.

Be thou sure of that. Go thou and scatter the good seed; it may not all fall in fruitful places, but some of it will. Be thou sure of that. Do but shine, and some eye or other will be lightened.

Perhaps I speak to an attentive hearer who is not converted at all. Friend, I have the same thing to say to you. You also may follow Christ, and then He can use you, even you. I do not know but that He has brought you to this place that you may be saved, and that in after years He may make you speak for His name and glory. Remember how He called Saul of Tarsus, and made him the apostle of the Gentiles. *Reclaimed poachers make the best gamekeepers*; and saved sinners make the ablest preachers. Oh that you would run away from your old master to-night, without giving him a minute's notice; for if you give him any notice, he will hold you. Hasten to Jesus, and say, "Here is a poor runaway slave! My Lord, I bear the fetters still upon my wrists. Wilt Thou set me free, and make me Thine own?" Remember, it is written, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Never runaway slave came to Christ

in the middle of the night without His taking him in; and He never gave one up to his old master. If Jesus make you free, you shall be free indeed. Flee away to Jesus, then, on a sudden. May His good Spirit help you, and He will by-and-by make you a winner of others to His praise! God bless you. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Our Heathen Ancestors.*

It is somewhat difficult for the present generation of English people living in Great Britain and other countries to realize that, no more than eight centuries ago, many of their forefathers believed and practiced the rites we are going to describe, and, so slow was the march of Christianity that six or seven hundred years ago the provinces of northeastern Prussia, Vindland, Pomerania, etc., whose inhabitants are among the finest in Europe, were still heathen. It is certain that Odin and some of the Azars were deified and worshipped in all the countries of the North, and with the lapse of time their fame increased. There were three principal sacrifices a year, at which the people assembled in the chief temples. The first of these, which took place on winter nights in the month of Goi, was a sacrifice for a good winter. The 14th of October, which was the ancient month of Goi, is still called winter night, or the first night of winter. The second was held at midwinter, or in the beginning of the month of Thor (middle of January), to ensure a good year and peace, and lasted three days; at this feast it was customary to make vows to some of the gods, especially Frey at Yule-eve. It seems to have been the greatest and most important of all, and many animals were slaughtered at it. This sacrifice plainly shows that the blessing of peace was appreciated by this warlike race. . . . The third, called *Sigr-blót*, for luck and victory, occurred at the beginning of spring, about the middle of April, being fixed at that time of the year because warfare and most Viking expeditions took place in the summer. It was in honor of Odin, to whom alone sacrifices were made for victory.

Human Sacrifices.

The custom of sacrificing the beloved child of a chief was considered, as it well might be, the highest atonement that could be offered, and is one of such antiquity that its birth is lost in the dim light of past ages. The most thrilling account in the Viking sagas of sacrifice of children is that of the sacrifice, by Hakon Jarl, of his own son: "Hakon Jarl said: 'I think I see that the battle begins to turn against us; and I dislike to fight against these men; for I believe that none are their equals, and I see that it will fare ill unless we hit upon some plan; you must stay here with the host, for it is imprudent for all the chiefs to leave it if the Jomsvikings attack, as we may at any moment expect. I will go ashore with some men and see what can be done.' The Jarl went ashore, north to the island. He entered a glade in the forest sank down on both his knees and prayed. He looked northward, and spake what he thought was most to the purpose; and in his prayers he called upon his fully trusted Thorgerd Hordatroll, but she turned a deaf ear to his prayer and he thought that she must have become angry with him. He offered to sacrifice several things, but she would not accept them. The Jarl considered his case most hopeless if he could not please her; he began to increase the offer, and at last included all his men except himself and his sons

* From *The Viking Age*. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. The eminent author of *The Land of the Midnight Sun* has in these two beautifully illustrated volumes given the result of further explorations in relation to the same subject, directing his attention in this instance to the ancient relics and literature of the people. Starting with the inquiry why the spread of the English-speaking people and of their language far exceeds that of all the other European nations combined, he has searched into the story of the origin of the nation with most interesting results. While the book contains a vast mine of information of inestimable value to the student, the reader who seeks only amusement will find it of absorbing interest. A large number of engravings of coins, tools, weapons, etc., enrich its pages. Pp. 1,153. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



Mrs. Robert Baxter. (See page 706.)



The City of Khartoum in the Soudan.

Eirik and Svein. He had a son Erling, who was seven winters old and a very promising youth. Thorgerd accepted his offer, and chose Erling his son. When the Jarl found that his prayers and vows were heard, he thought matters were better, and thereupon gave the boy to Skopti Kark, his thrall, who put him to death in Hakon's usual way as taught by him." From this passage we see that it was the custom of Hakon Jarl to offer human sacrifices, but the manner in which he made them is not told.

THE CITY OF KHARTOUM.

(See Illustration.)

A FEW days ago a cable message was published in the daily press reporting an interview with Dr. Fricke, who was in Khartoum at the time of General Gordon's death, and witnessed the capture of the city by the Mahdi's soldiers. It appears, from the meagre statements given, that Dr. Fricke is now travelling in Africa as a merchant. He represents himself as a Mohammedan convert, and states that in that character his life was spared when Khartoum was captured, and he was allowed to depart unmolested. He asserts that General Gordon was slain before the city fell. He describes him as going out as usual to inspect his soldiers, when suddenly and without the slightest warning a company of them set upon him and speared him to death. Gordon, Dr. Fricke says, was a strange compound of obstinacy and nobility of character, with unbounded confidence in himself, and his moral power over the people. He had a contempt for danger, and when, two days before his death, his friends warned him of his increasing peril, and urged him to depart while the way was yet open, he firmly and almost scornfully refused.

It is easy to understand a Mohammedan giving such a sketch of the character of the noble general. From what we know of Gordon from other sources, the conduct Dr. Fricke describes is precisely what we should expect of him. It is when Dr. Fricke attempts to analyze his character that he errs. Gordon's confidence was not in himself, but in God. Believing himself to be in the path of duty, to be in the place where God had placed him, he was content to remain, trusting that if God had need of him in the world He would protect him, and he was willing to die at his post if God had so appointed. Expressions used by Gordon at other crises of his life indicate that he would welcome death whenever it came, in the firm conviction that it could not come without the consent of his heavenly Father, and that for him it would mean the entrance into the glorious presence of his Lord.

The city of Khartoum, in which the tragedy

took place, is the chief city of the Soudan, and stands at the junction of the Blue and White Nile. It is a centre of commerce, the market to which traders in ivory, ostrich feathers, and other commodities come to exchange their commodities. Since the troubles caused by the Mahdi's revolt against the Viceroy of Egypt commenced, the trade of the city has almost collapsed. Traders were timid at bringing property into a city which might at any time be sacked by one or other parties to the conflict.

Khartoum itself is described by a recent traveler as a city of some forty thousand inhabitants, being "a mass of dirty gray houses, overtopped by a single minaret, having in front a sterile, sandy plain without trees or bushes. The entrance is by a long, narrow street, stretching from east to west, and terminating in the market. This street is dirty in the extreme, and bordered by mud houses, whose doors are their only openings to the street. In other parts of the town there is no semblance of regularity; the houses are of all sizes and shapes, and the streets mere labyrinths. Here and there are open spaces, large enough for gardens, and even for cornfields. There are also numerous hollow flats, in which during the rainy season water collects and stagnates, rendering the place very unhealthy. The street above mentioned is the best in Khartoum; it contains the Governor's residence and many spacious mansions, belonging to Turks, Copts, and Arabs. All the other houses are of a miserable description, consisting of sun-dried clay, cemented with cow-dung.

ERNEST WYNDHAM'S RESOLVE.

(See illustration on page 717.)

A LADY clad in fashionable mourning alighted, one afternoon, at the little station of Eastnor-by-the-Sea, and made her way to the only hotel which the secluded place boasted. The season was over and the hotel was almost empty, but the lady was not there for pleasure or intending to remain. Her visit was one of business, except so far as affection was its motive force. At the hotel she asked for Mr. Ernest Wyndham, and the card she sent up by the bell-boy was inscribed Miss Violet Wyndham. In a few minutes a big, almost boyish looking gentleman came bounding down the stairs, and seizing her by both hands, kissed her affectionately.

"I could not wait, Ernest," she said, "I had to come the moment we read your dreadful letter. I want to reason with you. Let us go somewhere alone to talk it over."

"There is no quiet place in the hotel," said the gentleman, whose resemblance to her proclaimed the relationship of brother and sister,

"but the beach is deserted. I was just setting out to see a sick man whose acquaintance I have made while I have been here. Let us walk there, and we can talk as we go."

"Now tell me," said the lady, as they passed from the hotel grounds to the crisp sand from which the tide had retreated, "now tell me what you mean. You surely cannot be in earnest in this fanatical idea. Why should you sacrifice yourself and your prospects to go and preach to the savages in Africa? There are plenty of men to do that who can do it better than you, and who would not have to leave so much behind. Tell me why you want to go."

"Why should I not go, Violet?"

"The one question is the same as the other. You have duties at home. You have been educated for your profession. Papa is expecting you to take his practice after a time. Oh! there are a hundred reasons."

"None that are worth considering, my dear sister, in comparison with the call to labor. Brother Edgar will make a better lawyer than I, and will be of more service to father. My education will serve me in the work. No; none of your reasons are of any weight. I am young and strong, and I can go without being a burden on the Missionary Society. It seems to me that every one of my circumstances tells on that side. Believe me, I have not decided hastily. I knew it would be painful to you all, and I have weighed the matter carefully and prayerfully. I came down here to be alone and thoroughly consider it, away from any disturbing influence, and I believe God has shown me my duty."

"O Ernest, do not speak in that final way! Come home and talk with papa and mamma about it. It all seems so sudden and so unexpected. You seemed the last of all men to have these fanatical notions. What has put them into your head?"

"I suppose the idea does seem fanatical to you, but to me it seems an imperative and practical duty. I will tell you how it was presented to me. Since I have been away from home, religion has been a very different thing with me from what it was before. I was never really converted. I was led to see that simple church-membership and strict morality were not sufficient. They were a very inadequate expression of Christ's conception of His followers' duties. 'Ye must be born again.' That was His description, and I knew I had experienced no change so vital as that. I sought it, and God heard my prayer. He opened my eyes. I saw and lived. I cannot tell you how changed everything became. My ambition to make a name and a large fortune by my profession seemed poor and sordid in a being

who would live through all eternity. I went among the poor and ignorant and tried to tell them of Christ's love, and God blessed me with such joy as I had never experienced. Think of it! Conceive of what it means to be the means of saving an immortal soul from eternal death! O Violet, I must give my life to it! There is no pursuit like that."

"But why not continue as you are doing? Why expatriate yourself? I cannot understand your feelings. It seems to me that there is an abundance of preachers, and you might very well leave the work to them, and as for missionaries, why not give a part of your income to a Missionary Society, and they would send trained men. Come, Ernest, you have become morbid; just be reasonable and give up this exalted spirit of self-sacrifice, and settle down to the career for which you were intended."

The brother and sister had been so engrossed in their conversation that they had not noticed the gathering clouds. At that moment, however, there came a blinding flash of lightning. Violet stopped and held up her hand in terror. "Oh! what shall we do?" she cried. "Is there no place where we can shelter? I cannot bear that awful light. It unnerves me."

"Yes," said her brother; "there is a cottage behind those rocks. We can reach it in ten minutes, and I would like you to go there."

They hurried on, and were soon at the cottage door. It was opened at Mr. Wyndham's knock, and a woman said, "I'm glad you've come, sir; he's almost gone, and he's been asking for you."

"Violet," Ernest said, "I want you to see this young man," and he led her into an inner room, where a young man lay, evidently near death. He smiled as he recognized Wyndham, and said, in a whisper, "Almost there, my friend, very near."

Wyndham laid his hand on the clammy brow, and said, "Is it light, Robert?"

"Yes, all the way."

"And you are not sorry to go?"

"No. What matters it? Life is very small now. Forever with the Lord. Now I stand on the shore, only one thing is important, and I have that. You will not draw back, Wyndham?"

"Never! the Lord helping me."

"Good and faithful servant, enter thou—" The voice trailed off into an unintelligible murmur, and they saw that he had passed within the veil.

"I am glad I was here," said Wyndham. "I have seen a great deal of him lately, and we loved each other. Look at that face, Violet, and tell me what life can offer compared with such peace as his. He has passed the line that lies before all of us; how will we feel when we come there? No, he was right, there is only one thing important after all."

Violet sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. To her it seemed an awful moment. The lightning flashed and the thunder pealed, while there before her lay the serene face of the dead. She realized that life was not all pleasure and gaiety; that her brother was



Ernest Wyndham's Walk with His Sister.

right when he resolved to devote his life to the better part. "I will say no more, Ernest," she said. "Do as your conscience directs; eternity is nearer to us than I dreamed."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.
The Life Story of Mrs. Stenhouse,
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a
Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 702.)

A Daughter's Sacrifice.

MUCH has been said and written of the better side of Mormonism. Newspaper correspondents have gone to Utah to investigate the subject, and have sent back glowing reports of the peace and harmony in which polygamous families live. Mormon men, and especially Mormon women, can understand these reports. Curiosity, or a desire to visit a man so prominent as Brigham Young, always prompted the journalist to see him soon after his arrival, and every Mormon understood the advantages to be gained by gratifying his wish. Once introduced to the prophet, the visitor must be a very sceptical man if he did not find himself taking a more favorable view of the system than he had held before. Young would dwell on the immorality of Eastern cities, and contend that thousands of men there were practically polygamists, while the law left them free to desert the women who held the relations of wives to them without the name. He would represent the system as a boon to women, and as the only means of repressing vice. None but those who have actually lived in it can know the horrors of the dreadful system.

At this period Mr. Stenhouse was placed in a situation extremely trying to a man of integrity, conscientious and sincere in his own life. He had preached the new revelation in Europe when he was on the brink of starvation, and he

they could not be, and he believed that the revelations were genuine, while they knew them to be false; and thus there was in his utterances, whether by tongue or pen, that true ring of honest conviction which does more than the best logic or eloquence to convince others.

The problem that Brigham Young and his immediate counsellors had to solve in dealing with Mr. Stenhouse was a difficult one, and the difficulty was increased by his being in personal contact with them. He was their dupe, and they had to prevent his being undeceived. To a man less high principled they might have made an open confession, with the probability that he would join them in their villainous policy rather than stultify his past life by admitting that he had been mistaken. But they must have soon perceived that Mr. Stenhouse was not one whom they could thus use. There was only one course open to them, and that was to continue keep him in the dark, and trust to their own tact and his strong faith to hold him loyal to them, even when his conscience and judgment protested. To walk by faith, not by sight, to believe where he could not understand, must be the rule enjoined upon him, and he must be restrained, as far as could safely be done, from obeying the apostolic precept: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world." (1 John 4:1.) That this was the course determined upon, there can now be no doubt.

He had no suspicion at that time that he was entering upon the great crisis of his life. Later events, however, proved that the time of testing was then beginning, all unknown to the enthusiastic Mormon disciple. It was to end in his complete disillusion, and his emancipation from the bonds which the cunning heads of the

had continued to devote all his time and labor to the Mormon cause, though, by deserting it and concentrating his energies on his own interests he might soon have been an independent if not a wealthy man. He had obeyed counsel, and travelled to America. In New York, while employed on the *Herald*, he had proved his value and his power as a journalist. He might have remained there, and risen to a high place in the newspaper circle of that city; but again he obeyed counsel, which this time required him to remove to Utah. There, in poverty and in hardship, he remained true to the faith which had cost him so many sacrifices. In spite of his better judgment, he had yielded to counsel in marrying a second wife, being still convinced that Brigham Young was the divinely appointed representative of God on earth, and that the revelations the Mormon prophet put forth from time to time were genuine communications from God.

Up to this time none could doubt the sincerity of his faith, for he had proved it by sacrificing his own interests on every occasion when they were in conflict with his faith. A man so firm, so intrepid, so devoted, was of priceless value to the Mormon leaders. He could defend the Church and make converts better than they could themselves, because he was sincere, which

Church had woven around him. How that enlightenment came, and how at last he and those dependent upon him, who had suffered with him through all those long years, finally escaped from the tyranny and despotism of the Mormon authorities, must be told by the pen of another, who is thoroughly acquainted with all the facts, and is not hampered by the compunctions which necessarily embarrass a prominent actor in scenes which cannot be recalled without poignant suffering.

The prophet's first provision for Mr. Stenhouse was the appointment of postmaster of Salt Lake City, but an article in the *Deseret News* from his pen showed that his talents might be more suitably and profitably employed in journalism. Accordingly, Mr. Stenhouse was enrolled among the regular writers on that journal; and after a time, as he became familiar with the condition of the Territory, he decided to start a journal of his own. This was to be a small daily, to be called the *Telegraph*. The plan was laid before Brigham Young, and as he was always quick to see any advantages to himself which might result from the enterprise of another, he gave it his approval, and "counselled" the people to support the new journal. Mr. Stenhouse brought to it the skill of a trained journalist, and made it bright and newsy, treating the topics of the day in an intelligent, crisp, vigorous style. The *Telegraph* was a success from the first number.

Here was the temptation which few men could resist. The *Telegraph* brought in a large income. For the first time since Mr. Stenhouse avowed himself a Mormon, he was a prosperous man. He was soon able to purchase the house in which he lived, the city building in which his paper was printed, and a very eligible building site near Brigham Young's residence, which, after spending \$3,000 upon it, he settled on the wife who had shared his poverty, and who had been faithful to him through so many years. But the foundation and corner-stone of his fortunes was the confidence of the Mormon Church. His subscribers were Mormons, and his passport to their favor until his own merit could secure it was the endorsement of Brigham Young. The Mormon leaders doubtless perceived that the time would come when he would have to decide whether he would endorse their policy and retain his prosperity, or condemn it and fall into poverty. Nor would that be the only element of the struggle. There was another, which only a newspaper man can fully realize. It lay in the birth and growth of the *Telegraph*. A paper which springs into life under a man's hands is almost as dear as a child to him. He watches its growth, toils for its benefit, puts his best thought into it, rejoices in its prosperity, and suffers by its adversity. It is almost like a living creature to him, dear and cherished beyond power of description. To deliberately do anything that must injure the *Telegraph* after its inception would cost Mr. Stenhouse a pang more acute than the coarser nature of Brigham Young could understand. Yes; another very strong bond now bound the successful journalist to the Mormon Church.

Looking back to that sad time in England when Mrs. Stenhouse endured poverty, while her young husband was preaching Mormonism in Europe, and to that later time when sickness and hunger held sway in the little household in Switzerland, the present prosperity seemed a welcome change for the better. But with what a bitter mixture was the cup of prosperity alloyed! At every meal the young and blooming second wife sat at the table. No sad experience had furrowed her brow, no hard toil had hardened her hands, even the daily care of the household had not fallen upon her. And she was a rival in the husband's affections. Oh! it was not a fair contest. Fresh and bright, her young spirits unweighted with painful memories, her physical powers unwearied by the domestic duties that the mistress of the household must perform, she could welcome the joint husband on his return from his office with placid

face and girlish gaiety. The elder wife, weary with her duties, sick at heart with her sorrows, could not but feel herself at a disadvantage in comparison, and when the meal was over would gladly withdraw from the scene. She felt almost like an interloper in the home. She was like one who had come clad in mourning garments among the gaily attired guests of a wedding party.

With her children she tried to shake off her depression, but it could seldom be done. In imagination she saw them growing up to suffer as she had suffered. She could not explain to them the strange family arrangement, and they, with that keen perception of what subjects are painful to those they love, mercifully forbore to question her. What mother could tell her children of their father's alienated affection, and make them understand that he was doing a bitter and a cruel thing from a right motive?

Especially with her eldest daughter, Clara, was this difficulty insurmountable. Mrs. Stenhouse had trained her in the strong virtuous principles of her own early creed. All of Mormonism that she had imbibed was the brighter side by which her mother had been attracted. But she was now fifteen years old, and the budding womanhood of her nature, ripening in such fearful surroundings, must soon be conscious of the evil around and — awful thought! — before her. How could the mother with her own repugnance to the hateful plural-wife doctrines prepare her own child for the surrender of herself!

The subject was delayed from day to day, but at last delay became no longer kind or even possible. One day Mr. Stenhouse took his wife aside, and told her that he had been out driving with Joseph A. Young, the eldest son of the prophet, who had formally proposed to marry Clara. That child! To marry her! Mrs. Stenhouse looked at her husband in amazement. Probably Mr. Stenhouse had expected some such outburst. He explained that he had objected to the offer on the score of Clara's youth, but, as Mrs. Stenhouse realized, he could not have urged his objection with much force or consistency, as his own wife, Belinda, was but little older. But there was no such inconsistency to embarrass his wife, and she expressed in unequivocal terms her resolve not to sanction such a marriage.

Mr. Stenhouse had had some experience of his wife's yielding nature, and he rightly judged that her discretion, and her realization of the circumstances of their position would induce a change of mind. When she reflected on the proposal, she was driven to see how hopeless her opposition must be. The suitor, backed by his father's power, supreme throughout Utah, could not be rejected. Besides, Mr. Stenhouse was alive to the honor of his daughter becoming the daughter-in-law of the prophet, and was evidently secretly in favor of the match. To persist in her refusal was clearly useless. It would bring upon her the enmity of Young himself, who could devise innumerable modes of punishing her; it would make her unpopular in Mormon society, and it would not prevent the marriage. That was the fatal weakness of the situation. All that could have come upon herself the mother would have borne cheerfully for her daughter's sake, if by bearing it she could have saved Clara. But when failure was inevitable the useless struggle, with all that it involved, would add to the calamity, and might add further bitterness to Clara's lot. The situation was clear before Mrs. Stenhouse's mind. Dreadfully, sadly clear! She could do nothing but yield. She could only hope to gain time.

The suitor did not long delay presenting himself in person and urging his suit. To do him justice, he showed more modesty and consideration than might have been expected in one who had so strong a case. He listened respectfully to Mrs. Stenhouse's objections, and admitted the justice of her position. He promised to wait for the marriage as long as she wished, but begged that he might speak to Clara at once, and, if possible, obtain her promise to marry

him. That permission was, of course, given, and Clara at once became the betrothed wife of Joseph A. Young.

The very reasonable request for delay in the marriage of a girl of fifteen, to which the prospective bridegroom acceded, was, however, speedily negated by Brigham Young himself. He sent for Mr. Stenhouse and protested against putting off the marriage, and finally, on Mr. Stenhouse demurring, "counselled" him to have it performed at once. This was only another instance of the despotic power with which Brigham Young ruled. No consideration, not even the natural feelings of a parent, were allowed to stand in the way of his decisions. In this case it appears particularly unreasonable to hurry on the ceremony, as Joseph A. Young had three wives already. This, to Mrs. Stenhouse, was the climax of her humiliation, and many were the bitter tears she shed over the fate of her beloved daughter. She did not fully realize the intensity of her repugnance to the match until the day was actually fixed for the wedding. Then she discovered that her heart had secretly, and almost unconsciously, cherished the hope that something might occur in the interval she had gained to avert the marriage altogether.

On the day appointed Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse with Clara repaired to the Endowment House, where they found Joseph A. Young awaiting them. He had brought his first wife, Mary, with him, and both were clad in their Temple robes. They were ushered into the little side-room where marriages are performed. There they found Brigham Young, seated in a crimson velvet arm-chair, which was placed at the end of the long altar, also draped in crimson. Mary Young knelt at it, and Clara knelt by her side, and Joseph A. Young opposite to them. Brigham Young asked the usual questions. The bridegroom having declared himself willing to take Clara Stenhouse to be his lawful wedded wife for time and all eternity, his first wife signified her acquiescence by placing Clara's hand in his. Clara then answered the same question in the affirmative, and Brigham pronounced them man and wife.

With what feelings Mrs. Stenhouse returned to her home may be imagined. With her grief over her own daughter's fate was mixed some natural sympathy for the women among whom she was gone to live. The ardor with which Joseph A. Young had wooed, and his evidently sincere love for his girl-wife, were signs from which a wife who had suffered herself could draw her own conclusions. For a time, at least, Clara would hold the supreme place in her husband's affections, and they whom she would supersede must suffer. It is not surprising that, as she thought over all the misery inflicted by the plural-wife doctrine, she that day cast from her heart the last vestige of faith in it as a divine revelation.

Up to that day she had struggled to believe, and had blamed herself for her hardness of heart when doubts would force themselves upon her. But now the system stood out before her, in its revolting, hideous depravity, as the device of men as crafty as they were sensual. She no longer struggled to believe it a revelation from God, but was convinced that the man who had promulgated it as such was guilty of blasphemy. This conviction, of course, she held silently. Not even to her husband would it have been safe to declare it. He was apparently as loyal to the doctrine as ever, and at this time he quietly informed her that he was thinking of taking another wife—one of the numerous daughters of the Prophet.

(To be concluded.)

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We believe this doctrine in regard to the rearing of children, or if we do not accept it as a theory, facts looking us square in the face every day compel an assent to its truth. Why do we then understand it in our relationship with the heavenly Father? "No good thing will He withhold." So it must be that what He does withhold is not good. And He loves us so truly and tenderly that not for all our crying and impatience and misunderstanding of Himself will He change the loving "No," which in the end will be far more for our good than the "Yes" for which we plead.

How thankful we shall be in the glad hereafter, when we know as we are known, that our Father has loved us too well to give us some things we have ardently longed for. Doubtless many a mother will be filled with unspeakable joy that the little one went home to heaven on that sad day when, through her tears, she could not see the smile of God. There are many high and blessed anticipations as we look toward the better country, and among them is none more charming than the prospect of seeing for ourselves that all things have really worked together for good, and that there is no reason for evermore why we should shed a tear.

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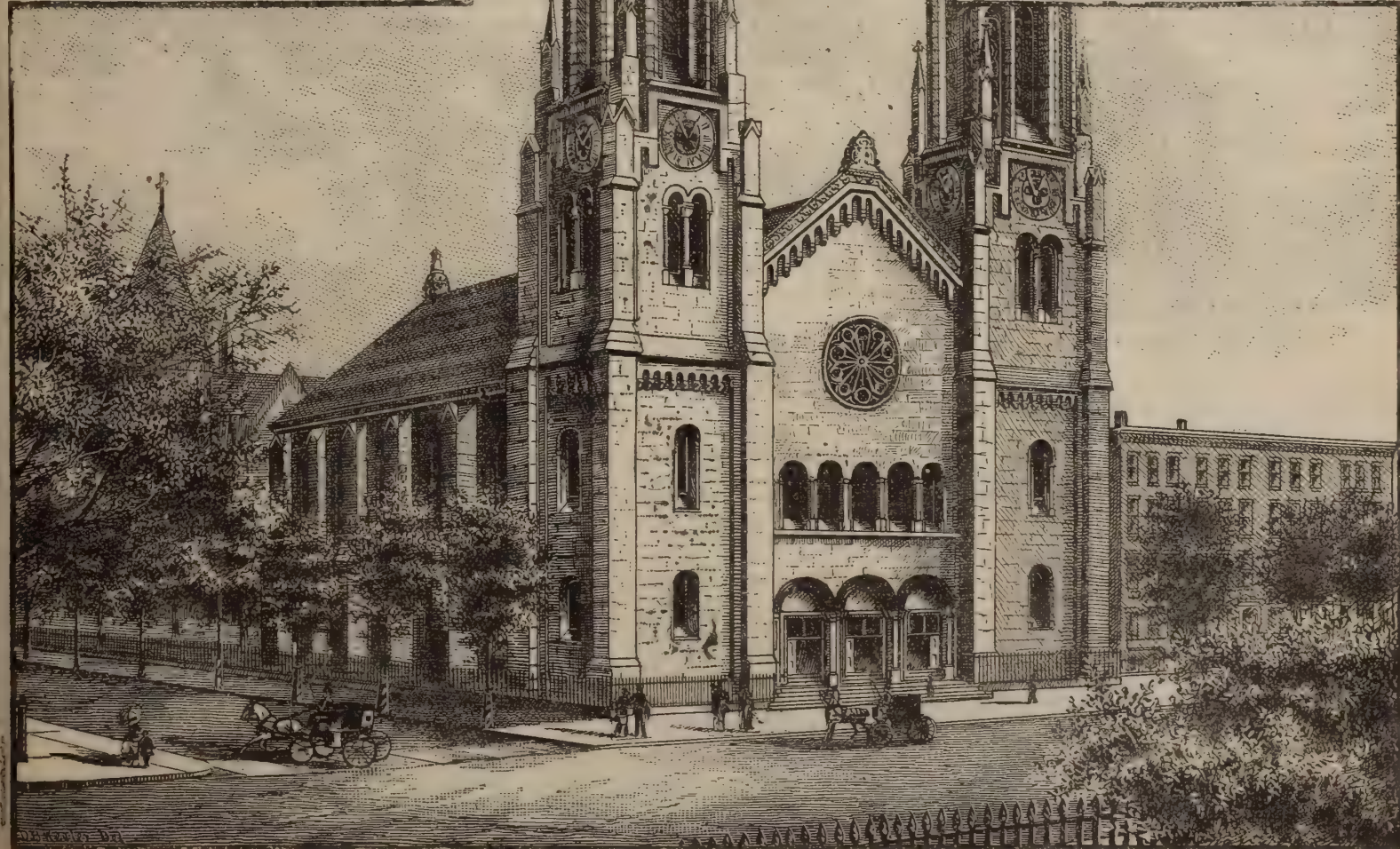
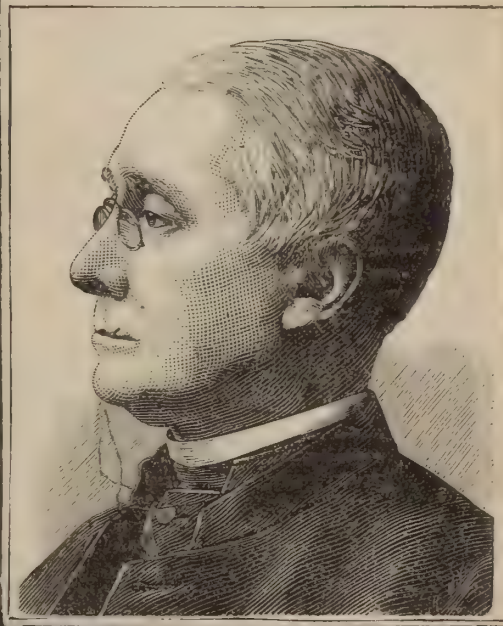
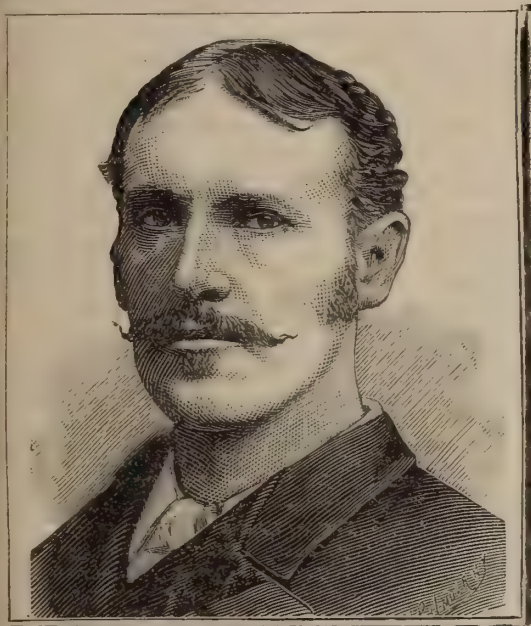
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Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D. D. and Rev. Morgan Dix D. D.—St. George's Church, New York, the Meeting place of the Protestant Episcopal Convention.

THE CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

UNUSUAL interest attaches to the assemblage of Bishops and delegates of the Protestant Episcopal Church now in session in New York. It is interesting because it is the centennial of the first convention of the Church in the United States, and also, and chiefly, on account of the important questions which this convention has the power to decide. We therefore give on the first page this week, a picture of the church in which the convention is holding its sessions, and portraits of its esteemed rector, Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., and of Rev. Morgan Dix, S.T.D., President of the House of Deputies, and rector of old Trinity Church, New York. The convention opened on October 2, when its members appropriately joined in the holy communion, and Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on Dec. 13, 1888, preached the opening sermon. The imposing spectacle of sixty-five bishops and over four hundred clergymen and delegates assembled together attracted a large congregation, which filled the spacious edifice to overflowing.

Bishop Whipple

in the course of his sermon sketched in graphic words the history of the Church in the United States, and dwelt on the contrast between the convention gathered before him and that of a hundred years ago. Then the House of Bishops consisted of only two Bishops, Seabury and White, Bishop Provost being absent. "They met," he said, "to show the world that the charter of the Church is perpetual, and that the Church has the power to adapt herself to all the conditions of human society. They met to consolidate the scattered fragments of the Church in the thirteen colonies into a national Church, and secure for themselves and children catholic faith and worship in the Book of Common Prayer. They builded wiser than they knew. They secured for the Church self-government, free from all secular control. They preserved the traditions of the past, and yet every feature of executive, legislative, and judicial administration was in harmony with the Constitution of the republic." The Bishop then went on to speak of the problems before this convention, and reminded his hearers that the assaults on the foundations of the Christian religion and the social problems of the day demanded more earnest attention than any question of names, canons, and rubrics. Finally he said, in most impressive tones: "*We are living in the eventide of the world, when all things point toward the second coming of our King.*" God has placed the English-speaking people in the forefront of the nations. They number one-tenth of the human family, and I believe God calls them to do the work of the last time. The wealth of the world is largely in Christian hands. There never have been such opportunities for Christian work. Never such a harvest awaited the husbandman."

REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, D. D.

AT the end of the year 1882 there were none but sad and pathetic features in the condition of the venerable church of St. George, in Stuyvesant Square, New York. There was a beautiful church edifice, but the people said that it was too far down-town to be prosperous in these days. A grand work had been done there in past days under Dr. Milnor and the elder Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, but many of those who used to attend were dead, and their descendants lived up-town. A few scattered families still came to the old church for association's sake, and a few dwellers in the neighborhood dropped in occasionally, but altogether the congregation looked very small in the spacious building. And there was no life in it. The Sunday-school and other work had dwindled away, and it looked as if the parish work of St. George's was dying of atrophy. Besides, the flock was without a shepherd. All through that year strangers had occupied the pulpit temporarily one or two Sundays each, as the vestry secured their services. It was a sad and a depressing time.

It was in January, 1883, that the change came. The vestry offered the church to a young clergyman, then senior assistant in St. James's Cathedral, Toronto, the Rev. W. S. Rainsford. Mr. Rainsford was at that time thirty-three years of age, having been born in Ireland in 1850. He had studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, where his chief distinction was won in the athletic sports of the University, in which his magnificent physique had placed him in the front rank. After taking orders at the close of his university career he accepted a curacy at St. Giles's, Norwich, England. But he was attracted by this country, and in 1875 came to New York and became an assistant of Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., at the Church of Holy Trinity, where he obtained an insight into the multifarious methods of helping the poor and prosecuting aggressive Christian work which the energetic young rector had initiated. Thence he went to several districts of the United States and Canada, engaging in mission work, finally settling in Toronto, where the Rev. Dr. Gazette, the venerable Dean of St. James's Cathedral, knew how to utilize the abounding energy and heartfelt sympathies of the young clergyman in the Cathedral work. He continued there, taking sole charge of the work—the Dean's health having failed—until

The Invitation From St. George's

came to him. Some one said at that time that Mr. Rainsford was being asked "to galvanize a dead horse." There certainly was nothing in the invitation, as to income, position, or ease, to attract him. And in the opinion of worldly men Mr. Rainsford made matters worse by the stipulation he made to his acceptance. He insisted that all the seats in the church should be free. This concession was made, although the vestry were surprised at the young clergyman's boldness, and Mr. Rainsford came. That was in January, 1883.

The presence of the new rector was speedily felt. The choir was enlarged, and brought down nearer to the congregation, the services were made bright and responsive, and the preacher's thrilling extemporaneous sermons were full of love and tenderness and power. The seats at St. George's speedily began to fill up. People came down-town to hear the new clergyman, and were affected by the vigorous, bracing, spiritual atmosphere which pervaded the place. Every one who was willing to work was enlisted, and Mr. Rainsford seemed to communicate to each recruit a portion of his own energy. "Churches must do more for the young," he said, "than they have yet done. Children must not only be brought into the Sunday-school, but must be built into the church, and made to feel that the church is their home." On this spirit the Sunday-school was remodelled, and in a year it contained 1,400 children. Other

Departments of Christian Work

were organized. A boys' club was started in the basement of the church, and street gamins, dirty and ragged, were invited to come and be entertained. The boys came, broke the windows, stole the books, and made the place like a pandemonium, but not for long. It was impossible to resist Mr. Rainsford's manly firmness and kindness, and the uniform good-nature which no provocation could disturb. Peace and quietness and good behavior soon reigned, and there is no place now more highly valued and appreciated than the boys' club. In another room, not far from the church, a company of factory girls, and girls employed in stores, was gathered, and Mr. Rainsford had a corps of young ladies, who were highly educated, refined, and intelligent, ready to meet them, to teach them what each might need to learn, to advise with them, encourage them, and help them in their difficulties, and lead them to Christ.

The Avenue A Mission

is, however, one of the most astonishing triumphs. A number of young men who had never engaged in church work were recruited. They were of good family and occupying high social station, but they appeared to be in earnest, and

Mr. Rainsford gave them an entirely new work. There was no place in the parish where Christian influence and labor were more needed than in Avenue A. Mr. Rainsford hired a saloon there for a Sunday-school and Sunday afternoon services. The young missionaries soon learned that the days of persecution for Christ's sake had not ceased. They were assailed by the toughs of the neighborhood with opprobrious epithets, were warned to abandon their work, and on their persisting, they were pelted with mud and nameless abominations as they went to and from their place of meeting. It is worth a visit to the east side now to see the change that has been wrought. The young men have now a whole house, known as Jefferson Hall, for their work, with a reading-room, lecture-room, and other apparatus of mission work, all heartily appreciated and well attended, and the place and the workers, instead of opprobrium, are recognized as a blessing to the neighborhood.

In addition to these agencies Dr. Rainsford has now a variety of other works in operation, all tending in the same direction—that of making the poor, the afflicted, and those to whom life is hard, understand that God loves them, and that Christian men and women love them for His sake. He has spent himself in this great work of helping intelligently and effectively those who need help, believing that in no better way can he preach the gospel of Jesus to the people. The wealthy and the lazy have a hard time under Mr. Rainsford's ministry, as they had under that of Christ. They hear of the iniquity of selfishness, of the sin of idleness, and of the imperative need for each and every follower of Christ to be up and doing in the Master's service.

Mr. Rainsford has been happy in the choice of like-minded helpers. Dr. Henry Wilson has given himself heartily to the work, and other assistants have labored zealously in the various departments. Nor have abundant financial means been lacking. Recently no less a sum than \$200,000 was given by one family to erect and equip a building to be the centre and headquarters of the numerous St. George's societies. This building, which is called the Memorial Hall, stands just west of the rectory on Sixteenth Street, and has proved a valuable aid in philanthropic and Christian work.

REV. MORGAN DIX, S. T. D.

THE unanimity with which Dr. Dix was elected President of the House of Deputies in the convention was an enviable mark of distinction. No other name was put in nomination, and it was even proposed to dispense with the customary ballot. The rules, however, were observed, but it was only a form; the vote for Dr. Dix was unanimous. In a house in which there are so many different schools of thought and methods of clerical work, it was a rare testimony to the personal esteem in which Dr. Dix is held by his brethren, that even those who differ from him most radically should have voted for him to preside over their deliberations.

Dr. Morgan Dix is in his sixty-second year, having been born in New York on November 1, 1827. He is the son of the late General John A. Dix, who was Governor of New York in 1861, and whose name acquired national fame by his famous order to shoot down any man who attempted to haul down the Stars and Stripes. The same decision of character, and the same

Inflexible Fidelity

to his conception of duty, characterize his son, Dr. Dix. It is but a short time ago that all aristocratic New York was up in arms against him because he dared to strip the mask from the polite and decorous social life of the day, and declare that it was rotten at the core. Few men, and especially few holding a position so prominent in aristocratic society as he, would have dared to arraign wealthy and influential people as he did. It was an act worthy the son of so intrepid a father, and we believe that even the men and women who raised so loud an outcry over the onslaught secretly respected the man who had the courage to do his duty, no matter who might be hurt.

During Dr. Dix's early boyhood the family resided at Albany, N. Y., his father being then Secretary of State. In 1842, owing to the failure of his mother's health, they removed to Madeira for the winter, and afterward traveled through Spain and Italy, returning to New York in 1844. The next year the young man entered the Sophomore class of Columbia College, and graduated in 1848. He commenced the study of law under his father, but the

Call to the Service

of Christ in the Church appeared to him so definite that he gave up the study almost at the outset, and entered the General Theological Seminary to prepare for a life of Christian labor. He graduated in 1852, and in September of that year received deacon's orders in St. John's Chapel, New York. His first sphere of labor was in Philadelphia, as assistant to Dr. Joseph Wilmer, rector of St. Mark's Church. He was anxious, however, to visit European seats of learning, and after a period of service in Philadelphia, and taking priest's orders at the hands of Bishop Alonzo Potter, he went to England and Germany, spending a year and a half in hard study. On his return in 1855 he was invited to become assistant rector of Trinity Church, New York, the oldest Protestant Episcopal Church in the city, dating back, so far as its site goes, to 1697. Dr. William Berrian was then rector, who, dying in 1862, was succeeded by Dr. Dix.

An indefatigable worker is Dr. Dix, as any conscientious man who undertakes the charge of Trinity parish must be. Practically his duties are episcopal in their nature, for he has the oversight of seven churches, with eighteen clergymen. Still, he has found time not only for those duties and the special duties of his own Church, but for

Personal Pastoral Work

among the poor of his parish, and for efficient service on boards of Christian and philanthropic societies. He is President of the Standing Committee of the diocese. He is also a trustee of Columbia College, *ex-officio* trustee of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, *ex-officio* trustee of Leake and Watts' Orphan Asylum, a trustee of the General Theological Seminary, and chairman of its Standing Committee, a trustee of the House of Mercy, a trustee of the Society for Promoting Religion and Learning, a trustee of the Church Orphan Home, Vice-President of the New York Protestant Episcopal Public School, and Vice-President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Literary Work.

The list of works which he has produced is also long and interesting. These publications embrace: *Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans* (1864); *Commentary on the Epistles to the Galatians and Colossians* (1865); *Lectures on Pantheism* (1865); *Lectures on the Two Estates, the Wedded in the Lord, and the Single for the Kingdom of Heaven's Sake* (1872), and a new edition in 1884; *Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical* (1878), two American and two English editions; *Lectures on First Prayer-Book of Edward VI.* (1881), a fourth edition in 1885; *Lectures on the Calling of a Christian Woman* (1883); six editions of this work have been published in America, and it has been reprinted in England; and the *Memoirs of John A. Dix*, 2 vols., 8vo.

A PREACHER RECOGNIZED IN AFRICA.

AN incident is related by Bishop William Taylor in his *African News* (published by T. B. Welch & Son, Vineland, N. J.), which shows in startling contrast the social results of missionary work among the heathen. The Bishop says: This (Sunday) morning I preached in the open air on the Ten Commandments. Saco interpreted, and we had quiet, attentive hearers. This is a purely heathen town, like all the other towns on the Kru coast. In the evening Amanda Smith preached, and Tom Nimly interpreted. After the discourse, which was very impressive, Nimly and Saco gave each their testimony for Jesus, and exhorted the people to abandon their idolatry, and all their bad 'fash,' and let Jesus Christ take all the bad out of them, and wash them clean. At the

close a woman, with a child strapped on her back, pressed her way through the crowd to Nimly, and put her arms around him, and held him firmly for some time. He also embraced her affectionately, and they walked away together. *She was his sister*, whom he had not seen for many years. How astonished she must have been to see her big brother proclaiming good news from God. She lives many miles from here, at a town called Crow-bar, and was not aware that Tom was in Setta Kru till she came near the crowd and saw him preaching. When we see this almost nude heathen woman and child in the arms of such a man, now 'clothed and in his right mind,' we weep, and sing: 'A better day is coming: a morning promised long.'

THE WATCHER FOR MONTEZUMA.

IN an address by Dr. A. P. Cobb he mentioned the following incident: A friend who had recently returned from New Mexico told me one morning that, on rising early for a day's hunt, he saw, dimly outlined against the gray sky, the form of a man. Fearing some sinister designs, he quickly called the attention of his friend, a resident of that region. His fears were at once dispelled. "The man you see," said he, "is indeed a watcher, but he is placed there for no hostile purpose. He is not a spy upon our actions. He is a descendant of the ancient Aztecs, the memory of whose glory still lingers in the darkened minds of this degraded people. They recall the golden age of Montezuma, whom they call their heaven-descended king, and cherish with fond hearts the tradition that he will come again to restore their ancient glory. This man is a sentinel placed on that height to watch for Montezuma, who is to come some morning at the exact moment when the sun first kisses these lofty peaks." It was a pathetic sight, showing how the people cling to their cherished hope through their generations. If such a people could but be led to believe in Christ, with how much better hope might they watch for Him who, unto them that look for Him, will "appear the second time without sin unto salvation." (Heb. 9:28.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Jewess's Triumphant Death.—A Bible-seller lately repeated his experience when a city missionary. He had been led to call upon a Jewess who was near death. One day, entering her kitchen, her eye had caught sight of some lines on a piece of waste paper covering some butter. Curiosity prompted her to read the words. They were: "Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain." The verse arrested her thought; she could neither dismiss it nor forget it. After a time she remembered she had a copy of the Bible in a box; she searched for it and found it, began to read it, and read on till she could say, 'I have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.' She avowed her faith, was cast off by her friends, and discarded by her husband, who divorced her. Going to India, he married again and died. She was reduced in fortune, but held fast her faith in the Crucified. "All this," said the Bible-seller, "I knew; and as I stood by her bedside, she did not renounce her faith in her crucified Lord, but died triumphing in Him as her great reward."

A Business Man's Difficulty Overcome.—Mr. W. A. Campbell remarks: "I remember not long ago speaking to a gentleman about his soul. He was forty-five years of age, and held a high position socially and commercially. He had a very large business, employing hundreds of men, and had the reputation of being a shrewd, hard-headed unimpeachable business man. After we had spoken a few minutes we went into a room by ourselves, and there I urged him to accept Christ. He complained that to him Christ seemed so far off, he could not realize that He was near to hear and save. He was

completely broken down, and wept like a child, yet he could not come to a decision, and when, on leaving him, I said, 'Do you not see it now?' he could only reply with a mournful shake of his head. A few days afterward we again met, and when I asked how it was with his soul, he answered, joyfully, 'Thank God, I have passed from death unto life.' He had at length realized that Christ was near to help and succor, and threw himself on His mercy, pleading His precious promise, 'Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out,' and found Him to be his own most real and precious Saviour."

An Unconscious Man Speaks in Welsh.—The Rev. Dr. Brown relates: "A short time ago a man was taken to one of the accident hospitals in London. He had fallen from a great height, and was severely injured, rendering him quite unconscious, in which condition he remained for several days. During all that time he spoke a language which none of those who attended him could understand. Linguist after linguist was brought to his bedside, but not one could make out the language which he spoke, until at length one discovered that it was Welsh. The injured man recovered, and the Welsh vanished. This was a very curious and interesting psychological question for the doctors. They found, that although the man had lost all knowledge of Welsh, he had lived in Wales when he was a boy, and had been able in his early days to speak the language of that country. Scientists have laid it down as a fact that everything in the past is recoverable in the future; and it will be so in the day of judgment; then our every thought, word, and deed, many of which we have long since forgotten, will suddenly be recalled to us, and stand out in letters of fire as witnesses against us, unless we obtain forgiveness from God, for the sake of Jesus who died for us, and paid the penalty of our sin."

An Aged Woman's Decision.—"Some Years ago, at an evangelistic meeting in one of the largest towns in the United States, I saw in the after-meeting an aged woman sitting at the end of one of the pews. As I walked up the passage I stopped, and said, 'Well, ma'am, have you got salvation?' 'No, sir, indeed, I cannot say that.' 'Why can't you say so? Don't you believe the Bible?' I inquired of her. 'Aye, that I do; I read it every day, and study it too, but I cannot just say that I have got salvation,' she answered, sadly. 'Look at this text,' I said, "He that believeth hath everlasting life." You believe, don't you? She was silent. As last I said, 'I'll have nothing more to do with a person who treats God as a liar, as you do when you refuse to believe His Word. She made no reply, but sat still until almost every one was gone, then slowly rose and left the building. Next night, there she was in the same place. I affected not to see her, and in the after-meeting walked about, apparently not noticing her, but all the time I was watching to see what she would do. At length, when there were but few people left, and I was standing near her, she said to me, timidly, 'Sir, are you not going to speak to me at all?' Turning towards her, I said, 'Well, what do you want?' 'Please sir, I am not going to make God a liar any longer.' I shook her cordially by the hand, and told her I was so glad to hear it. But the mistake of that old woman is the mistake of many. They know the Bible. They assert they believe it, but when asked if they are assured of their salvation, they shake their heads despondingly, and say they cannot be sure."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for October:

The Seven Seals. By William Kelly.

St. James's Prophecy in Acts 15:16, 17.

The Future Imperial Church and its Divine Head.

Jerusalem to be Trodden Down by Antichrist.

The 144,000. By the Late Rev. R. A. Pardon.

Seven Proofs that Antichrist is Future.

Only Twelve Years to live.

The Right Position for the Believer at the Present Time.

The French Elections.

THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

THE trustees of Dr. Talmage's church have decided not to build a new church edifice on the old site. They have secured land on Greene and Clinton avenues, the vendors taking the land on Schermerhorn Street now covered by the ruins of the burned Tabernacle as part of the purchase-money. Before commencing his sermon in the Academy of Music last Sunday Dr. Talmage made the following statement:

A mistaken notion has gone abroad that the insurance on our destroyed church is enough to rebuild. The repetition of disasters left us in debt. We have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn. First, the original Tabernacle. Soon after that we made an enlargement that cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we put up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was these repeated disasters that left us in debt. My congregation have done magnificently, but any church would be in debt after so many calamities. Now for the first time we are out of debt. But we need at least one hundred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call on people of all creeds and all lands to help. Before I help dedicate a new church we must have every dollar of it paid. I will never again be pastor of a church in debt. It has crippled us in all our movements, and I shall never again wear the shackles. I have for the last sixteen years preached to about five thousand people sitting and standing, twice a Sabbath, but everybody knows that we need a place that will hold eight thousand. I shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall say: "Here are a hundred thousand dollars if you will put up a memorial structure, and call it after the name of my departed father or child, whose memory I want put before all nations." And so it would be done.

WHAT TROUBLE IS FOR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday,
October 27, 1889.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. 7: 17.

The Tears of the Bible—Trouble Somewhere Always—Why the World has so Much of It—I. To make Men Willing to Leave It—No One Ready to Go—When Revelation is Preferred to Genesis—Revelation a Prospectus—II. To Inculcate Dependence on God—Prometheus Cured by a Wound—A Child Driver Resigning the Reins—Prayers on a Train and a Foundering Steamer—III. To Capacitate for Sympathy—A Grandmother's Consolation—A Herb Doctor's Prescription—Welcome of Christian Victors.

RIDING across a Western prairie, wild-flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, What a beautiful spectacle this is! So

The Tears of the Bible

are not midnight storm, but rain on panned prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live?—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble.

First—It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done

To Make Us Willing to Quit

this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture-galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "What is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet."

No Man Wants to go

out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water-lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is *where trouble comes in*. After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he

Changed Genesis for Revelation?

Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book

of *Revelation* is a prospectus now of the country into which he is to soon immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and care-buncles and a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his Father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble

To Make Us Feel Our Dependence

upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present! I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think that they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly."

I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down or on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children, and on this road of life

We Like to Drive.

It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down or both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

After a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard

Earnest Prayers

on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out, "O God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling-wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard"? What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help!

Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He

Makes God the Last Resort

instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel-keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience; and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage-stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you."

Is This the Reward

I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to *capacitate us for the office of sympathy*. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet, and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother

Knows all About that Trouble.

Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about

fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am

An Herb Doctor.

I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

You know on a well-spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the King's cup bearers come in. "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face? And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee, and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think, after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well He can do that!

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh,

That Great Weeper

is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they always come to me for comfort and sympathy; but I have noticed that when the children get hurt, and their mother is at home, they go right past me and to her; I am of no account.

So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look

for Paul or Moses or David or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what

A Magnificent Thing to Die

if thou shalt thus wipe away our tears! Methinks it will take us some time to get used to heaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferinos and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's face.

Why should I wish to linger in the wild,

When thou art waiting, Father, to receive thy child?

Sirs, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our every-day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hands a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aërolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aërolites, and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and

A Jubilee in Heaven

—between requiem here and triumphal there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never appreciated that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred," and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after a while."

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they,

All Their Tears Gone.

My friends, take this good-cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

DAVID'S GRIEF FOR ABSALOM.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for November 10, II Samuel 18: 18-33; Golden Text, Prov. 17: 25.

The Joy or Woe Children May Cause—David at War With His Son—His Injunction to the Three Generals—Absalom Carrying His Own Gallows—His End Appointed—A General Without Compunction—Absalom's Monument—The Bearers of Grievous Tidings—The Weak and the Bold Messenger—David's Emotion—His Pathetic Lament—Selfish Sorrow—Joab's Cutting Reproof—Grief Suppressed in Duty.

"A FOOLISH son is a grief to his father, and a bitterness to her that bare him." (Prov. 17: 25.) This is a truth three thousand years old, yet terribly new in the experience of every parent whose heart is wrung with grief by the sins of his children. No earthly suffering is so poignant as that which is caused by our children; no earthly joy so great as the joy which comes through them, no temptation to pride is so strong as to be proud of one's children; no humiliation deeper than that which they bring to us.

David was now placed in a position that he would rather have died than occupy: he was at war with his own son. He divided his force into three companies, and placed them under the leadership of his two nephews, Joab and Abishai, joined with the devoted Ittai, the Gittite, who had left all for his sake. David's first thought was to go forth in person to the battle, but the united people would not hear of it, and said, "Thou shalt not go forth, for if we flee away they will not care for us, neither if half of us die, will they care for us, but now thou art worth ten thousand of us; therefore, now, it is better that thou succour us out of the city." The King was in no mood to contend with them; his heart was busy with his bitter disappointment in his unfaithful but beloved son. He said, "What seemeth you best I will do." But he was not callous; one hope filled his heart, that Absalom's life might be spared, and that he might yet repent. Standing by the gate-side in Mahanaim as the hosts defiled slowly through the gate by hundreds and by thousands, David watched for the three generals, and said to each one in succession,

"Deal Gently, for My Sake,

with the young man, even with Absalom, and all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom." Every one knew the king's mind, every one knew how he loved his son; it was an unwonted thing with David to ask anything for his own sake, but under the law he could not say, "Deal gently, for God's sake, with a sinner;" the law knows no mercy.

The armies joined battle in the wood of Ephraim, and as was so often the case with His people of old, God gave victory to the weaker side. "The people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, . . . the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured." God's judgment upon Absalom was a singular and marked one. In addition to his rare beauty, his hair was so luxuriant that it made him remarkable wherever he went. (II Sam. 14: 25, 26.) This very attraction, of which no doubt he was very proud, formed the gallows on which he was executed for his unnatural sin of rebellion against his indulgent and godly father. In going forth to meet the servants of David, he rode upon a mule "under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth, and the mule that was under him went away."

It was no Accident;

God so ordered it. What were Absalom's thoughts as he hung there no one knows. Whether at last repentance laid hold of him, and he saw his black sin as it was, or whether he died in enmity with his father and his God, will never be known this side of the judgment-day.

A certain man saw it happen, and told Joab. "And behold thou sawest him," said the gen-

eral, "and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground, and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle." And the man replied that a thousand shekels would not have tempted him to slay Absalom, because of the King's charge concerning him. Joab was not so much a man of words as of deeds—firm, energetic, decided. Possessing, as he did, a power over the King which no other had, he took the law into his own hands, and dismissing the man with the characteristic words, "I may not tarry thus with thee, he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak;" and his ten young men finished the work. Thus the unnatural son died without leaving any clue as to a change in his wicked heart.

The civil war was immediately at an end. Joab knew it would be so as soon as Absalom was off the scene; therefore his prompt, decided action. He blew a trumpet, and at once gave orders that the people should not pursue after Israel, "Joab held back the people." The object of the expedition was to quell the rebellion; now the rebel was dead, the rebellion could not live, why then continue the fight? But Joab would not allow Absalom to be buried with princely honors; his corpse was cast into a great pit in the wood, and a very great heap of stones was laid upon it. Absalom had three sons, who must have died in infancy, and so he had reared up a pillar, "which is in the king's dale." This, and the heap of stones, and the history of his sinful rebellion, are all that were left on earth of Absalom. "O Lord, the Hope of Israel,

All That Forsake Thee Shall be Ashamed, and they that depart from Thee shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters." (Jer. 17: 13.) Ahimaaz and Jonathan, the two sons of Zadok the priest, had been singled out by David to act as messengers, and bring him tidings of all that happened in the camp of the rebels (II Sam. 15: 27); now Ahimaaz very naturally petitioned Joab, "Let me now run, and bear the King tidings how the Lord hath avenged him of his enemies." Joab knew his man, and said, "Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day; but this day thou shalt bear no tidings, because the King's son is dead." Joab knew that Ahimaaz would not have the courage to tell the King the real truth. Joab was never for half-measures; he meant David to know that Absalom was dead. "Then said Joab to Cush, Go tell the king *what thou hast seen*." He could depend upon Cush not mincing matters. But Ahimaaz implored leave to run after Cush, and obtaining leave, outran the other.

No posts or telegraph wires bore messages in those days; all had to be told by special messenger. A watchman stood on the post of observation above the gate, and espying Ahimaaz, he told the King there was a man running alone, and David rightly divined, "There is tidings in his mouth." Then the watchman reported a second runner, "and the King said, He also bringeth tidings." Ahimaaz was the first to reach the city, and he said to the King, "All is well (or 'Peace'), and he fell down to the earth upon his face before the King and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God which hath delivered up the men which lifted up their hand against my lord the King." David's first question was that which lay most upon his heart. "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Joab had rightly estimated the character of his messengers. Ahimaaz had not the courage to say all he knew; he answered that when he left the camp there was a great tumult, but he knew not what it was. Ahimaaz thought to save himself and the King by this lie. We may always leave the consequences with God when we do what is right in His sight. If Ahimaaz had

Only Trusted God

he would have been truthful in his statement; as it was, he justified Joab's opinion of him, left the king in the same suspense as before, and had a lie to account for before God. It was not long

before Cush came and said, "Tidings, my lord the King, for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee." The tale was told in these words, but David must inquire particularly, and he asked of Cush the same question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And Cush answered, "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is." The truth was out; David's last hope for his son was gone; Absalom was dead.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chambers over the gate and wept, and as he went, thus he said: "O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" In time and in eternity he would never more see Absalom; such was the crushing grief which overwhelmed the King. "I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own family." Oh how terribly the word of God had come true. If only he could have had some ray of hope that this misguided young man had repented, that, at any rate there had been on his part some contrition, some remorse—but there was none; it was utter blank despair. And then there would come the bitter reflection that had it not been for his own sin things would not have come to this pass, and may be, yes probably, he saw himself more guilty than his son, and counted himself the murderer of that idol of his heart. But we may be

Selfish in Sorrow

as much as in anything else. "The sorrow of the world worketh death." (II Cor. 7: 10.) The sorrow of the world is made up of self-pity, remorse, and despair. "Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation." A sorrow in which we consider ourselves, and how our troubles press upon us, in which we grieve for the past which we cannot recall, and therefore grieve to no purpose, is after all only selfishness. All which is gained by it is a little temporary relief and satisfaction to ourselves, which, however, reacts and throws into deeper grief afterward. Godly sorrow is a sorrow which considers God, which sees His justice and love in permitting us to be tried, which recognizes that he loves our children and cares for our circumstances or whatsoever troubles us, and that He in very faithfulness afflicts us. Godly sorrow bows to the stroke and justifies God, instead of misunderstanding and murmuring against Him.

David was selfish in his sorrow he forgot all in his bitter grief, and in his thoughts of Absalom. "It was told Joab, Behold the King weepeth and mourneth for Absalom." If any one could arouse David, it was he. Meanwhile things were all out of course. Prayers had been made for victory, victory had been given by God: but the victory, instead of bringing forth praise from king and people "was turned into mourning unto all the people, for the people heard say that day how the King was grieved for his son." Some of them had lost sons too, and better ones than Absalom, but they had given their lives for the King, and now, instead of shewing gratitude he was yielding to his selfish grief. It was discouraging to the people who had sacrificed a good deal to take up David's cause; and they "gat them by stealth that day unto the city as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle." No smile from the King, no word of cheer, no message; only the loud sob and bitter cry, "O my son Absalom! O Absalom my son, my son."

Joab's strong sense of what was right and becoming in a king had often stood David in good stead in former times, and he did not mince matters now; he broke in upon the King's agony of grief with a stern, startling reproach; he said, "Thou hast shamed, this day, the faces of all thy servants which this day have saved thy life . . . in that thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends, for thou hast declared this day that thou regardest neither princes nor servants; for this day I perceive that if Absalom had lived, and all we had died this day, then it had pleased thee well." It was a blunt way of putting it, but it was no exaggeration; and David, teachable soul,

that he was, saw the justice of it; for David was never so foolish and conceited as to be

Above Reproof.

Jeab saw that the word had gone home, and he pursued the advantage gained, and said, "Now, therefore, arise, go forth, and speak comfortably unto thy servants; for I swear by the Lord, if thou go not forth, there will not tarry one with thee this night, and that will be worse unto thee than all the evil that befell thee from thy youth until now." David arose; once aroused, he knew how to cast his burden upon the Lord, and with his breaking heart leaning on the strong one he went and "sat in the gate." Sorrow loves solitude, but David indulged in selfish sorrow no more.

The report spread rapidly, "Behold the King doth sit in the gate," and the crowds soon began to gather, a reaction began to take place; the King felt again that he had a people to care for, and the people felt they had a King to care for them; self lost the day, and things began to right themselves.

A FRENCH CONFESSOR LEFT.

A SUGGESTIVE incident occurred recently in the Cathedral at Notre Dame, Paris. A Christian visitor, who was distributing gospels and religious literature in the French capital, entered the Cathedral and saw a number of ladies waiting their turn to enter the confessional, where a priest sat behind curtains. He says: I noticed a lady dressed in deep mourning sitting near the confessional, preparing for confession. She was weeping. I ventured to pass her, and in passing, laid a small book on the ledge in front of her. It was a copy of the Gospel of St. John, printed in French, and marked at chapter 16:24: "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." Not a word was spoken. As I passed the box I saw that the priest was there. A penitent was kneeling on one side, others were waiting. I walked round the chapels, and returned by the central aisle. The lady was reading the book. She was evidently interested. I could not ask of any person her name, but this I know, that some time after, she closed the book, kissed it, and raised her hands in prayer. Then rose and left the building *without going into the confessional*. This was the best sight I saw amid all the grandeur of Notre Dame, and will be the one I shall longest remember.

PERSECUTED PERSIAN CONVERTS.

THE Rev. S. G. Wilson, who is laboring at Tabriz, in Persia, sends to the *Church* a pathetic account of the difficulties which are obstructing his work there. He says: "During the past winter an article was published in the *Akhbar*, the most widely read newspaper in the Persian language, describing the work of missions in Persia among Mohammedans, declaring that the preachers were occupying every city and proclaiming the gospel everywhere, and calling for its prohibition. To us the work seems small; to them a cause of anxiety, and it has led to an effort to check it by violence. One of the converts was singled out for attack. After suffering several times he fled from his village, intending to escape to Russia. He became the gardener of Rev. Mr. Easton, the independent missionary. On Friday he was caught by the servants of the landlord, reviled and beaten and led through the streets. At the shops the people were informed that he was a Protestant and would be delivered to the ameer to be beheaded. 'He is an Armenian,' 'He has denied Mohammed,' and like words incited the hatred of the bystanders. At the police station he was beaten and severely tortured. He was bound in irons and left for the night in the filth of the stable. He says: 'Had it not been for the divine strength and the comfort of Jesus, I could not have endured.' The next morning he was brought before the police officer, who demanded a fine equivalent to five months' wages. His brother was sent for, who was willing enough that he should be beaten for denying Mohammed; but finally he was released on payment of a fine, with the

command to leave the missionary within three days on threat of death.

"The next day we held the usual Sabbath service, but afterwards found policemen at the church door ready to arrest all Mohammedans. The events of the previous days made the number present small. Three men and one woman were arrested. The woman is a poor widow, faithful to her Christian vows. She was soon released from custody as being only a woman.

"Another person present was a mollah from a neighboring city, acquainted with the truth and an applicant for baptism. In sight of us all he was cruelly beaten with a long club. It made our hearts ache. Our indignation burned within us, but we were powerless to help. The persecuted man bore it meekly, but received double cruelty because he was a mollah. The police said, 'You, who should teach others, do you lead them astray?' A number of times in past years I have seen attendants at worship arrested, but always decently. But those cruel blows, how they reached our own souls! One missionary said, 'I had rather be beaten myself than see him suffer.' The three men were kept in vile imprisonment for twenty-four hours, and after suffering many indignities were fined."

THE KINGDOM.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kans.

(Continued from page 679.)

THE words of Christ (Luke 22:29, 30.) teach us: That the twelve apostles will sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, and that they will not judge *by proxy*. The judges, the throne and the tribes make all together a unit in Christ's kingdom, and if so, then the idea so prevalent in Great Britain at the present time, "That the Anglo-Saxons and Jutes are the true descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel, and that the English nation is the favored people of Israel, and of the prophecies," cannot be sustained because the whole Anglo-Saxon race of Britain, America, and Oceania could not be represented in Jerusalem but by proxy, destroying *in toto* the very idea of a kingdom, and of a union, as the words of Christ imply.

Distinction Between the Church and the Kingdom.

I. *In its appointments.* When the glorious Lord was about to ascend to heaven, He commissioned His apostles as His ambassadors and representatives, saying, "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations . . . teaching them to observe all, whatever I commanded you" Matt. 28:19, 20; "beginning at Jerusalem," Luke 24:47; and since that day "the ecclesia," the church, has obeyed this injunction. The preaching of the gospel "to all the nations" is a distinct mark of the Church of God through all ages. In the passage Luke 22:29 the appointment is not of preaching especially, but of *reigning and judging*. It is not a state of suffering, Acts 14:22, *but of exaltation and glory*. (Eph. 1:10.)

II. *In its boundaries.* The first appointment has a relation to the whole world. (Mark 15:16.) "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." That word enjoins "*a going to all the nations*." In the appointment of Luke 22:29, we find, "*a resting, a reigning, a sitting on thrones, judging* especially the twelve tribes of Israel," re-united in the land of promise, in *Jerusalem and Zion*. (Isa. 24:23; Rev. 7:4-8; Rev. 14:1.)

III. *In its unity.* The first appointment was to gather the Church, as the members of Christ's body in unity, without any pre-eminence or distinction, constituting a glorious and a waiting Church, for the "parousia" appearing of the Bridegroom in glory. (Eph. 3:4-7.) In the prophecy under consideration, it is a *covenant union*, and an appointment by *pre-eminence of persons*, occupying a station and nearness to Christ on earth. It is not a challenge brought to the world as the first appointment was, *to lay hold on all the nations*; it is, in the fullest sense of the word, *a consummation and a triumph* over all the tribes of Israel and of the nations, and a grand manifestation of the completion of unity between the Father and the Son in the reign and

judgment concerning Israel and the nations. Rev. 2:26; 1 Cor. 6:2, 3; 1 Cor. 15:23, 24. It is the heavenly kingdom established on earth. (Dan. 2:44; Dan. 7:26, 27.)

The Ecclesia and the Kingdom.

Some readers may suppose that the "two different appointments" implies a separation between the Church and the kingdom, but this is not the case. From the beginning of the world the Church has been in existence (Gen. 3:26); and this will remain an indisputable fact to the end of the ages to come. "The called forth," the elect Church, will always remain as the two olive-trees (Zech. 4:3, 14) of the Lord before the Lord of the whole earth, and as the lamp ordained. (Ps. 132:17.) *It is impossible to separate those two*. This subject is worthy the undivided attention of the whole Church of God. In Acts 15:15-18 is given a plain description of *its diversity in unity*.

To Sit at My Table.

These words seem to be a paradox, and quite visionary. No wonder that Marcion, according to Epiphanius's testimony, left out the whole of this verse, and that at the present time multitudes of believers spiritualize these words as meaning "something else," insisting that they are inconsistent with the spiritual state of glorified beings in heaven. We admit that such is the case, but we call attention to an obvious fact: That our Lord did not speak of disembodied spirits, but of living and resurrected persons,—of His apostles, in the ages to come, in the Palingenesia (see Matt. 19:27-30). We also observe that the text does not say, as we have it in the authorized version, "That ye may sit," but it is, "Ye shall sit (Matt. 19:28), a sure promise to be fulfilled.

But the most disputed question about this prophecy is: "May Christ, and His glorified apostles indeed eat and drink at His table, in His kingdom?" A question which is so vital that it brings before our minds some extremely erroneous visionary pictures found in the Sibylline books. The voluptuous promises made by Mohammed, of the heavenly revelry; and, also, of the heretical opinions and anarchical hierarchy of the Anabaptists—and yet this question, seen in the light of the Bible, must be answered in the affirmative.

Reading the connection of the chapter, Luke 22, we find in verses 16 and 18 expressions of "eating and drinking" in a future period, and also of the eating of the Passover lamb, and the institution of the Holy Communion. We have in Luke 24:42, 43, *the surest evidences* that our risen and glorified Lord and Saviour after His resurrection "*did eat and drink*." (Acts 10:44; John 21:5-13.) We have the same testimony of risen Saints. (Matt. 12:1, 2.) "Lazarus, which had been dead, whom Jesus raised from the dead . . . was one of them that sat at the table." So in Mark 5:43: "And commanded that something should be given herto eat."

We find also in Gen. 18:1-15, that not only angels, but also "the Angel Jehovah" were partakers of the hospitality of Abraham; "and they did eat," verse 8. In Gen. 19:3, that angels were entertained by Lot in Sodom. We cannot understand many of those things which are revealed unto us; one thing ought to satisfy us, that "The covering cast over all the people, and the vail that is spread over all the nations" (Isa. 25:7), *will one day be removed*.

The Twelve Tribes of Israel.

That *the whole house of Israel*, the Jews, will return to the land of their fathers, and that the *Ten lost tribes* of Israel shall dwell again in the old homestead of Canaan, is so plainly predicted in Ezek. 34:13; 36:10, 35; 39:24; Hos. 3:4, 5, and other places, that it is beyond dispute; and, already, we can plainly see the fulfilment of the prophecy. (Ezek. 37:1-10.) "The vision of the dry bones," in the recent immigration of the Jews to Jerusalem, and of the Yemen Jews to Palestine and to the Holy City. Let our daily prayers ascend before God, in behalf of Israel's outcasts, the hope of the world, and the heirs of the kingdom to come.



OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 4 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A National Bankruptcy Bill is to be One of the measures which Congress will endeavor to pass during its approaching session. Since the repeal in 1878 of the bill of 1867, there has been nothing but confusion, injustice, and loss. Each State has administered its own law, and it has generally operated to the prejudice of creditors in other States. The result has been a timidity on the part of wholesale dealers, which has restricted trade and embarrassed men with small capital. A carefully prepared measure known as the Torrey bill has been approved by numerous commercial bodies in various parts of the country, and will be presented at Washington with a strong backing.

The Appointment of Commissioner Tanner's successor is a surprise to the party managers. The President has selected General Green R. Raum for the office, and the General has accepted it. He is sixty years of age, and is a native of Illinois. He was a war Democrat in 1861, and entered the Union army as Major of the Fifty-sixth Illinois Regiment, and was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and brevet Brigadier-General. He was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers February 15, 1865, which commission he resigned May 6. He was elected to Congress, and served from March, 1867, until March, 1869. He was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue August 2, 1876, and retained the office until May 31, 1883. He has been practicing law in Washington, and is a prominent Grand Army man. He was not recommended by the Senators from Illinois, but it is understood that they will vote for his confirmation. He is fully alive to the delicacy of his position, but believes that no difficulty can arise, as he is determined to execute the law as he finds it, and not to make new rules.

The Proposal to Make the Pope Arbitrator in the dispute between the United States and England on the Behring Sea question finds favor in influential quarters. Mr. Blaine is believed to strongly approve of it, as does also the British Minister at Washington. The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, who has interviewed officials in the Department of State and in the British Embassy, reports that whenever the question becomes advanced to the arbitration stage, it is certain that the matter of jointly soliciting His Holiness the Pope to serve as arbitrator will be seriously considered. He would almost certainly be the preferred choice of the high parties, if they could be sure that the request would be agreeable to him. If by reason of uncertainty on this point it should be decided not to ask Leo XIII. to serve, the choice is expected to be among the Kings of Belgium, Sweden, and Denmark, and the President of the Swiss Confederation. When it is

remembered that the Pope asked certain New England priests, who waited upon him in Rome, if they came by way of the Isthmus of Panama, the conclusion must be drawn that the arbitrator is to be chosen as we choose our jurymen, because of his super-eminent ignorance of the matter in question.

A Definition of the Degree of Insanity Which absolves criminals from legal responsibility for their acts was given by a New York judge in a trial for murder last week. As is usual when there is no other defence, the counsel for the prisoner had set up the insanity plea, and called a number of medical experts to support his plea. Judge Moore in charging the jury swept their technicalities aside with the direction: "If you believe that the defendant at the time he stabbed the deceased knew the nature and quality of the act he was doing, and knew it was wrong to do it, you must adjudge him a sane man." He added that the test of criminal responsibility is fixed by statute, and jurors are expected to follow it, "no matter what doctors may say about any other kinds of insanity." An impression has been prevalent for a long time past that the acceptance of the insanity plea by our courts has meant nothing more than that the murderer had wealth or influence. It will tend to produce a greater respect for the courts in the public mind if Judge Moore's definition is accepted as a standard test by other judges.

An Important Annual Report on the Condition of the Indians has been sent to the Interior Department by Mr. Leo Bennett, of Muskogee, Indian Territory. It sheds a flood of light on the crimes in the Territory for which the Indians have often been held responsible. Mr. Bennett says: "For years the Indian Territory has been a harbor and asylum against civil and criminal process for a horde of violators of the law. There are 35,000 people living in the limits of this Agency who have no legal or moral right to remain in the country. They are fugitives from the States, outlaws of every class, murderers, thieves, whiskey peddlers, and gamblers. Their influence is corrupting, their touch is polluting, and their example is demoralizing. To their malevolent influence may be directly traced much of the crime in this country. Some means of suppressing this great and growing evil should be conferred upon our United States courts."

Complaints Against Mormon Settlers are made by Governor Wolfley, of Arizona, in his annual report issued last week. He says that about eight thousand of them have come into the Territory and, "morally and politically, they are unwelcome and a dangerous element. Arizona had a law disfranchising all who practiced, taught, or encouraged polygamy. The first legislative act signed by the former governor was the repeal of that act. I request and urge that Congress repeal the repealing act and re-establish the Territorial law. Politically, the Mormons seem to have adopted the plan of sending colonies, or 'stakes' to the surrounding Territories in sufficient numbers to form a balance of power between the two political parties. They are willing to trade with either, but remain true only so long as the interests of the Church are best served. The Church is their law, and all other law is subservient to the orders of the Church." The governor is astute enough to perceive, what many Congressmen forget, that something more than industry and enterprise are needed to make a man a good citizen, and he tries, though probably unavailing, to put the Government on its guard.

The Trial of the Five Men Accused of the murder of Dr. Cronin, the Irish Nationalist, began in Chicago on October 24. The twelfth jurymen was secured on October 22. Seven weeks were consumed in getting a jury, and over one thousand men were examined before twelve were found acceptable to the court and the counsel on both sides. Ten of the men chosen are of pure American stock; the other two are of English parentage. The State is believed to be in possession of conclusive proofs of the guilt

of all the five men, and of one other not now in custody. Sullivan is also said to be implicated by watching outside the cottage while the crime was committed. An important link in the evidence was supplied only two weeks ago by the evidence of two men who saw Dr. Cronin enter the cottage on the night of the murder. The trial will be jealously watched by the whole country. Illinois justice is really on its trial in that court. The power of the Clan-na-Gael is known to so thoroughly permeate official circles that any remissness of duty on the part of the prosecution will excite suspicion.

The Parnell Commission Resumed its Inquiry on October 24. Michael Davitt appeared before it and made a long speech. Its chief point was the assertion, which he said he should be able to prove, that the London Times was aware that the Parnell letters were forgeries before Piggott was put on the stand, and that he had confessed to the Times's manager that he was the forger. He said that the League had received funds from all parts of the world, but not from members of revolutionary societies. He read letters from Germans, Frenchmen, Americans, and Englishmen, enclosing funds and urging him to continue to fight on the land question.

The German Reichstag was Formally Opened on October 22 by a speech from the throne. The Emperor was apologetic on the subject of money, as, in spite of his assurances of peace, he is asking for an increased sum to be spent on the army and navy. He announced his need for the co-operation of the Reichstag in order to develop the efficiency of the army, and its readiness for action in accordance with whatever circumstances may arise, and thereby impart to the efforts of the Emperor and his exalted allies for the preservation of peace the weight which is their due in the council of nations. A bill would be submitted by the Government amending the military law to provide for a fresh distribution of the army, intended to readjust, in the interest of the training and conduct of the army, the inequalities of organization which have arisen through strengthening the army and the displacement of troops from time to time.

A Strangely Assorted Royal Family Party was gathered last week in Athens, the capital of Greece, to witness a marriage. The bride is the sister of the Emperor of Germany, and the bridegroom the son of the King of Greece. Former intermarriages of European royalties invest this union with extensive interest. The bride is a grand-daughter of the Queen of England, and the bridegroom's father being a brother of the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia, the uncles and aunts of both the bride and bridegroom form an illustrious company. No fewer than ninety-nine royal personages were present at the ceremony, including one Emperor, Emperor William of Germany, brother of the bride; two Empresses, the Empress Frederick, the bride's mother, and Augusta Victoria, her sister-in-law; two Kings, Christian of Denmark, grandfather of the bridegroom, and the King of Greece, his father; with the heirs apparent to the crowns of Russia and England, and a host of lesser princes. How little cordiality there must be among such persons can be imagined, but there seems to have been no lack of magnificence.

A Startling Challenge was Made to Christian philanthropists in London, at a recent meeting, which was called to protest against the licensing of a resort for vicious persons of both sexes. Mr. John Burns, who was the leader of the dockyard strike, and whose portrait appeared in this journal on September 18, referred to the enormous number of women in London who were living immoral lives. Previous speakers had deplored the fact, and advocated measures for suppressing them. Mr. Burns said that it could be done. He could speak for them, for they were drawn from the rank of society to which he belonged. He would pledge himself that if any one would provide work for those women at the rate of eight cents an hour *sixty thousand* would gladly accept it, and quit their vicious lives.

Miss Mary Henry, of the Womans National Christian Temperance Union, requests us to call the attention of our readers to the approaching annual convention of the Union, to be held in Battery D, Chicago, November 8-12. This will be the sixteenth of those annual meetings, and will be of more than usual interest. Reports will be presented of more than forty distinct lines of evangelistic, reformatory, and social purity work which, during the past year, has been undertaken by the Union. Among the speakers will be Dean Alfred A. Wright, Dr. Rankin, Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, Mrs. Clara Hoffman, and Miss Frances E. Willard. Delegates are expected from every State and Territory. The organization now numbers over 200,000 members.

How to Get Elephants on Shipboard was a problem that exercised the employees of Barnum's circus in New York last week. The circus is going to England, and the Anchor line steamer *Furnessia* was engaged for the passage. All the beasts, birds, and reptiles except the elephants were put on board, and then the thirteen elephants were brought to the dock. Trouble was expected with them, especially with the famous female elephant named Babe, whose high temper and eccentricities have made her dreaded in the menagerie. She was kept back until last. Don, a ten-year-old elephant, was the first to make the trip from the dock to the steamer's deck. Though usually docile, he objected to go on board. The coaxing of his keepers had no effect upon him, and punishment seemed to make him more obstinate. He smashed boxes and ripped up bales on the pier with a violence that terrified all who saw him. Finally steam-power was applied to him, and he was fairly drawn up the gang-plank by a stout cable. His behavior increased the fear of trouble with Babe. But there was no trouble. A keeper led the little elephant, Columbia, who is Babe's daughter, up the gang-plank, and Babe, the evil disposed beast, followed without hesitation. Her strong affection for her offspring proved a more potent influence with her than any that her keepers could have exerted. Men are like her in that respect. Many who are deaf to the terrors of the law, and reckless of the threatenings of future punishment, have been melted by the story of God's love manifested in Christ. (Hos. 11:4.)

A Man Gave His Blood to Save the Life of a stranger, in Bellevue Hospital, New York, on October 20. Early that morning a patient was brought into the hospital who had been found in an almost dying condition in a hotel. He and a companion had gone to bed leaving the gas turned on but not lighted. One of them seems to have accidentally given the gas-tapa turn after extinguishing the gas. In the morning both men were believed to be dead, but a surgeon who was summoned thought that one of them had a little life left in him, and sent him with all speed to Bellevue. When he arrived he was unconscious, and rapidly approaching death. No pulse was discernible and his breathing was scarcely noticeable. Stimulants produced no effect. As a last resource Dr. Cummings determined to try transfusion of healthy blood into his veins. William Vanderlieth, a young German, who was in the hospital at the time, being treated for an injured foot, asked if nothing else would save the man from death, and being told there was no other hope, offered to give his blood for the purpose. He was laid in the bed with his strong left arm near the limp right arm of the dying man. The surgeon opened a vein in the arm of the latter and let out a quantity of blood. Then he inserted a tube the other end of which connected with a vein in the arm of the German. For fifteen minutes the blood flowed from the strong man into the body of the dying one. The effect was marvellous; the feeble pulse became nearly normal, a flush had come on the pallid face, and the man was breathing regularly. The tube was then removed, and he opened his eyes and spoke. The German was very pale and weak, but revived after a rest and a meal. The other man rallied rapidly, and was

pronounced out of danger. He owes his life to the German stranger whose blood saved him from the grave. What should his gratitude be! But what ought to be the gratitude and love of men to Him who gave His blood to purchase for them, not a few years more of earthly existence, but everlasting life. (1 Pet. 1:18, 19.)

The Impatience of an Heir has Resulted in the loss of his inheritance at Watertown, N. Y. Several years ago an aged farmer of great wealth took into his home one of his grandsons, whose father was dead. The father had been the old man's favorite son, and all the affection he had given to him was lavished on the orphan boy. As time went on the old farmer grew more and more attached to him, and finally made a will bequeathing to him all his property, to the exclusion of all other heirs. The young brute no sooner learned that the will had been signed than he began to long for his grandfather's death. He dwelt so much on the delights of possession that his impatience grew uncontrollable, and he poisoned his grandfather. His crime was discovered, and he was tried and convicted. By the exertions of his counsel his neck was saved from the rope, and he was sent to the Elmira Reformatory. The other heirs brought suit for the estate, but the circuit court decided against them. Last week, however, the Court of Appeals had the case in hand, and reversed the decision of the lower court. The decision in effect was that, though there was no law to prevent a criminal profiting by his crime, it was against public policy to allow such a criminal as this to do so, and the estate was, therefore, to be divided among the other heirs. The young man now learns, as every sinner learns sooner or later, that sin is loss, and he who commits it is a fool. (Jer. 17:11.)

The Announcement of a Romantic Marriage was made in Dubuque, Iowa, on October 22. Some time ago a German gentleman residing in that city, having worked his way into a comfortable position, returned to Germany to marry a lady to whom he was engaged before leaving that country. He came back to Dubuque bringing his wife with him. Among the friends of the couple was a young physician who was very popular in the city, being handsome, talented and rich. Many young ladies had been enamored with him, but he seemed determined on being a bachelor. One day when visiting the newly married couple he picked up a photograph of a lady and inquired whose portrait it was. The bride told him it was the portrait of her sister. He declared that she was the wife for him if he could win her. His friends thought he was joking, but in a few days he surprised them by coming to ask for a letter of introduction to the lady. He had arranged his affairs for a long absence, and was just setting out to offer his hand to the lady whom he had never seen, and about whom he knew nothing. The letter was given, and the doctor started. Last week a cable message was received saying that the couple had just been married in Dresden. It is not often that so intense a love is inspired by a picture, but apparently the physician found the original worthy of it. So is it with those who love Christ. He, whom having not seen they love, becomes more precious to them as they know Him better. (1 Pet. 1:8.)

The Humiliation of the Heir of a Chicago millionaire is described in a press dispatch from Harvard University. The young man entered the university as a Freshman this year, and engaged the most expensive suite of rooms in Beck Hall, which he furnished in the most sumptuous manner. An inordinately large sum was spent on the fittings, and it was perceived that the youth was desirous of making a display of his wealth. In a short time he became infected with the ambition to enter the most select of the secret societies of Harvard. He supposed that his money would secure his admission, but he soon learned that to that circle wealth was not a key. He was informed that before he could be received he must undergo a personal test, and must pledge himself to obey

any order decreed by the society in his case. He accepted, and was ordered to black boots and sell papers for one week in the public square of Cambridge. Then there was a struggle between his pride and his ambition. Eventually the latter triumphed. Every day for a week, after leaving the recitation-room, he went to his palatial suite of rooms, exchanged his good clothes for an old suit, daubed some blacking on his face and hands as a partial protection against the scrutiny of passers-by, and carried out the stern decree of his order. He blacked the boots of the professors, and sold them papers without revealing his identity, and sauntered along the street with his kit over his shoulder and his papers under his arm like the street gamins. Every day his humiliation was duly recorded to his credit by the society's officer, and at the end of the week he was duly received into the order. His blacking kit now occupies a place of honor in his rooms. It is much to be wished that a young man who had the courage so to humiliate himself to gain a merely local distinction had been more wisely led, and had sought by becoming as a little child to enter the kingdom of Christ. (Luke 18:17)

BRIEF NOTES.

An effort is being made to get Mr. Moody to hold services in Richmond, Va., this winter. If he consents, all the churches will unite in the movement.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Frederick Davies was consecrated as Bishop of Eastern Michigan in Philadelphia on October 18. Bishop Potter preached the sermon.

Seventy-eight missionaries were sent out at one time last month from England by the Church Missionary Society to foreign fields. Many of the party were ladies.

The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, one of the twin sons of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who has been pastor of a church in Australia, has returned to England owing to ill health.

Rev. H. A. Schaffner, and Rev. Philip Reiting, of Cleveland, O., have been holding evangelistic meetings among the Bohemians at Glencoe and Silver Lake, Minn.

The keeper of the morgue in New York City states that four-fifths of the five thousand bodies that reach the city dead-house every year are sent there by drunkenness.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills is expected to hold special services in New York, beginning November 24, when he will preach in the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church.

The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home, No. 36 Bowery, New York, makes an appeal for second-hand clothing of all kinds. If notice is sent to the Superintendent he will call for such gifts.

The Hartford Theological Seminary has a lady in the class of this year. She is the wife of a member of the Senior class, and has entered upon a course of thorough preparation for foreign missionary service.

Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D. D., of Brooklyn, and Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., will hold conventions in the principal cities of New England during the month of November, in the interest of the Evangelical Alliance.

The next national meeting of the Evangelical Alliance will be held at Boston, Mass., December 4 to 6. A programme of wide scope has been prepared. The invitation to attend is extended to all who are interested.

President Harrison, writing recently to the Sunday Observance Congress held in Paris, said: "Experience and observation have convinced me that everyone who works with hands and head needs the rest which the Sabbath alone can give."

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions passed a resolution at the recent annual meeting, heartily thanking Mr. Oscar Strauss, the Jewish ex-Minister to Turkey "for his efficient services in defence of the rights and liberties" of their missionaries.

Country girls coming to New York to look for situations as clerks or domestic servants are warned against conversing with stylishly dressed women on the cars, who, under pretence of needing servants, persuade girls to go with them to their homes, which are dens of vice.

Mr. E. P. Telford commences services in Troy, N. Y., November 1. His meetings at Dover, N. H., were so successful, and so deep an interest was aroused, that he consented to extend his stay there one week longer than was arranged. New seekers were at the altar every night, and the audiences grew to great proportions.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker has decided to resign the Superintendence of the Bethany Sunday-school in Philadelphia, which he has held for many years. The journey from Washington to Philadelphia every Saturday and the return on Monday has proved too serious an interruption of his duties. Many persons wish that if it was really necessary to decide between the two offices, he had chosen to resign the Postmaster-Generalship, as he has proved himself a most efficient Sunday-school Superintendent.

THE WITHERED FIG-TREE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever, and presently the fig-tree withered away," etc. Matt. 21: 17-20.

A Miracle and a Parable Combined—An Apt Simile of the Jewish State—A Nation with Leaves, but no Fruit—Profession Without Righteousness—I. Forward but Fruitless Profession—Fruit Precedes Leaves on the Fig-tree—Christians Better than the Best—Overleap Ordinary Growth—A Tendency to Fanaticism or Scepticism—Not an Encouragement of Censoriousness—Judges Keeping to their Own Court—II. Trees to be Inspected by Jesus—Will Look for Fruit—Has a Right to Expect It—III. The Result to the Fruitless Professor—The Tree Condemned—To Continue in its State—The Twelve Dry Rods.

THIS is a miracle and a parable. We have books upon the miracles, we have an equal number of volumes upon the parables; into which of these volumes shall we place this story? I would answer, put it in both. It is a singular miracle, and it is a striking parable. It is an acted parable, in which our Lord gives us an object-lesson. He gets truth before men's eyes in this instance, that the lesson may make a deeper impression upon the mind and heart. I would lay great stress upon the remark that

This is a Parable;

for, if you do not look upon it in that light, you may misunderstand it. We are not of those who come to the Word of God with the cool impertinence of the critic, thinking ourselves wiser than the Book, and, therefore, able to judge it. We believe that the Holy Spirit is greater than man's spirit, and that our Lord and Master was a better judge of what is right and good than any of us can be. Our place is at His feet: we are not cavillers, but followers.

Flippant persons have spoken of the story before us in a very foolish manner. They have represented it as though our Lord, being hungered, thought only of his necessity, and, expecting to be refreshed by a few green figs, went up to the tree in error. Finding no fruit upon the tree, it being a season when He had no right to expect that there would be any, He was vexed, and uttered a malediction against a tree as though it had been a responsible agent. This view of the case results from the folly of the observer; it is not the truth. Our Lord desired to teach His disciples concerning the doom of Jerusalem.

The blighted fig-tree was a singularly apt Simile of the Jewish State.

The nation had promised great things to God. When all the other nations were like trees without leaves, making no profession of allegiance to the true God, the Jewish nation was covered with the leafage of abundant religious profession. Scribes, pharisees, priests, and elders of the people were all sticklers for the letter of the law, and boasters of being worshippers of the one God, and strict observers of all His laws. Their constant cry was, "The temple of the Lord, The Temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord, are these." "We have Abraham to our father," was frequently on their lips. They were a fig-tree in full leaf. But there was no fruit upon them; for the people were neither holy nor just nor true, nor faithful towards God, nor loving to their neighbor. Christ did not destroy the religious organization of the Jews: He left them as they were; but they withered away from the root, till the Roman came, and with the axes of his legions cleared away the fruitless trunk.

What a lesson is this to nations! Nations may make a profession, a loud profession, of religion, and yet may fail to exhibit that righteousness which exalteth a nation. Nations may be adorned with all the leafage of civilization, and art, and progress, and religion; but if there be no inner life of godliness, and no fruit unto righteousness, they will stand for a while, and then wither away.

What a lesson this is to churches! There have been churches which have stood prominent in numbers and in influence; but faith and love and holiness have not been maintained, and the

Holy Ghost has left them to the vain show of a fruitless profession; and there stand those churches, with the trunk of organization, and widely extended branches, but they are dead.

This is the lesson of the text; but I do not want you to consider it only in the gross, in its relation to nations and churches; but my heart's desire is that we may learn the lesson in detail, and take it home each one to his own heart.

I. First, then, there are cases of forward, but Fruitless, Profession.

The cases to which we refer are not so very rare. They far excel their fellow-men. Their promise is very loud, and their exterior very impressive. They look like fruitful trees; you expect many baskets of the best figs from them. They impress us by their talk, they overpower us by their manners. See the man, he is strong in faith, even to presumption; he is joyous in hope, even to levity; he is loving in spirit, even to utter indifference about truth! How very glib he is in talk! How deep he is in theological speculation! How fervent he is in urging on forward movements! Yet he has never entered the kingdom by the new birth. He has never been taught of God. The gospel has come to him in word only. He is a stranger to the work of the Holy Ghost. Are there not such persons?

Such persons seem to defy the seasons. It was not the time of figs, yet was this fig-tree covered with those leaves which usually betokened ripe figs. I suppose you all know what I have often seen for myself—the fig-tree puts forth its fruit before its leaves. Early in the year you see green knobs put forth at the end and points of the branches, and these, as they swell, turn out to be green figs. The leaves come forward afterwards, and by the time the tree is fully covered with leaves, the figs are ready for eating. When a fig-tree is in full leaf, you expect to find figs upon it; and if you do not, it will bear no figs for that season. This tree put forth leaves abundantly before its season, and therein excelled all other fig-trees. Yes, but it was a freak of nature, and not a healthy result of true growth. Such freaks of nature occur in forests and in vineyards; and their like may be met with in the moral and spiritual world. Certain men and women seem far in advance of those round about them, and astonish us by their special virtues. They are

Better Than the Best;

more excellent than the most excellent—at least in appearance. They are so zealous that they are not chilled by the surrounding world: their great souls create a summer for themselves. The backwardness of saints and the wickedness of sinners do not hinder them; they are too vigorous to be affected by their surroundings. They are very superior persons, covered with virtues, as this fig-tree with leaves.

Observe that they overleap the ordinary rules of growth. As I have told you, the rule is, first the fig, and afterwards the fig leaves; but we have seen persons who make a profession before they have produced the slightest fruit to justify it. I like to see our young friends, when they believe in Christ, proving their faith by holiness at home, by godliness abroad, and then coming forward and confessing their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That looks to be the sober and normal way of proceeding, for a man first to be, and then to profess to be; *first to be lighted, and then to shine*; first to repent and believe, and then to confess his repentance and his faith in the Scriptural way, by baptism into Christ. But these people think it unnecessary to attend to the trifle of heart-work—they dare to

Omit the Most Vital Part

of the matter. They attend a revival meeting, and they declare themselves saved, though they have not been renewed in heart, and possess neither repentance nor faith. They come forward to avow a mere emotion. They have nothing better than a resolve; but they flourish it as if it were the deed itself. Quick as thought, the convert sets up to be a teacher. Without test or trial of his brand-new virtues, he holds himself forth as an example to others. Now, I

do not object to the rapidity of the conversion: on the contrary, I admire it, if it be true; but I cannot judge till I see the fruit in the life.

Is there not a tendency, especially in these days, when men are *either sceptical or fanatical*, to cultivate a mushroom godliness, which comes up in a night and perishes in a night? Will it not be ruinous if conviction of sin is slighted, repentance slurred, faith imitated, the new birth counterfeited, and godliness feigned? Beloved, this will never do. We must have figs before leaves, acts before declarations, faith before baptism, union to Christ before union with the Church. You cannot leap over the processes of nature, neither may you omit the processes of grace, lest haply your foliage without fruit become a curse without cure.

These people usually catch the eye of others. According to Mark, our Lord saw this tree "afar off." The other trees were not in leaf, and consequently, when he began to go up the hill toward Jerusalem, he saw this one tree quite a long way before he reached it. A fig-tree dressed in its vesture of lovely green would be

A Striking Object,

and would be observable at a distance. It stood, also, near the track from Bethany to the city gate. It stood where every wayfarer would observe it, and probably speak with wonder of its singular leafage for the season. Persons whose religion is false are frequently prominent because they have not grace enough to be modest and retiring. They seek the highest room, aspire to office, and push themselves into leadership. They do not walk in secret with God, they have little concern about private godliness, and so they are all the more eager to be seen of men. This is both their weakness and their peril.

Such people not only catch the eye, but they often attract the company of good men. Who blames us for drawing near to a tree which is in leaf long before its fellows? Is it not right to cultivate the acquaintance of the eminently good? Whenever we see any standing out prominently, and making

A Bold Profession,

what should we think of them? I answer, do not judge them; do not fall into habitual mistrust. Your Lord did not stand at a distance, and say, "That tree is worthless." No, He went up to it with His disciples and carefully inspected it. These prominent persons may be wonders of divine grace: let us hope and pray that they may be. Unless we are forced to see with bitter regret that there are no marks of grace, no evidences of faith, let us hope for the best, and be glad at the sight of God's grace. Self-suspicion will be healthy; suspicion of others may be cruel. We are not judges; and even if we are, we had *better keep to our own court*, and sit on our own judgment-seat, dispensing the law within our own selves.

But when we take the text and lay it home to our own hearts, we need not be so gentle with it as in the cases of others. We have, many of us, for long years been like this fig-tree, as to prominence and profession. And in this matter, so far, there is nothing of which to be ashamed. Yet it is evidently to ourselves that the parable speaks; for we have stood in open avowal and distinct service by the wayside, and we have been seen "afar off." Certain of us have made a very bold profession, and we are not ashamed to repeat that profession before men and angels. Hence the inquiry: Are we truthful in it? What if we should turn out to be contending for a faith in which we have no share? What if there should be talk, and no work; doctrine, and no practice? What if we are without holiness? Then we shall never see the Lord.

II. It is time that we remembered the solemn truth of our second head: these will be

Inspected by King Jesus.

He will draw nigh to them, and when He comes up to them He will look for fruit. He searches our character through and through to see whether there is any real faith, any true love, any living hope, any joy which is the fruit of the Spirit, any patience, any self-denial, any

fervor in prayer, any walking with God, any indwelling of the Holy Spirit; and if He does not see these things, He is not satisfied with chapel-going, church-going, prayer-meetings, communions, sermons, Bible readings; for all these may be no more than leafage. If our Lord does not see the fruit of the Spirit upon us, He is not satisfied with us, and His inspection will lead to severe measures. Notice that what Jesus looks for is not your words, not your resolves, not your avowals, but your sincerity, your inward faith, your being indeed wrought upon by the Spirit of God to bring forth fruits meet for His kingdom.

Fruit Demanded.

Our Lord has a right to expect fruit when He looks for it. When He went up to that fig-tree He had a right to expect fruit; because the fruit, according to nature, comes before the leaf. If, then, the leaf has come, there should be fruit. True, it was not the time of figs; but then, if it was not the time of figs, it certainly was not the season for leaves, for the figs are first. This tree, by putting forth leaves, which are the signs and tokens of ripe figs, virtually advertised itself as bearing fruit. Christ may not expect fruit of men who acknowledge the world and its changing ages as their supreme guide; but He may well look for it from the believer in His own Word.

And mark here, that when Christ comes to a soul He surveys it with keen discernment. He is not mocked. It is not possible to deceive Him. I have thought that to be a fig which turned out to be only a leaf; but our Lord makes no such mistake. Neither will He overlook the little figs just breaking forth. He knows the fruit of the Spirit in whatever stage it may be. He never mistakes fluent expression for hearty possession, nor real grace for mere emotion. Beloved, you are in good hands as to the trial of your condition when the Lord Jesus comes to deal with you. Your fellow-men are quick in their judgments, and they may be either censorious or partial; but the King gives forth a righteous sentence. He knows just where we are, and what we are; and He judges not after the appearance, but according to truth.

III. I come, thirdly, to consider the truth, that the result of

The Coming of Christ

to the forward, but fruitless, professor will be very terrible. The searcher finds nothing but leaves where fruit might have been expected. Nothing but leaves means nothing but lies. Is that a harsh expression? If I profess faith, and have no faith, is not that a lie? If I profess repentance, and have not repented, is not that a lie? If I unite with the people of the living God, and yet have no fear of God in my heart, is not that a lie? If there is nothing but leaves, there is nothing but lies, and the Saviour sees that it is so. All the verdure of green leaf to Him without fruit is but so much deceit. Profession without grace is the funeral pageantry of a dead soul.

Our Lord discovered that there was no fruit, and that was a dreadful thing; but, next, He condemned the tree. Was it not right that He should condemn it? Did He curse it? It was already a curse. It was calculated to tantalize the hungry, and take them out of their way to deceive them. God will not have the poor and needy made a jest of. An empty profession is a practical curse; and should it not receive the censure of the Lord of truth? The tree was of no use where it was: it ministered to no man's refreshment. So, the barren professor occupies a position in which he ought to be a blessing, but, in truth, an evil influence streams forth from him.

After that, when the Saviour had condemned it, He pronounced sentence upon it; and

What was the Sentence?

It was simply, "As you were." It was nothing more than a confirmation of its state. This tree has borne no fruit, it shall never bear fruit. If a man chooses to be without the grace of God, and yet to make a profession of having it, it is only just that the great Judge should say, "Continue without grace." When the great Judge at

last shall speak to those who depart from God, He will simply say to them, "Depart!" Throughout life they always were departing, and after death their character is stamped with perpetuity. If you choose to be graceless, to be graceless shall be your doom. "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still." May the Lord Jesus never have to sentence any of you in this way; but may He turn us, that we may be turned, and work in us eternal life to His praise and glory!

Then there came

A Change Over the Tree.

It began at once to wither. Have you ever seen a fig-tree with its strange, weird branches? It is a very extraordinary sight when bare of leaves. In this case I see its skeleton arms! It is twice dead, dead from the very roots. Thus have I seen the fair professor undergo a blight. No axe was lifted; no fire was kindled; a word did it, and the tree withered from the root. It is an awful fate. Better far to have the vine-dresser come to you with the axe in his hand, and strike you with the head of it, and say to you, "True, thou must bear fruit, or be hewn down." Such a warning would be terrible, but it would be infinitely better than to be left in one's place untouched, quietly to wither to destruction.

Now, I have delivered my heavy burden, laying it far more upon myself than upon any one of you; but now I desire to conclude with tender words. Let no man say, "This is very hard." Brother, it is not hard, is it, that if we profess a thing we should be expected to be true to it? Besides, I pray you not to think that anything my Lord can do is hard. He is all gentleness and tenderness. The only thing He ever did destroy was this fig tree. It is

Only a Barren Tree

that He causes to wither away. He is all love and tenderness: He does not want to wither you, nor will He, if you be but true. The very least He may expect is that you be true to what you profess. Are you rebellious because He asks you not to play the hypocrite?

"But," saith one, "I know what I will do; I will never make any profession; I will bear no leaves." My friend, that is a sullen, rebellious spirit. Instead of talking so, you should say, "Lord, I do not ask thee to take away my leaves, but let me have fruit." The fruit is not likely to ripen well without leaves; leaves are essential to the health of the tree, and the health of the tree is essential to the ripening of the fruit. Open confession of faith is good, and must not be refused. Lord, I would not drop a leaf. Lord, I do not want to be set away in a corner; I am satisfied to stand where men may see my good works, and glorify my Father who is in heaven. I do not ask to be observed; but I am not ashamed to be observed; only, Lord, make me fit for observation.

Lastly, when you have made this confession, and the good Lord has heard you, there is one emblem in Scripture I should like you to copy. Suppose, this morning, you feel so dry and dead and barren that you cannot serve God as you would, nor even pray for more grace, as you wish to do. Then you are something like these twelve rods. They are very dead and dry, for they have been held in the hands of twelve chiefs, who have used them as their

Official Staves.

These twelve rods are to be laid before the Lord. This one is Aaron's rod; but it is quite as dead and dry as any of the rest. The whole twelve are laid in the place where the Lord dwelleth. We see them next morning. Eleven are dry rods still; but see this rod of Aaron! What has happened? It was dry as death. See, it has budded! This is wonderful! But look, it has blossomed! This is marvellous! But look again, it has brought forth almonds! Fruit-bearing is the proof of life and favor. Lord, take these poor sticks this morning, and make them bud. Oh that our blessed Lord may get a fig from some dry stick this morning! at least, such a fig as this, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" there is sweetness in that prayer. Our Lord Jesus likes the taste of such a fig as this, "Lord,

I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Here is another, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"—that is a whole basketful of the first ripe figs, and the Lord rejoices in their sweetness. Come, Holy Spirit, produce fruit in us this day, through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen, and Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Timely Message.*

I WAS looking down upon a strange sea of women's faces that afternoon. Such varied expressions in their upturned countenances! As my glance swept over them, I stood silent a moment thinking, "Whom have we here? Under what circumstances? . . . Only the God who made them, and planned their lives can send home messages to each as varied as their characters. If one has come here, and there is nothing ready to suit her case, the word can still be given at the right moment." These thoughts were in my mind as I began to speak to them.

After speaking for a short time on the lesson of the day, I said: "I don't know why it seems to come from God to me to give a warning to some one here to-day whose foot is wellnigh over the brink of a precipice. Is there one here to-day—I seem to feel there is—who is near taking a fatal step that she will regret forever? Friend, wherefore art thou come here to-day? Did the Lord send thee? He who gave even Judas one last pleading of love—one last warning? Afterward he departed and hanged himself, and went to his own place. Wilt thou, too, look back out of a lost eternity, and remember what might have been if thou hadst heeded His warning to-day?"

It was a strange warning to deliver—that warning to some one whose history I knew not. I had never been moved to speak in that way before, but I seemed to have no choice in the matter, and *something vibrated back to me* as I uttered the words. The women dispersed. All who had stayed to speak to me were gone, when suddenly the door was flung open and one rushed back in feverish haste and with flushed face. She hardly waited until the door was shut, before she cried out: "Oh! I went home and tried to stay there, but I couldn't. I had to come back. As soon as you began to speak of having a special message from God for some one, I knew it was for me. I had been standing on a bucket in my room at home with my hands tied together, and a rope around my neck to put an end to myself, when God seemed to say to me, 'Go to that meeting, I have a message for you.' I had to come, and you spoke of Judas going and hanging himself. It seemed His last pleading of love to me. He *does* care for me still, after all He's seen me do, or He wouldn't have sent me here to-day and given you that to say to me. I've come back to give myself up to Jesus to be saved."

That woman has since been one of the honey-drops in my cup. There is a simple clinging dependence upon Jesus Christ in her, combined with a humility that always seems to say, "Sinners, of whom I am the chief."

A Visit to a Saloon-Keeper.

A woman pursued me along the street, and when she caught me said, as she gasped for breath, "There's a man dying in that saloon over there who's just the wickedest man in the neighborhood. There's nothing he hasn't done, and he's not a bit sorry for it neither. It isn't him as wants you, but his wife's in such a taking to think of him dying, and never none to make a prayer for him. And he won't have a clergyman, no road. He'd swear at 'em, and insult 'em awful." I crossed over to the saloon, and passed through the crowd of drunken loungers at the bar, who leered at me as I went to the rear, where I saw a stairway. I stumbled up in the dark right into the sick man's room, which

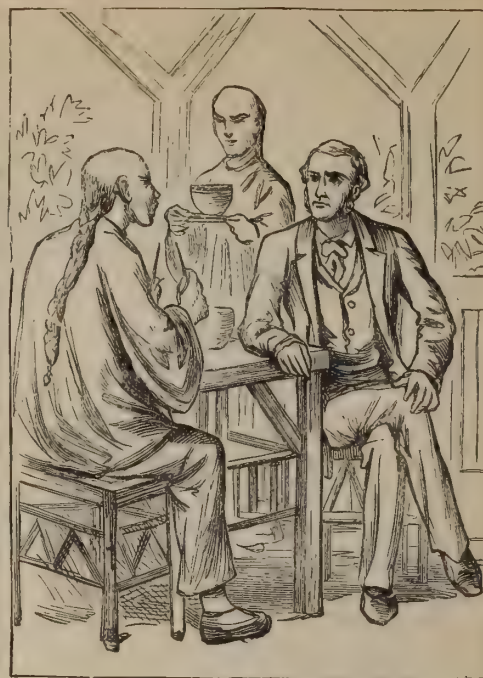
* From *Modern Miracles*. By Leila Thompson. The author of this little book cites from her own experience in Christian work incidents of transformation of character so remarkable as to justify the title she gives to her book. She speaks of people she has personally known, and whose changed lives she has witnessed. Pp. 156. Price 75 cents. Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York.



The Late King of Portugal.



A Missionary at a Chinese Fair.



Dining with a Mandarin's Son.

had no door to it. I was startled by the figure that confronted me. The man sat in an arm-chair wrapped in blankets. A great powerful-looking man, with the blackest hair, and the blackest eyes, and the most livid face I ever saw; and oh! such a villainous expression in it; a mixture of brutality and craftiness. He glared at me with those wicked eyes, and looked as if he would fain have thrown some sharp missile or have done something to frighten me.

"I know what you're after," he said, with a defiant laugh; "I've been the hardest drinker and the worst liver in this place, and what's more, I'm proud of it; so there!" and he snapped his fingers in my face.

There was no use shilly-shallying; I looked straight at him, and said, deliberately, as if weighing each word, "Then you've fully prepared yourself for what is preparing for the wicked when the Son of man shall send forth His angels, and shall gather all them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." I turned to go, but was met at the top of the stair by the wife, who said, "You are never going away without making a prayer for my husband; don't you know doctor says he's about done?"

"Yes, I know; but your husband does not want my prayers."

"That isn't for to say he doesn't need them. Oh! don't go without a prayer."

She had struck the right note. Surely the need was all the greater that he was past feeling it. I knelt and seemed to claim eternal life for that dead soul.

When we rose, the wife said, "You'll come again soon to see my husband?"

"No, certainly not; I shall never come again, unless he sends for me."

No scintillation from that cold clay clod, so I made my way down the narrow stair through the sickening atmosphere of the rum-shop, and gave a long breath of relief to be in the open air again. Yet as I went my way the words were ringing in my ears, "Lazarus, come forth!"

Within four days I had three messages to beg me to come again. The third was written by the man himself. The piercing eyes, sunk with want of sleep, fastened on me as I emerged at the top of the dark stair. The craftiness and brutality of his expression had given way to an overpowering eagerness, and I shall never forget the soul-hunger in his face as he said:

"I shall go mad if I don't find peace soon; I'm the vilest sinner ever lived; fit for no place but hell. What was that you said about wailing and gnashing of teeth? It has begun already."

There are some scenes in life too intense to be written even on memory's tablets. When I came away from that saloon, all I could remember were the words I had caught as I left the house a few days before: "Lazarus, come forth!"

THE LATE KING OF PORTUGAL.

(See portrait on this page.)

NEWS of the death of Luis I., King of Portugal, was received on October 19. The deceased monarch was fifty-one years of age, and had reigned twenty-eight years. He had for several years been a chronic invalid, but had spent on the whole a happy and useful life. His subjects liked him, which is more than can be said for all European royalties. He was the second son of Maria II., Queen of Portugal, and whose husband was Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe-Coburg. The Queen died in 1853, and her eldest son, Dom Pedro, succeeded her. He, dying childless in 1861, Luis ascended the throne. He was at that time only twenty-three years old, and was serving, when the news of his accession reached him, as captain of the *Bartholomew Diaz*, a Portuguese war-ship. In after years, when talking with his sons of the vicissitudes of royalty, he was wont to say that if the worst came to the worst he could always earn a good livelihood as captain of an Atlantic liner. The King, however, had other acquirements besides naval skill. He was an excellent linguist and literary student. He gave to his country several literary works, notably an excellent translation of Shakespeare. In the course of his wanderings around the world in his early years he had made the acquaintance of Prince Napoleon and his Italian wife, and through them with the family of the King of Italy. Eventually, in 1862, he married the youngest daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, and sister of the present King of Italy. They had two sons; the elder of them, Carlos, now twenty-six years old, succeeds him.

MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

(See illustrations.)

MR. A. G. PARROTT, missionary in the province of Shan-si, says that, having heard of a fair to be held at Hung-Tung Hien, twenty miles from his residence, he set out with a few native helpers to take advantage of the opportunity. "We reached the city," he says, "by 8 o'clock in the morning, and found a large concourse of country people already there from the surrounding villages. We took our stand in the market-place, and soon had a crowd around us eagerly listening to our message. During the day, partly by sales on the streets and partly by free distribution to the shops, we had disposed of about 850 portions of Scripture books, and tracts. We were much pleased by being greeted by one of the

crowd, who is a mandarin's son. He insisted upon my dining with him, and seeing that his invitation was not made merely out of politeness (which is generally the case), I, of course, consented. He told me that through my appeals heard in another place, he had been led to abandon the habit of opium-smoking."

DR. SOUTHEY'S NEIGHBOR.

(See illustration on page 701.)

THE vicar of St. Barnabas's was sitting at breakfast with his wife in their cozy morning room. It was an humble abode, only one of the rooms of a flat at the top of a large house, each floor of which was occupied by a different family. But it was near his work, and for so hard a worker as Dr. Southey that was an attraction. And it was cheap, which was another advantage to a man who gave away to the poor and the sick so much money as he did.

The next flat below had been taken by an elderly gentleman, a Mr. Englewood, a widower with one daughter about twelve years old. Mr. Englewood was evidently a scholar, and when the clergyman saw his extensive library being unpacked and carried to his rooms he congratulated himself on the prospect of congenial intercourse with the possessor of such rare and valuable books. But he was disappointed. Mr. Englewood, though courteous at their chance meetings, maintained a strict reserve, and repelled as plainly as a well-bred man could Dr. Southey's advances. Sylvia, his daughter, was disposed to be friendly, and Mrs. Southey at first made some progress toward acquaintance with her. She fancied, however, that the child had been admonished on the subject, for the child grew cold and reserved like her father.

So matters stood on the morning when Dr. Southey sat at breakfast with his wife. It was a Thursday morning, and the clergyman, having promised to exchange pulpits with an old college friend, was to set out that day to keep his appointment.

"Mr. Englewood is sick, I think, dear," said Mrs. Southey. "I met Dr. Wayland yesterday going to his room."

"Is that so? I am very sorry. I wonder if he would regard it as an intrusion if one inquired after him."

The clergyman, however, was saved the responsibility of deciding the question. He was packing some books in his valise ready for his journey when a timid rap was heard at the door. Mrs. Southey opened it, and little Sylvia Englewood entered. Her answers to Mrs. Southey's inquiries confirmed that lady's surmise. Her father was sick, very sick, much worse than he had been before. The doctor had sent a nurse

to attend to him. Sylvia was evidently much distressed. She had, clearly, come on some definite errand, however, and having given her answers to Mrs. Southey in a pretty, ladylike manner, she turned to the clergyman and said, "I thought perhaps you would come and see papa. Dr. Wayland asked him if he would see a clergyman. He said 'No' then, but he is worse now. I have been reading to him," she added, touching a book under her arm, which was a Bible, "but I cannot find the places he wants."

Dr. Southey rose at once, and accompanied the child to the floor below. The sick man was surprised, and apparently not pleased to see him. He spoke slightly of his illness, and seemed anxious to avoid any word that could lead to religious conversation. Dr. Southey, however, was too much in earnest to be thwarted, and finding it impossible to reach the man naturally, asked him point-blank if he might pray with him.

"No, no," said the sufferer, impatiently, "you do not know me; I am not a believer in prayer. I suspect you would call me an infidel, though I prefer the name of an agnostic. I do not know; that is all I can say about religion. The proofs you rely upon for your religion I do not accept. There may be a God, but I cannot find Him, and I cannot pray to Him. My little daughter has been reading the Bible to me. I

like to hear it, there is nothing finer in literature, but it is only a beautiful poem, the dreams and fancies of men like ourselves, who thought they knew. It is all dark, all a mystery."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "it must be so to you if you try to dispense with the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The responsibility of doing that is very serious. Will you not let us submit the question to experiment?"

"Ah! that is what you clergymen will never do. You demand faith as a preliminary."

"Well, I propose an experiment in your case. I should like to offer a simple prayer, and you shall tell me if it is answered."

A wan smile played over the sick man's face as he said, "I will agree to that, but I have no faith."

Dr. Southey knelt by the bedside and prayed. Carefully choosing such words as he thought the agnostic might honestly use, even in his agnosticism, he went on to his own standpoint, and pleaded with God to reveal Himself to the dark soul. "You will allow me to come to-morrow," he said, "to see if you have received any light?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Englewood, "that is only fair to you."

Dr. Southey returned to his rooms to tell his wife that he would postpone his journey for a day, and then, like Elijah on Carmel, he knelt before God and begged Him to manifest Himself. He intended going to see the sick man at about the same hour the next day, but that night Sylvia came to him to beg him to come to her father at once. Dr. Southey's faith was strong, but even he was astonished at the force with which his prayer had been answered. Not only had the sick man's doubts been swept away,



Sylvia's Appeal to Dr. Southey.

but, like the jailer at Philippi, he was in great distress, anxiously inquiring how he could be saved. In the whole course of his ministry Dr. Southey had never so rejoiced in leading a dark soul to Christ, and never had he been instrumental in the conversion of one who in after years was a more humble and devoted follower of the Master.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 622.)

[We are assured by Mrs. Stenhouse that her rights in this story are unassailable, and that we are legally and morally justified in completing its publication.]

OH what fanatics we Mormon women have been ever to have believed for a single moment that a just and loving Father and God would have given a command that in almost every instance has produced such fearful results upon those who should have been happy wives and mothers, and consequently upon their children! Indeed, even then it made me feel that there was no justice in heaven, if this love, which is the best part of woman's nature—this love that we had always believed was a part of divinity itself, this principle of pure and holy and self-denying love, without which there would be nothing worth living for—if this was to be our greatest curse, and the woman who showed herself most actuated by this gentle influence was to be the greatest victim.

I felt that day that if I could not get away by myself alone and give expression to my overcharged feelings, I should certainly lose my reason. I was utterly miserable. It was only in

the dead of night, in my own chamber, that I gave way to the terrible anguish that was consuming me. God and my own soul can alone bear witness to what I suffered in that time of woe. That night was to me such as even the most God-forsaken might pray never to know, and morning dawned without my having closed my eyes.

I was now to realize personally, in my own home life, what plurality of wives actually was. Hitherto I had observed how other women suffered, and how other men treated their wives; but now the painful reality had come to my own door, and I was to experience the effects of the system upon myself, and, instead of noting the conduct of other men, I should be able to see the change which the hateful thing might work in my own husband.

How little do the Mormon men know what it is, in the truest sense, to have a wife, though they have so many "wives" after their own fashion! Almost imperceptibly to the husband, and even to the wife herself, a barrier rises between them from the very day that, in compliance with the Mormon demand, he marries another woman. It matters not how much she believes in the doctrine of plural marriage, or how willing she may be to submit to it, the fact remains the same. The estrangement begins by her trying to hide from him all her secret

sorrows; for she feels that what has been done cannot be undone now, and she says: "I cannot change it, neither would I if I could, because it is the will of God, and I must bear it; besides, what good will it do to worry my husband with all my feelings? He cannot help me; and is he not another woman's husband?" Then comes, perhaps, the painful thought, "I have no longer any desire to confide in him." She feels bitterly toward both, for, strive as she may, human nature cannot be altogether crushed out. Is it right that it should?

That was a time of great misery to me, much as I tried to control my feelings. Day by day I strove to hide from my heart even the knowledge of my own unhappiness; and when I could no longer endure, I would lock myself in my room and give vent to the anguish that was consuming me. I realized, however, that this continual conflict of feeling was unfitting me for my duties. Everything was becoming a trial to me. I could not bear to be spoken to; the prattle of my children, that had always been so dear to me, was now discordant to my feelings; and all their little questionings were irksome. I determined that this should no longer be the case: I would battle with my own heart; I would henceforth devote my whole life—worthless as that life appeared to have become—to the welfare of my little ones. This was a conclusion that hundreds of wretched Mormon wives have arrived at; and when it is the case, there is some hope for them. But many give way to despair, and go down broken-hearted to their graves.

How terribly these Mormon men deceive themselves! When peace, or rather quiet, reigns in their homes, they think that the spirit

of God is there. But it is not so. It is a calm not like the gentle silence of sleep, but as the painful stillness of death—the death of the heart's best affection and all that is worth calling love. What death is worse? All *true* love has fled, and indifference has taken its place. The very children feel it. What do they, what can they, care about their father, whom they so seldom see.

Some wives, afraid of creating a prejudice against themselves and of being forsaken altogether, deceive their husbands, and make them believe that they are satisfied. It must be admitted that, in acting thus, these wives are not always actuated by a fear of losing the society or love of their husbands, for, in such a state of things love dies a natural death; but it is galling to a woman's pride to have it said that she has been cast off for another. Then, too—and some women would consider this the most important reason of all—the best provision is usually made for the home where the husband stops most frequently; and the wife, if not for her own sake, at least for her children's, will be anxious to have a well-provided house.

When a man has several wives, there is, of course, no necessity for him to stay with an unhappy or mopish one, as he can always find a more pleasant reception elsewhere. Men who can really believe that women are satisfied and happy under such a system must be entirely ignorant of human nature. When a man has more than one wife his affections must of necessity be divided; he really has no home in the truest sense of the word; his houses are simply boarding-places. Should he have all his wives in one house, as is often the case, they are then all slaves to the cruel and debasing system; each one is continually watching the others, and they know it—trying to discover something that can be secretly told to the husband to draw away his affections from the rest. What more miserable position could be imagined? There is, however, no fixed principle regulating Mormon men in the management of their families: every one is at liberty to do just as he thinks best, and scarcely two families are governed alike.

When Salt Lake City was first settled, the people had to live as best they could, and a man was glad to get even *one* roof under which he and all his wives might be sheltered. Now, when the husband is wealthy, he generally provides separate homes for his wives. Some wealthy men, however, still have all their wives and families living together.

I have in my mind, as I write, a very prominent Mormon, who has half-a-dozen wives, living in separate houses. Each of them has his society for about one week in turn. Other men with the same number of wives pass constantly between one house and another; they can never be found when wanted; their lives are one eternal round, and they may be said to have no real abiding place.

In every settlement in Utah, long, low-roofed houses may be seen with a row of doors and windows alternating. Even in Salt Lake City, much as it has changed of late years, such houses may still be found. To every door and window there is a wife; and the furniture of her room consists of a bed, three chairs, and a table. Then, if the man is a very devout Mormon and wishes to increase his kingdom by adding another wife to the inhabitants of the long many-doored house, a wagon-box is so arranged as to form a sleeping apartment for the new comer; or, what is more likely, one of the old wives is put into the wagon-box, and the new one takes her place.

A house with two wings is rather a favorite style with those men who, to silence their conscience and the priesthood, conclude to take "just *one* extra wife," and no more. The wives, with their children, occupy respectively each a wing; and the entrance-door opens into a parlor, which serves as a reception-room for both families. The husband in this case spends a week on one side of the house and a week on the other, alternately; and thus, by an impartial

division of his attentions, he preserves peace in his family. A man who is comfortably off can, of course, arrange his domestic affairs so as to avoid, as far as is possible, the inconveniences of the system, but a poor man is forced to submit to circumstances. Many men with two, three, and even four wives, live together under one roof—in one room—with their children; for the command to "Build up the Kingdom! build up the Kingdom!"—in other words, take many wives and raise up large families—has been so constantly and imperatively insisted upon that good sense and propriety have been entirely overlooked.

Stormy scenes may be witnessed in such households. Brigham Young was conscious of this when he said he "would stand no more fighting and scratching around him." It takes a most astute man to balance all the conflicting interests and obtain a little peace, if happiness is out of the question. Where the husband is a rich man, and has abundant wealth wherewith to supply the wants of his numerous wives and children, and to furnish all the necessary accommodation that a growing family demands, much of the inseparable jealousy and ill-feeling can, to a certain extent, be avoided, at least for a time.

I was surprised when first I went to Utah, to find a man whom under other circumstances I had known in London, living with two sisters whom he had married, and, strange as it may appear, it was not with them a matter of necessity. When I knew the husband in Europe, I considered him a man of education and refinement; but I certainly was mistaken, for no man whose nature was at all sensitive and refined would have acted thus. His wives, too, who had been considered highly respectable English girls, were not ashamed, but they professed to believe in bringing the world back to its primitive purity and innocence.

It is quite a common thing in Utah for a man to marry two and even three sisters. I was well acquainted with one man who married his half-sister, and I know several who have married mother and daughter. I know, also, another man who married a widow with several children; and, when one of the girls had grown into her teens, he insisted on marrying her also, having first by some means won her affections. The mother, however, was much opposed to this marriage. In another instance, a well-known man in Salt Lake City, who has several wives and married daughters, married a young girl of fifteen years of age, whom his wife had adopted and brought up as her own.

My life was now one series of deceptions, as was also that of my husband, and we began to wear the mask in each other's presence. I confess that for my husband's bride I felt such a detestation that I could not endure her presence, although she was not to blame. I should not have felt it so much if she had been a little older, but to have a mere child placed on a level with me, and to be compelled to treat her with all the respect due to a wife, was so terribly humiliating to me that at times I thought that I could not endure it another day. She, of course, expected to be treated with all the consideration which is proper to a wife, and to be consulted in everything by my husband, as a wife should be. She was not, however, competent to undertake any household duties or wifely cares, and was herself an additional responsibility to me. Young and inexperienced as she was, she had everything to learn; but at the same time, she stood so much upon her dignity that it was anything but a pleasant task to teach her. It of course devolved upon me to instruct her in everything, and I found it anything but a congenial task.

I soon began to look upon her simply as a boarder, and expected nothing more from her than I should if she had really been such. She took very kindly to this position, and would spend her days in her own room, reading and otherwise amusing herself, and, of course, was always pleasant, and well-dressed to receive her husband. But this did not suit *me*. In fact, I

do not know what would have suited me at that time, for I was disposed to be displeased with everything. And yet a visitor to our house would, I have no doubt, have said, "How very pleasantly those two wives get along together!" This has been said of scores of women in Utah by casual observers—Gentiles, who thought they "understood" the accursed system. How little do they know the aching void and the bitter hatred which exists in the hearts of those wives—the detestation which they have of one another! How little can they know, when everything is so carefully hidden, even from their husbands! It is a shameful thing that women, faithful wives and mothers, should be placed in such a position.

How many times during the day have I been compelled to leave everything and rush to my chamber, and there, on my bended knees, supplicate for strength to endure, thinking all the time that, in ordaining this pretended Revelation, Providence had given us a burden greater than we could bear! Then, in the evening, when we were assembled together in our cosy parlor, as we were wont to be, all traces that remained of the terrible struggle which I had endured were a sad countenance and perhaps deepening lines upon my brow, which contrasted unpleasantly with the bright and cheerful face of the young wife, and made my husband feel that I was getting very sour in my disposition, as, indeed, was probably the case.

Things and actions, which at another time I should have considered too trifling to notice, had now a painful significance to me. On one occasion, not long after the wedding, my husband asked me to take a walk with him, and I consented. Among the Mormons it is a custom to take their wives out together very frequently. Their object, I presume, is to display the "jewels" in their crowns before the eyes of their less fortunate brethren. I had resolved that I would never submit to this; if my husband would not take me out alone, I would stay at home. On the occasion I mention, when I came out of my room ready dressed, I found him and No. 2 wife, Belinda, waiting and chatting pleasantly together, and looking unutterable love at each other—at least so I thought—and I felt greatly insulted and annoyed, and told them I did not wish to go.

I carefully avoided showing any outbursts of temper before the young lady, which I thought would be undignified, for I desired at least that she should respect me, though I did not want her love. If I had expected that they would urge me to accompany them, I should have been greatly mistaken, for my refusal appeared to be just what they wanted. They tripped off together as light-hearted and happy as children, while I remained rooted to the spot, tearing my pocket-handkerchief to pieces, and feeling very unamiable toward them.

I used sometimes to wonder whether it would be the same in the Mormon heaven, where this Celestial Order of Marriage is expected to be carried out in all its fullness, and I felt troubled for myself. These dreadful feelings would, I believed, be the ruin of my soul, and I thought it was impossible for me to obtain salvation until I had entirely subdued them—and that I had not power yet to do. I had, however, so concealed what I felt, that my husband believed that I was becoming used to this new life.

Day after day my rebellious soul was agitated by the same troubled feelings. There was no rest for me—nothing upon which I could stay my mind. My husband was painfully aware that there was a coldness and restraint existing between his young wife and myself, and I know that he was grieved by it, for he had tried in every way to create a friendly feeling between us. I felt, however, that it was utterly impossible that I could ever be affectionate toward his other wife, much as I might strive. I would do my duty, but I could not love her, or, in fact, him either for that matter, when he was associated with her.

(To be Continued.)

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

The woman was old and ragged and gray, and bent with the chill of a winter's day; the streets were white with a recent snow, and the woman's feet with age were slow.

In the crowded crossing she waited long, stifled aside by the careless throng of human beings who passed her by, heedless of the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout, and in the freedom of "school let out," the happy boys, like a flock of sheep, piling the snow piled white and deep; and the woman, so old and gray, stretched the children on their way.

She offered a helping hand to her, weak and timid, afraid to stir, at the carriage wheels or the horses' feet could trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop, the gayest boy of all the group; paused beside her, and whispered low, "I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

His ragged hand on his strong young arm was placed, and so without hurt or harm he guided the trembling feet along, and that his own were young and strong; and back again to his friends he went, his young heart happy and well content.

He's somebody's mother, boys, you know, all she's aged, and poor and slow; some one, sometime, may lend a hand to help my mother—you understand?—never she's poor and old and gray, and her own dear boy is far away."

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head at her home that night, and the prayer she said was: "God be kind to that noble boy, who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

It was the voice, and worn and weak, Heaven lists when its children speak; angels caught the faltering word, and "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

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The Father rests in Thee;
And in the savor of that blood
That speaks to Him for me,
The curse is gone—through Thee I'm blest,
God rests in Thee—in Thee I rest.

The slave of sin and fear,
Thy truth my bondage broke;
My willing spirit loves to bear
Thy light and easy yoke;
The love that fills my grateful breast,
Makes duty joy, and labor rest.

Soon the bright, glorious day,
The rest of God shall come!
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And I shall reach my home!
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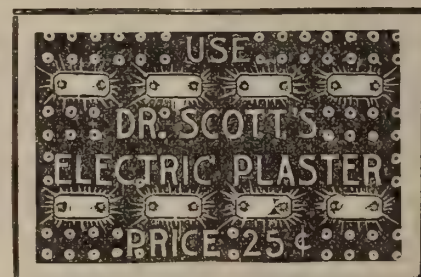
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1888, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XII., No. 43. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1889.

Price, 4 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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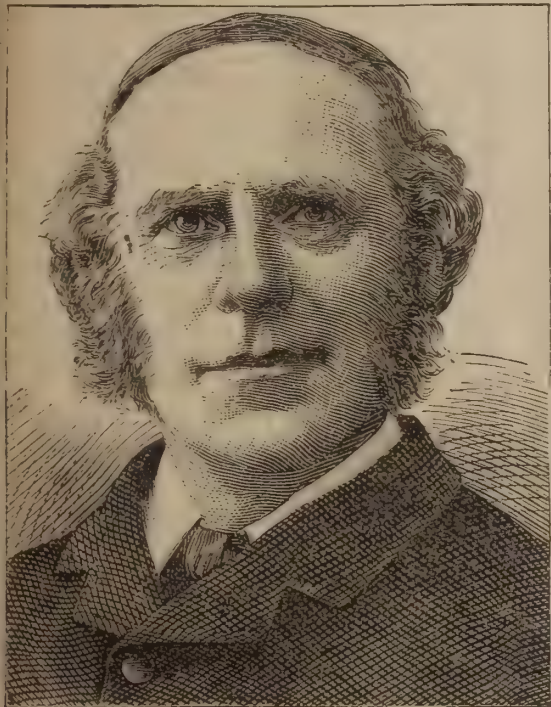
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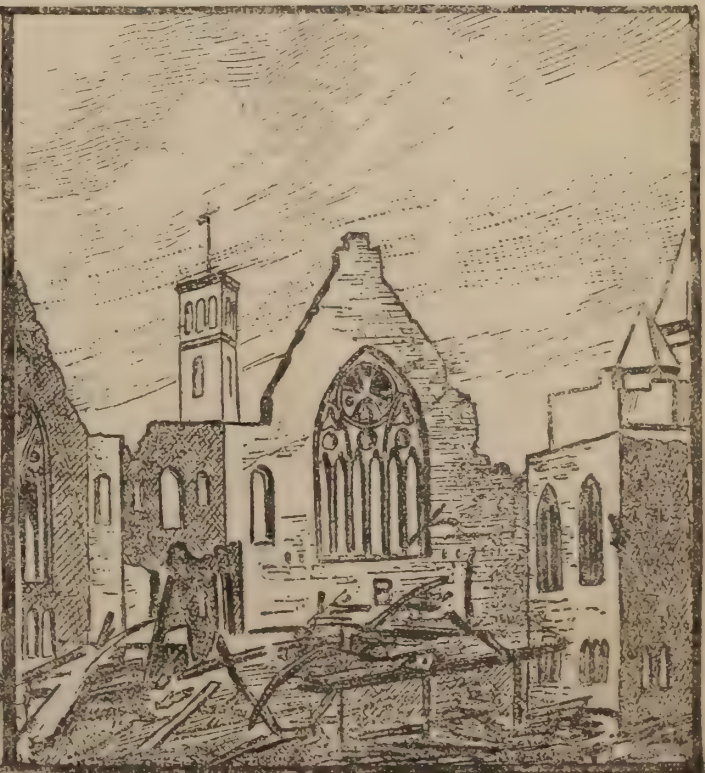
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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.—The Brooklyn Tabernacle—The Fire on Oct. 13—The Ruins.

BURNING OF BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

No church edifice in the United States has so strong a personal interest for so large a number of persons as the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The sermons delivered within its walls by Dr. Talmage are read in every city in the Union, in all the English-speaking nations of the world, and are translated into several foreign languages every week. The conflagration on the morning of Sunday, October 13, which converted the spacious building into a heap of smoking ruins, is therefore a matter of concern the world over, and our readers will be glad to have with the portrait of Dr. Talmage, which we give this week on the first page, pictures of the Tabernacle as it was, of the edifice in the grasp of the fire, and of the ruins as they appeared the next day.

It was in the quiet hours of the night, about 2:45 A. M., that Schermerhorn St. resounded with

The Cry of "Fire!"

Policeman McCafferey, while patrolling his beat in Livingston Street, noticed as he passed the rear of the Tabernacle, that its windows were luminous, and, looking up, he saw smoke issuing from the ventilators on the roof. He realized the nature of the impending catastrophe, and ran around to the fire-alarm box on Third Avenue and sent out an alarm. Then he ran back to Schermerhorn Street to arouse the inmates of the houses adjoining the Tabernacle. In the meantime, a member of the church, who lives directly across Schermerhorn Street, had heard a crackling noise, and thought that the glass globe of the electric light, suspended over the roadway, had been broken. He had been converted to Christianity at the Tabernacle, and had a habit of taking a farewell look at its familiar façade every evening before retiring to his bed. The sharp noise aroused him from sleep. He looked out, and saw the increasing light within the church, and instantly raised an alarm.

In two minutes after the policeman's alarm went over the wires a hook-and-ladder company dashed up to the door of the Tabernacle, and the captain immediately sent out a second and third alarm, which brought eleven engines and three more hook-and-ladder companies.

The Spectacle was Brilliant

in the extreme. The solid brick walls of the edifice kept the flames within the building, and their fantastic action showed brightly through the trefoiled and mullioned windows of the front and side walls. The peaked slated roof was soon eaten away and fell in, sending aloft a huge shower of sparks, followed by a huge burst of flame. The roof was a solid structure with trusses of stout oak, and the skeleton stood erect amid the general ruin until its uprights burned through, when it fell with a crash sending a shower of sparks far and wide to menace the safety of the neighboring houses. It was soon seen that any effort to save any portion of the church would be useless, and the attention of the firemen was directed to the adjoining property. The cornices of half a dozen dwellings adjoining and opposite the Tabernacle were in flames, and it was only the constant streams of water aided by the rapidly falling rain that saved the entire block from destruction.

A Narrow Escape.

Only the four walls of the Tabernacle were left of it by 5 o'clock, and at 9 o'clock the rear one fell. Just before it fell the men of Engine Company No. 10, despite the fact that the cross-tipped gables were swaying in the wind, stood under the walls with their hose. The men were beside the rear wall throwing a stream into the cellar under the organ niche. Finally somebody cried, "Look out!" and they scrambled back just as the top of the wall fell with a crash. Tons of brick covered the ground where a second before they had been standing. The crash of the wall followed so closely upon their escape that they couldn't make up their minds that no one of them had been killed until they gathered together again and were counted.

The Neighbors

were not without a share of the peril, and they suffered some losses, though happily no lives

were lost. By 3 o'clock the block was alive with excited people who had escaped into the street in a panic, half clad. The stylish brick houses just across the street from the Tabernacle were soon tenantless, for the intense heat shivered the window glass into fragments and drove the people out. One house near the Tabernacle was so affected by the heat that the lead roof peeled off, and could be seen hanging over the side of the house in the morning. In another house where the inmates were aroused by Policeman McCafferey, there was a lady eighty years of age, who was unable to walk. The policeman took her in his arms as if she had been an infant and carried her to a place of safety. In several of the houses the furniture was completely ruined by fire and water. One tenant, who was away from home, remarked, as he left on the Saturday before the fire, that his \$1,000 policy of insurance had run out, but he guessed he could risk it until Monday. His furniture was entirely destroyed. Another vexatious case was that of Prof. Henry Eyre Brown, the organist at the Tabernacle. He had a collection of music in the Tabernacle, much of which could not be duplicated. He had insured it for \$2,000, which was less than the value at which he estimated it, but the policy had expired about a week before the fire, and he had not renewed it.

Dr. Talmage Was at the Fire

just before the roof fell in. "I am a sound sleeper," he said to a reporter, "and the thunder-storm after midnight didn't wake me up. But some of my family were aroused, and sometime between 2 and 3 in the morning they awakened me to see a bright light in the sky, as of a great fire. As soon as I looked from the windows I seemed to feel that it was our church that was on fire, and when I went up to the roof to get a better view from the observatory I could see the whole Tabernacle a mass of flame, the arched cathedral windows and the pointed Gothic walls outlined in fire. I dressed and hurried to the spot—about a mile distant—but of course was too late to be of any use. There was nothing to do but to sadly look on and watch the destruction of the building which had been our church home for fifteen years.

The Origin of the Fire

is and will probably remain a mystery. The only fire burning overnight was a small one in a furnace to warm the infant-class room. The Fire Marshal, who examined the building after the fire, decided, from the appearance of the furnace, that it had nothing to do with the fire. He was of the opinion that it was most probably of electrical origin. The Edison incandescent system had recently been introduced in the Tabernacle, a plant of 330 burners succeeding illumination by gas. The electricians had been at work in the Tabernacle placing brass bands around the pillars where the lamps were clustered to serve as reflectors. The electrician in charge was positive that the connection with the Edison works had been turned off before he left, but the marshal thought that an electric flash had run along the wires into the building and set fire to the switchboard, which was situated in the lecture-room at just about the place where the policeman reported that he first saw the flames. It is also remembered by persons in the vicinity that they were startled about that time by a clap of thunder of unusual volume that seemed to shake the very earth.

The History of the Edifice

dates back little over fifteen years, though it is more than twenty years since Dr. Talmage settled in Brooklyn. In 1869 the church, then known as the Central Presbyterian Church, was worshipping in an edifice built in 1847, which is now the annex to a public school a few yards west of the Tabernacle site. It would hold 1,200 persons, and was too large for the congregation which used it in March, 1869. But Dr. Talmage was called, and a few months after accepting the pastorate, the building was too small for the crowds that came, and a year afterward a new church was built, with a seating accommodation for three thousand. In 1872 that church had to

be enlarged. Scarcely had the work been finished when, on Sunday, December 22, 1872, the congregation, on assembling, found their new edifice in flames, and it was burned to the ground.

Plans were at once made for a new and better building. It was a massive building of brick and stone, capable of seating five thousand persons, and finding standing room for one thousand more. The style of its architecture was Gothic, but, by a skilful adaptation, the acoustic defects for which Gothic edifices are notorious were overcome. The interior was like an amphitheatre, in the shape of a half circle. In the centre of the straight wall was the platform, and around it the seats rose gradually as they receded from the platform. A gallery ran around the building, springing from the two sides of the straight wall, while in a recess between the two ends, and behind the platform, was the magnificent organ. There was some difficulty in realizing Dr. Talmage's conception of a church edifice. Speaking of it to a reporter last week, he said: "This idea of an amphitheatre below and Gothic above was my conception. I gave the plan to two famous architects of New York, and they said it could not be done, and wouldn't look churchly, anyway. I had given up all hope of having my plan carried out, when a young architect came to the house and said: 'Have you accepted the plan yet?' I answered, 'No,' and added, 'I didn't care what they did with the church.' I would preach in it, of course, but was not enthused. I gave my ideas to him, and he drew plans that were acceptable. The Tabernacle destroyed on Sunday morning had those plans to perfection." It cost, including the organ and furniture, \$123,880, and since that time, \$44,156 has been spent upon it, making a total cost of \$168,036.

The New Tabernacle

will of course be commenced at once. Toward the cost the trustees will have the fire insurance on the old building amounting to \$129,450, and Dr. Talmage has issued an appeal for \$100,000 more. There is no doubt that the whole amount will be sent to him in the course of a few weeks. The position in which the church is placed is precisely of that character which appeals most strongly to the generosity of wealthy men in our day, and even the poor, who may not fully realize the situation, will probably contribute their mites to help in the rebuilding of the Tabernacle. Dr. Talmage says: "I make appeal to all our friends throughout Christendom, to all denominations, to all creeds, and those of no creeds at all to come to our assistance. I ask all readers of my sermons the world over to contribute as far as their means will allow. What we do as a church depends upon the immediate response made to this call."

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

As we have already published on two occasions a full biography of Dr. Talmage, it is unnecessary to do more here than give a brief sketch of his life. He is now in his fifty-eighth year, having been born on January 7, 1832, at Bound Brook, N. J. He was the youngest of twelve children, who had the inestimable privilege of a pious, God-fearing father and a singularly devoted praying mother. Theirs was a life of self-denial, honest labor, and constant activity in the cause of Christ. With the claims of so large a family to meet, many men would have concentrated all their efforts on the accumulation of money, but Dr. Talmage's father was liberal in every case of personal need, and in the support of religious enterprise; and when the day's labor was done he was to be found leading a prayer-meeting in some neglected district, or visiting some sick neighbor for prayer and consolation. Of the mother's tenderness, watchfulness, and self-sacrificing devotion Dr. Talmage often speaks. Their life was one of those noble, devoted lives of which the world hears nothing, but which God sees, and on which He gives His choicest blessing.

Dr. Talmage's ambition as a youth was for the

legal profession, and though his parents never ceased to pray that he might give his life to the preaching of the gospel, they yielded to his wish and gave him the necessary preparation for his chosen career in the University of New York. He graduated with honors, but in 1853 the prayers of the godly couple were answered, and he entered the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick to prepare for the ministry. His first charge was at Belleville, N. J., whence, after laboring with success for three years, he removed to Syracuse, N. Y. Numerous importunate calls to larger spheres of labor came to him, but he loved his work and his people, and it was not until three more years of hard work had been given to the church that he yielded, and in 1862 accepted an invitation to become pastor of the Second Reformed Church in Philadelphia. There in addition to his pulpit labors he accepted calls to the lecture platform, which widely extended his popularity.

The Philadelphia church grew rapidly, and the young preacher's name and fame were on the lips of Christian men throughout the country, and raised the hopes of those who were wondering how the places of the aged servants of God who were nearing the grave would be filled. The invitations to other large churches which came to the young pastor were of a most flattering kind, but for seven years he declined them all. At length, in March, 1869, three calls came to him at once. One from Brooklyn, N. Y., one from Chicago, and a third from San Francisco. The Brooklyn invitation had special attractions for him. There was a large church-building in the midst of a large and rapidly growing city, yet there were only nineteen members in the church, and a meeting of church and congregation numbered only thirty-nine.

That call Dr. Talmage accepted, and the results have been unparalleled. We believe there is no record in the annals of church work to compare with it for the rapidity with which splendid success was achieved. There is no clearer indication of the calibre of the intellectual powers of the American people than that furnished by the appearance of the building now destroyed, on any Sunday morning when Dr. Talmage preached, and by the avidity with which the sermon was read in every city of the United States. The people like Dr. Talmage. They admire his grasp of social and political subjects, his splendid intrepidity, his gorgeous diction, and his scathing denunciation of the sins and vices which are eating the heart out of American life. They rejoice, too, in his boundless optimism, and are cheered and inspired by his unshaken conviction that we are on the way to a brighter and better time, and by the glowing Turner-esque word-pictures which he delights to paint in his sermons. Yes, Dr. Talmage is popular, and the Christian heart blesses God that the man whose words reach the ears of more persons than are reached by the words of any other man in Christendom is a man who preaches the old orthodox doctrines of the Gospel which God has always owned and blessed.

A LADY NIHILIST'S NEW TESTAMENT.

THE well-known Christian officer, Colonel Paschkoff, whose work for Jesus in Russia has been so signally blessed, was one day visited by a beautiful girl who besought his intercession. She begged him to procure her the permission of the Government to go into that appalling exile of Siberia which is the dread of every Russian subject. The colonel inquired in astonishment the reason for so strange a desire. Then she told her pathetic story. Her lover was a Nihilist, and she, too, had joined the secret fraternity. He had been detected, and was then in prison under sentence of deportation to Siberia. She wanted to marry him, and share his exile. Colonel Paschkoff yielded to her entreaties, and by his influence the noble, self-sacrificing girl secured the strange boon which her heart coveted. The colonel took occasion when on her departure she overwhelmed him with expressions of her gratitude to present her with a New Testament and some tracts.

Five years passed away. The Countess Schouvaloff was one day visiting a hospital for women in Moscow, and distributing tracts and portions of the Holy Scriptures to the patients. She stopped at the bedside of a poor woman whose piteous groanings were sad to hear. Her disease was a real martyrdom. But when the countess showed her the Holy Book which told of peace for the soul, and even a balm for her sufferings, the patient seemed to forget her pains. "Ah, those books, I know them!" cried she, drawing out from under her pillow little books yellow with use and exposure, and a small Testament quite worn, and with corners turned down. These books she had kept during the five years she had passed in Siberia. Although a Nihilist, she had read them in remembrance of him who had secured her permission to accompany her husband. Unfortunate illness, far from any medical aid, had brought about her fatal disease. If only before dying she could see Colonel Paschkoff again! The latter, informed of her wish, went to the hospital, and recognized with difficulty the fresh young girl of five years before. A short time after, she was carried to the Evangelical Hospital. There she was visited by Christian friends. Her heart had been prepared already in Siberia. The truth soon came to her soul, and she gave herself to the Saviour. Full of peace and happiness, she had now only one thought—to glorify her Saviour, to witness of His love. The Princess X. had her taken to her own splendid hospital at Ioula. Here the patient had all the care which her body and soul needed. Some months later, the dying woman was again at St. Petersburg. She had asked to be nearer Colonel Paschkoff, to whom she vowed eternal gratitude. There she died blessing her Saviour, and beseeching Him to reveal Himself to her husband.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Last Visit to the Saloon.—Mr. Hamilton observes: "I heard a worker say that the last debt he had contracted was for strong drink. Just before his conversion he had gone to the saloon at which he generally left the greatest part of his week's wages, and asked the bar-keeper to send up half a dozen of bottles of porter to his house. Before they were paid for he was converted, and having then forsaken his old habits, drinking among them, he wondered how he could pay his account at the saloon without again entering it. He thought for a time, then concluded that having ordered the liquor himself it was his duty to go and pay it. As he walked into the saloon, he became uncomfortably aware that the loungers, with whom he had often tipped, were regarding him intently. Going up to the proprietor, he paid his small bill, then turned to the men and said: 'Mates, that is the last of my money that is ever going in drink. You know how I used to love drink, but I have found something far better now. I have found Christ, who instead of leading me to death gives me life everlasting.'"

Ears That did Not Hear.—Dr. Pentecost said: "I have a daughter who, when she was quite young was very fond of reading. When she got hold of a book that she liked, she would just devour it, and while thus engaged was oblivious to all around her. On one occasion she had got hold of a book peculiarly to her taste, and was seated on a sofa in the room just opposite my study, in which I was at that time engaged. In the course of my work I required for reference a book which was in a room up-stairs. I was about to go for it, when remembering my daughter was there, I called, 'Lucy! Lucy!' No movement, although I knew she heard me. 'Lucy,' I called again, 'go up-stairs and get me such a book.' 'Yes, papa, just in a minute.' Then she forgot all about it. I waited three or four minutes, still no movement from Lucy. Then I said, more sharply, 'Lucy, did you hear me?' 'Yes, papa, just wait till I finish this sentence.' She finished it, and I suppose found it so interesting that she went on to a few more. Then I became impatient and said very sharply,

'Lucy.' 'Yes papa,' and down went the book with a bang on the floor, as she scampered off to get my book. That was the first time she had *really* heard me. All the previous calls had struck her ear, and then rolled off, but my last call had been grasped by it, and taken to herself. That is what is meant by, 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear.'"

A Comic Singer Becomes a Precentor.—Mr. Climie said: "There was a young man who lived a notoriously fast life. He was a great favorite at the various saloons which he frequented, where his mirth and jovial ways made him always welcome, his *forte* being the singing of comic songs. He had a good voice, and night after night he would stand amidst his companions, who, with drunken bawls, applauded his rendering of some music-hall ditty or the latest questionable sonnet. But a change took place; God's Holy Spirit showed him his sin. At once he looked for a way of escape, and found it in Jesus. All his old ways and companions were forsaken, and he wondered how he could best serve Christ. In the old times he had served Satan manfully with his voice, why should he not now dedicate it to Christ? He acted upon the thought, and soon entered the precentor's chair to lead the praises of God. If men would only be as zealous in the service of God as they are of Satan, what a different world we should have! Christians, unfurl the banner of your Captain and march to the battle-field, where if the strife may be arduous, the victory is sure."

From a Coal Mine to Heaven.—At a Meeting held in a colliery district, not far from Glasgow, were two men, one called Andrew, and the other Donald. Donald wanted to stay to an evangelistic meeting, but Andrew did not. Finally Andrew was persuaded to remain, but he would not let anyone speak to him. 'No,' he replied, 'I am not here on my own account. I am only here with my friend.' That night Donald gave himself to Christ, and the two friends left the meeting together. Next day, while both were at work in the pit, a part of the roof came crashing down, crushing to death some of the men beneath it. Andrew had a narrow escape, but when he looked round for his friend, to his horror he saw him lying beneath a large mass of coal. As he knelt down beside his comrade, the injured man said feebly: 'I'll never get out of this alive, but tell the wife I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour last night. Tell her to accept Him, too, and meet me in the Father's house in heaven.' His words were true; he died a short time afterwards, in much pain, but rejoicing in Christ. To-day is ours; of to-morrow we are not sure, for 'We know not what a day may bring forth.'"

Flowers From the Queen's Garden.—"A Poor woman living near Balmoral, the favorite residence of Queen Victoria, had a daughter who lay dying. She was very fond of flowers, and as her mother had no garden of her own it was very seldom that the poor girl had her taste gratified. Often had the mother stood outside the magnificent garden of the Queen, and longed for just a few of those rare flowers that bloomed in such profusion within; if she could only procure some of them she thought it would give her daughter great happiness. Pence by pence she saved from her slender pittance, until she had a few shillings, then going to the undergardener, she asked if she could buy a rose. 'No,' was the curt response of the old Scotchman, 'the Queen does not sell flowers.' The woman told him her sad story, but the only reply she got was, 'Be off with you! the Queen does not raise flowers for the like of you.' The gardener did not know that the Queen, behind some shrubbery, had heard every word of the conversation, and now coming forward, cut off some of the finest roses, and, handing them to the woman, said, 'The gardener was quite right. The Queen does not raise flowers *to sell*, but she has plenty *to give* her people.' Similarly God has no grace to sell. He will give it, without money and without price, to those who seek it. God is a King, He *gives*, He does not *sell*."

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, October 20, in the Academy of Music.

"None of these things move me." Acts 20: 24.

Paul's Spirit in Adverse Circumstances—The Grievous Loss of the Tabernacle—Tender Associations With the Ruins—Joyous and Mournful—A Command to Go Forward—An Appeal to All Christendom—The Communion Chalice Saved—Significant of Wide Communion—A Letter Fit for Every Stone—The Confraternity of Sorrow—A People Fused by Fire—The Encouragement of Hospitality Offered—On the Way to a Heaven Incombustible—The Light in the Window—The Watchword for the Future—A Welcome to the New Tabernacle.

BUT, Paul, have you not enough affliction to move you? Are you not an exile from your native land? With the most genial and loving nature, have you not, in order to be free for missionary journeys, given yourself to celibacy? Have you not turned away from the magnificent worldly successes that would have crowned your illustrious genius? Have you not endured the sharp and stinging neuralgias, like a thorn in the flesh? Have you not been mobbed on the land, and shipwrecked on the sea; the Sanhedrim against you, the Roman Government against you, all the world and hell against you?

"What of that?" says Paul. "None of these things move me!" It was not because he was a hard nature. Gentlest women was never more easily dissolved into tears. He could not even bear to see anybody cry, for in the midst of his sermon when he saw some one weeping her sobs aloud, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?" for

I Am Ready

not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." What then did Paul mean when he said, "None of these things move me?" He meant, "I will not be diverted from the work to which I have been called by all the adversities and calamities."

I think this morning I express not only my own feelings but that of every man, woman, and little child belonging to Brooklyn Tabernacle, or that was converted there, or comforted there, or blessed there, when I look toward the blackened ruins of the dear and consecrated spot and, with an aroused faith in a loving God, cry out, "None of these things move me."

When I say that, I do not mean that we have no feeling about it. Instead of standing here today in this brilliant auditorium, it would be more consonant with my feelings to sit down

Among the Ruins

and weep at the words of David: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Why, let me say to the strangers here to-day, in explanation of the deep emotion of my flock, we had there in that building sixteen years of religious revival. I believe that a hundred thousand souls were born there. They came from all parts of the earth, and we shall never see them again until the books are opened. Why, sirs! our children were there baptized, and at those altars our young men and maidens took the marriage vow, and out of those gates we carried our dead. When from the roof of my house last Sunday morning at 3 o'clock, I saw our church in flames, I said, "That is the last of the building from which we buried our De Witt on that cold December day, when it seemed all Brooklyn wept with my household." And it was just as hard for you to give up your loved ones as for us to give up ours. Why, like the beautiful vines that still cover some of

The Fallen Walls,

our affections are clambering all over the ruins, and I could kiss the ashes that mark the place where it once stood. Why, now that I think of it, I cannot think of it as an inanimate pile, but as a soul, a mighty soul, an indestructible soul. I am sure that majestic organ had a soul, for we have often heard it speak and sing and shout and wail, and when the soul of that organ entered heaven I think Handel and Haydn and Mozart and Mendelssohn and Beethoven were at

the gates to welcome it. So I do not use the words of my text in a heartless way, but in the sense that we must not and will not be diverted from our work by the appalling disasters which have befallen us. We will not turn aside one inch from our determination to do all we can for the present and everlasting happiness of all the people whom we may be able to meet. "None of these things move me. None of these things move you."

When I looked out through the dismal rain from the roof of my house, and saw the church crumbling brick by brick and timber by timber, I said to myself: Does this mean that my work in Brooklyn is ended? Does this terminate my association with this city, where I have been more than twenty years, glad in all its prosperities, and sad in all its misfortunes? And a still small voice came to me, a voice that is no longer still or small, but most emphatic and commanding, through pressure of hand, and newspaper column, and telegram and letter and contributions, saying, "Go forward!"

I have made and I now make

Appeal to all Christendom

to help us. We want all Christendom to help, and I will acknowledge the receipt of every contribution, great or small, with my own hand. We want to build larger and better. We want it a national church, in which people of all creeds and all nations may find a home. The contributions already sent in make a small-hearted church forever impossible. Would I not be a sorry spectacle for angels and men if, in a church built by Israelites and Catholics, as well as all the styles of people commonly called evangelical, I should, instead of the banner of the Lord God Almighty, raise a fluttering rag of small sectarianism? If we had three hundred thousand dollars we would put them all in one great monument to the mercy of God. People ask on all sides about what we shall build. I answer, it all depends on the contributions sent in from here and from the ends of the earth. I say now to all the Baptists, that we shall have in it a baptistery. I say to all Episcopalians, we shall have in our services, as heretofore at our communion table, portions of the Liturgy. I say to the Catholics we shall have a cross over the pulpit, and probably on the tower. I say to the Methodists, we mean to sing there like the voices of mighty thunderings. I say to all denominations, we mean to preach a

Religion as Wide as Heaven

and as good as God. We have said we had a total loss. But there was one exception. *The only things we saved* were the silver communion chalices, for they happened to be in another building, and I take that fact as typical that we are to be in communion with all Christendom. "I believe in the communion of saints!" I think, if all the Brooklyn firemen and all insurance companies should search among those ruins on Schermerhorn Street, they would not find a splinter large as the tip end of the little finger marked with bigotry. And as it is said that the exhumed bricks of the walls of Babylon have on them the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, I declare to you that if we ever get a new church the letter we should like to have on every stone and every timber would be the letter C, for that would stand both for Christ and for catholicity. The last two words I uttered in the old church on Friday night, some of you may remember, were "Hallelujah! Amen!" The two words that I utter now as most expressive of my feelings in this our first service after the Baptism of Fire, are Hallelujah! Amen! "None of these things move me."

We are kept in this mood by two or three considerations. The first is, that God rules. In what way the church took fire I do not know. It has been charged on the lightnings. Well, the Lord controls the lightnings. He managed them several thousands of years before our electricians were born. The Bible indicates that, though they flash down the sky recklessly, God builds for them a road to travel.

In the Psalms it is said: "He made a way for

the lightning and thunder." Ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin the world has been trying to tame the lightnings, and they seem to be quite well harnessed, but they occasionally kick over the traces. But though we cannot master great natural forces, God can and does, and that God is our Father and best Friend, and this thought gives us confidence.

We are also reinforced by the increased consolation that comes from

Confraternity of Sorrow.

The people who, during the last sixteen years, sat on the other side of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken—you greeted them this week with smiles and tears as you said: "Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind made your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for years around the same church fireside and not have the sympathies in common. Somehow you feel that you would like those people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned and blessed and saved. You feel as if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbor, and disembark at the same wharf.

If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat they will melt into a conglomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's

Fire Has Fused us All,

grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery; and when this church sorrow started it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The oldest man and the youngest child could join hands in this misfortune. Grandfather said, "I expected from those altars to be buried;" and one of the children last Sabbath cried, "Grandpa, *that place was next to our own house!*"

Yea, we are supported and confident in this time by the cross of Christ. That is, used to the fire. On the dark day when Jesus died, the lightning struck it from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a symbol,

Who Can Be Discouraged,

however great the darkness that may come down upon him? Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three Hebrew children had the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was forsaken by the Lord when they went through a furnace about two hundred feet wide.

O Lord Jesus! shall we take out of thy hand the flowers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink? Oh no, Jesus! we will drink it dry. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what hast thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I come now, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation, "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

We are also reinforced by the catholicity that I have already referred to. We are in the Academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock we had not one church; now we have about thirty, all at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say: "You may take our main au-

dience rooms, you may take our lecture-rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptize in our baptisteries and sit on our anxious-seats." Oh! if there be any larger-hearted ministers or

Larger-Hearted Churches

anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old-time bigots, with their swords, fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn Street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted, and they who wielded them would have learned war no more.

I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something else, and all is gone. The angels of God shake out on this air, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." I do not know but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all denominations in one organization, distinguished only by the locality as in apostolic times. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the Church of Thessalonica, and the Church of Antioch, and the Church of Laodicea. So I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off either, it may be simply a distinction of locality, and not of creed, as the Church of New York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charleston, the Church of Madras, the Church of Constantinople,

The Church of America.

My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of our common Christianity, we want to put on the whole armor of God, and march down in solid column, shoulder to shoulder! One Commander! One triumph!

The trumpet gives a martial strain
O Israel! gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain;
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

We also feel reinforced by the thought that we are on the way to a heaven that can never burn down. Fires may sweep through other cities—but I am glad to know that *the New Jerusalem is fireproof*. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that Church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, and not cries of fire. Oh, my dear brother and sister! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place,

What is the Use of Worrying?

I have felt a good many times this last week like Father Taylor, the sailor preacher. He got in a long sentence while he was preaching one day, and lost himself, and could not find his way out of the sentence. He stopped, and said, "Brethren, I have lost the nominative of this sentence, and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom, anyhow." And during this last week, when I saw the rushing to and fro, and the excitement, I said to myself, "I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the kingdom, anyhow." I do not want to go just yet. I want to be pastor of this people until I am about eighty-nine years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I may be persuaded to go a little earlier—for instance, at eighty-two or eighty-three—but I really think that, if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, we would want to go, stepping right out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the skies.

Ah! that is a good land. Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heartache. They tell me that a man might walk five hun-

dred years in that land and never see a tear or hear a sigh. They tell me that our friends who have left us and gone there, their feet are radiant as the sun, and that they take hold of the hand of Jesus familiarly, and that they open that hand and see in the palm of it a healed wound that must have been very cruel before it was healed. And they tell me that there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing girl never wades through the snow-bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day. See

That Light in the Window.

I wonder who set it there! "Oh!" you say, "my father that went into glory must have set that light in the window." No; guess again. "My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there." No; guess again. You say, "My darling little child, that last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window." No; guess again. Jesus set it there; and He will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home forever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step, just help me put my foot on that doorsill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in, to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free.

Heaven Never Burns Down!

The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—those internal fires will after a while break through the crust, and the plains and the mountains and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies; but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill-top. Oh, blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You say, "Will it be?" You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put garlands on its head. You and I may not do it—you and I may not live to see it; but the Church of God does not stand on two legs, nor on a thousand legs.

The Watchword.

How did the Israelites get through the Red Sea? I suppose somebody may have come and said: "There is no need of trying; you will get your feet wet; you will spoil your clothes; you will drown yourselves. Who ever heard of getting through such a sea as that?" How did they get through it? Did they go back? No. Did they go to the right? No. Did they go to the left? No. They went forward in the strength of the Lord Almighty; and that is the way we mean to get through the Red Sea. By going forward! But, says some one, "If we should build a larger church, would you be able with your voice to fill it?" Why, I have been *wearing myself out for the last sixteen years trying to keep my voice in*. Give me room where I can preach the glories of Christ and the grand-eurs of heaven.

Forward! We have to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword arm free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage amidst the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have some dollars; they are at your disposal. I have good physical health; it is yours as long as it lasts. I have enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding

of our new spiritual house. Come on, then! I will lead you.

Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in middle life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul into this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and *if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down*, as some people say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook.

Good-by, Old Tabernacle!

I put my fingers to my lip and throw a kiss to the departed church. In the last day, may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached. Good-by, old place, where some of us first felt the gospel peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-by, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1873! But welcome our new church. (I see it as plainly as though it were already built!) Your gates wider, your songs more triumphant, your gatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes and greet our waiting vision! Burst on our souls, oh day of our church's resurrection! By your altars may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Welcome, Tabernacle of 1890!

A VICTIM OF SUPERSTITION.

(See illustration on page 684.)

How sorely Africa needs the light and love of the gospel to be widely diffused among her people is shown by the following incident, related by Bishop Crowther: A slave who lived at Alenso was decoyed to a neighboring village under pretence that he was appointed to offer a goat as a sacrifice to a dead man. On arrival at the house where the corpse was laid out, the goat was taken from the slave, and he was at once pounced upon by two stalwart men and bound fast in chains. The poor man saw at once that he himself, not the goat, was to be the victim. He calmly addressed the people around, saying he was quite willing to die and need not be put in chains. *A pipe was brought to him, which he smoked, a new cloth replaced his rags, and while he was having his last smoke the daughter of the deceased chief stood before him and began to eulogize her dead father, telling of his former greatness and achievements.* The address was directed to the victim, that he might repeat the same to the inhabitants of the spirit world when he arrived there.

The news of the intended sacrifice was soon circulated. It reached the ears of the missionary, Rev. J. Buck, who, with some Sierra Leone friends, hastened to the spot. A large hole had been already dug; the poor man was led into it, and ordered to lie on his back with his arms spread out. The missionary and his friends used all possible arguments, entreaties, and pleadings for his release, but in vain. They offered to give bullocks for sacrifice instead of the man, but these were flatly refused; and while they stood entreating, the corpse was brought and placed on the poor slave. He was then ordered to embrace it, and obeyed. The missionary and his friends turned away from the horrible sight as the grave was being filled, burying the living, *as a sacrifice*, with the dead.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for October:

The Seven Seals. By William Kelly.

St. James's Prophecy in Acts 15:16, 17.

The Future Imperial Church and its Divine Head.

Jerusalem to be Trodden Down by Antichrist.

The 144,000. By the Late Rev. R. A. Purdon.

Seven Proofs that Antichrist is Future. By the Late Rev.

W. Burgh.

Only Twelve Years to live.

The Right Position for the Believer at the Present Time.

The French Elections.

DAVID'S REBELLIOUS SON.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for November 3, II Samuel 15: 1-12; Golden Text, Eph. 6: 1, 2.

The Only Way to Mercy—The Retribution for David's Sin—A Crime Against a Family Avenged by Family Trouble—Absalom's Flight and Recall—His Treachery Toward His Father—The Deceiver Deceived—The Conspiracy Unveiled—The Warrior King in Flight—Fidelity in a Stranger—David's Acquiescence in Adversity—The Climax of His Humiliation—Absalom an Instrument of God—Mine and Countermine—A Prophecy Fulfilled.

"I WILL raise up evil against thee out of thine own house," was God's message to David by Nathan the prophet. (II Sam 12: 11.) The law knows no mercy; under the law of a holy God righteous retribution must follow sin. Every transgression and disobedience receives a just recompense of reward. (Heb. 2: 3.) David's sin had broken up a family life; evil must arise out of his family. Nothing but Christ's redemption, believed in, accepted, and dwelt in, can reverse the sentence of the righteous law of God. In as far as we live under the law, the law condemns and punishes us. In as far as we live in the power of the blood of Jesus, in newness of life, which is the indwelling life, we are transplanted from the law into Him and He into us. Christ "is the end of the law for righteousness unto every one that believeth." (Rom. 10: 4.)

Already sin far more terrible than his own sin had broken out in David's family, and Absalom, his son, had avenged the outrage upon his sister Tamar by the death of his half-brother Amnon, taking the law into his own hands, not by any desire for the honor of God, for he knew not God, not from any abhorrence of sin, as his after conduct shews us, but only from his human or diabolical desire for revenge.

And These Were the Children of David!

Oh how terrible it is when God humbles us through our children, shews us the evil of our own hearts as it is transmitted to our children! Absalom fled, but David could not forget his son; wilful, selfish, wayward, his own brother's murderer, yet he was his son. "David mourned for his son every day." (II Sam. 13: 37.)

Nothing escaped Joab; he knew David through and through, and after Absalom had been three years taking refuge with his grandfather, Talmai, King of Geshur, Joab employed "a wise woman" to invent and tell to the King a story which should touch his sensibilities and enable him to introduce the subject of Absalom. The end was that Absalom was recalled, but for two years more he did not see the King's face, for David must deny his own heart in his loyalty to God, who hated the sin of Absalom. But Absalom was not slow to compass his own ends, and by setting Joab's field of barley on fire he prevailed upon him to obtain an interview for him with the King. (II Sam. 14: 29-33.)

But Absalom was an unchanged man; self reigned in his own heart; he lived for self and nothing else. He had gained his object in being restored to the favor of the King, his father, but instead of devoting himself to him out of loving gratitude, he made use of his position against him. He "prepared him chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him." In order to further his plans he must make an appearance which would command the respect of the people; they must know him as prince by the state which he kept up. But, joined with this, he made use of every art by which he could ingratiate himself with the people. He rose up early and stood by the gate on the wall for all who came to the King for judgment, and thus intercepting them on their way to the palace, he misrepresented his father's government. He asked the plaintiff his name and address, and then said, "Thy matters are good and right, but there is no man deputed of the King to hear thee. . . . Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man that had any cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice."

Standing there in state, as he did, the people

very naturally did him obeisance, and in the most condescending and genial way he would take them and kiss them. In this manner "Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel." At this time David was unconscious of what was going on, but God's word was being fulfilled; there was evil to David in his own house. The plot was ripe for execution, and Absalom made use of the most dastardly and

Consummate Hypocrisy

to gain his ends. He came to his father and said, "I pray thee let me go and pay my vow which I have vowed unto the Lord in Hebron for thy servant vowed a vow while I abode at Geshur in Syria, saying, 'If the Lord shall bring me again to Jerusalem, then I will serve the Lord.'" Poor David! It may be that his heart was gladdened, and that he thought he saw signs of a true conversion. But he was bitterly to reap in his own son the deceit which he himself had been guilty of. The King said unto him "go in peace," and he went forth to disturb the peace of his father's heart and house and kingdom. Absalom went to Hebron, and from thence "sent spies throughout all the tribes of Israel, saying, As soon as ye hear the sound of the trumpet, then ye shall say Absalom reigneth in Hebron."

So secret had been the conspiracy, and carried out with such marvellous success, that two hundred men, who went with Absalom from Jerusalem, were utterly unaware of all that was going on; "they went in their simplicity, and they knew not anything." Among others who joined Absalom was Ahithophel, David's counsellor, for whom he sent while he offered the sacrifices for which he had obtained leave of absence from the King.

But truth must out; the conspiracy became too great to keep secret any longer, and then came a messenger to break the news to David, and to tell him that the hearts of the men of Israel were after Absalom. It was

Sore News to David.

He was proud of Absalom, his fine, beautiful son; his heart would not rest while Absalom was away from him, and now that son, that very son, had risen up against him, and the curse of his own sin was bearing its terrible fruit more and more. The warrior King became feeble as a woman, he could not fight against his son, he had but one thought, and he told it to his servants, "Arise, let us flee." It was a new phase in the life of David to flee before his enemies, was hitherto unheard of, but the enemy was his own son, and courage failed him. It was touching that now, when his own son turned against him, his servants should say, "Behold, thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my lord the King shall appoint." Surely many of them felt in their own hearts that it was a mistake in David to abandon his throne to a rebellious son.

It was a sorry assemblage which filed out of Jerusalem that day. Now that David could no longer hide from himself the sin and hypocrisy of Absalom, he shrank from letting it come to the worst; and that Absalom should stain his soul by the blood of his own father—rather anything than that. Very touching was the love shown him by some of his followers. Six hundred former Philistines of Gath were among them, and the King said to Ittai the Gittite: "Wherefore goest thou also with us? return to thy place, and abide with the king [Absalom] for thou art a stranger and also an exile. Whereas thou camest but yesterday, should I this day make thee go up and down with us? Seeing I go whither I may, return thou and take back thy brethren; mercy and truth be with thee." But God was with David; it was not for his followers a choice of prosperity or position, but

God was on his Side,

and Ittai (once a heathen, now probably a spiritual child of David's) answered, "As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the King liveth, surely in what place my lord the King shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be." It was grateful to David to have such faithfulness among his followers, and he

said, "Go and pass over—and Ittai the Gittite passed over, and all his men, and all the little ones that were with him," all these were of one mind with the man who followed God's anointed.

The priests and Levites, with Zadok the high priest at the head, carried the ark of God along with the company of those who fled, but the King had faith in his God, and said to Zadok: "Carry back the ark of God into the city; if I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord, He will bring me again and shew me both it and His habitation: but if He thus say, I have no delight in thee, behold here I am, let Him do to me as seemeth good to Him." "All the country wept with a loud voice. . . . And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot." No doubt David saw in all this the consequence of his sin, and recognized, as no other in that mournful company could, the hand of God in all that had befallen him. "All the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." But the climax of his sorrow manifested itself when Shimei, the son of Gera, came out to curse him, and in holding back Abishai from destroying him David said, "Behold, my son which came forth of my bowels seeketh my life; how much more now may this Benjamite do it? Let him alone, and let him curse, for the Lord hath bidden him."

Others saw the unnatural ingratitude with which Absalom requited his father's love, but David the fulfilment of the prophecy of Nathan,

"Evil out of Thine own House."

He saw his son only as the tool of God to shew him the awful wickedness of his own sin. Shimei's cursing could not add to the already almost unendurable burden of Absalom's rebellion. David accepted the bitter cup from God, and did not question or complain of His dealings with him. Perhaps if David had now been given a choice whether Absalom should then sin against him and involve his own soul in irreparable ruin, or whether he himself should suffer all his life some painful sickness, David might have eagerly chosen the latter, but it would not have so served to make him know his son.

Zadok and Abiathar, the priests, were on David's side, and he directed them to remain in Jerusalem to be bearers of tidings to him in the wilderness. He was told that Ahithophel was among the conspirators, and prayed, "O Lord, I pray thee turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness." That prayer was heard in the end, as events proved. When Hushai the Archite came to him with his coat rent, and earth on his head, he directed him not to follow him, but to remain in Jerusalem and offer to be Absalom's counsellor, and so to defeat the counsel of Ahithophel. So Hushai, David's friend, came into the city, and Absalom came into Jerusalem."

Not long after the flight of David the rebel Absalom with a large following entered Jerusalem in triumph, the base Ahithophel, the time-serving counsellor, accompanying him. It seemed as though Absalom was to have everything his own way, for when Hushai came to him, he, David's well-known friend, said, "God save the king! God save the King!" And Absalom said, "Is this thy kindness to thy friend? Why wentest thou not with thy friend?" Hushai, who was playing his part for David's sake said, "Nay, but whom the Lord and this people and all the men of Israel choose, his will I be, and with him will I abide." He might have had David in his heart all the time he spoke thus. "And again, whom should I serve? Should I not serve in the presence of his son? As I have served in thy father's presence, so will I serve in thy presence." Hushai had served God in his father's presence, and Hushai would serve God in his presence, but Absalom could not understand the language of faith and of loyalty to God.

Absalom first asked counsel of Ahithophel, and he counselled an awful deed of sin, which should be done in the sight of all Israel. It was part of the fulfilment of that terrible retribution which God had spoken of (II Sam. 12: 11, 12) in

saying, "Thou didst it secretly, but I will do this thing before all Israel and before the sun." Sin after sin came upon the children of David; every true principle, every sentiment of honor, of righteousness, of purity, of holiness, in him was denied by the character of his own family. No more poignant grief could

Crush a Parent's Heart

than this terrible mortification; then there was the consciousness of their lost souls, and then, and above all, the knowledge that if he had not so sinned they might have been saved, and made blessings to others. Oh how blessed it is to turn from the severity of the law to the grace of the Gospel. "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you and to your children." (Acts 2: 38, 39.)

THE KINGDOM.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kans.

Apparent Confusion and Scriptural Inconsistencies—Their Disappearance in Fuller Light—The Edict of the King—The Right of Appointment—A Covenant—A Threefold Authority—Birth, Purchase, Conquest—The Resurrection a Proof—The Kingdom Still Future—The People of the Kingdom—Israel as Well as Judah—Distinct Nation, not a Christian Sect—Distinction Between the Church and the Kingdom—In its Offices—Boundaries—Unity—No Basis for the Sensual Conception.

As the unscientific observer of the starry heavens sees only confusion and irregularity, while the astronomer perceives and admires the wondrous order and harmony in the position and movement of the celestial bodies, so the casual and careless reader of the Bible is impressed with apparent contradictions and inconsistencies, which become more and more clear as the sacred volume is studied. One of the passages which has been most

Frequently Misunderstood,

and has caused perplexity in the minds of readers, is that remarkable passage in Luke 22: 29, 30: "And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me; that ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

A statement so clear and definite deserves our most careful study. It is one of the greatest prophecies of our Saviour. Indeed, the words are more than a prophecy; they are a *mandate and royal edict of a King*, appointing His officers in His government, which will be established in a future time. They are a divine declaration, corroborating the prophecies of the Old Testament, and establishing fully the claim: That Jesus Christ is the true Messiah of Israel, the Savior of the world, and the Second Adam of the "Palingenesia," the renewed earth.

The Appointing Power.

We are dazzled in approaching this subject by the connection which exists between God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, which we find here in the words, "as My Father hath appointed unto Me." Indeed, there is opened a *vista* into the deepest secrets of the nature of the Everlasting Jehovah, and also of an agreement or covenant, in which the plan of salvation and glory was devised, before the world was made; and in which was set in order the rule and government of nations and dominions (Dan. 10: 13, 14), and also, in which was ordained all those things which should belong to the kingdom to come, spoken of in the above-mentioned text. "For it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke 12: 32.)

The person appointed by the Father is "God manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. 3: 16), the *Logos* tabernacled among us (John 1: 14), "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth;" Immanuel, God with us, and in such a capacity He is accredited at the court of heaven, and is the highest appointing power. The Greek word, "I appoint unto you," signifies, "I appoint by covenant." (Heb. 9: 17.)

Flaccius and Beza translate the word, "I covenant to give;" E. Schmedius, "I assign by will," and this same word is *twice* used in the text, so that the Father appointed by covenant, and Jesus the Son, appointed likewise by covenant.

It must be noticed that the Lord Jesus qualifies Himself. Not in His office of Prophet, neither of that of a Priest, but, especially as the Christ of God, the King of Israel in His kingly office (John 1: 49), and also that He declares emphatically: That He is the possessor of such a kingdom to come, and that He has a right to give such preferments legally to His apostles as rulers in His kingdom; and, indeed, our Lord has a *threefold right*: He was *born* a king of the Jews. (Matt. 2: 2.) He *bought* His kingdom by His redeeming blood (John 11: 52); and He will *conquer* all His enemies. (Ps. 110: 2.) The Father has His Messiah already anointed, His King upon Zion, the hill of His holiness. (Ps. 2: 6.) The declaration of Gabriel is proclaimed: "God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David" (Luke 1: 32, 33); and the Resurrection of Christ is the surest pledge that Jesus is the lawful and legal heir of the Davidic covenant. (11 Sam. 7: 12; Acts 2: 30; Ps. 89: 4; Ps. 132: 11; Rev. 3: 21.)

Age to Come.

This appointment and promise was made for an age or dispensation to come. It was not a kingdom already in existence, because the twelve tribes of Israel were not homogeneous at that period in the land of Palestine. Neither can it mean the dispensation of the Gentile nations, *nor the present Christian Church*, because "Jerusalem is yet trodden down of the Gentiles." (Luke 21: 24.) We know with certainty that this appointment and kingdom belongs to a future era. We have the key to this text in Matt. 19: 18. In the regeneration "palingenesia Greek" renewed earth, when "the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel," and in Rev. 2: 26: "To him (that overcometh) will I give power over the nations." (Rev. 11: 15; Dan. 2: 44; 7: 14, 18, 27; Matt. 8: 11, 12.)

The People of the Kingdom.

Principally, the kingdom belongs to the *Israelites* (Jews) restored in their own land, Canaan. The words of the text are plain. The appointing power, the King, is Jesus of Nazareth. Those who are appointed—the apostles—all Jews by pedigree. The kingdom is the *whole house of Jacob*, the twelve tribes of Israel, and the twelve thrones are in the midst of that people, and all this corroborates the following prophecies: Is. 9: 6, 7; Jer. 33: 15-26; Ezek. 36: 8-15; Ezek. 39: 21-29; Hos. 3: 4, 5; Zech. 14: 4; Rom. 11: 25-32; Luke 1: 32, 33.

Erroneous Ideas.

Allow us to direct the attention of the unbiassed reader to the words of our blessed Lord. He speaks of "*judging the twelve tribes of Israel*," and if so, it must mean that the Jews are yet a people and a nation; and not, as many Christians advocate, "That the Jews are only a *sect*, and not a nation." Christ and the apostles, thrones, and judging cannot apply to a sect. We maintain that the scattered nation shall be restored to Canaan, not as a sect, but as a nation. (Jer. 32: 37-44; Jer. 33: 24, 25.)

Many clergymen and others maintain: "That in future time all the Jews shall be converted, and become members of the different Christian denominations, and that the whole sect shall be so merged in the Churches of the present time that the distinction of Jew and Gentile shall be obliterated." The words and prophecy of Christ under consideration teach us plainly: That Israel shall remain for ever a *distinct nation*, a kingdom; twelve tribes, having their own rulers and judges—and, although many Jews will become Christian professors, yet the distinctive national idiosyncrasy of the Abrahamic covenant people will always remain, and the distinction between Jew and Gentile shall be known.

(To be Concluded.)

A FRENCHWOMAN'S REQUEST.

AMONG the records of Rev. R. W. McAll's work in Paris during the past month is the following incident, related in the *McAll Record* (published by the Association, at 1622 Locust Street, Philadelphia): Arriving at the Salle one evening much earlier than usual, I found a bright, honest-looking young couple, who informed me they had come that night *to be made Protestants*. We sat down and I spoke to them of *sin*, of personal sin, of our lost condition, of true contrition, of a personal Saviour, through faith in his blood *shed* for the sins of each one of us. They looked very serious and a little puzzled, but I had to cease as the people were coming in. M. Rombeau preached that evening, and the Holy Spirit began its work. To say that these strangers listened with rapt attention is not to say too much, and at the close of the service, the woman came up and pressing my hand hard, said with tears and wonder in her eyes, "*Madame, je l'ai tout pris pour moi*." ("I took it all to myself.") The man was surprised and delighted. She apologized for the address she gave me, saying they were very poor and had to put up with a furnished room in that quarter for cheapness. It was at a wine shop in the very blackest quarter of Versailles. They continued coming very regular, bringing with them, and often in the snow, their little lad of six. We had all got to like them. One night the man said his wife had been ill for two or three days. The next morning found me with her. She was better and alone. I read a portion of the Word, and perceiving that she was under conviction, we knelt down in that terrible room, where probably prayer had never been made before. She begged of the Saviour to save her, and she believed He did. I believe so, too, for her face shone with a newness of beauty it had never possessed before, the beauty of deliverance and joy. I knew she had got it. How she loved the gospel now!

A NEW YORKER'S DISCOVERY IN VIENNA.

IN the columns of a European journal a remarkable incident is reported. It states that a few days previously an American traveller called at Huber's, the famous photographic establishment in the Austrian capital, to have his portrait taken. He had to wait a few minutes for the usual preparations, so an album of specimen photographs was handed to him. All at once the *employés* in the next room heard an outcry, and, hurrying to the salon where the stranger was waiting, they found him lying senseless on the floor. When he recovered consciousness he explained that the album at which he had been looking, contained a photograph which he was convinced was that of his daughter, whom he had not seen for twenty-one years. The features were so like those of his wife that he could not be mistaken. He said that unfortunate circumstances had compelled him to leave his wife twenty-one years ago, at a time when his daughter was only three years of age. He had made every effort to find out the whereabouts of his family a few years later, but had not been able to discover any trace of them. He had long since been driven to the conviction that they were both dead. The photographer told him that the portrait in question was that of a teacher of the piano-forte, residing in Vienna, giving her name and address. It was arranged that the stranger, a citizen of New York, should call on her the next day, and that in the meantime she should be warned of his intended visit. The lady turned out to be his daughter, and has already left Vienna with her father for the United States. He is a wealthy speculator, and the poor music-mistress has suddenly found herself heiress to a fortune of several millions of dollars. While he had been longingly searching for her to endow her with his wealth, she had believed him dead, or indifferent to her. It is so with millions of God's creatures. He loves them, seeks them, promises them endless happiness and joy, yet they know it not, and even when His servants proclaim the message to them they do not believe.



OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 4 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The International Maritime Conference Held its first session in Washington on October 16, and elected Admiral Samuel R. Franklin, of the American Navy, President of the Conference. The nomination was made by Mr. Charles Hall, one of the English delegates, and the election was unanimous. In welcoming the delegates Mr. Blaine said: "On behalf of the United States I welcome you, gentlemen, to the honorable, the scientific, the philanthropic duties which lie before you. The already great and rapidly increasing intercourse between continent and continent, between nation and nation, demands that every protection against the dangers of the sea, and every guard for the safety of human life, shall be provided. The spoken languages of the world will continue to be many, but necessity commands that the unspoken language of the sea shall be one. That language must be as universal as the needs of man for commerce and intercourse with his fellow-man. The deep interest which the maritime nations have taken in the questions at issue is shown by the eminent character and the wide experience of the delegates to whom they have committed the important work."

The Department of State is Not Yet Clear of the Samoan difficulty. King Malietoa has formally abdicated, and by his advice the Samoans have elected Mataafa king. As Mataafa held the islands for Malietoa against the Germans, he is personally obnoxious to the German Government, which cannot forget or forgive the humiliations it suffered at his hands. His election, therefore, is regarded as a direct affront to Germany. The precise obligations of our State Department in the matter have not been disclosed, but it is suspected that they are infringed by Mataafa's election, and that Germany, having made liberal concessions at the Conference, will hold the United States responsible for the good behavior of her protégé. It is therefore a matter of much concern to the Government at Washington that a new and serious difficulty should be created by almost the first use the Samoans have made of the autonomy secured to them by the persistence of the United States.

The Election in New York this Fall Promises to be one of unusual interest. Ex-Senator Platt, who is regarded as the owner of the Republican party in the State, controlled the Convention, and carried all his points in defiance of his opponents, and in some cases against the wishes of his friends. The Democratic Convention was controlled by Governor Hill in similar despotic fashion. Tammany Hall, which has a monopoly at present of city offices, has seized the county nominations, leaving the County Democracy out in the cold. As everything has

been arranged on all sides to suit the bosses of both parties, who just now are representatives of the most degraded elements of each, the citizens have been aroused, and propose to nominate a ticket of their own, composed of respectable men. A few days ago a strong party journal challenged the mugwumps to "stand up and be counted." It looks now as though it will take a longer time to count them than to count their opponents, unless a larger number of the men who sell their votes for two dollars each are bought up.

One of Commissioner Tanner's Re-ratings has been voluntarily renounced by the recipient, who sent back the \$4,300 back pay and the warrant to Secretary Noble with a manly letter. This example is set by Senator Manderson, of Nebraska. In the course of his explanatory letter he states that Tanner raised his pension without his application. He goes on to say that he asked to be examined by a board to determine how far his disability justified the advance under the pension laws, but as no examining board had been appointed, and having had no information that such board would be appointed, he desired full and searching examination by Mr. Noble, to determine whether the action taken by the Pension Office was such as was warranted by the rules of proceeding governing such cases. The Senator said, "I wished the strictest construction of the law, rule, and precedent, and could not consent to any straining of either." The Secretary having replied that the re-rating having been without application and without medical examination, was not in pursuance of the usual practice, and was therefore unwarranted, Senator Manderson promptly renounced the advance and returned the money. It appears that twenty-one employees in the Pension Office were re-rated.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held its eightieth annual meeting in New York last week. It assembled in the Broadway Tabernacle on October 15, and held three sessions a day until Friday October 18. The report showed that "During the last year there were twelve missionaries and forty assistant missionaries sent out by the Prudential Committee. Thirty-six of them were women, three of whom were physicians. The donations during the year have not fallen behind those of the preceding year, but are \$476.53 in advance, having reached the sum of \$395,044.90, a gain over the annual average of the preceding five years of about \$12,500. Of this amount, \$152,755.51 came from the three woman's boards." The unrest and dissatisfaction which has been growing for several years manifested itself early in the meetings, and came to a climax when the subject of the election of officers was under consideration. It could not be allayed until the President, Dr. R. S. Storrs, appointed a committee of nine to investigate the doings of the Prudential Committee. Finally the officers and committee were re-elected. A strong protest was made by eminent clergymen against certain tests established by the Prudential Committee, which, it was alleged, prevented young men who could not pass them offering themselves as missionaries.

An Officer who Accompanied Mr. H. M. Stanley on the Emin Pasha expedition was in New York last week. In an interview with a reporter he expressed his doubts of the recent reports of the explorer's movements. He said that no previous experience of Stanley's parallels the one he is now engaged in in point of danger and difficulty. His sufferings since he began his last journey through Central Africa have been almost incredible. Stanley's immediate staff are just as ignorant of his plans as the general public. One of his characteristics is to do his work first, and talk about it afterward. "I am inclined," said the officer, "to believe, that Stanley and Emin Pasha are now at Uganda. They are probably stopping there, and taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country, caused by the dethronement of Mwanga, the son of the famous Mtésa, the Sultan of Uganda, by the

Arabs, to initiate some systematic government, which would permit of a caravan route between the Emin Pasha country and the Albert Nyanza Lake and Mombasa, the seaport of the Imperial East African Company." The officer had an interview with Tippoo Tib in March, 1888.

The French Government is Endeavoring to strengthen its majority in the Legislature by an alliance with the Radical members of the opposition. Its overtures are reported to have been to some extent successful. A number of Radical deputies are disposed to tone down their demands, or to defer them for the present, and vote with the Cabinet, which would in return undertake a practical business programme. The Radical party fully realizes that it is much less formidable than last session, both in number and in authority. Some of the leaders have lost their seats, and others received unequivocal intimations at the polls that extremist views were not in flavor with the better-educated classes, and with the people whom they influence. The members of the Cabinet believe that with some tact sufficient Radicals and Independents can be won over to secure a working majority, and so avoid the crises which paralyzed public business before the elections.

A General Election in Miniature has taken place in England. The phrase is Mr. Chamberlain's. He used it in a speech two weeks ago when he invited the people to watch certain political contests, then pending, for indications of popular opinion. The contests arose from seats being vacated, in some cases by the death of members of Parliament, and in others by their elevation to the House of Lords. In the election of new members Mr. Gladstone's party has received already seven accessions. In some cases—notably in Buckinghamshire, a Tory stronghold—the triumph was unexpected. In all cases the number of votes recorded for the Gladstone candidates were more numerous than at the last election. In reply to an inquiry, Mr. Gladstone said: "I can't undertake to describe with precision at this early date the full effect of the recent elections, but they appear to mark a stage in the progress of the Home Rule controversy." It is believed by unbiased persons that the elections do not so much indicate a change of the public mind on the question of Ireland, as alienation of strong Protestants from the Conservative party on account of their project to endow a Roman Catholic University.

The Czar's Visit to the German Emperor came to a conclusion on October 14. The Emperor exerted himself to entertain his imperial guest, but in spite of the public exchange of courtesies and protestations of friendship, an impression was left that there was little real cordiality between them. One instance of this coldness is cited: Emperor William in toasting the Czar, said, "I drink to the welfare of my honored friend and guest, the Emperor of Russia, and to the continuance of the friendship which has subsisted between our houses for over a hundred years, and which I am resolved to cherish as a legacy from my ancestors." He spoke in German, except at the end of his toast, when he exclaimed in Russian, "Long live His Majesty, the Czar! Hurrah for the Czar!" The Czar, replying in French, thanked the Emperor for his friendly sentiments, and drank to his welfare. Turning then to Prince Bismarck, the Czar raised his glass and drank to the Chancellor, who stood up, emptied his glass, and bowed low. There was a similar exchange of courtesies between Emperor William and the Russian Ambassador. Though French is the court and diplomatic language spoken throughout Europe, there were some unpleasant reflections on the Czar's using it on the occasion of his visit, especially as he had been speaking German all day, and knew the antipathy of his host to the language of the hereditary enemy.

City Missionaries, Christian Workers, and others may obtain miscellaneous back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for mission, hospital, and prison work, and for general distribution, at \$1 per 100. Address The Manager, 71 and 73 Bible House, New York.

Dr. Talmage's Appeal for Funds to Aid in rebuilding the Tabernacle is printed in our sketch of the burned building on another page, and is repeated in his sermon in this number. No words of ours could present the case so well as Dr. Talmage does. We therefore simply call the attention of our readers to his statement of the need of the Church, and shall be pleased to forward to him any contributions which may be sent to us for the purpose. All sums will be published in these columns, unless the givers object; and Dr. Talmage has promised to send a personal acknowledgment. Nine years ago, when an appeal was made for money to pay off the debt on the church now destroyed, our readers gave liberally, and we have no doubt that this sudden calamity will evoke a like response.

The Cheering News Comes from the Rev. W. F. Re Qua that a good friend in Michigan has presented him with an excellent portable organ for use in his mission work among the Indians. As the gift was anonymous, but the giver is evidently one of our readers, we take this opportunity of letting him know how thoroughly his present is appreciated. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Re Qua's noble, devoted labors. He left a comfortable home in Aurora, Ill., resigned a regular salary, and went out in faith to live among the Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches in the Indian Territory, trusting solely on God's promises for support. We hear from others—Mr. Re Qua seldom speaks of them—of the hardships and privations he has undergone. Rough fare, long journeys on foot in all weathers, visits to fever-stricken hovels, dangers from robbers, from floods, and other evils, have been his experience. His reward is that many who never heard the gospel before have heard it from his lips. In money he has not received a quarter of the sum that would have been paid him as pastor of a church. He is now about to set out to open a school in Lone Wolf's district, and writes us asking that any readers who may be thinking of sending him help would do so speedily, that he may leave his home work provided for. His address is, Rev. W. F. Re Qua, McAlester, Indian Territory.

The Rescue of a Young Lady from Niagara Falls is reported in a press dispatch from Lockport. She resides near the Falls, and on October 10 took a party of friends from the West, who were visiting her, to see the wondrous spectacle. In the course of their rambles they came to the Three Sisters Islands at the well-known spot where the water rushes between the shore and a large rock at lightning speed, sweeping down over the Falls only a short distance below. The lady, full of gaiety and spirits, said, "Watch me jump on that rock!" Suiting the action to the word, she made the leap, but her footing slipped and she fell into the water. A young man and a young lady of the party jumped down, and at the same moment seized her by her clothing, as her hold on the rock was slipping. She was pulled out dripping wet, and was saved from an awful death in the cataract. When she was placed on the rock she fainted, but quickly recovered and was taken home. She said she had jumped from the shore to that rock many times. Many have been eternally lost through the same kind of temerity generated by former escapes from spiritual and moral peril. The warnings of God's word are not gainsaid even if, as it says, the sinner may have escaped "a hundred times." (Eccles. 8: 12.)

The Paintings of a Prisoner in Sing Sing prison are attracting considerable notice in the press. It is stated that a prisoner who was formerly a broker in New York City, but who is now serving a sentence of six years imprisonment for embezzlement, obtained permission to work at engraving during his term. He displayed marked ability in the work, and was encouraged to go on with it. A few months ago he got hold of some water-colors, and with these he executed some work that surprised the officials. His achievement was so remarkable that when he volunteered to execute some paintings on the walls of the prison chapel his offer was

accepted. He has finished two of them to the admiration of all who have inspected them. They are scenes from the parable of the Prodigal Son. One represents the prodigal herding the swine, and the other the prodigal being welcomed by his father. The natural inference from this selection would be that the prisoner had been impressed with the parable, and had gone to God for pardon, as the prodigal did to his father. The presumption, however, is negated by the record that the prisoner is now under prison discipline for misconduct. It would appear that, though he understands the lesson of the parable, he has not acted upon it. If such a man heard that Governor Hill had signed a pardon for him, and, instead of walking out of prison stayed in his cell drawing pictures of the Governor in the act of signing the pardon, his conduct would not be more foolish. Yet he is not by any means alone in his folly. (Matt. 22: 5.)

A Swallow's Unwilling Journey is Described by the *Globe* of St. Paul, Minn. It states that a sleeping-car was taken off the Northern Pacific Railroad last spring and sent to St. Paul for repairs. As it was a busy time, the car was left untouched in the yard for several months. The swallows took a fancy to the car, and before the interior fitting had been completed the busy little workers had built several nests under the eaves of the car. They were rearing their families when the car was finished and returned to the service. On the car being pulled out of the yard there was a distressing commotion among the feathered colony, the male birds flying wildly between the moving car and the trees around, while the females popped in and out of the nests in evident terror. The excitement reached its climax when the car was attached to a train bound for Portland, Oregon. As the speed increased, one bird after another deserted the nests and returned to the neighborhood of the repair-shops, but one mother-bird remained. She darted out of the nest at each stopping-place in manifest bewilderment, but returned as the train started again. It was not until the nest was shaken down that she flew away. The birds could not know, when they built their nests, that the car was not a permanent building, but men who build all their hopes on this transitory world do it in spite of warning that this is not their rest. (Mic. 2: 10.)

A Curious Dispute About a Land Claim in Dakota was decided by Land Commissioner Groff on October 11. It appears that a young lady from Iowa went on a visit to Dakota, and while there took up an eight-acre claim, had a small log house built, and broke up one acre. She made the acquaintance of the man who held the adjoining claim, and finally married him. They moved their houses up close together on the line separating their claims, and sodded them around, making one house. They were careful not to make a communication between the two houses, and there was no way of going from one to the other but by going outside. This was done so as not to violate the Homestead law. The Land Commissioner, however, has disallowed the claim, on the ground that husband and wife cannot maintain separate relations at the same time and in the same house, so that each, by virtue of said residence, may perfect entry under the Homestead law. The wife evidently hoped to have the legal privileges of an unmarried woman while enjoying the privileges of wedded life. She has failed, and so will those Christians fail who are trying to make the best of both worlds by striving after the prizes of this world while claiming union with Christ. (Matt. 6: 24.)

The Story of a Deed of Daring Comes from Scranton, Pa. On October 9 the large wooden house built at the head of the Bellevue Breaker for holding the engine of the hoisting-apparatus and other machinery, caught fire. As it was late in the afternoon, it was believed that none of the workmen were in the pit. The flames spread so rapidly that hope of saving the building was abandoned, and the engineer was driven by the heat from the engine-room. Just then

Thomas Reese, the foreman of a gang of men engaged in deepening the shaft, ran up, and shouted that three men were at the bottom of the shaft. They could not know of their danger unless some one went down to warn them, and he said he was ready to go. The only means of descent was by an iron cradle suspended by a stout hemp rope. The engineer pointed to the rope, which was already smoking, and said it was madness to venture down. Reese, however, said three lives were at stake, and he was determined to go down if he died in the attempt. He sprang into the cradle, and the engineer sent him down at lightning speed. In a few seconds the signal to hoist was heard. But the rope had begun to burn. The engineer threw the throttle wide open, and the spectators held their breath as the drum of the engine whirled at terrific speed. Four lives depended on that burning rope holding out until the cradle reached the surface. There was not a second to spare, the strands of the rope were parting, but before it broke the four men appeared above the shaft and stepped out of the cradle in safety. The next instant the rope had burned through, and the cradle went crashing to the foot of the shaft, 450 feet below. What a hero that man Reese was! What ingratitude it would have been had the men, whom he risked his life to warn and save, have refused to be saved! Yet that is how men treat Christ, who came from heaven to warn them of their danger and to save them. (Gal. 1: 4.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Prohibition was carried in North Dakota by a majority of 1,100; in South Dakota the majority was 6,053.

Rev. C. H. Yatman's meetings at Pittston, Pa., have been blessed to the conversion of over 200 persons.

The issues from the Bible House during the month of September were 50,052 copies; issues since April 1, 457,069 volumes.

Mrs. Mahan, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Asa Mahan, has gone to Bulgaria to join Mrs. Mumford in her mission work, and expects to remain the rest of her life.

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, states that during the past year a thousand persons have been baptized into the faith in China.

A member of the Methodist Church in Kansas City, Mo., offers the ground and \$25,000 toward the establishment of the proposed Missionary Training School, provided it be located in that city and a like sum be raised.

Mr. Seth Low, ex-mayor of Brooklyn, whose portrait was published in this journal last week, is an officer in the Sunday-school of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, and is intimately identified with the Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church.

Mr. G. W. Jacoby, of 1122 Savery Street, Philadelphia, has been engaged in open-air evangelistic meetings in that city during the summer. He hopes to find opportunities for labor in Mission Halls, etc., in other cities during the winter months.

Rev. William Ashmore, who has been Home Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Union, has returned to China to resume his missionary labors. He was urged to remain, as his services were highly appreciated, but he was not happy away from his beloved work in China.

Rev. Henry Varley continues to hold gospel services in the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, more than 3,000 persons attending each of the Sunday services, and numbers of conversions have taken place. He also holds frequent evangelistic services in the suburbs of the city.

Information has been received of the death, at Caracas, Venezuela, on August 19, of the Rev. Dr. William M. Patterson. He caught yellow fever by officiating at the funeral of a man who had died of that disease. Dr. Patterson formerly labored in Mexico under the Methodist Board.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Norristown, Pa., presented an extraordinary spectacle. Long before the hour of opening, a large crowd collected about the doors, and filled the church to overflowing as soon as the place was opened. Hundreds were unable to obtain admission. A large number of persons made profession of faith.

Dr. Justin D. Fulton has been holding crowded meetings in Toronto. On Sunday, October 13, he held three meetings which were densely thronged with attentive hearers. The people have been aroused by the Jesuit Estate Act to the perception that Rome is intriguing for supreme control, and were in hearty sympathy with Dr. Fulton's denunciation of Romish methods. Dr. Fulton's visit was timely, as an effort is being made by the Romanists to have the French language taught in the schools, and he was able to enlighten the people as to the motive underlying the project.

IN THE GARDEN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"One of the servants of the high-priest, being his kinsman, whose ear Peter cut off, saith, Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?" John 18:26.

Peter on Unsafe Ground—Dangerous Linger—Advice to a Girl—Three Ways of Acting About a Horse-Car—The Only Safe Way—I. Special Association with Jesus—In Church Fellowship—In Testimony—In Suffering—In Secret—II. The Association Observed of Men—Christians of a Retiring Disposition—Observed in the Family—By the Godless—III. The Subjects of Expectation—Much Rightly Expected of the Christian—What Christ's Men Should Be—IV. The Question Asked in Reproach—A Young Man Flung Out of Window.

PETER was on dangerous ground. When his Master was being buffeted, he was trying to make himself comfortable. We read of the high priest's servants that they warmed themselves, and Peter stood with them, and warmed himself. He stood with them, and they were rough servants of ill masters. He was in bad company, and he was a man who could not afford to be in bad company; for he was so impulsive, and so easily provoked to rash actions.

The Holy Spirit having notified us once that Peter was

On Unsafe Ground,

in the words "Peter stood with them, and warmed himself," specially observes that he remained there, which was worse still. Any man may inadvertently stumble upon a boggy piece of ground; but if he be a wise man, he will make all speed that he may soon pass it, and be on sound soil again. He does ill to linger upon a quagmire, for thus he toys with danger and courts destruction. Thou mayest be called, in providence, to go through the Campagna when it reeks with miasma; but thou art not called to live there. Where there is peril there should be a prudent haste. Quick! Pilgrim, be quick, and tarry not in the place of danger! Linger no longer in the wilderness than you are forced to do: hurry through the enemy's country, and rest not till you are in Immanuel's land.

While you tarry on dangerous ground your weakness increases. Peter, who might at first have owned his Master, did not do it, but denied Him. Having once denied Him, it was almost inevitable he that should do the same again; and so, again and again, he said, "I know not the man." And as the weakness increases, and the sin gains force, the fault deepens in blackness. Thrice he denied his Master, and in the end he added oaths and curses, as if it would be a sure proof that he had never been with Christ if he could swear.

The lesson of this is—again I say it—hasten out of the place of temptation; flee from it as speedily as possible. There are some who are in positions of life which they ought to give up: positions which are sinful, and cannot be held by persons who are honest, truthful, and chaste. It is of no use to try to fight the battle of the cross where some people are: they are harnessed to the chariot of the devil, and they must come out of it, or be driven to destruction. If they are engaged in a trade which, in the very essence of it, is bad, let them get away from it. If they are in associations which are distinctly sinful, they must break loose from those associations, and not pretend to be Christians. Talking, the other evening, with

A Young Girl

who has, I trust, escaped from the grosser sin into which she might soon have fallen, I said to her: There are three things you can do, and those three things I will set before you by an illustration. When you get outside the Tabernacle, there will be a horse-car. Now, go up to the car, and put one foot on the car, and keep the other foot on the ground, and if you do not come down with a smash I am very much mistaken. Yet many people try to keep in with the world and keep in with Christ, and they will never do it; but will make a terrible fall of it before long. Now, the second thing that you can do is, that you can keep standing in the road in the mud,

and not get into the car at all. You can stop there, and let the car go by: that is all fair and straight. If you want to live in the world, and be of the world, well, live in the world, and be of the world, and take what pleasure it can give you, and reap the fruit of it at last. But there is a third thing that you can do, namely, get right off the road into the car, and let the car take you right away where it is going. Now, it is this third thing that I commend to you. Get right into Christ, and let the Lord Jesus, by the power of His Holy Spirit, carry you right away from the unclean place where you now stand, bearing you in safety along the track of holiness till He brings you to the terminus of glory at His own right hand. May the Lord deliver you from halting between two opinions, or choosing the wrong opinion; and may He now decide you to leap into the gospel chariot, and leave all sinful company and doubtful ways, that you may own the Lord Jesus, and be His true disciple!

This brings me to consider one of the questions which led Peter into his denial of his Master. It is this question, "*Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?*" Let us try to handle that a little; and may the Lord cause it to do us as much good as once to Peter it did harm!

I. And the first thing I say about it is this: many of us have had

Special Association

with our Lord. If any were to ask us, "*Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?*" we should right gladly answer, "Yes, you have probably seen me; for I have often been there." We are by no means ashamed to own that we have been much in the company of the despised Redeemer. Let us think how we have been, many of us, associated with our Lord Jesus Christ: it will do us good to consider our close connection with our well-beloved Lord.

The large proportion of the friends present to-night have been associated with Him *in church-fellowship*. Our names are on the church-roll as belonging to Jesus. We, voluntarily and cheerfully, first gave ourselves to the Lord, and afterwards to His people, according to His Word. Some of us have had our names enrolled among baptized believers for many years, and we are right glad to have them there. May they never be erased by any shameful act of ours; but there may they stand until that day when the church-rolls of earth shall all be swallowed up in the muster-roll of the redeemed above!

But then, dear friends, we have, some of us, been associated with Him in a yet higher sense still: I mean *in distinct open testimony*. We have preached His name:

We Have Borne Witness

to the truth of His Word. We have pleaded with others; as though God did beseech them by us, we have prayed them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. So much have we been identified with the Lord Jesus. What an association with Christ has this been! Others of you, beloved, have been associated with Him in teaching the children; and you have come very near Him, for He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." You have brought the young to Him, and He has smiled upon you while you have been bringing them. Oh yes, you have been associated with Christ in visiting the sick, in instructing the ignorant, in bringing in the wandering, in cheering the faint. You have taken upon yourself, by His grace, this holy ministry, each one according to his ability; and thus, in the most practical way, you have been "*in the garden with Him.*"

Ay, and to go further still, you have not only been associated with Him in service, but also *in suffering* for His name's sake. You had a battle to fight in your youth against

Ungodly Relatives

and associates; and you fought it well for Christ's sake. Some of you godly women have had to bear a living martyrdom ever since you were married, through the ungodliness and unkindness of your husbands. Certain of you have been despised, ridiculed, and rejected with

Christ, and for Christ. Oh, it is a glorious thing! Some of us know what it is to have our name cast out as evil, and to have come down, in some men's esteem, from the brightest heights to the darkest depths, solely and only because we will follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and will shake ourselves clear of the infidelity of the present age, which is defiling the visible church with its filthy leprosy. Yes, we can say that we have been in the garden with Him.

With Him in Secret.

Once more: not only have we been with Him in church-fellowship and in service, and in some small measure of suffering, but we have been with Him in secret. O beloved, we dare not tell that which we have enjoyed behind the veil with our all-glorious Lord; but we have been with Him, sometimes, in His joy, till whether in the body or out of the body we could not tell: God alone has known! It would not have taken us any trouble to slip into heaven, we were so near the door, and the door was so open. We have also had a measure of fellowship with Him in His anguish, when we have groaned out our very soul to see the apostasy of His church; to see how those that should preach His gospel do not preach it, but preach the very reverse of it. We have been with Christ almost in a bloody sweat concerning His base betrayal by His disciples. Beloved, in these senses, you would have to say, "Yes, I have been in the garden with Him."

II. Now I go a step further in the text. The question is, "*Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?*" which leads me to observe that many of us have been

Seen in Our Association

with our Lord Jesus Christ. We did not want to be observed: we were far from courting observation. There are some of the Lord's people who would like to go to heaven without being seen with the Lord Jesus in the streets by daylight. They would be saved, and yet never be seen with their Saviour. I do not think that the sin of this age, with most Christians, is obtrusiveness; far more likely it is unholy fear. Some think it modesty; but I question whether this is its real name. I will not call it cowardice, but I will take their own expression, and call it backwardness. They say they are of a "retiring" disposition, which I interpret in a way very little to their credit. I have heard of a soldier who was of a very "retiring" disposition when the battle was on, and he retired with great diligence as soon as the first shots were fired. I think I heard that he was hung up as a deserter and a coward. No good comes of a retiring disposition of that kind. We have that sort of "retiring person" with us nowadays, but such people will have to answer for it when the Lord denies those who denied Him.

Seen by the Family.

But without desiring to be known, dear friends, you that have been with Christ have been found out; and, first, you have been seen in the garden with your Lord, by those associated *in family life* with you. They were not long before they discovered that you were a Christian. A man who carries in his hand otto of roses will soon be known to bear it by the perfume which is scattered abroad. He that has grace in his heart needs not to advertise it; it will advertise itself. Mother finds out that there is something very different in John from what there used to be. Sister Jane finds out that Mary seems quite altered from what she used to be. Father discovers that mother is so different from what she was a little while ago. If you have not been found out, I should think you have no grace to spare.

We have been found out, especially by those whom our holy faith opposes. Here was one that had come to take the Saviour as a prisoner, and he was the man to pitch upon Peter. "*Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?*" Just so. Those who are on the other side will know you. I hope that they will have good

Reason for Knowing You.

I hope that they will oppose you very much, and thus effectually drive you out of their fellowship.

Oh yes, yes, these people will say: "Did not I see you at the meeting-house? Did not I hear of your being with that canting crew? Are not you one of those vile hypocrites?" and so on. That is the way in which they compliment us. Do you know all the pretty things they say of your leaders? Do you think that I lie on a bed of roses? Am I never opposed and slandered? I have my full, fair share of the world's abuse; but I am ready for twice as much, if necessary. We are willing to be so publicly in the garden with our Master, that His enemies may quote it against us, if they wish, and sneeringly ask, "Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?"

Assailants Recognized.

Especially will this be known to those who are affected by our procedure. The gentleman whose ear had been cut off knew Peter. So did his kinsman, who, to his alarm, saw a sword come so very close to his kinsman's skull. He recognized Peter at once; and no wonder. It was only by the flash of one of those torches that he caught a glimpse of the disciple with the sword; but, as Peter cut off that man's cousin's ear, the impression made was particularly vivid. So, if you begin to talk about Christ to people, if you ask them whether they are saved, some of them will thank you for your holy anxiety; but others, who choose to feel annoyed, will judge that you wantonly tread upon their corns, and will feel that you have assaulted them.

There are some of us—and a very considerable number of friends now here—who are known to have been in the garden with Christ by a vast number of persons. If some of you were to fall into grave sin, and desired to hide yourselves, where would you go? Especially myself—where could I go? I could not go into any doubtful or questionable place, with the hope of being unknown, for someone would point me out in a moment. You and I had better keep our regimentals on, and go through with the war, and never be ashamed, for we cannot go away *incognito*. The day is past in which we can be hidden.

III. That leads me to the third point, to which we have climbed up insensibly, we are now

The Subjects of Expectation.

As we have been in the garden with Jesus, and we have been *seen* there, we are now the subjects of very high expectations; that is to say, people expect a great deal from those who are known to be associated with Jesus. They are very unreasonable sometimes, and expect far more than they are warranted in looking for, and consequently much more than they will ever get. I have known some expect young Christians, who have just come to Christ, to be perfect—to know everything, to be able to preach a sermon, pray in public, and listen patiently to all the nonsense everybody chooses to talk. Well, they may expect what they like, but they will not get unreasonable things. The mercy is that we are not the servants of man; we are the servants of God; and if we please our Master, that is quite enough for us. One Master is enough for the best of servants. If we are popular in heaven, we may wisely be indifferent to the judgments of men.

Unreasonable expectations we are not bound to meet; but there are expectations which are just and righteous. Men are quite right in expecting that, if you have been with Jesus, your character should be affected by the association.

For, first, you make a very high profession. You say, "I am Christ's." Well, then, they come to look at you, and see

What Christ's Men Are.

If you are in an ugly temper, they will say, "Surely, this is not the work of God." If you are awfully stingy, and never give anything away, they will conclude that it is not desirable to be a Christian. If you are sarcastic, and find fault with everybody and everything, they will say, "That is not a very beautiful spirit." They are right, are they not? Can you blame them for thus judging? No one will think well of your religion if you do not tell the truth. When your word is passed, be sure that you keep it, or you will discredit your Lord and Master. I am not

going into all the ways in which a man can so act in common life, as to lead people to exclaim, "That is not what we should have expected of a man that talks of following Jesus." They have a right to expect a good deal from our sacred profession. They have a right to expect a great deal from the

Disciples of Such a Lord.

Beloved, they may well expect great things on account of our comrades, with whom we are proud to be numbered. Consider who they were that went before us, those holy men and women who counted not their lives dear unto them. How faithfully they lived and served the Lord Jesus! Many of them went in a chariot of fire to heaven, burnt quickly to death for Christ's sake. We are bound by our associations, bound by our Master, bound by the truth we believe, bound by the profession we have made, to live, not as other men, but as men who are of noble lineage, lifted up by a second birth, twice born, the elect of God, redeemed from among men, that we may be a first-fruits of His creatures.

A Reproach.

IV. So, you see, we are brought where the world expects a good deal of us, and when the world does not get it (that is the fourth point)—if we disappoint such expectations—the question may be very properly put to us, "*Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?*" It is a salutary thing for a man to know, that his inconsistency is observed. Then he begins to see himself as others see him. It is very painful, very disagreeable, but, at the same time, very likely to bless the man. A man is apt to get a little angry about it; but it is a good thing for him to know how his conduct strikes other people.

Such a question as this should effectually recall us to holiness—to deep repentance of the past, and to strong resolves for the future. I will imagine that a certain Christian man has come to town for a holiday, and during the season of his holiday in London, he is asked by a friend to go to a questionable place of amusement. I will imagine that he yields to the invitation and goes, though I am sorry even to imagine such a thing. Well, he has gone where he should not have gone; and I should like some venerable minister, some saint of God, to meet him in the street as he comes out, and say, "Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?"

And if you are ever tempted to conceal your religion, then I hope that this question will come whistling in your ears, "Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?" I have sometimes been obliged to a wicked world for what it has done to inconsistent professors of religion. I remember a young man, in my early pastorate, going to a certain place of doubtful fame, and in the midst of a dance, somebody cried out, "That is one of Spurgeon's people."

Fling Him Out

of the window." And out he went. I felt grateful for that act of discipline from the adversary. Those who were gathered in that assembly felt that they did not want the company of a downright hypocrite, and so they put him out of their synagogue. If you should ever be found in "gay company," or even in respectable company where evangelical doctrine is at a discount, I hope you will have things made uncomfortable for you. If you hold your tongue and are quiet, and try to be one of the clan, where Jesus is dishonored, I hope this question will fall into your ear like a drop of burning lava, "Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?"

"Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?" I should like to be welcomed with that question as I enter the skies at the last. I should not object to have that spoken to me by some bright spirit as I pass through the pearl gate, "Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?" "Yes, bright seraph, you may have seen me; and now you see that *He casts not off His poor friend in the day of His glory.*" The angel of the Lord saw you when you repented, he spied you out in that little room where you wept alone because of sin. Up-stairs in the solitary chamber where you told the Lord how father and mother were

opposed to you, and yet you meant to follow the Lamb in all the ways of service and obedience, you were "seen of angels." Beloved, the brave adherence of the least of our Lord's disciples is seen, known, and remembered in heavenly places. In the last great day you that have been with Christ here, and trusted Him amid the clouds, and the darkness, and the derision, shall see Him, and reign with Him, and He shall acknowledge you as His, since you were in the garden with Him in the day of His humiliation. God bless you! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

King Alfred's Creed.*

THE great King Alfred, who was in his prime in 889, just a thousand years ago, had throughout a most picturesque and adventurous life: he is hard pushed by the Danes, by rivals, by his own family—one while a wanderer on the moors, another time disguised as a minstrel in the enemy's camp, but always high hearted, always hopeful, always working. He is oppressed by the pall of ignorance which lies over that lordly reach of his kingdom. "Scarce a priest have I found," says he, "south of the Thames, who can render Latin into English." He is not an apt scholar himself, but he toils at learning; his abbots help him; he reverts old chronicles and makes his people know of Beda; he has boys taught to write in English; gives himself with love to the rendering of Boethius's *Consolation of Philosophy*. He adopts its reasoning, and plants his hope on the creed: (1) "That a wise God governs; (2) That all suffering may be made helpful; (3) That God is the chiefest good; (4) That only the good are happy; (5) That the foreknowledge of God does not conflict with free will." These would seem to carry even now the pith and germ of the broadest theologic teachings.

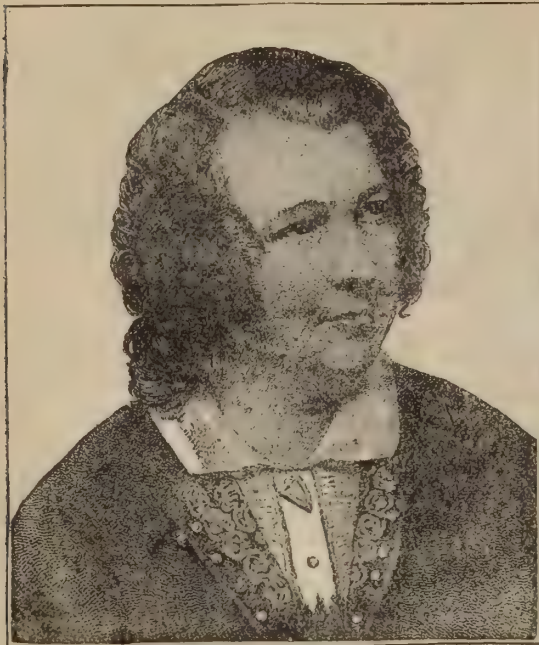
A Typical King.

Here is what a Saxon scribe of the eleventh century had to say of the new come and conquering Norman, King William I: "King William was a very wise man, and very rich, more worshipful and strong than any of his foregangers. He was mild to good men who loved God, and stark beyond all bounds to those who withstood his will. He had earls in his bonds who had done against his will; bishops he set off their bishoprics; abbots off their abbotries, and thanes in prison. By his cunning he was so thoroughly acquainted with England, that there is not a hide of land of which he did not know, both who had it and what was its worth. . . . He took from his subjects many marks of gold, and many hundred pounds of silver; and that he took some by right and some by mickle might for very little need. He had fallen into avarice, and greediness he loved withal. Among other things is not to be forgotten the good peace that he made in this land; so that a man who had any confidence in himself might go over his land with his bosom full of gold, unhurt. Nor durst any man slay another man, had he done ever so great evil to the other. . . . Rich men moaned, and poor men murmured, but he was so hard that he recked not the hatred of them all. For it was need that they should follow the king's will, if they wished to live, or have lands and goods. Alas that any man should be so moody, or should so puff up himself, and think himself above all other men! May Almighty God show mercy to his soul and grant him forgiveness of his sins."

Wycliffe's Times.

In the great crowd of his writings, whether English or Latin, Wycliffe told no story of himself or of his young days. We have only clear sight of him when he has reached full manhood—when he has come to the mastership of Baliol Hall, and to eloquent advocacy of the rights and dignities of England as against the Papal de-

* From *Lands, Letters, and Kings, from Celt to Tudor*. By Donald G. Mitchell. An interesting series of talks on English history which at first entertained a circle of friends, and now take permanent form for the general public. They are picturesque, dramatic, and thoroughly pure and healthful in tone. Pp. 327; price \$1.50; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Late Eliza Cook.



A Victim of African Superstition. (See page 677.)

mand for tribute. On this subject he goes up to London and is heard there—maybe in Parliament; certainly he is heard with so much approval that only a few years thereafter he is sent with a commission to treat with ambassadors from the Pope, at the old city of Bruges. His great friends—and Wycliffe numbered the widow of the Black Prince among them—could not shield him entirely from Romish wrath, when he began to call the Pope “a cut-purse,” and his arguments were as scathing as his epithets and had more reason in them. He was compelled to forego his teachings at Oxford, and came to new trials at which—as traditions run—he wore an air of great dignity; and old portraits show us a thin, tall figure, a little bent with over-study, his features sharp-cut, with lips full of firmness, a flowing white beard and piercing eyes, glowing with the faith that was in him. This was he who blocked out the path along which England stumbled through Lollardry quagmires, and where Huss the Bohemian walked in after days with a clumsy, forward tread, and which Luther in his later time put all alight with his torch of flame.

A Bible-Reading Statute.

In Henry the Eighth's time the English Bible was by no means a freegoer into all companies. A statute dated 1452 runs: “A nobleman or gentleman may read it [the Bible] in his house, or in his garden, or orchard, yet quietly and without disturbance of order.” A merchant may read it to himself privately; but the common people, artificers, apprentices, journeymen, and servingmen are to be punished with one month's imprisonment as often as they are detected in reading the Bible, either privately or openly.” Some alleviating provisions were afterwards made in respect to “Noblewomen and gentlewomen who read to themselves,” and the same statute makes warning mention of the “craftye, false, and untrue translation of Tyndale.”

THE LATE ELIZA COOK.

(See Portrait.)

It will surprise many readers to learn that Eliza Cook, the famous poetess, died on September 25. She has so long dropped out of public view that, though her poems are still familiar in every household, her personality was lost sight of, and not a few supposed that she must be dead. But it was not until last month that the gifted lady went down to the grave. The younger generation of readers has lent its ears, not always to its benefit, to the strains of later poets, but the elders among us will always have a tender, grateful regard for her who wrote of that seat still cherished in many a household:

“In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;

And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With Truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.”

To whatever stage of refinement and culture our race may reach, the words must touch a sensitive place in our hearts, and make us feel that she who so wrote was one with us.

Eliza Cook was born in Southwark, a suburb of London, on December 24, 1818, and was, therefore, in her seventy-first year when she died. She was the youngest of eleven children, and was left motherless in her early girlhood. She voluntarily devoted herself to study, and to a large extent educated herself. Her poetic genius first manifested itself, when she was fifteen years old, in the poem entitled “Melaia.” A new volume of poems appeared in 1864, and became widely popular. Their charm lay in the melodious rhythm of the lines, and still more in the familiarity of the subjects which inspired her pen. Her words were simple, her thoughts pure, and all good men and women who read her lines found their own secret thoughts set to music there. There was no passion, no tragedy tearing nature to tatters, no sensual drive!—only a pure mind clothing common objects in poetic garments, and breathing ordinary emotion in harmonious words. Yet it must not be forgotten that there were profound depths in her nature that were stirred by the most potent of all forces. Her ear had not been deaf to the call of God, which she heard not alone in His Word, but through all nature.

“God hath a voice that ever is heard
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird;
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong;
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along;
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom;
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoon;
Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice;
What do they tell thee but God hath a voice?”

Her gentle voice is now hushed in death, but her words will live in the hearts and memories of thousands. So sweet, so gentle, so loving, so good—Eliza Cook had and will have the grateful affection of the common people, and she had no higher ambition.

WIDOW NORMAN'S SON.

(See illustration on page 685.)

The deep tones of the great bell of a cathedral reverberated through the streets of a quiet English city proclaiming the hour of midnight. It was a small city; many places in the same county known only as towns had five times its population and fifty times its business. Mitreham, however, was in 1867 much what it had been in 1767, when it was the chief place in the

county. It had not retrograded; it had simply stood still in its decorous, eminently respectable position, while its neighbors had started factories, built wharves, and invited trade. Mitreham did not want trade. Its society was ecclesiastical through and through. The Bishops and the Dean and the canons were at the head of it, and an aged nobleman, deeply versed in ecclesiastical law and history, who had his country-seat about a mile away, did not dispute their supremacy.

Mitreham did not keep late hours. Few of the citizens heard the sound of the twelve strokes. The majority of them had been in bed two hours, and were wrapped in slumber. The long rows of ancient houses seemed to be asleep too. The policeman who ponderously paced the echoing pavement could see but one light gleaming from a window, and the cause of that being there he could understand. Widow Norman was probably sitting up working on some great lady's dress. Her husband had been choir-master at the Cathedral, but he died six years ago, leaving her to support herself and their ten-year-old boy, David. She knew she would have less difficulty in doing so in Mitreham, where she was well-known, than elsewhere, so a very neat brass plate was affixed to her door bearing the inscription, “Mrs. Norman, Dress and Mantle Maker,” and she waited for employment. Sympathy brought it at first, but as time passed, and the widow's hand acquired dexterity, ladies came to her on business principles, and ceased to limit their confidence in her abilities to their second-best dresses.

It was not work, however, that kept Mrs. Norman up that night; she was working, but it was only that the time might not seem so long to her. Yet it did seem very long, and but half her attention was given to her work. She was listening for a footfall that she could have heard in that sleeping city two blocks away.

“Where *can* he be? What *can* he be doing?” she cried, distractedly, throwing down her work and rising to her feet as the Cathedral bell struck the hour. The “he” in question could mean only one person in her case. For the last six years her love and tenderness had been lavished on her son. He was in all her thoughts, and she felt that if she could only see him well started in life she would be satisfied to lay her head down beside that of her dead husband in the Cathedral graveyard.

And David was, physically, a boy that any mother might be proud of—tall for his years, with curly auburn hair and great grey eyes of wondrous depth, his father's very image. Perhaps the widow was a little too proud of him. She could see no fault in him, though he had many, and being unchecked, they grew with

frightful rapidity. Latterly, for several months past, the widow had been growing uneasy about him. He had been coaxing her for money, and it seemed to her that he could have no legitimate use for such sums as he wanted. But she gave it to him, until at last she had to tell him that for some time to come he could have no more. The little provision she had made for emergencies must not be depleted. But that very day he had urged her again, and she had refused him. He was a clerk in a proctor's office; had been there some six months, and the widow was economizing in all ways to save the sum that would soon be needed for his "articles." He was evidently greatly disappointed by the refusal, and the widow thought he was concerned too, and the look on his face troubled her.

He had often been away from home until 10 o'clock, but never so late as this. Visions of all kinds of calamities rose before the widow's mind as David came not. She saw him crushed by some heavy vehicle, saw him lying insensible under some fallen building—always the victim of some accident, never, as he actually was, cowering in the corner of a railroad car speeding to Liverpool.

All that night she suffered torture, pacing her rooms, flinging herself weeping on her bed, pleading in agony on her knees for her absent boy. But the next day she knew the truth. David had not returned, but his employer came to tell her that a large sum of money was missing from the office, and there could be no doubt that David had taken it. He told her, too, that the lad had been seen in evil places outside the city, and that youths of bad character were known to be his companions. The widow fainted when belief in her son's guilt was forced upon her, and for many weeks she lay hovering on the brink of the grave in the illness which followed. When she rose to resume her life of labor, deep wrinkles showed on her brow, and her step had lost all its elasticity.

Five years passed, bringing no tidings of David. The widow worked harder than ever, and spent less than before. She was saving that she might repay her son's defalcation, so that if she did hear from him again she could tell him he might return. It seemed a futile hope, but the widow had learned much of God's ways in her affliction, and she had committed her boy to God with firm confidence that He who hears the widow's prayer would restore her darling.

It was sad news that at length broke the long silence. It came in a cable message from New York. "Mother," it ran, "I am sick unto death; come if possible." The widow's heart could give but one answer. The one word, "Coming," was flashed under the sea, and two days later she was on her way westward. That was a voyage all prayer. In her cabin, and on deck far into the night, as she watched the dark waves around her, she pleaded with clasped hands for her boy; that she might arrive while he yet lived, that God would bless her effort for his salvation. Only those two requests; and beyond those she asked no boon.

Both were granted. The sickness was not unto death, but proved a stepping-stone to a life



Widow Norman's Journey.

that would never end—life in Christ—and the widow received her son, now dearer to her than ever before, united with her in the bond of a common love to the Saviour.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

We hope to resume the publication of Mrs. Stenhouse's story next week.

CRIMES OF THE MORMONS.

By Mrs. Mary Ettie V. Smith.*

Sister of a Mormon High Priest.

ABOUT this time, Jesse T. Hartly came to Great Salt Lake City. He was a man of education and intelligence, and a lawyer by profession. I never knew where he was from, but he was a Gentile when he came, and soon after married a Mormon girl by the name of Bullock, which involved a *profession*, at least, of Mormonism. It was afterwards supposed by some that his aim was to learn the mysteries of the Church, in order to make an exposé of them afterwards. At all events, the eye of the Prophet was upon him from the first, and he was not long in discovering, through his spies, good grounds for suspicion.

His friends after this avoided him, and it was understood that his fate was sealed. He knew that to remain was death; he therefore left his wife and child, and attempted to effect an escape.

Not many days after he had gone, Wiley Norton told us, with a feeling of exultation, that they had made sure of another enemy of the Church;

* An incident from her thrilling narrative, published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the privilege of publishing this and former extracts.

that the bones of Jesse Hartly were in the cañons; and that he was afraid they would be overlooked at the Resurrection, unless he had better success in "pleading" in the next world than in this, referring to his practice as a lawyer.

Nearly a year and a half after this, when on my way to the States, I saw the widow of Jesse Hartly at Green River. The unrelieved picture of woe which she presented, excited our curiosity and sympathy. Accompanied by my sister, I went to her, and after some delay and the assurance that, although we were Mormons, we yet had the hearts of *women*, she told us her brief story; without a tear, yet with an expression of hopeless sorrow which I shall never forget. Oh! Mormonism is too hard—too cruel upon women. Can it—will it be permitted forever?

It was not until I had suggested to her that perhaps I had also a woe to unburden, as the result of my Mormon life, which might have some comparison to her own, that she commenced by saying:

"You have suffered; and if you have been a Mormon wife, you must have known sorrow. But the cruelty of my fate, I am sure, is without a parallel—even in this land of cruelty.

"I married Jesse Hartly, knowing he was a 'Gentile' in fact, but he passed for a Mormon, but that made no difference with me, although I was a Mormon, because he was a noble man, and sought only what was right. By being my husband, he was brought into closer contact with the members of the Church, and was

soon enabled to learn many things about us, and about the Heads of the Church, that he did not approve, and of which I was ignorant, although I had been brought up among the Saints; and which, if known among the Gentiles, would have greatly damaged us. I do not understand all he discovered or all he did; but they found he had written against the Church, and he was cut off, and the Prophet required as an atonement for his sins, that he should lay down his *life*; that he should be sacrificed in the endowment rooms, where human sacrifices are sometimes made in this way.

"This I never knew until my husband told me, but it is true. They kill those there who have committed sins too great to be atoned for in any other way. The Prophet says, if they submit to this *he can save them*; otherwise they are lost. Oh! that is horrible. But my husband refused to be sacrificed, and so set out alone for the United States; thinking there might be at least a hope of success. I told him when he left me, and left his child, that he would be killed, and so he was. William Hickman and another Danite shot him in the cañons; and I have often since been obliged to cook for this man, when he passed this way, knowing all the while he had killed my husband. My child soon followed after his father, and I hope I shall soon die also; for why should I live? They have brought me here, where I wish to remain, rather than to return to Salt Lake, where the murderers of my husband curse the earth, and roll in affluence unpunished."

She had finished her sad story, and we were choking down our sobs of pity in silence, when

she noticed her brother, of whom she appeared to stand in awe, coming toward us, and she rose saying, "I trust you will excuse me," and then went her way, still wearing the same stony expression of agony, and as unrelieved by tears, as when we first saw her. This is but one case among a thousand others that have never seen the light, and never will, until the dark history of the "Danites," or the "Destroying Angels," as the Prophet was sometimes pleased to call them, is unveiled.

It was about one year previous to the death of Hartly that the following incident occurred. Wiley Norton was going by our house one day on horseback, and calling at the gate, said he was on his way to assist in burying a dead body that had been found a short distance out of the city by two of the herd boys. These were smallish boys, employed in looking after the cattle, and to assist the herdsmen. They had reported the fact of finding the body when they came in the night before, and by this time the Gentiles had heard of it, and a great number of stories were in circulation. Among others, that a Gentile had been murdered by the Mormons, which was probably true; but there was no evidence of it. Wiley said he would call when he returned, and tell us what he saw, and all he could learn about it. In the evening, Wiley, as he had promised, called and gave us the following facts. He said:

"We went out with the boys to find the body, who took us to the log, behind and partly under which it was hidden. When we came near it, and the boys pointed where it was, brother Jeddy (Jedediah M. Grant) told them there was no dead man in that place. And this was true, for it had already been removed. He then attempted to make them believe they had been mistaken; but the boys persisted in the statement first made. They said they saw it yesterday, and knew what it was, although it was now gone. Brother Jeddy's object was to have the boys return to the city, and report they had never seen the body, but that they had told the story as a joke; which coupled with the fact that it was not to be found, would allay the excitement among the 'Gentiles.' This the boys refused to do: for how could we?" asked the honest little fellow, "for we did see it."

"Brother Grant told them if they would not he would take them to the slough and have them drowned. Still they refused, and they were taken to the water, and brother Jeddy put one of them in, and held him there until he was quite exhausted, and when he could breathe again, he said as resolutely as ever, that the man was dead; for he saw him. He knew it. This was repeated several times, with a similar result. We then dug a grave, and told the other boy we would bury him alive if he did not go to the city and contradict the statement the two had first made. What a time we had with them! Although the one we were about to bury consented, the other was silent, and so brother Grant let them off for the present; and one of them has set it right with the Gentiles, who now believe the story of the dead body was a hoax, got up by the boys. I believe the boy that brother Jeddy put in the water, avoids having anything to say about it."

When the reader reflects that it was but the merest chance that brought this fact under my notice, and that a hundred such incidents might and probably did occur, unknown to any one except to the perpetrators of them, he will be able to form something of an estimate of the amount of crime committed by the Heads of the Church, and by their authority. Certainly, there must be a day of reckoning for such as these.

The Mormons recognize the *right*, and inculcate the *duty* of the father to slay his daughter or her lover, as a last resort, to prevent her marriage with a "Gentile."

Many facts are within my knowledge illustrative of this point. Several occurred of some note the winter Colonel Steptoe was at the valley with his regiment. One of his soldiers be-

came attached to Amanda Tanner, a Mormon girl, with whom I was well acquainted. Her father forbade their meeting, and confined her to the house until he supposed the attachment had been forgotten; and she was left alone one day for a few hours, and the girl sent for her soldier, who came, of course. Unfortunately, the father returned sooner than expected, and finding the Gentile there, took his sword and charged upon the lover before the latter knew the enraged father was in the house. But fortune favored the soldier; for Mr. Tanner, in his haste, and in the act of striking, brought the point of his sword against a beam, breaking it in several pieces, and the Gentile escaped.

The father, still holding the handle of the shivered blade, said to the trembling girl: "Listen. When you are caught in Gentile company again, you shall die;" and she knew he would do what he said, and she gave up the Gentile. The soldier was prosecuted and heavily fined.

The same winter one of Colonel Steptoe's officers formed an acquaintance with a daughter of John Taylor—Mary Ann. She was a very interesting girl; and the intimacy ripened into a mutual attachment. Her father was one of the Twelve Apostles, and a man of great influence in the Church; and was at the time living in New York, where he edited a paper known as the *Mormon*.

On account of her beauty, as well as the position of her father, Mary Ann was much sought after, both by old gray-headed saints among the heads of the Church, and by younger aspirants for saintly and matrimonial honors. But the budding instincts of her young womanhood naturally revolted against the dark future promised her by Mormon wifeism; and she preferred the Gentile. She succeeded in getting before Judge Kinney with her lover, and they were married. This was a termination more fortunate than she could have expected had the father been at home. For when he heard of it, he wrote to the Prophet, blaming him very severely for not *preventing the marriage by the sacrifice of her life*. He wrote that he should always feel dissatisfied because the blood of his daughter had not been shed to atone for the sin of marrying out of the Church. She was afterwards cut off from the Saints, and publicly traduced by Orson Hyde, who had been one of her admirers before.

This man Hyde, whose number of wives was great already, had urged the mother very strongly to force Mary Ann to marry him, even against her own consent, which extreme measure might have been resorted to had Col. Steptoe's military force not been at hand. When the regiment left the valley, she accompanied her husband.

That the strictness as to the intermarriage with Gentiles was a question of policy, and not one of principle, was shown by the course pursued by the Prophet, in relation to the Indian chief, Walker. This chief was at the head of a powerful tribe in the western part of the Territory. Some cause of quarrel had interrupted the good understanding before existing between Walker and the "Mormon Chief," as the former called Brigham Young; and the Prophet, wishing to re-establish friendly relations, and also to found a permanent influence favorable to the Saints within the tribe, attempted to induce some of the Mormon women to marry Walker, as a means of effecting that object. I heard the Prophet say, one day, to a young girl, that the Mormon woman that would volunteer to make that sacrifice for the Church should have a crown of immortal glory in the celestial kingdom.

The matter created great excitement among us at the time, and it was expected that some of the girls were to be "counselled" to accept this "mission," as none were found so reckless of peace and womanly "glory" in *this* world as to volunteer to hazard it for the *prospective* glory of the next. But either on account of some misgivings on the part of the Prophet as to the policy of forcing the acceptance of the dusky

warrior as a husband upon an unwilling maiden, or for some other reason, the matter was delayed until the chief suddenly died from some cause unknown.

It was remarked, however, at the time, that the Prophet was seldom at fault in knowing how to accomplish his aims, and the death of the chief, whether by natural or foul means, was followed by a new line of policy, *i. e.*, by the marriage of the Indian women by the Mormon men sent to preach among them, and this has now become the settled policy of the Church, pursued not only in that, but among all the Indian tribes within the reach of Mormon influence.

After Walker's death, he was succeeded in the government of the tribe by his brother, Squash Head. I knew but little of the character of this chief. He was looked upon as being not very sagacious, but at the same time, remarkably obstinate. He soon fell under the censure of the Prophet, who had taken offence at the obstacles Squash Head interposed to the influence of the Mormon missionaries sent to his tribe.

The Prophet intrigued to decoy the chief to the city, and then upon some charge, either real or trumped up for the occasion, had him arrested, and thrown into prison, where he remained for a long time.

The chief was attended in his prison by a "Danite," by whom he was regularly furnished with food. This attendant represents that one morning he took his breakfast to him, and left with it, thoughtlessly, a case knife; and that when he returned an hour after to remove the dishes, and the remains of the breakfast, he found the chief dead. He had cut his throat with a *very dull case knife*! This was a version of the story first circulated; but it was very soon after this generally understood that the poor old Indian was murdered by the Prophet's order, as his influence among his tribe was considered an obstacle to the spread of the faith among them; and for that reason, was held to be justifiable by the great body of the Church. This circumstance was freely spoken of among us at the time, and I never heard these facts questioned.

I deem this a fitting place to mention another circumstance, which occurred while I was at the valley. I refer to the massacre of Capt. Gunnison and his party, as was supposed at the time by the Indians. I have heard the circumstances of this atrocious murder discussed frequently at Great Salt Lake, by the Heads of the Church, and by the Prophet, and others. In all these cases, it was exultingly claimed by them, and unquestioned in well informed circles among us, that Capt. Gunnison and his party were murdered by the "Danites," disguised as Indians, by, and with the knowledge, and "counsel" of the Prophet.

It was, however, believed by some that the massacre was perpetrated by the Indians in fact but instigated by the Prophet—all parties agreeing in this, that it was done for the good of the Church, which justified the act. My belief is that the first theory is the true one. I could state many facts going to prove this. The generally received opinion in the Church upon that subject should have some weight; and I never heard any other opinion expressed until I came to the States, about one year since. I was one day at my brother's house, where a small company were assembled, when this subject came up; and Edmond Ellsworth said, among many other things, "I think Uncle Sam will get sick of sending officers here, when we serve a few more as we served Gunnison."

Ellsworth is a son-in-law of the Prophet, having married for his first and only wife, Elizabeth, the oldest daughter of Brigham Young.

Thus his statement should be entitled to the more weight, as he was known to be familiar with the Prophet. There was, in fact, no effort made at concealment, and it was freely talked of among ourselves, although it was scrupulously kept from the knowledge of the Gentiles, and from those Mormons whose discretion or orthodoxy was doubtful.

"CALLED ASIDE."

Called aside;—

from the glad working of thy busy life,
from the world's ceaseless stir of care and
strife,
to the shade and stillness, by thy Heavenly
Guide,
for a brief space thou hast been called aside.

Lonely hours
thou hast spent, weary on a couch of pain,
watching the golden sunshine and the falling
rain;
hours, whose sad length only to Him was
known,
who trod a sadder pathway, dark and lone.

Called aside;—

not the little cup of suffering be
giving one of blessing given to thee?
The cross of chastening sent thee from above,
Him who bore the cross whose name is
Love.

Called aside;—

thou no memories of that 'little while,'
sweet remembrance of the Father's smile,
hidden thoughts that wrapped thee in their
hold
Him who did such light and grace unfold?

Called aside;—

haps into a desert garden dim
yet not lone when thou hast been with
Him,
heard His voice in sweetest accents say,
Wilt thou not with me this still hour
stay?

Called aside;—

knowledge deeper grows with Him alone,
secret oft His deeper love is shown,
learned in many an hour of deep distress
a rare, sweet lesson of His tenderness.

Called aside;—

dden paths with Christ thy Lord to tread,
er to drink at the sweet fountain head,
in fellowship with Him to roam,
er, perchance, to feel thy heavenly home.

Called aside;—

hank Thee for the stillness and the shade,
hank Thee for the hidden paths Thy love
hath made,
so that we hath wept and watched with
Thee
hank Thee for our dark Gethsemane.

Called aside;—

restful thought--He doeth all things
well--
lessed sense, with Christ alone to dwell;
the shadow of Thy cross to hide,
hank Thee, Lord, to have been called
aside."

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With its measure of joy and sorrow.

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With such sad and grave persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills
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Strength for to-day—what a precious boon
For the earnest souls who labor!
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor!

Strength for to-day—that the weary heart
In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears
In their search for truth may fail not.

Strength for to-day, on the down-hill track,
For the travellers near the valley;
That up, far up on the other side
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of the sun,
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home,
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

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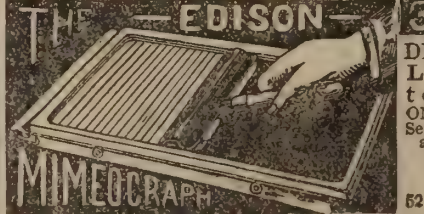
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Vol. XII., No. 42. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1889.

Price, 4 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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M. GUSTAVE EIFFEL AND PRESIDENT CARNOT—The Eiffel Tower and Paris Exposition Buildings.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Former French Expositions—Dimensions of the Eiffel Tower—The View from It—The Awards Declared—American Prize Winners.

THE interest naturally taken by the American people in any effort to stimulate trade and industry in another country is intensified in the case of the French Exposition by the project of holding a world's fair here in 1892. Though we are not in the habit of copying others, we fairly take an interest in their work, and in studying it get the benefit of an experience the cost of which is borne by our predecessors. The general desire, therefore, to have full knowledge of the Paris achievement will give interest to another picture of the Exposition, which appears on the preceding page, with portraits of M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, and M. Gustave Eiffel, the constructor of the wonderful tower which bears his name.

"The Best Exposition Yet!"

is the verdict of all our fellow-countrymen who have visited the French capital this season, and foreign critics agree with them. Paris is the only city in the world which has persevered in the holding of these great international shows at intervals of about eleven years, as was suggested when the first of them was held in London in 1851. That they have met a public want, and have proved of interest and value to both exhibitors and visitors, may be inferred from their gradually increasing size. The *first* French Exhibition, that of 1855, inaugurated by the late Emperor Napoleon III., was contained in the still existing Palais de l'Industrie, a building made of glass and iron, with a stone façade, situated in the Champs Elysées, and which is now used for holding the "Salon," or annual exhibition of pictures. The *second* Exhibition of Paris was held in 1867, and was contained within the limits of the Champ de Mars. The *third*, that of 1878, occupied, in addition to the Champ de Mars, the gardens and buildings of the Trocadero; while the *present* Exhibition not only takes up the whole of the above-mentioned space, but extends for some distance along the Quai d'Orsay, by the side of the River Seine, and into the Esplanade des Invalides; and, as an ambitious French writer has put it, not content with the available space here below, has sought to penetrate to the skies by means of

The Gigantic Eiffel Tower,

which latter is the most striking feature of the entire Exhibition. This tower, designed by M. Eiffel, stands opposite a bridge called the Pont de Jéna. It is composed of iron, and unless the Tower of Babel surpassed it before work upon it was suspended, is by far the loftiest which has ever been constructed by man. Its height is 984 feet. The Washington Monument, 574 feet high, comes next; next comes Cologne Cathedral, 521 feet; Rouen Cathedral, 492 feet; the Great Pyramid, 479 feet; Strasburg Cathedral, 466 feet; St. Peter's, Rome, 433 feet; while St. Paul's, London, is only about 400 feet high. The lower part of the Eiffel Tower resembles in shape a four-legged stool or table—so that there is a great vacant space as a promenade underneath the first platform, which corresponds to the surface of a table, and which is 197 feet above the ground.

The gigantic edifice rests on four foundations of concrete placed accurately, so as to point to the four cardinal points of the compass. From each foundation rises one of the four legs which support the tower, and these are bound together by the first platform. The ironwork at the four corners of each leg forms the structural base of the tower; and as there are four feet to each leg, the whole may be said to rest on sixteen feet. From the first platform the tower rises to a second platform, and then tapers to a narrow top. The total weight of the ironwork of the tower is about 7,300 tons, but so admirably is the weight distributed that the greatest pressure which can be brought to bear on the foundations does not exceed 425 pounds to the square inch.

This *first* platform of the tower is at a level

of 197 feet above the ground, and is rather over 5,000 square yards in area. It can readily

Accommodate 5,000 Visitors

at one and the same time. From it an admirable bird's-eye view can be obtained of the Exhibition buildings and of the entire city of Paris. The platform is surrounded with large open galleries, and the centre space is occupied by four large restaurants. The *second* platform is at a level of 492 feet above the ground. Both platforms are reached by means of a spiral staircase, or by a hydraulic elevator travelling at the speed of about 400 feet a minute. This second platform covers an area of about 1,700 square yards. A large portion of it is occupied by the printing-press and publishing office of the daily journal of the Exhibition, which is brought out by the proprietors of the famous Paris *Figaro*. There is also a luncheon-bar on this platform. The *third* and last platform is situated at a height of about 412 feet above the second. It is completely enclosed, so that there may be no danger of visitors getting giddy from the great altitude. It resembles a large room, having an area of about 180 square yards, and a height of 8¼ feet. The view from this part of the tower is very extensive and imposing.

Paris Lies at One's Feet

an immense congregation of houses in the midst of a beautiful landscape, traversed by the river Seine. The view extends right over the hills which surround the town for an immense range in every direction. On a clear day the sea is visible in two directions. The furthest point from which the tower itself is visible to the naked eye is in the Forest of Fontainebleau, *forty miles away*. The view of Paris *by night*, with its countless myriads of lights, is a remarkable spectacle. The quality of the air also at this height is most exhilarating. The visitor is far above the cloud and dust and heat of the city, and can enjoy the purity of mountain air. The campanile which surmounts the tower is used for meteorological observations.

The Main Body of the Exhibition

buildings is the form of a square, of which it occupies three sides, and the Eiffel tower the fourth side. In the open space in the centre of the square is a garden beautifully laid out and ornamented with fountains and triumphs of the sculptor's art. No mere verbal description can give an adequate idea of the magnitude of the undertaking. The ribbed cast glass for the roofs of the buildings, for instance, is over a quarter of an inch in thickness, covers an area of 86,000 square yards, or *nearly eighteen acres*, and weighs about 930 tons. It took 141 railway-wagons to transport it to the Exhibition site, and an average of eighty glaziers were employed for 240 days in putting it in place. There are *five* main buildings, the greatest of all being the splendid Palais des Machines, or Machinery Hall, which is the largest building under one roof in the world. It is to be a permanent structure.

The Proclamation of Awards

to exhibitors was made, with the disregard of the Sabbath usual in France, on Sunday, September 29, in the Industrial Palace. The hall presented a magnificent appearance for the occasion. About three thousand people were seated in the immense nave and in the galleries when President Carnot took his seat in the official tribune to the sound of the "Marseillaise," played by a band of five hundred musicians. On the right and left of M. Carnot sat M. Le Royer, President of the Senate, and M. Méline, President of the Chamber of Deputies. Behind were the officers of the President's military household, the Senators and other dignitaries. MM. Alphand and Georges Berger, gorgeous in their decorations, received the President, the Ministers and the Ambassadors, who occupied tribunes to the right and left of the Presidential tribune. Conspicuous among the gold-bedizened uniforms was the plain black suit of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Minister.

A procession of all the commissioners then defiled before the President. They were arranged in alphabetical order according to the

countries they represented, beginning with Argentine Republic and ending with Uruguay. It was noticed that the commissions most heartily cheered by the distinguished assemblage were those bearing respectively the flags of the United States and Russia. The President made an eloquent address, thanking the exhibitors and visitors for the hearty manner in which they had co-operated in making the Exhibition worthy in every way of France. M. Tirard, Minister of Commerce, next made a speech, and in the course of which he said 903 grand prizes had been distributed, besides 5,153 gold medals, 9,660 silver medals, 9,323 bronze medals, and 8,070 honorable mentions. M. Berger then announced the names of the exhibitors who had received awards; amongst whom were several American jewelers, photographers, printers, engravers, and manufacturers. The assembly on dispersing gave loud shouts of "Long live Carnot!" "Long live the Republic!"

M. GUSTAVE EIFFEL,

whose portrait is given on the first page, was born at Dijon, in Burgundy, in 1832, and is therefore fifty-seven years old. He was educated at the Central School of Arts et Manufactures, where he graduated with distinction at the age of twenty-three. Soon after this he was engaged in the construction of an immense iron bridge at Bordeaux, and showed then and there evidence of that indefatigable energy, boldness, and enterprise which have never forsaken him, and which are the marked characteristics of the man. His capacity for works of an extensive character won him golden opinions throughout Europe, and he has been engaged on many of the principal engineering enterprises of the day. He was prominently connected with the Paris Exhibitions of 1867 and 1878. M. Eiffel's name and skill are also associated with Bartholdi's famous "Statue of Liberty," which stands as a lighthouse in New York Harbor.

M. CARNOT.

HAVING already published a biography of the President of the French Republic in this journal on May 29 of this year, it is unnecessary to do more in this place than give a brief summary of the leading events in his career. He is the grandson of the famous Hippolyte Carnot, who during the great revolution in France, which this exposition was organized to commemorate, was the colleague of Robespierre, but eventually separated from the bloodthirsty monster and led the attack which effected his downfall. He had the honor of being proscribed by the royal family on their return to power. The father of the President, M. Lazare Hippolyte Carnot, was a prominent figure in the revolution of 1848 and was proscribed by Napoleon III.

President Carnot was born in 1837, and is therefore fifty-two years old. He was educated for a civil engineer, and after graduating took charge of several important public works. He was elected to the Legislature in 1872 and re-elected in 1876. He became Minister of Public Works in 1880, and in 1885 Secretary of the Treasury. In that office he distinguished himself by a refusal to become a party to a project which would have made him a favorite with the President but would have been an injustice to the Republic, and he finally quitted office rather than yield. He was elected to the Presidency of the Republic on December 3, 1887.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for October:

The Seven Seals. By William Kelly.
St. James's Prophecy in Acts 15:16, 17.
The Future Imperial Church and its Divine Head.
Jerusalem to be Trodden Down by Antichrist.
The 144,000. By the Late Rev. R. A. Purdon.
Seven Proofs that Antichrist is Future. By the Late Rev. W. Burgh.
Only Twelve Years to live.
The Right Position for the Believer at the Present Time.
The French Elections.

DIABOLICAL THROES OF THE LAST DAYS.

By D. L. Shirres, J. P.*

THE final period of Satan's long struggle against God on this earth begins with his ejection and overthrow after a fierce conflict (Rev. 12: 7-10) in the heavenly regions—such a conflict as can be waged by spirits great in power and in might; principalities and powers in heavenly places, conflicting with principalities and powers, still great, though fallen, being the rulers of the darkness of this world; but God, in whose hands are the issues of all conflicts, gives the victory to His own angels, and the overthrow is complete. The great dragon, that old serpent called the devil and Satan, who was a murderer from the beginning, he and all his followers (drawn into their rebellion probably by him) are precipitated to the earth, and *confined within the limits of our atmosphere*, so that all beyond is impenetrable, being finally shut out from heaven. It is but the first step in

Their Terrible Descent.

In a very brief period there will be another descent, when the bottomless pit will open her mouth wide to receive their whole host, and in this horrible prison shall they, by Divine mandate, be shut up many days. The hatred of Satan and his angels to men will, by their precipitation to our earth, be greatly intensified, "for the devil has come down unto you, having great wrath because he knoweth that he hath but a short time," therefore, "woe to the inhabitants of the earth, and of the sea." (Rev. 12: 12.) Every possible effort will now be made to involve, without exception, the whole existing generation in their own irretrievable ruin.

"And the dragon shall be wroth with the woman, and shall go to make war with the remnant of her seed, who keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." Every man, therefore, who in those days will hold fast his integrity will have to pass through a fiery ordeal, for whosoever will not worship

The Golden Image

which Antichrist sets up shall be slain. Up until this period the flood-gates of wickedness have been restrained; God having mercifully kept back the tide of evil from overrunning the whole earth, but now this restraining power shall be withdrawn, and transgressors shall come to the full, and consequently the time for judgment be ripe. Crime will no longer cover itself with a veil to hide its deformity, but men shall glory in their shame, and boast themselves in their wickedness.

The great arch-enemy of God and man, knowing that he hath but a short time after his ejection to the earth, will seek to make the most of that short time by accomplishing the greatest possible amount of evil within these short limits. It is against the Most High that all his shafts are directed. Against Himself personally he has no power, but if he can indirectly wound Him, by turning the earth into a pandemonium, that will be some gratification to his malignant mind, and with this view he arranges and matures a great plan of getting up an opposition-god, one who should acknowledge his power to proceed from the dragon; thereby recognizing him as his superior. This

Antigod, or Antichrist,

this great impersonation of evil, is spoken of by various names in Scripture; he is called by Isaiah the "Assyrian," "the fierce king," and "cruel Lord." In the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah he is particularly described as the "oppressor," "the king of Babylon," by which name he is also designated in the prophet Jeremiah, and in others of the prophets; and in Revelation 17 as "the scarlet-colored beast full of blasphemy." As "the beast that ascendeth up out of the bottomless pit," and "riseth up out of the sea," he is styled the "wicked one," and by St. Paul, the "man of sin;" and is al-

luded to by nearly all the prophets in connection with and as preliminary to the commencement of the eternal reign of Messiah.

When the ten toes of the great image are clearly developed, which are the ten distinct kingdoms into which the Roman monarchy has yet to be divided, then, after them, is another king to arise: this is Antichrist. "He shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think

To Change Times and Laws,

and they shall be given into his hand until a time, and times, and the dividing of a time" (or the forty and two months of Revelation). He is "The Little Horn" mentioned in the eighth chapter of Daniel, which "waxeth exceeding great toward the south and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land," and is interpreted by the angel to be "a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, who is to stand up in the latter time of the kingdom, when transgressors have come to the full." He is the "desolator" mentioned at the end of the ninth chapter of Daniel, and also the "vile person" described at great length in the eleventh chapter, commencing at the 21st verse, onward to the end of the chapter. He is there shown as exalting himself above all that is called God, yet does honor to the God of forces—by which name he recognizes the dragon—to whom he is indebted for his power, and his seat, and great authority. To this God of forces he dedicates a golden image, of which the image that Nebuchadnezzar set up was the type. The dragon will speak through the mouth of the image, as of old through the pagan oracle, requiring of all nations and peoples and kindreds and tongues universal homage. This great development and manifestation of the Man of Sin is the immediate result consequent upon the overthrow of the devil and his angels, and is in accordance with his scheming device, that he might thereby win a victory over the Most High on earth, if he could not claim one in heaven; but in this he is also baffled by a wisdom and power infinitely superior to his own, and who at the same time subserves His own all-wise purposes, and makes the wrath of men and devils to contribute to His praise.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Convict and the Christian.—A Minister remarks: "I think one of the finest pages in literature is to be found in the writing of an old French writer, who tells of an aged man, a Christian, who always kept his door open that anyone who liked might enter. There came that way an old convict. Every one repulsed him, and would have nothing to do with him, but this servant of Christ took him in, and treated him so kindly that the ex-convict was sure he did not know who and what his guest was. He resolved to tell his host his name and history, but hung back for some time, lest he should be spurned by the kindly old man whom already he had learned to love, but at length he began. 'I do not want to know your name and what you are,' his benefactor exclaimed, ere he had fairly commenced; 'It does not matter whether you have a name or not; if you have a sorrow, if you have a burden, go to Him, for He says to you, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Come to Jesus, who will bear all your sorrows, who will pour oil upon the sea of your troubles and put balm on your wounded conscience.'

The Fisherman's Last Chance.—The Rev. Mr. Ross relates: "A brother minister told me that one day shortly before he met me, he was talking with a man who was absolutely unconcerned about his soul, and urged him to come to Christ at once and accept His blood-bought forgiveness and salvation. They sat until after midnight, the minister pleading with the man that he would submit himself to Christ, for he saw that he had come to that state when it was either victory or eternal loss: for sin had made

great and unmistakable ravages upon him. But the man would not yield, and as the minister rose to go, he said, 'I will go to the fishing with you to-morrow night (for the man was a fisherman), and I hope you will settle the matter then.' But the following day the minister was obliged to visit an invalid just at the time that the fishing fleet set sail. The fleet had got their nets set, and the men were all asleep in their boats, all but one, who was called a fool because he was not able to sleep in his boat, when swiftly a large steamer bore down upon them. The fishing boats had no lights, and the sleeping men did not know of the steamer's approach; even the 'fool' was not aware of the proximity of the danger until it was close upon them, and had only time then to cut himself loose and get out of the track; all the others found a watery grave, and among them the man who had refused Christ only the night before. Beware how you reject Christ. One day you will hear the offer of mercy for the last time, and if you reject then, and are lost, then your blood will be upon your own head."

A Successful Candidate "Standing Treat."—Mr. Climie says: "A minister in a country district was standing as a candidate for the School Board. He was straining every nerve to secure his election, and being an unconverted man, was not very particular about the means he employed. The election took place, and he was returned. As he was passing the door of a saloon he met two young men, who said, 'Sir, we were so glad to hear that you had gained a seat on the Board.' 'Thank you,' he replied; 'will you just come in this way and have something?' and he led them into the ale-house, followed by two members of his church. The young men were not slow to obey, and had liquor at the expense of their minister, who, in the exercise of a mistaken hospitality, instead of directing them to heaven, was leading them down the broad road that leads to destruction. The whole party presently left the house all the worse for the strong drink they had taken. Many men have the idea that there is no way of celebrating a joyful event properly without liquor drinking. He who sanctions and confirms that idea by treating incurs an awful responsibility whether he be minister or layman."

A Certificated But Christless Lady.—Mr. Ralston remarks: "Not long ago, a lady, having removed her residence from one part of the city to another, was unable to attend the church of which until that time she had been a member. She called upon her minister and, explaining her reason, asked for her own and her husband's transfer, that they might join some other church which would be more convenient. After some delay they determined to join the church nearest to their home. When the minister had received and read the certificates of membership he said to the lady: 'This is all right, but it is not enough. Are you a Christian?' 'What do you mean?' demanded the lady, somewhat astonished; 'you have the certificate that I was a member of a church. Is not that enough? I have never been asked that question before, and I shall not submit to it now.' 'But,' continued the minister, 'I do not require to accept these transfers, and I certainly shall not admit you unless you confess yourself a Christian.' At this the lady's anger increased, and she departed, vowing she would never again enter his church. She told the story to her husband, and sought sympathy under the insult she had received, but he had been truly converted, though he had been diffident in owning it at home, and, knowing the good minister was right, he seized the opportunity of avowing his conversion, and showing her that unless she were really a Christian she had no right to sit at the Lord's table. She listened to her husband's words, and saw that hitherto she had been travelling the road of self-righteousness, which would never have led her to Christ. But that night she started on the right path, and when next she visited the minister she did not object to declare boldly that she was a Christian."

* From his article entitled "Jerusalem to be Trodden Down by Antichrist" in the *Prophetic News*. Price six cents. For sale at this office, 71 and 79 Bible House, New York.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BURNED.

WHEN the crowds of worshippers arrived at the Tabernacle last Sunday morning they found their beautiful church a heap of smoking ruins. A fire had broken out at about 2:30 A. M., and had burned the entire building, except the wall fronting on Schermerhorn street, which still stands, but looks as if a strong wind would overturn it. This is the second time Dr. Talmage's Church has been driven by fire from its home. On Sunday, December 22, 1872, the Tabernacle, which had been built in 1870, and had just been enlarged and beautified, was burned to the ground. The erection of the building just destroyed was at once commenced, and it was dedicated January 22, 1874. It cost \$118,434, beside the organ, which cost \$20,000. It was a massive structure of brick and stone capable of holding six thousand persons. Happily most of the loss is covered by insurance policies amounting to \$129,450.

THE SAVING LOOK.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, which He Intended to Preach last Sunday, October 13, 1889.

"Looking unto Jesus." Heb. 12:2.

The Christian to be Always on Duty—The Conflict Compared to the Olympian Games—The One Object of Sight—A Great Chemist's Simple Apparatus—Looking to Christ—I. As a Personal Saviour—The Brazilian Murderer Plant—What is Meant by Believing—II. As an Example—How Turner Painted—Imperfect Examples not to be Copied—Only One Perfect Example—An Example of All Noble Qualities—Alexander's Army Stimulated—III. As a Sympathizer—The Midnight of Sorrow—A Balm for Every Wound—A Wounded Army Chaplain—IV. As Our Final Rescue—The Contrast—Infantile Questions.

In the Christian life we must not go slipshod. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldier's uniform, who have a right to be away. They obtained a furlough, and they are honestly and righteously off duty; but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there never will be a single instant in which we will have a right to be off duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the excitements of the old Grecian games—that sent

A Man On a Race,

with such a stretch of nerve and muscle that sometimes when he came up to the goal he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it, but "run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus;" and just as in the olden times, a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by His Holy Spirit we may

So Run as to Obtain.

The distinguished Welliston, the chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive apparatus; but Welliston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort, and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all my theology is compassed in these three words; "Looking unto Jesus," and when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity and the immensity of that passage we understand all.

I remark, first, we must look to Christ

As Our Personal Saviour.

Now you know that man is only a blasted ruin of what he once was. Our body is wrong. How

it is ransacked of disease! Our mind is wrong. How hard it is to remember, and how easy to forget! The whole nature disordered, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—wounds, bruises, putrefying sores. There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the root of the tree, and coming up to the branches, reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end of the branch the tree is dead. Its seeds fall to the ground and start other plants just as murderous. And so it is with sin. It is

A Poisonous Plant

that was planted in our soul a long while ago, and it comes winding about the body and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning—killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now, there would be no need of my discoursing upon this if there were no way of plucking out that plant. It is a most unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. But I have a right to come to a man in financial distress or physical distress if I have financial reinforcement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverberates a song of salvation! Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance, sounding, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon,

The Conqueror

knocks, and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. The famine-struck pick up the manna that falls in the wilderness, and the floods clap their hands, saying, "Drink, oh thirsty soul, and live forever," and the feet that were torn and deep-cut on the rocky bridle-path of sin now come into a smooth place, and the dry alders crackle as the panting hart breaks through to the water brooks, and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, yea to purple, yea to flame, from horizon to horizon. The batteries of temptation silenced. Troubles that fought against us captured and made to fight on our side. Not as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto Jesus." "But what do you mean by 'Looking unto Jesus'?" some one inquires. I mean faith. "What do you mean by faith?" I mean believing.

"What do You Mean by Believing?"

I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me, and I have confidence in your veracity—if you say you will give me such a thing and I need it very much, I come in confidence that you are an honest man, and will do what you say. Now the Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in need of pardon and life and heaven, you can have them if you come and get them." You say: "I can't come and ask first. I am afraid you won't give it to me." Then you are unbelieving. But you say: "I will come and ask. I know, Lord Jesus, thou art in earnest about this matter. I come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, thou wilt give it to me, thou hast given it to me." That is faith. Do you see it yet? "Oh," says some one, "I can't understand it." No man ever did, without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say: "That throws the responsibility off my shoulders." No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer.

All over glorious is my Lord,
He must be loved, and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him, too

I remark again that we must look to Jesus as an example. Now a mere copyist, you know, is always a failure. If a painter go to a portfolio or a gallery of art, however exquisite, to get his idea of the natural world from these pictures, he will not succeed as well as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds, or poured it upon the mountain, or kindled it

upon the sea. People wondered why Turner, the famous English painter, succeeded so well in sketching a storm upon the ocean. It remained a wonder until it was found out that several times he had been lashed to the deck

In the Midst of a Tempest

and then looked out upon the wrath of the sea, and coming home to his studio, he pictured the tempest. It is not the copyist who succeeds, but the man who confronts the natural world. So if a man in literary composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison, or the rugged vigor of Carlyle, or the weirdness of Spenser, or the epigrammatic style of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he will not succeed as well as that man who cultures his own natural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to character. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame, and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius.

You cannot successfully copy a man, whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowper, the poet, a glorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insanity. The copyists got Cowper's faults, but none of his virtues. There never was

But One Being Fit to Copy.

A few centuries ago He came out through humble surroundings, and with a gait and manner and behavior different from anything the world had seen. Among all classes of people He was a perfect model. Among fishermen, He showed how fishermen should act. Among tax-gatherers, He showed how tax-gatherers should act. Among lawyers, He showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers, He showed how farmers should act. Among rulers, He showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find in His conversation or sermons something unwise or unkind or inaccurate; but they never found it. They watched Him, oh how they watched Him! He never went into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long He stayed, and when He came out, and whether He had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips, and wagged her poisoned tongue, and set her traps, but could not catch Him. Little children rushed out to get from Him a kiss, and old men tottered out to the street corner to see Him pass.

Do you want an illustration of devotion, behold Him whole nights in prayer! Do you want an example of suffering, see His path across Palestine tracked with blood! Do you want an example of patience, see Him abused and never giving one sharp retort! Do you want an example of industry, see Him without one idle moment! Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at His life of self-denial, His death of ignominy, His sepulchre of humiliation.

Oh, What an Example!

His feet wounded, yet He submitted to the journey! His back lacerated, and yet He carried the cross! Struck, He never struck back again! Condemned, yet He rose higher than His calumniators, and with wounds in His hands, and wounds in His feet, and wounds on His brow, and wounds in His side, He ejaculated, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Ah, my brethren, that is the pole by which to set your compass, that the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the roughness in our disposition! and the world would be impressed by the transformation, and would say, "I know what is the matter with that man; he has been with Jesus and has learned of Him."

Alexander was going along with his army in Persia, and the snow and the ice were so great

that the army halted and said, "We can't march any further." Then Alexander dismounted from his horse, took a pickaxe, went ahead of his army, and struck into the ice and snow. The soldiers said, "If he can do that, we can do it," and they took their picks and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from His glory, and through all icy obstacles hews a path for Himself and a path for us, saying: "Follow Me! I do not ask you to go through any suffering, or fight any battles where I do not lead the way! Follow Me!"

Again I remark, that we are to look to Christ As a Sympathizer.

Is there anybody in the house to-day who does not want sympathy? I do not know how anybody can live without sympathy. There are those, however, who have gone through very rough paths in life who had no divine arm to lean on. How they got along I do not exactly know. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed, and they buttoned up a penniless pocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the fragments of an estate they were twenty-five years in getting with hard work. How did they stand it without Christ? Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the household. One fountain less of joy and laughter. Two hands less busy all day long in sport. Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with love and gladness. Through all that house shadow after shadow, shadow after shadow, until it was midnight. How did they get through it? I do not know. They trudged the great Sahara with no water in the goat skins. They plunged to their chin in the slough of despond and had no one to lift them. In an unseaworthy craft they put out into a black Euroclydon.

My brother, my sister, there is a balm that Cures the Worst Wound.

There is a light that will kindle up the worst darkness. There is a harbor from the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Saviour's sympathy. You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out, body and mind and soul. I come on no fool's errand to-day. I come with a balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary. Are you persecuted? Jesus was persecuted. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bethel, Jesus comes bounding to your soul to-day. There is one passage of Scripture every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then there is another passage just as good: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where

The Heavenly Shepherd

leads the wounded and sick of the flock. The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus, and will gloriously break it open at the right time. Gennesaret cannot toss its waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. The cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one tree left, full of golden and ripe supply. The requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there cometh after a while a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle march, a jubilee, a coronation. Oh, do you not feel the breath of Christ's sympathy now, you wounded ones, you troubled ones?

If you do not, I would like to tell you of the chaplain in the army who was wounded so he could not walk, but he heard at a distance among the dying a man, who said, "O my God!" He said to himself, "I must help that man though I can't walk." So he rolled over and rolled through his own blood and rolled on over many of the slain, until he came where this poor fellow was suffering, and he preached to him the comfort of the gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to soothe that man's wound. It was sympathy going out towards an object most necessitous, and one that he could easily under-

stand. And so it is with Christ: though wounded all over Himself, He hears the cry of our repentance, the cry of our bereavement, the cry of our poverty, the cry of our wretchedness, and He says, "I must go and help that soul," and He rolls over with wounds in head, wounds in hands, wounds in feet, toward us, until He comes just where we are weltering in our own blood, and He puts His arm over us—and I see it is a wounded arm, and it is a wounded hand—and as He throws His arm over us I hear Him say, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Again, we must look to Christ

As Our Final Rescue.

We cannot with these eyes, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, than we have that across the Atlantic Ocean there is another continent. But the heavenly land and this land stand in mighty contrast. This is barrenness, and that verdure. These shallow streams of earth which a thirsty ox might drink dry, or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the bright, crystalline river from under the throne, on the banks of which river the armies of heaven may rest, and into whose clear flood the trees of life dip their branches.

These instruments of earthly music, so easily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat, or shivering in winter's cold, and the poor man carries his burden, and the vagrant asks for alms, and along which shuffle the feet of

Pain and Want and Woe,

compared with those streets that sound forever with the feet of joy and holiness, and those walls made out of all manner of precious stones, the light intershot with reflections from jasper and chrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald and chrysoprasus.

Oh, the contrast between this world, where we struggle with temptation that will not be conquered, and that world, where it is perfect joy, perfect holiness, and perfect rest! Said a little blind child: "Mamma, will I be blind in heaven?" "Oh no, my dear," replied the mother, "you won't be blind in heaven." A little lame child said: "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No," she replied, "you won't be lame in heaven." Why, when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives

At the Heavenly Gate

it opens to him, and as the angels come down to escort him in, and they spread the banquet, and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says, "Wear this," and with a palm and says, "Wave this," and points to a throne and says, "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come around to hear the newcomer's recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly arrived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the praise of the King, crying, "Praise Him! Praise Him!"

Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that consummation when he said: "Just as the gates were opened to let in the man, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev.

M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 71 Bible House, New York.

A RESCUE FROM THE SEA.

(See illustration on page 668.)

ONE of the most thrilling stories of peril and escape of recent date is contained in the report of an inquest held at Douglass, in the Isle of Man, on September 21. One of the witnesses, a man of about fifty years of age, named O'Neill, related the story. He said that he was a seaman on board the *Florence*, a steamer of 207 tons, which sailed from Liverpool for Belfast on September 17. She was heavily laden with coal, and just as she was about to leave her dock another large wagon-load of coal was brought for shipment. It was taken on board, though the steamer was laden beyond the safety-line.

The steamer proceeded on her voyage, but had barely reached the open sea before a heavy squall struck her. She labored helplessly in the trough of the sea, and though the hatches were closed, the waves which dashed over her decks made their way below into the engine-room and the hold. By midnight it was found that there were several feet of water in the hold, and the engines were barely able to keep her on her course. They were at that time only about ten miles from the Isle of Man, the lighthouse on the rocks being distinctly visible. The captain went below to examine the condition of affairs, and soon returned announcing that there was no reason for alarm. The words were scarcely spoken when something like a shudder passed through the ship, and she sank like a stone.

There were twelve men on board, one of them a passenger. O'Neill said that he jumped overboard, and struck out to get clear of the suction as the *Florence* went down. He kept himself afloat for about a quarter of an hour, when he struck an overturned boat, which was part of the wreckage of the *Florence*. He climbed upon it, and was soon joined by a shipmate, Michael Grace, a younger man than himself, who had been in his berth when the vessel sank, but had managed to get on deck, and save himself by swimming. He was not dressed.

They maintained their position on the keel of the boat until dawn of Wednesday the 18th, when a heavy sea washed them off. It was, however, a merciful stroke for them, for it righted the boat, and they succeeded in climbing in, and found that her oars had not been lost. All this time Grace had been exposed to the full fury of wind, rain, and sea, with no better protection than his underclothing, and the older man, though more warmly clad, was of course wet through and through. The long hours of Wednesday brought no relief. They pulled wearily about all day, but no one saw or heard them; and hungering, thirsting, and nearly dead with exhaustion, they had to face the prospect of another night. The boat had two or three holes in her; she was fast breaking to pieces, and only a water-tight compartment, which might give way at any moment, kept her afloat. By nightfall on Wednesday Grace gave up pulling, and quietly lay down in the water in the bottom of the boat. He had roused himself once or twice to ask if there was any hope of rescue; at last he said, sadly, "If I die send my wife word;" and O'Neill never heard his voice again.

Thursday found them in the same situation, O'Neill with his oilskins vainly trying to signal ship after ship, Grace incapable of word or deed. So passed the whole of Thursday, and Thursday night, and Friday morning. At length, on Friday afternoon, the look-out man on the *King Orry*, an Isle of Man steamer, made out something dancing on the waves, bore down upon it, and the two men were hauled on board, one terribly bruised and all but speechless, the other quite dead. The rescue came not a moment too soon, for scarcely had the dead and living man been hauled on board, than the boat broke up and sank.

O'Neill said that during those long days and nights he saw over forty vessels, but his signals for help were either unseen or unheeded. The chief part of his suffering arose from thirst. He believed he would have died, or gone crazy, but for the moisture from his rain-soaked garments.

SIN, FORGIVENESS, AND PEACE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for October 27, Psalm 32; Golden Text, Romans 5: 1.

Sin the Source of all Misery—Sin in a Child of God More Heinous than in Others—Is False Witness to God—Evil Influence of David's Fall Still Operating—David's Sin Recognized by Himself—His Plea—Discovered the Treachery of His Own Heart—Need of Divine Cleansing—Rejoices in Redemption—A Thorough Break with Sin—No Blessing Till Sin is Put Away—The Song of Deliverance—Secret of David's Fall.

SIN: we shall never know the full extent of its hatefulness, of its malignity, until we know in its fullness all the holiness of God. "Fools make a mock at sin" (Prov. 14: 9), and they are fools indeed who cannot trace to sin all the misery there is upon the earth. Take sin away, and where would be the sorrow, the shame, the tears, the sickness, the death? Where would be poverty? How could war exist? Where would be prisons, lunatic asylums, hospitals, etc., if there were no sin? Who would know disappointment, heart-burning, vexation, sorrow, if there were no sin? All evil springs from one evil—sin.

Sin in a Child of God

is worse than any other sin. If a worldly man, for instance, gets out of temper, one cannot wonder; he sees his powerlessness against circumstances, and frets against them; he cannot have his own way, and thinks himself wronged, and, unless he is something of a philosopher, he yields to the present mood, and gives vent to his anger. But when a child of God loses his temper, everyone feels that something is out of joint, he has no right to complain of circumstances which are overruled by his Father; if he is truly converted he has given up his "own way" for God's way, and instead of thinking himself wronged, he sees his calling to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully," and, therefore, instead of losing his temper, he rejoices in tribulation, and glories in it. And if he does *not* do thus, worldly men have a right to doubt his conversion, and to say, "These converted people are no better than we are." Better to bear no witness for God than to bear false witness: and everything in our hearts and lives which is not like Christ is bearing false witness of God.

God has not hidden from us the sins of David's life. Some who reckon themselves children of God take a terrible undue advantage of this, and say, "If David, the man after God's own heart, was so bad—an adulterer, and a murderer—what can you expect of me?" And these forget the awful consequences of his sin—the death of his infant child, the incest, murder, rebellion, and open profligacy of his family: how awfully the sin of the father was visited upon his children. There are others who learn from the history of David to know the evil of their own hearts, and to value intensely and gratefully the wondrous provision of God's keeping power in Christ, which is made known to us in the New Testament.

It is not clear, from the title, at what period of David's life this thirty-second Psalm was written. In any case it is personal and experimental. David had sinned, and he wanted all the world to know that "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." He had tried to cover his own sin, but his attempt had been a terrible failure. Nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. (1 John 1: 7.) "Without shedding of blood is no remission." (Heb. 9: 22.) "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." (Lev. 17: 11.) But in some way the Spirit of God had shown him the way of salvation, and he says, "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." David understood how "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. 53: 6.) In some way he saw beforehand how "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." (11 Cor. 5: 19.)

David had no superficial veils of sin. He says in his prayer for mercy, as soon as he sees his awful sin in the light of God, "Have mercy upon

me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness; according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." (Psa. 51: 1.) As far as he himself is concerned, he has nothing to plead, he cannot open his lips, but he looks at God, away from the wreck which sin has made of him. "Thy lovingkindness," "Thy tender mercies," these were his only ground of hope; it lay in what *God* was, not what *he* was. And he pleaded, "Blot out my transgressions, wash me thoroughly, cleanse me from my sin." He uses no shadow of excuse, he makes no promises: but, on his own part, simply owns his sin, "For I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me." But that is not his great burden, he had found out the treachery of his own heart—that for nine long months he should have had this awful sin upon his soul, and he not been alive to its enormity. Till God sent Nathan, all he had thought of was to save his reputation, but now how different! "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." His sin against Bathsheba, against Uriah, against his people, was heinous indeed, but all sunk into insignificance in view of

The Wrong He Had Done His God.

Never in his life did he see himself as now. If he had ever had a good opinion of himself, it was gone now, and he saw himself shapen in iniquity, conceived in sin. He saw that God required "truth in the inward parts," that there could be no really holy life unless the whole being was cleansed; and he cried, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." David had already found out that the blood of bulls and goats cannot take away sin, that even in doing that which was commanded, he still had conscience of sins." (Heb. 10: 2-4.) He needed a divine cleansing, and cried, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." It is only as Christ is in us "the hope of glory," that we are created anew in Him. (Col. 1: 27; 3: 10.) His blood cleanses, His presence makes new. The same David who was so intent on making devices to hide his sin from man has now abandoned such a pursuit, and is broken before his God, leaving it to His holiness and wisdom whether to expose him publicly or not; the broken spirit shrinks from the sin, not from the exposure of it.

And being thus conquered of God, and seeing sin in His light, David now sees redemption also in the light of God: his sin is "forgiven," "covered," no longer imputed to him, and although he knew that, under the law as he was, the fearful consequences of his sin must follow, yet he was so overcome by the goodness of God, and the greatness of his salvation, that he saw himself a *blessed* man.

One thing besides was now manifest to David, that the forgiven man must be one "in whose spirit there is no guile." A forgiven man must be single-eyed; his purpose, to be free from sin at any cost, and utterly, giving sin no quarter, sparing himself neither reputation nor anything else, but being whole and thorough with God. There are too many who, when they are converted, do not break thoroughly with the past; old habits are not left, old companions are not renounced; above all, old indulgences are indulged in still; the question with them is not what suits *God*, but what suits *me*, and in their spirit there is

Still Guile,

they are not yet fully blessed. David thus graphically describes his experience after he had sinned, and before the blessedness was experienced by him: "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me, my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." No enviable condition. He who had sung, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life" (Ps. 23: 6), who had cried, "I will bless the Lord at all times" (Ps. 3: 1), and again, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage" (Psa. 16: 6), now finds the hand of that Lord, that good Shepherd, heavy upon him. Now, instead of blessing God at all times, he

roars all the day. And why? He has sinned, and the sin is not put away. He had known the presence of God as "the fullness of joy," but now all was changed.

A child of God cannot thrive out of His presence. The plants which our heavenly Father has planted need the Sun of Righteousness and the air of heaven, or they droop and die. Our inner and outer man was made for God, and once having been united to Him, all is wrong and out of joint when He does not have His right place.

But God is not hard; He expects no impossibilities. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." (1 John 1: 9.) David says, "I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid: I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." Confessed, forgiven, put away. But would it ever be as though it had never been? Could Uriah live, and Bathsheba be restored to him? Could the reproach to the name of God be done away? "By this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." David was, in a sense, a broken man from this time; his relations were right with God, he had no bitterness of spirit; but it could never be in man's sight as though this sin had not happened.

But David is now at peace, "being justified by faith;" he has

"Peace with God

through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5: 1), although he could not, as we can, understand the fullness of his redemption. All the gospel he knew was, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." (11 Sam. 12: 13.) How it was put away, David knows better now than he then did. But peace was surely his, communion with his God was surely re-established. "For this," he says, "shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee, in a time when Thou mayest be found." During the months in which he had "kept silence," and God had kept silence, and no real intercourse had taken place, peace was unknown to him; now God may be found again, he was at home, he could breathe freely. "In the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him." It was impossible to David to keep to himself the goodness of God. He had known Him before, but now He knew Him in his long-suffering love as never before; he knew Him as one whom he had deeply injured, and who returned him only love; and he would tell others also to seek Him. He felt safer than before. The floods of great waters had almost overcome him, but now they should not come near him. "Thou art my Hiding-place;" he could hide from Satan there, and nowhere else; he could be safe *even from himself* in God. "Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; in himself he had lost confidence. "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance." Songs of triumph he had sung before, songs of praise and of gladness, but that now, at this very moment, he was not among the lost, oh, this made in his heart a "song of deliverance."

But what was the secret of this fall?

Independence of God.

He had not inquired of God whether he should go out to battle. And now, wherein was to consist his deliverance in the future? God promises to a dependent child, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." There is no excuse for a false step when we have the pledged assistance of such a Guide. Oh, how wondrous that He wills to direct such as we are in every little detail of our lives! What unparalleled love! And in His yearning over us He entreats, "Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouths must be held in with bit and bridle lest they come near unto thee." God will never put on the bit and the bridle unless it is absolutely necessary; He loves the guidance of the eye—a look and not a blow. Jesus conquered Peter by a look, and it is the aim of God in all His deal-

ings with us to bring us to a place of nearness where a look will be sufficient. But for such guidance close attention is indispensable. In our busy modern life, the Mary spirit, which sits at the feet of Jesus and listens, is very rare; it is such whom He can guide with the eye. First class honors in the school of Christ are all taken by these. The temptations of Satan multiply and intensify, especially upon those who are in prominent places, but the guiding Eye and delivering Hand are infallible; and thus, he that trusteth in the Lord, although in the past he may have deeply sinned, "mercy shall compass him about."

ROBBERY AVOIDED BY SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

IN the course of a missionary's diary published by Dr. Dowkontt in his *Medical Missionary Record* occurs the following incident. Dr. T. G. Churcher, the missionary in question who was travelling in Northern Africa writes: "I left the duar at about 7, and very soon came to a branching of the road, one, the shorter of the two, passing through the angle of the forest of Memona, infested with the Zemoor, a wild tribe who care not for the Sultan. My men were evidently scared, so I consented to take the longer route *via* the old Portuguese town of Mehadeer. The road lay for some time along the banks of the Sebou, a fine tidal river. We rode safely on into Salle, and again came under the most hospitable roof of our beloved friends Dr. and Mrs. Kerr. I learned afterwards that the very day before I passed this way a party of travelers was stopped by a troop of horsemen and robbed of everything—money, animals, clothes—and came into Salle with nothing (they offered no resistance, and hence there was no bloodshed). This occurred upon the safer of the two roads, and the property stolen included the Spanish mail bag. If I had not rested on the Lord's Day, I should, humanly speaking, have been just on that road at that very place and time of the attack, and should probably have shared their fate. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'"

A PIANIST'S DISCOVERY.

A USEFUL little book has been widely circulated giving instruction to ordinary people how to act in cases of accidental injuries when a surgeon is not on hand. The principle of the book was sometime ago applied to spiritual emergencies by a clergyman with remarkable results. The incident is related by Dr. A. J. Gordon in his *Watchword*: He says, A charming young lady arose from the piano, and a Christian friend said: "Thanks for your music. You *entertain* us delightfully. May I ask how it would be if you were called to *serve* some poor sinner in his sorest extremity?"

"I don't quite understand you."

"Well, suppose one with only a few moments to live should cry out to you to tell him how to be saved. No minister or other Christian we'll say, can be called in time: the soul must learn the way from you or be lost. What would you tell him?"

"I am sure I don't know. I am not a Christian. Why ask me?"

"But think a moment. You have been going to church and Sunday-school all your life, and have heard sermons and exhortations without number. You surely could think of something to tell him."

"Well, I would tell him to pray."

"Suppose now, he has but ten minutes to live, could you tell him that ten minutes' praying would certainly save his soul? Remember now, one in such a condition must not waste time in mistakes."

"No; ten minutes or ten hours of praying would not save him, unless he was real sorry for his sins."

"But suppose he should say: 'I don't know how to be *real* sorry. How can I tell when I am sorry enough?' and you should hear him cry out: 'I am lost, I am lost!' what would you say then?"

By this time the young lady was deeply inter-

ested, and said eagerly: "Tell me what I ought to say."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"But suppose," said she, "he should answer, 'I don't know what that means.'"

"Then I would give him more of the words of God. Man's words are unavailing, but the entrance of God's Word gives light. I would tell him he must believe that 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God:' and that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;' that He died on the cross, 'the just for the unjust, to bring us to God,' and that whosoever believes on Him (relies on—trusts Him to save) 'shall not perish but shall have everlasting life.' I would say with great positiveness: 'Believe this, and even in this eleventh hour you shall be snatched as a brand from the burning.'"

After a pause, the young lady said, with a new light in her eyes: "Why, I believe all that."

"All what?"

"That I am a sinner, and that Christ came to save sinners, and that He died for sinners."

"Anything else?"

"Yes!" was the answer, with a quivering lip, "He died for me."

"Will you thank Him?"

"Of course I will; I never did before but I do now. I *do* now!"

A WIFE-BEATER'S STORY.

THE reporter of a daily journal recently visited a mission hall to describe the scenes that might be witnessed there during some revival services. He sat where he could see the faces of the audience and was particularly impressed with the appearance of a man and his wife who were among the most earnest there. The man was one of the square-jawed, brawny, bull-necked type, more frequently seen in saloons, at dog-fights and horse-races than in religious meetings. The woman was coarse, too, but had evidently been tamed in some way. After the service, being curious to learn what brought them there, he followed them as they took their way to the roughest and most depraved quarter of the city. He accosted them civilly, said he had noticed them at the meeting and would like to know if they went there often and how they liked it. The woman answered, but the man interrupted her. She was trying to conceal his evil deeds and he would not be screened. He said:

"How she came to go, I'll tell you sir, it was because her husband was as hard and as cruel a beast as ever a poor soul was tethered to. That was me. I was the curse of her life, sir. I'm a slaughter-man by trade; but half my time I used to be too lazy to work at it, and I used to make this poor little bundle o' bones work for me at the wash-tub or at scrubbing, or at charring—anything. What did I care, so long as I could wait on her, when she came home at night, to find me in beer and 'bacca? And I didn't let her off at that. I used to fust her. I confess, sir, that I used to fust her often."

"I fisted her wuss than ever when I found out that she used to come on the quiet to the hall here. I was that mad jealous of her doing it that I used to feel like killing her sometimes. It used to seem to me that she did it on purpose, to show me up and make me feel ashamed of myself. It didn't seem half so bad to do as I was doing when she fisted up at me, and swore back when I swore at her, and sometimes caught up something and fetched me a clout with it when I came home drunk and began fisting her. But when she began to go to the hall, sir, she took a turn—a turn that raised the devil in me that strong that it is a wonder I did not murder her. No matter how I fisted her, she took it meek, and wiped the blood off her mouth, and said: 'May the Lord forgive you, as I do, Jack.' I used to be furious then, and go at her and fust her till she hadn't got any voice left to crow over me. But next morning, she'd be bright and cheerful, and, if I said anything taunting, she'd make answer: 'I can wait, Jack. It is not

you and me that is rustling (wrestling), lad. It is the devil in you fighting against the Lord in me. The victory may be far off; but I can wait, for it is certain."

"Praise be to His glorious name, sir, the victory was not far off; it was nigher than she thought. It come sudden, sir, as I'd fell a beast with the axe. I'd been fisting her cruel, for I was malicious drunk that night, till I thought I had done for her quite. She lay on the floor so still, with the blood a trickling from her forehead, and I was growing frightened and sober, when she comes to her senses and pulls herself up to her knees by catching hold of the bedstead, and, sez she: 'Oh, Lord! don't be too hard on my poor husband. Take pity on him, for my sake, and loosen the hold the devil has on him.' And as I sat there on the chair, sir, staggered and wandering, she managed to get up, and she put her arms around my neck, and sez she: 'Oh! dear Jack, I may be dying. I think I am. Let me hear you say: "Oh God, forgive me!" and I shall die happy.' But I didn't say it: I couldn't. I was so took aback, and 'mazed that I was dumb. I was dumb all through the night, sir, and she never let me go; and it wasn't till morning's light that I found a voice to say what she asked me hours before. There's the story from first to last, sir. I don't know who you are, sir, but I've told you my story and why I was at the hall to-night, and *why I mean to stick.*"

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIANS WANTED.

THE opportunities open in China to a physician willing to sacrifice his prospects of wealth and honor at home that he may preach Christ to the heathen are unlimited. The Rev. Arnold Foster, B. A., writing from Hankow deplores his ignorance of medicine, and describes his painful experience in the presence of suffering he could not relieve. He perceived how rich an opportunity of telling the sufferers of the Spiritual Healer he missed through his incapacity to cure their bodily pain, and so gain their attention to the Gospel message. He says:

"My special object in writing to you to-day is to bring before you the need of a district like this in regard to a medical missionary. Arriving here three days ago, after a boat journey of about fifty miles from Hankow, almost the *first* person who spoke to me when my boat stopped at the landing-place was an elderly man, who asked me if I could give him any medicine for his eyes, which were causing him a good deal of pain. I was obliged to tell him that I had no medicine, and that I was not a doctor. Almost immediately afterwards some one else came forward and asked when a doctor was likely to come here. I could only say that I did not know. From that time on I have been asked continually by country folk whom I have met on the road, or whom I have seen working in the fields, whether I could give medicine for themselves or their friends. Again and again I was accosted by the country people, and asked if I was a doctor. (The Chinese seem to think all Europeans have some medical knowledge.) In each case the question was not made simply out of curiosity, but with a view to getting medical help for some sufferer. I generally replied that *I was not a doctor, and could do nothing.* In one or two cases, however, I yielded to specially urgent entreaties, and turned into houses by the wayside to see some one who was in pain. On each such occasion I was immediately confronted with other patients besides the one that I had been summoned to see. The thing that struck me was this: while some of these poor people were in very great pain, they were nearly all of them suffering from very simple complaints, boils, abscesses, rheumatism, toothache, etc., as well as fever and ague, skin diseases, etc. Some, however, had more serious maladies, but, simple or serious, they were almost all beyond my skill, and I turned away sick at heart at the thought of all the suffering I had seen. What I saw, I saw in just two or three villages, but this is only a sample of what may be seen any day in *tens of thousands of villages all over China.*



OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 4 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Negotiation of a New Treaty with Hawaii is in progress. Ostensibly it relates to the naval station the United States maintains in the islands at Pearl River. Current rumor, however, both in this country and Hawaii, has it that a much more extended purpose is in view. A section of the Hawaiian people desire annexation to the United States; the King is said to be weary of the constant danger and turmoil of his position, and would be glad to abdicate if a liberal pension were secured to him; while speculators in this country perceive how much profit might be made of the islands under a strong government with American energy, enterprise, and capital. The project was under consideration five years ago, during Mr. Blaine's previous term in the State Department, but was discontinued by Mr. Frelinghuysen, who succeeded him under President Arthur.

Prohibition Has Gained a Victory in The Supreme Court of Iowa. The recent decision permitting citizens of another State to send intoxicating liquor into Iowa, to be sold in the original packages, menaced the enforcement of the prohibitory law. The Supreme Court has now decided that the clause in the law authorizing the seizure of liquor so sent into the State is constitutional. The purport of the decision is that if prohibition is made the law, and its enforcement involves the confiscation of property or the destruction of its value, there is no redress. This was the doctrine of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Kansas cases, and it is applied in the Iowa case, the only difference being that the owners of the seized liquor were residents of another State, who had sent it to an agent in Keokuk to be sold in the original packages.

The International Maritime Conference which assembles to-day in Washington ranks with the Congress of the Three Americas in importance. Its object is to devise measures for the better protection of life at sea. It will include: a system of signals for use in fogs and snowy weather to indicate more definitely the course a vessel is taking, and so lessen the risk of collision; a code of signals of storm warnings; the marking of lanes for steamers on frequented routes, the regulation of the proportion of freight to tonnage; the establishment of a permanent international board of arbitration; and other subjects connected with ocean travel. About fifty delegates, representing twenty-three European and Asiatic countries, are expected. The only maritime power conspicuous by absence is Portugal. The assembly will form a conference only, and has no power to legislate or form a treaty. Its conclusions, however, will take the form of recommendations to the pow-

ers represented by the delegates, which may become the bases of treaty. It is believed that if important rules are adopted by a few of the leading nations, in some cases even by the United States and Great Britain alone, they will be practically operative upon the majority of merchant vessels, and there can be little doubt that other nations will gradually follow in their course, and the ocean be governed by one uniform code which will be equally intelligible to men of all nations, and all tongues.

Favorable Reports of the New System of voting come from Montana and Connecticut, where it has just been tried. It is known as the Australian system, and consists in the voter receiving a paper containing the names of all the candidates and marking with a cross in the margin those whom he wishes to vote for, and then depositing it in the ballot-box as he now does the tickets supplied by his committee. Many voters were a little puzzled by the change, but the Helena newspapers say that it caused no delay and was generally approved. Voters who could not read had less trouble than those who could. The party workers had cards ready for the illiterate bearing the names of the candidates of the voter's choice. At the top was printed, "I want to vote for all the candidates on this card." The voter signed this card and presented it to the judges, who checked his official ballot accordingly. Voters of this sort were thus disposed of with great expedition. The strong point in its favor is that the voter who can read can vote in secrecy, as was intended under the ballot, and does not have to indicate how his vote will be cast by applying for a particular ticket.

An Effort to Obtain Religious Statistics for the Census of 1890 is being made by Mr. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census. In a letter received from him last week, he asks us to inform our readers that he proposes to include five items on which he is anxious to have accurate information: (1) Organizations or Societies; (2) Church Edifices; (3) Seating Capacity; (4) Value of Church Property; (5) Number of Communicants. Every denomination, whatever its creed and however small its numbers, is invited to collect and send in statistics. It is hoped that some recognized leader of the respective denominations will make arrangements for securing the figures of his own denomination. As the ordinary enumerators cannot undertake this work, and as the appropriation available for the census will not admit of the employment of special enumerators, the Government must rely on voluntary co-operation to obtain the facts. Dr. H. K. Carroll, of the *Independent*, has accepted the duty of supervising this work, and is preparing plans for such a subdivision of the inquiry as will entail on any one person the smallest amount of labor required for a faithful and full report.

Elections Were Held in France on Sunday, October 6, in 183 districts, in which, as at the election two weeks previous, no candidate polled a majority of all the votes cast. They resulted, as the former election did, in a moderate success for the Republicans. It is now officially announced that the new Chamber of Deputies will be composed of 364 republicans and 212 members of the opposition. The republicans comprise 236 moderates and 126 radicals. The opposition consists of 100 royalists, 58 Bonapartists, and 47 Boulangists. This result can scarcely be regarded as a triumph for the Government; it means victory, however, in the sense that the Republic has not been overthrown by the formidable attack of the allied Monarchists and Boulangists. It is an ominous feature of the election that the Boulangists have obtained nearly half of the representation of Paris, and many of the anti-republicans elected are pledged to the revision policy. It is thus evident that those who regard Boulanger as politically dead are premature in their estimate. His followers are numerous enough to give trouble to the Government. They will have 47 representatives in the new Chamber, against 20 in the last, and they have thrown more votes in Paris than all

of their opponents put together, the exact figures being 209,000 *versus* 208,000. If the so-called Boulangists co-operate with the followers of the Comte de Paris, and with the Imperialists, the combined opposition will control a force considerably larger than they had at their disposal during the last four years. They will only need an addition of 77 to form a majority of the House.

The German Reichstag is to be Asked for a special military credit of fifteen million dollars. This amount is to be spent in increasing the force of cavalry and artillery, and in the formation of two new army corps. The fact forms a curious commentary on the protestations European monarchs are making of their desire for peace. Another fact of similar tenor is that throughout the whole Balkan Peninsula Russian pamphlets are being distributed by itinerant Russian priests, setting forth explicitly the duty of all Slavs to hate Austria, and to prepare for a rise against her when the armies of Holy Russia come. Meanwhile, the Emperor of Austria, with the whole general staff, is holding important military manoeuvres in eastern Galicia, covering all the strategic points which would be involved in a Russian invasion. No correspondents are allowed to be present, and the only foreign witnesses are German and Italian military attachés, who represent Austria's allies. There is no disguise whatever about the fact that these secret manoeuvres, the most extensive and costly that Austria has ever undertaken, are rehearsing for war with Russia.

The Long Expected Visit of the Czar of Russia to the Emperor of Germany was made last week. He arrived in Berlin on Friday morning, and was received with great pomp and pageantry, but without popular enthusiasm. The Czar was accompanied by the Grand Duke George, his second son. He was received by the Emperor, several of the royal princes, Prince Bismarck, Count Herbert Bismarck, and a number of generals and court officials. The Czar was attired in the uniform of the German Alexander Regiment, of which he is honorary colonel. He and Kaiser Wilhelm embraced repeatedly. After their greeting was over, the Czar turned to Prince Bismarck and shook hands with him. He also held a brief conversation with the Chancellor. The most elaborate precautions were taken to guard the Czar from assassins. His carriage was surrounded with a strong guard of soldiers, and when the Emperor took him to the opera, the public was excluded from the building, and even from the streets leading to it. The galleries were filled with soldiers, and no one but specially invited guests was allowed on the floor.

The Authorship of an Anonymous Article in an English review is perplexing critics and vexing politicians. It is a powerfully written protest against England's joining the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy. Its logic and vigor would alone have commanded attention, but to it has been added the prestige of Mr. Gladstone's name. The London *Daily News*, which has always been supposed to be in Mr. Gladstone's confidence, states that he wrote the article. It is denied by other Liberal papers, but the *News* is confident that he is the author. The momentous significance of the question is fully realized, because if Mr. Gladstone again became Premier and the principles enunciated in the article are really his, the foreign policy of England for several years past would be reversed. The excitement produced by the article on the continent is little less than that in England. Full translations of the article have been telegraphed to all the leading journals of Europe, with the result that the French are exultant and the Germans and Italians wild with rage. The effect will be to weaken English influence by convincing European statesmen that her policy is unreliable through divided councils.

City Missionaries, Christian Workers, and others may obtain miscellaneous back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for mission, hospital, and prison work, and for general distribution, at \$1 per 100. Address The Manager, 71 and 73 Bible House, New York.

A Deeply Interesting Meeting Was Held in the Temperance Annex Hall, New York, on October 7. It was called by the Church Unity Society, and was attended by prominent clergymen of all denominations, among whom were many of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, now in attendance at the National Convention. The object of the meeting was to promote unity of effort among the churches in evangelistic work. The spirit that animated the speakers was best voiced by the venerated Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who said: "I suppose I speak for all the older folk when I say that as the grave grows nearer our theology grows simpler. World-wide Christian hearts are saying, 'Give me back my brother.' I do not believe it is possible for men to frame any platform or resolution that will reunite a divided Christendom, but I do believe with all my heart that when the spirit of divine love shall fill all hearts, then, and not till then, will reunion come." Among the speakers were Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, Dr. Philip Schaff, and Dr. R. J. Nevin.

African Missionaries are Protected by Savages, according to a letter which arrived on October 8 from Zanzibar. News was brought to that town by a messenger, who at the peril of his life had made his way from Usagara to the coast, that the white missionaries had escaped from the Bushiri tribe, who had swooped down upon them at Usagara, and had taken refuge with the Wagogo tribe in the desert. The Wagogo have been the terror of all travellers from Zanzibar. Mr. Cole and his wife, Messrs. Price and Stokes, and the other missionaries who have now taken refuge among them, would probably have been killed or starved to death if it were not that, at the mission station at Kisokwe, established on the edge of the Ugogo two years ago, the native chiefs learned the true character of Christ's followers.

Mechanical Automatic Detectives Have Been introduced into a lunatic asylum in Norristown, Pa. Complaints were made some time ago that refractory patients were being brutally treated by the nurses and attendants. There was considerable doubt among the trustees of the asylum about the truth of the charges, as they had been very careful in the selection of employees to have only men and women of great forbearance in the institution. Still humanity demanded that some check should be established. It was proposed by Dr. A. G. Chase, and adopted, that a novel method of observation should be introduced. It consists of a system of complex mirrors and shafts leading to the attic or top story, by which an inspector stationed there is enabled to observe minutely every act and motion of the patients and attendants in the wards of the first and second floors. The object of the arrangement is to prevent as well as to detect the abuse of the patients, and it is believed the attendants will be more careful when they know they are constantly under the eye of a watchful official whose sole task it is to report any dereliction of duty. The trustees have examined the operation of the mirror system, and expressed the opinion that it would effectually prevent the perpetration of any abuses like those complained of. Many who knowing human nature will approve this constant surveillance and admire the method by which it is attained, probably do not realize that their own actions, and even their words and thoughts, are observed by Him who will be their judge. (Ps. 33: 13, 14.)

An Anecdote of the Late Kindly Statesman, Mr. S. S. Cox, has found its way into print since his death. It appears that the much-coveted place of Consul at Constantinople was filled by a Republican, while Mr. Cox was the Democratic Minister of the United States at the Turkish court. The same Republican official had occupied the post under the Republican Administration, but it was supposed that Mr. Cleveland would have made a change. The reason for his remaining is now said to be the personal intercession of Mr. Cox. Many years before, an American family was travelling in Turkey, when the eldest daughter, a young lady of

twenty years, was prostrated with Oriental fever. The Consul at once visited the family and had the sick daughter removed from the close and unhealthy quarters at the hotel to the consulate, where, in the better air, and under the kind attention of the ladies of the Consul's family, she was nursed back to health. On her return to America she became the wife of Mr. S. S. Cox. Of course when the Democratic party gained the ascendancy in 1884 the Consul's position was in jeopardy. But Mr. Cox had heard how he had befriended his wife in her extremity, and the Consul found, when Mr. Cox was sent as Minister to Constantinople, that he had in him not a political enemy, but a grateful personal friend. Many Christians will be similarly surprised at the last day when they are rewarded for acts of kindness which they did, without expectation of recompense, to the poor followers of Christ. (Matt. 25: 37-40.)

An Emblematic Monument is to be Erected over the grave of a well-known manufacturer of New York, who died a few weeks ago. His will, which was admitted to probate on Wednesday last, provides: "That the monument over my grave shall to a degree indicate my life, I direct my executors to procure a large boulder stone of not less than 4,000 pounds in weight, in all respects as nature shall have formed it, its surface being of irregular and sudden elevations and depressions, and smooth only to a moderate degree, upon which boulder shall be inscribed in legible letters of reasonable size my name, age, and date of death, and cause this boulder stone to be placed over or at the head of my grave, as soon after my death as is reasonably practicable, upon a substantial foundation of brick or stone masonry extending to a depth of at least eight feet below the surface of the ground, which boulder stone and inscription thereon shall be the only monument erected to my memory." Happily for the testator, it is only to a degree that "the boulder in all respects as nature formed it" will indicate his life. In his present state he is doubtless rejoicing that he was changed by the transforming grace of God. (Eph. 2: 2-5.)

A Curious Photographic Phenomenon was observed at Pittsfield recently. A party of amateur photographers set out from that town one afternoon two weeks ago to get some views of Pontoosuc Lake, a lovely sheet of water nestling between the hills on the north of the town. Reaching a good vantage-ground, they placed their camera in position and made a shot. They noticed a strange spot on the lake, which at that distance looked like a small island, but when they looked again it had disappeared. When they returned to their hotel and developed the plates, the little spot was distinctly marked. Being curious to understand its nature, they examined it through a powerful magnifying-glass, and there saw a complete reproduction of a drowning scene. There was an overturned boat, and a man clinging to the stern, while the head of another man was just visible above the water. While they were examining it a man arrived at the hotel, and reported that a boating accident had occurred that afternoon and two men had been drowned. The photographers had been too far away from the lake to distinguish the incident, but the camera had made all clear to them afterwards. It is so in moral and spiritual things. The meaning of events that puzzle us now, and lead sceptics to dispute the existence of a loving God, will be beyond the grave be made plain to the man who trusts where he cannot understand. Even from the companions of Jesus many things were hidden that they perceived them not (Luke 9: 45), but afterward the Holy Spirit taught them, and brought "all things to their remembrance." (John 14: 26.)

A Tragedy at the Altar is Reported From West Virginia. It originated in the famous feud between the McCoy and Hatfield families, which has already involved fourteen murders. Of late the animosity between the families has been intensified by the fact that four members of the

Hatfield family are in jail for the murder of as many McCoy's. One of them is under sentence of death, and the others for long terms of imprisonment. A few weeks ago a strange rumor was current on the mountains where the desperadoes live. It was that the beautiful daughter of Peter McCoy was being courted by a young man belonging to a Hatfield family. The news of what seemed to them an unnatural marriage seems to have exasperated both families. But the two young people went their way, indifferent to the angry passions their love affair was arousing. They fixed October 1 for their marriage, and on the evening of that day they stood before a minister, hand in hand, to be united in marriage. Both families had discovered the date and place of the ceremony, and while the minister was pronouncing the words that united them, a storm of bullets poured in through the windows, and bride, bridegroom, and minister were all killed. The crime is as deplorable as it is shocking. The union might have led to a reconciliation of the factions. The victims, like that Divine Victim on Calvary, perished for crimes not their own, but, unlike Him, they died in vain. The strife will still go on, for both families realize now that they are hated by their enemies as much as they hate them. When Christ died, a way to peace and reconciliation between God and man was opened, because men learn at Calvary how infinitely God loves them. (Eph. 2: 14, 16.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Southern Presbyterian Church propose to establish a mission on the Congo.

Most of the Presbyteries have voted to postpone answer to the Revision overture until next spring.

Evangelist B. Fay Mills is holding meetings this week at Spencer, Mass., in the Congregational Church.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the trustees of the Peabody Education Fund was held in New York October 3. The total sum disbursed by the Fund during the fiscal year ending October 1 was \$69,633.

The Rev. John Charles Petit, who was at the head of the work in the Five Points House of Industry, New York, died on October 7 at St. Luke's Hospital, from Bright's disease. He was sixty-two years old.

The fiftieth birthday of Miss Frances E. Willard was enthusiastically celebrated on September 29 in the First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill. Congratulatory messages from the poet Whittier, Mr. R. B. Hayes, and others were received.

The Right Rev. Thomas Hubbard Vail, D. D., LL. D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Kansas, died at Bryn Mawr, Pa., on October 6, after an illness of two weeks. Bishop Vail was 77 years of age. He was a native of Richmond, Va.

Robert Baxter, Esq., the eminent English lawyer, and father of the Rev. M. Baxter, died October 8, aged 87. Mr. Baxter's loss will be severely felt by many religious and philanthropic societies, which were indebted to him for money, time, and labor.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Norristown, Pa., have been the means of stirring the whole town and vicinity. The services of Sunday, October 6, were the most remarkable, says the *Daily Herald*, ever held in Norristown. At the meeting for men only, 1,200 were present, and over 100 professed conversion.

The bones of Lord Howe were found at Ticonderoga, N. Y., on October 10 by some workmen who were digging a sewer. He was killed on July 8, 1758, while leading an attack on the French at Fort Ticonderoga. The remains were in an oak coffin, at the foot of a tombstone bearing Lord Howe's name and the date of his death.

A series of Talks to Young Men commence on Friday evening next at the Young Men's Christian Association, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. They are to be held every Friday evening through the winter. Among the speakers are eminent physicians, professors, lawyers, and journalists, who will speak on the subjects with which they are familiar. Tickets are distributed at the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

The Baltimore Convention on the Person and Ministry of the Holy Spirit, which we mentioned in a previous number, is now definitely fixed for October 29 to November 1. Three sessions each day will be held in the Mount Vernon M. E. Church, Baltimore, Md., commencing at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. Bishop W. R. Nicholson, Dr. J. H. Brookes, Bishop A. M. Wilson, Rev. J. W. Erdman, Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, and other eminent men have promised to read papers. Further information about hotel accommodation, etc., may be obtained from the secretaries, Rev. George C. Needham and A. C. Dixon, 1819 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

PREPARATION FOR THE COMING OF THE LORD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And now, little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming." 1 John 2: 28.

The Third Aim of the Christian Minister—One of Christ's Favorite Words—I. To What the Apostle Urges His Readers—Fidelity to the Truth—Uniformity of Trust—Christ the One Object in Life—Perseverance in Obedience—To Be at Home in Christ—A Londoner's New House—II. The Believer's Relation—Little Children—Imply Feebleness—Fickleness—Dependence—III. The Motive—The Appearing, and the Coming of Christ—What Confidence Implies—Freedom of Speech—A Church Member Surprised—The Way to Prepare.

OUR first anxious desire is that our hearers would come to Christ. When men have looked to Jesus, our next anxiety is that they may be in Christ, the City of Refuge. We long to speak of them as "men in Christ Jesus." When we have good hope that our hearers have come to Christ, and are "in Christ," a further anxiety springs up in our hearts that they may "abide" in Christ. Oh that they may be rooted in Him, and built up in Him, and may always be in union with Him! Then shall we present them to our Lord in

The Day of His Appearing

with exceeding great joy. To this third anxiety of the minister of Christ I would give my mind this morning. John says, "Little children, abide in Him." How sweetly those words must have flowed from the lips and the pen of such a venerable saint! Methinks he is in this the echo of the Lord Jesus; for in the fifteenth chapter of the gospel of John, the Lord Jesus said: "Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me. If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." That word "abide" was a very favorite one with the Lord Jesus, and it became equally dear to that disciple whom Jesus loved. In our Authorized Version, the translators have interpreted it sometimes "remain," and sometimes "continue;" but it is not very wise of them to have so changed the rendering. It is one of the virtues of the Revised Version that it translates the same Greek word by the same English word.

I. First, then, observe

To What He Urges Them:

"Abide in Him." By this He meant one thing; but that thing is so comprehensive that we may better understand it by viewing it from many sides. He meant fidelity to the truth taught by our Lord. Truth is, in its very nature, fixed and unalterable. You know more about it than you did; but the thing itself is still the same, and must be the same. Take care that you abide in it. You will find it difficult to do so, for there is an element of changeableness about yourself; this you must overcome by grace. You will find many elements of seduction in the outside world. There are men whose business it is to shake the faith of others, and thereby to gain a repute for cleverness and depth of thought. Some seem to think it an ambition worthy of a Christian to be always questioning, or, as the apostle puts it, to be "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." To throw doubt into minds which, by a gracious certainty, have been made blessed, is their chosen lifework. Therefore, you will be often led to try your foundation, and at times you will tremble as you cling to it.

Next, he means "abide in Him" as to the uniformity of your trust. When you first enjoyed a hope, you rested upon Christ alone. Now you know the things of God by the teaching of the Holy Spirit; be grateful for that knowledge. But do not now fly in the face of your Saviour by putting your experience, or your graces, or your knowledge where He and He alone must be. Depend to-day as simply as you depended then. If you have some idea that you are hastening towards perfection, take care that you do

not indulge a vain conceit of yourself; but even if it be true, still mix not your perfection with His perfection, nor your advance in grace with the foundation which He has laid for you in His blood and righteousness. "Abide in Him."

Moreover, abide in the Lord Jesus Christ in making Him the constant object of your life. As you live *by* Christ, so live *for* Christ. Ever since you trusted in Christ as dying for you, you have felt that if He died for you, then you died in Him, that henceforth your life might be

Consecrated to Him.

You are not your own, but you are Christ's, and Christ's only. The first object of your being is to honor and serve Him who loved you, and gave Himself for you. To live for Christ is the highest style of living; continue in it more and more. If the Lord changes your circumstances, still live for Christ. If you go up, take Christ up with you; if you go down, Christ will go down with you. For you "Excelsior" means higher consecration, more heavenly living.

Surely we should also understand by "Abide in Him" that we are to persevere in our obedience to our Lord. What your Lord bids you, continue to do. Call no man Master, but in all things submit your thoughts, your words, and your acts to the rule of the Lord Jesus. Obey him by whose obedience you are justified. Be precise and prompt in your execution of his commands. If others reckon you morbidly conscientious, heed not their opinion, but "Abide in him." The rule of the Master is always binding on all His disciples, and they depart from Him in heart when they err from His rule. If you have been upright in your dealings, be upright; be accurate to the penny in every payment. If you have been loving and generous, continue loving and generous; for your Lord's law is love. If you have closely imitated the Lord Jesus, go on to copy Him still more minutely.

"Abide in him in the sense of being

At Home in Him.

What a world of meaning I intend by that word "being at home in Christ"! and yet this is the sense of the word, "Abide in him." I was speaking yesterday to a friend who had bought a pleasant house, with a large garden; and he said to me: "I now feel as if I had a home. I have lived in London for years, and I have changed from one house to another with as little regret as a man feels in changing an omnibus; but I have always longed for the home feeling which hung about my father's house in the country. Why, there we loved the cosy rooms, and the look-outs from the little windows, and the corner cupboards in the kitchen. There is a vast difference between a house and a home." That is what John means with regard to Christ: we are not merely to call on Him, but to abide in Him. Do not go to Jesus one day and to the world another day; do not be a lodger with Him, but abide in Him.

Why does the apostle urge us to abide in Christ? Is there any likelihood of our going away? Yes; for in this very chapter he mentions apostates, who from disciples had degenerated into anti-christs, of whom he says, "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us they would, no doubt, have continued with us." "Abide in Him," then, and do not turn aside unto crooked ways, as many professors have done. The Saviour once said to His apostles, "Will ye also go away?" and they answered Him with that other question, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" I hope your heart is so conscious that He has the words of eternal life that you could not dream of going elsewhere.

The Believer's Relation.

II. Secondly, notice under what character John addresses these believers. He says, "And now, little children." This indicates *the apostle's love to them*. John lived to a great age; and the tradition is that they used to carry him into the assembly, and when he could do nothing else, he would lift his hand, and simply say, "Little children, love one another." Here, to

show his tender concern for those to whom he wrote, he called them "Little children." He could not wish them a greater blessing out of the depth of his heart's affection, than that they should faithfully abide in Christ.

Next, by this he suggests their near and dear relation to their Father in heaven. You are the children of God; but as yet you are little ones, therefore do not leave your Father's house, nor run away from your Elder Brother's love. Because you are little children, you are not of travelling years, therefore stay at home and abide in your Lord.

Does He not hint at their feebleness? Even if you were grown and strong, you would not be wise to gather all together and wander away into the far country; but as you are so young, so dependent, so feeble, it is essential that you abide in Him. Shall a babe forsake its mother? What can you do apart from God? Is He not

Your Life, Your All?

Does not the apostle also gently hint at their fickleness? You are very changeable, like little babes. You are apt to be hot and cold in half an hour. You are this and that, and fifty other things, in the course of one revolving moon. But, little children as you are, be faithful to one point—abide in your Saviour. Change not towards your Redeemer. Surrender yourself to Him by an everlasting covenant never to be cancelled. Be His for ever and ever.

Did not this remind them of *their daily dependence* upon the Lord's care, as little children depend on their parents? Your new life is as yet weak and struggling; do not carry it into the cold atmosphere of distance from Jesus. Little children, since you derive all from Jesus, abide in Him. To go elsewhere will be to wander into a howling wilderness. The world is empty; only Christ has fullness. Away from Jesus you will be as a child deserted by its mother, left to pine and starve and die; or as a little lamb on the hillside without a shepherd, tracked by the wolf, whose teeth will soon extract its heart's blood. Abide, O child, with thy mother! Abide, O lamb, with thy shepherd!

The Motive.

III. I now come to my last point, which is most important, for it finds steam wherewith to drive the engine. Thirdly, we shall consider by what motive John exhorts us to this pleasant and necessary duty of abiding in Christ. The motive is drawn from our Lord's expected advent. Notice how John puts it. He uses two words for the same thing: "When He shall appear," and, "at His coming." The second advent may be viewed in two lights, First, as the appearing of one who is here already, but is hidden; and next, as the coming of one who is absent. In the first sense, we know that our Lord Jesus Christ abides in His Church; according to His Word, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Yet, though spiritually present, He is unseen. Our Lord will, on a sudden, be "manifested," as the Revised Version has it. The spiritual and secret presence of Christ will become a visible and manifest presence in the day of His appearing.

The apostle also uses the term, "at His coming," or "His presence." This is the same thing from another point of view. In a certain evident sense our Lord is absent: "He is not here, for He is risen." He has gone His way unto the Father. In that respect He will come a second time, "without a sin-offering, unto salvation." He who has gone from us will

So Come in Like Manner

as He was seen to go up into heaven. There is thus a difference of aspect between the second advent, when it is described as "His appearing," and "His coming." John pleads the glorious manifestation of our Lord under both of these views as a reason for abiding in Him.

As to our Lord's "appearing," he would have us abide in Christ, that we may have confidence when He appears. Confidence at His appearing is the high reward of constant abiding in Christ. The apostle keeps most prominent "the appearing" as an argument. A thousand things are

to happen at our Lord's appearing; but John does not mention one of them. He does not hold it up as a thing to be desired that we may have confidence amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, when the stars shall fall like autumn leaves, when the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood; when the graves shall be opened, and the dead shall rise, or when the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up. Those will be direful times, days of terror and dismay; but it is not of these that he speaks particularly; for he regards all these events as swallowed up in the one great fact of the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

His desire is that we may have confidence

If He Appear on a Sudden.

What does He mean by having confidence when He shall appear? Why, this: that if you abide in Him when you do not see Him, you will be very bold should He suddenly reveal Himself. Before He appears you have dwelt in Him, and He has dwelt in you; what fear could His appearing cause you? Faith has so realized Him, that if suddenly He were to appear to the senses, it would be no surprise to you; and, assuredly, it would cause you joy rather than dismay. You would feel that you at last enjoyed what you had long expected, and saw somewhat more closely a friend with whom you had long been familiar. I trust, beloved, that some of us live in such a style that if, on a sudden, our Lord were to appear, it would cause no alarm to us. We have believed Him to be present, though unseen, and it will not affect our conduct when He steps from behind the curtain, and stands in the open light.

The word translated "confidence" means freedom of speech. If our divine Lord were

To Appear in a Moment,

we should not lose our tongue through fear, but should welcome Him with glad acclaim. To desert our Lord would rob us of that ease of mind which is betokened by free speech; but to cleave to Him will secure us confidence. I have preached concerning my Lord, while He is not seen, those truths which I shall not blush to own before His face. If my Lord and Master were at this instant to appear in His glory in this Tabernacle, I dare with confidence hand in to Him the volumes of my sermons, in proof that I have not departed from His truth, but have heartily continued in Him. I ought to improve in many things, but I could not improve upon the gospel which I have preached among you. I am prepared to live by it, to die by it, or to meet my Lord upon it if He should this day appear. Oh my hearers, if you are in Christ, see to it that you so abide in Him that, should He appear, you would behold Him with confidence.

Beloved, if you do not abide in Him you will have no confidence. If I were to

Compromise

the truth, and then my Lord were to appear, could I meet Him with confidence? If, to preserve my reputation, or be thought liberal-minded, I played fast and loose with the gospel, how could I see my Lord's face with confidence? If any of you have failed to serve your Master; if you have preferred gain to godliness, and pleasure to holiness; if He were suddenly to shine forth in His glory, what confidence could you have in meeting Him? A good man was asked one day, "If the Lord were now to appear, how would you feel?" He replied: "My brother, I should not be afraid; but I think I should be ashamed." He meant that he was not afraid of condemnation, but he blushed to think how little he had served his Lord. In this case it was genuine humility. I pray you, get not only beyond being afraid, but may the Lord make you so to abide in Him that you would not even be ashamed at His appearing!

The other point is, that you should "not be ashamed before Him at His coming." That means, that having regarded Him as being absent, you have not so lived that, if He should

suddenly be present in person, you would be ashamed of your past life. What must it be to be driven with shame away from His presence into everlasting contempt! The text may have such a meaning. What have you been doing while He has been absent? This is a question for a servant to answer at his lord's arrival. You are left in his house to take care of it while he is in the far-off country; and if you have been beating his servants, and eating and drinking with the drunken, you will be greatly ashamed when he returns. His coming will be in itself a judgment. "Who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appear-eth?" Blessed is that man who, with all his faults, has been so sanctified by grace that he will not be ashamed at his Lord's coming. Who is that man? It is the man who has learned to abide in Christ. What is

The Way to Prepare

for Christ's coming? By the study of the prophecies? Yes, if you are sufficiently instructed to be able to understand them. "To be prepared for the Lord's coming," some enthusiasts might say, "Had I not better spend a month in retirement, and get out of this wicked world?" You may, if you like; and especially you will do so if you are lazy. But *the one Scriptural prescription for preparing for His coming* is this, "Abide in Him." If you abide in the faith of Him, holding His truth, following His example, and making Him your dwelling-place, your Lord may come at any hour, and you will welcome Him. The cloud, the great white throne, the blast of trumpets, the angelic attendants of the last assize, the trembling of creation, and the rolling up of the universe as a worn-out vesture, will have no alarms for you; for you will not be ashamed at His coming.

Watch for Him, and be always ready, that you may not be ashamed at His advent. Should a Christian man go into worldly assemblies and amusements? Would he not be ashamed should his Lord come and find him among the enemies of the cross? I dare not go where I should be ashamed to be found should my Lord come on a sudden. Should a Christian man ever be in a passion? Suppose his Lord should there and then come; would he not be ashamed at His coming? One here says of an offender, "I will never forgive her; she shall never darken my doors again." Would you not be ashamed if the Lord Jesus came, and found you unforgiving? Oh, that we may abide in Him, and never be in such a state that His coming would be unwelcome to us! Beloved, so live from day to day in duty and in devotion, that your Lord's coming would be timely. Go about your daily business and abide in Him, and then His coming will be a glorious delight to you.

I called to see one of our friends, and she was whitening the front steps of the house. She apologized very much, and said that she felt ashamed of being caught in such a position; but I assured her that I should like my Lord to come and find me just as I found her, doing my daily work with all my heart. We are never in better trim for seeing our Master than when we are faithfully doing His work. There is *no need for a pious smartening up*; he that abides in Christ always wears garments of glory and beauty; he may go in with his Lord into the wedding whenever the midnight cry is heard.

The Millennial Splendor.

He will come—behold, He is coming even now. Hear ye not the sounding of His chariot wheels? Be ye so engaged, day by day, that you will not be taken at unawares. What will it be to be caught up together with the saints in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air! What will it be to see Him come in the glory of the Father, and all His holy angels with Him! What will it be to see Him reign upon the earth, with His ancient gloriously! Can ye imagine the millennial splendor, the age of gold, the halcyon days of peace? As for the judgment of the world, know ye not that the saints shall judge angels? They shall appear as assessors with Christ, and the Lord shall bruise Satan under their feet.

Glory awaits us, and nothing but glory, if we abide in Christ. Therefore, keep your garments unspotted, your loins girt, your lamps trimmed, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves as men that look for your Lord, that, when He cometh, you may have confidence, and not shame. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

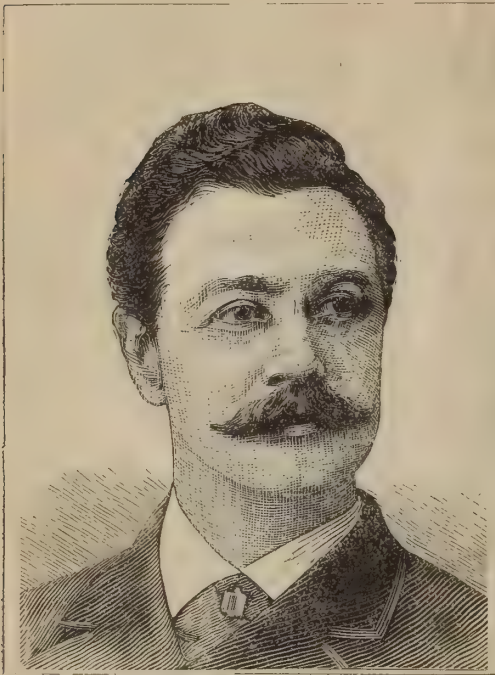
Buddha's Inferiority to Christ.*

"Is Christianity better than Buddhism? Was Christ better than Buddha?" asks my correspondent. We know whence these ideas come. During the last few years Buddhism has become a study, and its noble elements have been again and again put before the public. The story of Buddha's great renunciation has been told with matchless skill by Sir Edwin Arnold; the psalms of Buddha have been translated into faultless cadence by Max Müller and other Oriental scholars. And next to the story of Jesus there is none nobler, and next to the Psalms of David there are none more loftily devout. Jesus said of John, "He was a burning and a shining light;" and I find no difficulty in saying as much of Buddha. "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" shone in him; and we can venerate and love him if we will, but not with that species of faith that daily piles forests of flowers on his shrines, and daily moves countless millions of lips to repeat the formula, "I take refuge in Buddha." And why? Because we have known a greater, even Him who is the Light of the world. Buddhism preaches pessimism and extinction; Jesus brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. Buddha claims no deity; he claims only to be an erring man who tried by the practice of noble virtues to free himself from the tyranny of desire, and in return to gain not the boon of life, but of death, to be extinguished and annihilated, as the bubble is extinguished in the ocean. The one point in which Buddhism touches Christianity is in its teaching of austere purity and self-sacrificing love. Buddha himself regarded his religion as elementary; he said it might last five thousand years and then a new Buddha would appear. The nirvana, or heaven, of Buddhism is simply painless annihilation, the complete destruction of identity and personality. Its promise is, Whoso followeth me shall die for evermore. The promise of Christ is, "Whoso believeth in Me shall never die."

Atheism in Practice.

Will the eyes of some youth who is already half atheist read these pages? I hope they may. You repudiate Christianity because it presents serious difficulties to a philosophic mind. The iron system of necessitarianism which you have built up is logically consistent and complete. It may seem to you right that the world should be emancipated from the follies of supernaturalism and the credulities of creeds. You may even believe that you would confer an inestimable benefit upon mankind in destroying its faith in Jesus. Shelley thought so once; Renan thinks so today. I will take it for granted that you honestly think so, too. But now, can you tell me what actual benefit atheism has yet conferred upon mankind or on yourself? Has atheism proved itself beneficent or philanthropic? Has it given men the victory over selfishness? Has it wiped away the tears of the mourner, or comforted the bruised heart of the orphan, or given crushed and struggling men a new impulse to heroic endeavor? Has it ever yet built an orphanage, an alms-house, a refuge for the outcast? Can it show me the man that it has healed? I have never heard of him. I have heard of the men whom it has destroyed, but never of the men

* From *The Threshold of Manhood: A Young Man's Words to Young Men*. By W. J. Dawson. A strong, manly appeal for purity of life, and holiness of heart, and faith in Christ is made to young men in this book. Mr. Dawson talks with his readers as a brother, and argues with them in the full knowledge of the new difficulties and temptations which during the last twenty years have assailed youth. A greater kindness could not be done to any intelligent young man setting out in life than to put this book into his hands. It would be better than giving him a fortune. Pp. 273. Price—, Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.



Hon. Seth Low, New President of Columbia College.



The Shipwrecked Sailors of the "Florence." (See page 661.)

whom it has healed. You can destroy, but you cannot construct. You can slay, but you cannot make alive. You can deform and defile, and make a man's life so bitter to him that suicide wears a new enchantment; but you cannot heal. I show you the men whom Christianity has healed. I show you the drunkard who is sober, the hopeless who have learned to look up again and become victors, the profligates who have received a new impulse of purity which has lifted them into newness of life, the children of darkness who have become the children of the light. Can you say anything against it?

Christianity and Socialism.

Or does the Socialist read these words? You, too, have honest aims. You are filled with the spirit of righteous indignation against the artificial inequalities of life and man's inhumanity to man. In so far I agree with you. But you preach the gospel of spoliation, the crusade of universal anarchy, as the prelude to the age of universal happiness; and in that I disagree with you. You had your chance just a hundred years ago in France; did you heal mankind with that fiery medicine of class-hatred and revenge? Is the man who was healed found in France to-day? Did that tremendous cautery of revolution after all extirpate the disease it aimed to cure? I point you to the one true Socialist, Jesus of Nazareth. Take His teachings as the code of individual conduct, and you will soon find the world leavened with a new spirit. Every force that to-day purifies and sweetens the life of nations is the direct fruit of His influence in the world. Wherever Christianity has been honestly applied, there the working socialism of love and charity has been set up; and the difference between us is simply this: what you seek in vain to do by force, Jesus accomplishes by kindness. Can you say anything against it?

HON. SETH LOW.

THE high honor of the Presidency of Columbia College was last week conferred on Mr. Seth Low, ex-mayor of Brooklyn, whose portrait appears on this page. Seldom, if ever, in the 135 years of the history of the institution has so young a man been at its head; but the board of trustees which elected him have had abundant opportunities of learning Mr. Low's fitness for the position. He graduated from Columbia in 1870, when he was twenty years of age, and since that time has manifested a hearty interest in the affairs of the institution, delivering addresses to the students, and serving one year as President of the Alumni Association. In 1881 he was elected a trustee, so that the board has had eight years of association with him before elect-

ing him to succeed the late President, Dr. F. A. P. Barnard who died in April last.

Mr. Low is a native of Brooklyn, and is thirty-nine years of age. He was prepared for college at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. When he graduated from Columbia he was at the head of his class, and divided the second Greek prize of the year. He spent the next few years in foreign travel, and in 1875 returned to Brooklyn and entered his father's business as a partner. He was shortly after elected a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and achieved a creditable distinction for a series of addresses made before that body on the trade and commerce of New York and kindred subjects. In 1881 Brooklyn secured a new charter which permitted her to concentrate the responsibility of city government and of appointments in the hands of the mayor instead of in the several bureaus. This placed enormous power for good or evil in the mayor's hands, and rendered the choice of a fitting person for that office one of momentous importance. Seth Low received the nomination and though he was only thirty-one years old at the time, he won the confidence of the citizens and was triumphantly elected. A still more noteworthy fact is that after administering the city government for two years, the citizens gave their endorsement of his policy by re-electing him. Mr. Low is congratulated on the new honor that has been conferred upon him not more heartily than Columbia is on its acquisition.

A SPANISH FREETHINKER ASTONISHED.

In a letter to the *Missionary Herald* Mr. Gulick, who is laboring among the miners in Bilbao, Spain, describes a journey one of his evangelists took through the mines to visit the inquirers whose interest had been enlisted at his former visits. Mr. Gulick says: "He was accompanied by an intelligent but free-thinking lawyer from Logrono. When they set out this gentleman made no little fun of the heavy pack of books and tracts with which the pastor had laden himself. But this laughter died out and honest surprise took the place of sarcastic gibes when, from group after group of the iron-stained and hardy miners, stalwart fellows greeted his companion with cordial and respectful salutations, and at once commenced earnest conversation respecting the books that they had been reading and those which were now brought to them. Many of these books and tracts had been selected for special individuals, to whom they were now delivered as they were found in the various workings of the mines.

"From this missionary excursion with our pastor, the lawyer went down to his house with

quite revolutionized ideas respecting religion in general, and Protestantism in particular. He marveled at the manifest sincerity of these rough men, and at the softening and elevating effect of their religion on their whole bearing and manner. *He admired the religion* that had turned these most coarse and blasphemous of all the sons of toil into readers of books—and of *such* books! And he declared that one would rarely see anything to compare with the respect and the evident love of these people for their pastor."

MR. RUSSELL'S WARD.

(See Illustration on page 669.)

It was difficult to persuade Mr. Russell to take into his household little Ettie Barnard. Ettie had been left an orphan. Her mother was Mr. Russell's youngest sister, who was almost young enough to be his daughter, and to whom he had acted a father's part when their father died. But the sister, though dependent on her grave elder brother for home and education, as all the family were, had not paid him the respect which he thought was his due, and had finally married a poor, shiftless, handsome idler in defiance of Mr. Russell's veto. Both she and her husband were now dead, after living a wretched life of poverty and debt for some seven years. Ettie was the offspring of the marriage, and at the time of her mother's death was not more than six years old.

What to do with the child? Mr. Russell by this time was a widower, but he was a prosperous merchant now, with abundance of money and a house elegantly furnished, which it was the pride of his only daughter, Miriam, to keep in that perfect order which her father loved. It was she who undertook the task of persuading Mr. Russell to receive his little niece. He was absolutely firm at first in his refusal. The child had no claim upon him. Her father's friends were the proper persons to care for her. She would be a nuisance in the house. There had been no child there since Miriam was herself a child. Mr. Russell foresaw that the house would not be so quiet, that there would be anxiety and trouble with the undertaking, and, besides, she might follow in her mother's footsteps and repay his kindness with ingratitude.

Given the strong, earnest desire of a woman in opposition to the determination of a man, and that the man has a tender love for the woman, the result of the contest between them will not be doubtful. Miriam carried her point, and little Ettie Barnard became a member of her uncle's household.

Of course difficulties arose. It was impossi-

ble to avoid them while the same house held a man so nervous and sensitive as Mr. Russell and a child whose spirits were so exuberant as Ettie's. But Miriam had promised to take entire charge of the child, and she was in the main successful in preventing friction. Ettie might have been in better hands. Miriam was kind and indulgent, but she lacked the one indispensable quality for the training of the child. She had not given her own heart to Jesus. There had been a time when she was on the point of doing so, but, as she said, she believed in Jesus, she had faith in Him as the Saviour, she understood the plan of salvation, but it seemed to make no difference to her. Prayer and Bible reading were tiresome, and she could not understand what people meant by being born again. Still, she did her best to bring Ettie up on right principles.

One inflexible rule established was that Ettie should not enter the library—her uncle's sanctum. Once or twice, when Miriam had occasion to go there to consult her father, and Ettie was with her, she went in too, and her eyes wandered greedily over the long rows of books and the glass cases filled with Mr. Russell's choice curiosities. Her curiosity was excited. What beautiful pictures might there not be in those large, beautifully bound books! The temptation was too strong for her. One winter day, when Mr. Russell was at his office and cousin Miriam was out visiting friends, the child stole into the room and looked around. She examined one book after another, and at last found one all pictures. Ettie sat in the big easy-chair by the open fire, and was soon lost in unwonted enjoyment. She must have sat longer than she knew, for she was startled by the rattle of a key in a lock and the sharp closing of the outer door, which, as she knew, announced her uncle's return from business. She jumped from her chair and ran to replace the volume. But the book was heavy and Ettie was trembling with terror. She stumbled, and, to her horror, in falling she upset one of the glass cases containing coins and medals, which rolled away in every direction.

Mr. Russell, as usual, walked straight to the library, and there in the midst of the desolation stood the child, her face alternately flushed and deathly white. What would be her punishment Ettie could not imagine. The very vagueness of the possibility added to her terror. She could not speak when her uncle questioned her, and he naturally mistook her silence for sullenness. His anger rose, but just at the crisis Miriam came in, and looking around took in the situation at a glance.

"Oh Ettie, Ettie," she exclaimed kneeling down beside her, "how could you be so disobedient! Tell uncle how sorry you are."

But the child stood silently gazing into the fire, while Mr. Russell gazed upon her in mute wonder. Miriam found that neither coaxing or scolding could melt the child, and finally she took her away to her own room and left her there, while she returned to the library to help her father repair damages. When she went back to Ettie it was for a serious talk. She dwelt on the kindness of Mr. Russell and the wickedness of annoying him, and then the perversity of not asking pardon. Ettie yielded in the end, and



Mr. Russell's Ward Contumacious.

Miriam carried her off to Mr. Russell to humbly beg his forgiveness. It was freely granted, and Ettie was transformed again into her usual merry self. "But," she said, "Cousin Miriam, I'll never do it again."

Miriam, however, was troubled. It had all ended well, but Ettie's obstinacy was a new feature of her character that gave her concern. As she meditated on the whole incident conscience smote her. All that she had said to Ettie applied to herself with infinitely greater force. Had she ever felt sorry for her sins against God? Had she not been silent when she should have been begging for pardon through Christ? It was a night of self-reproach, of humble, earnest prayer. Ettie was forgotten and Miriam struggled alone before God for light. The morning found her rejoicing in a new experience. The consciousness of pardon sought and granted filled her heart with joy.

SLAIN BY THE MORMONS.*

By Mrs. Mary Ettie V. Smith.

Sister of a Mormon High Priest.

SINCE leaving Utah, I have heard much said about the death of Leonidus Shaver. I knew Judge Shaver well, and recollect the circumstances of his death. He occupied a room in my brother Howard's house; and he died there. There were a great many things connected with the trouble between him and the Prophet which I never understood, and, I have good reason to believe, much more than has yet been disclosed. I remember, that one day the Prophet came to the house, and inquired for the Judge. The latter was in the habit of locking the door and darkening the windows of his room, when not at home, and they were so on this occasion; which led us to believe he was gone.

The Prophet was very much excited about something that had just happened in connection with the Judge. This was a year or so before his death. I never saw the former more disturbed and alarmed than at that time, and he talked very freely about it. Just as he was in the height of the excitement, we heard the Judge jump out of bed, and this alarmed the Prophet still the more, as he supposed Shaver had heard what

had been said, which was probably true. The difficulty between them increased after this, and one morning the Judge was found dead in his bed, in the room just mentioned. But at this time, my brother did not own the house, for he had sold it to a Mr. Dotson, who was living there.

The Heads of the Church made a great show of having the case investigated, by which they made it appear that the Judge had died of some disease in the head, which *perhaps* was true. But I heard the Prophet say before this that Judge Shaver knew a great many things that he did not wish to come to the knowledge of the Government at Washington, and that he dare not allow him to leave the Territory. *He was unquestionably poisoned.*

I think it was in the summer of 1853 that another Judge was sent to Utah, by the name of Brocchus. Soon after he came he was called

upon to make a speech, at a public meeting, at a time when the Prophet and the Heads of the Church were on the stand. I suppose Judge Brocchus knew but little of our customs, for he commenced to address the women, large numbers of whom were present, upon the subject of spiritual wifeism. He pointed out to them its wickedness, and the unhappy results that must follow to themselves and their children if persisted in. He also stated that it was against the laws of both God and man. I presume this was the first and only time that a Mormon assembly was ever addressed in open opposition to their faith and practice; certainly the only case of the kind that ever occurred at Salt Lake.

The Assembly were greatly excited, and more than two-thirds of the women were in tears before he had spoken many minutes, among whom Brigham observed some of his own wives. All were astonished. It was a moment of great peril for the Prophet and for the Church. One word then, spoken by authority and having the physical support of a military force at hand, would have brought on an explosion.

The Prophet saw this, and, as usual, he was equal to the occasion. The Judge was admonished to desist, and when he sat down, the Prophet rose, and by one of those strong, nervous appeals, which has never been wanting in success before a Mormon audience, he annihilated the Judge and the effect of his speech. In five minutes many of those whose tears had flown most freely responded to his broad sarcasm in screams of laughter.

When the spirits of the congregation were fully restored, he turned to the Judge and administered to him a torrent of abuse.

The Judge was beaten, and saw the necessity of leaving the Territory. The Prophet afterwards threatened, in private, to take his life, but I heard he was permitted to leave.

Judge Brocchus was succeeded by Judge Reed, of Bath, Steuben County, New York, who, profiting by the experience of his predecessor, exercised great discretion in his intercourse with the Mormon leaders, and became very popular with them. The Mormons, on their part, treated Judge Reed with studied attention, hoping to efface the unfavorable impression likely to be made upon the authorities at Washington by the Brocchus affair, in which they appear to have succeeded in a measure, for it is understood

*An incident from her thrilling narrative, published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the privilege of publishing this and former extracts.

that Judge Reed expressed the opinion, when he afterwards returned to this country, that the Mormons had been misrepresented, and that the charges against them were exaggerated. This, if true, was in pursuance of a line of policy adopted by him, as being the best calculated to meet the difficulties of his position; for beyond question he had studied the state of things at Utah very closely, and though he expressed his opinions with caution, he was certainly not a convert to our faith, nor to the Prophet's administration of the Government.

As he was from the neighborhood of our native place, and was well acquainted with most of our family, we were very intimate with him during his stay at the valley. It was due to the friendly relations existing between him and the Prophet, more than to any other cause, that we were afterwards permitted to leave Utah, as hereafter narrated. It was through him that we received letters direct from my uncle, Col. John R. Stephens, of Hornellsville, New York; and through this channel came the information which finally led to our escape.

Judge Reed remained in the valley about a year, and then went home on business, intending to return to Utah, but he died suddenly while there. He was an excellent and kind man, of whom I still entertain the most grateful recollections.

About this period a young man was coming from Mexico in command of a company of traders; and by chance he was met at Utah by Brigham Young, who was on his way from Great Salt Lake City to Little Salt Lake.

The Prophet was accompanied as usual by his "Body Guard," and attracted some notice on the route by the display in which he indulged—a kind of demonstration he was fond of making when well protected by his military attendants.

It is said all great men have their little weaknesses, and that of the Prophet is well known to be cowardice. He was great in words, however, and withal is a shrewd manager of men, and when not threatened with personal violence he was truly great. On this occasion the state and display affected by the Governor and Prophet excited the curiosity of the young captain of this band of Mexican traders, whose name was Wallace Alonzo Clark Bowman. This young man was a native of the State of New York, and being of a daring and roving turn of mind, had left his home at the early age of eighteen, and was now in the full tide of a successful career when he thus unfortunately met Brigham Young. He was over six feet in height, stoutly built and well formed, standing straight as an arrow, with fair complexion and light hair, a broad high forehead, with a keen blue eye and a Roman nose. He was as fine a specimen of manliness as is often met with in real life. He was, moreover, one of that class of men with whom the emotions of fear or the necessity of caution are entirely unknown. He also entertained the most undisguised contempt for double-dealing and of religious affectation of any kind. In short, having no reverence, and unable to comprehend the meaning of discretion, he was the last man to meet the Prophet's approval, but quite the man to awaken his cowardly suspicion, as he was a specimen of the only class of men of whom the Prophet was not a judge.

The two companies met at Utah, and halted to make of each other mutual inquiries as to the state of the roads and the like, while the animals were being fed. Bowman observed that Brigham was a personage of some consideration among the strangers, and upon inquiry was informed that he was the Governor of the Territory and the Mormon Leader. "If that is so," said he, "I must make the acquaintance of that distinguished adventurer." He then introduced himself to the "Prophet" by saying he had heard of him and of his religion often, though he knew but little of the latter, and he would like to be instructed in it somewhat. He then asked him to take a seat for that purpose. He told him further that he had heard much said against the Mormons, and their practices, but

he presumed they had been misrepresented, as all such sects were liable to be by their opponents, and he should be pleased to know the facts from the Prophet himself.

Bowman said this in that easy off-hand manner which, had it been addressed to an equally brave and simple-minded man, would have been met in a similar spirit of courteous independence—willing to concede as much as it exacted. But the Prophet was not a man of the generous mould to understand one of that nature. Though a good judge of the kind of men of which his Church was composed, the Mexican trader puzzled him; and he assumed at once the young man must have some villainous design upon him. He thereupon retired to his carriage with an indecent haste that betrayed his want of either courage or courtesy, and directed his secretary to inform the authorities of the City that he wished Bowman arrested upon his arrival there, as he knew by the Spirit of God the trader was a spy sent from the States to take his life.

The fact was that nothing could have been farther from the truth; and the pretence of revelation, behind which the Prophet attempted to shield his cowardice, smacked more of unscrupulous villainy than of Divinity.

Bowman, unawed by this treatment, stepped to the door of the Prophet's carriage, and said to him, in that spirit of defiant independence which a free rover of the plains feels himself at liberty to assume when treated rudely, "Sir, I have seen Governors before, but I never saw one so little a gentleman or so much a bigot;" and then turning to his men, with a dignity the Prophet might well have envied, ordered his company to move on.

The whole outfit and other accompaniments of Bowman's party proved he was possessed of wealth, and this was perhaps another inducement with the Prophet for wishing to bring the young rover into collision with his Danite assassins. When Bowman arrived at the city, he was arrested by Robert Burton upon suspicion of various crimes. This was a pretense resorted to for his detention. He was put in charge of John Norton, one of our nearest neighbors, who kept him imprisoned near by, in a place used by the police for that purpose. There was a great curiosity manifested among us to see the man who had made so long a journey to kill the Prophet; and, among others, I went to his prison. I was astonished at the courteous good breeding with which we were received.

I came away with a full understanding of his position. I knew he was innocent; but I knew equally well that would not avail him. I asked my mother, who had accompanied me, what she thought. Without saying a word for some time, she shook her head, and the big tears filled her eyes. "He is about the age Uriah was when he died among strangers," said she at length. "How should I feel if this brave boy were mine? But he is somebody's boy."

"They will kill him," said I.

"Certainly," said my mother; and then we sobbed in silence.

Bowman was held a prisoner for several weeks, as the Prophet had not returned. When he came a trial was had, and great efforts were made to procure some evidence against him; but all rested upon the revelation of the Prophet, except that the latter stated that Bowman was armed when he approached his carriage. Being armed in that country was not a crime, for no man went unarmed there. But it so happened that Bowman, although generally provided with and well skilled in the use of defensive weapons, had, on this particular occasion, left them on his horse, as he expected to remount in a few moments. This was proved by all his men. He was therefore set at liberty, after an annoying confinement of nearly two months. But this did not avert his fate.

The Danites are called in only as a last resort; but are never at fault when the Prophet's will is known; and in this case the Prophet had gone too far to think of relenting. The details of Bowman's fate I learned afterward from the

agents of the Prophet. They were John Norton and James Ferguson, and they had volunteered to execute Brigham's will.

Bowman bade us all good-bye; and there was quite a company who felt kindly toward him, and who would have shielded him from the Prophet's vengeance had they dared. He, too, was grateful for the sympathy they had shown him, and seemed to have a prevision that he was doomed. He started with all his company, and a few hours later Ferguson and Norton followed. They left the city on horseback, and that night passed, after dark, the house where Bowman had put up. Knowing the route he must take from there, they went on to Salt Creek Cañon, where they disguised themselves as Indians by painting their faces and putting on blankets and horse-hair wigs. It appears that Bowman had sent his main company on, while he remained behind, keeping but four horses and two Spaniards with him. He had purchased a wagon and harnessed two of his horses to it; one Spaniard was driving, and the other was riding one, and leading another horse behind the wagon, and Bowman was riding inside of it. It was in this manner that Bowman entered the cañon, the next morning, nearly alone, probably with the hope of misleading the "Danites," who, as he knew, would be on his track.

But Norton and Ferguson were in ambush near the road, and as the wagon came on they both rose from behind some rocks and bushes, and gave an Indian war-whoop, and fired a shot, which took effect in the hat of one of the Spaniards, whom they wished not to kill, but only to frighten. At this, both of these cowards fled with the loose horses, and made their way back to the city, leaving Bowman alone, who now rose in the wagon, and drawing himself up to his full height for a quick survey of the danger, from which he evidently felt there was no escape, looked undaunted upon his assailants. A moment of silence intervened, and the report of two rifle shots rang among the rocks of the cañon, and he fell to the bottom of his wagon dead. Either wound was mortal; one hit him full in the breast, and the other in the forehead. I afterwards heard both Norton and Ferguson relate the circumstances of his death, and both agreed in the statement as above given. The Spaniards, upon their arrival at the city, went before a magistrate, at the suggestion of the Mormons, who affected great alarm, and made oath that Bowman had been shot in Salt Creek cañon by the Indians, one of them showing the ball hole through his hat in confirmation of it, and this statement was credited as well among many of the Mormons as among the Gentiles, and is so received to this day by the masses.

A posse of the police were sent out to look for his body, and for the property, but returned, after a thorough search, without discovering either; and thus the matter was hushed up with the public. No part of his property, which must have been valued at many thousands of dollars, was ever discovered, as far as was generally known; but the following will indicate its probable disposition.

The first or second night after Bowman's death, John Norton and Ferguson brought his body to the city, in the wagon in which he had been killed, and drawn by his own horses. They took it to Norton's house. When the men had gone out, Rebecca came over and told me what had happened, and I went home with her. We took a light, and went to the back room and saw the body. We had no difficulty in recognizing it. I had afterwards, and at different times, repeated conversation with the actors in the tragedy of Bowman's imprisonment and death, from whom I have gathered what I did not know of my own knowledge. Norton and Ferguson both acknowledged, in my presence, that they killed Bowman in cold blood; and, what will perhaps appear singular to my Gentile readers is, they did not consider it a crime. Hiram Clauson told me that the body of Bowman was given to Drs. Andrews and Williams, well-known physicians of the city, for dissection.

WAITING.

"For they shall not be ashamed that wait for me."
—ISAIAH, XL: 23.

Yes, I am waiting, Lord, and it is sweet
To rest the while close at thy sacred feet;
Here with thy wounded hand upon my head,
My weary soul is blest and comforted.

'Tis joy to tarry at thy bleeding side,
Whence flows the healing, purifying tide,
My only hope, my perfect righteousness;
Yes, I will wait in this dear hiding-place.

For prone am I, my Lord, from thee to stray,
And lose thy presence in earth's busy way;
Yea, sometimes out on errands thine alone,
Self rises, and I count them all my own.

So eager am I to devise and do,
And in my frantic zeal the way pursue,
That I forget I should but follow thee;
And hurry, till thy face I cannot see.

And thou in love dost check my foolish haste,
Take me apart into the desert waste,
And bid me pause till thou shall point the
way,
And go before me lest again I stray.

So here beneath the shadow of thy wing
I stay my steps, and as I wait I sing;
While peace divine through all my soul dis-
tills,
And love its blessed, perfect work fulfills.

In this dear refuge, quieted and still,
I fold my hands and bide thy holy will;
'Speak, for thy servant heareth,' I will say,
Ready, when thou shall send me, to obey.

Shall disappointment or dismay betide
The soul that meekly waits her Lord beside?
Ah no, my expectation is from him,
And shall not fail though heaven itself grow
dim.

God is the Lord, who gives the soul's desire,
bind the sacrifice and wait the fire;
They shall not be ashamed who watch and
wake,
The morn of joy and glory soon shall break.

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"Loved"

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What should I fear while sheltered in His breast?

"Me."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1889.

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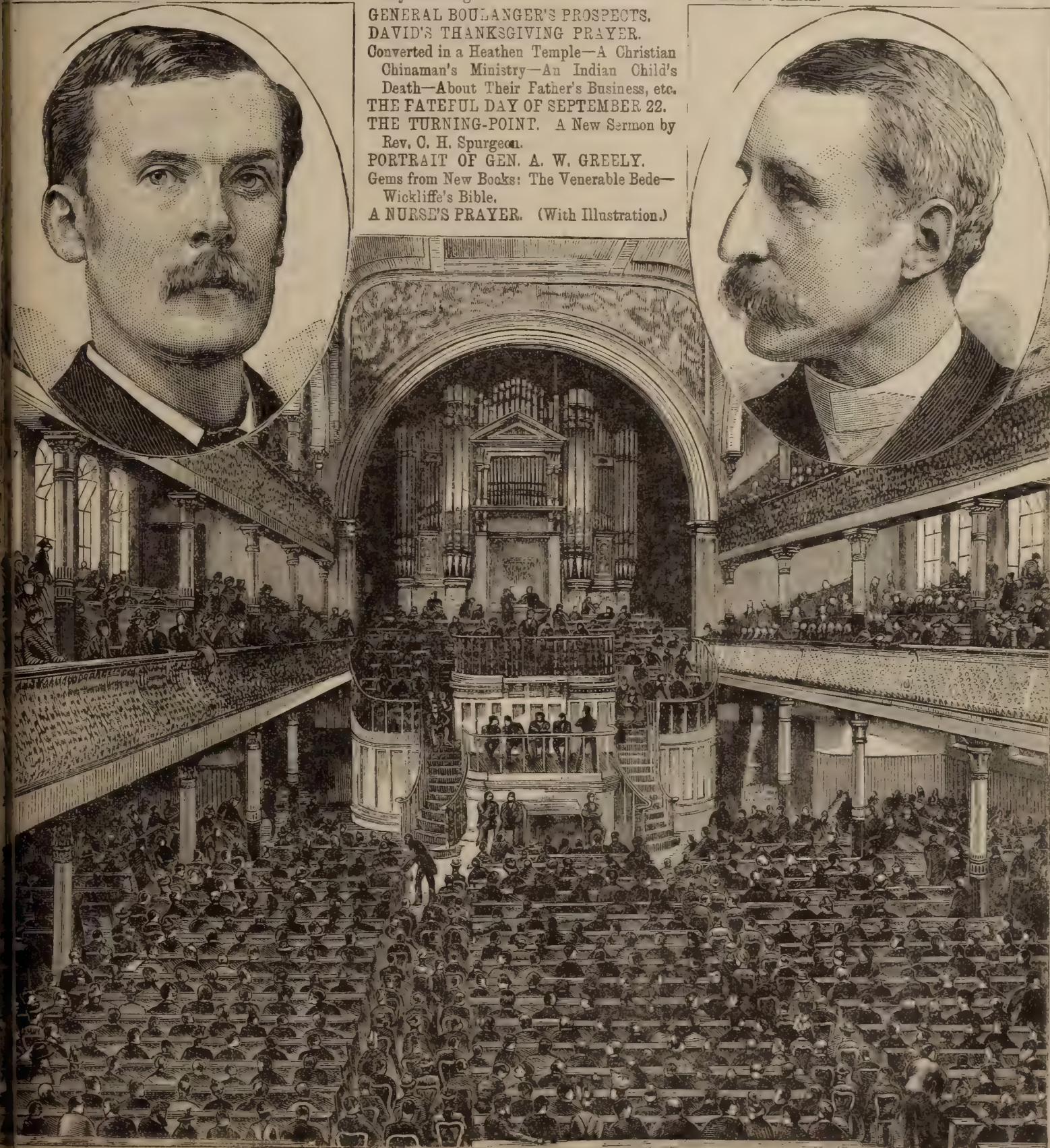
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TRAITS OF MESSRS. F. N. CHARRINGTON AND E. P. TELFORD.

THE WORLD'S FAIR: A BLESSING OR A CURSE? Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

PICTURE OF WESLEY MEMORIAL CHURCH. BETRAYED BY THE MORMONS. By Mrs. Mary Ettie V. Smith.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S PROSPECTS.
DAVID'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER.
Converted in a Heathen Temple—A Christian Chinaman's Ministry—An Indian Child's Death—About Their Father's Business, etc.
THE FATEFUL DAY OF SEPTEMBER 22.
THE TURNING-POINT. A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
PORTRAIT OF GEN. A. W. GREELY.
Gems from New Books: The Venerable Bede—Wickliffe's Bible.
A NURSE'S PRAYER. (With Illustration.)



Messrs. F. N. Charrington and E. P. Telford—The Charrington Hall During Mr. Telford's Meetings.

MR. F. N. CHARRINGTON.

As we mentioned in these columns two weeks ago, Mr. E. P. Telford, the successful Methodist evangelist whose meetings in this country two years ago were so signally blessed, has returned at the pressing request of ministers and friends in New England, and is again holding crowded meetings. During his former visit the work which God enabled him to do was so promising that he was urged to remain, but he was unable to comply, having promised Mr. Charrington to hold a mission in his great hall in the East of London. Mr. Telford returned to keep that engagement, and we now, in welcoming him back to the United States, give with his portrait a portrait of his friend Mr. Charrington, and a picture of Mr. Charrington's hall as it appeared during the meetings Mr. Telford has been holding there.

The Son of a Brewer

whose ale is popular in the saloons throughout England, Mr. F. N. Charrington was one of the heirs to enormous wealth. He was born in 1850, and is therefore now thirty-nine years old. After completing his education, he went with his parents on a tour through Europe before settling down to work as a partner in his father's brewery. During their wanderings they met the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, now rector of St. George's Church, New York. Mr. Rainsford spoke earnestly to the young man about his soul, and afterward the serious thoughts then awakened were intensified by the appeals of a friend who had recently been converted. Mr. Charrington gave his heart to Christ, and immediately began to look around for some work that he might do for God. He was advised to open a night-school for ragged boys in the East End of London. The young convert was glad to make a beginning. His days were occupied in the great brewery, while his evenings were spent in the night-school. It was rough, difficult, uphill work, but, full of Christian love, he persevered. At this time he became acquainted with Mr. Campbell, and his friend Mr. Kerwin, and under their influence he entered upon more direct religious work. They were carrying on in the immediate neighborhood a regular meeting among rough boys in a hay-loft. Mr. Charrington was present at their service one night. On arriving, he found himself in a long room, lighted with paraffine lamps hanging from the rafters. The room was fitted with rude benches, with a platform at one end. Despite the odor of the stable below, it seemed a house of God. The rough lads sang with a will, and listened intently to the address. Mr. Charrington saw that this was a better work than his own of teaching boys to read and write, and he at once proposed that they should join forces. The next night he took his boys to the loft, and helped in the service. It was

A Startling Contrast

to his former life. As he stood in the loft over the stable, urging the boys to seek the Lord, it occurred to him that only a year ago that very night he was the gayest of the gay in a ball-room. He continued in this work for some months, and when new premises were needed for the growing work, which it was felt should include girls as well as boys, Mr. Charrington spent \$1,500 in hiring and fitting up a suitable room in one of the lowest slums of the city. Up to this time Mr. Charrington had remained in the brewery, but his conscience was not at rest. Wherever he went he saw his father's name printed on large signboards and posts over the various grog-shops at every miserable street corner. He saw drunken fathers, gin-drinking mothers, and ill-used children, whose worst enemies were those whom God designed to be their natural protectors. There might seem to be light, warmth, and cordials within, but brawls and fights spoiled the glitter; and then above all he read, "Charrington, Head & Co.'s entire." In addition to this, the boys and lads were continually asking him questions about the drink that were not at all likely to make his conscience more at ease, and he began to feel that he was pulling down with one hand what he was building up with the other.

The crisis came. Mr. Charrington told his father that he could have nothing more to do with the business of the brewery. This decision came so unexpectedly that it was a great blow to the family, but he was resolute, and not knowing whether he would be penniless or not he

Quitted the Brewery

forever. It is gratifying to know that his father, bitterly as he resented his son's conduct at the time, saw things in a new light later. On his death-bed he expressed his approval of the course his son had taken, although it was then too late to change his will in which he had marked his resentment at his son's renunciation.

Thus delivered from entanglements, Mr. Charrington gave himself up unreservedly to Christian work among the million and a half of the poor in the East End of London. He had meetings every evening, and he preached in the streets and visited the sick and poor in the daytime, and on Sunday evenings he hired the variety theatres for religious services.

The Mission Hall,

a picture of which appears on the first page, is the outcome of his efforts. He realized that some central home was necessary as headquarters of the movement which he was leading, and on November 10, 1883, the foundation stone was laid of the great edifice. Aided by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and other eminent men, Mr. Charrington purchased a plot of ground in the heart of the slums at a cost of \$40,000, and commenced the erection of the enormous mission hall, which is now filled every night and three times on Sunday with an eager, attentive congregation. Mr. Charrington modestly keeps himself in the background, and invites any earnest gospel preacher to speak to the people, but he is the life and soul of the undertaking. By God's grace the name of Charrington is now famous among the poor of London for something else besides beer.

MR. E. P. TELFORD.

MR. TELFORD, whose portrait we give, with that of Mr. Charrington, on our front page, has been associated very closely with the work of the Great Assembly Hall for over thirteen years, he having made an annual visit, usually lasting six weeks. His preaching has been blest to the conversion of hundreds in East London. Mr. Charrington, when speaking at Mr. Telford's recent farewell meeting, before his departure for America, said his "work had been wonderfully successful in the Great Hall." Apart from his connection with Mr. Charrington's enterprise, he is known throughout England as a soul winner. His meetings have been largely amongst the Methodist churches, and during the last twelve years it is estimated that no fewer than 20,000 inquirers have entered the inquiry-rooms at his meetings seeking salvation.

Mr. Telford is a native of North Northumberland. He was born in 1846, and is, therefore, forty-three years of age. His mother was an enthusiastic Christian, and her boy was the subject of her constant prayers. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the dry-goods trade in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Not long afterwards, during a series of mission services in the neighboring town of Gateshead, he was

Converted to Christ,

at once united with the Church through whose instrumentality he was translated "from death unto life," and threw himself with heartiness into the service to which he felt convinced God called him. He began at once to address small gatherings in cottage meetings, which were held in some of the lowest haunts in Gateshead, with most successful results. At the age of seventeen he commenced to preach with great acceptance in village chapels in the neighborhood, and frequent conversions followed.

When Mr. Telford was twenty-three years old—in 1869—he removed to Stockton-on-Tees, and commenced business there on his own account. He observed with very much concern the irreligious condition of thousands of the inhabitants of Stockton, and began to hold open-air meet-

ings in the spacious market-place, and every night for nearly three years—winter and summer—these meetings were continued. He held

Revival Meetings in the Theatre,

a building capable of holding 3,000 persons, and the services were often crowded to overflowing. For twelve months he preached in the Exchange Hall, a building holding some 2,000 people, his discourses being the means of arresting many from a downward career. Through some four or five years of incessant labor by Mr. Telford and the band of earnest men and women he had drawn around him, many hundreds of both sexes were rescued from degradation.

So great was the success attending the labors of Mr. Telford, that invitations came pouring in from adjacent towns, and he conducted missions at Dewsbury, Halifax, and Hanley. He remained nearly six months in the Potteries, and excited great attention by his exertions in Longton, Stoke, Silverdale, and other places in this district. He has since held missions at Leeds, Gateshead, Nottingham, South Shields, Durham, Hartlepool, Sheffield, and in the East End of London. His year's mission at Nottingham in 1886-87 was a great blessing to the town.

A work of remarkable power also resulted from his visit to Ashton-under-Lyne, when in less than a month 1,500 men and women came forward testifying their conversion and decision for Christ. *The Rev. Thos. Rider*, ex-president of the Methodist New Connexion, with whom Mr. Telford was associated, says in a letter to him: "For many reasons I am sorry that you are about to leave England. It was my hope to have had you as a co-worker in special work for the great Master whom we serve. Your evangelistic labors have been a great blessing to very many souls in this country, and I hope will yet be so to many more. I pray that God may be with you abroad, and that everywhere precious souls may be won for Christ." *The Rev. T. T. Rushworth*, President of the Methodist New Connexion Conference, says: "I have been associated with Mr. Telford in several successful missions. He is eminently qualified for the special work to which he is devoted. I have pleasure in commending him to the confidence of the churches he may visit."

Two years ago Mr. Telford made a short Visit to the United States,

and was most warmly received by the ministers and churches which he visited. His first meetings were held with Dr. J. W. Hamilton, of Boston, whose name is so well known in the Methodist Church of America. He agreed to go for a ten days' mission, but at the request of Dr. Hamilton and the church extended his visit to a month, and even then the people reluctantly let him leave them for an engagement made with the First Methodist Church of Fall River, Mass. Some thousands of English cotton weavers from Lancashire have settled in this city, and crowds came nightly to hear the English evangelist, many of whom had heard him in the old country. After spending a month in Fall River, Mr. Telford visited Lynn, Mass., in the churches of Dr. Knowles and Dr. Pickles, preaching nightly for seven weeks; then he went to Wilmington, Del., preaching daily in the Reformed Episcopal Church—Pastor Rev. G. Tucker. He afterward proceeded to Philadelphia, where six weeks were spent laboring with Rev. Dr. Cleveland and other ministers of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Telford is now laboring at Plymouth, N. H. At the end of his engagement there he goes to Troy, N. Y. Thence to East Boston, where he will hold meetings in Dr. J. W. Hamilton's church. He hopes to preach in all our chief cities during his visit, though it is scarcely possible to accept all the invitations which have been sent to him. He is, however, arranging his routes so as to save time and get as much work as possible into the period at his disposal. At the close of his work in the United States Mr. Telford expects to proceed to New Zealand, Australia, and India. *Letters for him addressed to this office, 71 and 73 Bible House, New York will be forwarded to him.*

CONVERTED IN A HEATHEN TEMPLE.

In an interesting article on Mohammedans in Persia in the *Church at Home and Abroad*, Dr. J. H. Shedd relates the following incident: A young man, well educated, whose brother is a high ecclesiastic in Teheran, was led to doubt his religion by the vileness and hypocrisy which he knew existed among the mollahs or ecclesiastics. He was determined to follow it up and went to his brother at the capital, and from thence to the shrine of Ali at Kerbela, the seat of the highest teacher and holiest man of the Sheites. At this holy shrine he saw such rotten and abominable vileness and venality that he says, "I there became a Christian," and now he is in exile from his friends for Christ's sake. Another of our converts is the son of the highest ecclesiastic. His father died last fall; and on his refusing to take charge of the mosque his brothers deserted him, and he is an outcast to-day, though from a noble family, for his faith. Twice he has been handed over to the governor for death, but the governor has managed to get him away alive.

A CHRISTIAN CHINAMAN'S MINISTRY.

A QUIANT letter from a Chinaman who was converted in California and who has been on a visit to his own country is sent by Dr. W. C. Pond to the *American Missionary*. It refers to the baptism of six converts, and says: "One of the women was about sixty years of age. Her brother was a Christian and a preacher, and through her brother she gain to be a Christian. After this she encountered many trials, especially with her son's wife. Her son was in California, and his wife and two children lived with his mother. After she became a Christian both the children died. Their mother quarrel with her because she will not worship the idols. Then her brother, the preacher, died. Then she herself was taken very sick. We miss her three Sabbath days. That time no Chinese preacher was there, and only myself and, perhaps, one or two Christian brothers with me at the chapel. So I ask one of them to go with me to see for what cause she was absent. She lived about five miles from my place. We reach the village, meet a young man outside the village, ask him 'where is the Christian woman's house?' He said to us, 'Follow me.' So we follow him straight to her house and that young man live there. So I found she was sick. Three women were in the house, one of them the son's wife. These women said to us, 'If she not be a Christian you would not come to her.' My answer, 'Certainly not; if I not a Christian myself I would not come here.' So I begin to have a little talk to them and tell them who is the true God and how much God love us all, and how Jesus died for us. After this I gave them a prayer. They felt very much pleased to hear it. They gave me some present to take home, and soon the woman got all well. Then she went with her brother's widow to Hong Kong and leave her son's wife at home. Then she also became a Christian woman, very faithful, although a great many people make fun of her and use many bad words about her. She must be one of the five baptized."

AN INDIAN CHILD'S DEATH.

AN incident related by Miss M. C. Collins in the *American Missionary* is a type of the fatal results of spiritual indecision. Men and women who are trying to make the best of both worlds by enjoying the pleasures of this one, while giving Christ half-hearted allegiance, will have reason for still deeper sorrow than had the Indians Miss Collins describes. (Matt. 6: 24.)

Writing from Fort Yates, Dakota, she says: During the recent measles epidemic a large number of children died on the Agency. At this village a little child had been conjured until they thought it was dying, and then they sent for me. I found the poor little one all bruised with the hands of the conjurer. I showed the mother how to bathe it, and I poulticed the throat and sent Josephine over again to change the poultice, and she reported the child as breathing quietly. The next morning the swell-

ing had gone down and the baby seemed much better; all day it continued to improve, and the next day sat up and ate rice soup which I carried it. The mother said, "She is well now!" I said, "Oh, no, she is not; keep her in the house three days and I will visit her, then she will be well perhaps." If an Indian is not in a dying condition, they do not consider anything the matter. So, after I left, she took her child out and walked about two miles. The child caught cold, and that afternoon grew worse. They had an Indian to conjure it, and it died immediately. They sent for me to come and pray with them. Josephine went for Elias, and we went to the desolate home. The baby had been dead an hour and was closed up in a box, the grandfather singing a mourning song, the mother wailing, "Oh my daughter, my daughter, I loved her and she has left me!" Over and over again she cried out in her sorrow. The grandmother had cut her flesh, and the streams of blood running down from her hair over her face only made all seem more desolate, and more weird and terrible. They were trying to be Indians, and yet they had asked for me to come. I suppose it was to give the child the full benefit of both religions, so that there should be no mistake in the future world.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"A Working Slater, Given to Drink," says an evangelist, "was, after much persuasion, induced by his wife to come to one of our meetings. After coming once, he was most earnest and regular in his attendance, and before long he gave evidence of being truly a changed man. He gave up his drink, and came out boldly as a Christian. At the end of twelve months he was scarcely to be recognized: he became master where he had been a workman, and he has to-day five men under him. Moreover, he is still steadfast to his Christian profession, and full of praise to Christ for saving him."

Thrown From His Trap.—"A Young Man was driving along a country road, when suddenly his horse shied, and he was thrown from his trap, receiving fatal injuries. He was carried to the nearest farm-house by those who had witnessed the accident. A messenger was hastily dispatched for the doctor, while the sufferer waited in an agony of suspense. The moment the physician made his appearance, the young man exclaimed, 'Must I die, sir? Oh, tell me truly, must I die?' The doctor examined his injuries, then said, 'I do not think you can live more than an hour.' 'Oh!' shrieked the dying man, with a sudden frenzy, 'must I die in one short hour? I have made no preparation. I am not ready. Must I really die?' Some of those who were present reminded him of the thief on the cross, and told him to repent and believe on Jesus. 'What do you say?' he asked. 'Repent; believe!' 'What does that mean? Tell me quickly, quickly, or I shall be dead; I have only one hour!' The doctor had formed a right opinion. Within an hour the young man's spirit had gone, and his last sad words were, 'Oh, tell me, tell me, what am I to do!' He was cut down in the bloom of his youth, and that without warning. God says: 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'"

A Sailor Called "Satan" Converted.—"About six years ago," says an evangelist, "I took a mission in the Oxford Hall at Ilfracombe. Many were, I believe, then brought to the Lord, and among the rest was one man known as a ringleader in open wickedness. He was a stalwart man, a sailor, named Davey; but on account of his extraordinary character he had earned the sobriquet of 'Satan,' and was universally known by that name. To the great surprise of many, this man was brought to the Lord, and I had the joy of knowing him as a brand plucked from the burning. In January this year (1889) I was again at Ilfracombe, and one of the first items of news that reached my ears was that a small boat had been capsized two days previous to my arrival, and that two men had been drowned,

one of whom was my poor friend Davey. I had the privilege of calling upon his poor widow, who is left with nine children; and thankful indeed was I to hear from her and from everyone of the wonderful change that had taken place in this man. He had truly witnessed a good confession, and he had been rejoicing in the thought of seeing and hearing me once more. He had, however, been unexpectedly called instead to go in and see the King, and the sea has not yet given up the body."

A Young Man's Solemn Dream.—A Minister says: "I knew a young man who had been very anxious about his soul. Salvation was the centre of his thoughts by day, and of his dreams by night. One night he dreamed that he stood before the judgment seat of Christ. He saw an angel with balances in his hand. Into the one scale his sins were put. As that side weighed down, the angel said, 'What have you to put into the other?' He put in all his good thoughts, words, and deeds, but they were light as feathers in comparison with the great weight of sin. 'Have you nothing else?' asked the angel. 'Yes; I was the child of godly parents. Put in all their prayers for me.' But they made no difference. 'Have you nothing else to put in against your sins?' the angel demanded. Then he thought of Jesus, the sinner's Saviour, and he said, 'Will you put in Jesus along with my prayers?' 'No,' was the reply; 'Jesus will never consent to go into the scale as a make-weight. It is He only, or not at all.' Then the young man turned to the angel, and asked him to empty the scale, and put Jesus in alone. No sooner had the Saviour entered than down came the scale, and He far out-weighed all the sinner's sin. The young man awoke. It was only a dream, but it had shown him where he was erring. He was going to take Jesus to help him to work out his own salvation. Now he saw that he must depend on Christ alone. Salvation is all of grace; we can neither buy nor work out the smallest part of it. We must come to Jesus, and, throwing ourselves upon His grace, accept that which He so generously offers to us."

An Heroic Malagasy Girl.—Mr. Hamilton observes: "This story is told of one of the Malagasy converts: It was a time of great tribulation, and the Hova Queen of Madagascar had been prejudiced against Christianity. She issued a decree that by a certain day all her people who had professed Christianity should go before officers whom she had appointed, and take an oath against their professed religion under pain of her displeasure. The day came, and from all quarters they trooped to renounce Jehovah, the God of the whites, as their God. Many took the oath, but a faithful minority refused to deny or renounce their God. These were all condemned to death, and swiftly the executions followed. Some were burned, some were beheaded, and a large number were condemned to be thrown over a precipice. Among the last was a young girl who, when before the officer of state had given a most striking testimony. She was extremely beautiful, and as the officer, who was drunken and brutal, glared upon her, she said, 'You think to frighten me with your fearful countenance; but I fear you not, though your evil eyes proclaim you the servant of the evil one. I am trusting in Christ, the Almighty, and you cannot harm my soul.' The officer was enraged, and raising his hand smote her on the cheek; she calmly turned to him the other saying, 'God enables me to offer my other cheek to the smiter.' All were astonished. Her case was represented to the queen, who gave orders that every means was to be taken to win her back to her idols. They kept her to the last that the sight of her companions' destruction might weaken her resolute spirit, yet when her turn came she was prepared to die for her faith. Threats and bribes were showered upon her, but the noble girl remained firm. The queen, interested in her heroism, pardoned her, saying she was not a Christian, but bewitched. Set at liberty, for many years she continued to serve God and His afflicted people until it pleased her Master to call her home."

THE COMING WORLD'S FAIR.

SHALL IT BE MADE A BLESSING OR A CURSE?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, October 6, 1889.

"They traded in thy fairs." Ezekiel 27: 12.

The Fairs of Tyre—How the City was Taken—The Exhibits of the Tyrian Fair—The American Project—The Event to be Commemorated—The Eventful Day in 1492—Suggestions for the Fair—**I.** Our Cities Should not Belittle Each Other—**II.** The Financial Idea not to Eclipse the Moral—**III.** The Opportunity for Another Pentecost—**IV.** A Good Time for a Peace Congress—The Only Disinterested Nation—**V.** Bar out Foreign Vices—International Education—Reconciliation of Capital and Labor.

PAIRS may be for the sale of goods, or for the exhibition of goods on a small scale or a large scale, for county or city, for one nation or for all nations. My text brings us to the fairs of ancient Tyre, a city that is now extinct. Part of the city was on an island, and part on the mainland. Alexander, the conqueror, was much embarrassed when he found so much of the city was on an island, for he had no ships. But his military genius was not to be balked. Having marched his army to the beach, he ordered them to tear up the city on the mainland and throw it into the water, and build a causeway two hundred feet wide to the island. So they took that part of the city which was on the mainland, and with it built a causeway of timber and brick and stone, on which his army marched to the capture of that part of the city which was on the island, as though a hostile army should put Brooklyn into the East River, and over it march to the capture of New York.

That Tyrian Causeway

of ruins which Alexander's army built is still there, and by alluvial deposits has permanently united the island to the mainland, so that it is no longer an island but a promontory. The sand, the greatest of all undertakers for burying cities, having covered up for the most part Baalbec and Palmyra and Thebes and Memphis and Carthage and Babylon and Luxor and Jericho, the sand, so small and yet so mighty, is now gradually giving rites of sepulture to what was left of Tyre. But, oh, what a magnificent city it once was! Mistress of the sea! Queen of international commerce! All nations casting their crowns at her feet! Where we have in our sailing vessels benches of wood, she had benches of ivory. Where we have for our masts of ships sails of coarse canvas, she had sails of richest embroidery.

The chapter from which my text is taken after enumerating the richest countries in all the world says of Tyre: "They traded in thy fairs." Look in upon

A World's Fair at Tyre.

Ezekiel leads us through one department, and it is a horse fair. Underfed and overdriven for ages, the horses of to-day give you no idea of the splendid animals which, rearing and plunging and snorting and neighing, were brought down over the plank of the ships, and led into the world's fair at Tyre, until Ezekiel, who was a minister of religion, and not supposed to know much about horses, cried out in admiration: "They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses." Here in another department of that world's fair at Tyre, led on by Ezekiel the prophet, we find everything all ablaze with precious stones. Like petrified snow are the corals; like fragments of fallen sky are the sapphires; and here is agate a-blush with all colors.

What is that aroma we inhale? It is from the chests of cedar which we open, and find them filled with all styles of fabric. But the aromatics increase as we pass down this lane of enchantment, and here are cassia and frankincense and balm. Led on by Ezekiel the prophet, we come to an agricultural fair with a display of wheat from Minnith and Pannag, rich as that of our modern Dakota or Michigan. And here is a mineralogical fair, with specimens of iron and silver and tin and lead and gold.

But halt! for here is purple, Tyrian purple, all tints and shades, deep almost unto the black, and bright almost unto the blue; waiting for kings and queens to order it made into robes for coronation-day; purple, not like that which is now made from the orchilla weed, but the extinct purple, the lost purple, which the ancients knew how to make out of the gasteropod mollusks of the Mediterranean. Oh, look at those casks of wine from Helbon! See those snowbanks of wool from the back of sheep that once pastured in Gilead! Oh, the bewildering riches and variety of that world's fair at Tyre!

The Greatest Fair of All.

But the world has copied these Bible-mentioned fairs in all succeeding ages, and it has had its Louis the Sixth fair at Dagobert, and Henry the First fair on St. Bartholomew's day, and Hungarian fairs at Pesth, and Easter fairs at Leipsic, and the Scotch fairs at Perth (bright was the day when I was at one of them), and afterward came the London world's fair, and the New York world's fair, and the Vienna world's fair, and the Parisian world's fair, and it has been decided that, in commemoration of the discovery of America in 1492, there shall be held in this country in 1892 a world's fair that shall eclipse all preceding national expositions.

I say, God speed the movement! Surely the event commemorated is worthy of all the architecture and music and pyrotechnics, and eloquent and stupendous planning, and monetary expenditure, and congressional appropriations which the most sanguine Christian patriot has ever dreamed of. Was any voyage that the world ever heard of crowned with such an arrival as that of

Columbus and His Men?

After they had been encouraged for the last few days by flight of land birds, and floating branches of red berries, and while Columbus was down in the cabin studying the sea-chart, Martin Pinzon, standing on deck, and looking to the southwest, cried: "Land! Land! Land!" And "Gloria in Excelsis" was sung in raining tears on all the three ships of the expedition. Most appropriate and patriotic and Christian will be a commemorative world's fair in America in 1892. Leaving to others the discussion as to the site of such exposition—and I wonder not that some five or six of our cities are struggling to have it, for it will give to any city to which it is assigned an impulse of prosperity for a hundred years—I say, leaving to others the selection of the particular locality to be thus honored, I want to say some things from the point of Christian patriotism which ought to be said, and the earlier the better, that we get thousands of people talking in the right direction, and that will make healthful public opinion. I beg you to consider prayerfully what I feel called upon of God as an American citizen and as a preacher of righteousness to utter.

The Conflict of the Site.

My first suggestion is that it is not wise, as certainly it is not Christian, to continue this wide and persistent attempt of American cities to belittle and depreciate other cities. It has been going on for years, but now the spirit seems to culminate in this discussion as to where the World's fair shall be held, a style of discussion which has a tendency to injure the success of the fair as a great moral and patriotic enterprise, after the locality has been decided upon. There is such a thing as healthful rivalry between cities, but you will bear me out in saying that there can be no good to come from the uncanny things said about each other by New York and Chicago, by Chicago and St. Louis, by St. Paul and Minneapolis, by Tacoma and Seattle, and all through the States by almost every two proximate cities. All cities, like individuals, have their virtues and their vices. All our American cities should be our exultation. What churches! What public libraries! What asylums of mercy! What academies of music! What mighty men in law and medicine and art and scholarship! What schools and colleges and universities! What women radiant and

gracious, and an improvement on all the generations of women since Eve! What philanthropists who do not feel satisfied with their own charities until they get into the hundreds of thousands and the millions! What "God's acres" for the dead, gardens of beauty, and palaces of marble for those who sleep the last sleep! Now stop your slander of American cities. Do you say they are the centres of crime and political corruption? Please admit the fact that they are centres of intelligence and generosity, and the mightiest patrons of architecture and sculpture and painting and music and reservoirs of religious influence for all the continent. It will be well for the country districts to cease talking against the cities, and it will be well for the city of one locality to stop talking against the cities of other localities. New York will not get the World's fair by depreciating Chicago, nor Chicago by bombarding New York.

Another suggestion concerning the coming exposition: let not

The Materialistic and Monetary Idea

overpower the moral and religious. During that exposition, the first time in all their lives, there will be thousands of people from other lands who will see a country without a state religion. Let us, by an increased harmony among all denominations of religion, impress other nationalities, as they come here that year, with the superior advantage of having all denominations equal in the sight of government. All the rulers and chief men of Europe belong to the state religion, whatever it may be. Although our last two Presidents have been Presbyterians, the previous one was an Episcopalian; and the two previous, Methodists; and going further back in that line of Presidents, we find Martin Van Buren a Dutch Reformed, and John Quincy Adams a Unitarian; and a man's religion in this country is neither hindrance nor advantage in the matter of political elevation. All Europe needs that. All the world needs that. A man's religion is something between himself and his God, and it must not, directly or indirectly, be interfered with.

Furthermore, during that exposition, Christian civilization will confront barbarism. We shall have a greater opportunity to make

An Evangelizing Impression

upon foreign nationalities than would otherwise be afforded us in a quarter of a century. Let the churches of the city where the exposition is held be open every day, and prayers be offered and sermons preached and doxologies sung. In the less than three years between this and that world's convocation, let us get a baptism of the Holy Ghost, so that the six months of that World's fair shall be fifty Pentecosts in one, and instead of three thousand converted, as in the former Pentecost, hundreds of thousands will be converted. You must remember that the Pentecost mentioned in the Bible occurred when there was no printing-press, no books, no Christian pamphlets, no religious newspapers, and yet the influence was tremendous. How many nationalities were touched? The account says: "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," that is, people from the eastern countries; "Phrygia and Pamphylia," that is, the western countries; "Cyrene and strangers of Rome, Crete, and Arabians," that is, the southern countries; but they were all moved by the mighty spectacle. Instead of the sixteen or eighteen tribes of people reported at that Pentecost, all the chief nations of Europe and Asia, North and South America, will be represented at our World's fair in 1892, and a Pentecost here, and then, would mean the salvation of the world.

But, you say, we may have at that fair the people of all lands, and all the machinery for gospelization, the religious printing-presses and the Churches, but all that would not make a Pentecost; we must have God. Well, you can have Him. Has He not been graciously waiting? and nothing stands in the way but our own unbelief and indolence and sin. May God break down the barriers! The grandest opportunity for the evangelization of all nations since

Jesus Christ died on the cross will be the World's Exposition of 1892. God may take us out of the harvest-field before that, but let it be known throughout Christendom that that year, between May and November, will be

The Mountain of Christian Advantage, the Alpine and Himalayan height of opportunity overtopping all others for salvation. Instead of the slow process of having to send the gospel to other lands by our own American missionaries, who have difficult toil in acquiring the foreign language, and then must contend with foreign prejudices, what a grand thing to have able and influential foreigners converted during their visit in America, and then have them return to their native lands with the glorious tidings. Oh, for an overwhelming work of grace for the year 1892, beginning in the autumn of 1889!

Another opportunity, if our public men see it—and it is the duty of pulpit and printing-press to help them to see it—will be the calling at that time and place of

A Great Peace Congress

for all nations. The convention of representatives from the Governments of North and South America, now at Washington, is only a type of what we may have on a vast and world-wide scale at the international exposition of 1892. By one stroke the gorgon of war might be slain and buried so deep that neither trumpet of human dispute or of archangel's blowing could resurrect it. When the last Napoleon called such a congress of nations many did not respond, and those that did respond gathered wondering what trap that wily destroyer of the French Republic and the builder of a French monarchy might spring on them. But what if the most popular government on earth—I mean the United States Government—should practically say to all nations: On the American continent, in 1892, we will hold a world's fair, and all nations will send to it specimens of their products, their manufactures, and their arts, and we invite all the Governments of Europe, Asia, and Africa to send representatives to a peace convention that shall be held at the same time and place, and establish an

International Arbitration

commission to whom shall be referred all controversies between nation and nation, their decision to be final, and so all nations would be relieved from the expense of standing armies and naval equipment, war having been made an everlasting impossibility. All the nations of the earth worth consideration would come to it—mighty men of England and Germany and France and Russia, and all the other great nationalities—Bismarck, who worships the Lord of Hosts, and Gladstone who worships the God of Peace, and *Boulangier, who worships himself*. The fact is that the nations are sick of drinking out of chalices made out of human skulls filled with blood.

The United States Government is the only Government in the whole world that could successfully call such a congress. Suppose France should call it, Germany would not come; or Germany call it, France would not come; or Russia should call it, Turkey would not come; or England should call it, nations long jealous of her overshadowing power in Europe would not come. America, in favor with all nationalities, standing out independent and alone, is the spot, and 1892 will be the time. May it please the President of the United States, may it please the Secretary of State, may it please the Cabinet, may it please the Senate and House of Representatives, may it please the printing-presses and the churches and the people who lift up and down our American rulers!

An Appeal.

To them I make this timely and solemn and Christian appeal. Do you not think people die fast enough without this wholesale butchery of war? Do you not think that we can trust to anæmonias, and consumptions, and apoplexies, and palsies, and yellow fevers, and Asiatic choleras the work of killing them fast enough? Do you not think that the greedy, wide-open laws of the grave ought to be satisfied if filled

by natural causes with hundreds of thousands of corpses a year? Do you not think we can do something better with men than to dash their life out against casements or blow them into fragments by torpedoes, or send them out into the world, where they need all their faculties, footless, armless, eyeless? Do you not think that women might be appointed to an easier place than the edge of a grave-trench to wring their pale hands and weep out their eyesight in widowhood and childlessness? Why, the last

Glory Has Gone Out of War.

There was a time when it demanded that quality which we all admire—namely, courage—for a man had to stand at the hilt of his sword when the point pierced the foe, and while he was slaying another the other might slay him; or it was bayonet charge. But now it is cool or deliberate murder, and clear out at sea a bombshell can be hurled miles away into a city, or while thousands of private soldiers, who have no interest in the contest, for they were conscripted, are losing their lives, their general may sit smoking one of the best Havana cigars after a dinner of quail on toast. It may be well enough for graduating students of colleges on Commencement Day to orate about the poetry of war, but do not talk about the poetry of war to the men of the Federal or Confederate armies who were at the front, or to some of us who, as members of the Christian Commission, saw the ghastly hospitals at Antietam and Hagerstown. Ah! you may worship the Lord of Hosts, I worship the "God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep." War is

An Accursed Monster,

and it was born in the lowest cavern of perdition, and I pray that it may speedily descend to the place from which it arose, its last sword and shield and musket rattling on the bottom of the red-hot marl of hell. Let there be called a peace convention for 1892, with delegates sent by all the decent governments of Christendom, and while they are in session, if you should some night go out and look into the sky above the exposition buildings, you may find that the old gallery of crystal, that was taken down after the Bethlehem anthem of eighteen centuries ago was sung out, is rebuilt again in the clouds, and the same angelic singers are returned with the same librettos of light to chant "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Again, I suggest, in regard to the World's fair, that, while appropriate places are prepared for all foreign exhibits, we make no room for

The Importation of Foreign Vices.

America has enough of its own, and we need no new installments of that kind. A world's fair will bring all kinds of people, good and bad. The good we must prepare to welcome, the bad we must prepare to shun. The attempt will again be made in 1892, as in 1876, to break up our American Sabbaths. That attempt was made at the Philadelphia Centennial, but was defeated. The American Sabbath is the best-kept Sabbath on earth. We do not want it broken down, and substituted in the place thereof the Brussels Sabbath, the Vienna Sabbath, the St. Petersburg Sabbath or any of the foreign Sabbaths, which are no Sabbaths at all. I think the Lord is more than generous in asking only fifty-two days out of the 365 for His service. You let the Sabbath go, and with it will go your Bible, and after that your liberties, and your children, or your grandchildren will be here in America under a despotism as bad as in those lands where they turn the Lord's Day into wassail and frolic.

Among those who come there will be, as at other expositions, lordly people who will bring their vices with them. Among the dukes and duchesses, and princes and princesses of other lands are some of the best men and women of all the earth. Remember Earl of Kintore, Lord Cairns, and Lord Shaftesbury. But there is a snobbery and flunkeyism in American society that runs after a grandee, a duke, a lord, or a prince, though he may be a walking lazaretto and his breath a plague. It makes the fortune

of some of our queens of society to dance one cotillion with one of these

Princely Lepers.

Some people cannot get their hat off quick enough when they see such a foreign lord approaching, and they do not care for the mire into which they drop their knees as they bow to worship. Let no splendor of pedigree or any pomp and paraphernalia of circumstance make him attractive. There is only one set of Ten Commandments that I ever heard of, and no class of men or women in all the world are excused from obedience to those laws written by finger of lightning on the granite surface of Mount Sinai. Surely we have enough American vices without making any drafts upon European vice for 1892.

By this sermon I would have the nation made aware of its opportunity and get ready to improve it, and of some perils and get ready to combat them. I rejoice to believe that the advantages will overtop everything in that world's fair. What an introduction to each other of communities, of states, of republics, of empires, of zones, of hemispheres! What doors of information will be swung wide open for the boys and girls now on the threshold! What national and

International Education!

What crowning of industry with sheaves of grains and what imperial robing of her with embroidered fabrics! What scientific apparatus! What telescopes for the infinitude above and microscopes for the infinitude beneath, and instruments to put nature to the torture until she tells her last secret! What a display of the munificence of the God who has grown enough wheat to make a loaf of good bread large enough for the human race, and enough cotton to stocking every foot, and enough timber to shelter every head, making it manifest that it is not God's fault, but either man's oppression or indolence or dissipation if there be any without supply.

Under the arches of the chief building of that exposition let

Capital and Labor,

too long estranged, at last be married, each taking the hand of each in pledge of eternal fidelity, while representations of all nations stand round rejoicing at the nuptials, and saying: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Then shall the threnody of the needlewoman no longer be heard:

Work, work, work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

Oh, Christian America! Make ready for the grandest exposition ever seen under the sun! Have Bibles enough bound. Have churches enough established. Have scientific halls enough endowed. Have printing-presses enough set up. Have revivals of religion enough in full blast. I believe you will. "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

Through the harsh voices of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spined Apocalypse!

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev

M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 771 Bible House, New York.

DAVID'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for October 20, 2 Samuel 7, Golden Text, 1 Thess. 5: 18.

David in Peace and Rest—Leisure a Testing-Time for all Men—David's Love and Gratitude to God Seeking Expression—Consultation with the Prophet—The Project Laid Before God—The Answer Prompt and Appreciative—Two Precious Promises—David's self-Depreciation—Satisfied that God Knew Him Throughout—A Contrast Between Two Kings—David Ascribing All Glory to God—Content With His Promises.

IT was a time of calm; no war was raging; the king, who had so long wandered on the mountains and dwelt in caves, now "dwelt in his house, and the Lord had given him rest from all his enemies round about." His long-cherished desire to bring up the ark of God to Jerusalem had been accomplished, and David was at leisure.

How do Men Spend their Leisure?

It is when necessary and unavoidable work no longer presses that the bent of a man's heart, the bias of his will, and the character of his tastes, are manifest. Then it is that the discovery is made whether God or self comes first, whether a man lives unto himself, or unto Him that died for him and rose again. (II Cor. 5: 15.) Some men have a passion for sightseeing, some for art, some for travel, some for sport, some for violent exercises and athletics, and in their time of leisure, these are their occupations. But the instinct of such men as Moses, Elijah, David, Paul, was to get alone with God, and ponder on the things touching the king.

To some it is a weariness to pray, to some it is a relief, to many it is simply a duty, but to some it is a life, an instinct; it is that which the soul returns to as naturally as substances fall on the earth by the law of gravitation. It was so with David, the first thought in his leisure moments was spoken out, not to some companion of the chase, but to the wise, faithful prophet Nathan, whom God had given to watch over and pray for him. "See now," he said, "I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains." This was his burden. In outward things he was better off than the ark of God. It does not take much of comfort and luxury for the children of God, if their hearts are like David's, to discover that they fare better than Jesus did. I have a comfortable bed; Jesus had not where to lay His head. But David meant something more than the simple expression of a sentiment, he meant business; and Nathan saw it, and said unto him, "Go, do all that is in thine heart, for the Lord is with thee."

Nathan, like a true friend, carried the matter to the Lord. There are people whom you cannot offend more than to tell them you pray for them. To a man who knows God, there is no friend like the friend who prays for him. Such a friend loves him enough to tell him God's mind even when it is distasteful to him. Such a friend is no flatterer, but when he wounds, faithful are the wounds of such a friend. God was not long in replying to His faithful servant. "The same night . . . the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying, Go and tell my servant David, Thus saith the Lord, Shalt thou build me an house for me to dwell in? for I have not dwelt in an house since the day that I brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt, even to this day, but have walked in a tent and in a tabernacle. In all places wherein I have walked with all the children Israel spake I a word with any of the tribes (1 Chron. 17: 6, judges) of Israel whom I commanded to feed my people Israel, saying, Why have ye not built me an house of cedar?"

God Was Not Angry;

up to this time all the worship which had been offered to Him originated in His own thought; He provided it for the good of the people, as well as for the glory of His name, and now it was sweet to the Lord, as Mary's alabaster box of ointment was sweet, to see this loving loyalty to Him in the heart of David. "Now therefore, thus shalt thou say unto my servant David, Thus

saith the Lord of hosts, I took thee from the sheepcote, from following the sheep, that thou shouldst be prince over my people, over Israel: and I have been with thee whithersoever thou wentest and have cut off all thine enemies from before thee." Yes, David knew this, for he had sung, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (Ps. 23: 4.) But it was sweet to know over again, by a direct message, that He who walked with the children of Israel walked also with His fallible child! So far for the past, but the message of God went on to speak of the future. "And I will make thee a great name, like unto the name of the great ones that are in the earth." Like them, but not of them; David's fame is more in churches than in courts. "And I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and will plant them, that they may dwell in their own place, and be moved no more; neither shall the children of wickedness afflict them any more, as at the first. . . Moreover the Lord telleth thee that the Lord will make thee an house. When thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee . . . and I will establish his kingdom.

He Shall Build an House

for My name, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom forever." There were two things David longed for: First, to build an house for his God; next, that his might be a sure kingdom, and not, like Saul's, to be taken from him. And now his two desires were granted in one hour, and by a direct message from his God! And moreover, in speaking of the son which should succeed him, God said, "I will be his father, and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men. But my mercy shall not depart from him, as I took it from Saul." Oh what a joy for the heart of a father, that God would be a Father to his successor, that God would watch over him, that if he sinned he should be chastened, but not utterly cast away! God loves our children, yes, far more than we do; what unspeakable comfort!

David was overwhelmed. It was seldom a difficulty to him to praise God. Almost all his psalms are, more or less, in the spirit of praise. But this unexpected grace, this fullness of promise, was more than he could ask or think; to himself, his children, his kingdom, his people, to all, blessing was ensured! "David the king went in and sat before the Lord." How long he remained silent we know not, probably some hours, and when, at last, he spoke, it was like Moses at the burning bush, or John before the vision of his Master's glory. "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me thus far?" He shrank into himself with the consciousness of his unworthiness. One who knows little of God, exults and glories in the tokens of God's favor; one who knows Him better, is confounded by the love which can reach through so much of short-coming. "And this was yet a small thing in thine eyes, O Lord God; but thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house for a great while to come . . . and what can David say more unto thee? for thou knowest Thy servant." (David could not make himself more worthy. God was the best judge of how unworthy.) Thou knowest Thy servant, O Lord." There is a sublime rest and an unfeigned humility in this simple and dignified reference of himself to God. He could say no more; the subject of "David" was exhausted. It was not in him to speak of his merits; he once did so (Ps. 26), but he had to get away from thoughts and words of himself in order to get at liberty, and Ps. 27 finds him rejoicing in the Lord as his Light and his Salvation. So here he is at large directly when he turns

From Himself to God:

his tongue is loosed, his words flow, "For Thy word's sake and according to thine own heart, hast thou wrought all this greatness, to make thy servant know it." David did not flatter himself that it was for his sake; no, for Thy word's

sake." "Wherefore thou art great, O Lord God for there is none like Thee, neither is there any God beside Thee, according to all that we have heard with our ears." Oh how unlike the vaunting of men who are without God! Contrasted with Nebuchadnezzar, how different is David's word! Listen to the proud king as he walks in the royal palace of Babylon and says, "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built for the royal dwelling-place, by the might of my power, and for the glory of my majesty?" (Dan. 4: 30.) Nebuchadnezzar's horizon was filled with one object—his lordly self. David's horizon was filled with one object—the Lord his God. In all his conquests, Nebuchadnezzar saw his own talent, his own power, his own glory; but whichever way David looked, he saw his God. When he slew the lion and bear he attributed his safety to his God; when Goliath fell, it was the Lord who delivered him into his hand; when Saul's power and enmity were at an end, it was still the Lord who had wrought for His name's sake. David understood the command, "In everything give thanks." (1 Thess. 5: 18.) Faulty as he was, he always justified his God.

"And what one nation in the earth is like Thy people, even like Israel, whom God went to redeem unto Himself for a people, and to make Him a name, and to do great things for you, and terrible things for thy land, before Thy people which Thou redeemedst to Thee out of Egypt, from the nations and their gods?" This King saw the distinctive mark of His people, not in their art or manufactures, not in their prowess in war, not in their superior build or deportment, not in their architecture or their literature, but in what their God had done for them. He saw more to glory in the fact that God had redeemed them, than in any characteristic in the people themselves, their relation to Him, and His relation to them; this made David's heart glow with pride and joy. Egypt was more learned, but Egypt had not been prized by God as Israel had. The Sidonians were greater merchantmen, but God was not their God. The Babylonians excelled all the world in their architecture, but they were not God's people. Learning, merchandise, architecture, would all perish, but the God of Israel is the same, and His "years are throughout all generations." The very heavens shall perish, but He shall endure, they shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture they shall be changed (Ps. 102: 25-27), "but Thou remainest, and Thy years shall not fail."

"Thou didst establish to Thyself Thy people Israel to be a people unto Thee forever; and Thou, Lord, becamest their God." "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." (Rom. 11: 29.) Something of the air, something of the light, of eternity had broken upon David's soul, he could not see things just as near-sighted man sees them!

"And now, O Lord God, the word that Thou hast spoken concerning Thy servant, and concerning his house confirm Thou it for ever, and do as Thou hast spoken." He asks for no more. He

Expects No Less.

David is not full of curiosity to know which of his sons shall reign, he sees God's side of the question all the time. "And let Thy name be magnified for ever." God told him *his* name should be great as the great ones that are in the earth, but David is in no hurry for personal honor, God's name is more to him than his own. "Let Thy name be magnified for ever, saying, The Lord of hosts is God over Israel." Still God and Israel to the front, and self in the background, "and the house of Thy servant David shall be established before Thee. For Thou, O Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, hast revealed to Thy servant, saying, I will build thee an house, therefore hath Thy servant been bold (margin, R. V.) in his heart to pray this prayer unto Thee." The conclusion is in the same spirit; David does not relapse into petition, he is lost in the admiration he has for the greatness and the faithfulness of his God, "Now, O Lord

God, Thou art God, and Thy words are truth, and Thou hast promised this good thing unto Thy servant; now, therefore begin and bless (margin, R. V.) the house of Thy servant, that it may continue for ever before Thee, for Thou, O Lord God, hast spoken it: and with Thy blessing let the house of Thy servant be blest for ever."

ABOUT THEIR FATHER'S BUSINESS.

AN interesting incident is related by Miss Swift, a missionary in Madura, in a letter to the *Missionary Herald*. She says: "Two little girls, the daughters of one of our catechists, during the recent festival got together all the papers and tracts they could find, and took their mats and went down into the bazaar street, where there was a surging crowd of people. They might easily have been trampled upon or crushed in the crowd, but they were not in the least afraid. They spread their mats down under the eaves of a heathen car and began to sing the hymns they had learned in school—'Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all,' and others like this—and there they remained until they had sold several annas worth of books and tracts. In the meantime their father, who had missed them, was searching for them in great anxiety of mind, and as he went down the street he suddenly heard their baby voices as they were singing together the Christian songs to the crowd."

GENERAL BOULANGER'S PROSPECTS.

DR. PRESSENSÉ, of Paris, says: "We are on the eve of the most serious election battle that France has witnessed for half a century—a battle in which the honor and the very life of France are at stake. It is with deep sorrow, not unmixed with indignation, that we have seen the Comte de Paris, while still unfurling the Royalist banner, accepting and advocating an alliance with the Boulangist faction, and enforcing it by an appeal to the passions of the clergy."

"It is certain that almost everywhere in the Departments, the inferior clergy have canvassed for the Boulangist candidates. Shutting their eyes to the immorality of the Boulangist party, the Catholic clergy have looked at it only as a tool ready to their hands for overthrowing the Republic, which they hate. Little they heed that many followers of General Boulanger are largely atheists like Rochefort and Naquet, and that he himself as Minister of War in a former Government was the promoter of all the measures of which the Catholics chiefly complained. The Clerical party is now determined to see in him nothing but the famous catapult which is to make a breach in the bulwarks of the Republic, through which the Church may enter in and gain a post of vantage. The most prominent leaders of the Clerical party have not hesitated to give the hand of fellowship to this daring adventurer; and the Comte de Mun, the greatest lay spokesman of the Catholics, has openly expressed his sympathy with the General; while the leaders of the coalition of the Catholic and monarchical party have shown, more or less openly, a strong leaning to the Boulangist side in their electoral lists."

"I fear, therefore, that the lesser clergy are likely not only to espouse the cause of the General themselves, but to act largely as recruiting sergeants for him. I am confirmed in this fear by the charge just issued by the Bishop of Marseilles, in which he lays it upon all the faithful to go to the poll bearing on their hearts nothing but the interests of the Church. This means that they are to be influenced only by the clerical bias of the candidates, though those candidates may be avowed enemies of the present Republic. I heartily give my adhesion, therefore, to the circular, so firm in its tone, which the Minister of Justice and of Worship has just addressed to all the bishops in France. It runs as follows: 'I charge you, the bishop, to impress upon all the priests in your diocese, that they are not at liberty to show political partisanship in the exercise of their priestly functions, or to take advantage in any way for political purposes,

of the authority attaching to them as priests. The French Government, using its recognized rights of discipline over the clergy, will not hesitate to proceed according to law against any who shall infringe this rule of conduct, the observance of which has been exacted by every Government since the Concordat. Political speeches, or demonstrations of any kind, indicating determined hostility to the state, will be visited by the erasure of the name of the offender from the list of authorized clergy.' The Catholics are now entering on another great struggle for power at the close of this century."

TWENTY YEARS OF PRAYER ANSWERED.

DWELLING recently on the value of persevering prayer, Mr. D. L. Moody related the following incident in illustration: I knew an old judge who had gone through all the honors of his locality, but was an infidel. Pressed by his Christian wife, I approached him; but it was no use, and I left him, saying, "Judge, I am no match for you now, but when you are converted, will you please let me know?" He laughed, but promised to do so. A year and a half later, great was my surprise when, being in the same town, the old judge came to me and announced his conversion. His narrative of how it happened was as follows: One evening his wife had gone to church, and he was all alone, when he commenced to think, "Suppose my wife is right?" Then he commenced to think that the world could not have made itself, and must have been created by a God, and he said, "Why don't you ask that God to teach you, judge?" He did so, and from that moment things appeared to him in a different light. But still he did not want a mediator, and wished to communicate with the heavenly Father direct; and he felt burdened. Then, falling on his knees, he exclaimed: "For Christ's sake, deliver me from this burden!" The burden was taken off, and from that moment he was a Christian, after his wife had prayed twenty years.

THE FATEFUL DAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1889.

THE London *Christian Herald* contains the following: September 22, the day of the Autumnal equinox, was selected as the first day of the year in the French Revolutionary Calendar, which was established in 1792, and now again it is to be a fateful day in 1889 (the centenary year of the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789) because it has been chosen as the day of the elections throughout France for a New Parliament, which, we predict, will ultimately be found to result in almost as great innovations as were produced by the New French Parliament of the States-General of 1789.

It is an extraordinary coincidence that on September 20, just two days before September 22, 1889, there took place a conjunction of the planets MARS (the legendary god of WAR) and SATURN (a reputed star of ill omen), which has not taken place previously for 6,000 years; in other words, these two planetary bodies came nearer together than they have done since the Creation of Man, 6,000 years ago, so that to the naked eye they seemed to become one star.

Then, again, on September 25, three days after the momentous day, September 22, the planet Venus comes into its nearest conjunction with the planet Regulus, and in a line with Saturn, and again, on October 1, Venus is in conjunction with Mars. A London paper truly says: "For three such planets to be so near to each other would have afforded the old astrologers opportunity for predicting any manner of wonderful things."

It should not be forgotten that Christ Himself foretold, in Luke 21: 25, as signs to precede the End of this Age, "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars: upon earth, distress of nations with perplexity: the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things that are coming on the earth."

All Europe may be said to have been standing on the tiptoe of anxious expectation on the eve

of September 22, to know whether the Bonapartist, Orleanist, Clerical, and Radical elected candidates, who all adopt Boulanger's Revisionist policy and political cry, will unitedly outnumber the elected candidates who are supporters of the present French Republican Government. If so, they will annul General Boulanger's condemnation and recall him to Paris. In such case the London *Times* is of the opinion that "War to the knife will at once ensue between the newly elected Parliament and the French Senate or House of Lords, and the arbiter of the struggle will be the Army. It is a critical condition of affairs."

We believe that he is a Man of Prophecy destined to be a prominent figure in coming European convulsions and wars, and a mighty agent in promoting the formation of the Confederacy of Ten Kingdoms in Daniel 7: 24, by 1892, although most people in France now say of him, "*Il est fini*," i. e., *He is done for*. The French Parliament elected on September 22, will prove sooner or later to be a distinct step toward the breaking up of the present European tranquillity and the production of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy by 1892.

AN AGED BRAHMIN'S VISION.

AN interesting experience is told by Dr. Morrison, a missionary at Rampore Bauleah, India. He says: "I baptized an old Brahmin woman on July 14 last, and there has been a good deal of trouble and excitement over her baptism. She is about seventy-five years of age, and is bent with infirmity, yet on two separate occasions she travelled to church, a distance of over one mile. She seemed so anxious to profess her faith in Jesus, that I had no hesitation in baptizing her. She, however, did not fully realize how much hatred and persecution this act of hers would stir up, and for a time we feared that the great pressure brought to bear upon her might cause her to recant, but as yet, though very sad and perplexed at the attitude of her Hindoo neighbors towards her, she has held to her profession of faith in Christ Jesus. Her daughter, who was disposed to join with her, when she understood that baptism broke her caste, was quite fierce towards her mother, and was urged strongly by the neighbors to cast her mother out of her house. This she has not done yet, and we hope by God's blessing she herself may yet come round to believe in Jesus."

"The woman is poor but a Brahmin, and thus few of the influential Hindoos take any notice of the affair; but the whole village demands that the daughter, grandson, and great-granddaughter—a girl of ten years—should separate from the old woman. The grandson refuses to eat food in the same house with his grandmother, and this distresses the old woman much. Her testimony and experience up to the point of her baptism are most interesting and instructive. It would seem that she has been at various shrines and holy places for cleansing from sin, but in vain. Twelve years ago she was very ill, as if at the point of death, when she had a vision that she was in some place where a number of people were assembled, and that while there she received a vision of her Saviour. Immediately after her baptism she said: 'Now I see fulfilled the dream I had twelve years ago. He has blessed, and by your prayers I am blessed.' There are other women in the village as far advanced spiritually as she, but dare not profess; and we are prohibited going to that village now."

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 4 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Unpropitious Incident has Marred the opening of the congress of the three Americas. The trouble has arisen over the appointment of Mr. Blaine to be President of the Congress. It was first manifested on October 1. When it became apparent that the Secretary of State would be chosen to preside over the deliberations of the Congress, the Central and South American delegates went into secret session. No sooner had the doors been closed than the storm broke. In vigorous Spanish the proposition to make Mr. Blaine President of the Congress was denounced as unfair, illegal, and unprecedented. The delegates protested, though with a vehemence that was so strong as to excite suspicion, that they did not object to Mr. Blaine on personal grounds, but because he was not one of the delegates appointed by the President, and therefore not eligible. This, however, is a mistake. It is the custom in such cases to choose as President the foreign Minister of the country in which the conference is held. Efforts were made to remove the objections of the delegates, but the representatives of Chili and the Argentine Republic remained firm, and withdrew from the conference. It is hoped that they will yet yield to the entreaties of friends, who urge them not to isolate themselves on account of a personal prejudice. The trouble is to be regretted, as the object of the Congress is to promote harmony.

Another Tragedy on a Mississippi Steamboat has been added to the long list of such fatalities. The steamer *Corona*, while proceeding up the river on the morning of October 3, at 10 o'clock, when opposite False River, about one hundred and fifty miles from New Orleans, exploded her boilers with frightful effect, killing forty-six of the passengers and crew, and completely wrecking the boat, which sank almost immediately. The boat was about to make a landing, and, the officers say, had not nearly so much pressure of steam as the law allows, when suddenly the flues of one of the boilers collapsed. The first intimation the passengers had of the disaster was a low rumbling sound; then an explosion which shook the *Corona* from stem to stern, followed by a dense volume of escaping steam. The roof seemed to be lifted bodily from the saloon, and the air was filled with timbers. Flames appeared in several places, but it was useless trying to extinguish them, as the boat was evidently sinking. Efforts were at once made to get all the uninjured passengers on board to jump into the river as the surest means of safety from the escaping steam and the suction of the boat. Many, however, were afraid to jump, and in a few minutes it was too late. The wreck quivered for an instant, and then, with a sudden plunge, sank, carrying the unfortunates with her, and leaving about half the passengers and crew struggling in the water. Providential-

ly, at the time of the disaster the steamer *St. Louis* was coming down the river, and as soon as the explosion occurred she was headed for the *Corona*, lowering the boats meanwhile. To the promptness displayed by the officers of the *St. Louis* is due the fact that many of those who were struggling in the water were saved. Many of them were exhausted when rescued, some having been struck by flying pieces of wreckage, while others had been severely scalded.

Elections in the Four New States Took Place on October 1. There was considerable divergence in the estimates of the returns up to the close of the week, but it is evident that in North and South Dakota and Washington the victory is, as was expected, with the Republicans. In Montana the result was very close, and both parties claim the success of their respective tickets. The chief anxiety outside the State is of course as to the Legislature, which will elect the United States Senators. The Republican figures show a majority of three on joint ballot, while Democratic figures show a majority of seven the other way. Both parties concede the fact that in North Dakota the Prohibition article was carried by a substantial majority. In South Dakota, Pierre has won the fight for the Capitol. When victory was assured, the whole city went wild with joy. The leaders in the struggle, though some of them were defeated in their personal aspirations for office, were drawn through the streets in a carriage by the people, and the city was decorated and illuminated. The price of real estate doubled in a few hours.

An Evidence of the Continued Vitality of Mormonism was given on October 2 in the arrival of the *Wyoming*, of the Guion Line, from Liverpool with 110 Mormon immigrants on board. More than half of them were young girls between thirteen and eighteen years of age. The leaders had evidently been warned of the tactics pursued by the New York Emigration Commissioner, as the entire party had been grouped in families before their arrival in port. The Superintendent of Castle Garden was fully convinced that the claims of the elder men and women in the party to be the parents of so many girls were fraudulent. The immigrants, however, had been thoroughly drilled beforehand, and the closest examination failed to discover any girl who was not accompanied by her parents. The Superintendent was powerless in the face of the asseverations of both daughters and parents, but was sure that in a large number of cases the relationship was one of adoption and not of nature. The elder in charge of the party was an Englishman. He made himself so officious in Castle Garden that the Superintendent expelled him.

The Catholic Church and the Irish Nationalists appear to be drifting farther apart. A letter was published last week from Canon Griffin, of County Cork, severely condemning the statements made by Mr. Timothy Healy at a recent meeting of the Dublin branch of the National League, that the renunciation by Mr. Balfour of the Catholic University scheme was a bitter blow to those seeking to consolidate the power of England at the Vatican against Irish Nationalists, and that the leading object of the mission of Mgr. Persico to Ireland was to muzzle the Irish ecclesiastics. Canon Griffin says that Mr. Healy's remarks were grossly insulting, and that should such language reach the Vatican it must teach the Pope what to expect if men like Mr. Healy ever get in power in Ireland. Canon Griffin declared that it looks very much like a schism in the Church when Catholics applaud such utterances as those of Mr. Healy.

The English Liberal Unionists are Endeavoring to stay the tide of popular support, which appears from recent elections to be tending in the direction of Mr. Gladstone's party. Mr. Chamberlain, who is prominent in the work, made a speech last week in which he taunted the home rulers with making no serious effort to meet the dissentient liberals in argument, and said that if the home rulers wanted to win the next election they must not call the dissentient liberals traitors and renegades, but must fairly argue and

show that men who had committed no fault except that of being unable in twenty-four hours at the bidding of one man, to repudiate all their previous principles were wrong. If the Gladstonians wished the dissentient liberals to alter their principles, they would have to convince them that the liberal policy of the past generation was inapplicable, impossible, or ineffectual. His colleague, Lord Hartington, also spoke in the same strain. He said that Mr. Gladstone had on three occasions led the liberals to defeat, and the people were justified in demanding to know where he was leading them now.

Dr. Talmage's Tour in the Holy Land was publicly announced last Sunday. Addressing the Tabernacle congregation Dr. Talmage said: "With the hearty consent of the elders and trustees of this church, I leave on Wednesday morning, October 30, on the *City of Paris*, for the Holy Land, Palestine, to be gone about two months. I am sure all my congregation will unite with the officers in giving their consent when I tell you why I go. First, my object is educational to myself and congregation. I want to see the places associated with our Lord's life and death. I believe I can make my pulpit work far more efficient when I have seen with my own eyes Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem and Calvary, and all the other places connected with the Saviour's ministry. Those places cannot be visited healthfully in the summer, and in time of usual vacation. What I learn and see, you will learn and see when I come back. My second reason for going is, that *I am writing the Life of Christ*, and I can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eye-witness of the sacred place." Among the places at which Dr. Talmage will probably preach during this extended trip are Rome, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Bethany, Samaria, Joppa, Athens, and Corinth, and Mr. Louis Klopsch, the reverend gentleman's press agent, has perfected such arrangements as will enable him to promptly and regularly report this exceedingly interesting series of discourses for the columns of this paper.

The General Result of the French Elections is regarded as a declaration by the electors in favor of a conservative republic. The radicals form but a group in the new Chamber; and in their addresses to the electors the radical candidates either altogether omitted to mention or glossed over the reforms which enter into their ordinary programme. The *Herald* says: "The country, as every unbiassed observer will allow, is enamored neither of the separation of Church and state, nor of the new schemes of taxation, nor of the plan for electing magistrates. What is wanted is a republic, not such as the radicals favor, but such a one as was conceived in the mind of M. Thiers." The probable result will be a business programme, which will include such useful reforms as the revision of the code of procedure and of the criminal prosecution code, the cheapening of law and the simplification of methods of administration, the development of beneficent societies and the reform of the press laws.

An Omen of Approaching Trouble in the Balkans, which form the crater of European beligerence, was witnessed on September 29, when the ex-Queen Natalie returned to Servia. She had been expressly warned not to set foot in Servia by her divorced husband, the wretched Milan, and by the regents, who are supposed to govern the country during the young king's minority. She braved them all, however, and when she arrived in the capital she was welcomed with immense popular enthusiasm. The significance of her reception is due to the fact that she is a Russian by birth, education, and sympathy, and must have secured the Czar's promise of protection before she ventured to return. An eminent authority on European affairs says that the Servian army will be reorganized openly or surreptitiously, and disciplined by Russian officers, as it was in 1874-75, and, when restored to comparative efficiency, will be launched against Bulgaria on some plausible pretext transmitted from St. Petersburg.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$15.50. They are from: Marshall, Mich., \$1; Canton, Dak., \$1; Lancaster, Pa., \$5; Warren, N. H., \$5; Galveston, Tex., \$1; "A Friend," \$1; Milby, Ont., Can., 50 cts.; Deckertown, N. J., \$1. These contributions are more welcome than usual, as we have on hand at this time letters from a large number of applicants, some of whom plead that they have had the paper in the past, and have learned to value it, and rely on its help, while others plead that their need is greater than that of others, because they have never had its help. It is difficult to decide which class has the better claim, and we wish that we could solve the difficulty by placing all the names on our list.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which assembled in New York on October 2, has been long anticipated as an event of great importance by the whole Church throughout the States. It is expected to decide several momentous questions. Among others is that of representation. At present each diocese, whatever its size, casts one vote by its clerical representatives and one vote by its laymen. Arkansas, with but 1,364 communicants, has the same voting power as New York, with its 44,256 communicants. It is proposed to substitute proportional representation for this system of equality of dioceses, so that it will no longer be possible, as at present, for twenty-five dioceses, with less than 80,000 communicants, to outvote the other twenty-four dioceses with over 325,000 communicants. The revision of the Prayer-Book is another important business of the Convention. It is possible that some of the proposed changes may have to be remitted to another convention. The adoption of another hymnal is also to be considered. The question, however, which is expected to provoke most discussion is the proposed change in the name of the church. The word "Protestant" in its present title is an offence to some of the clergy, who think it an anomaly that theirs, of all denominations, should emphasize its Protestantism by its name. Various names are suggested; among others, "The American Church," "The Church in the United States," and "The Catholic Church of America." There are sixty-five Bishops and over 400 delegates in the Convention.

Stellar Shoes are Worn by a Horse in Wheeling, W. Va. A press dispatch from that city says that some time ago a large meteorite fell on the banks of Jenny's Creek, in Wayne County, and was divided up among the people of the neighborhood as soon as it was discovered. The aërolite contained a large percentage of iron, and some of the fragments were procured by a farmer, who gave them to a blacksmith friend to make them up into a set of horseshoes. The work was done, and the shoes were put on the farmer's favorite horse, and he is still wearing them. The iron is very hard, and the shoes have already outlasted two or three ordinary sets. It was a part of the blessing on one of the twelve tribes that their shoes should be iron and brass, a symbol of the strength that was to be as their days (Deut. 33: 25); but his feet are best protected who uses the material the apostle recommends, and that too came down from heaven. (Eph. 6: 15.)

Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars Reward is offered for the discovery and restoration of a derelict ship. She left Savannah for London on August 28, laden with turpentine, and was insured for \$70,000. On September 10 she was off Cape Henlopen, when she was struck by the cyclone and capsized. Her crew of twelve men made their escape in the ship's boats, and were rescued by a passing vessel and taken to Lewes, Del. They reported the loss of the ship, and the underwriters, feeling sure that the buoyant cargo would keep her afloat, have offered a reward of \$25,000 to any tug that finds her and brings her safely to port. Powerful steam-tugs from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston started out immediately to scour the seas in search of the prize, and it is fully expected that

news of the capture of the precious derelict will soon be received. There are many human derelicts, capsized by the cyclone of temptation, afloat on the seas of human life, for the recovery of which a still higher reward is offered, and Christian workers are laboring to bring them in. (James 5: 20.)

A Snake Was Found Inside a Melon Recently at Athens, Ga. The *Chronicle* of that city says that one of its reporters has had an interview with a very much astonished man, who said: "Last week I purchased some watermelons from a countryman, and one of them was a particularly fine one. I placed this one on the table and cut it. Imagine, if you can, my surprise when I found that there was *no heart to the melon*, but it had a smooth opening on each side. By placing the two halves together I could see that the space was made by something round. I began to look around to try to discover what could have made the place, when right under my nose, on the table, lay a small snake. It was of a light green color, about sixteen inches long, and had a horned head. The most puzzling thing about it was how the snake got in. The rind of the melon was perfect, and it could not have crawled through it. The nearest I can guess at it is this: It must have been a very small snake when the melon was in bloom, and the snake being in the bloom when it developed into a melon, the snake remained in it." The astonishing perversity of some men may be similarly accounted for. When David was prostrated with remorse over his grievous sin he explicitly ascribed that origin to it. (Ps. 51: 5.)

Two Outcast Boys are Causing Some Solicitude to the Emigration Commissioners in New York. They came here from England on October 3, and said they were going to their brother in Chicago. As they were only ten and twelve years old respectively, they were detained at Castle Garden until the Commissioners could communicate with their brother. Before hearing from him, a warning letter about them came from a clergyman in Illinois, who said they would probably become a public burden, as the brother was in poor circumstances. He told the Commissioners that the boys were the sons of an engineer, who was killed at Aurora, Ill., a year ago. The railroad company paid the widow \$1,500 as compensation, and she with her five children returned to England, her native country. There she speedily married again. Her second husband disliked the children, and is attempting to get rid of them by sending them to this country. The Commissioners would have sent the boys back immediately, but they begged hard to remain, as their mother had broken up housekeeping, and if they were sent back to England they would not know where to find her. Their case has, therefore, been held over for consideration. Their plight is truly pitiable, and if a refuge here is denied them the little fatherless outcasts will think the world a cruel, heartless place. It may be hoped that some Christian home will be opened to them where they will hear of the love of their heavenly Father, and be led to seek Him who is the refuge of the friendless. (Hos. 14: 3.)

A Painful Dilemma was Solved by a School-teacher in New Mexico two weeks ago. Her school was at Chama, and there she met a young business man of the town, with whom she became acquainted. They grew attached to each other, and this summer the young man began to talk of marriage. The school-teacher wanted her father's consent to the union, so, at the first opportunity she paid a visit to his ranch near Alamosa. It was arranged that, after a few days, her lover should follow her and learn the result of her application to the father. The girl's mission was not successful. Her father knew nothing of the young man's character or position, but was "against him on general principles." His opposition continued in spite of argument and coaxing, and was still firm when the lover appeared. The daughter happened to see the young man approaching the ranch, and told her father. "He shall not come into my

house," said the old man, resolutely. Finding that pleading was of no avail, the girl considered for a minute, and then seized her father in her arms and hugged him affectionately kissing him again and again. Then she released him with a tearful good-by caress and ran from the house to meet her lover. She told him the situation, and then mounting to his side in his wagon, they drove to Santa Fé, where they were married. Evidently it cost her a struggle to leave her father for her lover, and doubtless her husband will love her all the more for the proof she therein gave him of the depth of her love. Such love, stronger than all rival claims, Christ requires of all who would be His followers. (Matt. 10: 37.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will meet in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, October 15-18.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is announced to hold meetings at West Pittston, Pa. Preliminary meetings will be held to invoke God's blessing on the services.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the General Congregational Association of Minnesota was held in the Park Church, St. Paul, September 17-20.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York State held its sixteenth Annual Convention last week at Auburn, N. Y.; 300 delegates were present.

Dr. Edward Judson has now \$220,000 in hand toward the \$280,000 which it is intended to spend in erecting the Church, Young Men's Home, and other buildings as a memorial to his eminent father, Dr. Adoniram Judson.

Another landslide at Quebec occurred October 2. The piece of rock which fell weighed several tons, and crushed in the back of a house on Little Champlain Street, near the scene of the recent catastrophe. No lives were lost.

Major Whittle has just concluded a fortnight's evangelistic campaign, under the auspices of Trinity Free Church, Edinburgh (Rev. J. J. Mackay, pastor). Dr. Moxey previously held a week's mission in connection with the same congregation.

The 175th anniversary of the Cold Spring Presbyterian Church, known as the Old Brick Church, near Cape May, N. J., was celebrated on September 26. The Rev. Daniel Lords Hughes, a descendant of one of the old pastors, preached a historical sermon.

Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Mass., has opened a Training Institute for foreign missionaries. The object is to supply to those called to missionary work, who are unable to avail themselves of the usual advantages, the best possible training. Both sexes will be admitted.

The Evangelical Alliance for the United States will hold a national meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, the 4th, 5th, and 6th of December next. The meeting is expected to equal in interest and influence the great Washington Conference of 1887. Arrangements are being made for reduced railroad fares, &c.

Rev. M. Baxter is being violently opposed in his work of distributing gospel portions, tracts, and leaflets at the Paris Exposition. Roman Catholics and infidels have joined hands in invoking Government interference with his work, as he was not moved by the threats which were made against his life if he did not desist.

A farewell meeting to missionaries was held on October 1 in the Mission Rooms of the Reformed Synod, 26 Reade Street, New York. Among the departing missionaries were Dr. and Mrs. Kipp, of Amoy, China, Rev. N. H. and Mrs. Demarest, for South Japan, and Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Scudder, of the Arcot Mission.

A table of statistics for Sunday-schools in the United States, just published, shows that there are in all 101,824 Sunday-schools, with 8,345,431 scholars, and 1,100,104 teachers, making a total of 9,445,535 in the Sunday-schools of the country. Pennsylvania has the largest number of schools—8,729, and New York the largest number of scholars—979,415.

Mrs. M. Baxter's Missionary Training Home in London has now been established three years. During that time seventy-three students have passed through the Home. Of these twenty-five are now laboring as missionaries in India, Africa, China, etc., twenty-eight are engaged in evangelistic work, and twenty are preparing for the foreign field. Last year's outlay was \$2,573, of which more than two-thirds was given by the Rev. M. and Mrs. Baxter.

Dr. L. W. Munhall commenced a series of evangelistic services at Norristown, Pa., on September 29, which have been wonderfully blessed. At the preliminary meetings in the Oak Street, M. E. Church, and the First Presbyterian Church, large crowds of workers gathered, and Dr. Munhall addressed them on the methods to be pursued, and the necessity of consecrated effort. Dr. and Mrs. Lowe are leading the musical part of the services. The *Daily Herald* reports the astonishing success of the meetings.

THE TURNING-POINT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself," etc. Jeremiah 31 : 18-20.

The Turning-points of Life—To Evil or to Good—
The Great Turning-point of Conversion—I. As God Sees It—The Man Bemoaning Himself—
Addressing God—Perceives Who Chastened Him—Admits that it did no Good—Despairs of All but God—II. Man After the Turning-point—
May Not Know it at the Time—Soon Realizes It—By Repentance—The Wolves Behind a Russian Traveller—III. God at the Turning-point—
A Scene in a London Home.

THERE are turning-points in most lives. We go on in a straight line for a certain distance, but suddenly we come to a place where we must make a choice of roads. All the rest of our journey may depend upon what we do at those particular points. Character often hinges on a day's resolve. Every now and then we meet with a man who has seemed hopeful enough till he has taken a wrong turn; and ever since then we have heard it said of him that "he has gone to the bad." That is a common and expressive phrase for going in the wrong direction openly and boldly. The man was not right before, but now he is wrong in conduct: heart and life rush together down a steep place into the sea of ruin. On the other hand, the world may not often notice it, but the lovers of the souls of men observe, with great gladness, that men and women are suddenly pulled up, and caused to turn in the right direction.

There are many turning-points and places of deliberation in the pilgrimage of life. To some, those turning-points come very early in youth: while they are yet boys and girls they are visited in conscience and impressed in spirit; and blessed are they if they there and then seek the Lord; for they shall find Him, to the joy of their lives. To young men and maidens there are

Stations on the Line of Life

where they are called upon to decide as to their future road. Again and again the warning voice is heard, "Change here for holiness and eternal life!" The lad is to be bound apprentice, or he is to take his first situation, or for some other reason he is, for the first time, to leave his father's roof: let him look upon this occasion as one of the most important seasons of his life. The night before he goes away will be, to that youth, if he be wisely led, a time for specially committing himself to God. When for the first time facing public life, the youth may well hear a voice saying to him, "Choose thou this day whom thou wilt serve." The whole of his future may depend upon how he begins in the business: the first step may influence every other.

When men and women are about to be married, how much of life then trembles in the balances! Upon the choice of a partner in life the fashion of that life may depend. Whether self or Christ, the world or God, shall be the master-motive of the household, may be decided by the finger which wears the plain gold ring. Too often is marriage entered on frivolously; and yet, if one could see all the bearings of it, for good or for evil, one would judge the fullest consideration and the most prayerful thought to be nothing more than the demand of common sense on such a subject. Changes in business, removals of residence, promotion to higher positions, or serious losses, all make

New Starting-Points.

Birthdays, new years, graves wet with tears, or strange events in personal history, have all become turning-points in life's ways. Fierce temptations have also brought the lives of men to pauses, and then to onrushes, which have continued to give force to all the rest of their existence. To yield at a certain moment has meant life-slavery; to overcome has meant eternal triumph. Joseph's career was determined by that grave moment in which he fled from the allurements of sin, and left his garment in the tempter's hand. By that flight he prepared his way to become the saviour of Egypt, and the benefactor of his father's house. Take heed, my

brother, when thou art tempted; for the next minute may be the pivot of thy life.

There is, however, one turning-point, and one only, which will secure salvation and eternal life; and that is what we call conversion, which is the first apparent result of regeneration, or the new birth. The man being renewed, the current of his life is turned; he is converted. Of this turning-point I desire to speak this morning. The text tells us a great deal about this turning; it is wonderful how clearly it describes it. Every touch is true to nature, and marks the hand of One who is within us as well as round about us.

I. First, here is

Man at the Turning-Point

as God observes him. Is not that a wonderful word of the Lord—"I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself"? Of a certainty, the Lord hears all the sorrowful voices of men. It may be that nobody else has heard you: you would be very sorry that they should. But the Lord says, "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself." You did not speak, you could not put your feelings into words: your utterance was a moan, a piteous noise, such as an animal might give forth—a moaning like that of a cow in pain. The word here used, if you pronounce it deliberately, conveys its own meaning by its sound. The Lord hears "surely:" that is to say, He hears the sense and meaning of our wordless moans: He puts into language that which no words of ours could express. The Lord understands us better than we understand ourselves.

Concerning the man here described, we note that he is in a state of great sorrow about himself. This is sorrow indeed. The grief is within. All the water outside the ship is of small account; it is when the leak admits the water to the hold that there is danger. "Let not your heart be troubled:" it matters something if your country or your house be troubled; but to you the trying matter is if your heart be troubled. We read that David's heart smote him—that is an ugly blow, against which there is no shield. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit, who can bear?" This is what the Lord tenderly notes about the sinner at the turning-point, that he bemoans himself. This bemoaning was to his God. This is

A Very Hopeful Point

about it: he cried to Jehovah, "Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised." His deep trouble is poured out unto his God. It is a blessed thing when a man in his distress turns to his God, and not from Him. It is well when the troubled heart cries, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! That I might come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments." If the vessel's head is toward the Lord, no storm will ever sink it. You have come to a blessed turning-point in your life when you are driven to address your sore complaints unto the Lord God. If thou art speaking to the Lord, though it be only in sighs and moans, He hears thee, and He will answer thee, and speak comfortably unto thee.

Notice how Ephraim in the text has spied out his God as having long ago dealt with him. He tells the Lord that He has chastised him: "Thou hast chastised me, and

I Was Chastised."

The man had not observed the hand of God in his suffering; but he does now. He lost his wife: he did not see God in this stroke chastening him. His children were taken from him: he did not see the hand of God even in that affliction. I see the suffering man before me; he has been brought low by sickness; but he has not considered who it is that has weakened his strength in the way, and shortened his days. His spirits sink, his mind is wretched; he has not yet felt that it is the hand of the Lord which is heavy upon him. It is a mark that the careless heart has come to a change, when the man who had not God in all his thoughts now sees him in his life, and cries, "Thou hast chastised me." I have hope of that man who sees God's hand, even though he sees only a rod in it.

But the mourner in our text means more than this by his bemoanings; he owns that the chastening had not set him right. "Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised;" and that was all. He had smarted, but he had not obeyed, but had still further rebelled. When

Sin Brings Sorrow

as its wage, the proud spirit of man is angered, and he resents that which God justly lays on him. In the time of his affliction many a man sins more and more. Every chastisement which ends in chastisement, and produces no salutary fruit, not only involves solemn responsibility, but it casts a seven-fold blackness over future guilt. He that goes astray over the thorn-hedge of affliction is not likely to return. May God save us from unsanctified chastisements, for they are often the outriders of destruction!

Yet there is something better than this; the mourner in our text despairs of all but God. He cannot turn himself, and chastisement will not turn him; he has no hope left but for God Himself to interpose. "Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned." Lord, Thou didst send a fever; it has burnt me, but it has not melted me! Let Thy love do what Thy furnace could not! Lord Jesus, come Thyself, and melt this iron heart! Come Thyself, with Thine own almighty grace, and conquer even me! Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned; but I despair of any other power working conversion in me!

To all this confession poor bemoaning Ephraim adds another word, whereby

He Submits

to the supreme sway of Jehovah God—"For Thou art the Lord my God!" Happy is that heart, which, in its despair, throws itself at the feet of its covenant God, crying, "Thou art the Lord my God!" He does as good as to say: Man cannot help me. I cannot help myself. Even Thy chastenings have not availed to turn me. Lord, I appeal to Thee, Thyself! Thou art Jehovah: Thou canst do all things. Thou art my God, for Thou hast made me: and therefore Thou canst new-make me. I pray Thee, therefore, exercise Thine own power, and renew Thy poor broken and defiled creature. Fashion me according to Thy mind, that I may answer to Thy purposes.

Thus I have dimly described the man at the turning-point: and it only remains to note that all this was done and felt, not in pretense, but in deed and of a truth. The Lord says, "I have surely heard Ephraim." What was said was truly said, so that God surely heard it. That experience which is feigned, and not really wrought in the soul, will prove to be nothing better than the painted pageantry of a dead soul—a disguise to go to hell in! Pretend to no feeling which is not real. Profess no emotion which is not deeply and truly felt. In all things be sincere, and, most of all, be accurate when describing your inner condition before Jehovah!

II. Secondly, let us hear

Man After the Turning-Point.

Here you have the description in the nineteenth verse. It begins with "Surely." Is it not very remarkable that each of these verses should be stamped with the hall-mark, and each one bear the word "surely"? The Lord said He had "surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself;" and here Ephraim says, "Surely after that I was turned, I repented."

See, before us, prayer mixed with faith soon answered. Not many moments after Ephraim had said, "Thou art the Lord my God," he felt that he was turned. He treats it as a matter of fact, and speaks of "after that I was turned." I do not think that every man can tell when that turning took place; but it did take place in the case of every saved one. Looking back, he has to look for the fruit of the turning; and that may be very perceptible, though the secret mystic work may in itself be hidden. In quickening the soul from its death in sin, there must be a moment in which the sinner is dead, and another in which he lives. The actual transition from death to life must be instantaneous, though the signs of it may be gradual.

The main point is to be turned; to know the place and time is a secondary matter. Yet I say some of us know when we were turned; and here is one reason why we remember it, for repentance came with turning. "After that I was turned, I repented." The man, when awakened, cried, "Break! Break! Break! O heart!" But it would not break. He said to himself,

"I Long to Feel,"

but he could not feel; his heart seemed to be as an adamant stone. If he did for a moment experience a melting emotion, it passed away, and his goodness was as the morning cloud, or as the early dew. But now, after that he was turned, repentance came easily. No effort was required; the heart of stone had turned to flesh, and the rock smitten by the divine rod gushed with floods of penitential grief. "I repented," says he, meaning, I changed my mind about a thousand things: I loved what I had hated, I hated what I had loved; I loathed what had been called my pleasure; I longed for what I had despised as being dull and dreary. "I repented," I felt deep sorrow for sin, and I quitted it to follow after obedience and holiness. Repentance is a sweet and sure evidence of a divine conversion.

Lastly on this point, memory now comes in, and revives the reproach of youth. Memory is a very terrible torture to a guilty heart. Ephraim had forgotten his green and foolish years when he was in the first fury of his sinful madness. Do you say to me, "I was sowing my wild oats then"? I answer, "You were sowing, and soon will come the time for reaping." Go down now to the field, and see what has come of your random life! Wild oats are seldom barren. I have known them grow up into a harvest of unquenchable flames! God has not forgotten your youthful provocation. Ah! when memory is awake it piles huge fagots upon the fires of remorse, and the flame rises to the heavens. It is a great reproach to a man to have been a rebel in his youth: it shows how ingrained a traitor he is. I can only compare the sinner with a quickened memory to one who is travelling

Across the Plains of Russia,

dreaming in his carriage, and on a sudden he is aroused by the sharp bark of a wolf behind him; and this is followed up by a thousand cruel voices of brutes, hungry and gaunt and grim, all eager for his blood. Harken to the patter of those eager feet! the howls of those hungry demons! Whence came they? You thought that your sins were dead long ago, and quite forgotten. See, they have left their tombs! They are on your track. Like wolves, your old sins are pursuing you. They rest not day nor night. They prepare their teeth to tear you. Whither will you flee? How can you escape the consequences of the past? They are upon you, these monsters, their hot breath is in your face; who can now save you?

Only a miracle can rescue you from the reproach of your youth; will that miracle be wrought? May we dare to look for it? We have something better than a mere hope to set before you. Jesus meets these packs of wolfish sins. He interposes between us and them! He drives them back! He scatters them! There is not one of them left. But till this is seen and known by faith, the man is in a hopeless state; neither is any in a more horrible condition. He is ashamed, confounded, and crushed with reproach. All this is working a true and deep work in his soul. Better things are coming.

III. Now we will turn, and hear

God at This Turning-Point.

Picture the poor guilty creature, confounded, covered with reproach, unable to defend himself in the least degree; and then the God whom he has so greatly offended comes in, and cries, "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child?" Does this look like a question? The answer has been already given in the ninth verse of this same chapter: "I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my firstborn."

The gracious Lord sees Ephraim sore with chastisement, spent with weeping, pale with

shame, and moaning with agony, and then his sonship is acknowledged. God is eager to receive returning prodigals. The Lord as good as says, "He is my dear son;" he is a "pleasant child"! The sinner that despairs of self-salvation is "my dear son"! The sinner who bemoans himself for his transgressions is "a pleasant child"! How can it be? The heart of the Father in heaven has great depths in it, unfathomable by our poor limited natures.

Let me imagine a scene, such as our London homes have often seen. One of you has

A Little Girl,

and she has behaved very badly during the day; mother has threatened her with punishment for her continued ill-conduct. The child, in her bad temper, has run away. The evening comes on, and where is Jane? Her brothers and sisters do not know. It is getting late; where can she be? Has anybody seen her? No, she is not hidden away at home; every room has been searched. In alarm, some one is sent to the police-station. Have you seen a little girl? No, they have not seen a little girl. It gets to be 10 o'clock at night, and the matter is very serious. Eleven strikes, like a knell. "Why don't you go to bed, dear mother?" "Go to bed! Why, I am her mother!" and she breaks out with, "My child! my dear child!" Surely a little while ago she might have been called a good-for-nothing little chit: one might have been glad to miss the worrying little troubler. But now mother cries, "My child! my dear child!"

The clock strikes 12; the small hours grow into great ages of grief. Father is troubled; he has been up and down the streets, and searched everywhere. You meet him, and you say, "Well, she was, after all, a very commonplace child, and most obnoxious in disposition." "Ah! you do not know her. Oh, she was such a pretty girl! She had her peculiarities; but it makes me angry to hear a word against the dear child." Mother felt that she never knew before how much she loved that child! What is that? What! is the wanderer found? What joy beams from every face! Could you have imagined that one naughty child could have made such a stir, and caused such delight? Sinner, this is just what happens about you! Thus doth the great God think of his wanderers, and rejoice when He sees them returning home.

Notice, in this case, love in earnest. The Lord says, "Since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still." Think of that, "I do earnestly remember him still!"

God in Earnest—

that is a great conception! God in earnest over one moaning sinner! God earnest in thoughts of love, even when he bids the preacher tell the offender of the wrath to come. He says, Go and thunder at him, and let loose the lightnings of the law upon him; and yet I earnestly remember him with thoughts of love! Tell him he will be driven into everlasting fire if he repent not; and yet, in thus threatening him, I do earnestly remember him still. Go, providence, and frustrate his designs! Go, death, and take away his child! Yet in all this there are earnest thoughts of love towards him, "Since I spake against him," saith God, "I do earnestly remember him still." These are charming words to me. They thrill my soul. I fear to handle them lest I brush off their bloom. God is never more in earnest to save a soul than when He is dealing roughly with it.

Then comes love in action: "I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." I am so glad to think that the "Surely" is found again in this place. "Surely" God heard Ephraim bemoaning; "Surely" he said that he was turned, and now God says, "Surely I will have mercy upon him." The Lord God puts His hand and seal to it. Sinner, He assuredly forgives you. As surely as you have been ashamed, so surely does He put away your reproach. Come to Him by Christ, and He forgives you now. The bill of your debts is receipted: the handwriting which was against you is blotted out. Turn you at His reproof; and may this day, even this very

moment, be the day of salvation, the beginning of days to you! Then will we bid them ring the bells of heaven, for there is joy to-day. May the Lord Himself have joy of you! May He, concerning you, rest in His love, and rejoice over you with singing! O Lord, grant me the joy of leading many to thyself by this sermon, through Thy Son, Jesus Christ, and the power of the Holy Ghost! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Venerable Bede.*

THERE was one service which he wished to render to those who could not read his Latin treatises, for although he was one of the most learned men of the age, he had a loyal interest in the common people. Therefore, he desired to translate some portion of the Bible into the mother-tongue, and chose for this purpose the Gospel of John, thinking, no doubt, that this message of love would be understood by all.

We can see him in his old age, seated in the Scriptorium—which he had first entered as a child—surrounded by his pupils, who gave him a love far beyond common affection, and reading, perhaps, in their young faces the same eager hope that had filled his own breast when, as a novice, he had looked upon those treasured volumes and sighed for the wisdom that lay between their jeweled covers.

The work of translation would have been an easy one to such a scholar as Bede, even though the language of the people was not yet perfectly formed, but he was old and enfeebled by sickness, and had it not been for the love he felt toward it he must have given up the task from very weakness. But he persevered, dictating day after day to his pupils, and only pausing when suffering compelled him to. He grew weaker as the work proceeded, and one day, feeling that the end was near, called his helpers to him and bade them write quickly, for he did not know how much time would be given him. And as the day wore on his strength failed so rapidly that his assistants feared the task was too great, and one of them said: "Most dear master, there is still one chapter left; do you think it troublesome to be asked more questions?" Bede answered, "It is no trouble, write on." And so with some intervals of resting the day passed, and they were still at their task when, as the dusk gathered, the same pupil said, "Dear master, there is still one sentence to write." And again Bede answered, "Write quickly." And when the boy had finished, we are told that Bede laid his head in his hands and with a prayer departed to the heavenly kingdom.

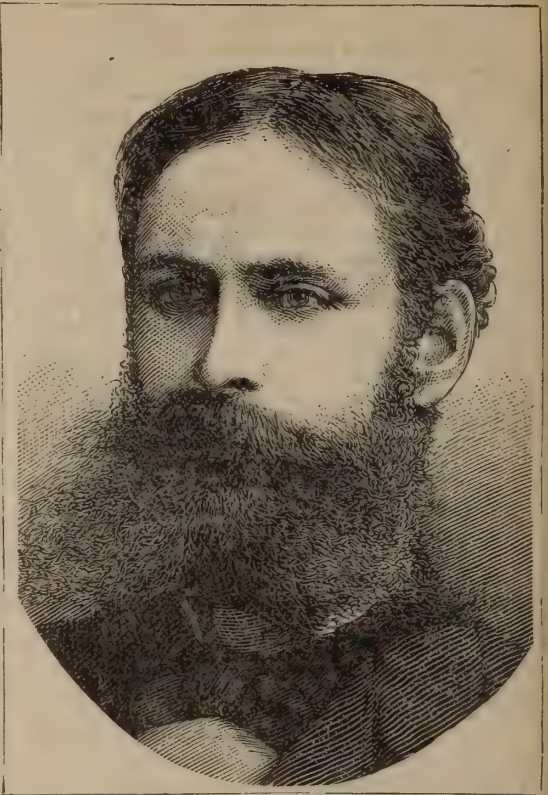
Wickliffe's Bible.

One would think that a translation of the book which the Church professed to follow for her guide would have been eagerly welcomed by her, but this was far from the case, and Wickliffe had to endure greater persecution than ever, while the new English Bible was denounced by the Church as an enemy to religion; and all who read it were looked upon with disapproval, because the Church claimed the exclusive right of interpreting the Scriptures, and therefore opposed people's doing this for themselves. But Wickliffe only persevered in his course, and sent as many Bibles abroad as his means would allow. One copy after another was made, and his followers eagerly studied the new message which it brought, and read it aloud to the people in the little chapels where the disciples of Wickliffe gathered. And the seed thus scattered

* From *Children's Stories in English Literature*. By Henrietta Christian Wright. An excellent collection full of instruction, and very fascinating. Pp. 345. Price, \$1.25. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The New Wesley Memorial Church, Dedicated Sept. 5.



Gen. A. W. Greely, Chief of the Signal Service Bureau.

bore such rich harvests that in ten years' time the Church found it necessary to induce Parliament to pass a law forbidding the reading of Wickliffe's Bible. But hundreds of persons suffered imprisonment and death rather than obey the law, and from the time of the first appearance of the English Bible, its influence remained unbounded, in spite of the powerful influence of the Church, and the hatred of Wickliffe's enemies.

GEN. A. W. GREELY, Chief of the Signal Service Bureau.

THE distinguished officer who presides over this Government department, and who, owing to his issuing storm-warnings, is humorously charged with being responsible for the United States weather, has had an eventful life. Besides his war-record he has the honor of having commanded the exploring party which has penetrated farther North than any other party, and planted the United States flag within 456 miles of the North Pole.

Adolphus W. Greely was born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1844. He enlisted as a private in the army at the outbreak of the war, and by April, 1864, he had reached the rank of first lieutenant. On March 13, 1865, he was brevetted major "for faithful and meritorious service." After the close of the war he was assigned to the Fifth Cavalry, but on the organization of the Signal Service he was attached to that Bureau, and recently, on the retirement of General Hazen, he was raised to its head with the rank of brigadier-general.

His expedition to the Arctic had its origin in the International Geographical Congress which met at Hamburg in 1879. That body recommended to the respective Governments the placing of parties of observation on the extreme north of their territories, so as to have a circle around the pole, of observers who should report the variations of weather, the course of the ice drift, and other phenomena valuable to science. The United States concurred, and fixed Lady Franklin Bay as the site of their station. This was the most northerly of all the stations, being about 590 miles from the North Pole. Lieutenant Greely was placed in charge, and arrived there in August, 1881. From that time until July 17, 1884, no news was received from him. Before setting out he was assured that a ship would be sent to the station every year with provisions and other necessities. In 1882 the ship could

not penetrate the ice, and the provisions were accordingly stored at Cape Sabine, 150 miles from Lady Franklin Bay, where, it was hoped, Greely's party would find them. In 1883 another ship was sent, but it was crushed in the ice, and most of the stores were lost.

There was general alarm now for the safety of the party, as unless they found the stores at Cape Sabine, they must be in dire need, as the provisions taken with them must be exhausted. Mr. Robert Lincoln was then Secretary of war, and early in 1884 he hurried forward the relief expedition, relying on the approval of Congress. Senator Ingalls, however, thought that the Secretary had not shown sufficient deference to the Senate in anticipating its consent to the expedition being sent, and raised frivolous objections to the details arranged by Mr. Lincoln. It was pointed out to him that our countrymen were starving, and every day's delay might cost a life. Mr. Ingalls, however, was not moved by sentimental considerations, and continued to obstruct the dispatch of the expedition. But happily there were sufficient humane men in the Senate to outvote him and the few who supported him, and the expedition sailed April 24, 1884. A passage was forced through the ice with torpedoes, and after heroic struggles the Greely camp was reached. Seven men were there, dying of starvation. *The other twenty-one were dead*, Greely had long given up hope of rescue. He had just finished a prayer with a dying comrade and had himself lain down to die, when the rescue party entered the hut. They were brought back carefully and nursed back to life. The horrors of that dreadful time of waiting will never be forgotten by him, though he has now regained the health that on his return seemed hopelessly impaired.

THE WESLEY MEMORIAL CHURCH. (See Illustration.)

THE little town of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, Eng., was a scene of enthusiastic celebration on September 5, over the opening of the new memorial church erected in honor of the Wesleys, a picture of which appears on this page. Epworth was the birthplace of the two famous brothers, John and Charles Wesley, and when they were born there nearly two centuries ago, their father was its vicar. The building of the memorial church was commenced a year ago, and on September 5 was formally dedicated. A great company gathered at the ceremony, and

the President and chief ministers of the Methodist Communion took part in the services. Among the treasured mementos of the Wesleys in the building, is an old oak-table with carved legs which was the very table used by the vicar, the father of John and Charles, in the celebration of the Communion in the old parish church.

A NURSE'S PRAYER.

(See Illustration on Page 653.)

IN a little cottage in the country an elderly woman sat reading. Her dress, like all around her, was scrupulously neat and clean. Poor as the furniture was, it was rubbed as bright as hands could make it, and everything that could bear a polish shone its best. It was afternoon; all the work had been "done up" hours ago, the little frugal mid-day meal had been eaten and cleared away, and good old Mrs. Clarkson put on her spectacles, and took her Bible and sat down to read.

Life had dealt gently with her. Her hair was as white as her snowy cap, but the seventy years she had seen had graven scarcely a wrinkle on her cheery old face.

Yet she had not been without her share of the world's troubles. They had come thick and fast upon her in her girlhood, when, before she was sixteen, she had stood by the graves of father and mother, and had seen the home of her childhood broken up.

The young girl knew not how she was to live, but she was not distressed. The Lord, she believed would open a way for her. And He did. She was not proud, and when the family at the great house on the hill offered her a place in their kitchen, she forgot that she was a farmer's daughter, and above the condition of a hired help, and gladly accepted the offer.

Twenty years she served that family, seeing the babies grow up into stalwart youths and graceful maidens. They all loved her, and clung to her as though she were a sister. One lad, especially, whom she had nursed from his birth and, during a trying season, when his mother lay helpless, had watched through a dangerous illness, saving his life by her unceasing care and unrelenting attention, loved her as though she had been a second mother. He was a man now, living far away on the Pacific shore, with children of his own, but she still called him her Edgar.

At the end of the twenty years she had married. Her husband, William Clarkson, was a good Christian man, and her married life had

been peaceful and happy. Five and twenty years she and her husband had walked the narrow path, living frugally and working hard. Then he too died, leaving her, at the age of three-score, once again alone.

She had never ceased to pray for the conversion of the children over whom, in her young days, she had watched with tender solicitude. One only, Miss Edith, had so far as she knew given her heart to Christ. The others were, in spite of her prayers and her loving appeals, still of the world, worldly. It was for the conversion of her favorite boy, Edgar, that she longed with intense yearning. He was much in her thoughts that day. News had come that he was ill, and his mother, now an aged woman older than herself, had gone that long distance that she might see him before he died, for death seemed imminent when the news came.

As she sat, with her Bible open before her, her thoughts flew away to the sick man. When he was a boy she had hoped that the Lord had touched his heart. There was unusual intelligence about him, a quickness of perception and a frank, open disposition in which the seed of the truth seemed to find congenial soil. She had been disappointed, however, for school and college life seemed, like the thorns, to have choked the good seed, and he had given no evidence of desire for God. "Would to God," she said, aloud, "that this illness might bring him to the Saviour! O God, save my boy!"

She was lost in thought, and her spectacles were dim with a mist that came from her tearful eyes. But she saw the door open, and in walked Miss Edith, accompanied by a lad of some ten years, and with an open letter in her hand. She laid aside her spectacles, and, rising, placed a chair for her visitor, with the old deference she always paid to one of that family.

"I could not rest a moment after getting this letter," said the young lady. "There is no one to rejoice with me as you can, and I came straight to you. Hear what my mother says. Edgar is a changed man. He has passed through a dark and anxious time, but he has found peace at last. He is very weak still, but his soul is strong in the Lord. He is full of joy and happiness. His express wish is that Mary—Mary Clarkson, his old nurse, should know of this. And he sends her his love and the assurance that it was her prayers and her entreaties and her simple faith that God blessed, after all those years, to his conversion. It appears he has never forgotten them, and in the time of backsliding and careless indifference they have been a constant reproach to him. He wants her to know that he has gone to his Father at last, and has been received with open arms."

The old lady bowed her head on her hands as she listened, and murmured, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

"No, no," said Miss Edith; "we cannot spare you yet: you must know your new friend. Put on your spectacles and look at my little escort."

The old woman dried her eyes, and did as she was bidden. In a moment she had taken the boy to her arms and kissed him passionately. "This is my little Edgar come back again."

"No," said Miss Edith, smiling at the old woman's agitation. "This is Edgar's son. He has come to us while his father recovers, for he



The Nurse Learns that Her Prayer is Answered.

is a noisy boy. But is he not the image of his father? Now, you must not spoil him, as you will if you have your own way. But he shall come to see you often, and you must love him for his father's sake." Then seeing that the kind old creature was completely overcome, Edith and her little nephew left her to pour out her thankfulness to the Hearer of prayer.

BETRAYED BY THE MORMONS. By Mrs. Mary Ettie V. Smith, Sister of a Mormon High Priest.*

I WAS not long idle, but soon fell under the notice of the Prophet. I was made an unwilling instrument in his hands, for the service of the Church, in a manner I had little expected.

Towards spring an old man, a Dr. Roberts, who had lived in Illinois, and was acquainted with my father there, was on his way to California from the States, intending to get through before winter set in. He succeeded, however, in getting only to Utah, late in the fall, and was obliged to lay over, for the winter, near Salt Lake City. He had heard before he left Illinois that my father's widow and some of her children were with the Mormons; and after his arrival at Utah, from what he saw and learned concerning the Church, and the position occupied by women in it, he conceived it possible that we might wish to return to the States. By inquiry he had heard that I was living with my brother, Howard Coray.

Dr. Roberts was at this time stopping at Utah, a settlement at Utah Lake, about forty miles south of the city, from which place he addressed me a letter, and sent it by a brother Redfield, who was a Mormon; telling him, at the same time, that I was at Howard's.

Brother Redfield handed the letter to Martha, Howard's wife, who, supposing the letter was for herself, opened and read it, without noticing it was directed to me, although I happened to be present. The contents of the letter, as near as I can recollect, were as follows: The writer said he knew my father, who was his personal friend in his lifetime, in Illinois; and that they were both masons. That my father had as a friend

and a mason, on one occasion, rendered him an essential service, which he had never been able to reciprocate before he died; but that he should esteem it a pleasure if he could repay it in a measure now by doing his children a service; and that he knew of no way by which he could do this so well, as by making an effort to restore my father's family to a land of Christian freedom. That unless he had mistaken the state of things at Utah, the females of our family would be likely to avail themselves of the first opportunity to escape, and that he would undertake to effect this for us, if we wished it. He was prepared, he said, to take us along with his company to California in the spring.

This was a mystery to Martha, and without reflection she read the letter to the company that happened to be present; and upon further examination it was found to be addressed to me. Robert Berton, who was connected with our family by marriage, was there, and he took the letter directly to brother Brigham; and it was not long

before they both came back to see me, bringing the letter with them.

The Prophet said, as he came in, "Well, Nett, how do you do?" I understand you have a very good friend in the Territory."

I replied that I knew nothing about it; but it appeared that some one had taken some interest in us, but I believed it was on my father's account.

"Yes," said Brigham, "I did not know your father; but this Dr. Roberts is not going to interfere with the gathering of the Saints. I am going to advise you what to do. I must acknowledge it to be a great expedition for a woman; but you can do it, and must."

"Brother Brigham," said I, "I cannot think of doing it."

"You cannot?" said the Prophet, giving me a look that at any other time would have frightened me beyond measure. "You cannot?" he repeated, still bending upon me that frown, never yet met with defiance by one of the Church, and before which even the "Apostles" were wont to quail. "Nett," he said, at length, in his sternest mood, "what do you mean? Can you not do what you have covenanted to do? to be firm and unshaken, ever willing to obey the command of your guide and Saviour?"

"Brother Brigham," said I, with a firmness of resistance I had never before felt in his presence, "are you my Saviour?"

"Most assuredly I am," said he. "You cannot enter the Celestial Kingdom except by my consent. Do you doubt it?"

"My belief," said I, "is not what it was one year ago; although I never expect to leave the Church. I am, in fact, not so much in doubt as to the leading doctrines of the Church, as I have heretofore understood them, as I am how to reconcile these doctrines, new and old."

"Leave the Church!" said he; "that is impossible. You may yet become reconciled to the spiritual wife doctrine, and I really hope you may, for your own good. But now to the point. When the doctor comes, tell him you will go, if he can assure you against all liability of being left destitute on the way, at the mercy of strangers in a strange land. Tell him you have no money of your own, and that it would be too

* An extract from *Fifteen Years Among the Mormons*. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

much risk to set out with him unless he is abundantly able to take you through. Now, Nett, in this manner you will find out how much money he has, and if he has enough worth our while, you must start with him, and we will have what money or valuables he has. For 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.' Tell him you will meet him at your aunt's house—Captain Brown's—who lives at the last of our settlement, on the road to California."

The Prophet, while giving me these instructions, had warmed himself into a better humor, and now addressed me in that spirit of genial frankness so full of winning ways, which formed so important an element in his character. I saw it would be impossible to disobey him and live, and I thought it best to trust in Providence for the result. My refusal could not save the doctor, while it would endanger me, and it was not impossible that I should be able to give him some sign of warning when he came, which would prevent his exposure on my account. I therefore said to the Prophet, with an apparent submission to his "counsel," that I would go with the doctor; but I said, "Brother Brigham, I do not like to do this."

"What is the reason?" said he, persuasively. "What is he trying to do? Why, he is trying to lead one of the daughters of Zion to hell;" and he struck the table near him as if he would have demolished it.

"I think I have heard," said I, "my father read in the Bible long ago, when I was very small, that vengeance was the Lord's, and that He would repay; or something to that effect."

"Certainly," said Brigham, "but do you suppose He will come down and do this thing Himself, and that He will become a visible being, or will He choose the more natural and consistent way of sending His servants to do it for Him? According to your opinion, He would not require us to preach His gospel. We are in His hands, as our servants are in ours. If I should take a bridge to build, I should not build it with my own hands, but by the hands of my servants, and still I should be the builder of the bridge. So it is with the work of the Lord. We cannot be exalted without Him, nor can He be exalted without us. But you must understand all about this hereafter. I have not time to preach to you longer at present. You certainly understand enough for our present purpose. You will start with the doctor for California, will you not, if he wishes it?"

"I cannot see how I can avoid it," said I.

"Nett," said he, earnestly, "you shall not be hurt, depend upon that, except that if you do not go, and carry out our plans concerning him, your blood atones for the neglect." The Prophet made no further reply, but left the house at once.

Not many days after this, a stranger called upon my mother, and represented himself as living at Utah, and as being in want of a school teacher, and said I had been recommended to him as such. Although my mother knew the plans of the Prophet, she dare not expose them to Dr. Roberts, for he was the stranger who had called in answer to my letter. We soon made a bargain, and it was arranged between us that he should call for me at Captain Brown's, at Ogden City as indicated by the Prophet. I carried out the intention of the latter fully, as I dare not disobey, well knowing my movements were under the constant surveillance of his creatures, by whom I was surrounded, and that the consequences of any attempt on my part to thwart his plans would be visited upon my own head in the most summary manner. My readers can well imagine the agony of my position. Although I knew the Prophet would most likely overlook a mere show of reluctance to do his bidding, as long as it had its origin in nothing more dangerous than a woman's repugnance to violence, or crime, or respect to my father's friend, yet I knew equally well that the first show of "heresy" or want of faith in him would be fatal to me.

The real difficulty of my position existed, after all, in the influence which he exercised over me in common with all the Church. I could

not divest myself of the idea of his divine commission. I could not bring myself to disobey him. He claimed to be my Saviour; and I had been educated to believe that his claims, however extravagant, were not to be disputed; and it was long after this, before I came seriously to question his pretension as a Prophet of God. It was not merely a question of my own existence in this life, but of that also of the dread future: I believed both to be under the control of the Prophet.

Three days afterward Dr. Roberts came on, alone, and called at Captain Brown's, and inquired for me. He brought a letter purporting to be from my mother; which was according to our previous arrangements. I took the letter, and after reading it, told my aunt in his presence, that my mother had sent for me, and that I was going home with this gentleman, who I had introduced to her as Dr. Roberts. He thereupon said he would call for me towards night.

About dark of the same day, Dr. Roberts returned with a carriage, from the direction of the city. It was covered, and drawn by two fine horses. The whole establishment was well arranged for the journey for which it was designed, and particularly adapted to the occupation of females. It occurred to me at the time that I had never seen anything so pleasant and comfortable. I was now racked by the bitterest anxieties. I had supposed Alice Young, the Prophet's daughter, was to go with me, as I could not believe they would trust me alone with the victim. I now believed I was to go alone; and I trembled with excitement at the prospect of being able to put him on his guard.

It was a cloudy night, and was quite dark when I stepped into the carriage, which drove off at once at full speed. Then I found to my astonishment that I was not alone. Brigham Young had foreseen my intention to warn the doctor, and had provided against it. He had sent Ellen, the young wife of Hiram Clauson, to the doctor with a pitiful story of wrong and desire to escape, and the good old man, suspecting nothing, had consented to let her accompany me. So Brigham had a watch upon me and thwarted me after all.

Our course lay directly north from Ogden. The team sped on through the darkness; the way led us for the most part through the timber. The road was generally good, but there were in some places ditches and small streams to cross, and we bounded on and over them in a manner and with a success that was quite miraculous. The horses were well chosen, I should judge, for while they were easily managed by the doctor, they yet flew over the ground as if inspired with the high duty they had in charge, even the "mission" of our escape. The doctor was perfectly self-possessed, and seemed to be nerved to the highest pitch of firm resolve. He must have carefully studied the route, with the view of driving over it at night. His whole soul was thrown into the management of the horses. Between him and the noble animals one would think there existed a common sympathy; for they obeyed promptly his softest whisper of caution, and sprang forward at his faintest chirrup. On we flew. For a time my soul was in agony. I felt it was too cruel to remain an impassive spectator to the sacrifice of the brave old man, who had so generously staked his all in order to rescue two women, personally strangers to him; and it wrung my soul none the less when I reflected that he had undertaken this on account of the gratitude he bore my father.

I have no idea how far we had been speeding on, when the doctor, whose ears and eyes were ever upon the stretch, said suddenly, with an air of satisfaction, "All is well now; the men are coming to protect us against the miserable villains that inhabit this Territory." As he spoke two men on horseback approached us, and one said, as our carriage came to a stand-still:

"I suppose you belong to the company ahead, sir? This is rather a dangerous place in which to be found alone at this time of night."

"I do belong to that company. Can you tell me how far ahead they are?" replied the doctor. "Oh, much farther, my friend, than you will be able to get."

"I am quite sure," returned the old man, with assumed indifference, "they are not far off."

"No, I suppose not," replied one of them; "but that is no sign you will ever see them, you old kidnapper!"

"Who have I kidnapped?" asked the doctor, who grew every moment more resolute, as he saw the danger increasing.

"My wife!" said Hiram Clauson; "And my niece!" roared Captain Brown—both in the same breath, for they were the Danite horsemen who now obstructed our further progress.

I watched the old man closely at this juncture; and if I had respected the honorable benevolence of my dead father's friend before, I now had cause to admire his manly courage. His gray hair and flashing eyes were clearly visible in the darkness.

Captain Brown said, briskly, "Here, Nett, you and Ellen take our horses, and when we get through we will overtake you."

While we were being handed into the saddles the men had left, the doctor sat, as before, unmoved, and remained so, as we judged, until we were out of hearing. Whether he afterwards offered any resistance or not, I never knew. We moved slowly down the road in the direction of home, until fully out of hearing; and then halted. We listened attentively for some sound which should indicate the fate of our friend; but nothing could be heard from that direction. The wind began to blow with violence, and moaned dismally through the forest. Of course our imagination conjured up the most horrible images. We dismounted, and cowered close together upon the ground, holding the horses by the bridles. Soon we heard the men coming; and when they approached us, Captain Brown asked if we had been afraid. I had no heart to speak. There was nothing that I could do now, as the doctor was probably already dead, or at least beyond my assistance: and for the moment I would gladly have died with him. Ellen, now that all was over, regretted the part she had felt herself forced to take in the affair. With a show of sadness I had never before seen her exhibit, and of which I supposed her incapable, she said to Hiram, "What have you done with the good doctor?"

Her husband was about to reply, and in fact commenced to state what had been his fate, when Captain Brown checked him, saying, "Silence, Hiram, until we see Brigham! They do not care about knowing yet."

"If he is dead, I do not wish to know it," said I.

No further reply was made, and with a shudder, we each mounted behind one of the men, whose hands, as I supposed, and still believe, were stained with innocent blood, and rode through the darkness towards home; and at 3 o'clock the next morning, we arrived at Ogden City, and were set down at Captain Brown's door. We glided, like guilty spectres, away to bed in silence; and the next morning, a spring day, calm and beautiful, broke as peacefully upon us as if the night which preceded it had not been devoted to the commission of a crime, which for *deliberate cruelty and premeditation was without a parallel.*

It was with bitter tears that I told my mother what I had seen, and what I supposed had been done with the doctor—with the gray-haired old man whose only crime had been that he had not forgotten the widow and the children of his dead friend.

But what could two women do? We dare not even speak to my brother Howard upon this subject, and I have no reason to believe he knew of it; and if he did, the control of the Prophet over him was so absolute that he would have regarded his "counsel" as above crime. I noticed that my mother, who up to this time had held her age remarkably well, began to break; and she never recovered fully from the shock occasioned by the disappearance of Dr. Roberts.

RETURN!

BY F. G. BURROUGHS.

will heal their backsliding."—HOSEA xiv : 4.

turn, return!" thy Father's voice is pleading,
Thou' far astray, I bid thee turn again!
Thy robe is rent, thy tender feet are bleeding,
Thy heart is faint and sick with famine pain:
Turn, my child, a welcome here awaits thee,
No longer in the distant country rove;
And the cruel tempter that belates thee,
He keeps thee from my dwelling and my love."

Turn, return! Thy Father's loving kindness
No longer has scorned, and done his grace
In despite;
In his touch is healing for thy blindness,
He can turn thy darkness into light.
Run in all thy rags of sin's defilement;
Turn with all thy want and sore distress;
Father's voice bespeaks his reconciliation:
Come to his breast, and there thy guilt confess.

Turn, return! Thy substance hath been wasted,
Thou hast not aught to bring but thy poor heart;
Art thou longing for the bread once tasted,
And for his paths of peace, and faith's good part?

Turn, for why shouldst thou delay the pardon
Thy Father's great compassion waits to grant!
And go, before thy doubts shall harden
The homesick yearnings of the penitent.

Turn, return! Leave thou the swine and famine,
And seek again the plenty of thy home!
Dost thou toil among the husks of mammon,
And to his rest the Father bids thee come?
Thou to his arms, his kiss, his blessing;
Thy robe, the sandals, and the ring;
Where, thy sinfulness and guilt confessing,
Thou shalt be found, lost treasure of the King!

Turn, return! The angel-hosts bend o'er thee,
To hear the tidings' joyful sound.
Have beheld the Saviour seeking for thee,
And will rejoice to sing, "The lost is found!"
Turn, for he will heal all thy backsliding,
And love thee freely, and thus will forgive;
Thou weary soul, rest in his love-abiding,
Thou hast been dead,—arise to-day and live!

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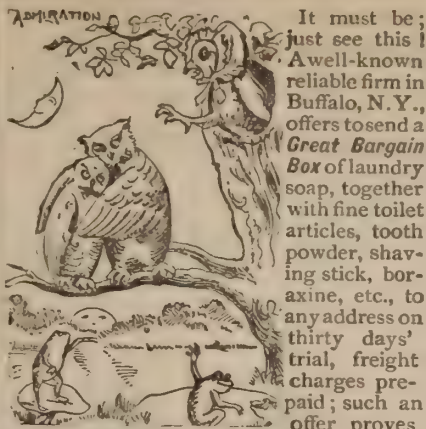
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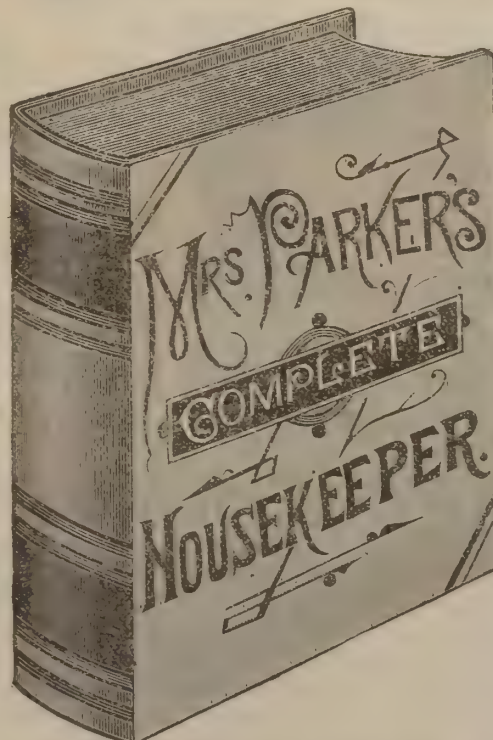
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No change my heart need fear;
I'm safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes there.
The storm may rage around me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be afraid?

Wherever he may lead me,
No fear shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I would walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
And no dark clouds be seen.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour is my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Ere yet another morning
My spirit may be free,
As absent from the body—
At home, O Lord, with Thee.
Oh, sleep—oh, rest most precious,
As guarded by Thy care;
I'm waiting for Thy promise,
To meet Thee in the air.

The Lord Himself—e'en Jesus,
Amid the ransomed throng,
My glory, joy, and beauty,
My never-ending song.
Oh, day of wondrous promise!
The Bridegroom and the Bride
Are seen in glory ever—
O God! how satisfied!

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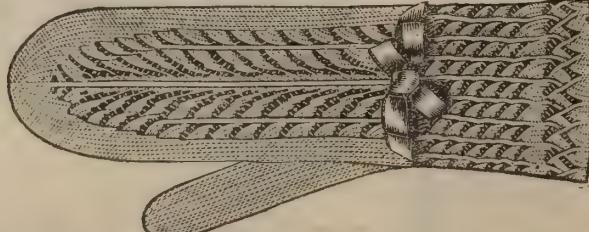
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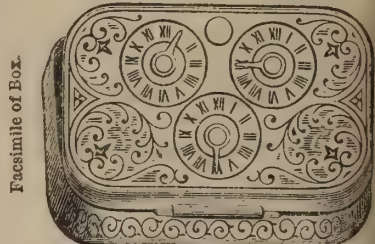
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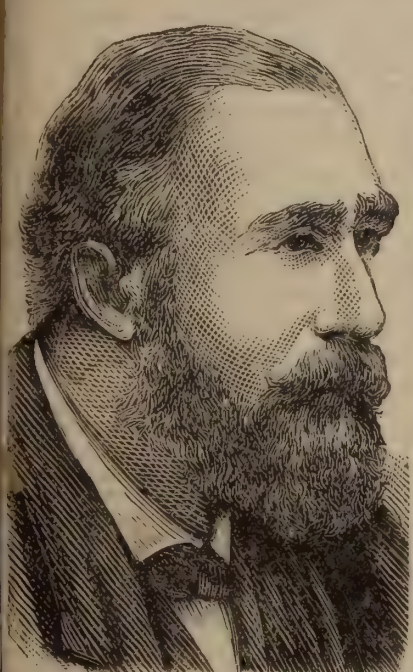
Vol. XII., No. 40. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1889. Price, 4 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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LORD STANLEY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, AND HIS WIFE—Pictures of Quebec, the Scene of the Disaster on Sept. 19.

THE QUEBEC DISASTER ON SEPT. 19.

A SAD interest attaches at the present moment to the city of Quebec, two pictures of which, one from the heights, and the other from the river, appear on the preceding page, with portraits of the Governor-General of Canada and his wife. The city, as briefly mentioned in our news columns last week, was the scene on September 19 of a disaster which makes a deplorable addition to the long list of this year. It is a remarkable coincidence that, though it differs in form from the disasters in other countries, such as the Conemaugh flood, and the floods in China and Japan, it presents the same features of the temerity of man in the face of the awful forces of nature. The great rock which overhung Champlain Street, Quebec, has been a perpetual menace for many years to the people who lived beneath, as the Fork River dam was to the inhabitants of the Conemaugh Valley, but it is characteristic of human nature to take lightly the risk of a calamity which is only possible, if the business advantage to be gained is certain. The people who lived in the tenement houses on Champlain Street worked on the wharves at the rear of their dwellings, and by living there saved time every day in going to and from the scene of their labors.

Champlain Street

was but little known to the general society of Quebec, though visitors to the city went through it to visit the place where General Montgomery fell. It was in that street, however, better even than from the river, that it was possible to realize the natural features which gave to the city the name of the *Gibraltar of America*. Three hundred feet above the pavement the giant cliffs raise their heads in frowning majesty, and on their side—on Cape Diamond—Dufferin Terrace and Durham Terrace, the pride of Quebec, run from the walls of the Citadel. One side of the street was bare of houses. It was occupied by a huge wall several feet thick, which was built eight years ago by the federal Government. Mr. McGreevy, the member of Parliament from Quebec, perceiving the danger which menaced the street, and actually foreseeing the disaster that has taken place, persuaded the Government to purchase the houses on that side and build the wall under the cliff. But on the opposite side stood the tenement houses—a hive of human beings.

The Disaster

of September 19 occurred just at the time of day when they were densely filled. It was just after 7 o'clock. Work was over for the day, and the men were at home with their wives and families. There had been a long-continued series of dry weeks, and observant people had noticed deep fissures in the rock. Then came three days of heavy rains, filling the fissures and penetrating the crystals which give Cape Diamond its name. There were few people on the street, for it still continued raining hard. A few who were there, and who ran for their lives and escaped, say that they heard a long loud noise like the roaring of many cannon, and then an awful wrenching, tearing, grinding sound. The rock overhead swayed slowly, and then fell with an awful crash, crushing the eight houses underneath as if they had been mere cardboard boxes. It was 500 feet in length, 200 feet in width, and 100 feet deep. Its awful weight was intensified by the distance from which it fell, which was nearly two hundred feet. It fell with a momentum that seemed to shake the earth, and which broke the rock itself into pieces and piled them in a heap thirty feet high.

Immediately the air was filled with dust, so that no one could see ten feet in front of him, and breathing was made difficult. This was followed by the sounds of timbers crushing and yielding to the immense power of the avalanche, and the shouting and screaming of men, women, and children in all the agony of despair. The lamps and stoves in the houses, broken or overturned, ignited the heap of ruin, but the fire brigade, summoned by telephone, were quickly at work, and aided by the rain, averted that hor-

ror which seemed about to extinguish all hope of success in

The Work of Rescue.

The river policemen, whose station is close by, and the city police from Champlain Market, were among the first to rush to the relief of the imprisoned, the wounded, and the dying sufferers. As soon as an idea was obtained of the extent of the disaster, the whole force of municipal police was turned out to render assistance, and Chief Colonel Vohl applied to B Battery at the Citadel for assistance. A strong force of the military under command of Major Wilson, turned out to aid in the removal of the debris. The first assistance was naturally given to the imprisoned living, some of whom could be seen pinned by rocks or broken timbers, while the frantic cries for help could often be heard of others who were buried out of sight. Twenty-three persons, men, women, and children, were taken out of the ruins that night. Many of them were so badly injured that no hope was entertained of their lives. Six dead bodies were also taken out.

With the dawn of the next day work went on with redoubled energy, but in the lack of proper appliances, mere physical strength was powerless when applied directly to the immense boulders under which human lives were slowly fading out. Hundreds of willing hands dexterously wielded picks, axes, and shovels obtained for them by the City Engineer. The Royal Canadian School of Cavalry, under command of Captain Howard and Lieutenant Lessard, which, with B battery, had done excellent service throughout the night and had retired at a late hour in the morning for necessary repose, returned to work in good time, and continued the valuable aid given by them during the night.

The work of removing the broken timbers, bricks, mortar, and metal of the demolished houses was a difficult and dangerous task, so hemmed in were the ruins and rocks, with which they were mingled, between the cliff on the one side and immense piles of coal on the other, stored up on the wharves which line the front. High up could be seen the vast cavity out of which had come the fallen rock. It was as smooth and straight as the side of a house, indicating the existence for a long time previously of a deep and gradually increasing fissure. It is estimated that not less than ten million cubic feet of rock lay over the roadway of Champlain Street in immense blocks, some of them as large as a two-story house, and weighing hundreds if not thousands of tons.

The Rescued.

Two hours' work by daylight were rewarded with some success. The efforts of the rescuers were directed to one spot where smothered cries could be heard at intervals. The debris at that point was twelve feet deep, and it was hardly conceivable that any person under it could be alive. Still the cries were evidence, and the brave men worked with almost superhuman energy. Calls from above elicited answers. They came from a woman whose name was Mrs. Black. On being asked if her family still lived, she replied, "My husband is killed at the door. The rest are safe, but we are suffering from wounds and bruises on our limbs." By persistent effort they were at last extricated. Shortly after, Miss May Cauldwell, a niece of Mr. Black, was extricated from Mr. Black's house. Her limbs were so stiff from inaction that the least touch on them caused excruciating pain. Those who aided in her rescue tell how heroically this young and slender girl of some seventeen years struggled for life and liberty. Though, it is said, she suffers from a broken leg and wrist and is otherwise bruised, she told those who were endeavoring to extricate her that she was helping them, and so she was, working hard with both hands, notwithstanding her terribly mangled condition. The next person brought out was Thomas Berrigan, whose wife was taken out of the ruins dead. He was so disfigured that his friends could hardly recognize him. He was removed to the Hotel Dieu Hospital, muttering

a prayer of thanks for his miraculous escape. The next to follow was an eight-year-old boy also named Berrigan. His left leg was crushed

While the workers were busy clearing away the debris over the Black household, faint groans were heard in another direction from under huge piles of rocks. The efforts of the volunteers were concentrated to that point, and after three hours' hard work the bleeding body of Jo Kemp was extricated from the mass of rock. The poor man was in a most pitiable condition. Both legs were broken at the knees, the left arm was fractured above the elbow, and several ribs were fractured. He was grateful to his rescuers but it was at once perceived that he could no live. Two hours later his wife's body was taken out of the wreck. Her head was almost severed from her body.

Further away there was another hideous spectacle—the corpse of a young woman (Mrs. Lauson), who had been admired in her lifetime for her beauty. Her body had been crushed almost flat. Shortly after viewing her remains her husband became a raving maniac. It is doubtful if he will recover his reason. A man named Michael Bradley, who had gone almost crazy when told that all his family had perished in the landslide, discovered, while working over the wreck of his house, his five-year-old daughter still alive. His joy was indescribable. It is thought the child will live. Up to this time the number of corpses found was twenty-five and the number of wounded eighteen.

About 12 o'clock noon the spectators at the Morgue were horrified to witness a procession of more dead bodies from the ruins, and they came one after another borne upon stretchers, and were carried into the river police station. Mrs. McCann, one of the victims, was paying a visit to some friends. When found, her position was as if she was about tying the strings of her bonnet. Mrs. Burke, one of the victims, met a most cruel death. When found, she was lying under a crossbeam, terribly strained. At 4 o'clock the crushed bodies of two women and a child were taken from the ruins of their home. Still another sad incident came to notice in the rescuing of Mr. Farrell at the time of the calamity. He had his babe in his arms. The two were found together.

The work continued all through Friday and far into the night. About eighty wounded persons in all were rescued, and the number of dead bodies found amounted to thirty-three. Soon after dawn on Saturday, thirty-six hours after the catastrophe, on a large piece of rock being removed, cries were heard far down below. They came from persons whose voices the rescuers recognized as those of the Mayberry family, consisting of Mr. Mayberry, his wife, and a son, as well as a boy named Miller, who was staying with them. The members of the family could be heard speaking together, but before they could be reached the sounds ceased, and nothing could be heard but moaning, and then only at intervals and very faint. One of the little boys was heard complaining to his mother that they were being neglected by the rescuers and allowed to die, while everybody else was being saved, to which the mother was heard to say, "Have patience; they will come in time; trust in God." It was impossible to reach them without the aid of machinery, which was on its way, but could not arrive in time to save their lives.

A Pathetic Incident

is related by a survivor. He states that he was standing at the door of one of the houses before the catastrophe talking to a friend—a young man who was newly married. They heard the premonitory cracking of the huge mass of rock, and saw small pieces fall. They realized at the same moment what was about to happen. The young married man ran into the house to call his wife, the unmarried man ran at the top of his speed down the street. He escaped, but the husband and wife perished.

It is thought that at least twenty bodies still lie beneath the debris. Engines and derricks have been set at work, but it will be a day or two

before the full extent of the loss of life by the disaster is accurately known. The loss sustained by the surviving victims is very great. Some of the workmen who are deprived of their homes lose all their furniture and other effects, even their summer earnings, and many are left penniless at the beginning of a Canadian winter.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

THE representative of the Queen in Canada at the present time is Lord Frederick Stanley of Preston, whose portrait appears on the first page. He is the second son of the late Earl of Derby, who was three times Prime-Minister of England, and whose parliamentary ability won him the name of "the Rupert of Debate." The Governor-General may yet inherit the title and estates of the Earl of Derby, as his elder brother, the present Earl, has no son who can succeed him.

Frederick Arthur, Lord Stanley of Preston, was born in 1841, and after the completion of his education entered the army. The brief period of seven years sufficed to satisfy his military ardor, and in 1865 he quitted the Grenadier Guards for a political career. He was elected to Parliament as a Conservative by the town of Preston, in Lancashire, and subsequently was honored by an election by the northern section of the county. In 1868 he was appointed to an office under the Government as one of the Lords of the Admiralty. In 1874 he was made Financial Secretary of the War Office, and in 1878 he entered the Cabinet as Secretary of War. He retired from office with his party in 1880, but in 1885, the Conservatives being in the ascendant, he was made Secretary of the Colonies. Last year he was appointed to the much-coveted office of Governor-General of Canada in succession to the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Lady Stanley,

whose portrait accompanies that of her husband on the first page, is the eldest daughter of the late Earl of Clarendon who for many years guided the foreign policy of England, and who had shown so much wisdom and tact in its conduct that, though he was one of the leaders of the Liberal party, he was invited by the Conservative Premier to remain in office when the Liberal Cabinet resigned. It was a rare tribute to genius that a political rival should thus offer him one of the most coveted prizes in his gift. Lady Stanley is forty-eight years of age, and retains the grace of figure, the bright, pleasant expression of face, and the charming manner which made her a centre of attraction in the Queen's court a quarter of a century ago. Her tact and genial yet dignified bearing has made her husband's administration in Canada popular among the ladies of the Dominion.

A SUICIDE AVERTED.

AMONG the remarkable cases of conversion which have occurred in the Florence Mission in Bleeker Street, New York, is one that Mr. Crittenton, the Founder of the Mission, always dwells upon with especial thankfulness to God. It was described by the man himself at one of the meetings. He is a tall, dignified Southern gentleman, but as he rose among the wretched outcasts who are frequently gathered into the Mission by the devoted workers who obey Christ's command to bring in the lost and the neglected, he felt no shame in confessing himself a sinner, and telling what Christ had done for him and in him. He said: "I don't know just how to tell my experience, my heart is so full, but perhaps the contrast between to-night and a little over a year ago will show what God has done for me. I had left my wife and family down South. I had ruined all my prospects there, and came to New York to get away from everything, and was determined to make a man of myself before I let them know where I was. When I got here I went on a spree, and that lasted until money and everything was gone. I was so discouraged I determined to commit suicide. I started for the river one night, when I chanced to pass this door; Mrs. G. was singing a solo; it was one my wife used to sing to the little ones

Sunday afternoon. I looked up and saw the sign 'Florence'; that was the name of my oldest daughter, and these two things set me to thinking, and I knew they were praying for me, and drunk as I was I came in. I felt that that was my chance, and so asked them to pray with me. I did not dare to wait till I sobered up. Well, to make a long story short, I was saved that night, even in my drunken condition, and have been kept ever since by the power of God. I got employment, and in a short time was enabled to send for my wife and family, and here we are to-night. This is my wife, and this is my Florence (turing to a lady and young girl who were with him), and I thank God for it all."

A CHINAMAN'S APPEAL.

AN appeal was recently made to a missionary at Shen-si, in China, which he desires to have published as evidence to all doubters of the value of the work that is being done in that teeming land, and the need there is for extending it. He says: Last week there came a young man here who was about twenty-seven years of age, and he wanted to see one of the foreigners. What for? Not for curiosity, no; not for opium medicine; not to see if any of us would look at some sores; no, but for something very much more important. In his hand he had a New Testament, given to him last December by a Mr. Chian, who is a soldier, and a member of the Ping-yang Church. His chief purpose was this: Could some one go with him to his home, which is 300 li (or 100 miles) from here? At home he had eighteen persons in his family. He was very much struck with the parable of the rich man, and the folly of hoarding up treasures, while at any moment the Lord may say, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." This sentence made him very unhappy, and would give him no rest; and he said that his own people were so sinful that he wanted some one to go with him and tell them about the way to the Father. He had read the New Testament right through, and was now for the second time as far as Philippians. St. Paul had but a dream, but here, face to face with me, there was a man crying, "Come over and help us."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"We Don't Sell Liquor Here."—An Evangelist remarks: "Some time ago I was a worker in a Sabbath-school. The school was held in a hall above a large saloon, which was very popular in the district. One Sunday morning, as I stood by the door, during the service, I heard a timid knock. It was during the time of prayer; so I gently opened the door, when, to my surprise, a small jug was thrust through, and a rough female voice said, 'Threepence worth, please.' I did not at once take the jug; and for the second time, and now impatiently, the voice whispered hoarsely, 'Threepence worth, please.' I then threw the door wide open, exposing the whole school to view, and said, 'We don't sell liquor here.' When she saw her mistake, she looked confused and ran down-stairs. How eager people are after the water of death, and how few seek the water of life, which is offered freely, without money and without price, bringing countless blessings in its train."

A Cadger Converted.—Mr. T. Canning says: "I knew a man who for years had been leading a life of sin. He came to a gospel meeting, and said he was anxious about his soul. I spoke to him, but some of the workers said to me that I would do much better to leave him alone, and informed me that he only came there to try and get some money, and if he could get money by it, he was prepared to profess himself converted anew every night. On the last night of the meeting he was present, and told me that he had passed from death to life. 'Now, tell me the truth,' I said. 'Are you really saved, or are you not?' 'It is true,' he replied, earnestly; 'I have taken Jesus to be my Saviour.' That man had in verity taken Christ as his Saviour, and a hard fight he had for it. The next Saturday he had to defend his house with the poker, to keep

out his old companions, who had come to make him drunk whether he would or not. He has now been living for Christ over twelve months, and throughout that time his testimony has been most consistent. Sinner, you may have destroyed your fellow-creatures' faith in you: but there is One who will believe you, the sympathizing Saviour, who holds out His arms toward you, and calls upon you to come and accept pardon, peace, and rest."

A Sovereign's Appeal to Rebels.—The Rev. Hugh Ross observes: "In ancient times a people rose in rebellion against their king. They had never seen their ruler, but they lent an ear to the words of traducers, and believed their lies. They raised a great army to march against their sovereign, but he came to meet them alone and unarmed, and, riding into the midst of their camp, he held out his hands towards them and said, 'Draw near and behold me. Look into my face, and see if I be like the man who would do these actions of which my traducers accuse me.' His subjects were conquered, not by force, but by the evident love of their king. Sinners, you have rebelled, and sought in every way to injure Christ your king and His cause, yet He does not come in the plenitude of His power to destroy you, but in the abundance of His love He comes to you offering a free pardon, and beseeching you to return to your allegiance."

One of a Burglars' Gang Saved.—Mr. Willington says: "Some time ago I was preaching in a tent, and at the after-meeting a young man professed to be converted. While I was speaking to him, and striving to show him the way to Christ, he said to me, 'You do not know me; you do not know what sort I am, nor what I was going to do to-night.' 'No, I do not, but God does,' I replied; and he continued, 'I and others were going to break into the house of—,' and here he mentioned the name of the manager of a great railway company. Then he told me they had the plans of the house, how they had obtained them, and that on Wednesday night they were going to 'crack the crib.' I and two other gentlemen called on the manager, and told him of the purposed raid upon his house. He did not say much then, but on the following Saturday he called upon me and said, 'I am very much obliged to you for your warning; we have got the other three burglars fast.' Christ, who saved the thief on the cross, is able to save thieves anywhere, and not only thieves, but all who come to Him imploring salvation; whatever the sin may be, Christ has purchased a full and perfect pardon for them."

Arrival of Good News Too Late.—The Rev. John Riddell remarks: "Some time ago I was asked to visit a woman who lay dying in the district in which my church was. She had been a good, respectable woman, and a member of a neighboring congregation. She had always flattered herself that the Lord could not but be merciful to one who had lived as she had, but now on her death-bed a text troubled her. 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' She knew that she had never been born again. She became very anxious, and insisted upon sending for the nearest minister, although her neighbors assured her that for a woman of her character it was quite unnecessary. When I came I began by showing her that she had good cause to be troubled; that if she went before the judgment bar of God with only one sin upon her soul she would be, in consequence of that single sin, condemned. Then having revealed her need, I showed her the Saviour whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin, if she only would let Him. She heard the glad tidings with a look of sadness and doubt on her face; then, gathering up her little remaining strength, she said, 'I thank you, sir, for coming to see me; but it is too late now.' It was the last effort of her strength, and she sank back exhausted, and passed into eternity before I left the room. No matter how respectable you may be, 'You must be born again.' Come now, while you have strength, for 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'"

THE GIANT'S LOCKS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, September 29, 1889.

"Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver." Judges 16: 5.

Samson a Combination of Opposite Qualities—His Capture a Necessity to his Enemies—The Agent Employed—The Giant Betrayed—Lessons of his Fall—I. Strong People Coaxed into Imbecilities—The Godly Youth Led Astray—II. The Power of a Bad Woman—The Influence of a Good Mother—What a Wife May Do—An Aged Couple at Home—Women a Blessing or a Curse—Solomon's Experience—III. How Strong Men are Shorn—The Delilah of Scepticism—Of Liquor—Napoleon's Delilah—A Basilisk in a Philadelphia Hotel—The Procession of the Victims.

ONE thousand pounds, or about five thousand dollars of our money, were thus offered for the capture of a giant. It would take a skilful photographer to picture Samson as he really was. The most facile words are not supple enough to describe him. He was a giant and a child; the conqueror and the defeated; able to snap a lion's jaw, and yet captured by the sigh of a maiden. He was ruler and slave; a commingling of virtue and vice, the sublime and the ridiculous; sharp enough to make a good riddle, and yet weak enough to be caught in the most superficial stratagem; honest enough to settle his debt, and yet outrageously robbing somebody else to get the material to pay it;

A Miracle and a Scoffing;

a crowning glory, and a burning shame. There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh; his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city; taking an attitude defiant of armed men and wild beasts. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is a woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes, such as they fasten wild beasts with, and put them around me, I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands, and says, "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again, and says, "Now tell me

The Secret

of this great strength;" and he replies, "If you should take some ropes that have never been used, and tie me with them, I should be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands, and shouts, "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easy as he did before—not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again, and he says, "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair, and by this house loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the house loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands, and says, "They come! the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him.

Betrayed.

But after awhile she persuades him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should take a razor or shears, and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless, and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and, that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers of the East have such a skilful way of manipulating the head, to this very day they will put a man, wide awake, sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears or razor accomplishes what green withes and new ropes and

house loom could not do. Suddenly she claps her hands and says: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone! He is in the hands of his enemies! I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is opened and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hands on the mill crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza. In a previous sermon on this character I learned some lessons, but another class of lessons are before us now.

A Giant's Moral Weakness.

Learn, first, how very strong people are sometimes coaxed into great imbecilities. Samson had no right to reveal the secret of his strength. Delilah's first attempt to find out is a failure. He says: "Green withes will bind me," but it was a failure. Then he says, "A new rope will hold me," but that also was a failure. Then he says, "Weave my locks into a web, and that will bind me," yet that also was a failure. But at last you see how she coaxed it out of him. Unimportant actions in life that involve no moral principle may without injury be subjected to ardent persuasions, but as soon as you have come to the line that separates right from wrong, no inducement or blandishment ought to make you step over it.

Suppose a man has been brought up in a Christian household and taught sacredly to observe the Sabbath. Sunday comes; you want fresh air. Temptation says, "Sunday is just like other days; now don't be bigoted; we will ride forth among the works of God; the whole earth is His temple; we will not go into any dissipations; come, now, I have the carriage engaged, and we shall be back soon enough to go to church in the evening; don't yield to Puritanic notions; you will be no worse for a ride in the country; the blossoms are out and they say everything is looking glorious." "Well, I will go to please you," is the response. And out they go over the street, conscience drowned in the clatter of the swift hoofs and the rush of the resounding wheels. That tempted man may have had moral character enough to break the green withes of ten thousand Philistine allurements, but he has been

Overcome By Coaxing.

Two young men passing down this street come opposite a drinking saloon with a red lantern hung out from the door to light men to perdition. "Let us go in," says one. "No, I won't," says the other; "I never go to such places." "Now, you don't say you are as weak as that! Why, I have been going there for two years, and it hasn't hurt me. Come, come, now, be a man! If you can't stand anything stronger, take a little sherry. You need to see the world as it is. I don't believe in intemperance any more than you. I can stop drinking just when I want to. You shall go. Now, come right along!" Persuasion has conquered. Samson yields to the coaxing, and there is carnival in hell that night among the Philistines and they shout, Ha! ha! We've got him." Those who have the kindest and most sympathetic natures are the most in danger. Your very disposition to please others will be the very trap they set. If you were cold and harsh and severe in your nature you would not be tampered with. People never fondle a hedgehog. The most sentimental Greenlander never kisses an iceberg. The warmth and susceptibility of your nature will encourage the siren. Though strong as a giant, look out for Delilah's scissors. Samson, the strongest man who ever lived, was overcome by coaxing.

Again, this narrative teaches us the power of an ill-disposed woman. In the portrait-gallery of Bible queens we find Abigail and Ruth and Miriam and Vashti and Deborah, but in the rogues' gallery of a police station you find the pictures of women as well as men. Delilah's

picture belongs to the rogues' gallery, but she had more power than all Philistia armed with sword and spear. She could carry off the iron gates of Samson's resolution as easily as he shouldered the gates of Gaza. The force that had killed the lion which one day plunged out fierce from the thicket, utterly succumbs to

The Silken Net

which Delilah weaves for the giant. He who had driven an army in riotous retreat with the bleached jaw bone, smiting them hip and thigh with great slaughter, now falls captive at the feet of an unworthy woman. Delilah in the Bible stands in the memorable company of Adah and Zillah and Bathsheba and Jezebel and Athaliah and Herodias. How deplorable the influence of such in contrast with Rebecca and Phoebe and Huldah and Tryphona and Jephtha's daughter and Mary, the mother of Jesus. While the latter glitter in the firmament of God's world like constellations with steady, cheerful, holy light, the former shoot like baleful meteors across the heavens, ominous of war, disaster, and death. If there is a divine power in

The Good Mother,

her face bright with purity, an unselfish love beaming from her eye, a gentleness that by pangs and sufferings and holy anxieties has been mellowing and softening for many a year, uttering itself in every syllable, a dignity that cannot be dethroned, united with the playfulness that will not be checked, her hand the charm that will instantly take pain out of the child's worst wound, her presence a perpetual benediction, her name our defence when we are tempted, her memory an outgushing well of tears and congratulation and thanksgiving, her heaven a palm waving and a coronal—then there is just as great an influence in the opposite direction in the bad mother, her brow beclouded with ungoverned passion, her eye flashing with unsanctified fire, her lips the fountain of fretfulness and depravity, her example a mildew and a blasting, her name a disgrace to coming generations, her memory a signal for bitterest anathema, her eternity a whirlwind and a suffocation and a darkness. One wrong-headed, wrong-hearted mother may ruin one child, and that one child, grown up, may destroy a hundred people, and the hundred blast a thousand, and a thousand a million.

The Wife's Sphere

is a realm of honor and power almost unlimited. What a blessing was Sarah to Abraham, was Deborah to Lapidoth, was Zipporah to Moses, was Huldah to Shallum! There are multitudes of men in the marts of trade whose fortunes have been the result of a wife's frugality. Four hands have been achieving that estate, two at the store, two at the home. The burdens of life are comparatively light when there are other hands to help us to lift them. The greatest difficulties have often slunk away because there were four eyes to look them out of countenance. What care you for the hard knocks in the world as long as you have a bright domestic circle for harbor! One cheerful word in the evening-tide as you come in has silenced the clamor of unpaid notes, and the disappointment of poor investments. Your table may be quite frugally spread, but it seems more beautiful to you than many tables that smoke with venison and blush with Burgundy. Peace meets you at the door, sits beside you at the table, lights up the evening stand, and sings in the nursery. You have seen

An Aged Couple

who for scores of years have helped each other on in life's pilgrimage going down the steep of years. Long association has made them much alike. They rejoiced at the same advent, they bent over the same cradle, they wept at the same grave. In the evening they sit quietly thinking of the past, mother knitting at the stand, father in his arm-chair at the fire. Now and then a grandchild comes, and they look at him with affection untold, and come wellnigh spoiling him with kindnesses. The life currents beat feebly in their pulses, and their work will soon be done and the Master will call. A few short days may separate them, but, not far apart in time of de-

parture, they join each other on the other side the flood. Side by side let Jacob and Rachel be buried. Let one willow overarch their graves. Let their tombstones stand alike marked with the same Scripture. Children and grandchildren will come in the spring-time to bring flowers. The patriarchs of the town will come and drop a tear over departed worth. Side by side at the marriage altar. Side by side in the long journey. Side by side in their graves. After life's fitful fever they sleep well.

A Blessing or a Curse.

But there are, as my subject suggests, domestic scenes not so tranquil. What a curse to Job and Potiphar were their companions, to Ahab was Jezebel, to Jehoram was Athaliah, to John Wesley was Mrs. Wesley, to Samson was Delilah! While the most excellent and triumphant exhibitions of character we find among the women of history, and the world thrills with the names of Marie Antoinette and Josephine and Joan of Arc and Maria Theresa and hundreds of others, who have ruled in the brightest homes and sung the sweetest cantos, and enchanted the nations with their art, and swayed the mightiest of sceptres, on the other hand the names of Mary the First of England, Margaret of France, Julia of Rome, and Elizabeth Petrovna of Russia have scorched the eye of history with their abominations, and their names, like banished spirits, have gone shrieking and cursing through the world. In female biography we find the two extremes of excellence and crime. Woman stands nearest the gate of heaven or nearest the door of hell. When adorned by grace she reaches a point of Christian elevation which man cannot attain, and when blasted of crime she sinks deeper than man can plunge. Yet I am glad that the instances in which woman makes utter shipwreck of character are comparatively rare.

Solomon's Experience.

But, says some cynical spirit, what do you do with those words in Ecclesiastes where Solomon says: "Behold, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one to find out the account: which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found?" My answer is, that if Solomon had behaved himself with common decency and kept out of infamous circles, he would not have had so much difficulty in finding integrity of character among women, and never would have uttered such a tirade. Ever since my childhood I have heard speakers admiring Diogenes, the cynical philosopher who lived in a tub, for going through the streets of Athens in broad daylight with a lantern, and when asked what he did that for, said, "I am looking for an honest man." Now I warrant that that philosopher who had such hard work to find an honest man was himself dishonest. I think he stole both the lantern and the tub. So, when I hear a man expatiating on the weaknesses of women,

I Suspect Him,

and say there is another Solomon, with Solomon's wisdom left out. Still, I would not have the illustrations I have given of transcending excellency in female biography lead you to suppose that there are no perils in woman's pathway. God's grace alone can make an Isabella Graham, or a Christina Alsop, or a Fidelia Fiske, or a Catherine of Siena. Temptations lurk about the brightest domestic circle. It was no unmeaning thing when God set up amidst the splendors of His Word the character of the infamous Delilah.

Again, this strange story of the text leads me to consider *some of the ways in which strong men get their locks shorn*. God, for some reason best known to Himself, made the strength of Samson to depend on the length of his hair; when the shears clipped it, his strength was gone. The strength of men is variously distributed. Sometimes it lies in physical development, sometimes in intellectual attainment, sometimes in heart force, sometimes in social position, sometimes in financial accumulation! and there is always

a shears ready to destroy it. Every day there are **Samsons Ungianted**.

I saw a young man start in life under the most cheering advantages. His acute mind was at home in all scientific dominions. He reached not only all rugged attainments, but by delicate appreciation he could catch the tinge of the cloud, and the sparkle of the wave, and the diapason of the thunder. He walked forth in life head and shoulders above others in mental stature. He could wrestle with giants in opposing systems of philosophy, and carry off the gates of opposing schools, and smite the enemies of truth hip and thigh with great slaughter. But he began to tamper with brilliant free thinking. Modern theories of the soul threw over him their blandishments. Scepticism was the Delilah that shorn his locks off, and all the Philistines of doubt and darkness and despair were upon him. He died in a very prison of unbelief, his eyes out.

A Political Fallen Giant.

Far back in the country districts—just where, I purposely omit to say—there was born one whose fame will last as long as American institutions. His name was the terror of all enemies of free government. He stood the admired of millions; the nation uncovered in his presence, and when he spoke senators sat breathless under the spell. The plotters against good government attempted to bind him with green withes and weave his locks in a web, yet he walked forth from the enthrallment, not knowing he had burst a bond. But from the wine-cup there arose a destroying spirit that came forth to capture his soul. He drank until his eyes grew dim, and his knees knocked together, and his strength failed. Exhausted with lifelong dissipations, he went home to die. Ministers pronounced eloquent eulogiums, and poets sung, and painters sketched, and sculptors chiseled the majestic form into marble, and the world wept, but everywhere it was known that it was strong drink that came like the infamous Delilah, and his locks were shorn.

Napoleon's Delilah.

From the island of Corsica there started forth a nature charged with unparalleled energies to make thrones tremble and convulse the earth. Piedmont, Naples, Bavaria, Germany, Italy, Austria, and England rose up to crush the rising man. At the plunge of his bayonets bastiles burst open. The earth groaned with the agonies of Rivoli, Austerlitz, Saragossa, and Eylau. Five million men slain in his wars. Crowns were showered at his feet, and kingdoms hoisted triumphal arches to let him pass under, and Europe was lighted up at the conflagration of consuming cities. He could almost have made a causeway of human bones between Lisbon and Moscow. No power short of omnipotent God could arrest him. But out of the ocean of human blood there arose a spirit in which the conqueror found more than a match. The very ambition that had rocked the world was now to be his destroyer. It grasped for too much, and in its effort lost all. He reached up after the sceptre of universal dominion, but slipped and fell back into desolation and banishment. The American ship, damaged of the storm, to-day puts up in St. Helena, and the crew go up to see the spot where the French exile expired in loneliness and disgrace, the mightiest of all Samsons shorn of his locks by ambition, that most merciless of all Delilahs.

I have not time to enumerate. Evil associations, sudden successes, spendthrift habits, miserly proclivities and dissipation, are the names of some of the shears with which men are every day made powerless. They have strewn the earth with the carcasses of giants, and filled the great prison house with destroyed Samsons, who sit grinding the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes out. If parents only knew to what temptations their children were subjected they would be more earnest in their prayers, and more careful about their example. No young man escapes having the pathway of sin pictured in bright colors before him.

The first time I ever saw a city—it was the

city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the eventide a corrupt man plied me with his infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald; but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk. I made up my mind he was a basilisk. I remember how he reeled his chair round in front of me, and with a concentrated and diabolical effort attempted to destroy my soul; but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all-encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware!

Beware! O Young Man!

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death. If all the victims of an impure life in all lands and ages could be gathered together, they would make a host vaster than that which Xerxes led across the Hellespont, than Timour led across India, than William the Conqueror led across England, than Abou-Bekr led across Syria; and if they could be stretched out in single file across this continent, I think the vanguard of the host would stand on the beach of the Pacific while yet the rear-guard stood on the beach of the Atlantic.

I say this not because I expect to reclaim any one that has gone astray in this fearful path, but because I want to utter a warning for those who still maintain their integrity. The cases of reclamation of those who have given themselves fully up to an impure life are so few, probably you do not know one of them. I have seen a good many start out on that road. How many have I seen come back? Not one that I now think of. It seems as if

The Spell of Death

is on them, and no human voice or the voice of God can break the spell. Their feet are hobbled, their wrists are handcuffed. They have around them a girdle of reptiles bunched at the waist, fastening them to an iron doom; every time they breathe, the forked tongues strike them, and they strain to break away until the tendons snap and the blood exudes; and amidst their contortions they cry out: "Take me back to my father's house! Where is mother? Take me home! Take me home!"

Do I stand before a man to-day the locks of whose strength are being toyed with, let me tell you to escape lest the shears of destruction take your moral and your spiritual integrity. Do you not see your sandals beginning to curl on that red-hot path? This day in the name of Almighty God I tear off the beautifying veil and the embroidered mantle of

This Old Hag of Iniquity,

and I show you the ulcers, and the bloody ichor, and the cancered lip, and the parting joints, and the macerated limbs, and the wriggling putrefaction, and I cry out, Oh, horror of horrors! In the stillness of this Sabbath hour I lift a warning. Remember it is much easier to form bad habits than to get clear of them; in one minute of time you may get into a sin from which all eternity cannot get you out.

Oh that the voice of God's truth might drown the voice of Delilah. Come into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace, and by the grace of a pardoning God start for thrones of honor and dominion upon which you may reign, rather than travel the road to a dungeon where the destroyed grind in the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes out.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

THE ARK BROUGHT TO ZION

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for October 13, II Samuel 6: 1-12; Golden Text, Ps. 87: 2.

David's Innovation on Saul's Methods—His Desire to Restore God's Supremacy in the Nation—His Proposal to the People—The Significance of their Response—Organizing a Pageant—To Be a Musical Festival—The Ark in Danger—Uzzah's Unlawful Touch—An Awful Rebuke to Irreverence—The Project Abandoned—A Place Prepared for the Ark—A Fault Recognized and Repaired—David's Enthusiasm Despised by His Wife—The People Blessed and Fed.

No sooner was David established in his kingdom and the Philistines overcome, than his thoughts turned toward the ark of God. In Saul's days man had been to the front, but David lived not to glorify himself, but God. His pride was not in a lordly stature, like that of Saul, nor yet in the kingly position which God had given him. "My soul," he said, "shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad." (Ps. 34: 2.) He "consulted with the captains of thousands and hundreds, and with every leader. And David said unto all the congregation of Israel, If it seem good unto you, and that it be of the Lord our God, let us send abroad unto our brethren everywhere, that are left in all the land of Israel, and with them also to the priests and Levites which are in their cities and suburbs, that they may gather themselves unto us. And let us bring again the ark of our God to us: for we inquired not at it in the days of Saul."

Nearly a hundred years had elapsed since the ark of God had been taken by the Philistines, and although it was in the land from the time that the Philistines had sent it back in the new cart from Beth-shemesh, and had remained in Kirjath-jearim, in the house of Abinadab (I Sam. 6: 7; 1, 2), and we find it later in the keeping of Ahiah or Ahimelech, Eli's grandson (I Sam. 14: 3, 18), yet it had never been restored to the tabernacle. "All the house of Israel lamented after the Lord" (I Sam. 7: 2), but David was now prepared for something

More Practical Than Vain Lamentations.

"Let us bring again the ark of our God to us." There are many people who sit down under a wrong state of things, such as the drunkenness of our land, the increasing immorality. But mere lamentations never abolished slavery, nor destroyed in any measure the works of the devil. Thank God, there are Davids who will tackle these things. Let us all see to it that our prayers, our influence, and all the efforts we can make, go to strengthen those who are in the forefront of the war against evil.

"All the congregation said that they would do so, for the thing was right in the eyes of all the people." This was a greater victory than the slaying of Goliath. That the whole land, which had been given up to indifference and self-seeking in the days of Saul, should now be aroused unanimously to a keen interest in the neglected ark of God, showed a hand stronger than David's at work. With thirty thousand chosen men he went up to Baalah or Kirjath-jearim to bring up from thence the ark of God, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of Hosts, that dwelleth between the cherubim."

David was in the habit of inquiring of the Lord as to all he did. "He leadeth me," was his testimony. No men make such mistakes as those do who are habitually guided by God, whenever they forget or omit to take counsel of Him. It is necessary that they should learn their dependence upon Him. David, without asking counsel of the Lord,

Imitated the Method of the Philistines,

and set the ark in a new cart. God's order was that it should be borne upon the shoulders of the Levites. "At that time the Lord separated the tribe of Levi to bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord." (Deut. 10: 8; Num. 4: 15.) The priest's sons, Uzzah and Ahio, drove the cart, but the Levites, where were they? David organized a grand musical performance which

should accompany the progress of the ark. They "played before the Lord with all their might." (I Chron. 13: 8.) All seemed to go well until they arrived at the threshing-floor of Nachon. Then the oxen stumbled and shook the ark, and Uzzah (also without asking God) put forth his hand to hold the ark. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and He smote him, because he put his hand to the ark; "and there he died before God."

Perhaps nothing is more trying to a man of God who has spent an immense amount of energy, time, strength, and money on some work of God, than to have a sudden check put upon the work, a manifest sign of God's displeasure, just when, in the fullness of his zeal, he has done all that is possible to him for the glory of God. It is so disheartening to the flesh, and many an earnest worker in such an "evil day" has given up altogether. It takes a long time to learn how our very best has to be crucified with Christ, and needs His cleansing blood. It seemed very disappointing, just as the revival of interest in the ark of the Lord was at its height, and the musical festival was enhancing the enthusiasm of the people, that the young priest Uzzah, who was one of the principal actors in the scene, should be slain thus awfully and suddenly in their midst, for no worse sin than steadying the ark of God, to keep it from falling when the oxen stumbled! Most people would think he had done right. What was his sin? It was the "evil heart of unbelief." If, when the Philistines set the ark in Dagon's temple, God could throw down the idol before the ark, and cut off its head and hands and feet, then God could care for the ark without the intervention of men to steady it. And if God's order had been followed, and the ark had been borne upon the shoulders of the Levites, the difficulty would not have occurred. But, then, was not the punishment extreme? Under the law death was the penalty of sin. Nothing less than death can atone for the smallest sin—if sin can ever be called small. Oh how precious, then, the truth, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

David was displeased, he misunderstood God, showed his displeasure before all his people, and broke up the assembly without accomplishing his purposes. He "called the name of the place Perez-uzzah (the breach of Uzzah) unto this day. And David was afraid of the Lord that day, and said, How shall the ark of the Lord come to me? So David would not remove the ark of the Lord unto him, into the city of David; but David carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom the Gittite." No more driving now, the ark was carried as God had commanded;

Men, not Beasts,

are to bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord. Three months the ark remained in the house of Obed-edom, "and the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that he had." (I Chron. 13: 14.) God so ordered it that the tidings of Obed-edom's blessing reached King David, and at once his conscience was aroused. He did not possess the spirit of Saul, who said, "Honor me now before the elders of my people" (I Sam. 15: 30), but he was perfectly willing to retrieve his fault in the presence of the elders of his people. Men who know nothing of the grace of God are terribly anxious to hide all their faults away from other people; they do not mind doing wrong, so that nobody knows it; but they want to have the credit for doing right. This standard of right and wrong is not formed from God's Word, but from the opinion of men. They are always occupied in building up for themselves a reputation, and making other people believe it. But a true man or woman of God wants, above all else,

To be Real.

To them it is nothing to be despised or misunderstood of men, so long as they are right with God. Thus it was with David; he knew that God desired truth in the inward parts, and he loved to have the holy eye of God upon him. "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try

me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (Ps. 139: 23, 24.)

Now David followed God's way; he "prepared a place for the ark of God, and pitched for it a tent. Then David said, None ought to carry the ark of God but the Levites: for

Them Hath the Lord Chosen

to carry the ark of God, and to minister unto Him forever." (I Chron. 15: 1, 2.) And he called for Zadok and Abiathar, the priests, and for the Levites, to sanctify themselves, that they might bring up the ark of God, saying, "For because ye did it not at the first, the Lord our God made a breach upon us, for that we sought Him not after the due order." (I Chron. 15: 2, 11-13.) There was a nobility in this acknowledgment of former error which would by no means lower him in the eyes of his people. God's law always holds good: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." (Luke 18: 14.)

A second time David assembled all Israel for the great purpose of bringing up the ark of God. The preparations on this occasion were on a vaster scale even than before. There was a great deal of instrumental music and a great variety of instruments. There was also a special department for song, "by lifting up the voice with joy." "Chenaniah, chief of the Levites, was for song; he instructed about the song, because he was skilful. The priests blew with the trumpets," and there was "shouting." One important thing which had been forgotten in the former interrupted ceremony was the offering of sacrifices. They had taken for granted that what they did was acceptable to the Lord, and they offered no sacrifice; now David had learned not to take things for granted, and when the Levites who bore the ark "had gone six paces, he sacrificed an ox and a fatling." Nothing is acceptable to God but through the blood of Christ. Our best intentions, our utmost devotion, is sin when it is uncleansed; it savors of Saul rather than of David, of self rather than of Christ. God can see sin where we have not yet discovered it.

"And David danced before the Lord;" he had

Put Off His Regal Robes—

before God he stood on a par with his people—and was "clothed with a robe of fine linen. . . . David had also upon him an ephod of linen." (I Chron. 15: 27.) Michal, David's wife, Saul's daughter—whom King Saul, after she had married David, gave to Phalti or Phaltiel, but whom David had demanded of Ish-bosheth, and who was now living in his court—had long lost her old love for David, and probably now was full of bitterness at being separated from the man she knew as husband for many years past. She was looking out of a window when the procession passed by, and she "saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord: and she despised him in her heart." When he returned to the house she met him with scorn and contempt, saying, "How glorious was the King of Israel to day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself! And David said unto Michal, "It was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father, and before all his house, to appoint me ruler over the people of the Lord, over Israel: therefore will I play before the Lord. And I will yet be more vile than thus, and will be base in mine own sight." (II Sam. 6: 16, 20-23.) A daughter of Saul could not understand self-humiliation; self is never humble. "And of the maidservants which thou hast spoken of, of them shall I be had in honor." Michal's contempt was not of David only; on such an occasion it touched the honor of God, and from that time she remained childless.

When the ark was brought in and set in its place in the midst of the tabernacle which David had pitched for it, David offered burnt offerings and peace offerings before the Lord, and then

"He Blessed the People

in the name of the Lord." In all the reign of Saul, such a thing was unheard of as the king

essing the people. Saul was unblest himself; how could he bless others? David, although despised by Michal, and perhaps by some few heretics of the house of Saul, was not only loved with joy himself, but he dispensed joy and blessing all around him. He had never counted any of his victories over the Philistines of the same moment as this open acknowledgment of his God in the land. In token of his joy, he sent a present of food to all Israel, he dealt among the whole multitude of Israel, as well to the women as men, "to every one a loaf of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine." Thus David, in spite of his many faults, honored his God. In his life, he sought "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness"—his personal interests were always subservient to those of his God, and consequently he prospered. He was noble enough to acknowledge where he was wrong, and thus God could teach him continually. The Lord gave us the like zeal for the ark of our God, that nothing in our lives in our Christian work may take precedence those things "touching the King."

SACRIFICES TO BE RENEWED

in Jerusalem about 2,300 Days Before the End. By Robert E. Matheson, Counsellor-at-Law.

UNDER the figure of the *Ram* in Daniel 8 is shown the second or Medo-Persian Empire, the *two horns* indicating the two peoples, the Medes and Persians. By the *He-Goat* coming up from the west is shown the third or Grecian Empire, the *great Horn* representing Alexander the Great (ver. 21). In the *four notable horns* coming up when it was broken, we have the division of Alexander's empire between Seleucus, Cassander, Lysimachus, and Ptolemy, in B. C. 301, shown in the *four heads* of the leopard in the preceding vision which he beheld.

The vision, then, passing over the fourth or Roman Empire and the intervening ages, takes us direct from B. C. 301 to the future time of the end, the events of which it is its special purpose to unfold.

In verse 9 we read that, out of one of them, that is, territorially out of one of the four divisions of Alexander's empire, will come forth

A Little Horn,

who is explained by verse 23 to be a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, who shall stand up in the latter time of their kingdom, when transgressors have come to the full. We are told that the *little horn* is to wax exceeding great toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land (Palestine), and that it waxes great even against the host of heaven (the armies of Israel), and casts down some of the host, and of the stars (their leaders) to the ground; also that he magnifies himself against the Prince of the Host (the Lord Jesus), and that by him the daily sacrifice is taken away, and the place of the sanctuary cast down. Verses 24 and 25 further inform us that his power shall be mighty, but not by his own power; that he shall destroy wonderfully, and prosper, and practice, and destroy the mighty and the holy people (Israel); through his policy, also, that he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand, and he shall magnify himself in his heart. Here we have a revelation respecting

The Future Antichrist.

From this vision we learn that he will come out of the country comprised in one of the four kingdoms formed by the partition of Alexander's empire. He is characterized as in the preceding vision, by *enmity to the Saints* and opposition to the Lord, features which help us in connecting him; but in addition we have here the daily sacrifice taken away and the place of the sanctuary cast down, facts which are also recorded with additional details in subsequent visions. The allusion here is to the Temple at Jerusalem and the sacrifices therein which in the latter day will be temporarily re-established after the return of Israel to their own land previous to their persecution and scattering by Antichrist. His wicked career terminates by his standing up against the Prince of Princes (the Lord Jesus) and his being broken without hand.

The question is asked in Daniel 8:13,

"How Long

shall be the vision concerning the daily [sacrifice], and the transgression of desolation, to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot?" And the reply is, "Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." This period of 2,300 days (ordinary days) is the later portion of the term of seven years referred to in the vision of the Seventieth Week in Daniel 9:27. These 2,300 days commence with the re-establishment of the daily sacrifice at Jerusalem, and terminate with the overthrow of Antichrist at the end of the seven years. When the power of Antichrist is broken the sanctuary will be cleansed and the Temple at Jerusalem established in its millennial glory, as shown in the Book of Ezekiel.

The abomination is spoken of four times in the Book of Daniel, *viz.*, in chapter 8:13, as the transgression of desolation; chap. 9:27, the abomination of desolations; chap. 11:31, the abomination that maketh desolate; and chap. 12:11, the abomination of desolation, and our Lord refers to it as a future event in Matt. 24:15.

The Seventy Weeks in Daniel.

Each week here (chap. 9:24-27) represents seven years, each day standing for one year. There were to be *seven weeks* and *threescore and two weeks* (sixty-nine weeks) from the commandment to build and restore Jerusalem to Messiah the Prince—that is 483 years.

Many take as "the commandment" the permission given to Nehemiah by Artaxerxes in the twentieth year of his reign to build Jerusalem, recorded in Neh. 2. Under all systems of interpretation our Lord's death admittedly took place after the sixty-ninth week.

The vision takes us for the seventieth or deferred week to the latter days, when Israel shall again be planted as a nation in their own land.

Passing, then, over the intervening ages, we have brought before us in verse 26 Antichrist, "the prince that shall come," in contrast with "MESSIAH THE PRINCE," in the preceding verse. *He will conclude a covenant with the Jews for one week (seven years), in consequence of which they will resume their worship and sacrifices in Jerusalem;* but in the midst of the week (in the half-week) he will break the covenant, take away the sacrifice, destroy their city and sanctuary, making it desolate for the overspreading of abominations. This will be until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolator (margin). Everlasting righteousness will then be brought in, the vision and prophecy sealed up, and the most Holy anointed. Here, then, there is a short sketch of the seven years of the future career of Antichrist.

[NOTE BY REV. M. BAXTER.] There is every reason to believe that the Antichrist will be a Napoleon, who will make the seven years' covenant with the Jews from Passover Day, April 21, 1894, to Passover Day, April 4, 1901, and that the 2,300 days will begin with the restoration of the Jewish sacrifices on November 8, 1894.

AN IDOLATER'S LOGIC.

In a private letter to a friend a native evangelist in India relates an incident, which is retold in the *Church*. The evangelist, who is connected with the Presbyterian Mission at Kolhapur says:

A short time ago I had been to a village, where I got an audience of about twenty-five. I talked to them about Lotteeba, a famous god whose temple is on a hill about a mile from here, and where people come for pilgrimage with long bamboo sticks wrapped with mixed colored cloth, and tied with ropes, carrying them on their shoulders, and coming from a distance of several hundreds of miles. The fair is held annually, and a crowd of nearly fifty or sixty thousand people come there. I had in my mind to point the people their mistake of attending such places, and spending their time, money, and strength for nothing. I used to tell them while they were at home and preparing to go. On the great

day of the procession, when many men were going to the hill, I saw a man busy with his daily work as usual. I asked him how was it that he did not go to the hill as others. He replied, "Master saheb, how shall I go when you had come the other day to our village, and pointed out our mistake? I have thought over it, and determined not to go, and have told this man (pointing to his helper) not to go, and so we both are at work. What will Lotteeba give us? Why should we lose our money for nothing? I thanked the Lord for the good effect of my going to that village, and I am much encouraged to continue sowing the good seed."

A HINDU PRIEST EXPOSED.

In a letter from the Rev. G. P. Arogyam, who is laboring in India under the auspices of the Bible Society, he thus describes an incident in his work: "I had in the afternoon been in a Hindu temple, and on going to the back-yard I saw what I had never seen before, namely, religious flogging. The thing was done by a priest, who had no commiseration for the poor ignorant people, and always struck as hard as he could. I was horrified with the idea; and when the priest had finished, wishing to expose the farce of the whole thing, I came forth, and taking his whip in my hand, I said in Malay, 'You have now been flogging a man who believes that by that means he can obtain the salvation of his soul; now if you believe that men are saved by flogging them, I offer myself to flog you.' The priest was confused and ashamed, I believe, but the people saw what I was after, and some of them came to tell me that they quite agreed with me. I said a few words about God's love toward men, and asked the people to buy the gospel where they could read about it in their own tongue."

A LETTER FROM UGANDA.

THE murder of Bishop Hannington by the King of Uganda, and the death in that country of other devoted Christian missionaries, have not been a vain sacrifice. The native converts have been persecuted, and every one of them knows that he is in daily peril of a violent death for his religion, yet the missionaries who have been driven out of the country have heard with thankful hearts that the persecuted converts remain faithful. They have managed to get a letter sent to the Church Missionary Society, which Mr. Ashe, the companion and fellow laborer of Alexander Mackay, thus translates:

We, your Buganda brethren, write to you to thank you for the letter which you sent us. We rejoiced much to hear news which came from where you are, to cheer our hearts thro' our Lord Jesus Christ. We thank God that you have heard of our being persecuted. Thank God, who brought our brother, whom we love, Mr. Ashe, where you are, and made you understand the evil which has befallen us Christians in Buganda; your children whom you have begotten in the gospel. Mr. Ashe has told you how we are hunted and burned in the fire, and beheaded and called sorcerers, for the name of Jesus our Lord; and do you thank God, who has granted us to suffer here at this time for the gospel of Christ. We hope, indeed, for this thing which you hoped for us in your letter, namely, that in a short time, other teachers will come to teach; and you who have authority continue earnestly to beseech Almighty God, who turned the Emperor of Rome to become a Christian, who formerly persecuted the name of Jesus, as to-day this our King in Buganda persecutes us; and do you, fathers, hope that we may not, in the least degree, give up the word of Jesus Christ. We are willing, indeed, to die for the word of Jesus, but do you pray for us that the Lord may help us. Finally, our friends, let your eyes and ears and hearts be open to this place where we are in Buganda. Now, we are in tribulation at being left alone. Mr. Mackay, the Arabs have driven away out of Buganda. Oh, friends, pity us in our calamity! We, your brethren, who are in Buganda, send you greetings!



OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Energetic Measures for the Rehabilitation of the navy are in preparation. The success of the new cruiser *Baltimore* inspires the Government with the hope that the era of waste and inefficiency which has prevailed for twenty years has closed. Secretary Tracy proposes to ask the new Congress for enough money to build ten ships of the first class, and to show its confidence in the Department by giving it discretion to arrange all details. The Secretary has had several conferences with the Bureau chiefs, and the conclusion arrived at is that the Department should have entire control of the vessels, estimate the necessary tonnage for a type of vessel best adapted to the needs of the service, and have it constructed upon a basis agreed upon by the board of officers appointed for that purpose. It is believed by the Department officials, if this plan is adopted by Congress it will result in securing a much better and more efficient class of vessels than can be obtained under the present system.

The Delegates to the Congress of the Three Americas are arriving. They appear to be sanguine of practical results, mutually beneficial, from the Congress. The commissioner from Honduras, Señor Jeronimo Zelago, in an interview with a New York *Herald* reporter on Thursday last, said that he comes to the Congress with full power to negotiate for close commercial relations with the United States for a uniform coinage and a board of arbitration. He thinks it especially desirable to have a silver dollar which will pass for its face value in the commercial world of the West. At present, although Honduras has a coinage similar to our own, English and American drafts are at forty per cent. premium. There will be twenty-seven delegates in all, besides their secretaries. Mr. Blaine gives a dinner to the party to-night at the Hotel Normandie, at which covers will be laid for sixty persons. Some prominent Senators, Representatives, and diplomatists will be invited to meet the delegates. An important influence will be exerted on the approaching conference by the joint congress of the five Central American States now assembled at San Salvador to discuss a plan of union for bringing all those States into federal union.

The Annual Report of the Utah Commission has been sent to the Secretary of the Interior. It says: "Polygamy is not at the present time openly practiced, except perhaps in a few remote and out-of-the-way places, but the non-Mormon element insists that plural marriages are solemnized clandestinely and practiced secretly in the larger centres and throughout the Territory. This may or may not be true." The Commission commends the courts for their vigilance, and also for the mercy with which its mandates are tempered. The Commission, in view of the present condition of the Territory as regards

polygamy, does not think that Utah should be admitted as a State. Should it be, the Commission says, "it would not be long before the Gentile element, with its advanced civilization, its trades and its traffic, would be driven from the Territory." As to immigration the Commission urges restriction and says "there is urgent reason for closing our doors as a nation and forbidding citizenship to the hordes who are brought here to swell the ranks of an organized body which teaches them in advance to hate our Government, denominate its executive, law makers, judges, and prosecutors as persecutors, and instills into every mind the constant teaching that their pretended revelations are more binding than the highest and best laws of the land, and that resistance to such laws is a virtue and a rendering of obedience to God. How far short of treason these teachings are we leave to those who can answer." The Commission finally protests against any relaxation of the law against polygamy.

The United States Expedition for Observing the approaching solar eclipse is preparing to sail for Africa. The eclipse will take place on December 22, and will be visible on the Western coast of Africa. The expedition is being sent out under special provision made by the last Congress. It is in charge of Professor David P. Todd, of Amherst, who will have the assistance of Professor Agassiz, of Harvard, and other eminent scientists. It will sail about the middle of this month, on the U. S. Steamer *Pensacola* for St. Paul de Loanda, about three hundred miles south of the mouth of the Congo River. Negotiations are now being prosecuted by the United States Consul there, with the Portuguese Government for the use of the abandoned fort situated at the top of an elevation on the outskirts of one of the native villages, and directly in the centre of the line over which the sun passes and which is in total eclipse at 3 o'clock.

The Elements of a Conflict Between Church and state authority are contained in a remarkable case which came to light last week. A Romish priest in New Jersey fell in love with a Roman Catholic lady and married her. After four years he has abandoned his wife and child, and returned as a suppliant for forgiveness to his Church. He has been received, on doing penance. His bishop was asked if a suit for divorce would follow. He said it would not: the Church had not recognized the marriage, and therefore there was no marriage to be annulled. Now, as the marriage was performed by a civil magistrate, the law regards it as a legal marriage. It therefore becomes a question whether the bishop holds the law in contempt. The Romish hierarchy are too astute to provoke a conflict of this character, and arrangements will probably be made to avoid it, by providing for the support of the deserted wife and child, but it is well that the public should be made aware of the fact that our institutions, though established as firmly as law can establish them, are regarded by the Romish Church as invalid, without its endorsement.

The French Elections, Though to Some Extent indecisive, show that the Republic has escaped defeat, though it can scarcely be considered victorious. There will have to be new elections in 177 districts, as none of the candidates in those districts polled a majority of all the votes cast, which must be done to constitute a valid election. The supporters of the Republic elected their candidates in 224, and the anti-Republicans in 190 districts. Among the Republicans elected there are 16 moderates and 57 radicals. The opposition members elected include 86 royalists, 51 Bonapartists, and 22 Boulangists. Boulanger himself was elected in Montmartre, but the Government has decided that all votes cast for him are void. The event shows that the formidable combination against the Republic has failed, but there are indications that it might have succeeded if only legitimate methods had been used against it. In spite of all the power of the Government, the avowed followers of Boulanger in the Legislature will be

decidedly more numerous than they were last summer; and the Republicans of all shades in the next Chamber, allowing for all possible gain in the second balloting, will not muster more than 350 members, as against nearly 400 in the last. That is to say, their combined majority will, upon their own most sanguine estimate, be cut down from 230 to 130. The result, therefore, is not encouraging to the friends of Republican institutions, though they are consoled by the reflection that they have been saved from the catastrophe which seemed inevitable.

Retaliation by China on the United States for the exclusion of her subjects, contrary to treaty, is threatened. A cable dispatch from Shanghai dated September 23, says the action of the United States in forbidding Chinese immigration is having its inevitable result, and the Government is meditating measures of retaliation. According to telegrams from Peking, the Emperor and his Privy Council are now deliberating upon a memorial from Censor Su, demanding the expulsion from the country of all Americans in Chinese employ. Not only is this drastic step in contemplation against Americans who occupy subordinate positions, but there is a strong agitation in favor of greater restrictions upon the presence of *American merchants and missionaries* in treaty ports. The Congressmen by voting for the measure made themselves popular on the Pacific slope, and will not be likely to trouble about the missionaries.

The English Cabinet Appears to Have Been alarmed by the protest evoked by Mr. Balfour's announcement as to the Roman Catholic University project. Protestants of all denominations, and all political parties are denouncing in unqualified terms the proposal to use public funds for the support of a Romish University. Without waiting for the reassembling of Parliament Mr. Balfour has issued a deprecatory letter. He says: "Though I desire to take steps to promote higher university education for Catholics, a foundation endowment for the proposed university has never been in contemplation by the Government. Such an endowment is not, in my opinion, necessary. Before passing judgment upon the supposed plans of the Government the public ought to suspend an expression of opinion until the views of the Government are known." The Government, as the English people are aware, has no views at present on the question, beyond a wish to conciliate the Pope, and get the benefit of his influence over the Land League priests. It will be for the people to see that Mr. Balfour and his colleagues do not purchase that influence by the sacrifice of Protestant principles.

The Temporary Imprisonment of Three German officers is reported by the Berlin correspondent of an American journal as an illustration of the lack of cordiality in the relations of the Russian and German courts. It will be remembered that when Prince Alexander of Battenberg was ousted from the Bulgarian throne, the chief agent in his dethronement was a Russian officer, who took possession of his person and carried him over the frontier. The Czar disavowed the act, but after the trouble was over the officer was pensioned and decorated with the order of St. Stanislaus. The Emperor of Germany heard of the man being rewarded, and at a military dinner, in the course of conversation, expressed his surprise that if the officer had been mutinous, as the Czar professed, he should now be wearing the order of St. Stanislaus as the gift of the Czar since his offence. Three German officers who heard the Emperor's remark were wearing the same order which they had received from the Czar. They forthwith returned the insignia to St. Petersburg with a collectively signed protest, stating that they could not wear an order that had been given to a mutineer. The Czar's exasperation was so intense that he demanded, through his ambassador, the punishment of the officers. The Emperor placed them under arrest for unauthorized correspondence with a foreign Government, but after two days he ordered their release.

Ten Thousand Hours of Prayer was the Record quoted last week at the thirty-second anniversary of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting in New York. An aged clergyman who had attended the first anniversary called attention to the fact that all those hours had been spent in worship in that hall, and that the answers to the many petitions offered had been received in all lands. Mr. John Hopkins, a New York manufacturer, rose in response to an inquiry if any one was present besides the President, Mr. Lanphier, who had attended the first meeting on September 23, 1857. He said he was at that meeting, and he remembered the help he had derived from that and subsequent meetings in the business crisis of that time, when men of business around him were being driven to suicide by financial troubles. Many aged men spoke to a similar purport. Among them, Dr. Thomas Vermilye, who said he was eighty-seven years of age, and that he also had attended the first anniversary of the meeting, and remembered also that when a boy of ten years old, he was at the meeting at which the New York Bible Society was organized. *A portrait and life of Mr. Lanphier*, the founder of the Daily Prayer-Meeting, and pictures of the hall, &c., were published in this journal on January 23 of this year.

A Relic of "the Bloody Angle" was Dug up at Gettysburg during the recent celebration. Among the survivors of the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers who went to dedicate the monument on the battle-field last month, was a man who was wounded at the spot known as the Bloody Angle, in the battle twenty-six years ago. One of his arms was shattered, and a bullet had entered his right thigh. After receiving his wounds he crawled for shelter behind a huge boulder, and expecting that he would be made prisoner, he set to work to bury his musket. It was slow work, owing to his wounds, but at last he scooped a hole under the boulder big enough to hold the weapon. He slipped it into the hiding-place, and covered it with the soil. On his visit to the field last month he determined to search for the musket. The boulder was easily identified, and he had no difficulty in recognizing the place at its base where he lay so long suffering on that terrible day. He dug there, and in a few minutes struck the old musket and brought it out. The stock had decayed and the barrel was coated with rust, but the man lifted it tenderly, and with tears in his eyes kissed it as if it had been a child. He is very poor, but he says no money would tempt him to part with the old musket. Still more precious to the aged Christian whose conflicts and temptations and sin are over, is the weapon by which he has triumphed—the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. (Eph. 6:17.)

A School of Crime has Flourished in Chicago for some time past. Robberies from dry-goods and jewelry stores have been unusually frequent of late, and in one or two cases it was discovered that the perpetrators were young girls, who on account of their youth were mercifully dealt with in the courts. The robberies went on, and they showed greater skill in the thieves, and were more difficult to detect. On September 21 a robbery was traced to a young girl, and she was arrested. She was closely questioned, and encouraged to make a confession. She yielded, and on the information she gave, several other girls about fifteen years old were arrested for other robberies. When they were arraigned they told the secret of the depredations which had been going on for many months. They had made the acquaintance of a person, apparently a lady, who had invited them to visit her house. There she had dexterously suggested to them the ease with which they could get money for their own use. Trained by her, they had visited the various stores, stolen light articles, and taken them to her. She had bought them at her own price from the little thieves, and must have made a large sum by the transaction. A warrant was immediately issued for the woman's arrest, and the parents of the girls pleaded with the judge to release her victims. To their sur-

prise he refused. He reminded them that the girls were thieves by their own confession, and must be punished. The fact that they had been sorely tempted might weigh with him in deciding their sentence, but did not absolve them of guilt. The judge was right, but we are apt to forget the principle when we plead constitutional propensities, or the temptations of Satan as excuses for sin against God. (Jer. 7:8-10.)

An Army of Caterpillars Stopped a Train in Maine recently. A press dispatch from Lewiston, Me., says that half a day was consumed in getting a freight train from Sebec to Brownville. There were eleven cars heavily laden drawn by a powerful engine. They had proceeded only a few miles from Sebec, when the train came to a standstill. The wheels of the locomotive slipped round and made no progress. The engineer descended from the cab to ascertain the cause, and found that the track was coated with small gray caterpillars. The little creatures were there in such numbers that the wheels of the engine were as effectually clogged as if covered with lard. The track was swept with bushes cut for the purpose, but no progress was made. Then sand was used but in a few yards the engine had to stop again. Finally the effort to proceed was abandoned, while a messenger was sent back to Sebec to telegraph for another engine. It came with a crew of helpers and by sanding the track for a long distance, and one locomotive pushing and the other pulling, the train at last reached its destination. They were insignificant creatures to stop the progress of a train, but the little things of life often produce an effect out of proportion to their size. It is so with little sins, which frequently hinder the Christian's advancement in the divine life. He alone grows in grace who constantly looks to God for guidance. When the law of God is in his heart "none of his steps shall slide." (Ps. 37:31.)

An Auction Sale of Tombstones is Advertised in a Brooklyn journal. A reporter being curious to learn what circumstances could bring so strange a commodity under the auctioneer's hammer, called on the advertiser to investigate. He proved to be a marble-mason doing business near Greenwood cemetery. He showed the stones to the reporter. Some of them were very costly, and bore inscriptions celebrating the virtues of men long since dead, and expressing the inconsolable grief of the survivors. "They do not belong to me," the mason explained. "They were ordered and partly paid for years ago, but the parties have not had them set up in the cemetery. I am tired of keeping them, so I advertised the sale, so that if the owners want them they may send for them. They will be sold, I guess. You see, they were ordered by widows, and some of them married again before the stone was finished. That often happens in our business. A widow comes soon after her husband dies and orders a stone, and then does not care any more about it. The kind that order the most handsome stones are the kind most likely not to have them set up. I know human nature." Probably few of all the women who become widows act as the mason describes, but he is right about human nature generally. Those who are most demonstrative in their emotions are apt to be most fickle. It is so in religion; reproach has often come upon the name of Christ through the desertion of converts who at first were the loudest in their protestations of fidelity. Only they remain faithful who distrust their own strength and depend solely on Christ. (Matt. 26:33, 34.)

A Barrier to a Marriage, Interposed Twelve years ago, has recently been removed by the efforts of a Western clergyman. The *Sun*, announcing a wedding which took place on September 19 in a Protestant Episcopal Church of Baltimore, Md., says that it would have been solemnized twelve years ago but for an insurmountable obstacle. The lady and gentleman were social equals, both were highly educated, well endowed with fortune, and of congenial temperaments. They became attached to each

other, and the gentleman at length avowed his love. The lady acknowledged that she loved him, and it appeared that a marriage would soon take place. But in the more intimate relations that the declaration of love brought about, the lady discovered that her lover was an infidel at heart, and she immediately severed the engagement. He was amazed that the girl should regard the difference of view as important. He protested and pleaded, but without avail, and he finally quitted the city and settled in a far Western town. Among the inmates of the house where he boarded was a young clergyman, whose scientific acquirements attracted the young infidel. They became friends, and the subject of religion was soon under discussion. For the first time the infidel found himself beaten in argument. He was silenced, and ultimately, after a stubborn resistance, convinced. By the blessing of God, he was converted, and became a sincere Christian. Some time afterward he had an opportunity of visiting Baltimore, and there found that the girl who rejected him twelve years before was still unmarried. He renewed his suit, was joyfully accepted, and on September 19 they were married. Doubtless the mystery that perplexed him before is clear now. Having realized that religion is not a mere matter of intellect, but a change of the whole being, he can understand why unbelief was an insuperable obstacle to the marriage. (II Cor. 6:15.)

BRIEF NOTES.

100,000 tracts, and 50,000 Gospels, in French, are in course of distribution inside the Paris Exhibition, by the Rev. M. Baxter and assistants.

Evangelist E. W. Bliss expects to labor in Kansas during the early winter months, beginning at Topeka, October 16. Professor Towner will assist.

The constitution of the Society of Christian Endeavor has been translated into German, French, Tamil, Chinese, Japanese, Zulu, Turkish, and into various dialects of Southern India.

Mrs. Abby P. Hinckley, of Racine, Wis., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church of Forest City, Iowa. This is the second lady pastor in that denomination.

In Mr. D. L. Moody's schools at Mt. Hermon there are representatives of sixteen nationalities, including, among others, thirty-eight British, five Armenian, and nine Chinese pupils.

The second annual convention of the colored clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States was opened September 25, in St. Philip's Church, New York, and was in session three days.

Rev. B. Fay Mills, after his Boston engagement, has promised to visit New York, where he will hold meetings in the Scotch Presbyterian, Central Methodist Episcopal, and Thirteenth Street Presbyterian churches.

Abram A. Kimball, a Mormon Bishop and a son of the notorious Heber C. Kimball, died at Kanosh, Utah, on September 25. He had been imprisoned for polygamy, but was pardoned on account of ill health.

Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, whose labors have been confined to New England and New York for twelve months past, expects to labor in Erie, Pa., Elyria, Ohio, and with churches in the vicinity, during October and November.

France is in peril from gradual depopulation. The number of births in 1888 was nearly 17,000 less than in 1887. It has never been so small since 1871. During the past decade the birth-rate has diminished five per cent., and each year exhibits a still greater decrease.

The details of the earthquake in Japan, now received, show that 600 hundred persons were killed, and 3,000 houses demolished. There were no less than fifty-three distinct shocks between July 28 and August 3. The whole population was still in terror when the mail left.

The new directory of Johnstown, Pa., is just issued. The names were collected before the great flood of May 31, and have been revised since. The compilers believe after careful investigation that the loss of life by drowning was 3,500, besides the deaths which followed from injury and exposure.

The Rev. J. A. S. Huntington, of New York, has opened a mission in which the services are in German and English alternately. A library of 3,000 volumes is attached to the mission. A large Sunday-school is connected, and the managers have rented a cottage at Farmingdale, L. I., to which the children go for change of air.

A large number of persons have publicly testified that they have been healed through faith and prayer at the meetings of the Rev. John Alexander Dowie, during the past year on the Pacific coast. Several of them are physicians. Their names and addresses are published in a pamphlet entitled *American First Fruits*, at 320 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal., price 15 cents.

THE BEATITUDE OF THE APPETITES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." Matt. 5:6.

Holiness the Natural Element of Blessedness—

I. Singular Appetites—Take Different Forms—Are Concentrated on One Object—Longing to be Right in Conduct—Right in Heart—The Appetites Discriminating—Work in Their Own Way—Affect Comparatively Few—II. The Remarkable Declaration—The Paradox of People in Pain Being Blessed—Blessed Because Jesus Says So—Because Meaner Appetites are Swallowed Up—Foolish Delusions Cured—Likeness to Christ—III. Brings Special Satisfaction—With the Righteousness Already Wrought—With the Prospect of Millennial Glory.

BECAUSE man had perfect righteousness before the fall, he enjoyed perfect blessedness. If you and I shall, by divine grace, attain to blessedness hereafter, it will be because God has restored us to righteousness. As it was in the first paradise, so must it be in the second—righteousness is essential to the blessedness of man. We cannot be truly happy and live in sin. Holiness is the natural element of blessedness; and it can no more live out of that element than a fish could live in the fire. The happiness of man must come through his righteousness: his being right with God, with man, with himself—indeed, his being right all round. Since, then, the blessedness of our unfallen state is gone, and the blessedness of perfection is not yet come,

How Can We be Blessed

in the interval which lies between? The answer is, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." Though they have not yet attained the righteousness they desire, yet even the longing for it makes them a blessed people. The massive blessedness of the past, and the priceless blessedness of the eternal future are joined together by a band of present blessedness. The band is not so massive as those two things which it unites; but it is of the same metal, has been fashioned by the same hand, and is as indestructible as the treasures which it binds together. Of this hunger and thirst I am going to speak this morning.

I. To begin, then, we shall speak of Singular Appetites.

In this case, one insatiable desire takes different forms. They hunger and they thirst: the two most urgent needs of the body are used to set forth the cravings of the soul for righteousness. Hunger and thirst are different, but they are both the language of keen desire. He that has ever felt either of these two knows how sharp are the pangs they bring; and if the two are combined in one craving, they make up a restless, terrible, unconquerable passion. Who shall resist a man hungering and thirsting?—his whole being fights to satisfy his awful needs. Blessed are they that have a longing for righteousness, which no one word can fully describe, and no one craving can set forth. Hunger must be joined with thirst, to set forth the strength of the desire after righteousness.

The desire is like hunger and thirst in constancy; not that it is always equally raging, for the hungry man is not always

Equally in Pain;

but, still, he can never quite forget the gnawing within, the burning at the heart. Blessed is the man who is always desiring righteousness with an insatiable longing that nothing can turn aside. Hunger and thirst are irrepressible. Until you feed the man, his wants will continue to devour him. You may give a hungry man the best music that ever was drawn from strings, or breathed from pipes; but his cravings are not soothed: you do but mock him. You may set before him the fairest prospect, but unless in that prospect there stand conspicuous a loaf of bread and a cup of water, he has no heart for flood or field, mountain or forest. They are blessed, says Christ, who, with regard to righteousness, are always seeking it, and cannot be satisfied until they find it. The desire toward righteousness, which a man must have in order to be blessed, is not a faint one, in which he

feebly says, "I wish I could be righteous," but it is a longing which, like hunger and thirst, abides with a man and masters him.

These appetites are concentrated upon one object: the man hungers and thirsts after righteousness, and nothing else. It is righteousness which the man pants after; righteousness in all its meanings. First, he feels that he is not right with God, and the discovery causes him great distress. The Spirit of God shows him that he is all wrong with God, for he has broken the law which he ought to have kept, and he has not paid the homage and love which were justly due. The same Spirit makes him long to get right with God; and, his conscience being aroused, he cannot rest until it is done. It is the peculiar glory of the gospel that it reveals the righteousness of God—the method by which sinners can be put right with God; and this comes with peculiar sweetness to one who is striving and praying, hungering and thirsting, after righteousness. When he hears of righteousness by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he leaps at it, and lays hold upon it, for it exactly meets his case.

The hunger now takes another form. The pardoned and justified man now

Desires To Be Right in His Conduct

and language and thought: he pines to be righteous in his whole life. He would be marked by integrity, kindness, mercifulness, love, and everything else which goes to make up a right condition of things towards his fellow-creatures. He ardently desires to be correct in his feelings and conduct towards God: he craves rightly to know, obey, pray, praise, and love his God. He cannot rest till he stands towards God and man as he ought to stand. His longing is not only to be treated as righteous by God, which comes through the atoning blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; but that he may be actually righteous before the heart-searching God. Nor will this suffice him: not only must his conduct be right, but he pants to be himself right. He finds within himself irregular desires, and he would have these utterly destroyed. He finds tendencies towards unrighteousness; and although he resists these, and overcomes them, yet the tendencies themselves are abhorrent to him. He finds longings after pleasures that are forbidden; and though he rejects those pleasures with loathing, his trouble is that he should have any inclination towards them. He

Wants To Be Renewed

so that sin shall have no power over him. He has learned that a lustful look is adultery, that a covetous desire is theft, and that wrongful anger is murder; and therefore he craves not only to be free from the look, and the desire, and the passion, but even from the tendency in that direction. He longs to have the fountain of his being cleansed. He hungers to "put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." He thirsts to be "renewed in knowledge, after the image of Him that created him." He cannot be content till he is himself like Jesus, who is the image of the invisible God, the mirror of righteousness and peace.

Note well that these concentrated appetites are very discriminating. The man does not long for twenty things, but only for one thing, and for that one thing by itself. The hunger and the thirst are "after righteousness." The man does not hunger for wealth: he would rather be poor and be righteous, than be rich through evil. He does not hunger after health: though he would wish to have that great blessing, yet he would rather be sick and have righteousness, than enjoy good health and be unrighteous. He does not even set before himself, as his great object, the rewards of righteousness. These are very desirable: the respect of one's fellows, peace of mind, and communion with God are by no means little things; but he does not make these the chief objects of his desire, for he knows that they will be added to him if in the first place he seeks after righteousness itself. If

there were no heaven, the godly man would wish to be righteous; if there were no hell, he would dread unrighteousness. His hunger and thirst are after honesty, purity, rectitude, and holiness.

Now, where there is this hunger and thirst, these will work in their own way. How a hungry man looks at you! His very look is

A Piercing Prayer.

A man that hungers and thirsts after righteousness pleads with God with his whole soul. There is no sham prayer about him. The man that is hungry and thirsty after righteousness is the wrestling man. This makes him also the active man; for hunger will break through stone walls; he will do anything for food. The worst of it is that he often attempts foolish things: he tries to stay his hunger with that which is not bread, and spends his labor upon that which satisfieth not. Still, this only proves how energetic are these appetites, and how they call out every power of manhood when they are set upon righteousness.

Beloved, these are by no means common. Multitudes of people in the world never hunger and thirst after righteousness. Some of you would like to be saved; but you can do very well if you are not. I see also others who are righteous already. They are as good as they want to be. Hear the man talk—"I do not make any profession of religion, but I am a deal better than many that do." Oh yes, I know you, sir; and the Virgin Mary knew you, for she said in her song, "He

Hath Filled the Hungry

with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away." You will one day be emptied, but you will never be filled. Why should you be? You are so blown up with wind that there is no room for the heavenly within your heart.

Many refuse the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the bread of heaven. No man can be said to be hungry if he refuses wholesome food. When your child sits down to table, and says that he does not want any dinner, he is evidently not hungry. They that put Christ away, and will not have His atonement, and His sanctification, are not hungry after righteousness. Many criticise the little things of the gospel, the insignificant matters about the minister's voice and tone and appearance. Preaching would not so often be submitted to silly remarks if men were really hungry after the truth. "Give me a knife, and a chance," says the man who is hungry. "Give me the gospel," says the anxious inquirer, "and I care nothing for the eloquence." Beloved, I wish you may so hunger and thirst after righteousness, that trifles may be trifles to you, and the essential truth be your only care.

Alas! there are some that we are sure do not hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they do not care even to hear about it. When your boy stays out in the road at dinner-time, you may be sure that he is not very hungry. The dinner-bell is a very prevailing reasoner when it finds its arguments within the listener. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

II. I have very feebly given you the description of the character, and now I come to notice

The Remarkable Declaration

of our Lord. He says, "blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." This is a paradox. It does not seem possible that people should be hungry and thirsty, and yet blessed. Hunger and thirst bring pain. I know you, my friend, you are here this morning; and I hear you sighing, "Oh that I could be what I want to be! Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" These inward corruptions, these evil imaginations, they will kill me, I cannot bear them. God has taught me to love what is good, and now 'to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not.' Even my prayers are interrupted by wandering thoughts, and my tears of repentance have sin mixed with them." Beloved, I understand that faintness and sinking, that groaning and pining; but, nevertheless, you are blessed, for the text says,

and it is a remarkable saying, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Why are they blessed? Well, first, because Jesus says they are; and if He says it, we do not need any further proof. If, looking round on the crowd, our Lord passes by those who are self-satisfied, and if His eyes light on the men that sigh and cry and hunger, and thirst after righteousness, and if, with smiling face, He says, "These are the blessed ones," then depend upon it they are so; for I wot that those whom He declares to be blessed must be blessed indeed. I would rather be one whom Christ counted blessed than one who was so esteemed by all the world, for Jesus knows better than men do.

He is blessed because, in the presence of this hunger, many meaner hungers die out.

One Master-Passion,
like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the rest. He hungers and thirsts after righteousness; and, therefore, he has done with the craving of lust, the greed of avarice, the passion of hate, the pining of ambition. We have known sickly men to be overtaken by a disease which has driven out their old complaints: a fresh fire has put out the former ones. So men, under the influence of a craving for righteousness, have found land-hunger, and gold-hunger, and pride-thirst, and lust-thirst come to an end. The new affections have expelled the old; even as the Israelites drove the Canaanites into the mountains, or slew them. God alone can give this hungering and thirsting after righteousness; and it is one of its grand qualities that it drives out the grovelling and sinful lustings which else would consume our hearts.

These men are blessed by being delivered from many foolish delusions. The delusion is most common that man can get everything that he needs in religion out of himself. Most men are deluded in this way—they think they have a springing well of power within, from which they can cleanse, and revive, and satisfy themselves. Try a hungry man or a thirsty man with this doctrine, "My dear fellow, you need not be hungry—you can satisfy yourself from yourself." What is his answer? "I have tied a hunger-belt around myself to keep down the hunger; but even that I did not find within myself. I am hungry, and must have

Food from Outside,
or I shall die." He cannot eat his own heart, nor feed upon his own liver: it is not possible for him to satisfy his hunger from himself. The common spiritual delusion of men is of like kind. They imagine that they can, by an effort of their own, satisfy conscience, make themselves pure, and produce righteousness of character. Still do they dream of bringing a clean thing out of an unclean. Let spiritual hunger and thirst come upon them, and they escape from this snare.

Once more: this man is blessed, for in his hunger and thirst he is in accord with the Lord Jesus Christ. When our Lord was here, He hungered after righteousness, longing to do and suffer His Father's will. His disciples, on one occasion, went away to the city to buy meat; and He, being left alone, thirsted to bless the poor sinful woman of Samaria, who came to the well to draw water. To her He said, "Give Me to drink," not only to commence the conversation, but because He thirsted to make that woman righteous. He thirsted to convince her of her sin, and lead her to saving faith; and when He had done so, His desire was gratified. When His disciples came back, though He had not touched a morsel of bread or a drop of water, He said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of. My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." When you hunger and thirst after righteousness in any one of the shapes I have described, you are in a measure partakers with Christ, and have fellowship with Him in His heart's desire.

I think I must have astonished some who have been mourning and crying, "Oh that the Lord would give me to live upon His righteousness, and I would thank Him for ever and

ever!" Why, you are one of the blessed. "Alas!" cries one, "I am pining to be delivered from sin—I do not mean from the punishment of it, sir, but from the taint of it; I want to be perfectly pure and holy." Do you? My dear friend, you are numbered among the blessed at this very moment. A great professor at your side in the pew is saying, "Blessed be God, I am perfect already!" Well, I am not sure about that party's blessedness. That fine bird is not mentioned in my text; but I am sure about yonder soul that hungers and thirsts after righteousness, for the Word is clear and plain—"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."

III. And now I close with the best of all, **Special Satisfaction.**

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: *for they shall be filled.*" This is a singular statement. They are to be blessed while they hunger and thirst; if they become filled, will they still be blessed? Yes, and what is more, they will still hunger and thirst. You say that is strange. Yes, it is; but everything is wonderful in the kingdom of God.

Now I am going to show you how it is that we can be filled even now, although still hungry and thirsty. For first, although we hunger and thirst after righteousness, we are more than filled with the righteousness of God. I do believe my God to be perfectly righteous, not only in His nature and essence, in His law and judgment, but also in all His decrees, acts, words, and teachings. I sit me down, and anxiously peer into the dreadful truth of the

Eternal Perdition
of the wicked; but my heart is full of rest when I remember that God is righteous: the Judge of all the earth must do right. As I see error in the Church, I rest in the fact that no error finds countenance with Him. Wrong-doing seems to be everywhere: certain men would rend away every man's property from him, and the opposite order would grind down the poor in their wages; but this is our sheet-anchor—there is a power which makes for righteousness, and that power is God. I am filled with joy as I see righteousness enthroned in God. Do you not know this gladness?

Again, they that hunger and thirst after righteousness are filled with the righteousness which the Holy Spirit works in them. I do not say that they are satisfied to remain as they are, but they are very grateful for what they are. Have you not been filled with delight to know that you were no longer what you used to be, but that you were now made a partaker of the divine nature, and elevated into the spiritual sphere, wherein you have fellowship with just men made perfect? Never despise what the Holy Ghost has done for you, never undervalue grace already received; but, on the contrary, feel a divine delight, a filling-up of your heart, with what the Lord has already done. Within your soul perfection lies in embryo: all that you are yet to be is there in the seed.

By and by we shall quit this mortal body, and we shall find ourselves

In The Disembodied State,

"for ever with the Lord." We shall have no ears and eyes, but our spirit will discern and understand without these dull organs. Set free from this material substance, we shall know no sin. Soon will sound the resurrection trumpet, and the spirit will enter the refined and spiritualized body, and perfected manhood will be ours. Then the man will have his eyes, but they will never cast a lustful glance; he will have his ears, but they will never long for unclean talk; he will have his lips, but they will never lie; he will have a heart that will always beat truly and obediently: there will be nothing amiss within his perfect manhood. Oh, what a heaven that will be to us!

And then your Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, and the dead in Christ shall rise, and *He shall reign with them upon the earth.* King of kings and Lord of lords. Then will come a thousand years of perfect peace, and

rest and joy and glory; and you will be there. What a swimming in a sea of righteousness will be yours! You will then be like Christ in all things, and all your surroundings will agree therewith. Heaven and earth shall link hands in righteousness. Eternity will follow with its unbroken blessedness. There shall be no impurity in the kingdom of the blessed God. No Devil to tempt, no flesh to corrupt, no want to worry, nothing to disturb; but you will be—

"Far from a world of grief and sin,

With God eternally shut in."

Oh, this will be to be filled with righteousness!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Prepared for Perils.*

WHEN it became known that I was preparing to go abroad as a missionary, nearly all were dead against the proposal, except Dr. Bates and my fellow-student. My dear father and mother, however, when I consulted them, characteristically replied that they had long since given me away to the Lord, and in this matter also would leave me to God's disposal. From other quarters we were besieged with the strongest opposition on all sides. Amongst many who sought to deter me was one dear old Christian gentleman, whose crowning argument always was, "*The cannibals!*" You will be eaten by cannibals!" At last I replied, "Mr. Dickson, you are advanced in years now, and your own prospect is soon to be laid in the grave, there to be eaten by worms; I confess to you that if I can but live and die serving and honoring the Lord Jesus, it will make no difference to me whether I am eaten by cannibals or by worms." The old gentleman raised his hands in a deprecatory attitude, and left the room saying, "After that, I have nothing more to say."

A Savage Fight.

My first impressions of the Island of Tanna drove me to the verge of utter dismay. On beholding the natives in their paint and nakedness and misery, my heart was as full of horror as of pity. Was it possible to teach them what is meant by right and wrong, to Christianize, or even to civilize them? But that was only a passing feeling. I soon got as deeply interested in them, and in all that tended to advance them, and to lead them to the knowledge and love of Jesus, as ever I had been in my work in the church at home. Soon after our arrival we noticed party after party of armed men going and coming in a state of great excitement, and we inferred that war was on foot. One day two hostile tribes met near our station. High words arose, and old feuds were revived. The inland people withdrew; but the harbor people flew to arms, and rushed past us in pursuit of their enemies. The discharge of muskets in the adjoining bush, and the horrid yells of the savages, soon informed us that they were engaged in deadly combat. Excitement and terror were on every countenance; armed men rushed about in every direction, with feathers in their twisted hair, their faces painted red, black, and white, some with one cheek black and the other red, others the brow white, the chin blue—in fact any color on any part—the more grotesque and savage looking, the higher the art. Some of the women ran with their children to places of safety; but we saw other girls and women on the shore close by chewing sugar-cane, and chaffering and laughing as if their fathers and brothers had been engaged in a country dance instead of a bloody conflict.

The Cannibal Feast.

We retired to a native house that had been temporarily granted us for rest, and there pleaded before God for them all. The noise and the discharge of muskets gradually receded, as if the inland people were retiring, and toward evening the people around us returned to their villages. We were afterward informed that the

* From *John D. Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides. An Autobiography.* This is a thrilling story of devotion to the Master's cause, amid trials, discouragement, and perils of no ordinary kind. It is the history of a man who left home and friends and civilization to go among painted savages, whose delight was in war and bloodshed, and whose favorite viand was human flesh. Pp. 375; price \$1.50; published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York.



G. J. Schweinfurth, the Pretended Christ.



Five Australian Aboriginal Preachers and Their Teacher.

bodies of five or six men who had been shot dead were carried by the conquerors from the field of battle, and cooked and eaten that night by the savages at a boiling spring near the head of the bay, less than a mile from the place where my house was being built. We had also a more graphic illustration of our surroundings through the Aneityum boy who accompanied us as cook. When our tea was wanted that evening the boy could not be found. After a time he returned saying,

"Missi, this is a dark land. The people of this land do dark works. At the boiling spring they have feasted on the slain. They have washed the blood into the stream; all the waters are red. I cannot get water to make your tea. What shall I do?" It not a little astonished us to see that he regarded their killing and eating each other as a thing scarcely to be noticed; but it was horrible that they should spoil the water.

GEORGE J. SCHWEINFURTH. The Pretended Christ.

(See Portrait.)

ABOUT fifteen years ago Mrs. Dora Beekman, of Byron, near Rockford, Ill., gathered around her a number of persons of ardent temperament who believed her to be Divinely inspired. They listened attentively to her rhapsodies, and received them as communications from heaven. Not much notice was taken of them until a new convert appeared in their midst and eloquently declared his faith in their leader. He was a young candidate for the Methodist ministry, of medium height and spare form. His eyes were light blue, his complexion light, and his hair and beard reddish auburn. He was about twenty-four years old, and his name George Jacob Schweinfurth. He soon became a leader in the little gathering, and a humble disciple and confidential friend of Mrs. Beekman. When the latter died Schweinfurth became the head of the community, and soon afterward put forward the blasphemous claim that he was the risen Christ. He declared that he had received a revelation from Mrs. Beekman's glorified spirit telling him that he was Christ again in human form, and that he would be recognized by the whole world, and all nations would come to worship him. He quitted the Methodist church at Alpena, Mich., where he had been placed for trial, and cast in his lot with the Beekmanites.

Among the converts was a wealthy farmer named Weldon, who gave the community 800 acres of fine land, and there in a fine mansion it now has its home. It will accommodate about a hundred persons, but usually some fifty women and a dozen men are to be found under its roof.

They have cultivated the land, and have imported valuable stock, which has been a source of large wealth. It is said that Schweinfurth is now the actual owner of property worth \$500,000.

Among the Beekmanites are several married couples, and the community claims that the home life is harmonious and virtuous. The tongue of scandal, however, is busy about the life, and tells shocking stories about the rites of initiation into the community. These are denied, but unquestionably the members commit the awful sin of worshipping Schweinfurth, who accepts their adoration as his due.

The claims of the man, and his success in making dupes, are a fulfilment of Christ's prophecy (Matt. 24: 5) when, in telling His disciples what would be the signs by which they might know when the end of the age was near at hand, He said: "Many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many."

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most remarkable illustrations of the power of Divine grace in our day is to be found in the work of the Rev. Daniel Matthews, whose portrait is in the centre of the lower rank of portraits in the accompanying group. He and his wife set out some fifteen years ago to labor among the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia. A more hopeless task, from a human stand-point, could not be conceived. It is estimated that in all there are about 300,000 of these people in the colonies, and they are regarded as the most debased and brutal of all human types. But Mr. and Mrs. Matthews had faith in the power of God to enlighten and spiritualize even such degraded beings, and they labored on faithfully and hopefully amid inconceivable discouragements.

Their noble work has been blessed to an astonishing degree. Reaching them first through their love of music, Mr. Matthews soon had a trained choir of remarkable proficiency, and through their songs drew crowds of them to his preaching. Many have been converted, and five of them, whose portraits make up the group, have become preachers. The white people of Australia who have listened to their simple eloquence, and remember the scepticism which Mr. Matthews met in the early days of his mission, now say, in wonder, "What hath God Wrought!"

AN ANCESTOR'S MESSAGE.

(See Illustration on page 637.)

In the picture-gallery of a fine old mansion in Virginia, a boy of some fifteen years was stroll-

ing one rainy morning. He was tall for his years, and thinner and paler than might have been wished by those who loved him and hoped for him a long and useful life. But his features had an expression which indicated not only vigorous mental power, but high moral principle. Not the highest, perhaps, but that which springs in the breast of a lad who bears an honored name and who comes of a race which has had faith in something better than the gospel of getting on. He stopped in his walk before the portrait of a young man and looked at it curiously, as if something in it struck him that he had not seen in it before.

As he stood gazing at the portrait, an elderly lady, whose hair was white as snow, but whose form was as upright and whose step was as firm as those of a much younger woman, came along the gallery to where the boy stood. She instantly divined what was passing in his mind. It was that strange resemblance which sometimes connects one generation in a family with another one that is separated by several intervening generations.

"Whose portrait is that, grandmamma?" asked the boy. "It should be one of my ancestors, I think. I never paid much attention to it until just now, when something about it struck me as familiar, and yet it is not like papa at all."

"That is the portrait of your great-great-grandfather, Reginald, your grandfather's grandfather, and I believe a very good likeness."

"Did you know him, grandmamma?"

"Only in his later years, when he did not look much like that. He was a very old man when your grandpapa took me over to England to see him, just after our marriage; and now you ask me about him I may as well give you a message that he gave me to give you, on the very night that he died."

"To me, grandmamma? Why, I was not born then!"

"No, but for you, just the same, and he was very much in earnest about it."

"Do tell me about him," said the boy, earnestly.

"I do not know very much," said the old lady. "Your grandpapa did not tell me his story, and I did not ask him, for it was evidently a painful subject. When I saw the old gentleman he was a recluse, living in the grand, gloomy old abbey which is still the home of the elder branch of our family. No friends came to see him, and I think he had alienated them by his morbid temperament and his hard, cynical manner. But from my first introduction to him he took a great fancy to me, and would have me in his room continually. He used to say that I brought

into the old abbey some of the untainted American air, and it invigorated him. I was only twenty years old then, and my high spirits were not wholly subdued, even by the gloomy place, with its stained-glass windows and long dismal passages, with rooms that had not been opened for forty years. Everything about the venerable building seemed uncanny and mouldy, so unlike our bright, vigorous life here in Virginia; but it takes a good deal to depress a healthy and vivacious girl of twenty on her first visit to Europe."

"Was he sick then?"

"No, I thought not, only with such chronic ailments that one is apt to find in a very old man. But his life was warped and overshadowed by sorrow, and, I think, by remorse. He would sit for hours staring into vacancy, unconscious of everything around him, and would groan as he came out of his reverie. He liked to have me read to him, but often his thoughts were far away, and he did not hear a word. But if I ceased reading at such times, he would be aware of it, and ask me to go on. Voltaire's works were much in vogue at that time, and I read them to him at his request. It seemed terrible to me to read such things to a man on the brink of the grave, for I had learned to love the Saviour, and the scoffing Frenchman's witticisms greatly shocked me. One night, the identical night before his death, I begged that I might read a few chapters of the Bible, and the old man consented. I remember it well. I opened at the hundred and nineteenth Psalm. For a few minutes he listened attentively, and then his eyes took the vacant look I had learned to know, and his jaw dropped, and he was lost to all that I read. He was sitting in his favorite easy-chair, with a large pillow at his back, and I was sitting opposite to him on a low ottoman. I glanced at him once or twice, and was struck by his utter unconsciousness. But I read on until his usual hour for retiring, when I rose to leave him. 'Stay a moment, dear,' he said. 'You read something just now that sent my thoughts on a long journey, and I thought I would speak to you about it; but I have quite forgotten. Will you read again, beginning where you began before?' I did so until I came to the ninth verse, 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?' By taking heed thereto according to thy word." 'That is it,' the old man said. 'Don't forget that, my child. There is sound philosophy in it. Some day I will tell you a part of my history, and you will see why I was started on a train of reminiscences when you read that. But if I have no opportunity to tell you, don't forget that there is no other way of saving your life from wreck. You may have children, and perhaps grandchildren, and I charge you solemnly that you impress that on their minds. Tell them to take heed according to God's Word. If I had done that, what might my life have been!' The old man groaned heavily, and as he kissed me good-night he said again, 'Don't forget, my love: "Take heed according to thy word."' It is the injunction of an old man who did not take heed and fell into a pitfall.' The next morning he was found dead in his bed, and I never heard his story."

"Now I know, grandmamma," said the boy, who had been listening intently, "why you made me learn those words the very first time I came to see you before I could read myself."



The Message Suggested.

"Yes, my boy, and I am an old lady now, and I confirm my grandfather's words. God has mercifully preserved me, but I have seen many noble men and women fall through heedlessness. May God protect you, as He will if you seek Him with all your heart."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

[We have to omit this week Mrs. Stenhouse's story, *Escaped from the Mormons*. When the proprietors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD purchased the story from Mrs. Stenhouse, they supposed they were securing the right to publish it in this country. Since the printing of last week's instalment we have been informed that she had previously disposed of that right to Messrs. A. D. Worthington & Co., of Hartford, Conn., who published the story under the title, *Tell it All: A Woman's Life in Polygamy*. If that is true, we have been betrayed into a trespass on the rights of those publishers, which, though committed in ignorance and good faith, we cannot too greatly deplore. It would not be right to continue the story while we are investigating their claim; but, if we find it valid, we shall endeavor to arrange with them for the privilege of publishing the remaining chapters. In the meantime, by the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, we are enabled to publish the following incidents from another lady's experience of polygamy. They are extracted from a valuable work published by them, but now out of print and very rare, entitled, *Fifteen Years Among the Mormons*, by Mrs. Mary E. V. Smith:]

LIFE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

I DO not propose to give a detailed account of our journey to Salt Lake, as I kept no journal of it. It was long and tiresome, occupying four months for its accomplishment, every day bringing with it a new adventure. Now harassed with the fear of an attack from the Indian bands that roam the boundless plains through which our route lay, who are governed by no law save that of a strongest arm; parched one day by

thirst under a scorching sun, and the next drenched by soaking rains; suffocated by the hot airs of the plains during the day, and at night chilled by the cold breath of the mountains—in short, suffering all the chances and mischances of a wandering life in the open air. Joyous and glad when the sun and the heavens were propitious, and sternly resolute to protect the aged, and the frail women and little children, when the face of nature frowned upon us, we struggled through to the end, and about the middle of September, 1849, arrived at Salt Lake City.

Brigham Young, with the main body of Mormons, had been at the valley about two years. The anniversary of the day on which the Prophet, with the heads of the Church, arrived there, is still observed, and is celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. This event occurred on July 24, 1847, hence July 24, instead of July 4, is the great national day among the Mormons, for they already familiarize themselves with the idea of a Mormon nationality.

The Prophet had selected a site for a city, which was to become the centre of the Mormon world; and Great Salt City, the name by which it was christened, was founded on the east bank of the Jordan River. The Jordan connects Lake Utah with the Great Salt Lake, and is a beautiful stream. The city occupies a bench

which rises gradually from the river, and is one of the most eligible and lovely localities imaginable. The streets are regularly laid out in squares. The main street, which is now built up with valuable buildings for the distance of two and a half or three miles, runs parallel to the Jordan, and is intersected by other streets at right angles. Streams of pure soft water are brought from the mountains behind the city for the purpose of irrigation, and are conducted through the city, and allowed to gurggle down the gutters of each side of the principal streets, singing amid the busy hum of trade and strife wonderful tales of the mountain homes they have left behind, while the streets are ornamented by long rows of trees of different kinds, the thick and delightful shade of which, joined with the refreshing murmur of the rills ever rippling beneath them, gives the city an air of rural, and even sylvan, beauty perhaps never before realized in so large a town.

The climate is perhaps the most healthy and enchanting in the world. The atmosphere is very dry and clear. Rain seldom falls. There will be perhaps one shower or so during the summer—sometimes two, but seldom more. The snow upon the mountains, which is always in sight, serves to keep the air delightfully cool and pure. Sickness is almost unknown there. The nights are apt to be somewhat cool.

The cattle are pastured in summer on the rich bottoms along the banks of the gently flowing Jordan, which are too low for cultivation, but furnishing abundance of excellent pasturage. The country is well adapted to raising cattle, and by irrigation—which will always be necessary, as there is no rain—it is equally so for all kinds of grain, if the water does not fail. It is, in short, one of the most desirable countries, both as regards climate and agricultural products, as a residence for man, and once fully developed, and freed from the curse of Mormonism, with a good government to which the peaceable citizen can look for protection, it is capable of sus-

taining a large population, and of producing the highest type of physical development of which the human race is capable.

As for myself I speak from the convictions of my best judgment, and from the results of my own experience, when I say, that could I see Utah freed from Mormonism, I would prefer to live there in preference to any other part of the globe of which I have any knowledge.

Before giving my own personal experience of Mormonism, I had better explain some of the terms in use among Mormons, and some of the points of the system of Church polity.

The priesthood, in some form, is understood to be necessary to the salvation of a male, or at least to his exaltation; and a female cannot be saved without being "sealed" to some male who is a priest. Hence all true Mormons are priests, and women really do not amount to much in themselves, as they have no souls of their own. Hence women are often "sealed," that is married to men when they do not intend to live with them as an earthly wife, but merely that they may be saved by them; in that case they are "sealed" for eternity, as it is termed. But when they are married for the natural purposes of a wife, they are then said to be "sealed" for time; and they may be "sealed" for one alone, or for both. If a woman's husband is dead, she need not be "sealed" again unless she chooses, and when she does marry again, she is "sealed" only for time, as when she dies her first husband will "resurrect," *i. e.*, save her; and she will be his in the next world.

The difference between "exaltation" and "salvation," in the Mormon use of these terms, is this. A male Mormon without the priesthood may be saved by favor of the Prophet; as also may a Gentile to be used as a servant; but can never be exalted. This exaltation means having in the next world a kingdom, and a great many wives, and many Gentile servants, and being great in power as a sovereign. All the wives and the children of a priest in this world belong to his "kingdom" in the next, and are a part of his "exaltation" there. A woman's "exaltation" in the next world depends upon her being "sealed" to a man that is a priest in this, and who can exalt her there by winning for himself a high exaltation. That is to say, the glory of the wife, in the next world, is dependent upon the glory of her husband. Hence, among true Mormon women, it is an object to marry some of the heads of the Church, or those of high official dignity. To marry an apostle or a high priest is considered a great honor; while to be a wife of the Prophet, or of a member of the first presidency, is the highest dignity to which a woman can aspire; and this is the reason why the heads of the Church get so many wives. This principle is often used among the girls, as a bugbear to force them to marry, and often old men succeed in winning young girls by it, if they occupy high positions.

Every male member of the Church is required to devote every tenth day of his time in labor upon the Temple or other public works, or pay a sum of money equal to the hire of a substitute; and the Church is also entitled to, and scrupulously exacts from all property-holders, a tenth of their income, and a tenth of the produce of all lands. No one's property is exempt from this tax, as it goes into the general treasury for the propagation of the gospel, for bringing converts to Utah, and defraying the expenses of the public works; and after these, for the erection of the Temple. The cheerful payment of this tithing is regarded as a test of orthodoxy.

An Interview with Brigham Young.

My brother Howard, afterward a High Priest, was one of the Prophet's secretaries, and one day I went to the office to see him, and while there the Prophet came in, and recognized me, although we had not met since the cold and dreary march through Iowa, at which time we were in the same company with him for a few days.

The Prophet received me very cordially, and said, "Well, Nettie, how do you like Mormon-

ism by this time?" I replied to him, at some length, that if Mormonism was the same at Salt Lake that it was in the States, I did not think I was a Mormon. I felt the utmost freedom in unburthening my heart's secret to him, even as to a parent. I referred to the hardship and crime of the double wife doctrine, and to the crimes of the Heads of the Church, and the "Danites."

He listened to me with great patience and kindness of manner, and I waited his reply with untold interest. My faith in Mormonism hung upon his reply. He evidently understood the difficulty of my case, for at times he looked troubled and anxious. When he replied, he made no mention of any matters but those which personally interested me. He said: "I will tell you how it is. There *is* a right in the matter. It is perfectly right, as well as a privilege, and has now become a duty, for every man in the Church to have a plurality of wives. But if a man's wife tries to do what is right about it, her husband should be reasonable. There are some shrewd women in the Church who cannot stand that doctrine. They were intended from the foundation of the world for another purpose. We are all calculated to be beneficial in the hands of our Heavenly Father, in rolling forth this great work. But if all our women were like you, our Mormonism would soon come to naught."

I said, "Brother Brigham, I do not understand what a mere woman can do." To which he replied: "Such a woman as you are can be very useful. I cannot explain it now, but you shall know soon enough. Make yourself contented."

At this point, his daughter Luna came in, and called him to supper. He said, "Tell your ma I will take tea with Augusta to-night." The Augusta referred to was Mrs. Cobb, afterward one of his wives. I then told him I was disappointed, and was sorry I was there, but that I must make the best of it. To which he replied: "That is the right spirit. Be 'sealed' to some man that has a wife, and then you will not feel so bad." Here the interview ended. It was then too late to return to the States; but I would gladly have done so had it been within my power.

An Infamous Marriage.

A proposal of marriage was made to me by Captain James Brown, an old man, already the husband of eight wives. He had, among them, *married my aunt, and afterward her daughter* by her former marriage. I indignantly refused. During the interview my aunt came into the room, and I said to her. I think you are a most ridiculous woman; you have brought up your daughter to believe that it is right and necessary for her salvation to marry an old white-headed man, her father-in-law." My aunt replied, very quietly. "I think your mother has not instilled quite Mormonism enough into your mind for your good, my girl." "My mother?" said I. "Do you not think I have some idea of what is reasonable and honorable myself?"

Captain Brown, after hearing so much of our conversation, took his hat, and went to the Prophet, and told him I was speaking disrespectfully of the Celestial Law. Brother Brigham directed him to bring me with my aunt to his house that evening, and they would talk to me of the consequences of such sentiments. When Captain Brown returned he was quite cheerful, and said very pleasantly to me, "Brother Brigham has sent you an invitation to visit him this evening with us. I think we shall have a pleasant time; will you go?" I knew better than to decline, and I accordingly went.

We found Brigham with his first wife, Eliza Snow, and another of his wives. We had been there some time, and the Prophet had exerted himself to make the visit easy and agreeable, when he at length turned to me and said; "Well, Nett, what do you think about men who marry their step-daughters?" "And half sisters," said I. "That is not the question I asked you," said the Prophet, with severity. "I know it is not," replied I; "but the first wife of George Watt

has occasion to ask this question very often, as his second wife claims it as her right to take the lead in the management of home affairs on the ground that she is the half-sister of her husband, they having a common mother."

The Prophet appeared somewhat nettled at this, and said: "I discover you are in the habit of making light of sacred matters. I see you must have a husband to strengthen your faith. Perhaps brother Brown would suit you. I know he is somewhat old, but then you will be less likely to be jealous of him than you would of a younger husband."

"Uncle," said I, "necessity may compel me to marry you, but nothing else will. As far as Mormonism is concerned, as it existed eight years ago, I believe it. I am a Mormon as Mormonism was then understood, and it may be right now; but I do not understand it. I do not see through this new order of things."

"But no doubt you will yet," said Mrs. Cobb, another of Brigham's wives, who had just come into the room.

The Prophet had watched me closely during this conversation, as if expecting to hear some heresy, and I knew Captain Brown had represented my case in no very favorable light to him, and I was determined he should get no advantage of me. He turned to the redoubtable captain, whose prospect of being sealed to me was now growing less and less, and said:

"Captain Brown, I cannot see that Nett is altogether beside herself; she can get along yet without a husband. Her case is not desperate by any means. Plenty of our women believe as she does. * All she needs is a little time."

I knew by this what the intention of Captain Brown had been. He had expected the Prophet would have "counselled" me to be sealed to him then and at once, which would have been equal to a command to do so; and a refusal would have involved me in serious difficulty. I therefore took occasion to say to him what I understood to be his aim in citing me before the Prophet.

The latter said to me: "No matter as to that. All you have to do is to obey 'counsel,' and if you do not do that, you know the consequences as well as Captain Brown."

The Prophet possessed the faculty of settling such differences, and harmonizing discordant elements, without compromising his dignity or authority, to a remarkable degree. The constant recurrence of similar cases had made him an adept in reading human nature, and enabled him to divine at once, if there should chance to be a selfish or personal motive at the bottom, and by his skilful use of the cant phrases in common vogue among them, in which are embodied the ever present and ever acknowledged idea of his divine commission, he was in general enabled to make a favorable impression upon both parties, and, to use his own words, "to strengthen the stakes of Zion."

As for myself, this interview admonished me of the delicacy of my position, and especially that it behoved me to avoid, rather than disobey, the counsel of the Prophet. As for the captain, he considered himself a disappointed lover. It is due to Captain Brown that I state that he had served with some distinction in the Mormon battalion in the Mexican War.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for September:

- Daniel's Image. By R. E. Matheson.
- The Mystery of the Woman. By Rev. Thomas Graham.
- The Marriage of the Lamb in Revelation 19: 7. By James Smith.
- The First Stage of the Second Advent. By Rev. John G. Wilson.
- Jerusalem to be Trodden Down by Antichrist. By D. L. Shires, Esq., J. P.
- General Boulanger a Little Horn—His Fall and Future Rise. Christ's Eschatological Prophecy.
- False Christs in the United States.
- What the Jewish Papers are Saying.
- Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

"NOBODY KNOWS BUT JESUS."

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted.
And I do not know the rest:
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm.
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know?

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of His quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy,
That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
They could not come and share;

Whether it be so tiny,
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble,
And seem so real to me;

Either, and both, I lay them
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them, alone with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
To the dearest, truest Friend;
Sweet, for He comes the nearer,
As 'neath the cross I bend;

Sweet, for they are the channels
Through which His teachings flow;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
His heart of love I know.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
It will chime along the way.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou.

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Too weak to pray,
Too weak for song of praise;
Yet still I say,
Now draw thou near, Lord;
Banish all fear, Lord;
Let me in quiet hear
Thy voice to-day.

I would not ask, Lord,
What shall befall;
Only the loving past
Silent recall;
Jesus the lost one sought,
Jesus my soul hath bought;
This calms each troubled thought.
This answers all.

Therefore I leave to Thee
What shall betide;
One word enough for me—
Jesus hath died.
He for His weak one pleads,
He on to glory leads,
He knows my cares, my needs,
He will provide.

Too weak to think, Lord,
Too weak to pray;
Yet from my heart of hearts
Silent I say;
"Do thou Thy will, Lord;
Keep Thou me still, Lord;
And heart and spirit, fill
With peace to-day."

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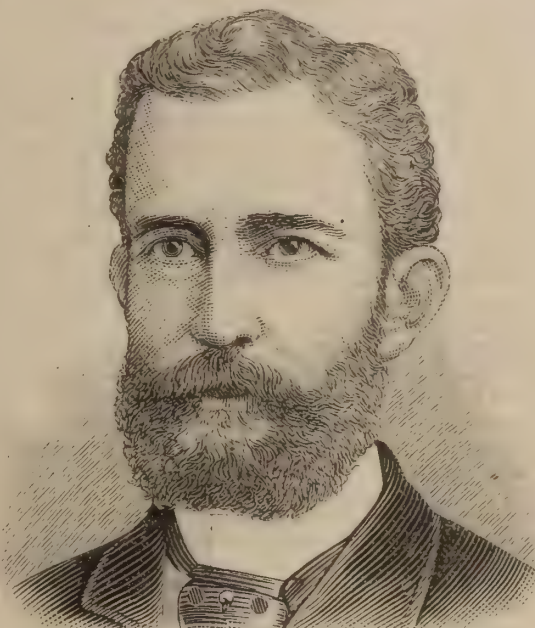
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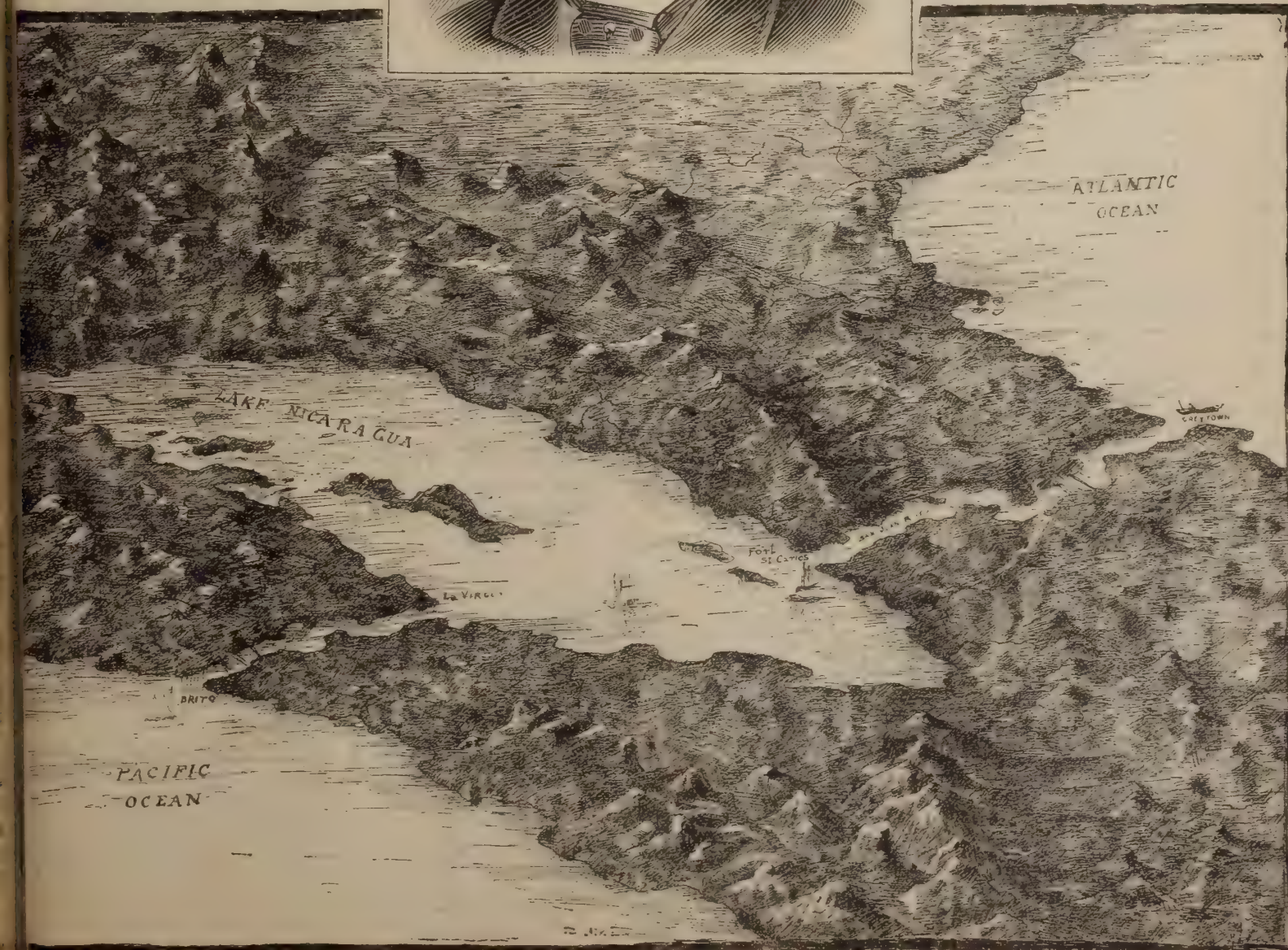
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Lieut. A. G. Menocal, Chief Engineer of the Nicaragua Canal—Bird's-eye View of the Route of the Canal.

LIEUTENANT A. G. MENOCAL,
Chief Engineer of the Nicaragua Canal.

ONE of the most prominent characteristics of this century has been the increase in the facilities for travel, and for the conveyance of the products of the various nations to foreign markets. This characteristic is to distinguish it to its close, and the last decade is to witness in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal a work which for public utility deserves to take its place in the list of the notable achievements of a century which has seen the construction of the Suez Canal, and the invention of the locomotive and the steamship. A glance at the map will convince any one of the advantage to traffic of a water passage between North and South America. The vessel leaving our Eastern coast for a point on our Western coast, or for Australia, China, or Japan, will, when the isthmus is pierced, no longer have to sail southward by the whole length of the Eastern coast of South America, round the terrible Cape Horn, and then northward along the whole length of the Western coast of the continent to reach its destination, but will pass through the isthmian canal, and save a journey of 8,500 miles. So magnificent a scheme interests the whole American people, and we therefore give this week a bird's-eye view of the region the canal will traverse, and a portrait of

The Distinguished Engineer

who has the work in charge. Chief Engineer A. G. Menocal was born about forty-eight years ago in Havana, of a good old Spanish family. He was educated partly in Havana and partly in the United States, eventually graduating at the Troy Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y., in 1862. Soon after his graduation young Menocal was appointed assistant engineer of the Havana Water-Works and immediately attracted the attention of his superior officers by his skill as a draughtsman and strict attention to duty. He occupied a subordinate position on the work, but when early in its progress the Spanish Government demanded a report of the project and a full account of its design, it was found that young Menocal was the only man on the staff capable to drawing up the report. It was committed to his hands, and in less than half the time allowed, the intelligent young graduate of Troy had the report ready for transmission. It showed so thorough a knowledge of every detail of the work, and indicated ability so commanding, that the Spanish Government recalled the engineer in charge and placed young Menocal at the head of the staff. Three years later Engineer Menocal took in hand the work which will make his name famous throughout the world. He was

Sent to Nicaragua

by the United States Government. He was at that time occupying a position in the Department of Public Works in the city of New York, which he secured in 1869, on the completion of the water-works at Havana. Congress made an appropriation in March, 1872, to determine the practicability of building an interoceanic canal across Nicaragua, and the Navy Department asked General Geo. B. McClellan, who was then in charge of the Department of Docks, to recommend an engineer capable of taking charge of it. General McClellan recommended Engineer Menocal, who was subsequently appointed to the command of the expedition, and who sailed for Greytown during the same month, March, 1872. Until August of the same year Engineer Menocal was engaged in surveying the Nicaragua Canal routes, after which he returned to Washington, and for some time after was there engaged in developing the plans and surveys made. In December, 1872, Engineer Menocal again sailed for Nicaragua and was engaged in completing and verifying the canal surveys until 1873, when he returned to the United States and completed his report to the Government.

After having completed his work in connection with the United States Government and the canals, Engineer Menocal was appointed Civil Engineer in the United States Navy, with the relative rank of Lieutenant-Commander, and remained on duty at the Navy Department in

Washington until December of the same year, when he was sent to examine the Panama route. On his return he was on duty at the Washington Navy-Yard for a year, at the end of which time he returned to Nicaragua, at the request of the Government of that nation, to make further surveys. In 1879 he was sent with Admiral Ammen, of the United States Navy, to attend the

International Canal Congress

in Paris, and at the close of the Congress he received a distinguished mark of recognition of his valuable services, by being decorated by President Grévy with the cross of the Legion of Honor. He returned to Nicaragua after the Congress and resumed his explorations with the view of fixing on the best route for the canal. From 1881 to 1889 Commander Menocal has been—in addition to his other duties connected with the canal and his work at the Washington Navy-Yard—consulting engineer of the Bureau of Yards and Locks of the Navy Department. He has now actively commenced operations, the tedious process of securing the needed legislative endorsement having been completed in the last Congress. In appearance Commander Menocal is of slight build, medium height, quick, nervous manner, and dignified appearance. His characteristics are extreme modesty, gentleness and kindness, to which admirable traits must be added sterling honesty of purpose, affection for his wife and family, and loyalty to his friends.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

THE illustration on the first page gives an idea of the momentous enterprise which has now been commenced. At first sight the best route for a canal across the isthmus would appear to be its narrowest point, which is at Panama. It was there that M. Lesseps, the famous French engineer who cut the Suez Canal, commenced work in 1881. American engineers warned him that he could not succeed. Even if he could cut the canal, which they did not believe, if he could pierce the rocks and keep his men alive in the malarial climate long enough to make the channel, the two seas would quickly fill the canal up again, unless he kept dredges at work at both ends, at a ruinous expense. The event has justified the predictions of the Americans. After working for seven years and spending nearly \$400,000,000, the work has been abandoned. Only one-seventh of the canal was cut, and that the part of least difficulty. The

Advantages of the Route

by Nicaragua are enormous. It seems like a *paradox* to say that, though it is longer than that of Panama, the canal there will be shorter, but that is the simple fact. As seen in the illustration, nature has already partly cut the isthmus at that point by a large lake and by the river San Juan. The work to be done, therefore, is reduced to that of connecting those waters with the oceans on each side. This route has, besides, other recommendations. It has a good natural harbor at both its eastern and western ends and runs through a salubrious country, while the region through which the Panama canal runs is a most deadly climate.

The Nicaraguan route extends from the roadstead of Brito, on the Pacific, to the harbor of Greytown, on the Atlantic, in all a distance of about 170 miles. Of this nearly 140 miles will be slack-water navigation through the basins of the rivers Deseado, San Francisco, San Juan, Lajas, Rio Grande, and Lake Nicaragua, leaving less than thirty miles of actual excavation.

The Western End.

Leaving the harbor of Brito, the canal follows the valley of the Rio Grande with a gradual inclination of about twelve feet to the mile, ascending by means of three locks, 26 to 29 feet lift, to the summit level extending thirteen miles west of the lake. From that point the canal extends easterly, and, cutting across the divide with a maximum depth of 41 feet above the surface of the water, reaches the lake sixteen miles from the Pacific terminus. For the next ninety miles all is clear sailing. For that distance the course of the canal lies through the blue waters of Lake Nicaragua, with the mount-

ains of Chontalee marking the way to Fort San Carlos, where the lake blends with the San Juan.

The Eastern End.

The canal then follows the river San Juan for a distance of sixty-four miles from the lake to Ochoa. The upper part of the river will be deepened and widened by a dam, which will convert it into an extension of the lake 1,000 feet wide and from 28 to 130 feet deep. The dam is located between rock abutments, and is proposed to be built of concrete resting on rock foundations. At this point the canal leaves the river, and, after a run of over half a mile through the basin, it cuts across a broken country for about two miles, and enters the valley of a picturesque creek called the San Francisco. This creek runs nearly parallel to the San Juan, from which it is separated by a range of hills, to a point about nine miles from the dam, then, receiving a tributary from the northeast, turns abruptly to the south and empties into the San Juan. Along this deep basin the route takes its way to the eastern slope of the ridge, between the Creek San Francisco and the Rio Deseado, to within twenty miles of Greytown.

Out of Solid Rock.

Beginning at the eastern extremity of this basin the canal cuts through the dividing ridge, the summit of which is 280 feet above sea-level, and strikes the eastern slope of the divide. Here it is proposed to carve in the solid rock the upper lock of the eastern branch, and drop the level of the canal. The ground thence descends gradually to the next lock, 87 miles below, where another drop takes place, and the canal, for a distance of about three miles, is cut through a broad slightly inclined valley. The last lock lowers the canal to the level of the sea, and from here it takes a direct course through the alluvial plains of the San Juanillo to the harbor of San Juan del Norte, or Greytown, a distance of eleven and a half miles. From the last lock to Greytown on the east and to Brito on the west side the canal is to be enlarged, forming extensions of the harbors, where vessels can pass each other without detention.

Time and Cost.

The canal is to be 80 feet wide at the bottom in deep cuts, and 120 feet in terminal ones, and the other enlarged sections. At the surface of the water the width will be 80 feet in deep rock cuts, and from 180 to 340 feet at other points. The estimated time of transit from sea to sea, on the basis of a speed of five miles per hour in the canal proper, eight to ten miles per hour in the river and lake, and forty-five minutes' detention at each of the five locks, is twenty-eight hours. The first operation will be the improvement of the harbors of Greytown and Brito, and on this a large number of men are now engaged. Afterward work will be commenced simultaneously on the eastern and western divisions of the canal, and the whole is expected to be finished in seven years. The estimated cost is sixty million dollars. Experience leads us to distrust estimates, but in this case the results are not likely to be so far from the estimates as often happens. Mr. Menocal has made seven separate journeys to Nicaragua. Every foot of the road has been carefully surveyed by other competent engineers, and even the rocks have been bored by the diamond drill to find the resisting power of the strata. No element of difficulty has thus been overlooked.

The Universal Utility

of the enterprise will ensure its commercial success. Not only will the canal benefit the United States by shortening the sea route from our Atlantic to Pacific ports from 13,000 to 4,500 miles, but Europe will be benefited too. The distance from Liverpool to Auckland will be 500 miles less by Nicaragua than by any other route, and 2,524 miles less than by the Cape of Good Hope. A part, at least, of this European trade with New Zealand will probably choose the Nicaragua route, not so much for the distance saved over Cape Horn as for the more favorable weather, winds, and currents to be met with in the latitude of the canal. Sailing vessels be-

between Europe and Japan would, by way of Nicaragua, save at least 3,000 miles over other routes. When the canal is built, steamers and sailing vessels from the Gulf ports, which now seek the long and dreary passage around Cape Horn, with its perils, vexations, and hardships, will gain the Pacific in a pleasant trip of less than two days' duration. The world may be circumnavigated with ease and expedition without crossing the equator. When the physical barriers shall have been removed, all the existing lines of traffic from the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea will lead naturally through the canal to the countries and islands of the Pacific. Artificial trade routes will be broken down, and we shall no longer receive cinchona bark and crude rubber from England, and tea and coffee from London and Hamburg, or ship American hardware to Australia by way of Liverpool. Indeed, if the cost of constructing the canal should prove to be double the estimate of the engineers, the financial adventure would still be profitable.

To the Christian this and all such enterprises have the same message. Every added facility for travel opens up new opportunities for the spread of the gospel. Especially does this canal utter this summons to work. On each side of its course live people sunk in superstition many of whom know nothing of Christianity but the perverted phase of it presented by the Romish Church. The influence of the great engineering work, the contact with travellers by the route, and the extension of commerce which must follow, will prepare the way for the missionary, and the Church of Christ cannot too soon prepare its plans for taking possession of the field for Him.

A BULGARIAN ROBBER.

THE following incident related by Colonel Paschkoff, a Russian exile, shows that the Holy Spirit can transform the most abandoned character: Some years ago a servant of the Lord, who had labored in St. Petersburg as a Baptist preacher, married a young girl who had lately converted, and who, immediately after she saw Jesus as her Saviour, had begun to go about telling people of His love. Both were greatly blessed of the Lord, and they decided to go to Bulgaria, which was just then newly emancipated from the Turkish yoke. He settled with her at Rustchuk, on the Danube, and from there took missionary journeys throughout Bulgaria, meeting often with great opposition and danger, but also finding at other times a willing audience. Once, upon coming into the town of Azar-dyik, he was preaching in the open air, and a group of people had gathered round him. A robber who for years, with a band of vagabonds and ruffians, had made himself the terror of the province by his daring acts of robbery, murder, and murder, happened to pass the spot where the preacher was telling the people about Jesus' love to sinners. He was arrested by the sound of words so new to him, and went on listening to the story of the Cross, unable to tear himself away. The impression made upon his mind was so deep that he immediately procured a Bible and set himself to study it.

Having heard that the meeting was to take place again the following day, he once more came, and stayed on to the end of the meeting, touched to the heart on hearing the wonderful story of the Son of God dying and giving Himself up for the sins of His enemies. The preacher spoke of the new birth, without which no man can see the kingdom of God. The Spirit breatheth where it listeth. So it was in his case, for he felt, as he told it afterwards, like a fire passing through his being, and felt himself become a new creature. He disbanded his followers, and took to selling milk about the streets of the town, getting something like ten cents a day for his pains, speaking all the time of his newly found Saviour with such a power that the whole town was stirred up.

His gratitude to the man who, by the Lord's grace, had become the instrument of his conversion, was so great that he came to Rustchuk

and entreated him to be allowed to serve both him and his young wife. As the missionary journeys of the former took him away from home for weeks at a time, his wife remained quite alone in the house. This man, formerly the terror of all who approached him, served her all the time in her loneliness with the tenderness of the most devoted woman.

A PHARMACOPŒIA OF TORTURE.

IN a letter from Bapatla, India, published by Dr. Dowkontt in his *Medical Missionary Record*, Dr. Emma J. Cummings tells a sorrowful story of the sufferings the sick and the dying have to undergo in that country, through the ignorance and superstition of native practitioners. Among the details, not the worst by far, which she cites are the following: "It is almost impossible to convince even an intelligent native that burning is not a sovereign remedy for various ailments. They led a blind man to my dispensary one day. His eyes had been injured by an accident, and the substance of both eyes was completely gone; yet his friends, with his full consent, had branded his back clear from the neck to the waist. The scars were about an inch wide, and from one to two inches apart, and this to restore sight! I have not infrequently been asked to cure large festering burns, inflicted on little children for indigestion, convulsions, teething troubles, etc. Another remedy, applied in extreme cases, consists of making an incision in the scalp, generally circular, lifting up the whole integument, depositing strong drugs beneath it, and then replacing the integument. I have not been able to learn all the compound used in these cases, but know that stramonium is one of them. A very common belief is, that a sick person must be entirely without food or drink until he or she begins to improve, and there are cases where the patient actually dies for want of nourishment. A strong point is that bathing is very injurious, and so an unhappy patient will lie day after day in this hot climate without a bath or a change of clothing, until the odors are most sickening." It is gratifying to learn that Dr. Cummings finds her services in constant request, and that she is doing much to alleviate suffering and lead her patients to Christ.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"A Confirmed Poacher, Who had Spent, off and on, eleven years in prison, was persuaded to come to our meetings in one of the churches in L—. Every night for three weeks he was seen there listening attentively to the gospel, as if it were quite new to him. He became very anxious about his salvation, and at last, as he saw the truth of the gospel, he surrendered himself to Christ, resolved by His grace to lead a new life. But it was no easy matter for him to withdraw from the influence of his bad companions. He was obliged to lock himself into his house on the Saturday to keep them out, and was even driven to defend himself with a poker when they tried to force their way in by the windows. When I last heard of him, two or three months ago, he was living as a regular church member, attending all the services and prayer-meetings, known as a true Christian, and working with his hands as a gardener in the town where he had been generally known as a drunken, low, and dishonest man."

Two Miracles of Mercy.—"Whilst I was at Hythe, in Essex, last year, it pleased God of His grace to bring a goodly number of sinners to the knowledge of Himself in Jesus Christ. Among the number I specially remember a man and his wife whom I noticed at the meetings night after night, sitting and listening to the gospel, evidently with the very deepest interest. It was, indeed, something new to them, for till now their most regular place of attendance had been the saloon not far from the Hall. On speaking to the man, I found that he had never been inside a place of worship since he was married, and that was many years before—the only exception being when he was in the militia, when, as he said, he was obliged to go. The wife had three

times thrown herself into the river Colne in the hope of putting an end to her life, as she was so very miserable; but God each time sent her a rescuer. It pleased God to send His Word with power to both their hearts, and they both yielded themselves to Him. A twelvemonth has passed away since then; again I am at the same place, and I find that both husband and wife are living godly, consistent lives; they are both members of a Christian church, and they are now so altered in appearance that when I first saw them on my recent return here, I could scarcely recognize them."

Surprised at Being Believed.—Mr. Willington, an evangelist, observes: "A friend of mine was preaching one day by the side of the river Clyde, and, illustrating how the people could take Christ as their Saviour, he held out his Bible towards a little fellow of twelve years, saying, 'I will show you what faith is. Here, my lad, is a Bible for you.' 'Thank you, sir,' said the boy, and he was about to walk off with it under his arm. 'Wait a bit, wait a bit!' exclaimed my friend, 'I don't mean you to take that Bible.' The lad looked at him for a moment, then turning to the now smiling audience, who had witnessed the scene, said simply, 'He gave it to me.' 'But, boy,' replied the evangelist, 'I would not part with that Bible for a great deal of money; I never expected you to take it,' and he held out his hand for the book. But the only answer was a sceptical smile from the little fellow. 'Look here,' said my friend, advancing towards him, 'Give me back that one, and I'll buy you another.' 'All right,' was the reply, 'but I keeps this one until I gets the other.' After the meeting my friend and his follower went to a bookseller's, and there they were shown some pocket-Bibles at various prices, and the boy calmly chose the most expensive one he was shown, to the surprise of the preacher, who had not expected such faith from the boy. Just as simply as that little fellow believed the offer that was made to him, we ask you to believe the offer God makes to you, and accept the gift He presses upon you."

A Profane Persecutor Weeps.—"During the mission at Old Heath, Essex, last year, there was among the hearers a very rough-looking man, and as he was there every night I became greatly interested in him. On inquiring about him I found that he had been a very Saul in persecuting those who professed the name of Christ, and had for years been living a very godless and profane life, known as one of the very worst characters in the neighborhood. At the close of the first week's services, though he had been regular in his attendance, it seemed as if very little impression had been made on him, but the good seed which was sown during this time was to spring up and bear fruit. One night I had just finished my address, when, with the tears streaming down his face, he shouted out before every one: 'Pray for me, sir; I can stand this no longer.' Bible in hand I tried to put the way of life still more clearly before him—as simply and as plainly as I knew how, and that night he obtained peace with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and he went home rejoicing in his new-found joy. His mother soon heard of it: she was herself unconverted, and she said, 'Well, if there is any truth in the change I shall soon know it: he has not spoken to me for many a long day, and if he is really changed, he will speak to me now.' Next Sunday she went to the village where her son lived, and as he knew of her being there, he went to her, threw his arms round her neck, kissed her, and asked her forgiveness for his past unkindness. This made a great impression on the mother; she came to the meetings, and soon she, too, gave herself to the Lord. This happened a year ago, and now, returning to the same neighborhood, I inquire how they are getting on, and hear that the mother, the son, and his wife are all very zealous Christians—the man the most earnest of all, trying by all that lies in his power to win others for Him whom he now loves so well, and to the faith he once persecuted."

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, September 22, 1889.

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea." Ps. 72:8.

The Magnitude of the Country—The New States—All the Territories Ripe for Admission—What Irrigation has Done—Wonders of Construction—The Marvels of Yosemite Valley—Yellowstone Park—The Geologist's Paradise—The Wonderful Geysers—The Grand Canyon—Giant Cliffs and Gorgeous Coloring—A Scene Fit for the Last Judgment—The Mediterranean of America—The Influence of the Christianized Continent—The Consecration by Columbus—How it may be Gospelized—The Influence of Young Men—The Great Irrigation.

WHAT two seas are referred to? Some might say that the text meant that Christ was to reign over all the land between the Arabian Sea and Caspian Sea, or between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea, or between the Black Sea and the North Sea. No; in such case my text would have named them. It meant from any large body of water on the earth clear across to any other large body of water. And so I have a right to read it: He shall have dominion from Atlantic to Pacific. My theme is,

America for God!

First, consider the immensity of this possession. If it were only a small tract of land capable of nothing better than sage-brush, and with ability only to support prairie-dogs, I should not have much enthusiasm in wanting Christ to have it added to His dominion. But its immensity and affluence no one can imagine, unless, in immigrant wagon or stage-coach, or in rail train of the Union Pacific or the Northern Pacific or the Canadian Pacific or the Southern Pacific, he has traversed it. Having been privileged six times to cross this continent, and twice this summer, I have some appreciation of its magnitude.

California, which I supposed in my boyhood, from its size on the map, was a few yards across, a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Nevada on one side, or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other—California, the thin slice of land, as I supposed it to be in boyhood, I have found to be larger than all the States of New England and all New York State and all Pennsylvania added together; and if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California. North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington Territory, to be launched next winter into Statehood, will be giants at their birth. Let the Congress of the United States strain a point, and soon admit also Idaho and Wyoming and New Mexico. What is the use keeping them out in the cold any longer? Let us have the whole continent divided into States, with senatorial and congressional representatives, and we will all be happy together. If some of them have not quite the requisite number of people, fix up the constitution to suit these cases. Even Utah will, by dropping polygamy, soon be ready to enter. Monogamy has triumphed in parts of Utah, and will probably triumph at this fall election in Salt Lake City.

Turn All the Territories into States, and if some of the sisters are smaller than the elder sisters, give them time and they will soon be as large as any of them. Because some of the daughters of a family may be five feet in stature and the others only four feet, do not let the daughters five feet high shut the door in the faces of those who are only four feet high. Among the dying utterances of our good friend, the wise statesman and great author, the brilliant orator and magnificent soul, S. S. Cox, was the expressed determination to move next winter in Congress for the transference of other Territories into States.

"But," says some one, "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are uncultivated heaps of dry sand, and the 'Bad Lands' of Montana and the Great American Desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within twenty-five years there will not be between the

Atlantic and Pacific coasts a hundred miles of land not reclaimed either by farmers' plough or miners' crowbar. By irrigation, the waters of the rivers and the showers of heaven, in what are called the rainy season, will be gathered into great reservoirs, and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them. Utah is an object lesson. Some parts of that Territory which were so barren that a spear of grass could not have been raised there in a hundred years, are now rich as Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, or Westchester farms of New York, or Somerset County farms of New Jersey. Experiments have proved that ten acres of ground irrigated from waters gathered in great hydrological basins will produce as much as fifty acres from the downpour of rain as seen in our regions. We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are

To be Scientifically Irrigated

there will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water, and then set it on a table and take a drink out of it when you are thirsty, and never think of drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Montana and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the rains of their rainy season and take up all the waters of their rivers in great pitchers of reservoirs, and refresh their land whenever they will.

The work has already been grandly begun by the United States Government. Over four hundred lakes have already been officially taken possession of by the nation for the great enterprise of irrigation. Rivers that have been rolling idly through these regions, doing nothing on their way to the sea, will be lassoed and corralled and penned up until such time as the farmers need them. Under the same processes the Ohio, the Mississippi, and all the other rivers will be taught to behave themselves better, and great basins will be made to catch the surplus of waters in times of freshet, and keep them for times of drought. The irrigating process by which all the arid lands between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are to be fertilized is

No New Experiment.

It has been going on successfully hundreds of years in Spain, in China, in India, in Russia, in Egypt. About eight hundred million of people of the earth to-day are kept alive by food raised on irrigated land. And here we have allowed to lie waste, given up to rattlesnake and bat and prairie-dog, lands enough to support whole nations of industrious population. The work begun will be consummated. Here and there exceptional lands may be stubborn and refuse to yield any wheat or corn from their hard fists, but if the hoe fail to make an impression, the miner's pickaxe will discover the reason for it, and bring up from beneath those unproductive surfaces coal and iron and lead and copper and silver and gold. God speed the geologists and the surveyors, the engineers and the senatorial commissions, and the capitalists and the new settlers and the husbandmen, who put their brain and hand and heart to this transfiguration of the American continent!

But while I speak of the immensity of the continent, I must remark it is not an immensity of monotone or tameness. The larger some countries are, the worse for the world. This continent is not more remarkable for its magnitude than for its

Wonders of Construction.

What a pity the United States Government did not take possession of Yosemite, California, as it has of Yellowstone, Wyoming, and of Niagara Falls, New York! Yosemite and the adjoining California regions! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tingle? Trees now standing there that were old when Christ lived! These monarchs of foliage reigned before Cæsar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their sceptre! They are the masts of the continent, their canvas spread on the winds, while the old ship bears on its way through the ages! That valley of the Yosemite is eight miles

long and a half-mile wide and three thousand feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small place as possible some of

The Most Stupendous Scenery

of the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. Steep so that neither foot of man or beast ever scaled them, they stand in everlasting defiance. If Jehovah has a throne on earth these are its white pillars! Standing down in this great chasm of the valley you look up, and yonder is Cathedral Rock, vast, gloomy minster built for the silent worship of the mountains. Yonder is Sentinel Rock, 3,270 feet high, bold solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched, until a bride, one Fourth of July, mounted it and planted the national standards, and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with stars and stripes! Yonder are the Three Brothers, four thousand feet high; Cloud's Rest, North and South Dome, and the heights never captured save by the fiery bayonets of the thunder-storm!

No pause for the eye, no stopping-place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mont Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent

Chorus of Rock and Precipice

and waterfall. Sifting and dashing through the rocks, the water comes down. The Bridal Veil Falls so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite Falls, dropping 2,634 feet, sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks, so that the white spirit of the slain waters ascending in robe of mist seeks the heavens. Yonder is Nevada Falls, plunging seven hundred feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty, and rushes on until it drops into a very hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the

Yellowstone Park.

My visit there last month made upon me an impression that will last forever. After all poetry has exhausted itself, and all the Morans and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make, and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone Park is the *geologist's paradise*. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over five thousand years growing! In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 185 feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. Caverns of pictured walls large enough for the sepulchre of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower, and of gladiolus. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron, with their delicate pencils, turning the hills into a Luxemburg, or a Vatican picture-gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis Geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and Evangeline Geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates.

Wide reaches of stone of intermingled colors, blue as the sky, green as the foliage, crimson as the dahlia, white as the snow, spotted as the leopard, tawny as the lion, grizzly as the bear, in circles, in angles, in stars, in coronets, in stalactites, in stalagmites. Here and there are

petrified growths, or the dead trees and vegetation of other ages, kept through a process of natural embalment. In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to walk from its mother's lap, and not far off as foaming and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in struggle with his keepers.

But after you have wandered along the geyserite enchantment for days, and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur.

The Grand Canyon.

It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed Himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities. Here, hung up and let down, and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt, Sunrise and Sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring.

Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals, and Egyptian basilicas built before human architecture was born. Huge fortifications of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibralters and Sebastopols that never can be taken. Alambas, where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was empearled. Thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth ever sat. Fount of waters at which the hills are baptized, while

The Giant Cliffs

stand round as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight, the elements were busy, and the geysers were leaping away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped, and the world had a new and divinely inspired revelation, the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written on parchment, and *this last Testament written on the rocks.*

Hanging over one of the cliffs I looked off until I could not get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a pillar of blood. Under are fifty feet of emerald on a base of five hundred feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light tumbling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden. Snow of crystal melting into fire of caruncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray kindling into solferino. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras crouching among rocks. Yonder is an eagle's nest on a shaft of basalt. Through an eye-glass we see among it the young eagles, but the stoutest arm of our group cannot hurl a stone near enough to disturb the feathered domesticity. Yonder are heights that would be chilled with horror but for the warm robe of forest foliage with which they are enwrapped. Altars of worship at which nations might kneel. Tomes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry. The all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battle-field of the war of the elements! Here are all

The Colors of the Wall of Heaven,

either the sapphire, nor the chrysolite, nor the opaz, nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst, nor the sapphire, nor the twelve gates of twelve pearls, shining. If spirits bound from earth to heaven could pass up by way of this canyon, the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering. It would only be from glory to glory. Ascent through such earthly scenery, in which the crystal is so bright, would be fit preparation for the sea of glass mingled with fire."

Standing there in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone Park on the morning of August 9, for the most part we held our peace, but after a while it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a Hall this would be for the last Judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it! Those waters congealed and transfixed with

The Agitations of That Day,

what a place they would make for the shining feet of a Judge of quick and dead! And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at His feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a floor on which the nations of the earth might stand, and all up and down these galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpet there would be through all these gorges and from all these caverns and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery Omnipotence ever built?

Oh the sweep of the American continent! Sailing up Puget Sound, its shores so bold that for fifteen hundred miles a ship's prow would touch the shore before its keel touched the bottom, I said, "This is

The Mediterranean of America."

Visiting Portland and Tacoma and Seattle and Victoria and Fort Townsend and Vancouver and other cities of the northwest region I thought to myself: These are the Bostons, New Yorks, Charlestons and Savannahs of the Pacific coast. But after all this summer's journeying, and my other journeys westward in other summers, I found that I had seen only a part of the American continent, for Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of it, so that the central city of the American continent is San Francisco.

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent, and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders, to let you know the comprehensiveness of the text when it says that Christ is going to have dominion from sea to sea; that is, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Besides that, the

Salvation of this Continent

means the salvation of Asia, for we are only thirty-six miles from Asia at the northwest. Only Behring Straits separate us from Asia, and these will be spanned by a great bridge before another century closes, and probably long before that. The thirty-six miles of water between these two continents are not all deep sea, but have three islands, and there are also shoals which will allow piers for bridges, and for the most of the way the water is only about twenty fathoms deep.

The Americo-Asiatic bridge which will yet span those straits will make America, Asia, Europe, and Africa one continent. So, you see, America evangelized, Asia will be evangelized. Europe taking Asia from one side and America taking it from the other side. Our great-grandchildren will cross that bridge. America and Asia and Europe all one, what subtraction from the pangs of seasickness! and the prophecies in Revelation will be fulfilled, "there shall be no more sea." But do I mean literally that this American continent is

Going To Be All Gospelized?

I do. Christopher Columbus, when he went ashore from the *Santa Maria*, and his second brother Alonzo, when he went ashore from the *Pinta*, and his third brother Vincent, when he went ashore from the *Nina*, took possession of this country in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Satan has no more right to this country than I have to your pocket-book. To hear him talk on the roof of the Temple, where he proposed to give Christ the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, you might suppose that Satan was a great capitalist or that he was loaded up with real estate, when the old miscreant never owned an acre or an inch of ground on this planet. For that reason I protest against something I heard

and saw this summer and other summers in Montana and Oregon and Wyoming and Idaho and Colorado and California. They have given devilistic names to many places in the West and Northwest.

As soon as you get in Yellowstone Park or California you have pointed out to you places cursed with such names as "The Devil's Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen," "The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Mush Pot," "The Devil's Tea-Kettle," "The Devil's Saw-Mill," "The Devil's Machine-Shop," "The Devil's Gate," and so on. Now it is very much needed that geological surveyor or congressional committee or group of distinguished tourists go through Montana and Wyoming and California and Colorado and give other names to these places. All

These Regions Belong to the Lord,

and to a Christian nation; and away with such Plutonic nomenclature! But how is this continent to be gospelized! The pulpit and a Christian printing-press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plough. Not by the power of cold, formalistic theology, not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am sick of them, and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm-hearted, sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins, and heal all our wounds, and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the Gulf Stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of all denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology and put in only scriptural phraseology, and you will see how quick the people will jump after them.

On the Columbia River a few days ago we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places, I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men we could only have the right kind of bait, they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The

Young Men's Christian Associations

of America will also do part of the work. All over the continent I saw this summer their new buildings rising. In Vancouver I asked: "What are you going to put on that sightly place?" The answer was: "A Young Men's Christian Association building." At Lincoln, Neb., I said: "What are they making those excavations for?" Answer: "For our Young Men's Christian Association building." At Des Moines, Ia., I saw a noble structure rising and I asked for what purpose it was being built, and they told me for the Young Men's Christian Association.

These institutions are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business-men and capitalists are awaking to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made our Young Men's Christian palace possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated, it will cost about one hundred million dollars to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket, and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered, pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs! America for God!

THE TRIBES UNITED UNDER DAVID.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for October 6, II Samuel 5:1-12; Golden Text, Ps. 103:1.

Israel's Tardy Discovery—The Unrecognized Son of David—The League at Hebron—The Fifteen Years of Discipline—The Capture of Jerusalem—David's Own Reputation Sacrificed—The Visit of the Philistines—David Defeats Them—The Destruction of the Idols—A Second Invasion—New Tactics Employed—The Triumph Complete—How Saul Reigns Now—The King's Enemies Subdued—The Reign Within Us.

AFTER the death of Ish-bosheth, nothing more stood in the way of David to the throne of all Israel. It was now fifteen years since Samuel had anointed him at Bethlehem in his father's house. For eight years Saul persisted in his claim to regal power, and to human eyes David's life was continually in danger, and for seven and a half years, since the death of Saul, David had reigned only over Judah, all the other tribes continuing to adhere to the house of Saul. But now the trial of David's faith in this matter was at an end. "Then came all the tribes of Israel to David unto Hebron, and spake, saying: Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh." Strange that they had not found it out before. But it is just so with Jesus, the Son of David. Oh, how many years some of us know Him as a Saviour before we crown Him as our King, or are melted with His wondrous love that He took on Him, not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham, and was "in all things made like unto His brethren." Oh, how slow we are to recognize in Him the Lord's Anointed, our true King and Ruler. Oh, how slow to yield Him the empire over all, all we are, and all we have!

Another light had flashed upon the people, and they said: "Also in time past, when Saul was king over us, thou wast he that leddest out and broughtest in Israel: and the Lord said to thee, Thou shalt feed My people Israel, and thou shalt be a captain over Israel." Is it not almost inconceivable that they should have taken fifteen years to recognize as binding this declared will of God? Yet so it was. "So all the elders of Israel came to the king to Hebron; and King David made a league with them

"Before the Lord,"

for he had learned the folly of doing anything independently of God. "And they anointed David king over Israel." David was thirty years of age when he began to reign in Hebron, which would make him twenty-two when he was first anointed by Samuel, and thirty-seven when he was made king over all Israel. More than two-thirds of his life had been passed in waiting for the fulfilment of God's promises, while all the discipline through which he went was educating him for his future work and life.

David was God's chosen king before he was man's; he reigned to carry out God's thoughts, not his own. The city of Jerusalem, then called Jebus, was in the hands of the Jebusites. In Joshua's time the children of Israel had fought against Jerusalem, taken it, smitten it with the edge of the sword, and set the city on fire, but they did not do all which God commanded; they did not destroy the inhabitants; "the children of Judah could not (?) drive them out" (Josh. 15:63), "the children of Benjamin did not" (Judges 1:21). The Jebusites evidently feared David's rule, for they sent to him, saying, "Thou shalt not come in hither." But they thought they were dealing only with man, whereas David went and came at the command of God, who is able always to make a way for His people. "Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion: the same is the city of David." Why could he do what others could not do? He believed in his divine commission, and counted the will of God, which he was carrying out, stronger than the will and purposes of the strongest foes which were against him. The Jebusites saw that their cause was almost hopeless, but they thought to do by strategy what they could not accomplish otherwise. They put the blind and the lame to the front, as

though to conquer David by arousing his compassion, and so disarming him, and they said: "Thou shalt not come in hither, but the blind and the lame shall turn thee away" (R. V.), thinking, David cannot come in hither. Probably they thought: A brave man like David will never do such a mean thing as to destroy the defenceless lame and blind, and thus we shall keep the garrison. But David's thoughts were as God's thoughts, and God's enemies were his enemies. God's command was absolute that the Jebusites should be utterly destroyed with the other nations of Canaan (Deut. 7:1, 2), and David did not presume to limit the command of God to suit his own reputation; he said, on that day, "Whosoever smiteth the Jebusites let him get up to the water-course, and smite the lame and the blind, that are hated of David's soul" (or "that hate David's soul." R. V.). Oh, how many of God's children have been turned away from something God called them to, from the fear of what people would think of them!

Joab, David's nephew, but of his own age or order, was the first to go up. The castle of Jebus was taken, and David dwelt in it, and called it "the city of David," and then he and Joab restored and rebuilt the whole city. "And so David waxed greater and greater; for the Lord of hosts was with him." (1 Chron. 11:9.) He perceived that the Lord had

Established Him King

over Israel, and that he had exalted his kingdom for His people Israel's sake. But God loves His people too much to leave them untried; the very success of David only incensed the Philistines. David had made grievous mistakes in his relations with the Philistines, and had led Achish, King of Gath, to believe that he was the enemy of Israel and the friend of the Philistines; and for the honor of God he must now show his colors, and prove on which side he was. "When the Philistines heard that they had anointed David king over Israel, all the Philistines came up to seek David; and David heard of it, and went down to the hold." The Philistines held a kind of review; they spread themselves in the valley of Rephaim. But numbers did not affright David; he had had experience of the deliverance of the Lord, and knew that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." He did not take his cue from the Philistines, and review his troops, but he went to inquire of the Lord. Oh how foolish are we when we do anything, however simple, without the Lord! In our short-sightedness we may see things so falsely, judge of things so unwisely; but God, who sees the end from the beginning, and knows all things, can never fail in His infinite wisdom. "Shall I go up to the Philistines? Wilt thou deliver them into mine hand?" he inquired. "And the Lord said unto David, Go up; for I will doubtless deliver the Philistines into thine hand." This was enough; he had God's word for it, and could lead his mighty men forward without a doubt of victory, certain to conquer. He "came to Baal-perazim, and . . . smote them there," but ascribed no glory to himself; he said, "The Lord hath broken forth upon mine enemies, as the breach of waters." And he named the place Baal-perazim, "the plain of Breaches," in commemoration of what God had done.

The Philistines had left their images behind them, having probably brought them into the field under a superstitious idea that they would help them in conquering Israel, and David and his men burned them. "Ye shall destroy their altars, and break down their images, and cut down their groves, and burn their graven images with fire." (Deut. 7:5.) Whatever may lead to sin must be destroyed—a picture, a book—anything which may be an occasion to the enemy of souls must be destroyed.

If We Loathe Sin

we shall loathe all that has ever led to it, all which brings up the memory, all which suggests, all which provokes to sin, and shall instinctively avoid it. After their defeat, the Philistines did

not succumb, but "came up yet again, and spread themselves in the valley of Rephaim. And when David inquired of the Lord, He said, Thou shalt not go up; but fetch a compass behind them, and come upon them over against the mulberry-trees. And let it be, when thou hearest a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees, that thou shalt bestir thyself; for then shall the Lord go out before thee, to smite the host of the Philistines." This was an entirely new mode of warfare. There are few Christians who have not made the very common mistake of taking for granted that one direction from God to act in a certain way is necessarily the right way to act at all times under similar circumstances. But God is ever guarding against systematizing His leadings. Anything like system in the matter of guidance would render us independent of God as soon as we had learned the necessary rules; whereas all His dealings with us in grace tend to get us away from rules and systems to deal with Him immediately without any intervention. It was the very taking things for granted which had led David into so many of the sins which he committed. It must have been a very painful thing for him at this very time to wage war against the Philistines, who had given him hospitality before he came to the throne. They must have had a very poor idea of his sincerity, and no doubt the humiliating consciousness of this made him so thoroughly depend on God for direction as to how to prosecute the war. "David did so, as the Lord had commanded him; and smote the Philistines from Geba until they came to Gaza." At the time of Saul's death they had spread over a great part of the land of Israel; now they were driven entirely out of the land into the narrow strip by the seacoast which they still held as theirs.

In this history there is a beautiful

Typical Teaching.

Jesus is our David, anointed of God, and recognized by Him as king over our hearts as long before we know and own Him as such. While Saul, the type of self, still reigns, David lives, but is hardly tolerated in the land. While we are busy with thoughts and plans about our work, and we pray earnestly and vigorously that God will help us, it is the reign of Saul, and not of David—self is supreme, and God comes in only as a helper. While we are eager in our determination to drive out certain sins, and we fight and struggle and pray and wrestle against them, but we are in the lists against the foe it is the reign of Saul, not of David. While we pray with all our might, and urge our requests with a zeal which would give an unbeliever the idea that it was a hard thing to prevail with God, and that an answered prayer was a rarity, it is the reign of Saul, and not of David. When we are touchy as to the way in which man looks upon our work, and we seek for sympathy and help, comfort and compassion from man, it is the reign of Saul and not of David. When we are extremely sensitive to the opinion of man, and are anxious at all times about our reputation before others; if, however may be the case in reality, we want people to believe that we are all right, it is the reign of Saul, and not of David. It is a terrible thing when the encouragement of a Christian friend or the word of a flatterer is a comfort to us at the very time when God is grieved. Oh, how awful must be the waking of such self-deceived ones, who live before men, not before God—who love the reign of self, rather than the reign of Christ.

The reign of Christ over us is quite another thing; it humbles man, it exalts God.

Christ in Us

keeps self in the dust; our work, our plan, our usefulness—all these things wither in nothingness; we are but instruments through which He works, for whom He plans, who He uses. Self-made prayers, self-made plans, self-energy and self-esteem cease, to make way for Himself. David, from first to last, walked before God. David reigned seven and half years over Judah only. Many Christian

give Christ half a throne. They will let Him rule over a certain part of their life and being, but they reserve part for themselves; they must control the money, they must care for the health, but He may look after the soul. But it is only when the whole being—spirit, soul, and body—is fully subject to Him, that He can fully drive out the enemies, and subdue all unto Himself. When Jesus really reigns, internal conflict ceases, because we want nothing but what He wants, and there is no desire left to be honored before the elders, etc., like Saul; the walk by faith is a walk before the Lord only. The Lord establish His kingdom in each one of us, that in thought and word and deed Jesus alone may reign over us!

FUTURE TRIUMPH OF POPERY.

By Rev. Thomas Graham, M. A.

It may be suggested that any union of the now divided nations of Christendom, as indicated by the scarlet wild-beast with ten horns, in Revelation 17 seems to predict, must be very far off, and is for our own generation hopelessly beyond consideration, but I would venture to reply, nothing may be neglected which God has written for our learning; and if the Scriptures foretell that this thing is appointed by the determined nature and foreknowledge of God, we may be sure that the revelation is for our use.

And if we narrowly watch the signs of the times, this union of the kingdoms of the old Roman world will, I think, not seem so improbable as it well may seem at the first suggestion.

The Scarlet Woman,

the Church of Rome, at the time of this vision, rides in triumph upon the beast. It may be asked, Has not the Papacy long ceased to be a persecutor, and laid aside the worst of her corruptions? Has she not also irrecoverably lost her supremacy over the nations? The reply is: As for her character, and her attitude towards Christ's truth, Popery is unchanged. Some may persuade themselves that in the enlightenment of the day, in the diffusion of knowledge, and in the spread of liberty, there are ample securities against any revival of Romanism; and to others it may appear that the really considerable danger is rather in the progress of infidel principles; but there is evidence that Romanism is not dead nor dying, but manifesting increased vitality every year. More than forty years ago Macaulay impressively pointed to the remarkable recovery of Popery in this nineteenth century. The recovery has continued. It seems to me that no one who calmly considers the state of religious feeling in this country, need be surprised by an expectation, on the part of the leading spirits of the Roman Catholic Church, of great things for the Papacy before long.

The Reconquest of England

is the main ambition of Rome. The magnitude of the task is recognized, but it is felt to be worthy of every effort, for "Protestantism conquered in England is conquered throughout the world." It is no improbable thing that in the predicted last days, when Satan shall be allowed to exercise the power of his deceit to the full, there will be again a season of Papal supremacy, in which the cup of Rome's iniquity shall be filled to the brim. Rev. 17 foretells that this is to be. The old infatuation shall again possess the nations. *The scarlet-robed woman shall once more ride in triumph on the beast.* The Church of Rome shall, for a while, be dominant throughout the revived Roman Empire. What, then, is to be the issue of this?

How Will it End?

The angel says, "The ten horns shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire." The very powers which have upheld the woman shall be the instruments, in God's hands, for their final destruction. The world has seen a minor fulfilment of this in the *French Revolution*. The democratic fury which, in that frightful outbreak of evil, rose up against all government and all rule, showed its extreme hostility against religion, as taught and enforced

by the Papal system. Christianity was publicly renounced, the property of the Church was confiscated, every religious institution was destroyed, and men wearied themselves with debasing, polluting, trampling under foot, all that they had been taught to reverence as most holy. And for what? To return to a truer worship and a pure faith? No, but to dethrone and deny God altogether and to enthrone man. Liberty, equality, and fraternity were declared to be the only religion. An abandoned woman was worshipped in the church of Notre Dame as the Goddess of Reason. The spirit of the time was expressed in the impious challenge of a leading revolutionist, "God, if you exist, avenge your injured name! I bid you defiance! You remain silent. You dare not launch your thunders! Who after this will believe in your existence?"

This History Is Yet To Be Repeated

in action still more decisive. The reaction against the tyranny of Rome, manifested in the horrors of that "reign of terror," in 1793, shall be seen again in the turning of the ten kingdoms upon the Papacy, with a fury which shall be God's instrument for the degradation of the woman to the last degree, and then for hurling her over the precipice to final destruction. But they will not do this to repent and seek after God. No, the kings will combine to get rid of Romanism that they may combine to

Set Up the Antichrist.

As in former times, the pendulum will swing from Rome to infidelity; but now it will swing through the whole arc—from the extreme of Romish to the extreme of infidel blasphemy. The ten kings will find the bondage of the woman intolerable, and gladly will join together to destroy her, under one who, endowed with all that Satan can give him, resolves to declare himself to be God, and commands by his endowments all that he desires. Such, as it seems to me, is the meaning of Rev. 17. Does it not warn us, with the utmost solemnity, not only against Romanism in the Church of Rome, but against any introduction of that false system in any form, in any degree, anywhere? If it be revealed that God intends to permit a revival of Popery prior to its final destruction, that is not that we may allow its advances; but to keep us steady in the face of seeming successes of the enemy, with the knowledge that this is to be expected; to encourage us to continue the conflict, with the knowledge that the ultimate victory of the truth is assured, and to arm us against the seductions of Rome with the knowledge of the doom awaiting all who are with her.

A WIFE'S FAITH EFFECTUAL.

A REMARKABLE instance of the recovery of a demented man is published by Mrs. Baxter in *Thy Healer*.* It is related in a letter from Mr. John Drake an evangelist of Bridgewater. He writes: "In visiting, a few days ago, we came to the house of one whose face bore that expression of heavenly joy that is foreign to all but the Christian. We found that the Lord had indeed been doing great things, whereof, she was unmistakably glad. It appears that when you were here a few weeks back, and were speaking about the Lord's desire to heal His people, this woman, whose husband was mentally afflicted for about twelve years, and in an asylum eleven years, grasped the Divine truth. Yes, faith came by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. I believe that after the service she spoke and prayed with you, and there left the matter of her husband's infirmity with Him who "was manifested to destroy the works of the devil." Her husband is a Christian; he met with an accident and injured his head through a fall on board ship (he was formerly a captain), and this is thought to be the reason of his insanity. The visits of the wife to the asylum have been occasions of grief and shame, as up till lately the

* *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual subscription, 50 cents, may be sent to Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD.

poor man has, in his madness, acted and spoken as one opposed to the God whom, when in his right mind, he loved and served. But to come to the point of this letter. When the last visit was made, a few days since, a wonderful change was found to have taken place. During the interview the keeper was not present—this was very unusual—the man was quiet, his face was lit up with the lamp of reason, and, above all, he was full of praises to God. He himself was under the conviction that God had laid His hand upon him for good, and was not surprised at what his wife had to tell him of the prayers of God's children on his behalf. "We are expecting the man will shortly return to his home."

A CAPTAIN'S ADVICE.

IN advocating the plan of systematic giving to the Lord's cause, the Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., of Boston, Mass., relates the following incident of a man who, in his later years, was famous for his munificence.

Many years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. As he trudged along, he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal-boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered; "father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt down upon the tow-path; the dear old man prayed earnestly for William, and then gave this advice: "Some one will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap; give a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a prosperous and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city, he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then led to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one tenth; so he said, "If the Lord will take one tenth, I will give that." And so he did; and ten cents of every dollar were sacred to the Lord.

Having regular employment, he soon became a partner, and after a few years his partners died, and William became the owner of the business.

He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two tenths, and prospered more than ever; then he gave three tenths, then four tenths, then five tenths.

He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever.

This is the story of Mr. William Colgate, who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.



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NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Disputes About the Reduction of the public debt have been finally settled by the issue last week from the Treasury of a statement of all the bonds purchased during the last two years. It shows that the Government has suffered through the excellence of its own credit. It has had to pay a considerable sum for the privilege of paying its debts before the time agreed upon when they were contracted. This amount, however, is not so large as the Government would have disbursed in interest, had the bonds been allowed to mature. The face value of the bonds thus prematurely redeemed since August, 1887, is \$199,253,800. The amount paid for them was \$231,538,356. The cost of these bonds, if allowed to run to maturity, would have been \$275,825,092. Thus the saving by their purchase is \$44,286,726.

Considerable Elation Has Been Produced by the trial of the new cruiser *Baltimore*, last week. As the Samoan disaster of March 15 involved the navy in a loss of five vessels, there was pressing need for new ships and some anxiety about the success of the *Baltimore*, which was the one nearest completion. This latest addition to the navy is believed to be the fastest war-ship in the world. The contract with Messrs. Cramp, the builders, called for 9,000 horse-power for the engines. On her trials in a rough sea she developed 9,200 horse-power, and made over nineteen knots per hour. The trials took place in short runs on the river, and with a two-hundred-mile run in the open sea, and were in every respect satisfactory. Past painful and humiliating experience in navy matters renders this success peculiarly gratifying to the whole nation. Another pleasant feature of the triumph was the fact that Secretary Tracy's first act on receiving the news of the *Baltimore's* success was to send a telegram of congratulation to Mr. Whitney, who was his predecessor in the Navy Department, and to whom he gracefully yielded the credit of the achievement. A leading statesman of one political party congratulating a statesman of the opposite party on the success of his plans, is something new and very welcome in American politics.

The Office of Commissioner of Pensions was not filled last week. General William Warner, of Missouri, appears to have been the President's choice for the position, but General Warner is averse to taking it. He positively refused the office at the first, but was induced to reconsider his decision. Should he finally decline, as seems probable, the new man will probably be Major George S. Merrill, at present Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts. Major Merrill is understood to prefer his present office, and if he accepts the more difficult work of the Pension Bureau it will be to oblige the President, who is anxious to appoint a man in whom the G. A. R. has confidence. Major Merrill, who is a warm

personal friend of the ex-Commissioner, expresses the opinion that the trouble in the Pension Office arose from Tanner's lack of business training, which led to his leaving too much of the business of the office to subordinates. Twenty-six employees in the office re-rated their own back pensions at sums varying from \$400 to \$600. Secretary Noble condemned twenty-three of these re-ratings as contrary to facts, and as violations of the law. Major Merrill says that another cause of complaint was the lavish increase sanctioned if not suggested by Tanner in the expenses of pension agents. In one case \$1,500 was granted to an agent for clerk-hire, though the agent himself asked for only \$500. When Secretary Noble remonstrated with him, and warned him that the appropriation would not cover the enormous increase of expenditure, Tanner said that it would be easy to get another appropriation from Congress in December to meet the deficiency. As he paid no heed to the admonitions of the President and Secretary, it became necessary to ask for his resignation, though that step was taken with extreme reluctance, not only because both held Tanner in high esteem, but because his retirement might lead to dissatisfaction in the G. A. R.

Preparations for Holding the World's Fair in New York in 1892 are being rapidly pushed forward. The sub-committee on sites advocates the location of Morningside and Riverside Parks, with a portion of Central Park, as most convenient. At least 200 acres will be needed, and architects are invited to compete for the plans on the basis of 25 acres for the main building, to cost \$1,000,000; 20 acres for machinery hall, which shall be a permanent building, to cost \$2,500,000; 10 acres for an agricultural building, to cost \$750,000; 5 acres for a horticultural building, to cost \$450,000; and 5 acres for an art building, to cost \$600,000. This makes a total area of sixty-five acres of buildings, and a total cost of \$6,300,000. In addition to this, the committee estimate that 15 acres of smaller buildings for various purposes will be needed, making the total area of buildings 80 acres. The sub-committee also recommend that plans be invited for an observation tower not less than 1,320 in height and provided with elevators, restaurants, etc. The Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exhibition is 975 feet in height.

Wyoming Territory is Preparing a Strong claim for admission as a State. It will come before the Fifty-first Congress with a Constitution ready made for submission to the Federal Legislature. The Convention engaged in preparing the Constitution has been in session in Cheyenne since September 2. It is composed of fifty-five delegates, elected according to the formula indicated by the Senate enabling act that failed to reach completion. The crucial question with which the Convention has to contend is that of female suffrage. Wyoming is the only Territory in which women may vote at all elections. They will vote on the adoption of the Constitution. If therefore the Constitution does not provide for a continuance of woman suffrage the women of the Territory may be expected to vote against it, and their votes, added to those of the men who are opposed to the application for State-hood, will be sufficient to defeat the Constitution. On the other hand, some of the most zealous advocates of State-hood are opposed to woman suffrage, and as they do not appear likely to gain the one point without conceding the other, much interest is excited as to what they will do in the dilemma.

An Appalling Disaster Occurred at Quebec on the night of September 19. About 7 o'clock several thousand tons of rock fell from Cape Diamond, at the end of Dufferin Terrace, to Champlain Street, three hundred feet below, demolishing in its course all the dwellings beneath, and crushing to death a large number of the occupants and injuring many more. The overhanging rock has been a source of anxiety to observant citizens for many years. In 1841 and 1852 portions of it fell and killed several people. In 1881 the Government was induced by

Mr. McGreevy, the member of Parliament from Quebec, to take precautionary measures for the protection of that part of the city. It removed some houses from under the cliff, and built a huge retaining wall for the support of the overhanging rock. The heavy rains of last week following a period of dry weather, seems to have loosened a huge mass of the rock, and on Thursday night it slowly dropped away from the cliff and fell over the retaining wall into the street below. Seven houses were underneath, and they were crushed like paper boxes, and the rocks piled above them thirty feet high. The police and military at once went to the scene of the disaster, and worked vigorously to extricate the injured who were still alive. As pieces of rock continued to fall, the work was one of imminent danger, but they labored bravely, stimulated by cries for help that could be heard from under the ruins. *Twelve dead bodies* were taken out of the ruins before midnight, and twenty-four injured persons were extricated.

The Pope is Engaged in a New Quarrel with the King of Italy. The erection of a statue in Rome has given offence to Leo, and he is vigorously protesting against it as an insult. Last week the Archbishops of the Romish Church in this country issued a circular to be read in the churches on Sunday, stating the Pope's version of the quarrel, and endeavoring to awaken sympathy for him, with an accompanying money offering. Archbishop Ryan's circular, which is a specimen of the others referring to the Pope's position at the head of the Roman Catholic Church, says that it does not become "a mighty organization of two hundred million people to look on quietly, to behold their supreme pastor on earth insulted in his capital and restrained in the exercise of his most important functions, and say or do nothing. The Archbishop thinks that if some amount of temporal power, and independence of earthly dominion, is necessary to the Pope's exercise of spiritual power he ought to have it. The Archbishop ignores the fact that the Pope did once possess the power, and so misused it that his states were the worst governed in Europe, and he had to be "dismissed for cause."

The London Dock Laborers have Experienced the mortification which generally follows a strike, and at the early part of last week there were fears that the distressing conflict would be renewed. The "scabs" whom the Dockyard Companies had employed during the strike to fill the places of the regular hands were retained after the strike was off. There were consequently vacancies for only a part of the strikers when they returned to work, and these were expected to labor side by side with the men who had disgraced themselves by helping the companies in the struggle. They refused in some docks, and in others they attacked the scabs and drove them from shed to shed until the police quelled the disturbance. The Lord Mayor and Cardinal Manning have issued an appeal to the men to go about their work and refrain from violence, and the men, after some sullen resistance, finally yielded. There is much discontent and much suffering among the men who failed to regain their places.

The Formation of a New Political Party in England is advocated by Mr. Chamberlain. In a speech delivered on September 17 he predicted that the alliance between the liberal Unionists and Conservatives would continue until the agitation in favor of the separation of England and Ireland was killed. He thought at the time the alliance was formed, that it meant his sacrificing for a long time many cherished political objects, but he had found that he had not been called upon to make any sacrifices. He advised that a new national party be formed, pledged to effect internal reforms in Great Britain and Ireland, and whose policy should be the maintenance of the unity and the strengthening of the empire. In spite of Mr. Chamberlain's self-congratulations, he is evidently anxious about his future, and would be glad to see a party formed which would put him in office.

The Committee for Christian Workers for the United States and Canada asks us to call attention to the forthcoming Convention to be held in Buffalo, N. Y., October 24-29. This is a union undenominational gathering of evangelical Christians-at-work in the United States and Canada. The object of the gathering is that Christian workers, pastors, evangelists, mission and benevolent workers may come together on a union platform and discuss the methods and agencies in which they are at work for humanity, and make plans for greater effectiveness in such efforts. This is the fourth of such Conventions which have been held. The general idea of the Convention, as well as the subjects which are to be considered, are of large importance to the work of the Christian Church. Among the eminent pastors and laymen who have promised to give addresses at the Convention are the Hon. W. H. Howland, of Toronto, the Revs. Josiah Strong, D. D., of New York, C. A. Dickinson, of Boston, B. Fay Mills, and W. H. Paden. Arrangements have been made with the railroad companies for reduced fares. Any of our readers desiring further particulars, programmes, etc., may obtain the same by addressing Rev. John C. Collins, Secretary, First National Bank Building, New Haven, Conn.

Another Pretended Christ has Appeared. A press dispatch from Little Rock, Ark., states that in the northern part of Little River, and in Sevier County, the people are excited over the appearance of a man who, like Schweinfurth in Illinois, pretends to be Christ. His name is Elam Irvin, and he says he comes from Manchester, Red River County, Texas. The ignorant portion of the population is greatly exercised over his religious teachings. He tells them in his sermons that he is able to remove mountains, to drink poison with impunity, ward off bullets, and to cure the sick by the laying on of hands. He anoints infants with oil, and alleges that they become angels. He says this is his second visit to the earth, and in a few weeks he will be known as Christ Himself. His worshippers are increasing rapidly, and they claim to be followers of Christ. Such blasphemy is very shocking, but it is a fulfilment of Christ's warning, which He gave when His disciples asked Him what would be the signs of His coming: "Many shall come in My name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many." (Matt. 24:5.)

A Man Made Desperate by His Own Record attempted suicide in New York on September 9. Several years ago he was charged with receiving stolen goods, and was sentenced to imprisonment at Trenton, N. J. On his release he resolved to lead an honest life, and went about seeking employment. He went from city to city, sometimes succeeding, but always being discharged through his previous character coming to the ears of his employers. He persevered, however, and said he would starve rather than return to his old ways. He suffered many hardships, but remained steadfast to his determination. Recently he came to New York, and gained a position, but here again he was discharged. He lost hope then, and tried to hang himself. He was discovered when nearly dead, and was resuscitated. When arraigned for the crime he said that he was driven mad by his own record, which followed him everywhere like his shadow. Sometimes men who have not broken human laws are similarly driven to despair by the consciousness of their own record of sin against God. Happily for all such there is hope. Through Christ, God is able to blot out the record, and justify the sinner. (Isa. 1:18.)

A Reward of \$100 is to be Offered for the apprehension of a deserter from the United States Army, in future, instead of \$30, which is now the amount fixed. The change is rendered necessary by the increased number of deserters. It appears that not less than five hundred men have deserted this summer. A detective who is employed to look for them said to a reporter last week: "Most of the recruits find the life of a soldier entirely different from what they pic-

tured it to be, and after three or four weeks spent in idleness, become deserters. I am informed by army officers that there is a set of men who make a business of enlisting in the army, and then deserting. It is certain that some of those whom I have captured have admitted that they have enlisted twice and three times. The purpose was to defraud the Government out of bounty money and their clothing. Ministers of the gospel and Christian workers make similar complaints, and, as in the army, the deserters generally come from the class who enlist in Christ's service for the sake of gain, and spend their time in idleness. Such persons are naturally disappointed when they find that the life of a true Christian is one of continual conflict and self-denial. (Matt. 13:20, 21.)

The Flippancy of an Immigration Commissioner was reproved by an Austrian woman last week in Castle Garden, New York. The commissioner was examining her husband, who had come to this country without a cent to begin life with. The man said he was a glazier, and intended to work at his trade. The commissioner having hinted that he might not get work, the wife said that in that case she would help him by working as a seamstress. "You might not get work either," said the commissioner to her; "what then?" "God will help us then," said the woman, reverently. The commissioner laughed, and told her that God had no office here. "Oh!" said the woman solemnly, "He is everywhere." She will find, if the commissioner decides to admit her, and she remains here, that many officials would appear to be of his opinion. Few probably would deny the existence of God, but they act as if He were some far distant ruler, who had nothing to do with our public life, and took no cognizance of it. If they were suddenly called upon to worship Him, they, like the Athenians, would have to do it at the altar of an "Unknown God." (Acts 17:23.)

Sixteen Years' Imprisonment with Hard labor for stealing thirteen cents was a remarkable sentence pronounced by Judge Cowing last week on a prisoner in the court of General Sessions, New York. The evidence showed that the prisoner had accosted a man in Tompkins Square, and demanded money for beer. Being refused, he knocked the man down and robbed him of thirteen cents. Before sentence was passed, the judge was informed that this was the third time the prisoner had been convicted of the same offence, and he had been out of prison only three weeks. Judge Cowing said the prisoner was evidently becoming an habitual offender, and stood in need of exemplary punishment. He should therefore sentence him to State's prison for sixteen years with hard labor. The prisoner seemed amazed at the sentence, having probably expected that the theft of so small a sum would be lightly punished. The judge, however, treated him as an incorrigible offender, and public opinion approves his doing so. The justice of the principle on which he acted in the case is generally recognized, but it is often overlooked in regard to our position before God. The sinner who has continued in sin in spite of warnings and God's providential dealings, and has rejected the offer of pardon through Christ, has no ground on the principles of human justice in expecting mercy when he stands at God's tribunal. (Heb. 10:26, 27.)

A Terrible Journey in the Dark Under heroic guidance was made by a party of miners in the Olyphant Colliery, near Carbondale, Pa., recently. The facts are reported in connection with the death of Superintendent Andrew G. Nicoll, which occurred on September 14. When the disastrous explosion took place in the mine, he and his men were in the workings a mile-and-a-quarter from the foot of the shaft. Every light was out, and all the men were more or less injured. Mr. Nicoll's clothes were on fire, and he incurred additional burns by extinguishing them with his hands. The men wanted to lie down, and die where they were. It seemed hopeless, in that intense darkness, to find their way out. The superintendent, how-

ever, insisted on the effort being made. There was a rail-track to the foot of the shaft, and Mr. Nicoll felt about the floor with his burned hands until he found it. Then keeping to the track, sometimes creeping, and sliding his hand along the rail, and sometimes, where it was safe to walk upright, following it with his foot, he led the men through the mine. It seems almost as though human nature could not have endured the agonies of that half-hour's walk in the fearful darkness, continually banged and bruised as their burned bodies were by coming in contact with the obstacles they could not see or feel until they struck them. But Mr. Nicoll's courage never wavered, and he continued encouraging the men. Toward the last he dragged by the collar one of them, who begged to be left to die. At length he got them all to the foot of the shaft, and they were drawn up safely. Medical assistance was procured at once, but in spite of all the doctors could do, Mr. Nicoll sank under his injuries and died. All the men acknowledge that they owe their lives to his heroism in that trying hour, and they can never forget him. Unhappily so much cannot be said of those whom Christ saw in far worse peril, and whom at the cost of His life He led out of the darkness of despair into light and life. (Col. 1:13.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The thirty-second anniversary of the first Fulton Street Daily Prayer-Meeting was celebrated on Monday last.

The receipts of the American Home Missionary Society during the present fiscal year are \$84,000 in advance of last year.

We are informed that Mr. E. P. Telford has returned to America, and is holding services in the Rev. F. E. White's church, at Newmarket, N. H.

The Rev. W. H. Olin, D. D., the well-known Methodist minister, died while at Detroit, Mich., on September 16. He was sixty-seven years of age.

Dr. Arthur T. Pierson expects to sail for England on November 7. He has been holding evangelistic meetings in Bowdoin Street Tabernacle, Boston, Mass.

The Rev. Walter Christmas has just held crowded and deeply interesting meetings at Summerside and Charlotte Town, in Prince Edward's Island, near New Brunswick.

Mr. W. F. Bischoff has been conducting revival services in the Presbyterian Church of Buffalo Hart Grove Church, Ill., under the auspices of the Synodical Missionary Committee.

A children's home is to be erected in connection with the projected Judson Memorial Church in New York. A New Jersey lady has handed to Dr. Edward Judson \$40,000 for that purpose.

The Rev. Dr. H. H. Tucker, an eminent Baptist divine, died on September 9 in Atlanta, Ga., from injuries sustained in falling from a second-story window. He was formerly President of Mercer University.

The Rev. T. Spurgeon, one of the twin sons of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, has resigned the pastorate of the Auckland Tabernacle, New Zealand, owing to ill health. He will, after a period of rest, devote his energies to evangelistic work.

Dr. Rylance, who has been for nineteen years rector of St. Mark's P. E. Church, has resigned, owing to ill health. The recent death of his wife and only son have produced a mental shock which renders change of air and scene necessary.

Mr. John T. Pullen would be glad to receive back-numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, parcels of tracts, or religious periodicals, for distribution among the 1,500 convicts in Raleigh, N. C. This work has been carried on with much success for some time. Mr. Pullen's address is Raleigh Savings Bank, Raleigh, N. C.

A false Messiah has lately appeared in Arabia, and multitudes of Jews are following him. He is a man of high education, with tremendous force of character. Regiments of life-guards, composed of Hebrew youths, protect his person, and he has even deceived some of the wise and prudent of the Jews of northern Arabia.

Dr. Pentecost has been holding open-air meetings at the foot of Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, during the past two months. They have been attended by crowds varying from 2,500 to 10,000 and 12,000. Dr. Pentecost began his regular mission work in Dundee on September 22, and thence he goes to Airdrie and other Scotch towns.

The Christian Conference called by Mr. D. L. Moody assembles to-morrow in Chicago Avenue Church, Chicago. Among the speakers are the Rev. J. Munroe Gibson, D. D., the Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., and Miss F. E. Willard. Mr. D. L. Moody will preside at the Convention, and Ira D. Sankey and Professor H. H. McGranahan will conduct the singing.

PRICKED IN THEIR HEART.**A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.**

"Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ. Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Acts 2: 36, 37.

Peter's Sermon a Model—Its Success Due to the Spirit—The Twelve-Man Power—An Argumentative Sermon—Courteous Yet Fearless—I. His Indictment—Charges his Hearers with Murder—Present-Day Offences Against Christ—Practical Blasphemy of Rationalism—Ignoring the Claims of Christ—Rejecting Them—Forsaking Christ—II. His Declaration About Christ—God Had Exalted Him—Given Him Infinite Felicity—Occupies the Place of Power—Will be the Judge—III. The Result of Knowing—A Son Murdered by His Parents—The Public Confession.

THIS was the first public preaching of the gospel after our Lord was taken up into glory. It was thus a very memorable sermon, a kind of first-fruits of the great harvest of gospel testimony. It is very encouraging to those who are engaged in preaching that the first sermon should have been so successful. Three thousand made up a grand take of fish at that first cast of the net. We are serving a great and growing cause in the way chosen of God, and we hope in the future to see still larger results produced by that same undying and unchanging power which helped Peter to preach such a heart-piercing sermon.

Peter's discourse was not distinguished by any special rhetorical display: he used not the words of man's wisdom or eloquence. It was not an oration, but it was a heart-moving argument, entreaty, and exhortation. He gave his hearers a simple, well-reasoned, Scriptural discourse, sustained by the facts of experience; and every passage of it pointed to the Lord Jesus. It was in these respects a model of

What a Sermon Ought To Be

as to its contents. His plea was personally addressed to the people who stood before him, and it had a practical and pressing relation to them and to their conduct. It was aimed, not at the head, but at the heart. Every word of it was directed to the conscience and the affections. It was plain, practical, personal, and persuasive; and in this it was a model of what a sermon ought to be *as to its aim and style.* May it ever be the preacher's one desire to win men to repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ! May no minister wish to be admired, but may he long that his Lord and Master may be sought after! May none bewilder their people with the clouds of theoretic philosophy, but refresh them with the rain of revealed truth! Oh that we could so preach that our hearers should be at once pricked in their hearts, and so be led at once to believe in our Lord Jesus, and immediately to come forward and confess their faith in His name!

We must not forget, however, to trace the special success of the sermon on the day of Pentecost to the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, in which Peter had shared. This it is which is the making of the preacher. Immersed into the Holy Spirit, the preacher will think rightly and speak wisely; his word will be with power to those who hear. We must not forget, also, that there had been a long season of earnest, united, believing prayer on the part of the whole Church. What a difference this makes to a preacher of the gospel, when all his comrades are as much anointed of the Spirit as himself! We shall seldom see the very greatest

Wonders Wrought

when the preacher stands by himself: but when Peter is described as standing up "*with the eleven*," then is there a twelve-man ministry concentrated in one; and when the inner circle is further sustained by a company of men and women who have entered into the same truth, and are of one heart and one soul, then is the power increased beyond measure.

Yet much responsibility must rest with the preacher himself; and there was much about

Peter's own self that is well worthy of imitation. The sermon was born of the occasion and it used the event of the hour as God intended it to be used. It was earnest without a trace of passion, and prudent without a suspicion of fear. The preacher himself was self-collected, calm, courteous, and gentle. He was patient at the beginning, argumentative all along, and conclusive at the end. He fought his way through the

Doubts and Prejudices

of his hearers; and when he came to the end, he stated the inevitable conclusion with clearness and certainty. All along he spake very boldly, without mincing the truth—"Ye with wicked hands have crucified and slain Him whom God hath highly exalted. He boldly accused them of the murder of the Lord of glory, doing his duty in the sight of God, and for the good of their souls, with great firmness and fearlessness. Yet there is great tenderness in his discourse. Though he was as faithful as an Elijah, yet he used terms so courteous and kindly that, if men took offence, it would not be because of any offensiveness of tone on the speaker's part. Peter was gentle in his manner, but forceful in his matter. This art he had learned from his Lord; and we shall never have master-preachers among us till we see men who have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him. Because, beloved, I do desire beyond all things that many in this congregation may be pricked in the heart, I have taken this concluding part of Peter's discourse to be the text of my sermon this morning.

I. First, then, Peter dwelt tenderly, but very plainly, upon

Their Evil Conduct

toward the Lord Jesus. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." As a nation, Israel had rejected Him whom God had sent. The inhabitants of Jerusalem had gone further, and had consented unto His death; nay, had even clamored for it, crying, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." Solemnly had the Jews exclaimed of Him, "His blood be on us, and on our children." None of them had protested against the murder of the innocent One; but many of them had been eager to make an end of Him. This, Peter, in plain words, charged upon them, and they could not deny it; nor did they pretend to do so. It is well when a sense of guilt compels a man to stand silent under the rebuke of God. We then have hope of him that he will seek for pardon.

Men and brethren, we are not in Jerusalem, and the death of our Lord happened more than eighteen hundred years ago; therefore we need not dwell upon the sin of those long since dead. It will be more profitable for us practically to consider how far we have been guilty of similar sins against the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us look at home. Let each one consider his own case. I may be addressing some to-day who have blasphemed the name of the Lord Jesus. I do not suppose that you have been guilty of the vulgar language of blasphemy, which is coarse and revolting, as well as profane; but there are politer methods of committing the self-same crime. Some, with their elaborate criticisms of Christianity, wound it far more seriously than atheists with their profanities. In these days,

Wiseacres, With Their Philosophy,

derogate from the glory of our Lord's nature, and, with their novel doctrines, undermine His gospel. Denying the atonement, or teaching it as something other than a substitutionary sacrifice, they try to make away with that which is the very heart and soul of the Redeemer's work. Men nowadays drink in opinions which lessen the guilt of sin, and, of course, lower the value of the atoning blood. The cross is still a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. Men do not now accept the words of the Bible as authoritative, nor the teaching of the apostles as final: they set themselves up to be teachers of the great Teacher, reformers of the divine gospel. They do not accept the teaching of the Lord Jesus one-half so much as they criticise it. If any here present have been thus guilty, may the Holy Spirit convince them of their sin!

Much more common, however, is another sin against our Lord Jesus—namely, neglecting Him, ignoring His claims, and postponing the day of faith in Him. I trust that none here are willing to die unconverted, or would even dare to think of passing away without being washed in the precious blood; yet, my hearers, you have lived to manhood, to ripe years; perhaps even to old age, without yielding your hearts to the Lord Jesus, and accepting Him as your Saviour. To say the least of it, this is a very sad piece of neglect. To ignore a man altogether is, in a certain sense, as far as you are concerned, to kill that man. If you put him out of your reckoning, if you treat him as if he were nothing, if your estimate of life is made as if he were a cipher, you have put your Lord out of existence in reference to yourself. You treat Him with empty compliment by observing His day and hearing His Word, but you have no real regard for Him. Is not this a cruel fault? From morning till night your Lord is not in all your thoughts; he never affects your dealings with your fellow-men; you never endeavor to catch His spirit of love, and considerateness, and meekness; and thus, as a Leader and Exemplar, He is dead to you! Will you treat your Saviour thus? May this prick you in the heart, and may you cease from this

Base Ingratitude!

There are others who have done more than this, for they have rejected Christ. I now allude to those of you who have not been able to resist the appeals made to you by the Lord's ministers. You have felt a good deal—felt more than you would like to confess. You have been so inclined to seek the Saviour that you have almost done so; sin has flashed in your face like the flames of Tophet, and in alarm you have resolved to seek salvation; you have gone home to bend the knee in prayer, you have read the Scriptures to learn the way of eternal life; but, alas! an evil companion crossed your path, and the question came, "Shall it be this man or Christ?" You chose the man: I had almost said, you chose Barabbas, and rejected Jesus. A sinful pleasure came before you when you had begun to be serious, and the question arose, "Shall I give up this pleasure, or shall I renounce all hope of Christ?" You snatched at the pleasure, and you let your Saviour go. God have mercy upon you, and prick you in the heart this morning.

I must come a little closer to certain of you, who have forsaken the Lord Jesus Christ. There are a few unhappy persons here this morning, over whom I greatly grieve, because of their wanderings; and yet I am glad that they have not quite forsaken the courts of the Lord's house. These once professed to be disciples of Christ; but they have gone back, and walk no more with Him. They were once numbered with us, and went in and out of our solemn assemblies for prayer and breaking of bread; but now we know them not. They were not backward to confess themselves Christians, but now they deny their Lord. Oh my backsliding hearer, I hope you are not a Judas: my trust is that you may be a Peter! You have denied your Master, but I hope you will yet weep bitterly, and be restored to your Lord's service.

II. After Peter had dwelt upon the sin of his hearers in treating the Lord so ill, he declared

The Exaltation

bestowed on him by God. The great God loved, and honored, and exalted that same Jesus whom they had crucified. Oh, my hearers, whatever you may think of the Lord Jesus, God thinks everything of Him! To you He may be dead and buried, but God hath raised Him from the dead. To God He is the ever-living, the ever well-beloved Christ. You cannot destroy the Lord Jesus, or His cause. If you could do all that the most malicious heart could suggest, you could not really defeat Him. Men wreaked their vengeance on Him once: they put Him to a felon's death, they laid Him in the grave, and sealed the stone; but He rose again, for God was on His side. My hearer, whatever you do,

you cannot shake the truth of the gospel, nor rob the Lord Jesus of a single beam of His glory. He lives and reigns, and He will live and reign, whatever becomes of you.

Let me remind you that, when we read of our Lord as being at the right hand of God, we perceive that He enjoys infinite felicity. He who was the Man of sorrows now overflows with gladness. All His work and warfare done, He rests in boundless blessedness. His priestly work being finished, He sits down. No more does He feel the cross and nails, no more does He endure the mockery of cruel eyes and ribald lips. His portion is measureless, infinite, inconceivable delight. Can it be that you are opposed to Him, and neglect Him, while God lavishes upon Him more than all the bliss of heaven, and makes Him to be the fountain of unspeakable delight to all His redeemed ones?

Nor is this all: for the place at the right hand of God, to which He is now exalted, is

The Place of Power.

There sits the Mediator, the Son of God, the man Christ Jesus, while His enemies are being subdued under Him. Do not believe it, O proudest of doubters, that thou canst take away from Christ any measure of His power! All power is given to Him in heaven and earth; He reigns in the three realms of nature, providence, and grace. His kingdom ruleth over all, and of His dominion there shall be no end. Yet it is this Christ, this mighty Christ, who is set at nought by some of you, so that you run the risk of perishing because you have no heart for Him.

Learn, next, that He is at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, seated as our Judge. If we refuse Him as a Saviour, we shall not be able to escape from Him as Judge in the last great day. All the acts of men are being recorded, and in that day, when the great white throne shall be set in the heavens, all things shall be made manifest, and we must stand unveiled in His presence. You have often heard and sung of Him whose face was more marred than that of any man, when He was here as a sacrifice for guilty men. If you refuse Him, you will have to stand before His bar to answer for it. The most awful sight for the impenitent in the day of judgment will be the face of Jesus.

I notice that, at this time, few writers or preachers use the expression, "Our Lord Jesus Christ." We have lives of *Christ*, and lives of *Jesus*; but, brethren, He is *the Lord*. Jesus is both Lord and Christ: we need to acknowledge His Deity, His dominion, and His divine anointing. He is "God over all, blessed forever," and we can never praise Him too much. A great and grievous error of the times is a want of reverence for our Lord and His sacrifice. To sit in judgment on His sacred teaching, is to spit in His face; to deny His miracles, is to strip Him of His own clothes; to make Him out to be a mere teacher of ethics, is to mock Him with a purple robe; and to deny His atonement, in philosophical phraseology, is to crown Him with thorns, and crucify Him afresh, and put Him to an open shame. Be not guilty of this, my hearers, for God hath made this same Jesus "both Lord and Christ;" let us worship Him as Lord, and trust Him as Christ.

III. Now I come to my closing point, which is,

The Result of Knowing

this assuredly. May I here pause to ask—do you know this assuredly? I hope all of you believe that God hath made Jesus Christ, the Mediator, in His complex person, as God-and-man, to be "both Lord and Christ." He was Lord, as God, always; but as God-and-man, He is now Lord and Christ. Manhood and Godhead are in Him united in one wondrous Person, and this Person is "both Lord and Christ." You believe it. But do you so believe it that it is a fact of the utmost importance to you? Will you assuredly believe it, that the man of Nazareth, who died on Calvary, is to-day both Lord and Christ? If you do now believe this, what are your feelings as you review your past misconduct toward Him? Does not your past neglect prick you in the heart?

Observe that, as the result of Peter's sermon, his hearers felt a mortal sting: "They were pricked in their heart." The truth had pierced their souls. When a man finds out that he has done a fearful wrong to one who loved him, he grows sick at heart, and views his own conduct with abhorrence. We all remember the story of Llewellyn and his faithful dog. The prince came back from the hunt, and missed his infant child, but saw marks of blood everywhere. Suspecting his dog Gelert of having killed the child, he drove his vengeful sword into the faithful hound, which had been bravely defending his child against a huge wolf, which lay there, all torn and dead, "tremendous still in death." Yes, he had slain the faithful creature which had preserved his child. Poor Gelert's dying yell pierced the prince to the heart; and well it might. If such emotions fitly arise when we discover that we have, in error, been ungenerous and cruel to a dog, how ought we to feel towards the Lord Jesus, who laid down His life that His enemies might live? I recall

An Awfully Tragic Story

of an evil couple, who kept an inn of base repute. A young man called one night to lodge. They noticed that he had gold in his purse, and they murdered him in the night. It was their own son, who had come back to gladden their old age, and wished to see whether his parents would remember him. Oh, the bitterness of their lamentation when they found that through the lust of gold they had murdered their own son! Take out of such amazing grief its better portion, and then add to it a spiritual conviction of the sin of evil-entreating the Son of God, the perfect One, the Lover of our souls, and you come near being "pricked in the heart."

When we read "they were pricked in their heart," we may see in it the meaning, that they felt a movement of love to Him—a relenting of heart, a stirring of emotion towards Him. They said to themselves, "Have we treated him thus? What can we do to show our horror of our own conduct?" They were not merely convinced of their fault so as to be grieved, but their desires and affections went out towards the offended One, and they cried, "What shall we do? In what way can we acknowledge our wrong? Is there any way of undoing this ill towards Him whom we now love?" To this point I would have you all come.

As a consequence of Peter's sermon, preached in the power of the Holy Spirit, these people exhibited obedient faith. They were roused to action, and they said, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" They believed that the same Jesus whom they had crucified was now Lord of all, and they

Hastened to be Obedient

unto Him. When Peter said, "Repent!" they did repent. Then Peter said, "Be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." Take the open and decisive step: stand forth as believers in Jesus, and confess Him by that outward and visible sign which He has ordained. You slew Him in error; be buried with Him in truth. They were baptized into the sacred name. And then Peter could tell them—"You have remission of sins: the wrong you have done to your Lord is cancelled: the Lord hath put away your sin forever."

O my hearers, to what a place have I brought you now! If indeed the Holy Spirit has helped you to follow me in my discourse, see where we have climbed! However black your crime, however vile your character, if you have seen the wrong that you have done, if you have repented of having done it because you see that you have sinned against your loving Lord, and if you will now come to Him repenting and believing, and will confess Him as He bids you confess Him in baptism; then you have full remission, and you shall be partakers of His Holy Spirit.

May God write out this old, old story on your hearts! Oh that He would issue a new edition of His gospel of love, printed on your hearts! Every man's conversion is a freshly printed copy of the poem of salvation. May the Lord issue

you hot from the press this morning, a living epistle to be known and read of all men; and specially to be read by your children at home, and your neighbors in the same street! The Lord grant that hearts may be pricked by this sermon, for His name's sake. Amen!

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Human Sacrifices.*

IN times of great calamity the kings of the Phœnicians and Canaanites sacrificed the most beloved of their sons. The Egyptians, Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Romans, Carthaginians, Germans, Gauls, and Britons—indeed, all the heathen nations throughout the world—offered human sacrifices upon their altars; and this not occasionally, but constantly, and in some places daily. We read of thousands being offered up at one time, as by Cræsus—three thousand as one offering. In Carthage two hundred children of the best families were offered together to propitiate offended deities. We have records that the aborigines of both North and South America annually offered human sacrifices.

The Capture of Babylon.

When the greatness, power, and glory of this city filled the world, one hundred and sixty years before it was taken by an enemy, it was foretold by the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah how and by whom it should be taken and its final utter destruction and desolation. The prophets foretold that the river would be dry (Isa. 44: 27, 28); that the heavy brazen gates should be left open (Isa. 45: 1, 2); that the inhabitants would be drunk (Jer. 51: 37, 39); that the forces of Cyrus would come in; and that messengers should meet each other from different ends of the city, running to show the king that his city was taken by surprise (Jer. 51: 29-31). The river Euphrates, a quarter of a mile broad and twelve feet deep, passed through the city between lofty walls pierced with gates of brass. Far up the stream Cyrus with his army had dug trenches to divert the river from its course. At the proper moment the bank was opened and the river turned from its channel. It had been a day of feasting among the inhabitants within the city walls, and they were engaged in dance and merriment. Cyrus placed a detachment of his forces where the river first entered the city, and another where it issued from it, and directed them to enter the now empty channel and attack the town. They entered the city without difficulty. The citizens could have closed the gates which led to the river, have saved themselves, or have caught the Persians as in a trap. But the inhabitants were otherwise engaged. They were taken by surprise. It was in the night, and they who lived in the extremities near the walls were made prisoners before they heard any alarm. Thus Babylon was taken for the first time, and in this manner.

The Sun Standing Still.

"The sun stood still." (Josh. 10: 12.) Take from the margin the word "silent" for "still," and the story is plain. Joshua desired not daylight, but the darkness of the early morning storm to continue. Having marched all night, he would not reach Gibeon until nearly dawn.

* From *Why we Believe the Bible: An Hour's Reading for Busy People*. By Rev. J. P. T. Ingraham, S. T. D. The author realizes, as few clergymen have done, what is the need of our times. Society is permeated with religious doubt, which spreads insidiously, and develops into atheism practical or avowed. In some cases the verdict has been allowed to go by default, and in others the defence of the Bible has been undertaken by clergymen ignorant of the first rudiments of science, who have injured the cause they attempted to defend. Dr. Ingraham is a champion of the right order. His arguments are weighty, are concisely stated, and do not beg the question at issue. Pp. 159; price 30 cents in paper covers. Published by D. Appleton & Company, 1, 3, and 5 Bowd Street, New York.



Specimen Types of the Tribes of Central Africa.

His plan of surprise would fail if the darkness disappeared. Hence his cry, "Sun and moon, be still!" be silent, do not shine! And they remained silent, hidden behind the dark tempest-clouds, coming not out in light for all that day. The Amorites were worshippers of the sun, but their sun-god now hid his face from them and obeyed the servant of Jehovah.

Antiquarian Confirmation.

The Bible is continually receiving confirmation from antiquarian research. For an example: In the book of Daniel (5: 1, 30), Belshazzar is spoken of as the "king" of Babylon, and as slain at the taking of Babylon by Cyrus, and, therefore, appearing to be its last king. But according to Herodotus, Berosus, and other ancient historians, Nabonadius was the last king of Babylon. This discrepancy between profane history and the Bible has been a cause of perplexity to Biblical scholars until 1854, when discoveries of cuneiform inscriptions were made in Chaldea by Sir H. Rawlinson, which showed that Nabonadius was indeed the last king of Babylon, but he had associated his son Belshazzar with him in the government, allowing him also the title of king. To him—King Belshazzar—the father intrusted the defence of Babylon, while he—King Nabonadius—commanded the forces in the open country. The son was slain at the taking of Babylon, and the father, who surrendered to Cyrus, became the last king of Babylon. Thus this difficulty was solved. The confirmation down to the minutest details by Egyptian papyri and Assyrian tablets is astonishing at the close of an age of rationalistic attacks on the sacred volume. "My historical criticism," says Ebers, "is the more full of devotion as every day of study leads me into deeper reverence for those wonderful books." Fourteen kings, fourteen nations, forty cities, and ten idols named in Scripture occur in their proper places and time on the monuments. Such numerous and minute points of historical contact are now flung like a net over Scripture books and dates, and will hold them in their places in spite of all the Herculean efforts of those who would displace or rearrange them.

THE PEOPLE OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

(See Portraits on this page.)

On this page we give three portraits taken from photographs of specimens of Central African races. The first is of Mpana, a chief of the Yao tribe; the second, of a Manganja woman;

and the third, of Miletta and his son, of the Angoni tribe. It would appear from the woman's picture that there is almost as much scope for variety in feminine habiliments with them as with us. It is only, however, the female chiefs who are thus gorgeously apparelled. Mr. Fred Arnot, in his work on *Garenganze: or, Seven Years Pioneer Mission Work in Central Africa* (published by Mr. Revell, 12 Bible House, New York), describes two of these female chiefs. One of them was Nalolo, who is a sister of chief Liwanika, and who rules her people with "intelligence and moderation"; the other, Nana Kandundu, whose territory is on the river Zambesi. The latter is dreaded by her neighbors, who have learned by painful experience her skill and prowess in war. While Mr. Arnot was within her frontiers she set out with an expedition to punish a marauding chief of the Lovali tribe, whose army was approaching her territory. She met him twelve miles away, and immediately prepared for battle. As an evidence of her courage, she sent back the litter on which she had been carried to the field, that her warriors might see that she meant to stay with them whether in victory or defeat. She summoned Mr. Arnot and his men to her aid, but the missionary wisely, if ungallantly, declared neutrality. He sent her word, however, that should the battle go against her he would welcome her in his camp, and his men would protect her from her enemies. Two days later she returned in triumph, having routed her foe in one decisive engagement. Mr. Arnot speaks highly of her achievement, which he believes will teach the Lovali chief a needed lesson. For years past he has been plundering the peaceful Lunda tribes on the banks of the Zambesi, capturing the people for slaves, and carrying off their cattle. The missionary had opportunities of observing her methods of government, and declares that it is remarkable for its humanity.

THE SHOEBLACK'S GIFT.

(See Illustration on page 621.)

A MORNING of heavy rain—a steady, continuous downpour from the hour at which the almanacs said the sun rose until noon. Then the sky cleared, and the sun shone out, making the wider London streets bright and cheery, and the narrower ones almost grotesque and unrecognizable with sharply defined patches of shade and golden light. The old houses, still reeking with the rain, showed the defects in their plas-

ter facings, as the sun's rays rested upon them. Stay-at-home people said it had turned out a lovely day, after all, but people whom the sunshine had tempted out qualified their assent with the remark that it was wretched under foot. All the light and cheer were overhead, very little of them reaching the pathway, as is often the case in this life.

As the sun sank in the west there was a steady stream of walkers from the great hive of city offices and stores toward every point in the circumference of the ever-widening circle that surrounds the British metropolis. It continued for an hour, and then, as darkness fell, the streets were comparatively deserted. Not quite—the heavily shod policeman, a few belated stragglers, and a few others who had no home to go to, still trod the sidewalks, while their more fortunate human brothers and sisters were enjoying the evening meal. In one of the quieter streets two boys were talking. They were on the side of the street which was taken up by a low wall and iron railing that enclosed a small park for aristocratic people who had the keys. The boys were wretched-looking objects. Their faces were prematurely old, and had the sharp, pinched look which tells of hunger and a hard struggle to maintain life. Their clothing was old, ragged, and strangely incongruous. One of them wore the cast-off suit of a full-grown man, and had made locomotion in it possible by rolling up the bottoms of the trowsers and the ends of the sleeves. He was leaning upon a broom as he talked with a boy who had set his blacking-box down at the foot of one of the dwarf pillars which impede traffic, and was sitting upon it. To both boys the rain and mud had been welcome. They thrived by them as lawyers thrive on the quarrels and crimes and moral mire from which they rescue other people.

"Had good luck, Jimmy?" said he with the broom, glancing at the pile of big English pennies which the other was raising in his hand.

"Middling," was the reply; "eight on 'em. Best yet this week. How've you done, Bob?"

"Bad," was Bob's report. "Worse'n ever. I'll have to leave this crossing; folks are too hard 'round here. Kept it swept clean all day, and never got but threepence."

"Plenty of 'em go over, too," commented Jimmy, considering the problem.

"Ah! but they're mean. I heerd a lady say to another as crossing-sweepers were paid by

the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and some of 'em say we make lots of money. I wish they knew. One man, a big fat one in black clothes, said he'd have me took up for begging. If it war'n't for mother I wouldn't have cared if he had. I should ha' got a good dinner, anyhow."

"Mother bad still?" asked the other.

"Yes, gets worse. She don't have half enough to eat, now she can't get work. There ain't nothing but what I get. She says she'll be better by and by; but she won't if I can't get her more bread. We don't have near enough, either of us. I thought I'd have had a shilling to-day, sure, and we'd have had a supper; but we can't."

Tears came in the lad's eyes as he spoke, but he was ashamed of them, and turned round to brush them away with his ragged sleeve. Jimmy, however, knew what he was doing and sympathy showed under the grime on his face. He had been fingering the uppermost of the pile of pennies while Bob had been speaking. Now he held it out.

"Here, Bob, take hold! I can spare it. We ain't quite so hard up as you. Father had a job yesterday, and he won't want any o' mine to-night. You can get half a quarter-loaf for fourpence. You're welcome."

Bob was the bigger boy, and some qualms of honor seemed to trouble him. But the temptation was too great, and the penny was taken. "You're a good un, Jimmy," he said. "It ain't fair to have it off you, but I'll try to make it up some day."

The one boy shouldered his box of brushes and the other his broom, and together they slouched away eastward toward the wretched quarter where the poor herd together in dilapidated, pestiferous refuges. Only a short distance, however. As they came to the gate which opened into the park, it opened, and a gentleman came out. They slunk away from the gate as if afraid to obtrude themselves, but he stepped forward and laid a hand on the shoulder of each.

"Which of you two gave the other a penny just now?" he asked.

"He did," said Bob, nodding his head toward his companion. "It's all right, he knows me."

"Give me your hand, my boy," said the gentleman; "I should like to shake hands with you. You are a noble little fellow. Oh, it won't hurt," he said, as the boy rubbed the hand on his rags before offering it to be shaken. "I don't mind that kind of dirt. Now, then, you two come with me and I'll give you a good meal, and then," addressing the bigger boy, "I want to go and see that sick mother of yours. I'm a doctor, and perhaps I can do her good. I was on the other side of the wall when you were talking. That's how I know about her." This in answer to a wondering look on the faces of both boys.

It was near midnight when the doctor was back again at the place where he met the two boys. "God forgive me," he said, reverently baring his head and looking upward. "Here I am, fifty years old, with every comfort about me, and every want supplied, and a little fortune laid up for old age, and I never knew what dire need there is about me, and never put out my hand to relieve it. And I would not have done it now if that little fellow's penny had not made me ashamed. Yes 'sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.' I plead guilty. I neither knew nor cared; and the money I have wasted thoughtlessly might have saved lives and perhaps souls. O God, let me never forget the sights I have seen this night, and give me time to atone for



"Jimmy was Fingering the Uppermost Penny."

my long neglect, by giving all my time and efforts, as long as I live, to help the thousands of poor afflicted creatures that are dying around me."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 606.)

In the Endowment House.

THE good change in poor Carrie's looks was altogether deceptive. News came to me one morning that she was very much worse, and I hastened to see her. As I entered the room, her eyes brightened, and she said, "I am glad that you have come, Sister Stenhouse, for I feel that I am going soon." Then, after a pause, she added, holding up her hand, "Do you know what that means?" The finger-nails were turning blue. "That means death," she said; and it is better so."

After this we conversed together for some time upon various topics of special interest to her in the position in which she then was, and presently she said, as if asking a question, "You will keep your promise, I know."

"Carrie," I answered, "if there is anything that I can say or do that will make you feel more certain that I will keep my promise, if I live to do so, tell me, and I will endeavor to do it."

"I am afraid," she said, "that, after all, he never loved me. He pitied my lonely situation, and was so kind and good to me, that I learned to love him, and those meddlesome sisters tried to get him to marry me, but I would not be false to you. Then we both thought it was best not to tell you, as it would make you grieve, although it never could take place. Even now, had I not known that I was dying, I never would have told you. But you will not love me less when you think of me after I am gone?"

I told her that my affection for her would never change, and I talked with her, and tried to soothe her dying moments, and to make her feel less lonely; and thus the morning passed away. In the afternoon she was silent and apparently unconscious, and before another day dawned she had died.

The following evening I went round again to the house, to gaze once more at the form of my dear friend. She was lying in her coffin, dressed for the grave, and I looked at her long and tenderly, as she rested sleeping there. Her features were peaceful and natural as if in slumber, an expression of calm tranquillity hovered around her countenance, and in the repose of death she seemed almost happy. Poor girl! her life had been short indeed, and she had known but little pleasure; but she was now beyond the reach of earthly sorrow and earthly disappointment.

While my husband was away in the Eastern States I thought that his absence would be a good time to show his chosen wife some little attentions, which I believed it was my duty to do. The idea of coming in contact with her was certainly not at all pleasant; but I thought it was only right for me to act in a friendly manner towards her, however painful it might be to myself. She was the cause of much sorrow to me, but I could not blame her, for she had been born and brought up in the system and, of course, supposed it true.

Belinda was a very amiable girl, and, under other circumstances, I believed I should have liked her very much. I looked upon her as little more than a child, and my husband had frequently told me that he also regarded her in that light; but to me it was of small consequence

that he thought of her as a child, so long as he acted towards her as a woman. Now that he was away from home, there was no danger that she would meet him, so I invited her in a friendly way to call upon me. She came, and I had one or two other ladies present, for I was not like my husband in that particular—I had no anxiety to be alone with her. My effort to cultivate a friendly feeling towards her was not very successful. There was a restraint on both sides which we could not overcome, and I felt not a little relief when the evening was over. Subsequently I renewed the attempt, but to no purpose; her very presence in my house, and among my children, seemed itself an insult to me.

Deeply as I sympathized with my husband in the step he was about to take, I felt that mine was no imaginary sorrow, and that nothing could lull the storm that had gathered in my breast. The affliction which I had so long dreaded was now right at my door, and the most painful feelings agitated my mind. Sometimes I shut myself up in my own room, and tried to reason with myself; then I would kneel, and pray and weep with strong emotion; and again I would pace the floor, my heart overflowing with anger and indignation. I never at that time knew what it was to be happy, for I felt that I was a burden and hindrance to my husband, and I longed to die. I had loved him so devotedly that I could not even now cast him from my heart, and, though I felt bitterly my position, I believed that he would not willingly wound me, and that he was acting from the purest motives. But it was in vain. I could not change my nature, and my heart would rebel.

It would be impossible for me to tell the thousand annoyances and indignities to which I was forced to submit—trials which might appear too trifling even to name, but which to a wife,

under such circumstances, were crosses which she found it hard enough to bear. My husband knew nothing of these things, and, had he done so, it is more than probable that he would have considered it weakness in me to be troubled about matters of such small consequence—little actions and foolish words which he would have said I ought to have treated with indifference. It was easy to say that, but not so easy to do.

Let any wife picture to herself how she would feel if, after schooling her heart to submission, after realizing that she was no longer to be first and dearest in her husband's affections, she were to be constantly hearing the friends and relations of the young girl to whom her husband was engaged boasting of his devotion to her. How would any wife be pleased if, whenever her husband's intended received a present from him, she were particularly informed of the fact, and a thousand little aggravating details were added, to make her, if possible, more miserable.

A woman can nerve herself to endure almost anything, and outwardly she may conceal her feelings; but there are limits beyond which endurance is not possible. A chance meeting with the girl who has superseded her in her husband's love—or, worse still, should she chance to surprise the affectionate couple *tête-à-tête*—is sufficient to dispel all her good resolutions and to destroy that tranquillity of mind which she finds it so difficult to preserve. She becomes sick at heart, nervous, and entirely unfitted for her duties. I have frequently heard Mormon women say that, notwithstanding their husbands had been for many years men of divided affections, they could never see the other wives without a feeling of anger and indignation arising in their hearts. I know that in my own case I never became reconciled to the wicked system.

I now expected very soon to be called upon to undergo the most painful ordeal that any wife can be required to pass through: I was to give my husband to another wife—*such is the sacrifice demanded of every Mormon woman*. The thought of doing this was worse than death to me. I felt injured, humiliated, and degraded by it, and yet I still tried to believe, *as I had been taught*, that it was the will of God, and must, therefore, be right. To me this outrage upon all the purest feelings of womanhood seemed more like the will of wicked men—men of the basest and most unholy passions. It was repulsive to me in whatever form it was presented, but still I reproached my own rebellious heart for feeling so, for I had been told that the ways of the Lord were past finding out, and, however unlike Him this alleged Revelation of Joe Smith's might appear, we Mormon women had been taught that it was our duty to bend our wills, and to suffer and submit in unquestioning and uncomplaining silence.

As the time approached, I felt like a condemned criminal awaiting the day of execution. A sense of apprehension, a dread of coming evil, was ever present to my mind, and everything appeared to me through the medium of my griefs. To a certain extent my husband also suffered, for it would be impossible, I think, for any man to see his wife suffering so intensely without feeling for her, and I sometimes believed that his sympathy for me was so great that, if he had dared, he would even then have refused to obey the obnoxious counsel of the Mormon priesthood.

Then, too, he had a little trouble of his own, for he began to realize that this innovation upon the sanctity of our home would make a great change in his future—his freedom would be gone. However gratifying it may be to a man's feelings to know that there is no limit to his privileges, yet every intelligent man must be conscious that it can be no easy matter to keep peace between many wives in one house, and that, if he wishes to act rightly by all, he must train himself to be scrupulously just, never showing any partiality in look or deed, or even by a word. My husband began to realize the great responsibility that he was about to take upon himself, and, seeing his thoughtful and

troubled look, I tried to hide my own feelings; for every true wife knows that nothing so arouses a woman to struggle with her own sorrows as the knowledge that her husband is unhappy.

The dreaded day at length arrived—the day which for so long, and with such painful forebodings, I had anticipated. I had spent a very wakeful and unhappy night, and health was anything but strong. I hardly felt as if I should have courage to go through that day. I was, however, compelled to nerve myself to the task, and I began to make my preparations for going to the Endowment House. The only thing that gave me strength was the thought that my husband had consented that I should go through the ceremony of being married to him that day for Carrie; for even then I supposed that those who would be married in heaven must first be married on earth, and that, too, by those who had received authority from on high.

Ever since I had first embraced Mormonism I had been entirely cut off from Gentile, *i. e.*, non-Mormon, society, although living in proximity to many Gentiles, *i. e.*, persons not Mormons. Abroad, and also when in New York, the cares of a family kept me very much at home, and the continual state of apprehension in which I was, rendered me averse to visiting among friends. Thus it was that I never conversed freely with any one who could have informed me truthfully of the origin of Mormonism, and consequently I brooded over my religion as a melancholy fact; but, though with moments of weakness and wavering, I never thoroughly doubted its divine origin. The terrible sacrifice which was about to be required of me, in being present at my husband's second marriage, might, I thought, be painful to make, but I must submit, whatever the effort might cost me.

The morning was bright and lovely—a morning calculated to inspire happy hopes and pleasant feelings: but to me it brought nothing but fear and trembling. Even the innocent prattle of my children annoyed me, and they, not knowing how deeply I was suffering, looked at me with wonder in their eyes. Oh, I thought, surely my husband will at length comprehend the greatness of the love I bear him? surely he will now appreciate the sacrifice I make for his sake and for my religion? Even now, if I did not know that he believes this doctrine to be true, and he would feel condemned if, through any opposition of mine, he were not allowed to practice it, I would at the last moment dash this bitter cup from my lips and take my chance of the consequences in a future state!

Utterly cast down and broken-hearted, I felt almost as if the Lord Himself had forsaken me, and there was no one to whom I could look for aid. I could not go to my husband in that hour for sympathy; for I well knew that his thoughts must be with his intended bride, and that my sorrows would only trouble him at a time when he must desire to be at peace. Besides which, I was too proud to plead for love at a shrine that I felt should rightfully be all my own. This will be well understood. And then, too, I knew not but what he might tell *her* of my feelings; and it would be too great a humiliation for me should she think me jealous of the position which she now occupied, and her influence over my husband. With such feelings I went to the Endowment House. There at the altar I was to give proof of my obedience and of my faith in my religion, by placing the hand of the new wife in that of my husband. The thought was almost madness. To have followed my husband to the grave would have been a terrible blow to me, but to live to see him the husband of another woman was something that seemed to me beyond endurance. Notwithstanding every effort of faith, doubts would arise, and in bitterest anguish I thought—this is more like the work of cruel man than God. Why should man have this power over woman, and she so helpless? Surely a just and impartial God can have nothing to do with this! There was a darkness before my eyes, and, struggle as I might, I could see no ray of light—no glimmering of hope.

First, my husband was married to Miss Pratt; and then to me for Carrie! Thus I fulfilled my pledge to my departed friend. I had found, before going to the Endowment House, that I could not have Carrie sealed to my husband next to me, for Belinda Pratt had objected, and her mother had appealed to Brigham Young about it. They told me that he had said that the living had claims before the dead, although my own feelings would have led me to think otherwise.

Brigham Young performed the ceremony. He sat at the end of the altar, and we three knelt down—my husband on one side, and Miss Pratt and myself on the other. Speaking to me, Brigham Young asked: "Are you willing to give this woman to your husband to be his lawful wife for time and for all eternity? If you are, you will signify it by placing her right hand within the right hand of your husband."

I did so; but what words can describe my feelings? The anguish of a whole lifetime was crowded into that one single moment. The painful meaning of those words, "for all eternity," withered my soul, and the unending contract which my husband had made with another woman was practically a divorce from me. I had now laid everything upon the altar of sacrifice, for I had given away my husband. What more could the Lord require of me that I was not prepared to do?

I was bewildered and almost beside myself, and yet I had to hide my feelings. Hope was for ever banished from my life. To whom could I look for sympathy among those who were around me? They were most of them men who had ruthlessly, and as a matter of course, wrecked the lives and lacerated the hearts of hundreds of women before my turn came, and the sight of an unhappy wife was so common in their experience that it was more likely to awaken their anger than their pity. I felt this instinctively, and I resolved that they should never know how much my poor heart was torn.

My husband, it is true, was there. My husband! Was he not now the husband of another woman, and therefore no longer belonging to me? I knew that I never could overcome my early Christian teaching sufficiently to feel that this was right, though such was my wretched fanaticism that I mentally and verbally assented to it. I felt that now I stood alone—our union was severed, there could never be any co-partnership between that other wife and myself—no, never! From that day I began to hide all my sorrows from my husband, and it was but very seldom that I uttered a word of discontent, and when I expressed what I felt, it was in anger; but never in sorrow seeking sympathy.

I remember when we returned home—that home which had now lost its charm, for the young wife was to live there—my husband said to me, "You have been very brave, but it is not so hard to bear, after all, is it?" I had hidden my feelings so well that he really thought that I was indifferent. But during the remainder of the day, how I watched their looks and noticed every word! To me their tender tones were daggers, piercing my heart and filling me with a mad desire to revenge myself upon the father of my children.

(To be Continued.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for September:

Daniel's Image. By R. E. Matheson.
The Mystery of the Woman. By Rev. Thomas Graham.
The Marriage of the Lamb in Revelation 19: 7. By James Smith.
The First Stage of the Second Advent. By Rev. John G. Wilson.
Jerusalem to be Trodden Down by Antichrist. By D. L. Shirres, Esq., J. P.
General Boulanger a Little Horn—His Fall and Future Rise.
Christ's Eschatological Prophecy.
False Christs in the United States.
What the Jewish Papers are Saying.
Passing Events View'd from a Prophetic Standpoint.

WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

Then mysterious whispers are floating around,
And voices that will not be still
hall summon us hence from the slippery shore,
To the waves that are silent and still;
Then I look with changed eyes at the home
of the blest,
Far out of the reach of the sea,
All any one stand at the beautiful gate,
Waiting and watching for me?

here are dear ones at home I may bless with
my love,
There are wretched ones passing the street;
here are friendless and suffering strangers
around,
There are tempted and poor I must meet;
here are many unthought of, whom, happy
and blest,

In the land of the good I shall see;
All any of them at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

here are old and forsaken, who linger awhile
In the homes which their dearest have left,
and an action of love, or a few gentle words
Might cheer the sad spirit bereft.
at the Reaper is near to the long-standing
corn,

The weary shall soon be set free;
All any of these, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

here are little ones glancing about on my
path.

In need of a friend and a guide;
here are dim little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears could be easily dried;
at Jesus may beckon the children away,
In the midst of their grief or their glee;
All any of these, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

may be brought there by the manifold grace
Of the Saviour, who loves to forgive;
so I bless not the hungry ones near to my
side,
Only pray for myself while I live.
at I think I should mourn o'er my selfish
neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be—
no one should stand at the beautiful gate,
Waiting and watching for me.

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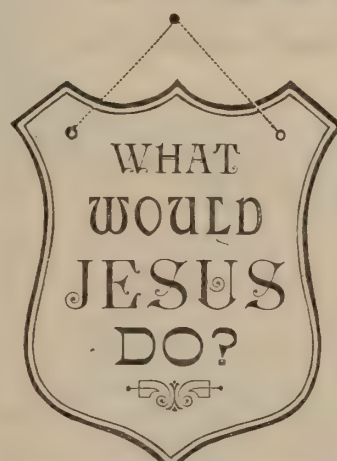
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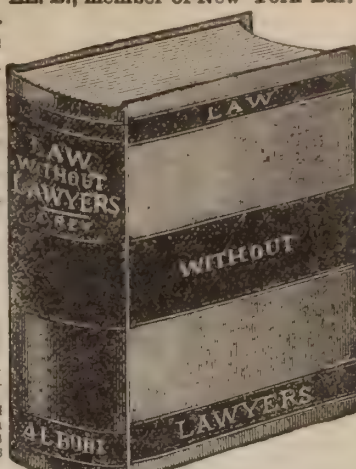
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The Watered Lilies.

2 COR. IV. 7.

The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered,
"This shall do my work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him.

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty;
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labor had not been vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before."

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water His flowers again."

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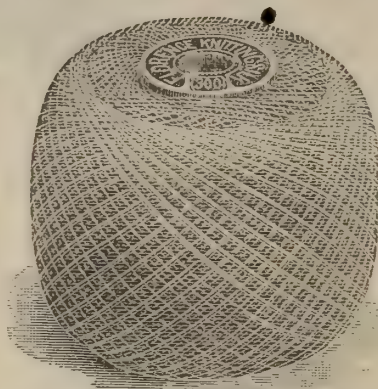


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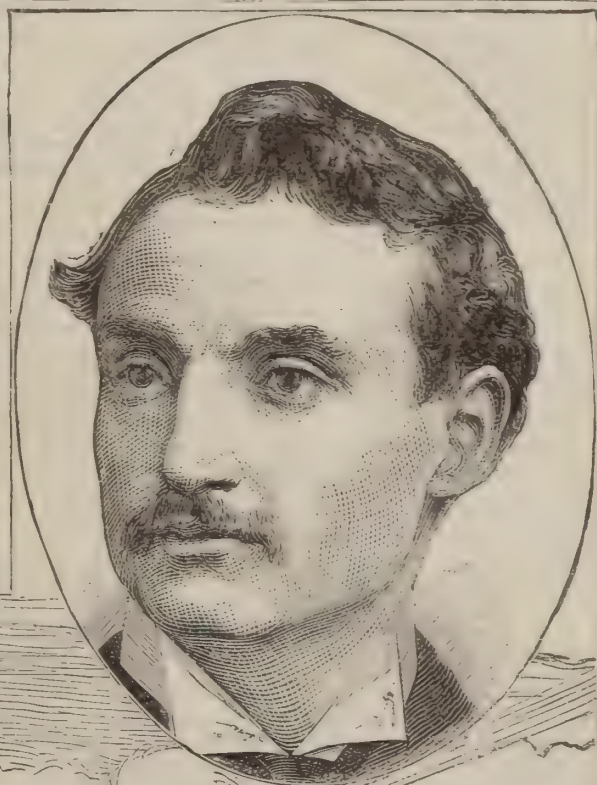
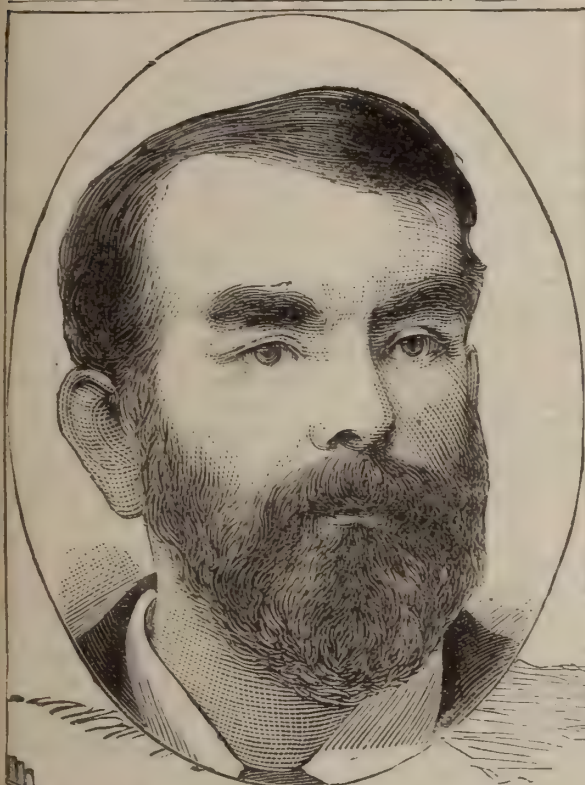
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Mr. John Burns and Mr. B. Tillett, Leaders of the Strike in the London Dockyards—The Scene at the Docks.

THE GIGANTIC STRIKE OF LONDON DOCK LABORERS; 100,000 MEN OUT.

MENTION was made in our news columns of September 4 of the strike of the men who load the ships at the London docks. We now give a picture of the scene outside the entrance to the docks, and portraits of the two men who are most prominent in organizing and directing the strike—*Mr. John Burns*, the Socialist leader, and *Mr. Benjamin Tillet*, the Secretary of the Dock Laborers' Union. Burns is in many respects a remarkable man, possessing the qualities which fit him to be a leader among his fellows. He is a son of Alexander Burns, an Ayrshire engineer. He is thirty-one years of age, and is a teetotaler. He was partly educated at Christ Church School, Battersea, and has profited much from night study. He went as a lad to Price's Candle Factory, but left it to become an engineer, in which capacity he has served on board ship, and in many parts of England. He was working as a mechanical engineer at Hoe's Printing Machine Works when Battersea did him the honor to elect him to the London County Council a short time ago.

The Strikers

appeal to the public sympathy because of the helplessness of their condition. They belong to one of the lowest strata of unskilled labor, and as any man can do their work, their places can always be easily filled. The directors of the docks have, therefore, been able to reduce their wages to the lowest point at which human life can be supported. Only starving men accept the wages they pay, and all that can be said for them is that they are slightly better than starvation. A philanthropist, who before the strike interested himself in them, thus describes them: These men have no regular employment, and know no trade. Among them are many who have sunk from much more exalted positions. They go to the docks, where men are employed by the day, without questions as to character, to do very rough work. There are thousands of these men in London, and a large proportion of them have fallen into their present condition through drink. Others have been the victims of "sheer misfortune," while others have fallen through sickness or loss of character. *Some have been schoolmasters, or gentlemen who have spent fortunes, or have been in good conditions of life. From the dock gates they, too, often drift to the almshouse, to die in the infirmary.*

Their Grievances

are very real. The pay is *ten cents an hour*, and in order to get work the men must be at the dock gates very early in the morning, and wait there for hours to be first among the hundreds of applicants, not one-fourth of whom will be needed. Years ago there was work and to spare for all who applied, and wages were high. But partly on account of the general depression in trade, partly through speculative blunders committed by the dock companies, partly through the removal of the shipping to northern ports on account of the enormous charges of the London docks, caused by the greediness of landowners who own the land on which the docks are built, and charge high rents, the London docks can pay no dividends except by getting the work done at starvation rates. A revelation of one feature of the grievance was made a short time ago before a Parliamentary Committee. It was stated that the Dock Companies did not directly employ the men, but dealt with contractors, who had to get their margin of profit between the low prices paid by the companies and the starvation prices paid to the men. When this revelation was made, the leaders of the labor movement, seizing the opportunity, vigorously prosecuted a campaign in the East End, and fanned the embers of discontent until the dockmen, roused from the lethargy induced by their sordid surroundings, submitted to the guidance of Burns, their champion, and other active spirits, their concerted action leading to the present strike. This was only done slowly, but the continuance of the strike shows it was done effectually. The men

were induced to make a stand, and they have held together with wonderful unanimity. In addition to this, other workers, more remotely connected with the labor, have helped them by striking too, so as to further embarrass the Dock Companies and compel them to surrender. So

The Strike

gathered strength and volume day by day until 100,000 men were out. In nearly every branch of labor connected with the loading and unloading of shipping, the men ceased work. The movement fairly paralyzed the export and import trades of the city, and at one time was believed seriously to threaten an interference with the metropolitan supply of food and coal. Cargoes of meat, fruit, Ostend rabbits, eggs and butter, vegetables and other things, were rotting in the ships lying in the river, because no one was willing to unload them. Five hundred emigrants bound for New Zealand in the *Ruapehu* were lodged in a home until the vessel could get its cargo. The General Steam Navigation Company's boats were all stopped. The great Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Khedive*, about to set out for India, was also detained, and arrangements were made by the company to embark and disembark at Southampton instead of going to the Thames. Day by day the strikers held a mass-meeting, where Mr. Burns and Mr. Tillet reported progress, and encouraged the men to hold out until their demands were conceded. Frequent interviews were held with the Joint Committee of the amalgamated docks, and with several of the chief directors, and though they promised small concessions, they declared that they would hold out "for a thousand years" before they would give in to the men in

Their Two Chief Demands

—first, that they should abolish the middleman contractor, who "sweats" them down to starvation wages, and should employ the men directly under responsible foremen; and secondly, that the rate of pay for all men should be twelve cents per hour instead of ten, with sixteen cents an hour overtime. The men's demands seemed from the outset to be so reasonable, considering the kind of work they have to do, that they enjoyed the sympathy of the public—the sympathy not only of fellow-workingmen, but also of tradesmen, of large city merchants, of the wharfingers, who employ exactly the same class of labor on the terms the men desired to obtain, and even of the majority of the shipowners, who publicly censured the dock companies. Day by day, too, huge processions of 30,000 to 50,000 men marched through the streets without disorder, and showing by their demeanor the justice of their cause.

Efforts at Mediation

were made by influential men. Mr. Sydney Buxton, M. P., Mr. Albert Spicer, Cardinal Manning, and Protestant clergyman of all denominations united in appealing to the Dock Companies to grant the reasonable demands of the men. The chief obstacle was the obstinacy of Charles Morgan Norwood, Chairman of the Dock Companies. Norwood is exasperated that low common "hands" should dare to strike, and he will not give in, though the opinion of the entire press and people is against him. He would sooner see the commerce of London ruined, and the shipping companies and dock owners forced into bankruptcy, and the families of the strikers driven to starvation, than acknowledge himself beaten. Norwood was formerly a well-known member of Parliament. He has always called himself a Liberal, but has often voted with the Tories, and naturally enough followed Chamberlain into the Liberal Union camp. He is in appearance the embodiment of well-fed and arrogant capitalism, and has always treated and considered workingmen as a lower order of beings. Consequently it is scarcely to be wondered that he refuses, even at tremendous cost, and in spite of tremendous responsibility, to give way to the demands of the strikers. Repeatedly the negotiations ap-

peared to promise a settlement, but always there arose the one demand that the companies would not grant. This was the claim for twelve instead of ten cents an hour; and as the leaders of the men declared that this advance was vital and could not be given up, the negotiations had to be abandoned. Each time a great deal of disappointment was naturally felt, but the spirit of the men appeared unshaken, and they were as determined and enthusiastic as ever.

Relief Work

has been attempted in view of the sufferings of the starving men. London Nonconformist ministers have invited the churches throughout the country to contribute to a fund for feeding the strikers. *The Rev. M. Baxter* has opened two large food depots—one in Naval Row, Blackwall, and the other in Woodstock Street, East London, where food and provisions are sold at nominal prices to applicants certified to be in need through the strike; and other philanthropists and clergymen are helping in various ways. Among those who have rendered timely aid to the "strikers' wives and children by supplying them with food, etc., may be mentioned, the Rev. W. Chadburn, of Poplar; Revs. Mr. Hurdall and Archibald G. Brown, of Bow; Mr. Charrington, at the Great Assembly Hall; Dr. Barnardo; and Peter Thompson, the well-known Wesleyan "missioner."

The Miseries of the Poor

families involved in the strike warrant all these efforts and more. "The women are against the strike," said an East-End clergyman. "Poor souls! it is theirs to pinch and to suffer, and to see the home, and the little bits of trinkets, and the wearing apparel slowly accumulate at the pawnshop, and the bill mount up at the grocer's, the baker's, and none of the excitement of big meetings, and rousing speeches, and monstre processions to bear up the flagging spirits. In many a humble home the anxiety and worry are intense." The clergyman just referred to spoke of one man who had just been to get an order for a hospital. One or two of his children had lately been smitten with typhoid fever, and now another had contracted some affection of the brain. Here was a little house full of sickness and sorrow, and on the top of all this came the stern summons to turn out on strike, and with the employer's assurance that nobody who went out would be permitted to return. This is but one of a great host of unobserved sufferers in the terrible hurly-burly.

The suffering extends to other classes, notably to the small storekeepers, whose customers the strikers are. And yet these storekeepers whose business is suspended by the strike have only words of sympathy for the strikers. "It makes my blood boil," exclaimed one man, who as a small storekeeper among the dock-laborers necessarily knew a good deal of their circumstances—"it makes my blood boil to see what many of these poor fellows have to put up with through that sweating contract system." He was most earnest in his sympathy with the men on strike against this system, though he said his trade had fallen off most alarmingly in consequence of the turn-out. "My shop might as well be closed," said another; and he proceeded to point out how the strike was spreading all around him. Just over yonder was an oil-mill, at which ordinarily a hundred hands were employed. The seed from which the oil was crushed was lying, paid for, in the docks, but on account of the strike couldn't be got at, and out of the hundred men usually engaged only six were then at work.

Meanwhile the shopkeepers around were standing idly at their doors, despondently watching the course of events, and discussing the news that filtered out. "Don't know what'll be the end of it all, I'm sure," said a woman who kept a little green-grocery and fruiterer's store, sighing deeply as she spoke. "This ought to be a busy time with me, and I ain't doing half as I usually do. The coffee shops as I serve ain't taking anything. What do I serve 'em with? Why, potatoes and cabbage, and fruit for pud-

din's." "And aren't their customers eating anything now?" "I s'pose not. I don't see how they can be if they ain't in work," was the doleful reply.

A Problem

is presented by all this suffering which demands the thoughtful, prayerful consideration of the Church of Christ. It is not confined to Europe but equally concerns Christians in this country, where in every great city there are thousands of persons who, by the hardest of hard toil, can barely provide food and clothing for themselves. That problem is to devise a radical remedy for the miseries of the poor. The conditions are too complicated to be met by charity, which after all is but a temporary and feeble expedient. What they demand is justice. The poor who toil to produce the world's wealth have been long enough defrauded of their share of it. The rich have taken it and lavished it upon themselves to their own hurt. Enough is earned for the maintenance of all, and if it were fairly distributed, every toiler would enjoy his proper share. Statesmen and legislators are indifferent to the wrong, but the followers of Christ should not be unconcerned. To whom should the oppressed look for a champion in the struggle if not to the followers of Him who loved them so well as to die for them. The man who must steal or starve, the woman who must sin to live, does not fall unseen of God, and when inquisition is made for blood, it will not be sufficient to answer, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Let the Church give a truce to conflict on abstruse questions of doctrine, and see if some new social system cannot be devised which shall secure to every man the share of this world's good to which his labor entitles him.

THE DAYS OF NOAH.

By Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson.

It is told of Philip Henry that visiting unexpectedly one of his parishioners he found him busy tanning. Taken by surprise, the man exclaimed, in some confusion, "I am ashamed you should find me in this state." "I trust," was the wise answer, "that when my Master comes He will find me as I have found you, about my lawful business." Thus are we to be ever ready against the Lord's return, whenever it shall be. But none the less are we to watch for the signs taking heed to the sure word of prophecy as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the Day-star arise.

"As the days of Noah were, so shall the coming of the Son of man be." (Matt. 24:37.) Our Lord is still replying to the question of His disciples: "What shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the age?" Surely it ought to make men thoughtful when they are told that the end shall be precisely as it was at the time of the Flood.

No Expectancy, No Readiness,

no fear, no alarm, in view of coming judgment. So now everything seems going on regularly and quietly, as in all the centuries between Christ and the present day, yet, when all is in peace and safety, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the lightning shineth out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of man be." The characteristic of the last days will be thoughtlessness, prosperity, careless, easy, joyous living, without one thought of impending doom. So around us, at present, everything indicates a great period of worldly prosperity, but in such a time of a glad heart and careless joy shall be the hour of judgment. "For as in the days of Noah . . . so shall the coming of the Son of man be."

But here Christ tells us something of the state of Christendom; that is, the vast majority of professing Christian men. "Iniquity shall abound, and the love of many shall wax cold." The hope of His coming has become vague and indistinct, faith decreases, errors abound; and hence the overwhelming majority will get exactly into the condition of men in the days of Noah, when, notwithstanding his faithful and solemn warnings, they were "eating and drinking, mar-

rying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away." All the time they had before them the ark in building, a standing witness and warning, but they comforted themselves, as men do still, that since the beginning all things continue as they were. So many now ask, Where, then, is the promise of His coming? Let us read

The Primeval Story

in the light of Christ's words, Two seeds at the beginning, Seth and Cain, the godly and the ungodly. The ungodly building a city, endeavoring to make the world comfortable, settling down in it as a permanent and happy home; surrounding themselves with all enjoyments and delights, and caring nothing for God. The godly seed, on the other hand, began to call upon God. By and by they became mixed. Did the godly convert the ungodly? Nay, it was the other way; until in due time the descendants of Seth became as the descendants of Cain, and only the family of Noah remained righteous before God. And, even in this family, one son was saved for his father's sake, not for his own. Thus, in a short period, the world became so corrupt and vile that nothing could cleanse it but judgment and death. By the command of the Lord, Noah prepared an ark to the saving of his family; and during the hundred and twenty years the ark was building, men were admonished of coming woe, yet they continued joyous, gay, bright, and thoughtless, indifferent to all warnings, up to the very hour Noah entered into the ark, and the Lord shut him in. When judgment burst they saw their folly, but it was too late. As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the end. Men are warned solemnly, the Bible is full of threatenings, and they will be warned to the end, yet men will not believe it, nor give heed.

Next, our Lord used two illustrations. The first is that of a thief. But is not such a simile degrading? Well, we would not, perhaps, venture to apply it; but our Lord Jesus Christ Himself applies it. "If the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up; therefore

Be Ye Also Ready,

for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Similarly we read in one of the Epistles (1 Thess. 5): "The Lord cometh as a thief in the night; for when they say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape." "But," it is added, "ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief: ye are all the children of the light, and the children of the day." We, therefore, are not in darkness as to the coming of the Lord, and that event should not come upon us as a thief in the night. We know He is coming by the signs He has given us.

Then we have the brief parable of the two servants, the faithful and the unfaithful, the wise and the careless, the watchful and the unwatchful. Here, again, we have the two classes in Christendom, in the professing Church: those who wait and work for their absent Lord, and those who have ceased to wait and to work.

The Wicked Servant

says: "My Lord delayeth His coming. It is far off, not nigh at hand. Many years have intervened between His departure and now. Many things are to happen ere His return, and I need not be uneasy." So he reasons. Such a thought is very hurtful, and I do not wonder that we find it frequently leading to other and erroneous views on fundamental matters. If He is not coming, we need not be so careful; there is no special reason for diligence and faithfulness. The servant who says his Lord delays His coming does not long for it, does not desire His presence, does not, in fact, truly love Him in heart. A loving, loyal heart cries, "Come, Lord Jesus," for only at His coming will death be defeated, and every enemy destroyed by the brightness and glory of His appearing.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Socinian's Mistake.—Dr. Pentecost said: "A few years ago, when walking across the Common in Boston, I met a friend, who was a fine man in every way, but he was a Unitarian. He did not believe that Jesus was the Son of God manifest in the flesh, but only that He was a good man, the best man that ever lived. He did not seem to be quite at ease in his belief, for upon every possible occasion he entered into conversation with me about it. As I had a small travelling-bag in my hand, and he had the same, he said to me, 'Where are you going, Pentecost?' 'To New York,' I replied. 'So am I,' said he; 'how are you going?' 'By the Providence route,' said I. 'Oh! I am sorry,' he answered; 'I am going by the Fall River line. I wish we could have travelled together, but I have my ticket.' 'I am sorry, too,' I said; 'I should have liked to go with you, but it is too late now, for I have my ticket, too.' 'Well,' he said; 'we shall get in about the same time, I suppose.' Then, after a pause, he added, 'What would you think of my intelligence if I declared that if you did not go by the same line as I you would not get to New York at all, when you can get this way or any of these other ways?' and he named over nine different routes by which a traveller could go from Boston to New York. 'Is it not just the same to say that if I do not go to heaven by the way of believing on Jesus Christ, I cannot get there at all? By Jesus is a good way, and if you want to go by that way I do not object, but I am going by the way of the Father's mercy.' 'It is all right, if we both get there,' I replied; 'but the difference is, that while there are nine ways to New York, there is only one way to heaven, and that way is Christ, and there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved.'

A Life Saved by a Match.—Some Time Ago a young man was out on one of the Western prairies of America. Gold had been discovered in the Rocky Mountains, and that young man, like many others, had given up his occupation that he might seek his fortune there. He disposed of his effects, bought a little pony, and with his pack strapped upon it, started for Pike's Peak. About the end of the second day's journey he came to the verge of our vast prairies overgrown with grass. It was a fine November day, and he started across, getting on well until about noon; then the sky became overcast, the sun was shut out, and the snow fell thick and fast. This continued until about 4 o'clock, when the snow was falling in great thick flakes, and all appearance of a road was obliterated. Then it occurred to him that he might not be in the pathway that led across the prairie. He looked around, but all he could see was one vast level plain of snow. He had neglected to provide himself with a compass, and so did not know if he were going east, west, north, or south. He began to beat his arms to make the blood circulate, but he felt the deadly chill creeping over his heart. He who had scoffed at religion, it seemed, was now about to die. At the awful thought he leaped from his horse, tore up the prairie grass, shook it free from snow, and putting under it some dry paper from his pocket, took out his last match, for he had used all the others in lighting his pipe. It was of little intrinsic value, yet he would not have sold it for all the gold in the Rocky Mountains. It was all that stood between him and death and perdition. He drew it across his coat-sleeve, and his heart almost stood still as he saw the little blue flame flicker, but it revived. Again it was almost out, but he saved it. Then the paper caught alight, and soon a fire was kindled, and by its means his life was saved. The match was of little account to him before. It would not have troubled him if he had lost it; but in that crisis of his life there was nothing so precious. That is how a man feels about Jesus whom he may have despised, when he realizes that nothing else stands between him and hell.

THE CITY STREETS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday,
September 15, 1889.

"Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." Prov. 1: 20.

Tufts of Truth Between Cobble-stones—The Voices of the Streets—I. The Cry of Toil and Struggle—The Lay of Industry—Cries of the Burdened—Rewards for the Sympathetic—II. The Protest Against Wicked Exclusiveness—A Common Meeting-Place—The Democratic Gospel—III. The Cry of the Tempted—Sharp-Shooting in Business Life—IV. The False Note of Sham—V. The Appeal for Charity—An Orphan Boy's Despair—A Girl Waiting on the Battery—VI. The Song of Hope.

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star, in the great harmonies of the universe. The spring-time is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love; and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature; but how

Few Learn Anything

from the voices of the noisy and dusty street! You go to your merchandise, and your mechanism, and to your work, and you come back again—and often with an indifferent heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobble-stones, beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of old age, and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped; and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is

A Scene of Toil

and struggle. By 10 o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smoke-stacks, and a-rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets, on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms, and thousand eyes, and thousand feet, goes on singing

Her Song of Work!

work! work! while the mills drum it, and the steam whistles fife it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity, with stern brow and with up-lifted whip, stands over them ready whenever they relax their toil to make their shoulders sting with the lash. Can it be that, passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business, you do not learn anything of the world's toil and anxiety and struggle? Oh, how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles travelled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitude

went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid; tossed and turned aside, and dashing ahead, and driven back—

Beautiful in Its Confusion,

and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man. Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the suffering, all the bereavements, of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all-sympathetic God. Then in the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry, and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman," and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry and ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the streets, ye did it to me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all

Classes and Conditions

of society must commingle. We sometimes cultivate a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sun-burned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head, and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be so. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are

Compelled to Meet

on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Independence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh! that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the Maker of them all." I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs; whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed by the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven.

Infinite Temptations

spring upon us from these places of public course. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness, and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation

to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons and strong drink, what allurements to dissipation! In the maelstroms of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes back from a battle, and is towed into the navy-yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man—more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of

The Sharp-Shooting of Business

life, and yet sails on, victor over the temptation of the street. Oh! how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished. They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an axe, I could split open the beams of that fine house perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of the poor man's sweat. Oh! is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses, he is disturbed with indigestion? All the force of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquake to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed, some of the brightest will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of

Pretensions and Sham.

What subterfuge, what double-dealing, what two-facedness! Do all the people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down these streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that much of society is hollow, and that there are subterfuges and pretensions?

Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops simper, and fools chuckle, and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh. The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things, not to create in you incredulity and misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem, but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great

Field for Christian Charity.

There are hunger and suffering, and want and wretchedness, in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in

defiance: "No, sir; I can't read, nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him? and haven't I had to go along the street to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks? and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders, and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read, nor write neither." Oh, these

Poor Wanderers!

They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means; and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way, and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest, when Christ's chariot comes along, the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am

Waiting for Somebody

to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week, and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, my dear; though I am gone, and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie; she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." Oh yes, they are waiting for you. Men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are

Looking Forward.

I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet between here and Brooklyn Bridge, or walking the whole length of Broadway. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets, I hear the tramp of a great host marching, and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world populous and tremendous. Through God's mercy, may you reach that blessed place!

A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep, and they never toil. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and the trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage bend their branches to dip the crystal. No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are! They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it to-day! Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, take up your march to heaven. "The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

THE LATE HON. S. S. COX.

(See portrait on page 694.)

THE intelligence that Samuel S. Cox was dead produced general regret throughout the country last week. Mr. Cox was personally loved and respected wherever he went, and not even in the excitement of political life did he make personal enemies. He counted some of his warmest friends among his political opponents, and these now are among the most sincere mourners over his death. His bright, genial nature was never soured by opposition, which seemed rather to stimulate his powers of humor to convince and conciliate his opponents. In a world in which the sad and dolorous elements preponderate, so cheery a being as "Sunset" Cox will be missed.

Mr. Cox was nearly sixty-five years of age when he died on September 10. He was born at Zanesville, Ohio, on September 30, 1824. His grandfather was General James Cox, of the Revolutionary army, who fought at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and his father was Ezekiel Taylor Cox, who was long a prominent politician of Ohio and a member of the Senate of that State in 1832 and 1833. His mother was the daughter of Samuel Sullivan, who was Treasurer of the State of Ohio in 1818, and about whose stern integrity and strength of character many anecdotes are still told by the older people of that State.

The family was poor, and young Cox, one of twelve children, soon found that his advancement would depend on his own exertions. When he finished his course at Ohio University, at Athens, Ohio, he was anxious to go to Brown University. Funds could not be had from home, so he secured board at two dollars a week and maintained himself at the University by writing for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, of New York, and other publications. He graduated in 1846, and at once began the practice of law. He soon became noted for the thoroughness of his legal knowledge and for his skill in convincing a jury. In 1850 he decided to suspend his practice for a time, to take a tour in Europe. On his return he published a fascinating story of his travels, under the title of *A Buckeye Abroad*, which had a wide circulation. He did not resume his law practice, but bought the *Ohio Statesman*, a successful journal published at Columbus, and made it the best Democratic organ in the State.

Mr. Cox was an ardent supporter of Franklin Pierce for the Presidency, and his services were recognized after the election by the appointment of Secretary of Legation in London. This he declined, but subsequently accepted a similar post at Lima, Peru. In 1856 he returned and ran for Congress. He was elected by the Columbus District, and was successively re-elected through all the stormy period between that date and 1865. He was a staunch supporter of the Union and of the measures for prosecuting the war. His party honored him in 1863 by making him its nominee for the speakership, which was, however, won by Schuyler Colfax. After 1865 Cox quitted Ohio for New York, and devoted himself to literary work. He produced his famous work, *Eight years in Congress*, in 1868, and that year New York sent him back to the House. Before taking his seat, however, he travelled through southern Europe and northern Africa, which he described in another work entitled, *A Search for Winter Sunbeams*.

At the expiration of his Congressional term he was re-elected, in 1870, over Horace Greeley, the Republican candidate, and was nominated in 1872 as the Congressman at large from New York State. He headed his ticket, but was not elected. However, in the following spring he was elected to fill the vacancy made by the death of James Brooks, and after that elected and re-elected again, at one time with only forty-one votes against him. During his service in Congress he was assiduous in his duties, giving his attention not so much to party measures, as to those which he deemed beneficial to the nation at large. One of the most important

of these was the Life-Saving Service, which was established mainly through his persistent efforts. This Service has already been the means of saving 13,000 lives and many million dollars worth of property.

In 1885, much to the regret of his District, Mr. Cox accepted the appointment which Mr. Cleveland offered him of Minister to Turkey. He was attracted mainly by the fascination which that country had for him, but his diplomacy, which continued only one year, was successful in producing an impression highly favorable to America on the Sultan's mind, and led to the beginning of the concessions to United States mission schools which they still enjoy. On his return Mr. Cox was re-elected to Congress, and was again re-elected last fall. Lately he made a trip to the new States and on his return was announced to give the result of his observations in a lecture entitled "Wonderland." It was to have been given on September 10, but when the audience assembled, the announcement was made that the lecturer was gone to another "Wonderland," from which there is no return. Besides the books previously mentioned, Mr. Cox wrote *Why we Laugh*, which is his best-known book, and is a study of American humor; also *Arctic Sunbeams*, and *Three Decades of Federal Legislation*.

MOBBING A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

MR. James, an agent of the China Inland Mission, writes from Yamen: "We arrived late in the evening of April 10, and spent it quietly. Next day reports were thick of threatened evil. Thinking that one was as good as twenty for defence if they meant any harm, and also that if they saw only one at the house it might be better, we decided that Brother Lawson and Hwang should go off for a few days' journey. That night papers, blue, red, white, and yellow, were posted thickly over the town. These contained a number of slanderous reports, calling upon the scholars to smash up our house, and turn out the foreigners. Next morning (12th) the scholars began to come at 9 A. M., and continued coming till noon. Gradually I became aware of some half-dozen who were restless; these came in and out, and spoke insultingly, pulled about the scrolls; eventually they demanded admission to the back into the other rooms. This I was forced to allow, going in with them. Soon they began to show their true errand, for smash went the lamps—over went the tables—down came the windows. It was time for me to get out; remaining in the hall was for only a short moment, for no sooner were the things destroyed or stolen, than the house had to go, and with a thousand men I could do nothing. Soon came the cry for the foreigner. I therefore had to fly, and came on here as quickly as possible. Arriving here, I was put in hiding by the head secretary, Yao Ta-yeh. After some two hours the mob came seeking the foreigner, and demanding of Mr. Yao that I should be given up. Then they searched the whole place, and I had to come out. Taking me by the queue some slapped my face, others kicked, and some struck me on my head with umbrellas. Then, taking me some four *li* in the rain, hatless, to the examination hall, they tried to force it, and put me in as their prisoner, before the magistrate. After a time some persuaded them to release me, and let me stay at the Ya-men, and two days hence see what further should be done. This morning I am far from feeling like running away, but apart from head-ache and a few head-bumps, I am all right."

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev

M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 71 Bible House, New York.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

The Unrecalled Law of God About Spiritualism—A Subtle Temptation Addressed to the Higher Nature—Superlatively Abhorrent to God—Saul's Measure of Iniquity Filled Up—His Prayers Unanswered—A Witch Sought For—Desire to Speak with Samuel—The Warning of Approaching Death—His Last Night Spent in Disobedience to God.

"THERE shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord doth drive them out from before thee." (Deut. 18: 10-12.) Such is the unrecalled law of God regarding spiritualism. Yet, with an open Bible, and with the gospel preached everywhere, men have the temerity to dare God in the present day by reviving and practicing occult arts, tampering with the unseen world, and

Seeking to Outwit God

by discovering secrets through the agency of spirits! And this abominable sin has been dignified by being called a science, and goes by the name of spiritualism! The natural desire to pry into the future, which exists in every heart which is not yet subject to God, led men in very early times to incline to superstition and witchcraft. Satan has temptations which assail the body, but he has also such as assail the soul, *i. e.*, the affections and will. But beyond these he has temptations which are addressed to our highest nature, the spirit. There is in every thinking man a consciousness of how limited his existence is, circumscribed by his body and the necessities of his earthly life, subject to the changes of climate and of age, and yet with aspirations after the infinite. Every man possesses the instinct to which Satan addressed himself in Eve when he said, "As soon as ye eat of it ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." God has made provision, in His wondrous gift of eternal life, for this craving of our nature, "but the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. 2: 11.) But the natural man refuses to allow that he lacks the power to comprehend God, and thus he becomes the prey and the dupe of another spirit, the great enemy. Satan offers what God forbids, *i. e.*, the knowledge of good and evil, *apart from God*. Limited in his power and in his knowledge, as Satan certainly is, he cannot but dupe many of his disciples, but he has nevertheless succeeded in every age in producing a belief in witchcraft, necromancy (*i. e.*, dealing with familiar spirits, or questioning the dead), enchantments, &c. All this, which is comprised under modern spiritualism, was forbidden by God and called by Him an "abomination."

For what purpose could anyone want to know the future, except it were to guard himself from evil better than he thinks God can or will guard him? Why should he question the dead except he suspects that God's provision after death is not all which He promises? The whole system is a wicked, miserable defence against God, a fearful slur upon His love and goodness. Balaam sought unto enchantments (Num. 22: 7; 23: 23; 24: 1), but what for? In order

To Compel God to Curse His Own People for the sole object of Balaam's personal benefit in honors and riches from the King of Moab! Thank God, Satan's enchantments were powerless to succeed in such an undertaking. The wicked King Manasseh "observed times, and used enchantments, and used witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit, and with wizards; he wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord

to provoke Him to anger." (II Chron. 33: 6.) God hates all sin; but spiritualism, which enters largely into some of the modern-day heresies is specially abhorrent to Him.

Saul had nearly run his unenviable course. Samuel, the prophet, who so long had prayed for him, was dead, the Philistines were bent upon his destruction, and God did not hold them back; they had come up in large numbers, and pitched in Shunem, and Saul's army was gathered in Gilboa. It was to be a desperate encounter. Saul had all his forces, all Israel, gathered together. But "all Israel" came short of the true defence which Saul needed. David was satisfied to have none but God on his side, even if an host should encamp against him. (Ps. 27: 1-3.) Saul "was afraid" with all Israel at his back, and "his heart greatly trembled." As a last resource, he, who had been for years rebelling against God, and seeking to hinder His declared intentions to make David king, began to "inquire of the Lord." But Saul had gone too far. There is a point when a man has filled up the measure of his iniquity, and then no prayer will avail. (Isa. 1: 15; Mic. 3: 4.) "He will not be inquired of by them." (Ezek. 14: 1-5.) Saul might have learned lessons of mercy, but the day of his visitation was past by, now there was no more mercy for him. "The Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets." A man is in an awful case when he gets no answers to his prayers; cut off from God like Cain was when God had no respect unto him and to his offering. It is a terrible thing to trifle with God as Saul had done. He may have prayed Balaam's unanswered prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his" (Num. 23: 10), but most certainly he did not live the life of the righteous, and God's mercy is meant to save men from a sinful life on earth, not only from hell after death. He bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins should

Live Unto Righteousness.

(1 Pet. 2: 24.) Saul had thought, wickedly, that God was "such an one as himself." (Ps. 50: 21.) But he found Him a righteous, just, and holy God. What should he do next? He had put away out of the land those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards (doubtless by the counsel of Samuel). Should he, then, go back from his kingly word and seek to them himself? Poor wretched man! a slave to fear, forsaken by God, an insatiable desire to know the worst possessed him; suspense was more terrible than death; he lived his defeat already in his apprehensions, he went through his death throes in anticipation, and his lost soul had hell's restlessness upon it. He commanded his servants to seek him a woman with a familiar spirit, and they seem to have had no difficulty in discovering one who had evaded the law at Endor. The same constant desire to keep up appearances which had always possessed him led him to disguise himself. It was a dark errand, and he and two followers went by night. It was his last night on earth—an awful preparation for death, a fit preparation for hell!

In this day this woman would have been called a medium, one through whom demons can act and speak. There are many such to be found among the spiritualists, who communicate with the spirit world (undoubtedly lost spirits) and make known their communications. The disguised king requested that she would bring up to him whom he should name. The woman was timid at first, knowing that she was doing an unlawful act, since witchcraft and necromancy had been put down by law, and she suggested that her unknown visitor was laying a snare for her life. Saul swore by the Lord that no harm should happen to her. How strange that he who had trembled before the Philistines should not now have trembled to take the name of God upon his lips! She said, "Whom shall I bring up to thee?" and he answered, "Bring me up Samuel."

It is inconceivable that God would permit the

spirit of Samuel to be at the beck and call of a wicked woman like this; we can only believe that some demon took the form of Samuel. In any case, when the spirit began to be visible in the darkness, she screamed aloud, "Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul." The king reassured her, and asked, "What sawest thou?" She answered, "I saw gods (or judges) ascending out of the earth." And when Saul inquired what he was like, she described an old man covered with a mantle. And Saul fully believed that, through the agency of demons, the witch had procured him a real interview with the deceased prophet. It would require a great amount of faith, much more than it takes to believe in God, in order to accept that Samuel's spirit was thus subject to either Saul or the witch. But Saul believed it, and this answered his purpose and the witch's. Perhaps twenty-four hours later he may have been undeceived. Saul, who was in the habit of exacting reverence from others, bowed down before the supposed Samuel. The demon personating the prophet asked, "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" And the poor king told out the last chapter of his sad history: "I am sore disturbed, for the Philistines make war against me; God is departed from me and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do." Poor Saul! what idea could he have of a prophet of the Lord? Could he conceive that when God had so entirely turned His face away from him, any prophet would have power from God to help him? A prophet is not a prophet except as he is sent of God. He must cease to be a prophet if he goes on his own charges, or does anything independently of God. Saul seemed to seek in Samuel some refuge from the just judgment of God which was at hand. But oh how fruitlessly!

The spirit answered him, "Wherefore, then, dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee and is become thine enemy." The enemy of souls will give delusive hopes to those whom he dupes, as long as it suits his purpose, but he is also the author of hopeless despair. The supposed Samuel continued: "And the Lord hath wrought for Himself as He spake by me: and the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand and given it to thy neighbor, even to David. Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, and didst not execute His fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day." It was an awful blow. God and man and demons all bore the same testimony,

Saul must Fall before David.

But a further blow awaited him: "Moreover the Lord will deliver Israel also with thee into the hand of the Philistines; and to-morrow thou and thy sons shall be with me." (R. V.) "With me," surely not with Samuel, but with the demon who personated him, and who just once was telling the awful truth.

Saul had played a game in which the honor of God and his own soul's eternal welfare were at stake. For present honor, present reputation, present successes, he had departed from God and followed one long course of resisting Him. Again and again he had found himself the loser; yet with all the mania of a gambler he risked more and yet more, and never once gave in and yielded to God. And now the game was played, the die was cast; He had gained nothing; he had lost all, his last hope was gone. Called to reign for God, he had reigned for himself, and he must eat the fruit of his own way; he had resisted God, and God had prevailed.

Part of the teaching of spiritualism is vegetarianism, because animal food is thought to have a tendency to render the mind less susceptible to the influences of the spirit world. Jesus ate both flesh and fish. Saul had been taking no food, and he fell to the earth with the shock which the words of the spirit produced upon him. The witch saw the condition of collapse into which he had fallen, and fear-

* The International Sunday-school Lesson for September 29 is Review of the Quarter's Lessons, Temperance, or Foreign Missions.

ing perhaps that he might die, and that she might be charged with his death, she entreated him to take food. He refused, but the witch and his servants compelled him. It was his last meal received at the hands of a woman abominable in the sight of God: his last night was spent in the very act of consulting a familiar spirit, and it was a prelude to his last act, which was to take his own life! It is not without reason that history relates: "So Saul died for his transgression which he committed against the Lord, against the word of the Lord, which he kept not, and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of it, and inquired not of the Lord.

Therefore He Slew Him, and turned the kingdom unto David, the son of Jesse." (1 Chron. 10: 14.) "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God." There are things which it is not right for us to know. Let us have patience and trust our God. It is in the deepest love that He has hidden the morrow from us, and that He tells us, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." (Matt. 6: 34.) "Those things which are revealed belong to us and to our children for ever." Let us make use of all the revealed truth of God. This will fortify us against any "evil day" (Eph. 6: 13), and He will keep our souls in peace.

THE BEREAVEMENT OF PHARAOH.

ONE of the most interesting of recent discoveries in Bible lands is a number of inscriptions on Egyptian monuments referring to the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Some of these shed new light on that tragedy which finally broke the yoke from the neck of the Hebrews, and confirm the Bible narrative. The author of the Exodus contents himself with saying: "And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon." (Exodus 12: 29.) An article by John A. Paine in the September *Century*, contains translations of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, which show what a crushing calamity that must have been for Pharaoh. He was named Menephtah, and was the youngest son of the great Rameses, the Pharaoh of the Oppression. As Rameses lived to a great age, Menephtah was old when he began to reign, probably over sixty. He proved a weak, cowardly king, unlike his great father. He had one son, who was named Seti-Menephtah, the child of his old age, whom he idolized. In the eighth year of his reign there was a rebellion in Egypt, and Menephtah fled before it, taking his son, then five years of age, with him into Ethiopia. They remained there thirteen years, according to the records now deciphered. The Pharaoh's son was there carefully trained in the art of war, and developed extraordinary ability. In his eighteenth year he took command of the troops which had been faithful to his father, and had followed him into exile, and invaded Egypt.

Their journey was one of success from beginning to end. Seti-Menephtah distinguished himself at every point by a personal prowess that was irresistible; under his masterly generalship triumph followed closely upon the heels of victory. His opponents either were struck with instant death, or crushed under a heavier oppression, or driven before a wave of revolution and military glory that contrasted strangely with the imbecility of a dozen years before. Somewhere in Lower Egypt a final battle was now accepted, by which the rebels were completely re-subdued.

Either on his way down the Nile, or shortly afterward, Seti-Menephtah visited at Abu Simbel a colossal statue of his grandfather, Rameses II., and inscribed upon one side of it the purpose of his pilgrimage, which was:

"In order to render homage to the one who had given him valor."

This was a marked reflection upon his father. After their return Seti-Menephtah must have become regent, and probably a regent in more

than the usual sense of the word. The father remained real king and retained the throne—he was to be consulted on all important questions, his wish was to be law, his will supreme, his indorsement was essential as to policy—but the son was to execute. Moreover, by the results of that brilliant march to the sea the son had earned a share in the dominion, and was entitled to participation in the government of the emancipated country. This explains the singular phrase "the first-born of Pharaoh *that sat on his throne*."

His tomb has been found, and the inscription upon it shows that he acted as regent for only two years, which fixes his age at twenty when he died, a young man, not only of brilliant promise, but of brilliant achievements. The statue of him at his tomb represents him as a young man and there is not a statue of him in all Egypt as a man of mature years. Indeed in all representations of him he has the head-dress of a prince never as a Pharaoh, which shows that he died while his father lived. Besides this, his tomb was never finished, a clear indication that he died suddenly and unexpectedly. How long his father lived is not known. It is improbable that he went with his army into the Red Sea. Inscriptions on many monuments show that he was heart-broken by the loss of his son, and that he was never weary of celebrating his praises. Especially at Zoan he set up mementos of the fearless and accomplished young warrior who was his pride, and who went to sleep on that fatal night never to rise again. It is remarkable that at so late a day, when the veracity of the Bible is so vigorously assailed, these inscriptions confirming this narrative completely should have come to light.

A STRANGE WEDDING CUSTOM.

AT a recent meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions a letter was read from Miss Small, who is laboring in Siam, in which she described the wedding customs in that country. She said: A few weeks ago two of our young people were married—Duang, the medical assistant, and La, a young girl who has been brought up and educated by the mission. Both are exceptionally nice, and we think it an excellent match. Mr. McClure performed the ceremony in the chapel in the presence of a large company of people. There was a Siamese band present to discourse sweet music during all the intervals. Miss Cort led the groom and his three attendants into the chapel first, then I followed with the bride and bridesmaids. They first seated themselves on mats spread upon the floor for the purpose, but when Mr. McClure was ready to marry them they arose. The groom was self-possessed, but the bride was very shy—this, however, only made her appear the more charming. After the ceremony and congratulations were over they repaired to our veranda, and the Governor of Petchaburee *proceeded to give them a bath*, according to Siamese custom on wedding occasions. The bride and groom sat on the floor, and his Excellency dipped water from a jar and poured over their heads and shoulders, while he wished them joy and happiness and all sorts of good things. When he had finished, his two sons and two judges stepped forward, in turn, and performed the same ceremony. It is a very pretty custom for these people, who are so fond of the water, and to whom a bath is a luxury.

AN INFIDEL COUNT PRINTING BIBLES.

IN the course of some reminiscences of missionary work in Fiji which Mr. Convert related he said: When our printer failed in that far-off and out-of-the-way place we were in great difficulty, as a new edition of the New Testament, and other books, were urgently required. We sent for a man from London who would rough it, be content with the poor fare and small pay and hard work we were accustomed to, but such a man was not found. Then it came to pass that a French count, an infidel, who was wrecked from an American *beche de mer* vessel, was thoroughly awakened; and sought and found mercy and saving grace. He was completely

reformed and wished for employment with us. I taught him printing and book-binding, which he quickly learned; and just then, when we were in deepest need, he became a most efficient laborer with us. He could make sails, splice a rope, pull an oar, sail a schooner, floor a house, put in windows, make a door and fit it in. He became a teacher in our schools, and a good local preacher. The people felt that he loved them, and the best of our converts from any part of Fiji were cheerfully ready to settle down and work with him, so that we had a good staff of earnest and cheap workers in our printing and book-binding establishment. A new edition of the New Testament and all the books we required were well done and quickly supplied, helping on the work amazingly. A whole-hearted man like that was beyond all price. Had one been made to order on purpose for our needs and work, he could not have been better adapted. And the case proved to us the all-sufficiency of God's resources; and just at the right, the very best time, on the spot, the demand was supplied, and without any cost. Oh that we looked more to God for all we need!

GOSPEL WORK IN HAYTI.

THE Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Hayti sends to the *Spirit of Missions* an interesting account of the progress of gospel work in the island in the midst of the difficulties arising out of the civil war. He says: You have already heard that our mission buildings at Port-au-Prince were swept away in the great fire, which burnt out the heart of the city, kindled at mid-day by the torch of the political incendiary in the popular hall of the national legislature. By this dire calamity the work at the Haytian capital has been seriously crippled, in consequence of the base of our operations being thus broken up. We owe it to the Christian kindness of the Methodist congregation here, who have given us the use of their church edifice for our early Sunday morning service, that we have been able to meet here for worship at all.

Aside from the disaster to our mission property at the capital, and the circumscribing and localizing of the work at the missionary stations by the cutting off of communication between them, no circumstance has come to my knowledge, by which either of the combatants have interfered with the religious exercises of our missionaries, within the limits of their respective lines. On the contrary, after hostilities had begun at Mirebalais and Lascabobas, the Rev. H. Michel circulated freely from station to station in that district, of which he is Presbyterian in charge, and even went so far as to open a new station. The Rev. I. C. Cadiche, also, was permitted by the general-in-chief of the army cantoned at Thomonde to preach to the soldiers in camp; and it was amid the same warlike circumstances that he completed there the chapel for the use of his mission congregation. The same liberty, within the lines circumscribed by hostile warfare, has been enjoyed by our missionaries in the South, and in other localities of the West. I have no reason to think it has been otherwise with those in the North, from correspondence with whom I have now been cut off for the past nine months. The disaster which has happened to the congregation at Port-au-Prince, and the local isolation forced upon the work in other localities by the civil war, have not been destitute of compensating benefits. The Bishop had to seek refuge on the Church farm after the destruction of the parsonage by fire; and this led to the establishment of mission services in the rural section where the farm is situated. Under the blessing of God these services have been fruitful in the conversion of the chief sorcerer in that vicinity, and through the preached Word have made themselves felt as the power of God in that corner of the earth.

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OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Unpleasant Difficulty with Mexico threatens to disturb the harmonious relations under which it was hoped the Conference of Central and South American nations would meet. It arises out of the recent action of the Treasury Department in restricting the importation of silver-lead ores and imposing a discriminating duty upon Mexican goods imported in Mexican ships. This has provoked a retaliatory spirit on the part of Mexico, and a proposal to impose a like duty on goods imported into Mexico in American vessels. The duty levied by our customs officers is one of ten per cent. ad valorem in addition to the duties imposed by law on goods imported in American vessels. The Administration is not responsible for this discrimination. It is simply obeying a mandatory act of Congress, which fixes that rate of extra duty on importations from any country with which we have no special treaty. The injustice in the case of Mexico is evident, because the Mexican Government cordially negotiated a treaty and promptly ratified it; but it failed in our Congress. They naturally, therefore, feel indignant that, through no fault of their own, their goods are more heavily taxed than those of other nations. It is hoped that some means will be found for temporarily suspending this discrimination before Congress meets, or the Conference of Nations may be embarrassed at the outset by this difficulty.

The Announcement of the Resignation of "Corporal" Tanner, the Commissioner of Pensions, was made on September 12. The event has caused general surprise, especially as it appears that the President requested the resignation. It was understood that the President strongly endorsed Tanner's methods, and, when he was most violently assailed in the press this summer, wrote him that his conduct had been highly satisfactory, and that he need not be worried by hostile criticism. No reasons for the Commissioner's retirement have been made public except the vague one that there have been differences between him and Secretary Noble, which finally reached a stage in which the resignation of one of the two was inevitable. The general impression, however, is that Tanner was considered careless in acceding to the claims of pension agents. *There was no suspicion of corrupt motives.* The numerous vetoes of pension bills under the late Administration had led to an agitation which proved effective in the campaign last fall. Promises were then made which Tanner considered himself pledged to keep, and it is said that he has been imposed upon. His methods were so loose that some of the employees in the bureau related their own pensions. The increase in the payments had become so great that \$34,700,000 was paid out for pensions during July and August. This was one reason why Mr. Windom had to announce that the public debt had in-

creased during those months. There are now more pensioners on the list by 144,800 than there were in 1885. It is stated that the Government policy as to pensions will not be changed by Tanner's retirement, but more care will be exercised in scrutinizing the claims of the agents.

Indications of a Possible Settlement of the fisheries difficulty with Canada have increased of late. One of the most hopeful of these is contained in a press dispatch from Boston, Mass., which states that the opinions expressed there to the visiting Senate Committee are decidedly in the direction of friendly relations. This is the more noteworthy, because it was expected that Boston, of all places, besides Gloucester, would be the most opposed to a treaty. The committee, however, has heard a very decided utterance by several prominent business men in favor of reciprocity. More than one speaker directly urged the restoration of the treaty of 1854, which was distinctly one of reciprocity. Some qualified their adhesion to this view in various ways, as by asking a modification, at the same time, of "the Canadian tariff," or by proposing to "eliminate fish" from the list of articles in which reciprocity was to exist. But the noticeable feature of all the observations was the tendency to an agreement in some form with Canada, rather than the policy of retaliation favored by Congress.

The Future of Alaska is Regarded with Much enthusiasm by Colonel Canaday, who accompanied the Senate Sub-Committee on Indian Affairs to the Territory, and has just returned. In an interview with a *Tribune* reporter he said that he believed Alaska would prove as valuable an acquisition as California was in its early days. It is rich, he says, in its fisheries, its furs, its mines, and its forests. The fisheries are already productive. There are some twenty large canneries, or places where the fish are prepared for export. The chief fish caught and preserved are salmon and halibut. At Fresh Water Bay and Gilkoot there are large canneries. At the latter place 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 salmon have been caught this year. The Indians along the coast are employed in this lucrative business, which is growing. They catch the fish chiefly with hook and line. South of Wrangel the forests have some resemblance to those of southern British Columbia and Washington. Some magnificent specimens are found in southern Alaska. The timber industry promises to be an extremely important one in the Territory. But the great resource of Alaska in the future will be the mines. Most of the large mining interests are at Juneau. The Treadwell gold mine, on Douglas Island, opposite Juneau, produces \$250,000 per month. The tillable land is small, only about 5,000 acres in all.

A Terrible Storm Raged Along the Atlantic coast during several days of last week. It was the development of an ocean cyclone, which curved with a huge storm wave on the coast. Its first attack came on Tuesday with appalling suddenness and force, and it continued for forty-eight hours. For nearly one thousand miles along the coast, between Virginia and Halifax, the winds howled, and the rains descended, and the tides beat, with a combined fury never known in this latitude. It is impossible to estimate the damage done to summer-resort property, but it will reach far into the millions. At Coney Island and Atlantic City probably \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. This takes no account of a vast wreckage of shipping. This must have been enormous. From Wilmington, Del., alone news comes of the loss of many vessels, and the certain loss of fifty lives, which probably are but a small part of the whole. Of one hundred vessels which were in that harbor when the storm commenced, only two remained on Thursday. The others had either been wrecked or driven out to sea. Tidings of wreck come from all points, and the ghastly story is made worse by apprehensions of the disasters which must have occurred at sea and of which we shall know nothing. The non-arrival of vessels will be the only means of

estimating that loss. The life-saving crews did noble service going out to vessels in distress again and again, until they were so exhausted that peremptory orders were given to cease, lest in their weakness they too would be lost.

Further News of Mr. H. M. Stanley was received on September 13. A cable dispatch from Zanzibar says: "Henry M. Stanley, on leaving the basin of the Albert Nyanza, endeavored to make his way southward by passing to the west of Victoria Nyanza. He failed, however, in this attempt. He then went northward and reached the eastern shore of the lake. Emin Pasha accompanied him. After a long stay on the borders of the lake, awaiting supplies from Msalala and Tabora, Stanley, leaving Emin Pasha, marched in the direction of Mombasa. He is expected to reach the eastern seacoast about the end of October." The inference from this message is that Stanley failed to conciliate the King of Uganda, who was able to stop his way by his own power and that of dependent chiefs. Stanley would then have to make a long détour to the north, reaching the Victoria Nyanza again by a southern route. Emin appears to have waited with him in that precarious position, where he was liable to the attacks of the King of Uganda, until his provisions and stores arrived. It would appear that the two men then parted, Emin having apparently chosen to remain in his province, which he held when every other white influence had been blotted out. Signor Casati, the Italian explorer, probably remains with him, as he told Stanley last year that he intended to share the fortunes of Emin.

A Timely Warning to French Roman Catholic Bishops was issued last week by the Minister of Public Worship. It was evoked by a circular which the Bishop of Marseilles issued to the clergy of his diocese. The circular instructed the priests that any person voting at the ensuing elections for candidates who were not strict Roman Catholics committed a sin. This was so clearly a hint to them to put pressure on voters when they were in the confessional, that it was recognized by the Government as an improper and illegal interference with the liberty of the voter. The Government was the more incensed by it because of the fact that the interference would in most cases operate against Republicans and in favor of the monarchy. Minister Thévenet now warns the bishops that certain penalties are prescribed by the Penal Code, one of which exposes them at least to measures of repression at the hands of the Government, for priests who attempt to interfere with political matters, or to use spiritual authority as a pressure upon the conscience of their flocks. This is only one of many indications of the intense interest awakened by the coming struggle.

The Great Strike of Dock Laborers in London described on page 594 was settled on Friday last. The achievement appears to have been the work of Cardinal Manning, whose efforts to mediate throughout the distressing struggle have been unwearied. The pressure of public opinion was against the dock companies, and the press of all parties united in condemning their opposition to the reasonable demands of the men. The companies at length made the offer that if the men would resume work at once, the rate of wage should be advanced to 12 cents on January 1, 1890. This compromise the men rejected. Cardinal Manning then urged the companies to offer the advance for November 1, but they refused. They said it would cost them \$50,000 to pay the extra wage for two months. Proposals were made to raise the \$50,000 by public subscription. This proposal, which placed the directors in the humiliating position of replenishing their treasury by charity, appears to have had the desired effect, for, on Cardinal Manning renewing his mediation, they fixed the date of advance for November 4. These terms were promptly accepted by the men, and, to the relief of all London, the strike was declared off. The total loss to all parties by the strike is estimated at ten million dollars.

A Special Bible Conference is Shortly to be held at Baltimore, Md. A number of pastors of that city have requested the Rev. George C. Needham to call the conference, and to make the necessary arrangements. He is assisted by the Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore. Mr. Needham has issued about twenty invitations to eminent ministers, whose services as speakers he hopes to secure. It is hoped that the Conference may meet early in November, and that its influence will be stimulating to all who attend, leading to a widespread revival in the churches of the various States from which they may come. The subject will be the manifold ministry of the Holy Spirit.

A Lay College for Boston and its Vicinity has developed from the recent Bible Conference held at Crescent Beach, about five miles from that city. Its object is to help Christian young men who are desirous of engaging in Christian work, but have not had college training. The building cost \$20,000. It contains a hall capable of seating 600 persons, and a smaller hall for classes. Dormitories, dining-room, and kitchen are under the same roof. Dr. L. W. Munhall and Dr. A. T. Pierson were among the organizers of the enterprise. The list of lecturers includes Drs. A. J. Gordon, A. H. Plum, Emory J. Haynes, Prof. Luther S. Townsend and Rev. Joseph Cook.

A Farewell Meeting of Missionaries was recently held in New York. A number of missionaries sailed for Syria, on the *Servia*, on September 7. They were Professor H. Porter and wife, returning to the college at Beirut; Miss E. D. Everett, returning to the Beirut Female Seminary; Rev. G. S. Watson and wife, going out to the Syrian Mission; a daughter of Rev. Dr. Post, returning to Syria; and two young men, Mr. Walker and Mr. Day, who have just been set apart to the Syrian work. A farewell meeting was held in the Presbyterian Mission Rooms, to bid them good by. Among the speakers was Dr. Albert Erdman, who has recently visited the field. He encouraged them by saying that his personal observations convinced him that Syria was one of the most promising fields of service.

A Desperate Race with Fire Took Place in Montana on September 8. For some days previous, reports of forest fires had reached the St. Regis district, in Missoula County. Clouds of smoke, too, could be seen in the distance, but on one of the ranches a man and his wife remained, attending to their usual business. But on Sunday night flames were visible near at hand. Then no time was to be lost. Leaving their property, the man and woman mounted the swiftest horses they had and raced for their lives. The fires were fanned by a fierce wind, and spread with frightful rapidity. The fugitives steered for the river, and as they rode, the heat increased until their clothes were burned on their backs. Happily their horses quickened their speed through terror, until at last they plunged into the river and were safe. It was a narrow escape, and when their fate was still uncertain they must have wished they had not delayed their flight so long. But that is a common failing. In the still more momentous matters of the soul, when delay involves the risk of a doom more terrible than the forest fires, it is difficult to persuade men to fly to Christ for refuge. (Luke 16: 28-31.)

A Newspaper was Charged with Murder in New York last week by the relatives of a deceased physician. A short time ago the *World* published an article announcing that it had discovered the hiding-place of Dr. David Tilton Brown, who was for twenty years manager of the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane. It also gave a picture, which it said was a portrait of the doctor, and an interview with him. It stated that he was suffering from aberration of mind, and hinted that he was the victim of a love of fast horses and billiard playing. The article happened to fall into the doctor's hands and it caused him poignant distress. He said he was "a disgraced man," and could not survive the "ignominy" cast upon him. Finally it led to

acute melancholia, and on September 7 he hanged himself. One of his relatives said that the *World's* reporter never saw the doctor, never interviewed him, did not give his portrait, but that of the village minister, and his story did not contain hardly one truthful statement. "We have no hesitation," he said, "in saying that the *World* murdered the doctor." Perhaps before making so grave a charge a little hesitation would have been advisable. The law does not call a man a murderer unless he intended to kill, and no one supposes the *World* meant to cause the doctor's death. It could not foresee the consequences of slandering him. To do so would have required sense, and the wise king says, "He that uttereth a slander is a fool." (Prov. 10: 18.) Even fools, however, should be warned when they see the results of their wrong-doing, or they may suffer the awful penalty which God threatens those with who "love lying rather than to speak righteousness." (Ps. 52: 2-6.)

A Bishop's Antipathy to Foreigners was forcibly expressed in Chicago on September 9. The Methodist ministers of that city met to listen to Bishop J. P. Newman's account of his trip through the Southern States. In the course of his remarks he spoke of his visit to the Governor of South Carolina, whom he found much exercised over the difficulties of the race problem. The Bishop administered consolation on this wise. He said to the Governor: "You of the South have only your native-born people to contend with, while we in the North have all Europe. I would rather a thousand times be a Southerner and have the race problem to grapple with, than to be here in Chicago and the North and be confronted by these vast hordes of foreigners who are swarming over here to take possession. I look forward to the time," continued Bishop Newman, "and I hope it is not far distant, when we can stand up and firmly say no foreign-born citizen shall henceforward have a place in the legislative conduct of the country." As the Bishop is over sixty-three years old, he is little likely to live to see the time he looks forward to. If the nation continues to grow in intelligence, it will be apt to discriminate as to character rather than nationality, and in the millennium, when the saints reign with Christ (Rev. 20: 4), they will not be classed as Jew or Greek, bond or free, but distinguished by their oneness in Christ. (Gal. 3: 28.)

The Motion of a Solid Rock Near Appleton, Wis., has caused serious damage to property in that neighborhood. While the operatives at the Combined Locks Paper Company's factory were at work on September 7, they were startled by a movement beneath their feet like an earthquake shock, and the swaying of the whole building as if it were a ship at sea. It was found that there had been an upheaval of the rock upon which the mills are built, throwing the walls out of plumb, cracking a great wall of stone and cement twenty feet thick, and making a saddle-back several hundred feet long and six inches high in the bed-rock beneath the mill. An artesian well two hundred feet away on the bluff has dried up. The damage to the mill and machinery will probably amount to several thousand dollars. The upheaval is thought to have resulted from some hydraulic pressure between the seams of rock beneath. A panic occurred among the mill operatives at the time of the upheaval, but nobody was hurt in the stampede from the mill. It has always been thought that the assurance that anything is "as firm as a rock" meant absolute stability, but this fact proves that even rocks may move. The only immutable foundation is the Rock in which the Psalmist trusted. (Ps. 62: 6.)

A Ten Thousand Dollar Cook Quitted This country in disgust on September 10. Among the passengers to France by the steamer *La Bretagne* on Tuesday was M. Joseph Dugniol, who came here a year ago to be chief cook to a well-known millionaire. As he received a salary of \$10,000 a year, a reporter who saw him on board expressed some surprise at his return.

He said he had resigned, and was going to leave the country forever. A land where people have no time to eat, he said, was not the land for him. He explained what he meant by telling of a millionaire who has his luncheon brought to his office, and keeps on writing while he eats it. A Frenchman, on the other hand, M. Dugniol said, spends the entire afternoon in devising his dinner and the entire evening in eating it. M. Dugniol also found his professional associates not so agreeable as in his native land. Artists are naturally few in a country where people care so little about eating. The cook's reproach might be accepted as a compliment if we could believe that this indifference to diet was in obedience to the Saviour's injunction; but there is reason to fear that, as a nation, we follow only a part of it. We "take no thought what we shall eat or what we shall drink," not because we take thought for the kingdom of God and His righteousness, but because we are engrossed in business. (Matt. 6: 31-33.)

BRIEF NOTES.

There were more than 1,200 converts in the North India Methodist Conference last year.

A ladies' college in connection with the Presbyterian Church has been established in Bloor Street, Toronto.

The Evangelization Society of Cleveland, O., has bought a gospel wagon for services in and around the city.

The Rev. Thomas L. Johnson, one of the American Baptist missionaries in Africa, has been compelled to resign through sickness.

Eight blocks around Forsyth Street, New York, contains two churches, two public schools, one brewery, and sixty-two licensed saloons.

Mr. Ben Hogan has been holding meetings in Yorkshire, England, with considerable success. He is now on his way back to this country.

One of the late acts of the Queen of Madagascar is the sanctioning of a decree that all persons brought in from the coast of Africa as slaves shall be set free.

William C. Allison, car-builder, of Philadelphia, has offered to give Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., \$20,000 if before October 1 next \$80,000 in addition is raised.

Mr. P. F. Price has been holding revival services in the Third Presbyterian Church of Lynchburg, Va. Dr. W. T. Hall and Mr. W. T. Walker have assisted, and much good has been done.

Rev. Daniel W. Havens, for thirty years pastor of the East Haven (Conn.) Congregational Church, died in that town on August 31, aged seventy-five years. He graduated at Yale in 1843.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is sending out forty-nine missionaries to foreign lands. Twenty go to Turkey, four to India, seventeen to China, and eight to Japan.

The meetings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held in New York, October 16-18. Rev. L. Pratt, D. D., of Norwich, Conn., will preach the opening sermon.

Messrs. Hyde and Stevenson, the American evangelists, trained in Mr. Moody's Northfield schools, have recently held a nine days' mission in Youghal, Ireland, from which many conversions have resulted.

The Presbyterians and Episcopalians have decided to erect substantial headquarters at Chautauqua before another season. The Presbyterians will build near the heart of Chautauqua with stone material.

Major Whittle has been obliged to discontinue his meetings in Scotland owing to a quinsy, which incapacitates him for speaking. Mr. Charles Cook, the London evangelist, has been conducting meetings for him in Edinburgh.

The Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, a son of the famous hymnologist, is to represent Yale University at the dedication of the new Congregational College at Oxford, England, from October 14 to 16. He will preach in the new college chapel.

A notable revival has occurred at Bethlehem, Va. The Rev. E. B. Hatcher has been in charge of the services. Among the converts are persons of both sexes and all ages, and included members of the most prominent families in the neighborhood.

A little girl baby was thrown into a ditch in Japan by its father. A woman picked it up and took it to a Christian missionary with the naive remark that she thought the missionary would care for it, as the Christian's was "the only God that teaches to be good to little children."

Mr. Dooly, formerly pastor of the Peoples' Church in Broome Street, New York, now of Albany, New York, has been holding tent services in the latter city during the summer. The attendance has been excellent, and much interest shown. Many asked for prayer or signed the temperance pledge.

LIFE AND PARDON.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And you, being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath He quickened together with Him, having forgiven you all trespasses." Col. 2: 13.

A Personal Matter—The Colossians Instances of the Quickening Power—I. What they Were—Dead under Sentence—Dead by Stupefying Sin—Dead but Responsible—Dead to Faith and Immortality—Dead and Becoming Corrupt—Mummies Embalmed with Morality—II. What has been Done Inwardly—The Quickening—A Drunkard's Long Struggle—III. The Divine Act—Pardon—Free—Universal—Effectual.

THE teaching of this verse is much the same as that in preceding verses; but the apostle does not hesitate to dwell again and again upon the important matters of quickening and forgiveness. These lie in the foundation. Ministers of Christ cannot too often go over the essential points: their hearers cannot too often hear vital truths. Our frail memories and dull understandings require line upon line, precept upon precept, in reference to fundamental truths: our apprehension of them is far too feeble, and can never be too vivid.

To find instances of the work of God in quickening souls and in pardoning sins, Paul does not look far afield. In the text he says, "*And you,*" and, according to the Revised version, he repeats the word further on, and the passage runs thus, "You, being dead through your trespasses and the uncircumcision of your flesh, *you, I say,* did He quicken together with Him." He points personally to the saints at Colosse.

I. First, then, consider

What They Were.

Beloved, they were all by nature children of wrath, even as others. There is no distinction in the condition of natural men before the law. We all fell in Adam. We are all gone out of the way, and have all become unprofitable. Any difference which now exists has been made by divine grace; but by nature we are all in the same condemnation, and all tainted by the same depravity.

Where were we when the Lord first looked on us? Answer.—We were dead, according to the sentence of the law. The position of every unbeliever is that of one who is dead by law. As far as the liberties and privileges and enjoyments of heavenly things are concerned, he is written among the dead. His name is registered among the condemned. Yet, beloved, while we are under the sentence of death, the Lord comes to us in almighty grace, and quickens us into newness of life, forgiving us all trespasses. Are you trembling because of your condemned condition under the law? Do you recognize the tremendous truth that death is the sure and righteous result of sin? Then to you, even to you, the life-giving, pardoning word is sent in the preaching of the everlasting gospel. Oh that you may believe, and so escape from condemnation!

Sin Stupefies and Kills.

Where it reigns, the man is utterly insensible to spiritual truth, feeling, and action, he is dead to everything that is holy in the sight of God. He may have keen moral perceptions, but he has no spiritual feelings. Men differ widely as to their moral qualities: all men are not alike bad, especially when measured in reference to their fellow-men; some may even be excellent and praiseworthy, viewed from that standpoint. But to *spiritual* things all men are alike dead. Look at the multitude of our hearers; to what purpose do we preach to them? You may declare the wrath of God against the godless, but what do they care? You may speak of Jesus' love to the lost; how little it affects them! Sin is not horrible, and salvation is not precious, to them. They may not controvert your teaching; but they have no sensible apprehension of truth: it does not come home to them as a matter of any consequence. Let eternal things drift as they may, they are perfectly content so long as they can answer those three questions—"What shall we eat? What shall we drink?

And wherewithal shall we be clothed?" No higher question troubles their minds.

One point must be noticed here, which makes this spiritual death the more terrible: they are **Dead, But Yet Responsible.**

If men were literally dead, then they were incapable of sin; but the kind of death of which we speak involves a responsibility none the less, but all the greater. If I say of a man that he is such a liar that he *cannot* speak the truth, do you therefore think him blameless? No: but you judge him to be all the more worthy of condemnation because he has lost the very sense which discerns between a truth and a lie. If we say of a certain man, as we have had to do, "He is a rogue ingrained; he is so tricky that he *cannot* deal honestly, but must always be cheating," do you therefore excuse his fraud, and pity him? Far from it. His inability is not physical, but moral inability, and is the consequence of his own persistence in evil. The law is as much binding upon the morally incapable as upon the most sanctified in nature. If, through a man's own perversity, he wills to reject good and love evil, the blame is with himself. He is said to be dead in sin, not in the sense that he is irresponsible, but in the sense that he will not keep the law of God.

Callous.

The ungodly are so dead as to be careless as to their state. Indeed, all gracious things are despised of them. In ungodly men there is an utter recklessness as to their condition before God. If a prisoner in the condemned cell had no sort of care whether he should be set free or hanged, but could even joke about the scaffold and the executioner, you would feel that only by an extreme act of mercy could such a person be pardoned. Nay, if he cares nothing for the penalty, let him bear it: so man would say, and there would be justice in it. Yet God spake not so in reference to some of us; for while we were in a condition of callousness the grace of God came to us, and by quickening us, gave us to be anxious, and led us to pray.

Again, spiritually the ungodly are dead, and utterly incapable of obtaining life for themselves. Could any of you, with the utmost diligence, create life, even the lowest form of it? To a man who is dead, could you impart life? You might galvanize his limbs into a kind of motion; but real life—the pulsing of the heart, the heaving of the lungs—could you create it? You know you cannot! Much less can the dead man himself create life within himself. The man without Christ is utterly unable to quicken himself. We are "without strength," unable to do anything as of ourselves, and while we are in this condition grace comes to us.

Alas, man may be described as

Dead, and Becoming Corrupt.

After a while the dead body shows symptoms of decay; this is vice in its beginning. Leave the corpse where it is, and it will become putrid, polluting the air, and disgusting every sense of the living. "Bury my dead out of sight!" is the cry of the most affectionate mother or wife. And so it is with many ungodly men. Some of them are restrained from the grosser vices; just as Egyptian bodies were, by spices, preserved from rotteness. By example, by instruction, by fear, by surroundings, many are kept from the more putrid sins, and therefore are not so obnoxious to society. Towards God they are dead as ever; but towards man they are no more objectionable than the mummies in yonder cases in the British Museum. But this *embalming of the dead with spices of morality* has not been carried out with hosts of those around us. They rot above-ground: their blasphemies pollute the air, their lewdness infects our streets, their revelry makes night hideous. The tendency of dead flesh is towards the corruption which shows itself in loathsome actions. The mercy is, that where even this has taken place, where the foul worm of vice has begun its awful work, in drunkenness, in blasphemy, in dishonesty, or in uncleanness of life—even there the quickening Spirit can come. As life came to Lazarus,

who had been dead four days, so can spiritual life come to those who have fallen into the noisomeness of open transgression. Leaving this painful matter, let us be filled with deep humility; for such were we in days not long since; but let us also be filled with hope for He who quickened us can quicken others.

II. And now, secondly,

What Has Been Done

in us? What hath God wrought? We have been quickened. To tell you, exactly, how quickening is worked in us, is quite beyond my power. The Holy Spirit comes to a man when he is dead in sin, and He breathes into him a new and mysterious life. We do not know how we receive our natural life: how the soul comes into the body we know not. Do you suppose that spiritual life in its beginning will be less mysterious? Did not our Lord say, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit"? Thou knowest not the way of the Spirit, nor how He breathes eternal life. We know, however, that as soon as life comes, our first feeling is one of pain and uneasiness. In the case of persons who have been nearly drowned, when they begin to revive they experience very unpleasant sensations. Certainly the parallel holds good in spiritual things.

Now, the man sees sin to be an exceeding great evil. He is

Startled by the Discovery

of its foulness. He was told all about it, and yet he knew nothing to purpose; but now sin becomes a load, a pain of horror. As dead, he felt no weight; but as quickened, he groans beneath a load. Now he begins to cry, "Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" Now the angels see him on his knees in private. Behold, he prayeth! "God be merciful to me a sinner," is his hourly sigh. Now, also, he begins to struggle against his evil habits: he addicts himself to Bible reading, to praying, and to hearing the Word of God. He is for awhile desperately earnest. Alas, he goes back to his old sin! Yet he cannot rest: again he seeks the Lord. With some men a large part of their early spiritual life has been taken up with agonizing strivings and painful endeavors to free themselves from the chains of sin. They have had to learn their weakness by their failures; but the grace of God has not failed. In the biography of a man of God, who in his early days was a terrible drunkard, we find that, in struggling against intoxication, he was frequently beaten; and there appears in his diary a long blank, of which he says, "Four years and a half elapsed, and no account rendered! What can have been the cause of this chasm? Sin! Yes, sin of the blackest dye, of the deepest ingratitude to the Father of mercies!" The wanderer was restless and unhappy in sin.

But quickening leads to far more than this. By and by the new life exercises its holy senses, and is more clearly seen to be life. The man begins to see that his only hope is in Christ and he tries humbly to hide himself beneath the merit of the Lord Jesus. He does not dare to say, "I am saved," but he deeply feels that if ever he is saved it must be

Through the Blood

and righteousness of the Lord Jesus. By a desperate effort he throws himself on Christ, and determines to lie at His feet, and if he must perish to perish looking unto Jesus. This is a glorious resolve. See him after a while, as he rises up into peace and joy and consecration!

Henceforth the quickened man tries to live for Christ, out of gratitude; this is the nature of the life he has received. He strives to grow up into Christ, and to become like his Lord in all things. Henceforth he and his Lord are linked together in an everlasting union, and the cause of Jesus is the one thing for which he lives, and for which he would be content to die. Blessed be God, I am not talking any new things to you; you know what I mean.

III. Now we come to the third point. Let us

consider, in the last place, what has been done for us; "Having forgiven you all trespasses." Believing in Christ Jesus, I am absolved. I am clear, I am clear before the Lord. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." This is the most joyful theme that I can bring before you. And I want you to notice, first, that pardon is

A Divine Act.

"Having forgiven all trespasses." Who does that? Why, He that quickened you. I showed, just now, that none could quicken a dead man but God only; for the giving of life is an act which is exclusively the Lord's own; and the same God who gives us spiritual life also grants us pardon from His throne. He sovereignly dispenses pardons. We need not go to any human priest to seek absolution, for we may go at once to God who alone hath sovereign right to execute the death sentence or to pardon the offender. He alone can grant it with sure effect. What bliss I have received in receiving forgiveness from God! Oh, my hearers, if you have done wrong to your fellow-man, ask his forgiveness, as you are bound to do; and if you get it be thankful, and feel as if a weight were removed from your conscience. But, after all, what is this compared with being forgiven all trespasses by God Himself?

God's pardon is a gift most free. Look at the text, and note that this pardon comes to persons who are dead in sin. They were utterly unworthy, and did not even seek mercy. The Lord who comes to men when they are dead in sin, comes to quicken them, and to pardon them; not because they are ready, but because *He* is ready. Harken, O man! If in thy bosom there is at this moment a great stone instead of a heart of flesh; if there is only enough of life in thee to make thee feel thy terrible incapacity for holiness and fellowship with God, yet God can pardon thee, even as thou art, and where thou art! We were in that condition, my brethren, when

The Lord Came to Us

in love. "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." We saw that Jesus died, we believed in Him as able to save, and we received the forgiveness of sins. Forgiveness is free. "But the man repents," says one. Yes, I know; but God gives him repentance. "But he confesses sin." Yes, I know it; for the Lord leads him to acknowledge his trespasses. All and everything which looks like a condition of pardon, is also given by the free and sovereign grace of God, and given freely, without money and without price.

I want you to notice how universal is this pardon in reference to all sin: "Having forgiven you *all* trespasses." Consult your memory, and think of all your trespasses, if you dare. I should like to help your memory by reminding you of your sins before conversion. Blessed is he whose sin is covered. One does not wish to uncover it. "Lord, remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions." The child of God, who has long been rejoicing in faith, has need still to pray *that*; for our sins may vex our bones long after they have been removed from our consciences: the consequences of a sin may fret us after the sin itself is forgiven.

Then think of your

Sins After Conviction.

You were struck down on a certain day with a great sense of sin, and you hurried home and cried, upon your knees, "O God, forgive me!" Then you vowed you would never do the like again; but you did. The dog returned to his vomit. You began to attend a place of worship, you were very diligent in religious duties; but on a sudden you went back to your old companions and your old ways. A still worse set of sins must be remembered—sins after conversion, sins after you have found peace with God, after you have enjoyed high fellowship with Jesus. Oh brothers and sisters, these are cruel wounds for our Lord! These are evils which should melt us to tears even to hear of them. What! pardoned, and then sin again!

Beloved of the Lord, and still rebelling! You talked to others about evil temper, and yet grew angry. You are old and experienced, and yet no boy could have been more imprudent! O God, we bless Thee for the morning and the evening lamb; for Thy people need the sacrifice perpetually!

Dwell for a while upon the large blessing of the text. Whatever your sins may have been, if you are a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, God has quickened you together with Him, and has forgiven you all trespasses. He pardons most effectually. Ask God about your sins, and He says, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more!" If God Himself does not remember them, they are most effectually removed. Ask Holy Scripture where they are, and Hezekiah tells you, "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Where is that? God sees everything and everywhere, and therefore everywhere is before His face; if, therefore, He casts our sins behind His back, He throws our sins into "the nowhere;" they cease to exist. Remember, also, dear friends, that this pardon is most perfect.

He Does Not Commute

the punishment, but He pardons the crime. He does not pardon and then confine for life, nor pardon to-day and punish to-morrow: this were not worthy of a God. The pardon is given, and never revoked: the deed of grace is done, and it can never be undone. God will not remember the sin which He has blotted out, nor condemn the offender whom He has absolved. Here is a point that I must dwell upon for a moment, namely, that this pardon shall be seen to be perfectly consistent with justice. If I were pardoned, and felt that God had weakened the foundations of His moral government by winking at evil, I should feel insecure in my pardoned state, and should have no rest. If the justice of God were in the least infringed by my forgiveness, I should feel like a felon toward the universe, and a robber of God. But I bless God that He pardons sin in strict connection with justice. Behold the costly system by which this was effected. He Himself came hither in the person of His dear Son; He Himself became man, and dwelt among us; He Himself took the load of His people's sin; He bare the sin of many, and was made a curse for us. He put away both sin and the curse by His wondrous sacrifice. The marvel of heaven and earth, of time and eternity, is the atoning death of Jesus Christ.

Now, let us just think of this: *we are forgiven*. I do not mean all of you; for if you are out of Christ you have no part in this grand absolution. May the Lord have mercy upon you, quicken you to-day and bring you to Christ! But as many as are trusting in Christ, and so are living in union with Him, *you are forgiven*. A person who has been condemned by the law, and then has received

A Free Pardon,

walks out of the prison and goes where he pleases. There is a policeman. Does he fear him? No, he has a free pardon, and the policeman cannot touch him. But there are a great many persons who know him, and know him to be guilty. That does not matter; he has a free pardon, and nobody can touch him. He cannot be tried again, however guilty he may have been; the free pardon has wiped the past right out. Now, to-day, child of God, thou beginnest anew; thou art clean, for He has washed thee, and has done the work right well. We have washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, therefore shall we be before the throne of God and praise Him. What could we do less than praise Him day and night?

I charge you, let us meet in heaven, all of us. Some have dropped in here this morning from all parts of the country, and from America, and we may never meet again on earth. Let us meet around the throne in heaven, and sing "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." God grant that we may. Who wants to be left out? Is there

one person here who would like to be shut out in that day? I pray you, enter in at once.

"Come, guilty souls, and flee away
Like doves to Jesus' wounds;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Degradation of the Messianic Ideal.*

BECAUSE religion had sunk into externalism, and moral interests had been crowded out, therefore the Messianic ideal had fallen inevitably with religion. Rabbinism had proclaimed as its watchword, devotion to the Torah. Such an ideal might have been nobly conceived, and nobly carried out. Unhappily the law had ceased to be that of divine revelation. Traditionalism, while professing to explain, had actually superseded the law. Obedience to the law meant external obedience; the righteousness of the law meant external righteousness. The result of obedience was merit, and the result of merit, sonship. The favored ideal of the Messiah was now that of a great Rabbi, who should exalt the law to its utmost bounds, who was also a great conquering king, who should impose the Torah on the necks of the Gentiles, and the Rabbinical party high enthroned over the heads of all in material and social supremacy. Jesus Christ had to choose between the Scriptural and the Rabbinical ideals. He chose to revert to first principles. He did not merely restore, He renewed, re-created.

Mary's Visit to Elizabeth.

Burdened with the blessed and awful secret, Mary seeks the home of her who alone can give and exchange with her womanly and spiritual sympathy. Her kinswoman, Elizabeth, can verify the angel's annunciation, and alone in Israel can counsel her with full knowledge of her unique position, added to the weight of her many years of piety, and her own share in the Advent glory of the Messiah. The meeting of the two saints—the young maiden and the aged wife, linked in closer union than that of their own blood—was one of as pure joy as when two friends meet in the further light. The mother of the past, and in her the law and prophets, of whom the unborn babe was the last representative, rendered homage to the mother of the future. The holy song gathers up the song of Hannah, and many prelusive strains of expectant Israel into a new and golden sheaf of praise.

The Nazareth Home.

The outward circumstances of His Nazarene life may be imagined. The kind of house in which He lived is still found in a perfect state. "They are generally square," says Mr. Oliphant, "of different sizes—the largest, however, not thirty feet square—and have one or two columns down the centre to support the roof, which appears to have been flat, as in the modern Arab houses. The walls are about two feet thick, built of masonry or of loose blocks of basalt. There is a low doorway in the centre of one of the walls, and each house has windows twelve inches high and six wide." Sometimes the house was divided into four chambers. Daily food and clothing were simple and sufficient. He wore in manhood the national turban, probably white; and a tunic of one piece, and therefore valuable; over that the talith, loose and flowing, whether white, or the common blue, or white with brown stripes, with the Tsitsith, blue or white fringes at the four corners.

The Wedding Guest.

The distance to Cana from Nazareth is only five miles. The proximity suggests that the bridegroom or bride of the marriage-feast were friends of the family of Mary or Joseph. At the south of the village is still found a copious

* From "Jesus Christ, the Divine Man: His life and Times," By J. F. Vallings, M. A. The author of this best of all the volumes of the "Men of the Bible" series has endeavored to present the physical and social environment of the life of Jesus, using the archaeological and geographical discoveries of the latest explorations of Palestine, being at the same time careful to keep in the foreground the moral and spiritual aspects of that wondrous life. Pp. 226. Price, \$1; published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West 23d Street, N. Y.



The Late Hon. S. S. Cox. (See page 597.)



A Christian's Prayer in a Mohammedan Mosque.

fountain of excellent water which may have supplied the waterpots. The village of Christ's day appears to have been at least thrice as large as now. Here Jesus, and His mother, and His disciples came as guests to the marriage-feast. Jesus had consecrated home life at Nazareth. The highest and holiest point of home life He consecrates at Cana. The presence of His mother appears to have occasioned the invitation to Jesus and His disciples. The unlooked-for addition possibly caused the insufficiency of wine. Galilean simplicity and kindness ruled the day. When the wine fails, the mother turns naturally to Jesus, as in any need of the Nazarene household. But the hour, the time for Messianic revelation—and Mary could not have been a stranger to all that had happened in the last forty and more days, and the confessions of faith—lay not with her, but with God. Having vindicated His Messianic independence, the Son of Mary grants her indirect prayer. The water which filled the six waterpots, variously estimated at from sixty-three to one hundred and fifty-three gallons, according to the measure of the *metretres*, became wine. The Messianic effect of the first miracle is specially noted by John. His faith was confirmed.

A PRAYER IN A MOSQUE.

(See illustration.)

TRAVELLERS in Mohammedan countries have frequently been surprised to hear the reverent tone in which the more enlightened Mohammedans speak of Jesus, while vilifying His followers as "Christian dogs." The inconsistency is explained by the fact that Mahomet himself had that reverence.

Debased and sensual as was the revelation he pretended to have received, it was unquestionably far in advance, purer, and more enlightened than the degrading superstitions that surrounded him. His followers have clung to it chiefly because of its superior spirituality as compared with polytheism; and their antagonism to Christianity is mainly due to the fact that they have steadfastly refused to examine it for themselves, and so have not seen that the qualities for which they love their own religion are to be found in greater purity and diviner power in the religion of the cross. An incident related by Mr. Hay

in his Western Barbary, and which is depicted in the illustration, confirms this theory.

Mr. Hay says that while traveling with a companion who could speak Arabic, they found themselves among a crowd of Mohammedans who were coming out of a mosque, and who cursed them as "infidel dogs." Mr. Hay's friend, addressing a venerable man, apparently a priest, said, "Who taught you that we are disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves." He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed, "May God curse *me* if ever I curse against those who hold such belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat thy prayer, that it may be remembered, and written among us in letters of gold."

PERSIAN FARMERS SWINDLED.

SOME of the persecutions to which the Nestorians in Persia are subjected were described in this journal on December 23, 1886, in giving the portrait and life of Mr. Yaroo M. Neesan, the young Nestorian who came to New York to be prepared for mission work in his native land, and who has now returned there for that purpose. It appears from a letter which the Rev. E. W. McDowell sends to the *Church*, that the Koords still continue their oppressive exactions. He says: The Christian farmers in Bohtan have lost their farms and flocks, and, having no means of making a living, many of them are in an almost starving condition. For several years the locusts destroyed their crops, and then, in order to get bread, they sold their farms one by one to the Koords at a great sacrifice, and many of them have contracted debts with ruinous interest. Some have left the country, and many others must follow unless they obtain some relief. In one of our villages the chief man, a Koord, came and beat them, and in other ways terrorized them, and then informed them he wished to buy their farms. They were afraid to refuse him, so consented. He placed seven krans (\$41) in the hand of one man, saying, "This is the price of your farm," and then took the money from him on the ground that, being his subject, he had no right to it. He then re-

peated the process with the others with the same piece of money, until he had all their farms and the money too. I have no doubt he could legalize the process in their courts—if not by law—by the use of that same silver piece.

EDWARD DEANE'S SISTER.

(See illustration on page 605.)

"I WANT to see Mr. Hare," said a plainly dressed girl, addressing the aged clerk of a well-known lawyer.

"Take a seat," said Mr. Tozer; "Mr. Hare is engaged. What name shall I say?"

"Deane—Margaret Deane," said the girl.

Tozer looked at her keenly for a minute, and then said, "Sister of Edward Deane?"

"Yes," said the girl. "It is about him that I have come. I wanted to pay a little money for him if Mr. Hare will take it."

"Oh, he'll take it," said Tozer, confidently. "How much do you want to pay?"

"I have brought five dollars, and I can bring five dollars every month if Mr. Hare will take it in that way. It is about a hundred altogether, is it not?"

Tozer reached a ledger down, and turned to a page at the head of which the name of Edward Deane stood. As he examined it, a door conspicuously marked "private" opened, and a tall, dignified man came in from an inner room. Margaret Deane intuitively recognized the lawyer, and rose to meet him.

"Miss Deane, sir," explained Tozer, "sister of that clerk—brought some money on his account."

Mr. Hare's face took on a look of deeper severity as he gazed at the figure, which seemed to shrink before him. "Where is your brother?" he asked.

"He is in Canada, sir," said the girl, her eyes falling and her cheek flushing. "He wants to come back, sir, and I want him. I could pay all he owes you in time, and then he could come back."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Hare. "It is a very serious case. Perhaps you do not know all the circumstances. He owes me some money that I advanced to him, and he ought to pay *that* certainly. How much was it, Mr. Tozer?"

"Fifty dollars, sir, and two years' interest."

"Yes," said Mr. Hare, "I could take that; but he is a defaulter too. After my kindness to him, he collected an account of forty dollars and kept it. That is embezzlement, and my duty to society requires me to prosecute him. I could not compound the case by accepting payment of that. I shall send him to State's prison if he returns."

"Oh do not say that, sir," said the girl, clasping her hands. "It would ruin him. He would never overget the shame. Oh, sir! let me pay it all. I will work and save and bring you every cent, and then you will forgive him, won't you?"

"No; he ought to be punished as a warning to others." A clerk at a distant desk looked round at this, as if the boss was becoming personal. "If every employer would be firm about these things," Mr.

Hare continued, "and prosecute every defaulter, clerks would know what to expect, and be honest. Too many have been forgiven already. That is the reason we have so many thieving clerks. They think they will be forgiven."

"Oh, sir, be merciful. I am sure Edward is sorry, and I will pay all you have lost."

"If he were sorry, he would not let you pay it, he would try to pay it himself. No, he is a bad fellow. He was ungrateful to me. I helped him when he needed help, and he repaid me by robbing me. And now he is mean enough to let his sister toil for him. You are well rid of him, I believe. Spend your money on yourself, and let him stay away. You have little enough, I expect. How much do you earn?"

"I earn six dollars a week, sir, in the factory, and I get a little more by sewing in the evening. I could pay."

"Why do you want to pay? If he comes back, he will be a burden upon you. You'll have to work to keep him. He is a bad fellow, I tell you. Why do you want him back?"

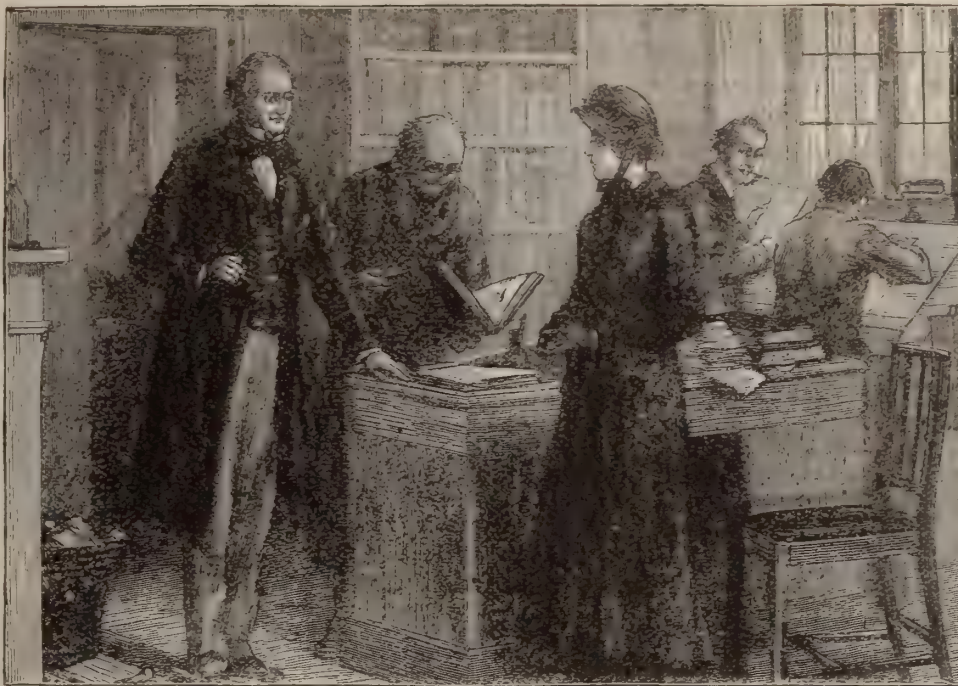
"Oh sir, I love him."

Mr. Hare looked at the girl as if he would have said, if he put his thought in words, "Then you are a fool." The girl, however, seemed to think she had given a sufficient answer, and said no more. Mr. Hare stood regarding her attentively. His silence seemed to the girl a hopeful augury, but she could plead no more. She raised her eyes to his, and they were full of tears. It was a pathetic scene. Her shabby dress, her eager, pleading face, her evident sincerity, were very touching. Why she should cling to the young scapegrace who, in Mr. Hare's opinion, had not a spark of manliness in him, he could not understand. Yet here she was pleading to be allowed to give her hard earnings to redeem the wretched fellow from exile, as if it were the greatest boon that could be granted her. If he had been a good brother, a noble, manly, honest boy, who had fallen into misfortune, it would have been reasonable.

"You are a noble girl," he said, at last, "but it is my duty to refuse you. I have blamed others for yielding; I must be firm. But let me have your address; I will think it over."

Margaret wrote it, and quitted the office with a heavy heart. She had not known of the defalcation, though she surmised that it was something worse than debt that had driven Edward away. But the knowledge of his offence did not make her falter. He needed her love all the more on that account, and she longed to sacrifice herself for him.

Mr. Hare could not shake off the thought of



Margaret Deane's Appeal.

that faithful, self-sacrificing love. He tried to think of it philosophically, as a strange trait of womanly character, but it would not stand in that light. It appealed to him personally. For the lad himself he had only contempt, and how could he forgive him for his sister's sake? She said she loved him, but why should she do so? he did not deserve it.

At family prayer that night, Mr. Hare's daughter, according to custom, read a chapter from the Bible. It happened to be the fifth chapter of Romans. Mr. Hare started as the sweet voice read: "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

The next day Margaret Deane was again at the office, this time by appointment. "Write to your brother," said Mr. Hare, "Tell him I forgive him, and he won't get work easily, so he may come back here. No, I do not want the money; we will see if you and I, between us, cannot, by the blessing of God, make a man of him yet."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 590.)

The Selection of a Second Wife.

FROM that moment I felt like a condemned criminal for whom there was not a shadow of hope or a chance of escape. Could I possibly have looked upon the sacred obligations of marriage as lightly as Mormonism taught me to regard them, I believe I should have broken every tie, and risked the consequences. But I had vowed to be faithful unto death, and if this second marriage was for my husband's welfare, and for the benefit of us and our children, I resolved to make the effort to subdue my rebellious heart or die in the attempt. For the first time in my life I thanked God that I was not a man, and that the salvation of my family did not depend upon me; for if fifty Revelations had commanded it, I could not have taken the responsibility of withering one loving, trusting heart. I felt that if such laws were given to us, our woman's nature ought to have been adapted to them, so that submission to them might be as much a pleasure to us as it was to the men, and that we might at least feel that we were justly dealt with.

Not long after this my husband brought me a message from Eliza R. Snow. She wanted me to take tea with her, and he

urged me to accept the invitation. I did not want to go, for I knew too well her object in sending for me. She had been talking with my husband about me, I felt sure, and that was how she came to send the message by him. I went, however, and, as I anticipated, she wanted to convince me that it was for our best interests that my husband should take another wife, and that it was quite time he did so.

Notwithstanding all she said, I felt that no blessing would ever attend an unwilling sacrifice, and I told her so. She spoke to me very kindly, however, and tried to encourage me, and suggested that Carrie would be a very proper person for my husband to marry. I had now no longer any doubt in my mind that it had been all "arranged," and that opposition on my part would be all in vain.

I was indignant at this, for I believed that, as the Revelation itself said, I—the first wife—ought first to have been consulted. This, however, I subsequently found was as false as the system itself.

I returned home, pondering over what had been said to me, with a feeling of intense weariness oppressing my heart. I did not know what to think. It appeared to me that every one had determined that Carrie should be my husband's second wife; and I now believed, with my talkative friend, that Brigham Young had certainly intended it from the beginning. I felt that I would rather that he should marry almost any one else than her; for I felt certain that I should hate any woman whom he might marry, no matter how much I might have loved her before.

But my mind was soon relieved of its trouble respecting poor Carrie; for, as I before mentioned, her failing health forbade all thoughts of marriage, and my husband, after a short time, never spoke to me about her. The real cause of my distress, however, was by no means removed; it was determined, without appeal, that my husband should, notwithstanding any impediment to the contrary, take another wife, whoever that chosen one might be. My apprehensions, therefore, were not removed; they were only turned in another direction.

It is a custom among the Mormon married men—those at least who make any pretensions to doing what is right, and who wish to spare the feelings of their wives as much as the degrading system will allow—to make it appear as if the second wife were chosen by the first, and they go through the form of consulting with her as to who shall be selected. The husband will mention the names of several eligible young ladies, among whom is sure to be the one upon whom he has already set his affections. If the wife should try to make herself agreeable by suggesting one or another of the young ladies, some objection is sure to be raised. One is too thoughtless; the relations of another are not quite so agreeable as they might be; and the temper of a third is said not to be very good. In this way, one after another is taken off the list, until only one remains—the bright particular star of whom all along the husband has been thinking, and if the wife should make any objections to *this* one, the husband, of course, has a ready answer. In most cases her extreme youth is an excuse for everything; she will have plenty of time to learn, and will be the more ready to be taught.

When once they have obtained the reluctant consent of their wives, it is astonishing how bright and cheerful these Mormon husbands

become. Notwithstanding all that they have said to the contrary, it is evident that this peculiar heresy of Mormonism is no trial to *their* faith. They say that it is as great a cross to them as it is to their wives, but somehow or other they take very kindly to it.

It was soon settled who should be the honored maiden to whom my husband should pay his addresses. Her name was Belinda, and she was the daughter of the Apostle Parley P. Pratt. I of course was not expected to ask any questions, or evince any curiosity respecting the girl, or my husband's relations towards her. I had given my consent, I had acted my part, or at least all the part that was expected of me; I had fulfilled my duty as a Mormon first wife when I agreed to another wife being taken; and henceforth, all that transpired was—so the elders would have said—no business of mine.

My husband's intended certainly was very young. In any other community she would have been considered much too young for a bride. It is of the utmost importance that a Mormon girl should marry young. Women everywhere are never anxious to grow old, but among the Mormons age is especially dreaded by the women; for when years have robbed them of their personal attraction, in most cases they lose all hold upon their husband's affections, and find themselves obliged to give place to prettier and more youthful rivals.

And now began the "painful task" of wooing the young lady. My husband told me that it was "a very painful duty," and as an obedient wife I felt bound to believe him. It was, of course, no pleasure to him to pay his addresses to an interesting young girl; it was no anxiety to be with her which made him hasten away to the damsel's house of an evening. Oh, dear, no! it was pure principle, love for the kingdom, and "a very painful task!" at least, so he affirmed. He seemed, however, to bear it remarkably well, and manifested a zeal which was perfectly astonishing to me, considering the circumstances. In fact, I felt it my duty to restrain him a little for the sake of his health, for he seemed so anxious to perform his "task" properly that he could scarcely spare time to take his meals; but, regardless of his own feelings, he did not pay much attention to my suggestions. However, I had a reprieve; my husband was called to the Eastern States, and the marriage had to be postponed.

During Mr. Stenhouse's absence my poor friend Carrie Grant had been daily growing worse in health. I had once asked my husband if there was any truth in the rumors that I had heard of his attachment to her, but he had assured me that there was no foundation for them. Poor Carrie! Hers was a short and unhappy life; even her little dream of love was overclouded by disappointment. She was now constantly confined to her room, and whenever it was possible I used to call upon her, and attempted to make her feel more happy and cheerful. She used to ask me to talk with her about Mormonism.

"You know," she said, "that I have never known any other religion, and I believe that this is right, though I confess with horror that it does not make me happy. My father loved Mormonism so much that I feel it *must* be right; the fault is in my own evil nature, that does not bend to the will of heaven." One day she said to me: "I am getting worse, Sister Stenhouse, and I am glad of it, for I shall die. I am of no good here—there is nothing for me to do; if I lived I should only cause trouble; it is better as it is."

"Carrie," I said, "you must not talk like that. You are still very young, and probably will live for many years, and you do not know what future may lie before you."

"Do not blame me too much," she replied, "for I am not the only unhappy girl in the city. I know many girls who are very miserable. Married women think that they are the only ones who suffer, while we girls know that nowhere upon the face of the earth can be found such an unhappy set as we are. Why did

Brigham Young keep me from going to my friends in the East? I should have been happier then; I should have felt better. But now I want to die, and I am weary waiting for death."

In this melancholy mood I found her one day, when she appeared particularly sad. She had been ill, then, about ten months, but her loving blue eyes were just as bright as ever, and I could see very little change in her, except that she was not able now to leave her couch without assistance, and she spoke as if it fatigued her very much. It was quite impossible to arouse her from the state of melancholy into which she had fallen, and it seemed to me that she could not live long. I offered to take her to my house, and said I would nurse her there, and take care of her; but she said she was very kindly treated by her father's family, and did not wish to change. She seemed to cling to me as if she could not bear that I should leave her, and she told me that she had something on her mind that very much troubled her; she wanted to have a long talk with me about it, but not that day, she said.

As her end was fast approaching, she one day said, "I want to tell you now, Sister Stenhouse, what I spoke of before, if you are willing to listen, and will not be angry with anything I say. Remember, I am dying, or I never would speak to you as I am going to."

I told her of my great love for her, and that nothing that she could say, I thought, would change that love.

"You do not know what I want to ask you, or you would not say so," she replied; "and I so dread to lose your love that I am afraid to tell you what is on my mind. But you know that I am dying, and you will not be very hard with me, will you?"

She was then silent for some time, as if too much fatigued to continue the conversation. "No, I cannot tell you, to-day," she said at last; "I want you to love me one day longer."

I urged her not to doubt that my love towards her could never change, and told her that it was better for her to speak at once and relieve her mind.

She took my hand, and looked long and tenderly at me, and then she said: "I will tell you all; and if your love can stand that test, then, indeed, you *do* love me." I encouraged her, and she began, "Would you hate me if I told you that I loved your husband?"

"No," I replied, "I would not hate you, Carrie." I said no more, for it seemed to me that it would be wrong of me to tell her of my suspicions, and all that I had suffered at the thought that my husband had conceived an affection for her.

"Can you possibly answer me as calmly as that?" she said; "I thought that the very mention of such a thing would almost kill you, for I saw how much you loved your husband; and ah, how I have suffered at the thought of telling you! But that is not all I wanted to say, or I need never have spoken to you at all. I wanted to ask you to do me one last kindness, and then I shall die happy. You know that we have been taught that our system of plural marriage is absolutely necessary to salvation, and if I were to die without being sealed to some man I could not possibly enter the celestial kingdom. My friends wished me to be sealed to one of the authorities of the Church, but I cannot bear the idea of being sealed to a man I do not love. I love your husband, and I want you to promise that I shall be sealed to him. If I had thought I should recover, I never would have let you know this, for I would not live to give you sorrow. But when I am gone, as I soon shall be, will you kneel by your husband's side in the Endowment House, and be married to him for me? Will it pain you much to do that for me, Sister Stenhouse?"

I felt so strangely as I listened to all this, that I could not utter a single word, and she continued: "We shall then be together in eternity, and I am happy at the thought of that, for I think I love you even better than I love him.

And then I believe we shall have overcome all our earthly feelings, and shall be prepared to live that celestial life, and perhaps we may prefer it, for we shall know no unhappiness there."

The exertion of talking seemed to be too much for her, and she remained silent for some time. I felt ashamed that I had allowed my feelings to influence me at such a moment, for while she had been speaking I had allowed my thoughts to travel back over the past year; and now that she admitted her love for my husband, very many circumstances came painfully to my recollection, and confirmed all that she said. I resolved, however, not to question her, but to allow her to tell me just what she pleased. So I knelt down by her side, and whispered into her ear a promise that I would do all that she desired. Poor girl; how I felt for her! When I had given her this pledge, she appeared much relieved, and told me freely all that had passed between my husband and herself, and she said she had left my house simply because she could not endure to cause me any sorrow.

I told her of my husband's contemplated marriage with Belinda Pratt, and she appeared troubled at it. "Let me be second," she said, "for then I shall feel that I am nearer to you, and I want you always to think that, when you die, if I have the power, I shall be the first to meet you, and take you by the hand."

Thus we talked together for a long time, and it was with painful interest that I listened to what she said. It was a singular interview—a wife receiving from a young girl the confession that she loved her husband; that he had fully returned her affection, and had even talked with her about marriage; the girl requesting the wife to be married for her to her own husband; and the wife, full of tender love towards the girl, freely giving her a promise that she would do so. In my sorrow at parting from her, and the great affection that I felt towards her, all feelings of jealousy were utterly forgotten.

I really believed that Carrie might recover; for now this burden was off her mind, I thought she would have strength to subdue her illness, and at first it seemed as if this would really be the case. The next day she appeared so much better that her friends all became hopeful, and when I told her that I had written to my husband, and had related to him all that had passed between us, she appeared so happy, and showed her joy in so many innocent ways, that I could not be angry.

"How do you think he will feel," she said, "when he gets your letter? Do I look pretty well to-day? And do you think that if I continue to get better I shall have regained my looks before he comes home?"

"Oh," I said, humoring her, "you will look quite pretty by the time he returns."

In an instant the thought of how much all mention of her in connection with my husband must be painful to me occurred to her mind, and she begged me to forgive her for her carelessness. "No," said she, "I will try never to give you pain and you must always love me."

For some days this improvement in her appearance continued, and I thought and hoped that we should soon have her round again. I really wished her to live now, for if it was absolutely necessary that Mr. Stenhouse *must* practice the heresy of our religion, as it seemed he must, I would prefer that, rather than any other woman, he should marry her, for I felt that she would understand me as no one else could. Thus, after all, I really had selected a second wife for my husband!

(To be Continued.)

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"THIS SAME JESUS."
 Acts I: 11.
 This same Jesus! Oh! how sweetly
 Fall those words upon the ear,
 As a swell of far off music,
 In a nightwatch still and drear!
 Who healed the hopeless leper,
 He who dried the widow's tear,
 Who changed to health and gladness
 Helpless suffering, trembling fear;
 Who wandered, poor and homeless,
 By the stormy Galilee;
 Who on the night-robed mountain
 Bent in prayer the wearied knee;
 Who spake as none had spoken,
 Angel-wisdom far above,
 Forgiving, ne'er upraising,
 Full of tenderness and love;
 Who gently called the weary,
 "Come and I will give you rest!"
 Who loved the little children,
 Took them in his arms and blest;
 The lonely Man of Sorrows,
 Neath our sin-curse bending low;
 His faithless friends forsaken
 In the darkest hours of woe;—
 This same Jesus! When the vision
 Of that last and awful day
 Ursts upon the prostrate spirit,
 Like a midnight lightning ray;
 When, else dimly apprehended,
 All its terrors seem revealed;
 When tumult-knell and fiery heavens,
 And the books of doom unsealed;
 When, we lift our hearts, adoring
 "This same Jesus!" loved and known,
 Him, our own most gracious Saviour,
 Seated on the great white throne;
 He Himself, and "not another,"
 He for whom our heart-love yearned
 Through long years of twilight waiting,
 To His ransomed ones returned!
 For this word, O Lord, we bless Thee,
 Bless our Master's changeless name;
 Yesterday, to-day, forever,
 Jesus Christ is still the same.
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Through faith in Jesus' blood.

So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of His Son,
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son:
Such is His love to me!

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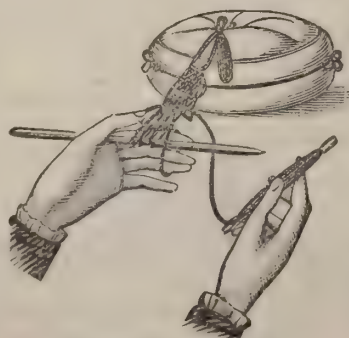
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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Vol. XII., No. 37. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1889.

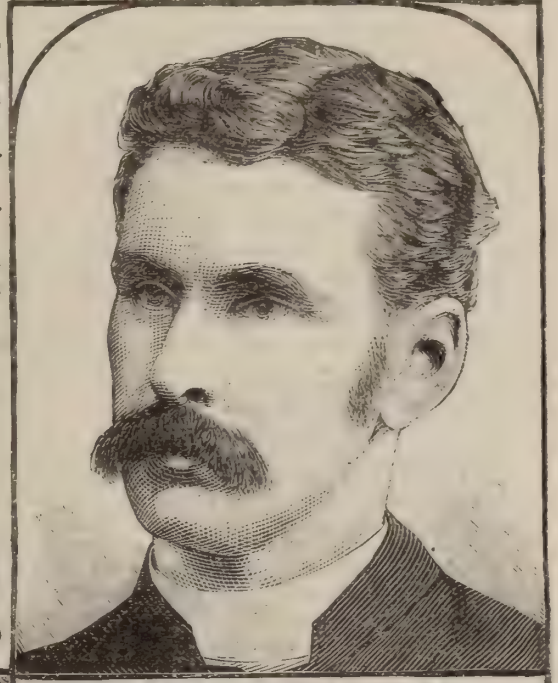
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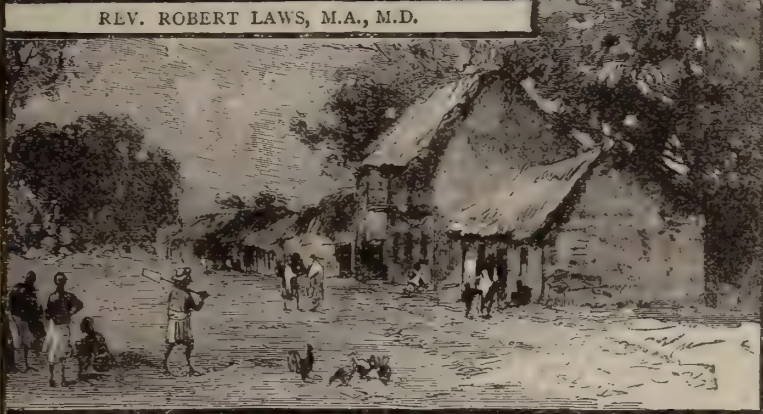
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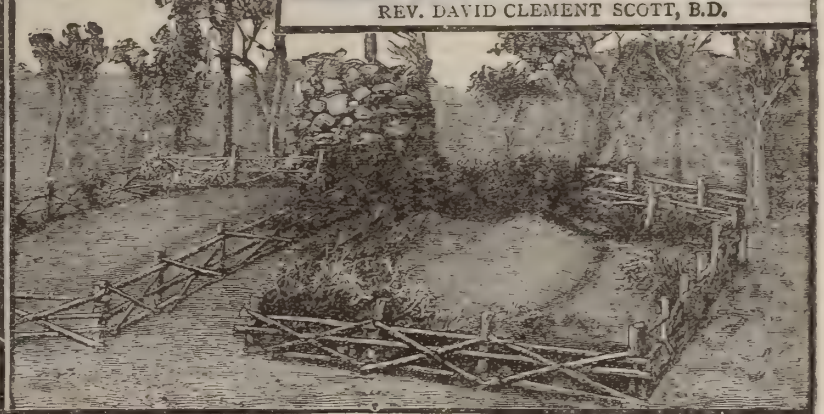
REV. ROBERT LAWS, M.A., M.D.



REV. DAVID CLEMENT SCOTT, B.D.



THE MISSION STATION, LIVINGSTONIA.



THE CEMETERY AT BLANTYRE.



THE MISSIONARY TEACHING NATIVES HOW TO MAKE BREAD.



THE MISSIONARY INSTRUCTING NATIVES OF NYASSA IN LAUNDRY WORK.

SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARIES IN EAST CENTRAL AFRICA—Scenes in Livingstonia.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARIES IN EAST CENTRAL AFRICA.

Opposition of Slave-Traders to Missionaries in Central Africa—Establishment of Mission at Livingstonia in 1875—Mponda's Grave—Work of the Scotch Universities' Mission—Barbarity and Cannibalism of the Tribes—Testimony by Mr. H. H. Johnston to the Value of Missions—Roman Catholic Missions being Formed—The Portuguese Endeavoring to make Treaties with the Native Chiefs—Portuguese Flag Burned—Deputation from the Missions to Lord Salisbury.

THE strenuous efforts now being made to put down the slave trade, and the unfounded claims of Portugal to Delagoa Bay and a considerable portion of territory in Central and Eastern Africa—more especially in the region of Lake Nyassa, and at Blantyre, where for many years missionary agencies have been in operation—keenly sharpen the interest and sympathies in African mission work of all Christians on both sides of the Atlantic, and throughout Christendom. *We give on our frontispiece this week the portraits of the Rev. Dr. Laws, the senior missionary of the Free Church of Scotland's Livingstonia Mission in Nyassaland, East Central Africa; and the Rev. David Clement Scott, B.D., the head of the Church of Scotland's mission at Blantyre, East Africa.*

As is generally known, the missionaries have struggled, and in the main successfully, to establish themselves on the lake shores, notwithstanding the vigorous antagonism of

Two Formidable Foes,

the Arab slave-trader and the fatal climate, the latter of which has destroyed as many lives as the native spears. For a time the missions were comparatively unmolested by the Arabs, when the first burst of opposition had been overcome. But within the last five or six years, since a more determined course was taken by the missionaries against the slave-traders, the latter again became actively hostile, infecting the friendly chiefs with the fear that their profitable slave trade was doomed unless they could crush the white intruders. Not only the Christian missionaries but the European traders were attacked, including the members of the African Lakes Company, who in the summer of 1888 were fiercely besieged by the Arabs at Karonga, at the northwestern end of the Lake Nyassa. This company was formed to reach the interior of Africa by the great waterway of the Zambesi and Shire rivers and Lake Nyassa, and has its headquarters at Mandala, which stands on high land, about a mile from Blantyre. As Mandala occupies a very healthy situation, it has become a perfect sanatorium for people living in the malarious and feverish plains. So far, however,

Livingstonia,

which is the chief missionary station on the lake, has escaped very serious disturbance. As Dr. Livingstone had discovered Lake Nyassa, and earnestly desired to establish a Christian mission there, no more appropriate memorial could have been raised to this devoted pioneer of the gospel and intrepid traveller than this station bearing his honored name, founded on the site of his own personal labors. Livingstonia was first planted in 1875 at the southern end of the lake, which is 200 miles long, with a breadth varying from fifteen to eighteen miles. Surrounded by fertile territory, sloping upward to the mountains, the lake is fed by numerous large streams. Livingstonia lies in a little bay at the foot of the Kanguni Hills, but owing to the neighboring swamp has lately become very unhealthy to Europeans, who have been compelled to migrate to Bandawe, a little further north. Native converts accordingly carry on Christian work, which includes scholastic as well as distinctively religious teaching. Several tribes live near, to be under European protection, but they still retain many of their ancient superstitious customs.

When the first missionaries arrived, fourteen years ago, this district belonged to an aged chief named Mponda, who was very friendly to the white people. He has since died, and has

been succeeded by another Mponda, his brother.

The Old Chief's Grave

is one of the curiosities of the neighborhood. It is a large building at the extreme south of the lake opposite Mponda's residence, and very curiously ornamented. The thatched roof is covered with white muslin, which also hangs down from the ceiling, inside, in long pendants. The actual grave lies north and south, looking towards Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans, and is surrounded by a turreted wall, the tomb itself being merely an ordinary mound. A screen of native cloth hangs in front, and is only raised when visitors come.

Notwithstanding the catastrophe attending their original settlement in this locality, when the first bishop of Central Africa, Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, succumbed to the climate, the Universities' Mission still work on Lake Nyassa, keeping their steamer, the *Charles Jansen*, constantly plying up and down its waters. South of the lake proper, near the Shire River, is Blantyre, so named after the town in Scotland in which Livingstone was born. There Dr. Scott is located as the representative and energetic agent of the mission of the Church of Scotland. Some idea of the difficulties he has to encounter may be inferred from the fact that cannibalism survives in the tribes near, and a chief very lately tried to negotiate for the purchase of the head of Mr. J. T. Last, an English visitor, stating that he wanted it to make a drinking-bowl of the skull.

The Success of the Mission

has been wonderful in view of such difficulties. A recent traveller in the region said that in his journeyings in East Africa he had always been aware, without any information from the natives, when he was approaching the vicinity of one of the stations of the missions. Round them there was the radiance of sweetness and light, and evidences of civilization abounded. There are now thirteen or fourteen settlements in that part of East Africa associated with the labors of Livingstone, the approaches and shores of Lake Nyassa, and the district between its northern end and the south of Lake Tanganyika.

Romish Rivalry

is now to be added to the difficulties of the missionaries. For the past twenty years this field has been the almost exclusive work of Scotch missionaries, but it is now threatened with an invasion of the emissaries of Catholicism. A most imposing function was held at Algiers a few weeks ago, when, in the presence of over a hundred ecclesiastics, and amid a crowd of the laity, with gorgeous processions and magnificent music (in which the Portuguese national hymn was prominent), six Roman Catholic missionaries were consecrated for Nyassaland. During the generations that Portugal has held the town of Zambesi, she has never sought to send a missionary north of the river, and does it now only in order to counteract the influence which has been established by missionaries and traders.

The Rev. W. P. Johnson, of the Universities' Mission, gives a curious account of the deception practiced by the Portuguese, which was praised at the consecration of the Romish missionaries, and was said to be the means which had rendered the mission possible. Mr. Johnson, in a letter dated March 8, 1889, says that he had visited Mponda, the powerful chief at the mouth of the Shire and Lake Nyassa, who "received us in his usual friendly way, and while inviting us to speak, carried on a discussion aside, in true African style, with Selimu, as to whether he should show us some flag, and at length settled to do so. He informed us that some European had left him either that day or the day before; he wished we had been there to see him. Meanwhile a bundle, that proved to be the Portuguese flag, was brought out. I asked if any letters had passed, and was answered in the affirmative. Who had written Mponda's answer? One of the coast teachers, *i. e.*, men who read and write Swahili in Arabic character, a group of whom are sitting in the courtyard near us. I asked my companion, who comes

from Zanzibar, to make friends with them while I continued talking to the chief."

In the course of conversation it appeared that the letter was written in a European dialect and character, which no one understood. Mponda had been given to understand that the letter asked for friendship only, which he had accepted. Mr. Johnson's companion found that the court teacher understood nothing of what was written to them. Mponda had received presents and a letter, together with cloth and guns. He had answered through a foreign writer, who might have materially altered what he said, and he had not understood a word of the letter which he answered. He had written asking for guns, &c., but at the same time he may have unconsciously agreed to sign away his possessions.

Mr. Johnson told him that the Portuguese claimed the country, while the Europeans at Blantyre maintained that it belonged to natives like himself, and that letters and the acceptance of the flag would be used to establish the Portuguese claim. Mr. Johnson warned the chief of the character of the people he was dealing with, but probably the warning was too late. Similar artifices were employed with other chiefs.

A missionary in Nyassaland says that the Portuguese flag was actually hoisted at another station. In a letter dated April 3, 1889, he writes: "Cardoza has succeeded in getting the Portuguese flag hoisted at Chitezi's, though I think I have succeeded in persuading him to haul it down; and he has most certainly, in the presence of a large assembly of his people, publicly stated that he has in no wise accepted the position of being under the Portuguese. He has assured me that in asking him (Chitezi) to

Fly the Portuguese Flag,

Cardoza said nothing whatever to lead him to suppose that the flag carried any meaning with it beyond that of 'Neshima' to the man who bought his cows for gunpowder, guns, and cloth. Chitezi said that nothing would induce him to make over himself, his subjects, his town, or his country to Portugal. He declares that we are his friends and his allies, and he never intends to prefer any European nation to ours. He says that the guns, gunpowder, and cloth he has had from Cardoza were all bought by him with oxen, and this, I think, I can prove to be true." The result is that Chitezi *burnt the Portuguese flag*.

On the afternoon of May 17, 1889, a joint committee appointed by the Edinburgh Presbyteries of the Church of Scotland, the Free Church of Scotland, and the United Presbyterian Church, had

An Interview with Lord Salisbury,

the British Prime-Minister, and Sir James Fergusson, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, at the Foreign Office, London, to lay before them a memorial signed by over 11,000 ministers and elders, in favor of the missions in Nyassaland being undisturbed in their Christian work by the claims of Portugal to the territory in which the missionaries are working.

The spokesman of the deputation was the Rev. Mr. Scott, *whose portrait is given on our front page*, and who said that "when the missions were undertaken it was never supposed that they might come under the dominion of Portugal. They had established themselves in the land, and every year they were increasing their amicable relations with the tribes far and near. The missions needed no protection from the natives if they were left to themselves, but desired only to be protected from the Portuguese, acting through the Arabs, so that the mission work might be carried on without interruption."

In reply Lord Salisbury reminded the deputation that the missionaries had been warned of their danger, and appeared to consider that in giving the warning the Government had fulfilled its duty. He would give no promise of protection nor any assurance that the ridiculous claims of the Portuguese Government would be resisted. He intimated that in his opinion the missionaries were imprudent in remaining. That, of course, is the view of the statesman, which is apt to take no account of the Chris-

tian's devotion to mission work. It may be, however, that political pressure will effect the purpose, though the deputation of ministers failed. A strong protest was made in the House of Lords against leaving the missionaries unprotected; and several lords whose influence on Lord Salisbury is powerful, plainly told him that the work of the missionaries was too noble and beneficent to be lightly given up. It is thought that under this pressure Lord Salisbury will yield, and take care that Portugal does not crush the Protestant missions.

BOULANGER'S FALL AND FUTURE RISE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE daily press has announced the sentence of condemnation to imprisonment for life in a fortress, pronounced on General Boulanger by the French Senate at 6 P. M. on August 14, and this probably marks the lowest ebb to which his fortunes will ever fall.

Nevertheless there are strong reasons from Daniel and Revelation for believing that Boulanger is a man of extraordinary destiny, fated to act a prominent part in the extraordinary wars and political changes which from 1890 to 1892 are completely to change the Map of the Cæsarean Roman World from twenty-three kingdoms into a Confederacy of Ten Kingdoms prefigured by the Ten-horned Wildbeast in Daniel 7: 24, and even to become

The Greatest Man in Europe

in 1892. Time will soon show whether in the French General Election, which is to be held this month, on September 29, a majority of members of Parliament will be elected pledged to revision of the French Republican Constitution, which is the party cry of the Boulangists. If so, Boulanger may be recalled by them to France from his temporary exile in London.

Or else, it may be that in the event of the outbreak of a war between France and Germany before long a popular outcry may be raised in France for Boulanger to become again Minister of War in France, or Commander-in-Chief of the French army, in which he is decidedly popular.

The present adverse crisis in his history is an opportune time for briefly recapitulating the following

Prophetic Features

that appertain to him:

There are five peculiarities in his name. It contains 666, the number of the Ten-horned Wildbeast or future Ten-kingdomed Confederacy, thereby indicating him to be instrumental in forming the Confederacy
E (Ernest) 5 b2 070 u400 l30 at n50 g3 e5 1100. Moreover, these ten letters in the order here mentioned are the initial letters of these Ten Kingdoms, viz.: *Espana* (Spanish for Spain), *Britain*, *Oestereich* (German for Austria), *Ungarn* (German for Hungary), *Levant* (Turkey), *Assyria*, *Nile Countries* (Egypt), *Gaul* (France), *Epirus*, and the rest of Greece, *Roman States*, and the rest of Italy.

Still further, there is a significant resemblance between the names *Boulanger* and *Bonaparte*, who rose to supremacy over France in 1809 by means similar to those adopted by Boulanger. The first three letters in each name are the same, and then four of the other letters to each name are the same. And similarly the two men may prove to be very like each other in their respective careers.

Still further he presents a typical fulfilment of what is predicted of the Ten-horned Wildbeast, viz., that it is to be

Healed of a Deadly Wound.

Rev. 13: 3.) Now he has been wounded five times—in the breast, at the battle of Turbigo in 1859; in the leg in Cochinchina in 1861; in the shoulder in 1870, in the elbow in 1871, and in the neck in a duel in July, 1888. He has also received a political deadly wound by his condemnation to imprisonment for life on August 14, 1889.

Moreover, there are five

Prophetic Dates in His History.

His birth was on April 29, 1837, the 24th day of Nisan, the same day of the year on which Daniel had a vision of the events of the Latter day

Time of the End from 1891 to 1901. (Daniel 10: 4, to end of 12.) His famous flight from Paris to Brussels (like the Mahomet's Hegira), was on April 2, 1889, the first day of Nisan, precisely the end of Daniel's 2,345 years, from Nisan 1, B. C. 457, the date of Ezra's Reforms. His entry into London was on April 24, the day after Passover Week, exactly 12 years before the Last Day; and an extraordinary darkness fell upon London for nearly an hour immediately after his arrival. His condemnation to imprisonment for life was on the Jewish day from August 14, 6 P. M. to August 15, 6 P. M.—the Bonapartist Fête day and Assumption festival, which in 1897 will be the beginning of the 1,260 days or forty-two months of the Napoleonic Last Head of the Roman Empire (Rev. 13: 5.) His greatest electoral victory (hitherto) was on Sunday, February 27, 1889, which is remarkable because Sunday, February 27, 1901, will be the end of the 1,260 days, and also February 27, 1896, will be an important prophetic date.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The White Flag Still Flying.—The Rev. Mr. Forest observed: "When the Romans besieged a city, there was first run up, at the gate, a white flag. While that flag waved the garrison and inhabitants might surrender and hope for mercy, but as soon as it was lowered, and the black flag hoisted in its stead, then every one in the city was put to death. Young men, the white flag of God's mercy still floats over you. Come just now while He is calling, 'To-day, if ye will hear My voice, harden not your heart!' Come, for soon death may hoist its black flag over you, and there shall be no mercy, only judgment which shall mete out eternal death to all unpardoned sinners."

Too Short for the Regiment.—Dr. Pentecost said: "In an American regiment in which I had the honor to serve, the standard height of the men was five feet, ten inches. I remember I just managed to squeeze in. One day I was standing by as the men were examined. The first thing they did was to stand under a rod that was exactly five feet, ten inches high. The first man that came up was five feet, nine inches high—one inch short. He was put aside. The next was five feet, nine and a half inches high—half an inch short; he also was put aside. The third was five feet, nine and three-quarter inches—only a quarter of an inch short; but he had to stand aside with the other two. All three were rejected. The one who was only a quarter of an inch short never thought of boasting over him who was a whole inch short. Both were rejected, and they would have felt the foolishness of their different degrees of shortness. Yet that is what many Christians do. Show me the Christian who measures fully up to the ten commandments, for otherwise he does not fulfil the necessary requirements to procure his acceptance on his own merits. But though we do not reach to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, our Substitute does, and with His righteousness imputed to us, we are accepted. The Word of God affirms, 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.'"

A Minister's Discovery.—The Rev. G. L. Carstairs remarks: "There was a meeting of mine about which I was very much troubled. I thought there was a great want of love among the different members, for I saw they did not get on well one with another; there was a constant friction, though each seemed to be able to get along with me perfectly well. I wondered how I could get at them to point this out, and tell them what to do. I made out a list of subjects, the various verses of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, and resolved to go right through them, verse by verse, at our weekly meeting. I started, not thinking there was any lack of Christian love in myself, but I soon found out my great mistake, and night after night I went home thoroughly ashamed of myself, and feeling that what I had been saying was only condemning myself. It was hard work

to continue, week after week, but I did it, and I think it did me good, and I found that as I looked at myself I thought less of the want of Christian love in those to whom I was speaking; and to tell the truth, the people for whom the sermons were intended were seldom there. At the end of the course there was a great deal more Christian love in the meeting than there was in the beginning. God seemed to have given me more love, and it had gone from me to the people. We may preach and try to show the way to others, but unless we ourselves have gone first it is useless. What can a minister or any one else tell of the love of Jesus if he himself has not felt it?"

A Text Through an Open Window.—Mr. Ingles relates: "Two New York boys were coming home from skating, laughing and enjoying themselves on the way, as only healthy, happy boys can. As they stood full of glee in front of a house, a gentleman came out and asked them to move on, as there was a sick lady in the house. They walked off; but presently one of the boys said to his companion, 'I wonder if that lady is a Christian.' As both of them had given their hearts to Jesus shortly before, they talked over it, and decided it was their duty to go back and inquire. They returned, and as they stood at the door they were seized with fright at their own boldness, and turned and fled. Soon they stopped, and ashamed of themselves, again approached the house. Still afraid to venture they walked round it, and through an open window they saw the invalid. Advancing towards it, the elder boy called out, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' The lady was a true Christian, but just at that time Satan was tempting her with the thought that really, after all, she might not be saved; she was not worth saving. That blessed text wafted in through the open window again brought peace and quietness to her troubled soul. None of us are too weak to serve Christ, if we will only put ourselves in His hands, willing to do whatsoever He giveth us to do."

A Soldier's Brave Sweetheart.—Mr. J. H. McEwen says: "A young woman had betrothed herself to a soldier. It would not be long till his time was served, so it was decided to delay the marriage until he should be free from the service. But in the interim his regiment was ordered to Egypt, and the lovers were parted; but they comforted each other with the thought that it would not be for long. His letters came regularly, telling that all was well, but one morning one came with an Egyptian stamp, and in a strange hand-writing. With a quickly beating heart she tore it open as fast as her trembling fingers would permit. 'Thank God! he is not dead,' she exclaimed. She learned that in an engagement he had lost both his arms, and being now unable to fight the battle of life as he had expected, he wrote, by a friend, releasing her from her engagement. The true-hearted girl at once started to the place where she knew she would meet her betrothed. She found him in the hospital, and as she clasped him in her arms, he asked, 'Did you get my letter?' 'Willie!' she exclaimed, 'Do you think I would desert you in your trouble? I have a strong pair of arms that can work for both of us; we must never part now.' If she had loved him only for the sake of a home and for the support he could give her, she would have accepted his renunciation, but she loved him for himself, and that is true love. That was the love Christ had for sinners, and He loved them so that He gave His life for them."

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev. M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 71 Bible House, New York.

THE SUNRISE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday,
September 8, 1889.

"The day is at hand." Rom. 13: 12.

Post-Vacation Greetings—A New Trumpet-Stop in the Pulpit Organ—The Key-Note for the Year—More Gladness Needed—The Religion of Laughter—Causes for Joy—The World's Dawn—The First Rays—I. International Arbitration—The "Alabama" Example—How Our War Might Have Been Averted—White Men Responsible for Indian Wars—II. The Annihilation of Distances—Christianity Preparing for the Final Assault on the World—The Church no Slower than Science—Christ's Coming—Foretokenings in the Air—III. Facts Chronological—Strange and Mysterious Phenomena—War-Horses in a Thunder-Storm—Scars in Christ's Service.

BACK from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs and the farm-house, your cheek bronzed, and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by flash of phosphorescence.

A New Key-note.

Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am grandly and gloriously and inexpressibly happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry, "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the key-note of my next twelve-months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel, and Coronation. Some time ago we had a new stop put in this organ—a new trumpet-stop—and I want to put a new trumpet-stop into my sermons.

In all our Christian work we want more of

The Element of Gladness.

That man has no right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that He was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over His knee and shoulder at His own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ, "He rejoiced in spirit"? Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours all the water over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic, and assay them, and test them, and analyze them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently disturbed many people by telling them that there is danger of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers

that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults, and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad centre, where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come

Within an Inch of Disaster,

and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch-tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the Hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world, or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about half-past 5, and I think that is about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The First Ray of the Dawn

I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword. That *Alabama* question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows, or off the Mersey? By the Gulf Stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No: A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London: "All settled." Peace. Peace. England pays to the United States the amount awarded—*pays really more than she ought to have paid*. But still, all that *Alabama* broil is settled—settled forever.

Arbitration Instead of Battle.

So, the quarrel eight or nine years ago about the Canadian fisheries, in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said, "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said, "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say, "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, not a cartridge bitten off, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle. So the Samoan controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through peccadillo of ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment of Sedan, blotted out the French Empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is that blush on the cheek of England to-day? What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war!

Down with the Sword

and up with the treaty. We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the thrust of the sword. Philanthropy said to the North, "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the South, "You sell the slaves, and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The North replied, "I won't pay a cent!" The South replied, "I won't sell!"

War! War! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder. Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over, and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the North pay in cost of war four billion seven hundred million dollars, and the South pay four billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first-born dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh yes! we have come to believe I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint, and Afghans and Zulus hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that

War is Disaster

to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave General Custers. Stop expiring the red-man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the reservations. A general of the United States Army, in high repute throughout this land—and who, perhaps has been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our Government in battle against the Indians—told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of contest.

The Indians' Wrongs.

I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under that large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, and still closer corner, until, after while, I say: "Stand back! don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you come here and drive me off of my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, know more than you do. I belong to a high civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back, and crowding me on into a closer corner, and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by

Their Hardships,

I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the work comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian. The red-man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right defence of a Brooklyn home or a New York home is right in defence of a home on top of the Rocky Mountains. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that the generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather there be blood-smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation. One man was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other man pretended to be a representative of a Christian nation. Notwith-

anding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of keen steel, is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."
I find another ray of the dawn in the commission of

The World's Distances.

What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing could have been the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no other means of communication! but now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the twenty-five thousand miles of the world's circumference are shrivelling up to insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer New York than New Haven was a few years ago; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne, within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planning its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may do all their work in twenty-four hours.

The World Derides the Church

for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science five thousand years and fifty-two years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took five thousand eight hundred years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces, and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the Queen's speech at the proroguing of Parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvellous to believe that in twenty-four hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth?

Suppose Christ Should Descend

to the nations—many expect that Christ will come among the nations personally—suppose at to-morrow morning the Son of God from a covering cloud should descend upon these cities. Could not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose He should present His gospel in a few words saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrow; to prove that I am a supernatural being, I have just descended from the clouds; do you believe Me, and do you believe Me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you all these things to show you is not among the impossibilities, or even the improbabilities, that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instantaneously, when the time comes. Here are

Foretokenings in the Air.

Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axle of the world is going to break; but mean something great for the world's blessing, and not for the world's damage, is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the London plagues. Enough, the Asiatic choleras. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the conflagrations. Think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden-jars ready for some new manifestation of mighty influence. Better have new sets of type in your printing-offices to set up

some astounding good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried, ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse your court-houses for

The Judge of All the Earth May Appear.

Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Law-giver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand!"

One more ray of the dawn I see in *facts chronological and mathematical*. Come, now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Ezekiel and Hosea, and Micah and Malachi, and John and Peter, and Paul and Christ, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick, and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast, and the captain assures you the vessel is staunch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness, and defeat, or on

Toward Light and Blessedness.

You and I believe the latter, and if so, every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation; and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra beside your Bible and rejoice.

If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it is at 2, if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and the heavenly world may, after a while, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are

Strange and Mysterious Things

which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that, after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what that is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: that *the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner*, and that

perhaps after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in

This Battle Against Unrighteousness.

Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars Hill! History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of a war bought up all the old cavalry horses lest they be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Naversmire Heath, and turned these old war-horses into the thickest and richest pasture, to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder-storm came up, and these war-horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm branch for weapon, and come down out of the king's galleries into the arena, crying: "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon!"

My beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with

The Sunlight in Your Faces.

I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion, He who hath the moon under his feet, and all the armies of heaven on white horses. Brother! brother!

All I am Afraid of

is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood-bought immortality. O Christ! how shall I meet thee, thou of the scarred brow and the scarred back and the scarred hand and the scarred foot and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, you faces of God, I dare you to the combat! Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy! Come on, with tongues forked and viperine and adderous! Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit! I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow, I uncover my heart. Strike! I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with Him on earth, we cannot glorify with Him in heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

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POISON WANTED FOR A WITCH.

In a letter from his station in West Central Africa to the *Missionary Herald* Mr. Currie, one of the missionaries of the American Board, describes a strange application recently made to him. He says: "I received a visit from two head men of the Ombala. They were messengers from the chief of this place. They declared a person was trying to kill the chief by witchcraft. They wanted to know if I had *medicine to kill that person*. I was 'a great doctor,' they said, and if I had medicine to give them, they would go and kill the wizard. I replied, 'The chief is my friend. He has done kindness to me. I love him. If he has a pain in his head, his stomach, or his foot, if his heart is sore or his lungs are sick, or if he has the fever, come to me. I will give you medicine to cure him. I am his friend. I am the friend of the whole country. I don't carry medicine to kill. No witch can kill me. I don't believe any can kill my friend, the chief. Why does he think to go from Chisamba? Shall I stay here all alone?' 'You can go with him,' they replied. 'Ah! look at my beard,' I said. 'Isn't it white? I have been to all the countries round. I have come here to build. My houses are new. My strength has fled. (I had fever at the time.) I can't go. No, I will stay here. I haven't much medicine now. When I build, I will send for a lot. I wish to do kindness to the people. I want to heal the sick and teach them the Word of God. Tell the chief if he has the fever, if he is truly sick, to send to me for medicine. I am his friend.' The old men applauded. They declared I had spoken indeed. I was 'their white man.' I was 'the chief's friend.' After taking a gift of salt, they left."

A few days after this a conference of the principal men was held, and Mr. Currie reports that the chief will not remove from Chisamba.

IN A LEPER REFUGE.

So much has been said of the heroism of the late Father Damien, who devoted his life to ministering to the lepers of the Sandwich Islands, that an impression has been produced that his work is unique. That is a mistake. In several countries Protestant missionaries have bravely gone among them, knowing the danger of infection, yet willing to incur the risk if they could tell the sufferers of the way of salvation. The heroism of these men is of the same character as that of Father Damien, while the results of their work are more blessed, inasmuch as they preach the gospel, instead of Romish error.

One of these missionaries is Rev. J. J. Lucas, of Allahabad, India, who has charge of the Leper Asylum on the Jumna River. He writes: "There is no cure, and very little can be done even to relieve suffering. One of the saddest sights is to see the little children of the lepers playing about all unconscious of the dreadful years coming on them. The parents come to the asylum with the children, as a rule, and it is a hard question to decide what to do with these children. The father of a very bright little boy is very anxious that I should send his son away from the asylum to one of our orphanages. The mother is not a leper, and the father developed it only a few years ago. The difficulties of the problem, whichever way we look at it, I need not name."

"Five of the lepers are Christians. They have worship every day. I never visit them without coming away cheered by the evidence of the presence of the Lord Jesus, giving them comfort and resignation in the midst of their great sufferings. One of them, the father of the little boy named above, named Lalloo, a Brahman convert, was baptized many years ago by Mr. Wynkoop. He is one of the happiest Christians I have ever met. He was not a leper at the time of his baptism, or at least it was not known that he was. His toes and fingers are slowly wasting away, and as the struggle between life and death goes on in hand and foot, he suffers at times so intensely that one cannot look on unmoved. And yet I have never heard

a murmur from him, but over and over have I heard him in the midst of his sufferings tell of the great love of God in Christ to him a poor sinner and leper. His life is one of the best evidences of a living Saviour that I know. His bright face tells of the light within. I have gone from the asylum again and again with a very full heart, feeling that the same Jesus who drew the lepers to Him when on earth and laid His hand on them, still walks the earth, and delights to dwell in the midst of this little company of His disciples."

ABOLITION IN AFRICA.

It will interest all who remember the struggle to solve the problem of slavery in this country which preceded the civil war to know how the most enlightened of African potentates is approaching it. A missionary in Zanzibar thus defines his attitude: The problem before the Sultan of Zanzibar is the "abolition of the legal status of slavery" in his island and its dependencies, and not the emancipation outright of the slaves held by himself and his subjects. There is a considerable difference in the two operations. Emancipation is, of course, easily understood; from the moment it is promulgated as a decree, every slave becomes a free person. The other course cuts less directly against slavery, but, owing to a variety of causes not necessary to mention now, it is commonly believed that it would have a salutary and widespread effect at the present juncture, and go far to relieve the pressure on human life in the interior of Africa. One may put the case thus: Abolish the "legal status of slavery," and the law courts are at once closed against the plaintiff who seeks to recover his slave if he be harbored, employed, stolen, or injured by another person. No debt contracted through a transaction in slaves is recoverable; the runaway slave has neither the law nor its machinery following him; property in slaves cannot be bequeathed to an heir or legatee, and so forth. In short, the investment or transfer of money into any channel in which the human chattel becomes the consideration is so hazardous that the neck of slavery receives its first twist. As a measure it has been under the consideration of successive Foreign Secretaries. The Arabs feel that come it must, and several very awkward considerations bar the way to any mention of compensation; they wisely let sleeping dogs lie. Free labor, too, as an institution is long past the dawn in East Africa. But the paramount problem which this country should seek to deal with is the reduction of our prodigious annual bill for slave-trade tinkering. The two problems are ripe for solution, and can be solved together.

A PANIC AMONG ROBBERS.

A TOUR into the interior of Morocco was recently undertaken by Mr. E. F. Baldwin and Mr. Sheehan, two missionaries in that land. Mr. Baldwin thus describes a remarkable incident of the journey: In an unfrequented part a band of rough men attacked us, threatening us with clubs, and arresting us, and taking us on with them we knew not where. The Lord delivered us from all fear, or even perturbation of spirit. We prayed that He would put His fear upon them. This He did, for suddenly the ringleader fled as if pursued; then another, and then the rest. And we went off on another road, rejoicing that this fiery trial had only "burned off our hands," for it resulted in our discovering we had lost our road, and in finding the right one. Others, taking us for Jews, treated us rudely and demanded money, of which we had none; but not a hair of our heads perished.

In about two weeks Mr. Nairn and I, notwithstanding its being midsummer, go on foot, without purse or scrip, to Morocco City, to meet there several of the chief men from the groups of Christians in the interior, who are to be there by appointment in the Great Feast. After that we expect to visit all the places where there are native Christians, being away, perhaps, months.

I have stirring news continually from the in-

terior. They write me letters. In one large village in the mountains, where a few who had a gospel portion were feeling their way into the light, they said that if this Christ were truly alive, and with all power, He could cast out the devils from one possessed of them who was with them, and whom all the Moslem arts and incantations had failed to deliver. They prayed over him in the name of Jesus, and at once this on that had been a dread to them, and had been often bound, and who would tear his clothes and seek to kill men, was healed and the devils cast out. They were amazed, and many believed. They sent a messenger at once to Dimnat, a distant place, where they knew there were believers, asking that some one come at once to instruct and baptize them. The messenger himself was baptized at Dimnat, with others.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS OF BELSHAZZAR.

A CURIOUS series of records has been found on the tiles recently unearthed, which made the Babylonian royal library. Professor Theo G. Pinches, of the British Museum, who has been engaged in deciphering them, sends a long translation to an American journal. In the course of it occur some strange memoranda of transactions with Belshazzar, the king whose end is described by Daniel (chapter 5).

According to the inscriptions, Belshazzar was the son of Nabonidus, and grandson or descendant of Nabû bâlat-suikbî, the *rubû-émgu*, or "deeply wise prince," whose name, by analogy with other names, might be shortened to Balatu. They were probably not of royal race. How Nabonidus came to the throne we do not know, but the fact of his being the son or descendant of "the deeply wise prince" probably had something to do with it. In the first year of Nabonidus we find a Belshazzar, son of Balatu, borrowing sixteen *gurri* of grain from a man named Dâan sum-iddin, and this Belshazzar appears also as the scribe who wrote the tablet. Two more months pass, and a sale of slaves takes place, not at Babylon, where the other contracts were drawn up, but at a city called Bît-tâbi-Bêl. Nabû-kasir sells his female slaves Didinnatum and Alak-su-lûmur to the men Nusêzib-Marduk and Marduk-sum-iddin, both blacksmiths. There, among the witnesses, was the son of Nabonidus, son of Balatu. A curious coincidence, to say the least of it. The next month the same name appears on the occasion of reselling the above slaves at a city called Sahrin, the son of Nabonidus, son of Balatu, being one of the witnesses.

Four more months pass away, and we again come across the name of Belshazzar. This time there is no doubt about it whatever; it is the Babylonian crown prince. On the 26th day of Ve-Adar, in the first year of Nabonidus, Marduk-iriba sells to Bêlrêšûa, servant of Belshazzar, the son of the king, for his lord and master, a certain plot of ground adjoining "the house of the son of the king." This interesting transaction took place at Babylon, and was a very private affair, there being only four witnesses, including the scribe. Many other contracts, of some of which the record has come down to us, were entered into by the crown prince of Babylon from time to time. Surely it was by this means that he kept in touch with and conferred favors upon his old acquaintances and friends.

The tablets state that it was on the sixteenth day of Tammuz (June-July) that Gobryas, Cyrus's general, descended to Babylon, but it was not until the third day of Marcheswan (October-November) that Cyrus arrived there. Nabonidus was a prisoner, but Belshazzar—nominally king through this state of affairs—seems to have held out in some part of the city. He did not remain unmolested long, however, for on the night of the eleventh of Marcheswan Gobryas made his attack, "and the son of the king died." (Compare Daniel 5:30: "In that night was Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans, slain.") The tablet goes on to say: "From the twenty-seventh day of Adar (February-March) until the third day of Nisan (March-April) there

was weeping in Akkad—all the people bowed their head." It was, apparently, only the court or official mourning, which took place four months after his death.

DEATH OF SAUL AND HIS SONS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for September 22, I Samuel 31, Golden Text, Ps. 34: 16.

Saul Writhing Under the Curse—Could Have been Restored—The Christian's School Life—Progressive Lessons to be Learned—The Fierce Home Conflict—The Enemy Feigning Death—Saul Defeated and Wounded—Begging for Death—The News Brought to David—The False Self-Accuser's Doom—The Warrior Poet's Dirge—David Quits the Philistine Land—Seeking Direction—A Definite Answer.

SAUL'S career became more and more sad. After the Lord departed from him, the poor rejected king made the most desperate attempt to recover his popularity and his influence over his people, but in his disobedience to God he had brought upon him the curse of the broken law: "It shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all His commandments and his statutes which I command thee. . . . the Lord shall send upon thee

Cursing, Vexation, and Rebuke

in all that thou settest thine hand unto for to do, until thou be destroyed, and until thou perish quickly; because of the wickedness of thy doings, whereby thou hast forsaken Me." (Deut. 28: 15-20.) There was a blight upon Saul's whole life; it was an endless strife against God, and all things seemed to be against him. God had chosen David before him; he knew it, but his heart rebelled; he wanted something different to what God wanted, and he had no confidence in God that He knew best.

When God had dealt with Moses at the time when, in his self-confidence, he slew the Egyptian, Moses did not rebel, but submitted to God; he hearkened unto Him, and then God could bless him and use him. When God put Joseph through test after test, "the Lord was with him," and every new trial found him with added blessing. What a contrast between him and Saul! "The Lord made all that he did to prosper in Joseph's hand," whereas "cursing, vexation, and rebuke" came upon all that Saul set his hand to, because the Lord was with Joseph, and Saul was leading a life independent of God. Could not Saul have been restored? Surely yes; "If the wicked will turn from all his sins which he hath committed, and keep all My statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die." (Ezek. 18: 21.) But Saul did not turn; his was one career of self-seeking, self-love, self-pity, self-help, and, finally, self-destruction. Thank God, there is a refuge from self in Jesus, but there is no other.

Now that David was brought back to be fully on the Lord's side, God was free to deal with Saul. While we are on earth, in our school-life of preparation for heaven, God bears with much that opposes Him for the sake of the discipline it is to His children, but when it has done its work it is removed, and the scene of trial changes—other lessons have to be learned. In future, David's trials were to come more from within than from without. Up to the present, the conflict was about the kingdom. Saul disputed David's right to reign, and kept him from the throne for many years. Now his trials were to come from a kingdom which he reigned over, from subjects who acknowledged him, and from his own family. The trials of God's children narrow more and more, and intensify more and more: the conflict with the world is a very outside one, and, with really devoted souls, a very short one. Then comes the conflict with the flesh, the "I" and the "me," the likes and dislikes, the tastes, choices, and reasonings; and then, will and reason and affections are all, one after another, brought into obedience to Christ. Then another conflict begins, and the battleground is the heavenly places in Christ Jesus, where the unveiled devil brings up his hosts of

principalities and powers, etc. Saul is the type of self, it was time he was dead, but self is often supposed to be extinct

when it lives still. The Philistines fought against Israel, and now Israel fled, "and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa." The chief prize which the Philistines sought was the family of Saul. The beloved, the brave, the faithful Jonathan was their first victim; then Abinadab and Melchi-shua, his sons, were slain; and last of all, Saul himself was wounded. Oh the despair which must have seized this man—once in a certain measure acquainted with God, once having known what it was to have the Spirit of God, and now, in his most critical moment,

To Face a Lost Eternity Alone!

True, even in death, to the self which governed him, Saul would keep up appearances; he called to his armor-bearer to complete the work of death and slay him, "lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through, and abuse me." He cared for his reputation on earth even when his soul should be in hell. "But his armor-bearer would not, for he was sore afraid." He had had too constant an example of self-interest not to think of what the future consequences might be if he were found guilty of slaying the king, "therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it," and his armor-bearer followed his example.

There are two accounts of Saul's death, and no doubt the real truth lies between the two. On the third day after David's victory over the Amalekites, when he recovered all the spoil which they had seized, and all the reunited families were full of praise to God, and were rejoicing in the town of Ziklag, a man made his appearance before David, with every sign of the deepest mourning, to announce the death of Saul. When David heard that the stranger came direct from the seat of war, he was anxious to hear tidings of the battle, but the news were sad ones—many of the people had fled, many were fallen, and Jonathan and king Saul among the number. David closely interrogated his informant, "How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan his son be dead?" And then the young man related how he had been by chance upon Mount Gilboa, and how Saul had leaned upon his spear, and, seeing him approach, had entreated him to slay him, because he was in anguish, and that he had acceded to Saul's request, and had slain him. In token of this, he had brought Saul's crown and his bracelet, and he laid them down at David's feet. The young man counted, no doubt, on a handsome reward from David; but

He Had Mistaken His Man.

He was accustomed to such as do that which is right in their own eyes, and it was a new thing to meet with one who looked at everything in its relation to God. David, instead of exulting at the death of his enemy, "took hold on his clothes, and rent them," and showed every sign of grief. The spirit of Christ in him beforehand led him to love his enemy. His own prophecy was fulfilled regarding Saul. "As the Lord liveth, the Lord shall smite him; or his day shall come to die; or he shall descend into battle, and perish." (1 Sam. 26: 10.) But David would rather he had lived and turned to God. There was mourning throughout all Ziklag "for Saul, and for Jonathan his son, and for the people of the Lord, and for the house of Israel." The young Amalekite must have marvelled; this was quite a new thing to him, and he must have trembled as to how David would regard the part he had taken. At last David turned to him and said, "How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed?" And his sentence of death went forth without more ado. "David said unto him, This blood be upon thy head: for thy mouth hath testified against thee, saying, I have slain the Lord's anointed." Was there time for the fear of God to take hold on the young man? We know not. Under the law, the first thought was justice; under the gospel, the first thought is mercy.

David's poetical and musical talents were now brought into play to compose a funeral dirge for Saul and Jonathan. David had suffered, suffered deeply and continually, through Saul, but in his elegy he passes over all the past which was against the deceased king, and sings, "How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." He sung of the bravery, the strength, the agility, of both Saul and Jonathan, but not one word of the cowardice, the meanness, and the treachery of Saul. But, after all, it was Jonathan whom he chiefly mourned, "O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places." Jonathan had never condescended to a mean action. Jonathan, his fellow-soul, was always the same to him. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

Meanwhile, the Philistines, with barbarous animosity, as soon as they discovered the bodies of Saul and his sons, decapitated Saul, and fastened his body, and his son's bodies to the wall of Bethshan, which signifies "the house of rest." Figuratively, there is

No Rest While Self Lives,

and the death-place of self is the place of rest in the Lord. The men of Jabesh-gilead, hearing of the dishonor which was done to the remains of their king and princes, came with valiant men, and rescued their bones, and buried them at Jabesh.

Now that Saul was dead, it was time for David to leave the land of the Philistines for ever. God had unsettled him in Ziklag by permitting the Amalekites to come and burn the city. No city of the Philistines was a fit home for God's children. David's company were all homeless there, and he inquired of the Lord whether he should go up to any of the cities of Judah. "And the Lord said unto him, Go up." But David would not choose his way, but inquired again, "Whither shall I go up? And He said, Unto Hebron." Whenever God allows us to be unsettled in our homes, in our Christian work, in our plans, etc., it is not for us to take for granted that we are in the right place, or that our plans are the right plans. It becomes us to ask the Lord if He has anything to say in these circumstances. If we are specially interrupted in anything we are doing which requires careful thought, it may be an indication from God that it is not being done at the time when He wills it to be done. We sometimes forget how exact our God is about little things. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." Let us live, allowing God the right to hinder us, and interrupt us, and upset our plans. His precious lessons are worth far more than the time spent in learning them, or the bit of work which appears to us so important. The city where David was to go is named Hebron, which means "fellowship." This is

A Blessed Dwelling-Place

for a child of God. "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. 1: 9.) "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." All the discipline of our Christian lives tends to lead us into fellowship with God. In all our work for Him, all the blessed soul-winning which He permits us, we may come short of real fellowship with Him. He wants us to be receptive, in order to have fellowship, to receive, to listen, to yield, rather than to give, to speak, and to do; then we shall give as we have received, speak as we have heard of Him, do as He directs in an intimacy of oneness with Him.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain a larger quantity of reading matter than fourteen of the present size contain. This change has to be made to meet the increased demand for advertising space, which requires us to give up a second page to advertisements. The advertisements necessarily appear at once, owing to the exigencies of the fall trade, and we should make the enlargement at the same time were it not that by doing so the volume would be spoiled for binding, and so, many subscribers be inconvenienced. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Increase of the Public Debt was Reported by the Treasury Department last week. It has for so long a time been the rule to read reports of a regular monthly decrease that the change excited some surprise. The increase for the month of August was \$6,076,692. This makes the total increase since the close of the financial year on June 30, \$7,094,003. A part of the increase is accounted for by the payment during August of \$3,738,390 as premiums on bond purchases. Mr. Windom has had to pay 128 for bonds bearing four per cent. interest. While this involves a present outlay, it will of course reduce the annual expense. The Pension Bureau has absorbed \$20,243,969 during August, and \$35,492,214 in the two months. This is more than the Bureau paid out during the two corresponding months of last year by \$9,444. There will apparently be a deficiency in this account, for which the Commissioner will need an appropriation of thirty or forty millions. The total public debt, less cash in the Treasury, is now \$1,063,740,625.

A Decrease in Immigration will Probably be recorded for this year. The bulk of the immigrants usually arrive during the spring and summer, so that the figures now published for the first eight months of the year are an indication of the whole. During the first eight months of 1888 the number was 294,191; for the same period of this year it is 222,056, showing a decrease of 72,135. This is an indication of better prospects in Europe, though other causes, such as the activity or apathy of emigration agents, the facilities offered by transportation lines, exercise an influence on the tide of emigration.

The Rumors of a Coming Change in the Tele-graph system through post-office co-operation took definite shape last week. It is now stated that Mr. Wanamaker's conferences with Dr. Norvin Green, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, relate to a combination of facilities. Dr. Green insists that it is impossible to reduce the telegraph rates to the public, owing to the cost of delivering messages. The Postmaster-General's idea is to have the messages collected and delivered by the Post-Office Department through the carriers now employed in the free delivery service, and the messengers who carry special delivery letters from the smaller offices. The plan is supposed to be for a rate which shall stand between the present cost of sending a special delivery letter and the expense of sending a telegram. Under Mr. Wanamaker's pro-

posal the deliveries would be made by the Government with its present postal force, leaving the telegraph companies the margin they need on which to reduce rates to the public. It is also assumed that there would be a large increase in the business of the companies, thus adding to their ability to cut down rates. It is probable that the sender of a telegram would have the option of having it delivered at the higher rate by special messenger, or at the lower rate by letter carrier. The scheme is to be complete in the most minute details before it is presented to Congress by the Postmaster-General.

No Effort is Being Spared to Make the Con-ference of the Delegates of the Three Americas practically useful. Our consuls in South and Central America have for some time been giving special attention to the collection of information bearing on the subjects to come before the Conference, and it is being carefully edited at the State Department. In addition to these official sources of information, a number of gentlemen of special training have been asked to prepare reports on subjects relating to commerce, navigation, customs regulations, coinage, and commercial law. Arrangements are also being made to facilitate the deliberations by the use of daily reports to be furnished to each delegate. These are to be, some in alternate pages of English and Spanish, and others in alternate pages of English and Portuguese. The proceedings will also be printed in the three languages—at least such parts of them as the Conference thinks proper to make public. Arrangements are now being made with the Government printer to issue the reports promptly, and to have the proper fonts of Spanish and Portuguese type. The proof-reading will be done at the State Department.

President Legitime has Finally Quitted Hayti, leaving General Hippolyte in possession. Legitime was in New York on September 5, on his way to Paris. He was received by the Haytian Minister, Mr. Preston, and the Consul-General, who paid him the respect due to his late office. Legitime said that he had no settled plans, but expected to spend some time in Paris. As Hayti recalled President Salomon after banishing him, Legitime may cherish hopes that he too will be invited to return. Hippolyte entered Port au Prince two days after Legitime quitted it, and was received with enthusiasm. It remains now to be seen what he will do with respect to the coal station, which, when only an insurgent leader, he undertook to cede to the United States. His promise places him in a dilemma. If he keeps it, he will lose the popularity he now enjoys with the Haytian people; if he repudiates it, he will lose the support of the United States, with which he cannot well dispense.

The Conservative Party in England is making a bold bid for the support of the Partellites. Mr. Balfour has announced that the Government propose to endow a Roman Catholic college, and evidently counts on the seed taking root in Ireland. He believes the priests will be with him, and in this surmise he is probably correct. The priests, he concludes, will win over the voters, and he is of the opinion that the Irish party will be sufficiently grateful for the proposal to render the Tory party a measure of aid occasionally. Already there have been signs of gratification on the part of the Irish members of Parliament. It will be interesting to watch the result of such a proposal. Lord Beaconsfield advocated it in his day, but he was opposed by the solid Liberal party and many Conservatives. Now the Liberal party is divided, and it may be assumed that the Hartington wing has pledged its support, while the Irish members will vote for it. The Gladstonites will thus be left alone to oppose it, with such of the Conservatives as may have more religious principle than party loyalty. Mr. Michael Davitt has strenuously warned his colleagues against the scheme, which he regards as a pitfall. He denounces the abandonment of a single plank of the Home Rule platform for a

mess of Catholic university pottage. He declares that the stand taken upon this question, together with the vote of the Irish members on the royal grants, forms a very sorry exhibition of Parliamentary opportunism. The Protestant Alliance has resolved to vigorously oppose the Government's proposal.

All Parties in France are Working Vigor-ously for success in the elections. The Comte de Paris, as head of the Monarchists, has issued a manifesto appealing to monarchist Catholics and Christian Imperialists, and to moderate minded men who, having sought in vain to found an honest republic, cannot continue eternally "to defend against their experience a form of Government that has been condemned by its results." In the event of a monarchist success, his programme is to remedy urgent evils first and then to undertake a revision of the Constitution. He advocates a submission to the people of the question of the form of Government and is confident that a large majority will declare for the monarchy. Certain expressions in the manifesto indicate that a coalition of the Monarchists, Imperialists, and Boulangists is formed to overthrow the Republic, and then let the people decide which of the three shall govern the nation. Prince Victor Napoleon makes a similar appeal in the *Figaro*.

The Attitude of Germany and France Grows increasingly hostile. In Berlin last week, the anniversary of Sedan was celebrated, and Herr Stocker, the court chaplain, delivered one of his most rabid orations. The *National Zeitung*, commenting on the anniversary, observed that peace has been prolonged beyond expectation, but that the cost of an armed peace is enormous. Other papers reviewed the history of Germany since the Franco-Prussian War. It is also announced that at the approaching session of the Reichstag a bill is to be introduced which the Government is preparing for credits to *augment and reorganize the army* in view of the continual increase of the French and Russian armaments. The members of the Reichstag and the public are being prepared for this bill by significant articles in all the official organs. These papers are demanding an increase of the German forces, which is calculated on the effective force that the new French military law will enable France to put into the field. On the other side, too, there is ominous news. Russia and France are drawing closer together, and the definite statement is made from a Russian source that an offensive and defensive alliance between the two countries will be formally announced after the French elections.

A Terrific Dynamite Explosion in Antwerp, Belgium, caused a fearful loss of life and much injury to property on September 6. It occurred in a cartridge factory near the Bourse. About three hundred workpeople, many of them women and girls, were at work in the factory, breaking up old cartridges, when an explosion blew the building to pieces. What caused it is not known, as all the employees were killed and their corpses mutilated almost beyond recognition. Nearly a thousand persons outside the factory were struck by fragments of the building and more or less seriously injured. Flames burst forth instantly, and in a short time two acres of the city were burning. Close by were the petroleum stores. The Bourse was so near that it was struck by burning fragments when the explosion occurred, and set on fire. The building was crowded at the time, and a panic ensued, in which many persons were slightly injured. The fire rapidly extended to the docks, and several ships were set on fire. The American docks were at a little distance, and they were fortunately cleared of shipping before the fire reached them. Eighty thousand barrels of oil were burning at one time, and the heat was so great that the fire department could not fight the fire. The Scheldt resembled a river of fire. One correspondent says there is not a whole window in Antwerp. Even the magnificent stained glass windows of the Cathedral were destroyed.

A Letter Received From Freha, Algeria, North Africa, at this office, last week, furnishes cheering intelligence of usefulness. A medical missionary among the Kabyles, who was formerly residing in New York, writes us that he subscribed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and was a regular reader of it while in this city. When he went to Africa it was sent to him there. "The term of my subscription," he says, "expires this month, and I am unable to renew it, although I should like to do so very much. *The paper has proved most serviceable to me, not only in building me up in the Faith, but also in furnishing me with illustrations in my talks with the natives. The Kabyles are quite delighted with the pictures, and collect in numbers about me when the paper comes, to look at it and to have it explained to them.*" We are very thankful that God is blessing the paper in this way, and using it to help a man who has consecrated his life to this self-denying work. Such men have more friends than they know of, and he will continue to receive the paper as before.

A Startling Disclosure in High Life was made in New York last week. The newspapers reported that Mrs. Robert Ray Hamilton had been arrested for stabbing her servant. Mr. Hamilton is a wealthy and highly respected gentleman, who has represented an important district at the State capital for some time, yet it was not known that he was married. He admitted the marriage, however, but said that honor had compelled him to enter into it against his judgment. He had held illicit relations with the woman, and could not resist her appeals to him to marry her when she became a mother. His friends have now endeavored to rescue him from his degrading alliance with the help of the police. Detectives were employed to look up the woman's record, and they have discovered that she is not the mother of the child whose existence she used to induce Mr. Hamilton to marry her. She learned that he was wealthy and possessed valuable family jewels, and she entered into a conspiracy to obtain them. Perceiving that she could most easily influence him through his sense of honor, she purchased a baby for ten dollars and represented it as her own, and he fell into the trap and married her. His life since then appears to have been one of shame and humiliation. His wife has brought disgrace on his name, which has been an honored one for many generations, and he has personally suffered in pocket and honor through her vices. Whatever the issue of the legal proceedings may be, his experience should be a lesson to every young man. It is a literal fulfilment of the wise King's warning (Prov. 5: 8-11).

Gold Hidden for More Than Seventy Years was found in a house in Jacksonville, Fla., on August 28. During the process of demolishing an old house in that city a workman pried some stones out of a chimney. To his surprise, he found that he had uncovered a cavity in which was an earthenware pot filled to the brim with gold coins. They were Spanish coins, some of them as old as 1755, and worth about \$500. Search was made in the ancient record-books of real estate, and it was found that the house had been occupied from 1795 to 1815 by Father Miguel Crosby, a Roman Catholic priest, who received large sums of money from the King of Spain and the Romish Church in that country for the support of mission work in Florida. As the priest was of a miserly disposition, he was doubtless the person who hid the money. More of his hoard may yet be found when the foundations of the house are reached. A close watch is therefore kept over the excavation, and the debris is being carefully sifted before being carted away. The old priest died seventy-four years ago, and the money has lain idle ever since. The fact is not creditable to him. If he intended it to provide for the future exigencies of the mission, his successors have just cause for complaint that he left no record of its existence. It is more probable, however, that it was intended for his own use, and he kept it secret because it was dishonestly abstracted from the

funds supplied to him for his Church work. In that case, the crime was, like so many crimes, profitless to the perpetrator. The sin and the shame are his, and, according to the biblical warning, the profit goes to the innocent. (Job 27: 16, 17.)

A Mysterious Leak Involved Serious Peril to a ship which arrived at New York on September 4 from Ceylon. Two days after leaving port the ship sprang a leak, and the water began pouring into her hold at the rate of twelve inches an hour. The men were put at the pumps at once. But one of the pumps was soon disabled. The vessel's course was shaped for St. Helena after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and on arriving there the broken pump was repaired. While at anchor the inflow of water ceased, but when the vessel resumed her voyage the leak began again. It kept on increasing, and possibly the ship would never have reached New York had not another curious thing occurred to save her. In a few days she entered a mass of floating "Gulf weed," and this was forced by the motion of the ship and the resistance of the water into the crevices which caused the leak. At any rate, the leak was nearly stopped, and did not give further trouble until the region of Gulf weed was left. Then it immediately began again, and had increased to an alarming extent at the time of the ship's arrival at New York. The Christian immersed in business-life is exposed to an analogous peril. The spirit of the world in which he moves is apt to penetrate his heart, and the love of money and the desire for a great fortune so fill his soul as to threaten him with wreck. Sometimes he, like the ship, is saved by a strange experience: he passes through a financial disturbance which checks the influx of the wealth which is weighing down his soul, and arrives safely, though "pierced with many sorrows." (1 Tim. 6: 9, 10.)

Misfit Photographs are Sold by a Photographer in Detroit, Mich. The reporter of a local journal, noticing the announcement that a stock of misfit photographs was kept at an establishment on Michigan Avenue, called to inquire about them. The proprietor told him that he was selling a large number. He said that frequently customers would sit for portraits, and order a supply, but never come to pay for them, and the portraits would be left on the photographer's hands. Sometimes the sitters did not think the portrait, when finished, did them justice, and would not take them. Every photographer had some of these "misfits" on his hands, so that it was easy to obtain a stock of them. Nor was it difficult to sell them. A young man about to marry, and wishing to send a photograph of his future wife to his friends in Europe, often preferred to send a picture of some handsome, stylishly dressed girl rather than a faithful portrait, and he would buy from the misfit stock. Pictures of pretty children with long hair always sold well. They too went, as a rule, to friends at a distance, who, if making their wills about that time, might be more liberal toward a pretty child than one of less beauty. There was little probability of the deception being detected. That is not the case with the false portraiture of moral character which unprincipled men sometimes put forth as their own. Ministers and churches may be deceived for a time, but the man who assumes the form of godliness when he has not its power, is certain to be detected in the last judgment if he escapes it in this life. (Job 20: 4-7.)

A Fortune in an Old Hulk is Being Realized by a purchaser. A short time ago the Navy Department resolved to sell the old sloop of war *Antietam*, which has been lying in a back channel of the League Island Navy-Yard for fourteen years. She was brought there from the old Navy-Yard piers when they were given up to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. She was gradually rotting away, and her lower hold was full of water when the Navy Department put her up for sale by auction. As there had been many changes in the officials of the yard, no one knew exactly what was under the

water in the hold, but it was improbable that there was anything of value. The ship was sold, as she stood, to a man who proposed to break her up for the sake of the timbers and copper sheathing of her hull. When he pumped the water out of the hold, however, he found that he had a rich prize. The vessel seemed to have been used as a storehouse at some time during her sojourn at the piers. In the hold were huge anchors weighing several tons, ingots of brass, tin, and other metals, and fathoms of chains, which cost the Government thousands of dollars. Already the purchaser has taken out metal worth \$50,000, and he has still the hulk to turn into money. He has therefore made a fortune by his investment. There have been some to whom an examination of a long-neglected Bible has proved still more profitable. Supposing it to be an antiquated volume, worthless in the present day, they have let it alone until, in some time of trouble or spiritual anxiety, they have looked into it and found it full of treasures which have endowed them with eternal riches. (Ps. 19: 10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

F. S. Parker, of Pittsfield, Mass., has received a letter informing him of the death of his daughter, age twenty-seven, who went to China a year ago as a missionary.

The Rev. Sam Jones has enormous audiences at Round Lake Camp-Meeting. Local newspapers say that special trains crowded with thousands of eager hearers are being run to the grounds.

The Rev. Stephen Mattoon, for twenty-five years a missionary in Siam, and later President of Biddell University, at Charlotte, N. C., died a few days ago at Marion, Ohio, aged seventy-eight.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, chaplain of the last two Congresses, will be ready to serve as a supply for any churches of New York and neighboring cities that may desire his services. His address is Methodist Book Concern, 805 Broadway, New York.

The proposal to name the Sunday on or before July 4 Army and Navy Day is made. It is suggested that a chaplain be named for every military post to officiate on that day. The army now contains 24,744 men of all arms, of whom 14,478 are Americans by birth.

Evangelist P. C. Morton is holding meetings with great success in Alabama. He is concentrating his efforts in promoting union among the churches in evangelistic work, and has been wonderfully successful in inducing all denominations to join in harmonious labor.

Ocean Grove, N. J., is still crowded with worshippers, though the regular camp-meeting has closed. The Rev. Lytleton Morgan, of Baltimore, Md., who preached on September 1, had a congregation of 4,000, and there were over 2,000 children at the Sunday-school, which was conducted by Rev. Thomas Hanlon, D. D.

The Episcopalians of New York propose to celebrate the first century of their denomination in the city by the erection of a building to be used as a general headquarters for missionary work of the denomination in this diocese. A site has been selected adjoining Calvary Church, on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Second Street.

The Rev. B. Senior, of London, England, sailed for home on September 7. He was warmly received in the various cities he visited during his tour, and asks us to express his gratitude through our columns. In Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, and other cities he preached to large audiences, and at Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting he had a most enthusiastic reception.

The 250th anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Stratford, Conn., was celebrated on September 5. The Rev. Joel S. Ives, who gave the Historical address on the occasion, said that one of the early pastors of the church was the Rev. Israel Churning, who was one of the founders of Yale College, and was chosen rector of that institution, but declined the honor.

Evangelist Charles E. Furman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has enjoyed a wonderful blessing on his tent services at the corner of Ralph and Atlantic avenues. At the beginning he encountered much opposition from the rough element of the neighborhood, and there were threats of burning the tent down. Some of the men who threatened him have been converted, and many other remarkable conversions have taken place. Services on Sundays are held at 4 and 7:45 P. M.

A State Convention of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor will be held at Saratoga, N. Y., October 22 and 23. The Rev. R. R. Meredith, D. D., of Brooklyn, the Rev. J. H. Griffiths, D. D., of Buffalo, and other eminent clergymen are expected to take part. Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stebbins will have charge of the musical department. For special railroad rates and other details, application may be made to Mr. M. A. Hudson, State Secretary, Syracuse, N. Y.

HOW TO PLEASE GOD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Heb. 11:6.

The Achievement Possible—Its Result—I. Faith Essential—No Communion Possible Without It—Nor Confidence—Nor Common Meeting-Ground—Nor Prospect of Love—Variance on Many Points—II. Two Essential Points of Faith—Belief in the Existence of God—In His Being a Rewarder—III. Practical Lessons—With Faith it is Possible to Please God—Should be the Chief Object in Life—The Coming Continual—Death Only Coming Closer—A Fearful Thing to be Without Faith.

MEN have lived who have pleased God: Enoch was one of them, but he was not the only one. In all ages certain persons have been well-pleasing to God, and their walk in life has been such as was His delight. It should be the aim of every one of us to please God. The thing is possible, notwithstanding all our imperfections and infirmities: let us aim at it in the power of the Holy Ghost. What has been wrought in one man may be wrought in another. We, too, may be well-pleasing unto God; therefore let us seek after it with hopefulness. As Enoch, in a darker age, was pleasing to Him, why should not we, upon whom the gospel day has dawned? God grant us to find grace in His sight!

If we please God we shall have realized the object of our being. It is written concerning all things, "For His pleasure they are and were created;" and we miss the end of creation if we are not pleasing to the Lord. To fulfil God's end in our creation is to obtain the highest joy. If we are pleasing to God, although we shall not escape trial, for even the highest qualities must be tested, yet we shall find great peace and special happiness. He is not an unhappy man who is pleasing to God: God hath blessed him, yea, and he shall be blessed. By pleasing God we shall become the means of good to others: our example will rebuke and stimulate; our peace will convince and invite. Being himself well-pleasing to God, the godly man will teach transgressors God's way, and sinners shall be converted unto Him. I therefore, without the slightest hesitancy, set it before you as a thing to be desired by us all, that we should win this testimony—that we are pleasing God.

I. First, then, the apostle asserts that

Faith is Absolutely Essential

to the pleasing of God. Take, as a key-word, the strong word "*impossible*." "Without faith it is impossible to please God." He does not say it is difficult, or so needful that without it success is barely possible; but, point-blank, he declares it to be "*impossible*." For, first, without faith there is no capacity for communion with God at all. The things of God are spiritual and invisible: without faith we cannot recognize such things, but must be dead to them. Faith is the eye which sees; but without that eye we are blind, and can have no fellowship with God in those sacred truths which only faith can perceive. Faith is the hand of the soul, and without it we have no grasp of eternal things. If I were to mention all the images by which faith is set forth, each one would help you to see that you must have faith in order to know God and enter into converse with him. It is only by faith that we can recognize God, approach Him, speak to Him, hear Him, feel His presence, and be delighted with His perfections.

Again, without faith the man himself is not pleasing to God. We read, "Without faith it is impossible to please God;" but the Revision has it better: "Without faith it is impossible to be well-pleasing unto God." The way of acceptance described in Scripture is, first, the man is accepted, and then what that man does is accepted. It is written: "And he shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." First, God is pleased with the person, and then with the gift, or the work. The unaccepted person

offers of necessity an unacceptable sacrifice. If a man be your enemy, you will not value a present which he sends you. As the man is, such is his work. The stream is of the nature of the spring from which it flows. He who is a rebel, outlawed and proclaimed, cannot gratify his prince by any fashion of service;

He Must First Submit

himself to the law. All the actions of rebels are acts done in rebellion. We must first be reconciled to God, or it is a mockery to bring an offering to His altar. Faith in Christ makes a total change in our position towards God—we who were enemies are reconciled; and from this comes towards God a distinct change in the nature of all our actions: imperfect though they be, they spring from a loyal heart, and they are pleasing to God.

Remember that, in human associations, want of confidence would prevent a man's being well-pleasing to another. If a man has no confidence in you, you can have no pleasure in him. If you had a servant in your house who always suspected your every action, and believed in nothing that you said or did, but put a wrong construction upon everything, it would make the house very miserable, and you would be well rid of such an inmate. It is clear that want of confidence would destroy any pleasure which one man might have in another. When the creature dares to doubt his Creator, how can the Creator be pleased?

Note again: unbelief takes away the common ground upon which God and man can meet. Two persons who are pleasant to one another must have certain common views and objects. If you and I believe in God's plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, we have

A Common Ground

of sympathy with God; but if not, we are not in harmony. How can two walk together except they be agreed? According to the *well-worn fable*, two persons who are totally different in their pursuits cannot well live together: the fuller and the charcoal-burner were obliged to part; for whatever the fuller had made white, the collier blackened with his finger. If differing pursuits divide, much more will differing feelings upon a vital point. It is Jesus whom Jehovah delights to honor; and if you will not even trust Jesus with your soul's salvation, you grieve the heart of God, and He can have no pleasure in you.

Assuredly, again, want of faith destroys all prospect of love. Although we may not perhaps see it, there lies at the bottom of all love a belief in the object loved, as to its loveliness, its merit, or its capacity to make us happy. If I do not believe in a person, I cannot love him. If I cannot trust God, I cannot love Him. If I do not believe that He loves me, I shall feel but slight emotions of love to Him. If I refuse to see anything in the greatest display of His love, if I do not value the gift of His dear Son, then I cannot love Him. But love on our part is essential to our pleasing God: how can He be pleased with an unloving heart?

Again, want of faith will create positive variance on many points. Note a few. If I trust God, and believe in Him, I shall submit myself to His will; even when it becomes very painful to me I shall say, "It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good." But if I do not believe that He is God, and that He is aiming at my good, then I shall resent His chastisements, and shall kick against His will. What He wills me to suffer, I shall not be willing to suffer; but I shall rebel, and murmur, and proudly accuse my Maker of injustice, or want of love. I shall be in a rebellious state toward Him, and then He cannot have pleasure in me.

Without faith, moreover, I get to be

At Variance With God

in another way; for inasmuch as I desire to be saved, I shall seek salvation in my own way, and go about to establish a righteousness of my own. Whatever it may be, whether it be by ceremonies, or by good works, or by feelings, or what not, I shall, in some way or other, set up a way

of salvation other than that which God has appointed through Christ Jesus. If you are laboring to be saved in one way, while God declares that through His Son is the only way of salvation, you are acting in distinct opposition to the Lord in a matter which does not admit of any compromise. He who has no faith seeks salvation by a way that is derogatory to the Lord, and it is impossible for him to please God.

Let me conclude this point by asking, By what means can we hope to please God, apart from faith in Him? By keeping all the commandments? Alas! you have not done so. You have already broken those commands; and what is more, you still break them, and are in a chronic state of disobedience. If you do not believe in Him you are

Not Obedient to Him;

for true obedience commands the understanding as well as every other power and faculty. We are bound to obey with the mind by believing, as well as with the hand by acting. The spiritual part of our being is in revolt against God until we believe; and, while the very life and glory of our being is in revolt, how can we please God?

But what will you bring to the Lord wherewith to please him? Do you propose to bribe Him with your money? Surely you are not so foolish! Is the Lord to be bought with a row of almshouses, or a chapel, or a cathedral? To most of you it would be impossible to try the plan for lack of means; but if you were wealthy enough to lavish gold out of the bag, would this please Him? Truly, you can assist in an ornate worship, or build a gorgeous church, or embroider the furniture of an altar, or emblazon the windows of a church. But are you so weak as to believe that such trifles as these can cause any delight to the mind of the Infinite? It is not this that He asks of you, but to walk humbly with Him, never daring arrogantly to doubt His truth and mistrust His faithfulness. Go not about by a thousand inventions to aim at what you will never compass, but believe your God, and be established. So much upon that painful point. Remember the impossibility of pleasing the Lord without faith, and do not dash your ship upon this iron-bound coast.

II. Now, secondly, the apostle mentions

Two Essential Points

of faith. He begins by saying, "He that cometh to God must believe that He is." Note the key-word "*must*:" it is an immovable, insatiable necessity. Before we can walk with God, it is clear that we must come to God. Naturally, we are at a distance from Him, and we must end that distance by coming to Him, or else we cannot walk with Him, nor be pleasing to Him. That we may come to Him, we must first believe that there is a God to come to. More; we must not only believe that there is a God—for only a fool doubts that: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God"—but we must believe that Jehovah is God, and God alone. This was Enoch's faith; he believed that Jehovah was the living and true God. You are to believe, and must believe in order to be pleasing with God, that He is God, that He is the only God, and that there can be none other than He. You must also accept Jehovah as He reveals Himself. You are not to have a God of your own making, nor a God reasoned out, but a God such as He has been pleased to reveal Himself to you. Believe that Jehovah is, whoever else may not be.

But the devils believe and tremble, and yet they are not pleasing to God, for more is wanted. Believe that God is in reference to yourself: that He has to do with your life, and your ways. Many believe that there is a hazy, imaginary power which they call God; but they never think of Him as a person, nor do they suspect that He thinks of them, or that His existence is of any consequence to them one way or another. Believe that God is as truly as you are; and let Him be real to you. Let the consideration of Him enter into everything that concerns you. Believe that He is approachable by yourself, and is to be pleased or displeased

by you. Believe in Him as you believe in your wife or your child whom you try to please. Believe in God beyond everything, that "He is" in a sense more sure than that in which anyone else exists. Believe that He is to be approached, to be realized, to be, in fact, the great practical factor of your life. Hold this as the primary truth, that God is most influential upon you; and that it is your business to come to Him.

Yet all this would be nothing without the second point. We must believe that "He is

The Rewarder

of them that diligently seek Him." How do we seek Him, then? Well, we seek Him, first, when we begin by prayer, by trusting to Jesus, and by calling upon the sacred name, to seek salvation. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." That is a grand promise, and it teaches how we come to God; namely, by calling upon His name. Afterwards we seek God by aiming at His glory, by making Him the great object for which we live. One man seeks money, another seeks reputation, another seeks pleasure; but he that is pleasing to God seeks God as His object and end. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

The Lord is "a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." He, then, that would please God must first believe that He is; and then, dedicating himself to God, must be firmly assured that this is the right, the wise, the prudent, thing to do. Be certain that to serve God is in itself gain: it is wealth to be holy; it is happiness to be pleasing to God. We cannot conceive that the heavenly Father sees, without pleasure, a man struggling against sin, battling against evil, enduring sorrow contentedly through a simple faith, and laboring daily to draw nearer and nearer to Him. But all this hangs upon faith. Without faith there is no coming to God who is, and no seeking of God who is a rewarder; and therefore without faith it is impossible to please God.

III. We will now gather a few lessons from what the apostle has taught us. First, then, the apostle teaches us here by implication that God is pleased with those that have faith. The negative is often the plainest way of suggesting the positive. If we are so carefully warned that without faith it is impossible to please God, we infer that

With Faith it is Possible

to please God. If you believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him; if you are willing to believe all that He teaches you because He teaches it, and are really a believer in Himself, and in all that He is pleased to reveal, then are you pleasing to Him. He that believes in God believes in all the words that God speaks, and he surrenders himself to all that God does; and such a man must be pleasing to God. When the prodigal said, "In my father's house there is bread enough and to spare," he believed in his father's power to supply all his needs. When he thought in his heart that his father would receive him, then he said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father I have sinned." You must have so much belief in God as to believe Him to have the heart of a father towards you, or you will never come back to Him; but when you begin to trust your God your face is already towards the heavenly home, and before long your head will be in your Father's bosom.

Learn, next, that those who have faith make it the great object of their life to please God. Am I speaking the truth? Will each one ask whether it is true about himself? Do I, as a believer, live to please God? We need personal heart-searching on this point. The believer in the invisible God delights to act as in His sight, and in secret to serve Him. I take a choice pleasure in rendering to my God a service unknown to others, not done for the sake of my fellows, but distinctly that I may do something for my Lord's own self. It is sweet to give or do

simply to please Him, without respect to the public eye. It is ennobling to feel that you have

Only One Master,

and that you live to please Him, even God. To please men is poor work. To live to follow everybody's whim is slavery. If you let one man pull you by the ear in his direction, another will tug at you from another direction, and you will have very long ears before long. Happy is he who, pleasing God, feels that he has risen above seeking to please men. It is grand to say, "This is what God would have me do, and I will do it in happy fellowship with others, or alone by myself, as the case may be; but do it I must." This gives a man backbone, and at the same time removes the selfishness which is greedy of popular applause. It is a grand thing to be no longer looking down for cheer, but to be distinctly looking up for it.

Note, next, the apostle teaches us here that they that have faith in God are

Always Coming

to God; for he speaks of the believer as "He that cometh to God." If you once learn to believe God, and to please Him, you are coming to Him day by day. You not only come to Him, and go away from Him, as in acts of prayer and praise, but you are always coming; your life is a march towards Him. The way of the believer is toward God; by his faith he comes ever nearer and yet nearer to the eternal throne. What is his reward? Why, He that sitteth on the throne will say, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Come! Come on! You have been coming; keep on coming for ever. There is a gentle, constant, perpetual progress of the believer's heart and mind nearer and closer to God.

The next lesson is one I have already spoken of: God will see that those who practice faith in Him shall have a reward. I say, God will see to it, for the text says, "He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Here we may get but scant reward from those whom we benefit; indeed, they usually return us base ingratitude. Joseph was a faithful servant to Potiphar; but Potiphar put him in prison on a groundless charge. Joseph helped the butler, and interpreted his dream, yet he remembered not Joseph, but forgot him. You may not reckon upon due returns from your fellow-men, or you will be disappointed. Expect little from men and much from God, for He is a rewarder.

The last lesson we gather from it is this:

Those Who Have No Faith

are in a fearful case. I speak not of the heathen, but of unbelievers who reject the gospel. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Some of you are always fashioning fresh nets of doubt for your own entanglement. You invent snares for your own feet, and are greedy to lay more and more of them. You are mariners who seek the rocks, soldiers who court the point of the bayonet. It is an unprofitable business. Practically, morally, mentally, spiritually, doubting is an evil trade. You are like a smith wearing out his arm in making chains with which to bind himself. Doubt is sterile, a desert without water. Its progress is the decay of comfort, the death of peace. "Believe!" is the word which speaks life into a man; but doubt nails down his coffin.

If thou canst believe, O guilty one, that Jesus Christ bore the guilt of sin upon the cross, and by His death has made atonement to the insulted government of God; if thou canst so believe in Him as to cast thyself just as thou art at His dear feet, thou shalt be pleasing to God. I entreat thee to look up and see the pierced hands and feet and side of the dear Redeemer, and read eternal mercy there; read full forgiveness there, and then go thou away in peace, for thou art well-pleasing to God. The sinner who believes God's testimony concerning His Son has begun to please Him, and is himself well-pleasing to the Lord. Oh that you would now trust him who justifieth the ungodly and passeth by the iniquities of sinful men! He will receive

you graciously and love you freely. Oh, come to Him, for He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. God help you to do so at once. But without faith you cannot please Him. Do what you may, feel what you like, you will labor as in the very fire, and nothing will come of it but eternal despair. The Lord help you to believe and live! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Prohibition in Africa.*

THE moral condition of Shoshong is in many respects most exemplary. Since coming here I have not seen an intoxicated person, either black or white; which could not be said by anyone, for the same period, in any other town in Africa where the white man trades. The chief, Kama, has put down the drink traffic most effectually. Not only has he forbidden it among his own people, but he will not allow the liquor to pass through his country; consequently none has passed into Central Africa from this side for some years, unless it be a very small quantity occasionally smuggled in. If a trader is once found out bringing drink into the place, even for the use of the white people, he is turned off Kama's territory, and never allowed to enter it again. In many respects, Kama is a noble chief, and it would be well if other rulers imitated his unselfish policy. None of his people are allowed to want if he can help it. If they are too poor to buy, he provides them with a stock of cattle, the increase of which belongs to the poor man; and in this way Kama has distributed during the last few years thousands of cattle to such of his people as have suffered through loss of crops, cattle-disease, etc. Although he has stopped all beer-drinking among his people, and put down many of the revolting heathen customs, in which formerly they delighted, yet they all like their chief, and would, almost to a man, die for him.

Food From Crocodiles.

After leaving Nyanbe we were dependent entirely for food on what we might kill in the bush. We were unfortunate in this, however, and were obliged to have recourse to rather mean ways of getting our supper. Crocodiles abound in this great river and are very artful. When the larger game come down to drink they creep up, and seizing them by the nose, drag them under the water. In this way the crocodiles always have their larders well supplied. It is their custom to hide the food thus obtained under the river's bank until they need it. I used to lie on the bank of the river and watch the crocodile come up with perhaps a quarter of an antelope, and by firing at the head compel him to drop his supper, which my men picked up from their boats. On one occasion we made for the deserted camp of some elephant hunters, hoping to pick up their scraps. My men got a few bones to boil, and I tried to pound and boil, for a long time, a piece of elephant's skin; but, after all, it was not possible to eat it.

A Promise in the Desert.

After giving the cattle a night's rest, we started early on Thursday morning for the Mababi; Tinka and the others riding on to find the nearest water, as we had only a very limited supply in the wagon; I had but a pint and a half left for a four-days' journey; nor had we any meat, no game having been killed in the desert. I had meal with me, but could not cook it for want of water, so my staple supply of food was a few dried peaches that I had brought from Shoshong. On Friday we were still a long way from the Mababi River. The supply of water was finished the day before, and the natives declared that they "were all dead." My conviction was that we should not suffer from thirst much longer. I was lying back in the wagon, and had just mentioned to the Lord that promise, "Their water shall be sure," when a young man in the company asked me if I wished to

*From Mr. Fred. S. Arnot's deeply interesting work, "Garganzze: or, Seven Years' Pioneer Mission Work in Central Africa." Pp. 276, with map and illustrations. Price \$1.25; published by Fleming H. Revell, 12 Bible House, New York.



Judge Barrett, of New York.



A Party of Rescued Slaves at Zanzibar.

drink. Three Masaroa, sent by Tinka, had brought three calabashes full of water for us, so that we all had a drink of it. The next thing was to try to find a little food. Setobi was too much knocked up to go and hunt, so I started with one of Tinka's men to look for something. We walked a long way through thick wood, but got nothing; and then finding we were too far from the wagon to be sure of meeting it again, we decided to make for the Mababi River. After wandering along through thick wood and bush, and patches of long, reedy grass, we struck a footpath leading in the direction of the river. On and on we walked for a long time, till at last through the trees we saw the fires of a camp of Masaroa bushmen. We found the river close by, so after eating some meat and drinking some water, I thankfully lay down beside their fire for the night.

JUDGE BARRETT.

It would not be strictly true to say that this well-known New York judge is universally popular. The evil-doers of the community, who form rather a large proportion in the city, dislike him heartily. The only decisions of his which receive their approval are those which fall heavily on some of their rivals, whose nefarious practices bring them into his court. Citizens who are concerned for the morality of the city, however, esteem Judge Barrett highly, and rejoice when some wealthy criminal, who is relying on his ill-gotten gains to escape justice, is arraigned in Judge Barrett's court. Men who do not deny their guilt, but ask, "What are you going to do about it?" have often received an unexpected answer from the Judge. Even a New York alderman, whose "pull" is popularly supposed to be unlimited, finds nothing in Judge Barrett to which he can apply it.

George C. Barrett (whose portrait appears on this page) was born in Ireland in 1838. He is, therefore, fifty-one years old. His father was an Episcopal clergyman, who emigrated to Canada in 1844, but died seven years later. The boy came to New York and studied in Columbia College. His remarkable sagacity and fearlessness soon attracted notice. In 1863, when he was only twenty-five years of age, he was made judge of one of the most important police courts, and four years afterward the qualities he displayed in that position were appropriately recognized by his promotion to the Court of Com-

mon Pleas, from which he has passed to the Supreme Court. He was a tower of strength in the struggle with Tweed, and in the recent trials of the "boodle" aldermen he showed that his early skill and integrity had not diminished. It is exceedingly rare for the Court of Appeals to reverse Judge Barrett's rulings.

THE CRUELITIES OF ARAB SLAVERS.

ON this page is a picture taken from a photograph of a group of slaves who were recently rescued from a slave-dhow and placed in charge of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar. They tell horrible stories of the inhuman treatment which they received on their way from their native villages to the coast, and still later on the dhow, where they were so closely packed that they could scarcely move or breathe. It is a great mercy that England and Germany have so energetically moved in the suppression of the inhuman traffic, and large numbers of the victims, who are now being taught in the various mission-stations, are deeply grateful to God for their rescue from their horrible doom.

The patrolling of the seas, however, does not wholly stop the dreadful business. The Arabs make too much money by it to give it up without a struggle, and their boldness is extraordinary. Mr. H. W. Woodward, of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, relates one remarkable instance among many. He recently sent a man and three girls to the market to make purchases for the mission. They were part of a rescued cargo of slaves, but he believed that in such a place as Zanzibar they would not be molested. But they did not return, and he made inquiries about them. He learned that they had been seized and hurried off to the jungle. Subsequently they were sold, the man for thirty-eight dollars, and the three girls for \$170. Mr. Woodward called a meeting for special prayer for their recovery, and sent letters in all directions warning people against buying them. "Never before," he says, "did news of a capture spread with such rapidity over nearly the whole country and along the coast." The next day news of them was received. Their captors were hurrying them out of the country, but they had been stopped by a chief who had received one of Mr. Woodward's letters. He detained the whole party until some one from the mission could be sent to identify them. This was speedily done, and late that night the released

captives were back in the mission, and a special service of thanks and praise was held on their account.

DOROTHY MARSDEN'S STRUGGLE.

(See Illustration on page 589.)

WHEN Dorothy Marsden was praised by her drawing-master at school, and was encouraged to continue the study of art after her general education was finished, she had no idea that she would ever be dependent on it for bread. But so it proved. Her father died suddenly, and when his executors closed up his affairs they found that, instead of being the prosperous merchant all the city supposed him to be, he had left barely enough property to pay his debts. The news was broken gently to Dorothy, but it was a terrible shock to her. Overwhelmed, as she was, with grief over the loss of her beloved father, it was doubly hard to enter upon the task of earning her own livelihood.

Happily for Dorothy, all the difficulties and trials involved in such an effort were unknown to her. If she had understood them at the outset, even her brave spirit would have quailed. They came upon her by degrees, and their full intensity was not realized until she had grown accustomed to hardship. Even then one bright hope supported her. She was looking forward to the end of three years, when Lieutenant Barton would return from his foreign station to make her his wife. He did not know of her father's death, nor of her poverty, but Dorothy believed that he would love her just as much, as a poor girl, as he had when he believed her to be an heiress. Other people, however, doubted, though Dorothy had no fear.

A few applications among the business houses where in more prosperous days she had been known as a customer, were sufficient to convince Dorothy that she could not obtain remunerative employment.

She was thus shut up to the practice of her art, and, after all, perhaps this was best, for she loved it and believed that she could do more with it than in any other vocation. But she was absolutely without money. Food and shelter for a week or two must be had, and she knew not where to look. In this crisis she committed herself to God and prayed earnestly for guidance. It came in an unexpected way.

"Miss Dorothy, Miss Dorothy!" said a voice behind her as she was starting to look for some

cheap boarding-house. "Dear, dear, I was sure it was you; I'm real glad to see you!" was the greeting she received as she turned to see who it was that was calling her. It was her old nurse, whom she had not seen for nearly ten years. The nurse was an elderly woman now. When Dorothy was growing up into young-ladyhood Patience still stayed on in the Marsden home, for Mrs. Marsden was dead, and Patience was a treasure in the house, and Dorothy loved her dearly. But at last Patience was called away to attend to a sick brother in a Western city, and the Marsdens heard no more of her.

"I'm come back to live, Miss Dorothy," Patience explained. "George is dead now. He got better, and went on with his business. I thought he was going to live to be an old man, but he overworked. Year in and year out he was working all the time, and he just wearied himself out. He would do it, all I could say, and now he's gone. I never liked Western ways, so I thought I'd come back to the old place and spend the rest of my days here. And the first thing, I've come to see you. I'm real glad I caught sight of you."

Dorothy had experienced so much of the change in friends that came from her poverty that the love of the faithful woman was very welcome to her. She took her into the deserted old home and told her all that had happened.

"Seems like the Lord sent me to you, Miss Dorothy," said Patience, reverently. "I've always wished I could have some chance of showing some gratitude for all you and your poor father did for me; and now it's come. George left me all he had. It wasn't much, but enough to keep me comfortable, and I'm going to take care of you."

It ended in Patience establishing herself in a small house in the suburbs, and Dorothy setting up her easel under her roof. Patience would have had her rest content without doing anything except for her amusement, but Dorothy could not bear that. She must earn her bread, and not live in dependence on her humble friend. The first trial came when she had finished a picture and took it out to sell it. "Amateurish," was the comment of the art-dealer, when she showed it to him. "People of taste want better work," he said, "and people without taste prefer a chromo. There is no market for such work as this. No, I could not buy it, for I could not sell it." In other words, but to the same purpose, other dealers answered, and Dorothy's heart sank. She tried again and again, but there seemed no hope.

Once in a long while she sold a picture, but at so low a price that it barely covered the cost of stretcher and paints. Dorothy grew thin and pale. Disappointment and humiliation, and the sense of dependence, were doing their work. Besides this, she had another cause for anxiety. Her letter to Lieutenant Barton was unanswered. Could it be that what her friends had said was true? Would he cease to love her, now she was poor? It would not be like him to do so; yet people who knew more of human nature than she predicted it. That would be dreadful. It turned her sick to think of it. She felt she would not care to live.

Weeks and months passed, and beneath the surface trials of every-day life, humiliations from the picture-dealers, and failures to obtain other employment, was this distressing possibility that her lover was not able to bear the test. Every



Dorothy Marsden's Visitor.

week now was turning the possibility into probability, for no letter came.

"You'll have a fit of sickness, Miss Dorothy," said Patience one day from her seat by the fire, as Dorothy raised her head from her work and sighed heavily. "You've got to quit worrying, or you'll be down sick. You must cheer up. Put your trust in God. You used to have more faith. All will come out right yet."

"I do try, Patience," said Dorothy, sadly. "I shall not be sick. It is only at times that I feel low. God seems to have hidden His face from me, and I get no light. Then I have no strength, and no hope." She turned her head quickly as she spoke, and listened intently. Patience dropped her knitting on her lap and looked at her. Dorothy's face was turned toward the door. She did not move, but in another moment the door opened, a tall figure entered, and Dorothy was in her lover's arms.

"I got leave of absence," Lieutenant Barton said; "I wanted to come to you at once, when I heard of your trouble. I would not write; I felt I must come. I was shipwrecked, and was saved almost by a miracle. But I am here now, thank God!"

"Yes," said Dorothy, "let us thank God."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 574.)

The Iron Enters the Soul.

ONE morning, the Apostle Heber C. Kimball called in his carriage. It was very early, being only about 7 o'clock. Mr. Stenhouse went out to see him, but in his blunt way he said, "I do not want you, I want Sister Fanny to take a ride with me." My husband brought him into the house, and he told me he wanted to have a talk with me.

"You must not fix up," he said, "or I won't ride with you. Come along in your wrapper and slippers, and just put on your sun-bonnet." I told him that I never went out in a sun-bonnet. "Well, then, do it for the first time," he said. I suggested that I had had no breakfast, and asked him if he would wait and have some with us. "No," said he; "I have plenty of homes around this town, and we will find breakfast somewhere." So I started just as I was, and he told the driver—who, I think, was one of his own sons—to call round and see "the folks," meaning his wives.

Then he said, "You never looked prettier, Sister Fanny; you ought always to wear a

sun-bonnet, but you like dress a great deal too much—you will keep your husband poor, and then how will he be able to carry out the commands of God? Did you ever think of that? Then, again, you dress your children too much; it must take pretty well all your time to make their clothes; and see what it must cost! Now I'm going to give you some good advice. Do what my folks do. I told them to make a linsey dress for each of the children in the spring, and let them wear it all the summer; and then when the winter comes it will be sure to keep them warm. Now, I'm sure you won't consent to do that with your children, so it is good counsel thrown away."

I knew well enough that Brother Heber was only jesting, for apparently he provided very well for his family, although he allowed them no luxuries. He went on to say: "But that

isn't what I wanted to speak to you about; I had something else to say. When is your husband going to marry Miss Grant? That girl has got to be looked after by some good man and woman, and I think that you and Brother Stenhouse will do first-class. What do you think?"

"I should not like my husband to marry her," I said.

"And why not, Sister Fanny?" he asked. "Because I myself love her," I replied.

"Why, that is the very reason why he ought to do it the sooner," he said, "and you would continue to love her, and love her all the better too, when she belonged to your husband, and when you saw how much he loved her." He laughed outright as he said this, and told me not to look so solemn. On the way back he tried to get me to promise that I would persuade my husband to marry Miss Grant. This I positively refused to do.

This constant reference to Carrie began to trouble me seriously, although, so far, I had not yet spoken about it either to her or to my husband, and did not intend to do it. I felt sure that Carrie, poor child, had no idea of this; she had refused to go to several parties with us, and had otherwise declined to accompany my husband, and I sincerely believed that I had no cause for uneasiness.

Time passed, and more than a year flew by, and Carrie still remained with me. Lately I thought that her manner was changed, and that she was a good deal altered. I noticed that she was shy when in the presence of my husband, and that she rather avoided him. She began by staying away for several days at a time, and at last she told me that she was going away for awhile to visit a friend in the country. She looked so unhappy that I felt sure that all was not right, and begged her not to go, but she would not listen to me. She bade me good-bye, and for two months I heard nothing of her, supposing that she was in the country; and then I was surprised to learn that she was visiting with a friend in another part of the city, and that she was very ill indeed.

I immediately went to call upon her, and she was very much pleased to see me, and then I discovered that she had not been in the country at all, but had always been in the city with her friend. She told me that as soon as she felt a little better she would come and see me; but she did not come, and I was somewhat offended at her supposed neglect, and thought that before I visited her again I would wait and see whether she first came up to our house.

All this time a friend of Carrie's was in the habit of looking in very frequently upon some trifling errand or other, and I noticed that she always waited for the return of my husband, and then made some excuse to go out with him, and they had long conversations together. There was some mystery, I clearly perceived, and as a wife and a woman I determined that it was my duty to find out what that mystery was.

I did not presume to ask my husband what it was that he had to talk about with Carrie's friend, but I instinctively felt what it might be, and I was so much troubled in mind that I thought I would never go to see her again. By that time I had learned, as every Mormon wife does learn, never to ask questions. The wife of a Saint never dares to ask her husband whither he is going, or when he will return. She is not expected to know or care what business her husband may have on hand when he leaves home in the evening, after making a most elaborate toilet, with frequent admiration of himself in the mirror. If the poor wife feels that she *must* say something, to give vent to her overwrought feelings, she simply asks in a conscious, guilty way, when he will be home again; wishing, too often, in her secret heart that he might say—Never.

Her duty is to be silent and unobservant; and though some poor women have, when their outraged feelings were overcharged, inadvertently betrayed curiosity respecting the movements of the absent ones, they have soon been sternly taught their duty, and those loving husbands have given them good cause to repent of their inquisitiveness.

And who can blame these disconsolate, lonely women if thus they feel? Their religion alone is to blame. It has been the destruction of that sweet confidence which should exist between husband and wife, and it has divided hearts and interests which should inseparably have been for ever one. This slowly, but no less painfully, I was beginning to understand. However earnestly I might try to combat the idea, my life was wretched with the one continual fear of what I might see or hear of my husband. I tried to drive away such thoughts, and I called to mind all the acts of kindness and devotion which he had shown to those whose love my heart held dear. Sometimes, arguing with myself, I said, "No, *my* husband will not deceive *me*; no matter what other men may do, *my* husband will be frank and true with me."

So I thought then; but I was destined to realize in my own experience how utterly impossible it is for any man, no matter how honest and truthful he may naturally be, to practice Mormonism to its full extent without becoming a hypocrite; and the more he loves his wife the greater hypocrite he will become, trying to deceive her with the foolish notion that half his cruelty is done to "spare her feelings."

My husband thought that he was acting kindly to me when he said nothing of all that transpired between him and Carrie; but when I saw the visit of Carrie's lady friend so frequently repeated, I began to suspect the truth, and was much troubled. I was, however, too proud to question him on the subject, at the risk of getting an evasive answer, and it was evident that the two persons most intimately interested in the matter intended that I should be kept in the dark. I saw through all this, and it did not tend either to restore my peace of mind or to make me more pleasant in my intercourse with Carrie or my husband. In their conduct I could see nothing but deception, however good their intention might be, and I felt that they were treating me as a child. The thought was very painful to me, and it was only with a great effort that I suppressed it.

These painful feelings, of course, had a marked effect upon my daily life. I grew weary, and my health failed; I became thin, and my features were marked with care and anxiety. When people came to see me, I said little to them, and their very presence I felt irksome. Mechanically I went through the daily routine of duty

but my heart was in nothing that I did. I dared not even trust myself to speak to any one, for fear of becoming the subject of conversation and attracting the attention of the authorities, which was not at all desirable, for the position of a "rebellious woman" in those days was anything but pleasant.

I stood alone. Upon my husband I looked with suspicion; my children were too young to understand me; Carrie—whom I had taken to my heart, to whom I had confided my sorrows, whose own welfare had been so dear to me—had, as I thought, turned against me, like an adder, and there was no one in whom I could trust. It seemed to me too cruel for Carrie to treat me thus, and yet I could not doubt that she was acting unfaithfully towards me.

Surrounded by my children, living under the same roof with my husband, my heart was, nevertheless, filled with a sense of utter loneliness and desolation. There was no one in whom I could confide, to whom I might tell my sorrows, and from whose counsel or strength I might derive comfort. I dared not go and lay my griefs before God, for I had been led falsely to believe that all my suffering was caused by an arbitrary decree, which He willed to be enforced. How false a notion of that loving Father whose tender care is so manifestly shown in His gentle dealings with the weakest of His creatures!

It was now about six months since Carrie left my house, and I was under the impression that all that time certain well-intentioned sisters had been doing all they could to bring about a marriage between her and my husband. Her health, however, was so bad that sometimes for weeks together she did not leave her room. At the time, of course, I knew nothing of this, but I afterwards heard of it. When I called upon her, which I did when I found that she was too ill to come to see me, I thought she was greatly changed in her manner; but when I thought of her lonely position, my heart warmed towards her, and I forgot all my suspicions. Certainly, I wanted to ask her one plain question relative to my husband, but my pride would not allow me to speak to her on that subject unless she first mentioned it to me.

One day I thought that she was about to make a confession. Talking indifferently of ordinary matters, she suddenly said, "I am surprised you ever wished to see me;" but when I asked her why, expecting that she would now explain what had so long troubled me, she answered evasively, and nothing more was said.

With Carrie's absence from our house the rumors about her, which had troubled me so much, somewhat subsided. Nothing could silence the secret apprehension which continually held my soul in dread; but the fear of my young friend's influence once removed, I was comparatively at peace. It was, however, but the lull before the storm. I soon learned that in losing Carrie I did not part with the impending peril, and from about that time I can date my husband's desire to sustain his brethren in upholding the Mormon doctrine, and his wish to act as they did, especially in reference to the "Celestial Order of Heaven." Just at that time the "Morrill Bill" for the suppression of plurality of wives was presented to Congress, and all true Mormons were made to believe that it was their duty to stand by their principles.

Ever watchful as I was, I noticed little changes in my husband, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have escaped my observation. By this time one all-absorbing idea had taken possession of my mind, and my husband's thoughts, I believe, were turned in the same direction—only our wishes did not exactly coincide.

Some years later, when I had a little more experience in Mormonism, I discovered several never-failing signs by which one might know when a man wished to take another wife. He would suddenly awaken to "a sense of his duties;" he would have serious misgivings as to whether the Lord would pardon his neglect in not living up to his privileges; he would become very religious, and would attend to his

meetings—his "testimony meetings," singing meetings, and all sorts of other "meetings," which seemed, just then, to be very numerous—and in various other ways he would show his anxiety to "live up to his religion." He would thus be frequently absent from home, which, of course, "he deeply regrets," as "he loves so dearly the society of his wife and children." The wife, perhaps—poor simple soul!—thinks that he is becoming unusually loving and affectionate, for he used not, at one time, to express much sorrow at leaving her alone for a few hours; and she thinks how happy she ought to feel that such a change has come over her husband, although he was always good.

My husband was a good and consistent Mormon, and very much like the rest of his brethren in these matters; and the brethren, knowing themselves how he felt, sympathized with him and urged him on, and, by every means in their power, aided him in his noble attempts to carry out "the commands of God"! One evening when he came home he seemed pre-occupied, as if some matter of importance were troubling his mind. This set me thinking too. I saw that he wanted to say something to me, and I waited patiently.

"I am going to the ball," he presently remarked, "and I am going alone, for Brother Brigham wishes me to meet him there."

I knew at once what was passing in his mind and dared not question him. He went, and saw Brigham. What passed between them I do not know; but when my husband returned, he intimated that it had been arranged that he should take another wife. My heart sank within me, and I shrank from the realization that our home was at last to be so desecrated.

Almost fainting, now that the truth came home to me in all its startling reality, I asked my husband when he proposed to take his second wife. "Immediately," he replied; "that is to say, as soon as I can." We were silent for some time. My mind was troubled. Had I been able to consider the whole affair as an outrage upon humanity in general, and an insult to my sex in particular, I should have replied with scorn and defiance. Had I implicitly believed in the alleged Mormon Revelation, I should have bowed my head in meek submission. But I did neither of these. The feelings of my heart naturally led me to hate with most perfect hatred the very mention of the name of the cruel evil which had come to me, while at the same time I still tried to make myself believe that the Revelation was from God, and must therefore be obeyed. Such was the strange and contradictory position in which I was placed.

"Are you not satisfied that it is right for me to take another wife?" my husband asked.

"I have never yet really doubted that the Revelation was from God," I replied, "for I cannot believe that any man would be so blasphemous and wicked as to set forth such a Revelation in God's name, unless he received it as he said he did. If it is from God, of course you are right to obey it; but if I were to consult my own feelings, I would never consent to it. I would rather risk salvation, and tell the Lord that He had placed upon me a burden heavier than I was able to bear, and that I regarded Him as a hard taskmaster. But when the salvation of my husband and children, to say nothing of my own, is at stake, my wishes go for nothing, and I can only consent."

(To be Continued.)

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"OUT OF" AND "INTO."
thought us OUT . . . that He might bring us IN."
DEUT. vi: 23.

the distance and darkness so deep,
the settled and perilous sleep:
the region and shadow of death,
its foul and pestilent breath;
the bondage and wearying chains,
the companionship ever with stains;
to the light and the glory of God,
to the holiest made clean by blood;
to His arms,—the embrace and the kiss,
to the scene of ineffable bliss;
to the quiet, the infinite calm,
to the place of the song and the psalm.
erful love, that has wrought all for me!
erful work, that has thus set me free!
erful ground upon which I have come!
erful tenderness, welcoming home!

disaster and ruin complete,
the struggle and dreary defeat;
my sorrow and burden and shame,
the evils too fearful to name;
my guilt and the criminal's doom,
the dreading, the terror, the gloom;
to the sense of forgiveness and rest,
to inheritance with all the blest.
to a righteous and permanent peace,
to the grandest and fullest release,
to the comfort without an alloy,
to a perfect and confident joy.
erful holiness, bringing to light!
erful grace, putting all out of sight!
erful wisdom, devising the way!
erful power, that nothing could stay!

the horror of being alone,
and forever, of being my own;
the hardness of heart and of will,
the longings which nothing could fill;
the bitterness, madness and strife,
myself, and of all I called "life";
to communion with Father and Son,
to the sharing of all that Christ won;
to the ecstasies full to the brim,
to the having of all things with Him,
to Christ Jesus there ever to dwell,
to more blessings than words can tell.
erful lowliness, draining my cup!
erful purpose, that ne'er gave me up!
erful patience, that waited so long!
erful glory, to which I belong!

my poverty, into His wealth,
my sickness, into pure health;
the false and into the true,
the Old Man, into the New,
what measures the full depth of "LOST!"
it all, and at infinite cost!
to what must with that cost correspond,
to that which there is nothing beyond,
to the union which nothing can part,
to what satisfies His, and my, heart!
to the deepest of joys ever had—
to the gladness of making God glad!
erful Person, whose face I'll behold!
erful story, then all to be told!
erful all the dread way that He trod!
erful end, that He brought me to God!

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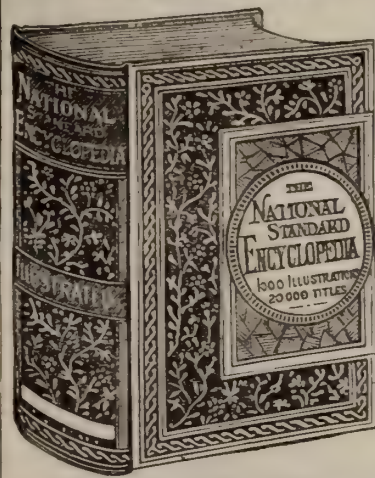
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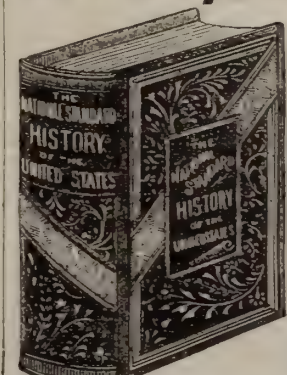
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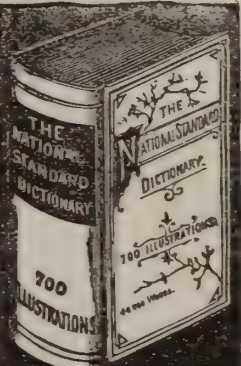
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Vol. XII., No. 36. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1889. Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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DERVISHES OF THE SOUDAN DEFEATED AT THE BATTLE OF TOSKI, AUG. 3.

THE DERVISHES OF THE SOUDAN.

Their Outbreak a Fulfilment of Prophecy—Their Fanatical Devotion—Designed to Conquer the World for Islam—Egypt their First Object—Driven Back to the Soudan—Their Attempt to Cut Off Wady Halfa—Warned by the British General—On Egyptian Territory—Their Fierce Attack—A Murderous Repulse—Their Desperate Valor—The Victory not Final—The Slave-Dealers—A Visit to a Soudanese Town.

On the preceding page is a picture of a party of dervishes on the march across the Soudanese desert. They are representatives of the hordes of fanatical Mussulmen organized by the Mahdi, who have joined in the crusade for conquering the whole world for Mohammed. The crusade is the premonitory outbreak of the frog-like spirit predicted to occur in the last days (Rev. 16:13, 14), to proceed from the false prophet, and to go out to gather the kings together to the day of the great battle.

The Mahdi, whose followers killed General Gordon at Khartoum in 1885, is supposed to be dead, but the Khalifa Abdullah, though his rule is not accepted so implicitly, had enough strength and religious fanaticism to equip Wad-el-N'jumi and send him to invade Egypt with thousands of his followers. These men have an absolute, unreasoning, ineradicable faith in their mission, which is to conquer the world. In this task they know they must either kill or be killed. They will not make terms, and scoff at any summons to surrender. The dervishes are the true successors of those companions of the Prophet, and his successors for three or four generations, who swept over the north of Africa and Asia with irresistible force. Then they carried all before them, but now they have to meet disciplined troops with modern arms, against which valor cannot contend successfully.

The Recent Battle

was the most severe check they have met with. After the fall of Khartoum the Egyptian Government, under the advice of the English, abandoned the Soudan to the Mahdi. In fixing the frontier of the territory the Egyptians were to hold, the question arose whether the outermost point should be Wady Halfa or the more southern point of Dongola. Between the two is a stony desert which, it was thought, would be a barrier to the Mahdi's forces, and Wady Halfa was accordingly chosen and fortified. The dervishes, who were clearly the aggressors, and who would not have been molested in the Soudan, advanced to within a hundred miles of Wady Halfa, and there waited for some time. They were afraid to attack that place, but improved several opportunities to offer battle to Egyptian detachments outside, and repeatedly sought to tempt the Egyptians into the open. It became evident that when the Mahdi's general was ready to advance in force he would not attempt to take Wady Halfa, but would endeavor to turn that strongly fortified place and establish himself further north. This is exactly what he did, and it has led to his destruction. His army was weakened by hunger and thirst, and was between the two fortified places of Wady Halfa and Assouan. Several British regiments had been sent to strengthen the garrisons in expectation of the attack, and they, with the Egyptian forces, completely annihilated the invading army.

The Advance of the Dervishes

was made after solemn warning. Messengers were sent from the Egyptian camp notifying them that their invasion would not be tolerated, but the messengers were maltreated, and the Mahdist general in his turn warned the Khedive that he and his English allies would be destroyed, as Gordon had been. Last spring the Khalifa again sent letters to the Khedive and Queen Victoria, threatening them with death unless they declared their belief in the Mahdi, and asserting that it was his purpose "to restore the true faith of Islam throughout Islam." Not many weeks after his insolent messages were returned to him unanswered, the Khalifa's forces in Dongola, supposed to num-

ber about eight thousand men, started north to begin the formidable task of propagating the Mahdist faith by the sword in Lower Egypt.

Undeterred by a defeat south of Wady Halfa the Mahdi's general, Wad-el-N'jumi, pressed forward, in a line several miles long, across the hills to avoid Wady Halfa, and to a point fifty miles nearer Cairo. Gen. Grenfell, who, as "Sirdar," was in command of the Egyptians and English, started from Korosko on the north to meet him and give battle.

The Two Armies

met at Toski, on the west side of the Nile, fifty-five miles north of Wady Halfa. General Grenfell left Toski half an hour before daybreak on Saturday, August 3, for the double purpose of reconnoitring Wad-el-N'jumi's camp, and of drawing him into more open country. The Sirdar took with him a small force of cavalry, and sighted the enemy by 6 o'clock. The dervishes were in the act of striking camp, and great confusion prevailed within their lines. Several hundred men were already on the march northward, and they were quickly brought into line of battle as soon as the Anglo-Egyptian forces were discovered so near. Matters very soon became lively, for the dervishes, without waiting to be attacked, opened a vigorous fire upon the Anglo-Egyptian reconnoitring party, but without inflicting any serious damage. Soon a body of Arab spearmen moved down upon the little force, and the Sirdar, satisfied that Wad-el-N'jumi was willing and prepared to fight, moved off out of rifle range, having previously dispatched orders to Toski for his entire infantry and artillery force to be moved up in readiness for a general engagement. The enemy, too readily mistaking this strategic movement for a retreat, followed in hot pursuit, but General Grenfell, avoiding actual contact, moved adroitly from one ridge to another, luring the unsuspecting dervishes to their doom.

A Fierce Conflict.

Northwest of Toski the desert rises, and upon the high ground thus afforded Grenfell's two infantry brigades and the mule battery took up a commanding position, the enemy, about three thousand effectives, ultimately forming upon ground almost as advantageous. The infantry now barred Wad-el-N'jumi's northward march, and the cavalry being well on his flank, there was nothing left for him to do but fight. The battleground was about four miles from the river, just north of Toski. The battle opened with infantry firing, which told on the dervishes with terrible effect. They were maddened by their losses, and made a wild rush, with spears levelled, against the compact little body of men whose rifles were sending the messengers of death into the ranks of the dervishes.

"Very gallantly the brave fellows came on," says an eyewitness, "brandishing their spears, and shouting defiance at their foe. But their force was spent long ere they could have crossed spear with bayonet, and when at length they turned suddenly back to their lines scores of dusky bodies dotted the blood-stained sands. The charge was reckless to the point of madness, for our men, black and white alike, remained steady as rocks, maintaining a pitiless and well-directed fire, against which the best troops could not have stood for long. But, reckless or mad, the attempt was made again and again, and always with the same result; the dervish torrent beat vainly against a rock, and disciplined valor was more than a match for reckless and untrained heroism. General Grenfell had closely followed the movements of the enemy, and when an unusually desperate dervish charge had been driven back, he issued orders for a general advance against the exhausted but not yet dispirited foe. The Egyptian regiments dashed forward with a joyous yell, requiring no encouragement from their officers to urge them on. The dervishes waved their standards, sounded their defiant war-cries, and rushed to meet the advancing troops. The meeting was fierce but brief. There was a terrific hand-to-hand fight, but the dervishes

were overmatched even in their favorite method of warfare, and they retreated upon and beyond the position whence they came. It was a retreat, not a flight, although the cavalry rode on and among the dervishes, and did terrible execution. Frequently the gallant Arabs turned at bay, and hacked at horses' legs and riders' bodies, regardless of sabre cuts and bayonet thrusts. Driven from their first positions the enemy took up fresh ground, but the Anglo-Egyptian infantry, after a short breathing space, fired volley after volley, and again charged. Again the dervishes disdained to await their enemy, and rushed to meet them, and again there was fierce fighting, followed by retreat. Then they were driven out of their last positions, and the fight was nearly over." A few of the dervishes fled to the desert, but the great majority, including their general, Wad-el-N'jumi, stood and fought until they were killed. All the emirs and other officers died at their posts. The battle lasted seven hours, and ended in the utter discomfiture—almost the annihilation—of the Mahdi's invading army.

The Results of the Victory

are by no means assured. Those who know the Mahdi's followers best, believe that another army will be sent to overrun Egypt. Wad-el-N'jumi was assured by the Khalifa that if his force was destroyed another would be sent to take its place in an invasion of the Egyptian frontier. After the battle in July, it was thought that the Mahdi would abandon his project, but reinforcements came, only to be crushed on August 3. It is probable that Egypt will have no peace on her southern frontier until the Soudanese are driven out of Dongola. With that district as a base, the Soudanese can menace Egypt whenever the humor seizes them. But if driven from Dongola they will be compelled to take refuge far up the Nile, and they cannot renew the attack without crossing from Berber, a frightful desert about 250 miles wide. The recent report, that the present campaign will not end until Dongola is again in the hands of Egypt, is likely to prove correct. But the men who have fought and fallen around Suakim and Toski undoubtedly represented the choicest and most unalloyed forces of aggressive Mahdism. They believed in their mission, and sacrificed themselves for it with a heroism worthy of a better cause. It is reasonable to believe that an appreciable portion of the spirit of the movement has been quenched with their lives. The followers of the Khalifa may be better disposed to come to terms with the present holders of Egypt and the Red Sea, or to give up their hope of converting the world to the True Faith by the power of the sword. But they have, at least, been taught the dangers of the work, and for a time may leave Egypt in peace.

Slave Stealing

seems to have played almost as prominent a part in the invasion as Mohammedan fanaticism. Though the rank and file of the Mahdi's army showed by their reckless daring their belief in their leader's promises of eternal felicity to a who died in conflict with the "Christian infidels," and were doubtless impelled by no other motive than that of conquering the world for Mohammedanism, the leaders had other motives for fighting. Wad-el-N'jumi was, like Osman Digma, a slave dealer. A little before the Mahdist rebellion began both these notorious slave found that the trade that had enriched them was suddenly and effectively blocked by the vigilance of British cruisers, which almost completely destroyed the export of slaves to Arabia. Bitterly hating the whites for thus depriving them of their source of profit, both traders enlisted all their energy in the Mahdist cause, and while Osman Digma led the rebel forces in the battle near Suakim, Wad-el-N'jumi took part in the desert fights of the Wolseley campaign.

A Visit to a Soudan Town

inhabited by the people depicted in the illustration on the first page was recently paid by an American tourist. He says he found the town protected, according to custom, by a ma-

sive wall of sun-dried bricks externally plastered with mud, a deep fosse or ditch running outside the wall. The gateways of the wall are protected by forts, and are closed by gates covered with iron plates of immense strength. Within the town there is the same subdivision of labor as is found in an American town. "In one quarter you hear the measured clang of blacksmiths' hammers answered by the clinking taps of the brass-workers or the dull rhythmic beats of cloth-beaters. Peeping into this court or the other, you may see the weaver bending over his primitive though effective apparatus, and with swift action pass the shuttle from hand to hand as he works, with well-timed movement of the feet, the treadles to produce the necessary alternation of threads at each passage of the weft. The web he manufactures is rarely more than four inches broad, but it is well woven, and he likes it narrow. You observe some men near a number of circular pits, two feet in diameter and eight to ten feet deep; approach nearer and you will observe that these pits are filled with a thick, dark blue fluid, while at the same time your nose is assailed by a very strong odor. This is the Marina, or place for dyeing cloths with indigo—an art for which these people are justly famous, as the colors they produce are most beautiful and very lasting."

A Soudanese Host

welcomed the American guest. "We found him," says the traveller, "seated cross-legged on a circular mat at the back of the apartment. He does not think it necessary to rise in greeting us, but contents himself with leaning forward as he takes our hand, with the salutation of 'Lafia! lafia!' Meanwhile attendants spread out mats for us to sit on, if we have not brought our camp-stools, as more adapted to our habits. As soon as we are seated, our host begins the business of making an interminable series of questions about the state of our health, and that of every living thing belonging to us. These inquiries he plentifully mingles with compliments and Arabic exclamations."

"While our interpreter does the polite, on our part we may quietly make a judicious use of our opportunities and take stock of our friend, noting his various points in dress and person. We observe that he is slenderly built, small-boned, and with little muscular development, though he seems wiry and tough. He has the negro's length of arm, but little else except his dark color. His face is good, with well-raised nose, and not too widely expanded nostrils. The lips are slightly thicker than the average European's, but the jaws are not more prominent. Curiously enough, he has a beard, though not luxuriant—a feature which belongs neither to the pure race of nomads from which he springs, nor to the negro race with which his ancestors have intermarried, for neither is usually characterized by the possession of this appendage. The hair is shaved from the head."

"In looking round we note the scrupulous cleanness of everything—the well-swept yard, the well-washed earthenware, cooking-pots, and other kitchen utensils, the daintily carved calabashes for milk, water, and a variety of purposes. Here stands part of a tree hollowed into a mortar for pounding certain grains, and there a bedded coarse-grained stone, on which the family meal is ground. Everywhere are to be observed evidences of the thrift and industry which distinguish the Soudanese household. Unlike the domestic establishments of most Mohammedan parts, there is no pampered laziness or voluptuous ease. Wife and slave alike are busily engaged in household duties, or work which will bring money to the workers." Such is a typical specimen of this remarkable people, and of their homes.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Amber, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at his office, 71 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"A Poor Irish Girl lay Dying on her Rude, hard couch. She had been burned by a paraffin lamp so severely that her life was despaired of. I knelt by her side and took her hand in mine—neither her hands nor face was burned—and was trying to comfort her. The poor girl threw the covering off her arm and exposed it to view, showing the raw flesh hanging loosely to the bone, and whispered to me, 'I am all over like that.' 'I am very sorry,' I said; but she interrupted me by remarking, 'It will be all over in a very few hours, and then I'll be with Jesus.' How different that Christian death-bed from that of a millionaire without Christ, at which I was present, and who dreaded the advent of dissolution because he had made gold instead of God his trust, and gold has no power of any kind in eternity! What calm security the poor burned Irish girl had, knowing in Whom she had believed, and that He is able to keep that which she had committed to Him! Who would not die the Christian's death? To do so, however, we must live the Christian's life."

Saved at the Eleventh Hour.—Mr. Climie observes: "Not long after my conversion an old man, who lived near me, fell ill, and there seemed to be little hope of his recovery. He had lived a very wicked, careless life. Twice God had laid him on a bed of sickness, and it seemed as if His great patience was exhausted, and He was about to cut down the profitless tree. Twice had the man, as at the approach of death he reviewed his life, cried to God for mercy, and vowed, should he be spared, that he would dedicate the remainder of his days to the service of Christ. But as health returned, and he felt life once more coursing through his veins, he forgot the vows, and turned again to his old ways. Now he was seriously ill, and the doctor said that this time he could not recover. I felt it my duty to speak to him about his soul, yet I shrank from it. I had often been at his house, to drink and gamble at the little club which gathered there, but I had never been there to pray. Taking courage from the thought that I was going in the strength of my Lord to deliver His message, I visited him, and told him how God had saved me, and that he was just as willing to save him, if he would but trust Him. I prayed with him, then left, sending to him, at his own request, the minister of the place, from whom I afterwards heard that that wandering sheep had been gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd ere he had crossed the Jordan. It is certainly better to be saved late than not to be saved at all; but what joy men miss by delaying to come to Christ!"

Escape from a Prairie Fire.—An Evangelist in the North relates: "A party of travellers were making their way across a prairie; slowly they advanced over the billows of undulating grass, which from its excessive dryness crackled underneath the feet of the oxen and wheels of the wagon. Suddenly the leader stopped, and shading his eyes with his hands, surveyed long and anxiously a dense black cloud which had risen far off on the horizon. The others followed his example, and for some time no one spoke. The same dreadful thought had taken possession of each. Could that be that much-dreaded prairie fire? Men who would fearlessly have faced death in battle trembled before this enemy, against which they felt themselves utterly powerless. Nearer and nearer the fire came. There was no refuge near; for miles on all sides the prairie extended. Suddenly the voice of the guide was heard, 'Set fire to the grass in front.' Quickly the dried herbage kindled, and soon it roared and blazed far ahead of them. As the first fire was upon them, the voice of the guide was heard, in loud clear tones, exclaiming, 'Be sure and stand where the fire has been!' Standing there, the fire passed by harmlessly on both sides, and left them thanking God for their deliverance. God's law, like the prairie fire, sweeps down upon us. We are without refuge, and if that law overtake us we must

inevitably perish. How shall we escape? There is only one way. Jesus Christ has borne our sins, and God's law, like a consuming fire, has exacted from Him the penalty. Our only safety is to shield ourselves under His death, and stand where the fire has been, where the law has been satisfied."

Why a Youth Resolved to Make Money.—Dr. Pentecost said: "On one occasion I casually met a young man who had begun life with me. As I spoke to him about divine things he interrupted me by saying, 'Now there is no use in preaching to me; you seem to think that I care for nothing but wealth. I can assure you that I do not care for money.' 'Indeed!' I said, in surprise; 'then what do you care about?' He answered: 'When I started life in a certain office, I went very frequently to the Exchange. The rich men there seemed to think that a boy was of no account, and I was hustled here and there, and from one corner into another. I did not at all like that sort of thing, and resolved one day to hustle them about, and I knew the only way to do so was to get money, for money was power.' He had bent his whole energy towards money-making for this purpose, and at that period, fifteen years from the time he was an office boy, he was reputed to be worth a million of dollars. 'No,' he continued, 'I do not care for money; but it does me good every time I walk into the Exchange and see these very men, who used to hustle me off the street to get me out of their way, take off their hats to me!' Love of power was that man's chief idol, and it kept him from God. He struggled and strove with all his might towards it; he obtained power, and in his turn he became powerful, but found that, save the gratifying of a whim, it did him no good, but incalculable evil in keeping him from God, who, if he had obtained, would have satisfied him, and yet drawn him forward to still greater enjoyment which would never have cloyed upon him."

Message of a Burning Bible.—Mr. J. H. McEwen says: "I knew a man, an avowed infidel, who hated God's Word with a most virulent hatred. To show his abhorrence of it, he burned all the Bibles and books of a religious nature in his house. He resolved that never again should a page bearing the name of God upon it enter his house. Time passed on, and one day as he was going through an old lumber-room he spied, under a heap of old books, the well-known covers. Kneeling down, he drew it out, and there met his eye the familiar words, 'Holy Bible.' With a frown of displeasure he lifted the book between his finger and thumb, as if its very touch would contaminate, and hurried down-stairs and gathered the whole household together to witness the destruction of that Bible. The fire was stirred into a blaze, and the Word of God cast into the flames. It fell wide open, and as the master of the house stood gloating over its destruction, and watching its leaves scorch and shrivel up, his eyes caught the words, 'Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds be reprov'd.' These words shot into his heart with sudden force. 'Ah,' he thought, 'that is just what I have been doing, hating the light. Perhaps I am in darkness all the while!' By degrees the awful conviction forced itself upon him, that he was going with headlong speed to his ruin. His anxiety increased, until he could bear it no longer. He knew a Christian who he thought could help him. Going to his house, he told him his difficulty, and God's way of salvation was shown him. The result was that soon he accepted Christ, and became His most devoted follower."

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev. M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 71 Bible House, New York.

THE BALANCES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached at Omaha, Neb.,
Last Sunday, Sept. 1, 1889.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Daniel 5 : 27.

The Magnificence of Babylon—The Work of Two Million Builders—The Hanging Gardens—The Day of Its Capture—The Balance Lifted—All Earthly Balances Unreliable—God's Perfect Bushel—Balances Which Weigh Principles—The World to be Weighed—The Balance of the Sanctuary—The Weighing of Empires—Persons to be Weighed—The Moralist Found Wanting—The Formalist in the Balance—His Creed not to be Weighed—A Worldling Weighed—The Final Scrutiny—The Christian in the Balances—Weights that do not Turn the Scale—How the Scale is Turned—A Policeman's Heroism.

BABYLON was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, two million men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city sixty miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which the material for

The Building of the City

had been digged. There were twenty-five gates on each side the city; between every two gates a tower of defence springing into the skies; from each gate on the one side, a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets fifteen miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from the ruin of the city a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace seven and a half miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country, and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon; and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain four hundred feet high. This mountain was built out into

Terraces Supported on Arches.

On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead, and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up, it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which would cost what would be our fifty-two million dollars.

Oh What a City!

The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it. And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king! Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king, seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look; and

all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room and puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of fiery terror circling around and circling around as though it would write; and then it comes up, and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall

The Doom of the King:

"Weighed in the balances, and found wanting." The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now Death is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities, on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the Government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break, or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way the equipoise may be disturbed. You cannot always depend upon

Earthly Balances.

A pound is not always a pound, and you may pay for one thing and get another; but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God, a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel, and a perfect peck, and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil, and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and he calls upon his recording angel to mark it: "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel: "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct; that twenty hundred weight makes a ton, and one hundred and twenty solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less, and a religion which does not take hold of this life, as well as the life to come, is no religion at all. But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day, that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of

Balances Which Weigh Principles,

weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations, and weigh worlds. "What!" you say; "is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances suspended from the throne the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington, and all the cities of the earth, they would crush it. No! No! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities, and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins, and away will go the opportunities, and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! weighed and found wanting!"

So God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That great church, according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side the balances, and the minister and the choir, and the building that cost its

hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side the balances. On the other side of the scale he puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balances. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will spew it out of His mouth. Weighed and found wanting! So

God Estimates Nations.

How many times He has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales, and found it insufficient, and condemned it! The French Empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French Empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded Opera House?" Then God weighed the nation, and He put on one side the scales the Emperor and the boulevards, and the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysees, and the gilded Opera House, and on the other side He puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting!

Personal Weighing.

But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think clergymen ought to be personal in their religious address, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah, no! He loads the gun: he puts the butt of it against his breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, and then crash go the antlers on the rocks! And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a sick-room, does he treat disease in the abstract? No: he feels the pulse, takes the diagnosis, then he makes the prescription. And if we want to heal souls for this life and the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if uncured by grace, will kill us forever. Now, I want no abstraction. Where is the balm? Where is the physician?

People say there is a day of judgment coming. My friends, every day is a day of judgment, and you and I to-day are being canvassed, inspected, weighed. Here are

The Balances of the Sanctuary.

They are lifted, and we must all be weighed. Who will come and be weighed first? Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. Well, my brother, get in—get into the balances now, and be weighed. But as he gets into the balances, I say: "What is that bundle you have along with you?" "Oh," he says, "that is my reputation for goodness, and kindness, and charity, and generosity, and kindness generally." "O my brother! we cannot weigh that; we are going to weigh you—you. Now, stand in the scales—you, the moralist. Paid your debts?" "Yes," you say, "paid all my debts." "Have you acted in an upright way in the community?" "Yes, yes." "Have you been kind to the poor? Are you faithful in a thousand relations in life?" "Yes." "So far, so good." But now, before you get out of this scale, I want to ask you two or three questions. Have your thoughts always been right?" "No," you say; "no." Put down one mark. "Have you loved the Lord with all your heart and soul and mind and strength?" "No," you say. Make another mark. "Come now, be frank, and confess that

in ten thousand things you have come short—have you not?" "Yes." Make ten thousand marks. Come now, get me a book large enough to make the record of

The Moralists' Deficits.

My brother, stand in the scales, do not fly away from them. I put on your side the scales all the good deeds you ever did, all the kind words you ever uttered; but on the other side the scales I put this weight which God says I must put there—on the other side the scales and opposite to yours I put this weight: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Weighed and found wanting.

Still, the balances of the sanctuary are suspended and we are ready to weigh any who come. Who shall be the next? Well, *here is a formalist*. He comes and he gets into the balances, and as he gets in I see that all his religion is in genuflexions and in outward observances. As he gets into the scales I say: "What is that you have in this pocket?" "Oh!" he says "that is Westminster Assembly Catechism." I say "Very good. What have you in the other pocket?" "Oh!" he says, "that is the Heidelberg Catechism." "Very good. What is that you have under your arm, standing in this balance of the sanctuary?" "Oh!" he says, "that is a church record." "Very good. What are these books on your side the balances?" "Oh!" he says, "those are 'Calvin's Institutes.'" "My brother, we are not weighing books;

We are Weighing you.

It cannot be that you are depending for your salvation upon your orthodoxy. Do you not know that the creeds and the forms of religion are merely the scaffolding for the building? You certainly are not going to mistake the scaffolding for the temple. Do you not know that men have gone to perdition with a catechism in their pocket?" "But," says the man, "I cross myself often." "Ah! that will not save you." "But," says the man, "I am sympathetic for the poor." "That will not save you." Says the man, "I sat at the communion table." "That will not save you." "But," says the man, "I have had my name on the church record." "That will not save you." "But I have been a professor of religion forty years." "That will not save you." Stand there on your side the balances, and I will give you the advantage—I will let you have all the creeds, all the church records, all the Christian conventions that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever built, on your side the balances. On the other side the balances I must put what God says I must put there. I put this million-pound weight on the other side the balances: "Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." Weighed and found wanting!

Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed, or who will be weighed? Yes; here comes

A Worldling.

He gets into the scales. I can very easily see what his whole life is made up of. Stocks, dividends, percentages, "buyer ten days," "buyer thirty days." Get in, my friend, get into these balances and be weighed—weighed for this life, and weighed for the life to come. He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are: "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he admires heaven because it is a land of gold, and money must be "easy."

I find, from talking with him, that religion and the Sabbath are an interruption, a vulgar interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer! All the week he has been weighing fruits, weighing meats, weighing ice, weighing coals, weighing confections, weighing worldly and perishable commodities, not realizing the fact that he himself has been weighed. On your side the balances, O worldling! I will give you full advantage. I put on your side all the banking-houses, all the store-houses, all the cargoes, all the insurance companies, all the factories, all the silver, all the

gold, all the money vaults, all the safe deposits—all on your side. But it does not add one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income, God and the angels are writing in regard to your soul: "Weighed and found wanting!"

But I must go faster and speak of

The Final Scrutiny.

The fact is, my friends, we are moving on amid astounding realities. These pulses which now are drumming the march of life may, after a while, call a halt. We walk on a hair-hung bridge over chasms. All around us are dangers lurking, ready to spring on us from ambush. We lie down at night, not knowing whether we shall arise in the morning. We start out for our occupations, not knowing whether we shall come back! Crowns being burnished for thy brow, or bolts forged for thy prison. Angels of light ready to shout at thy deliverance, or fiends of darkness stretching out skeleton hands to pull thee down into ruin consummate!

Suddenly the judgment will be here. The angel with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, will swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer: "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." Hark to the jarring of the mountains. Why, that is the setting down of the scales, the balances. And then there is a flash as from a cloud, but it is the glitter of the shining balances, and they are hoisted, and all nations are to be weighed. The unforgiven get in on this side the balances. They

May Have Weighed Themselves

and pronounced a flattering decision. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. Now they are being weighed in God's balances—the balances that can make no mistake. All the property gone, all the titles of distinction gone, all the worldly successes gone; there is a soul, absolutely nothing but a soul, an immortal soul, a never dying soul, a soul stripped of all wordly advantages—a soul on one side the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, ten thousand opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side the scales, and there God stands, and in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and archangel He announces, while groaning earthquake, and crackling conflagration, and judgment trumpet, and everlasting storm repeat it: "Weighed, and found wanting."

But, say some who are Christians: "Certainly you don't mean to say that

We Will Have to Get Into the Balances?

Our sins are all pardoned, our title to heaven is secure. Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" Yes, my brother. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and on that day you are going to be weighed.

Oh follower of Christ! you get into the balances. The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get into the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you might have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scale. You cannot weigh against all those imperfections.

Well, then, we must give you the advantage, and on your side the scales we will place all the good deeds you have ever done, and all the kind words you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life.

Too Light Yet!

Come, mighty men of the past, and get in on that side the scales. Come, Payson and Doddridge and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down, that this righteous one may be saved. They come, and they get in the scales. Too light yet! Come,

the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wickliffes, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian's balances, and see if you cannot help him weight it aright. They come and get in. Too light! Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet!

I put on this side the balances all the sceptres of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet. But just at that point, Jesus, the Son of God, comes up to the balances, and He puts one of His scarred feet on your side, and the balances begin to tremble from top to bottom. Then He puts both of His scarred feet on the balances, and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven ringing. That Rock of Ages heavier than any other weight!

But says the Christian: "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with

Christ on Your Side the Scales.

Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Chains broken, prison-houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances, and nothing, nothing wanted. Oh! what a glorious hope! Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack. Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept Him? Will not this whole audience say, "I am insufficient, I am a sinner, I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord, and my God, my life, my pardon, my heaven. Lord Jesus, I hail thee!" Oh, if you could only understand the worth of that sacrifice which I have represented to you under a figure—if you could understand the worth of that sacrifice, this whole audience would this moment accept Christ and be saved.

We go away off, or back into history, to get some illustration by which we may set forth

What Christ has Done

for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman, with a shout clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses and to save a calamity, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badly hurt, and hurt for others. But I tell you to-day of how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood-red horse of sacrifice, came for our rescue, and rode down the sky, and rode unto death for our rescue. Are not your hearts touched? That was a sacrifice for you and me. O thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice! come and ride through this assemblage on the white horse of victory!

Reports from the Congo State have Arrived in Washington. They were brought by Lieutenant Emory H. Taunt, United States Commercial Agent at Boma, who has come home on a short vacation. He reports that the American Baptist Mission, which was originally established by the English under the name of the Livingstone Mission, is flourishing and doing excellent work. As to Mr. H. M. Stanley's movements he says: "June 1, official dispatches were received at Boma from the Upper Congo to the effect that Tippoo Tib, the Arab chief and slave trader, had left Stanley Falls with a large force to join Stanley, and was expected to act as mediator between him and the hostile Arabs of Eastern Africa. From Wood's account the sufferings of Stanley and his people have not been exaggerated. Starvation, sickness, hostile natives, dense jungles, in fact every African obstacle, were encountered, but pluck and push carried the explorers through. Mr. Wood was en route to Europe in charge of some invalids left at Stanley Pool."

A GREEDY AFRICAN CHIEF.

A WORK in East Central Africa commenced by Mr. Ousley, the missionary of the American Board, began hopefully, but has been spoiled by the greediness of a chief. In a letter to the *Missionary Herald* Mr. Ousley says: I do not think there is a single chief or sub-chief who, if asked, would tell a missionary that he did not want his people taught. But he would simply mean that he desired a school, provided the missionary would give him a present for the privilege of teaching his children. When the present was received, the chief's apparent interest would go, unless the gift was repeated at short intervals. For example, the sub-chief where Miss Jones taught a three months' school was so enthusiastic over the prospect of getting a present for the privilege of conducting a school at his kraal for his people, that he, for a while, seemingly compelled the children to come, and keep order after they arrived. He would go around to the different kraals and march the boys and girls to his kraal, as he said, in order that Miss Jones might teach them.

Soon, he began to ask Miss Jones for a small present, saying that she ought to give the children clothes for coming to school. Failing in securing what he wanted, he told me that unless he was given a present he should stop all of the children who had been attending the school. After due consideration of the subject we decided that, rather than give up the school, it would be better to give the small present demanded, eight yards of cloth. It was not the value of the present that caused us to hesitate, but the principle upon which it was asked. The gift once received, the headman showed that he did not want the children to attend school because they had not been promised wraps and garments as a condition for their attendance. Now he says that since the children did not receive such things he does not want a school; that is, unless he is given a present and the children presented with garments or wraps.

MR. GEORGE MULLER'S RECORD.

THE annual record of the gifts and expenditure of Mr. Muller's Orphanage at Bristol, Eng., has just been published. This work having been fully described in previous numbers of this journal, our readers will feel an interest in its present status and latest history. The cost of keeping the orphans is \$3,500 a week. They have never wanted food, though often Mr. Muller's treasury has been reduced to less than five dollars. In his worst extremity, however, he has never asked any one for help, but has laid the matter before God in prayer, and help has always come in time. *He has never contracted a debt.* During the past year, which is the fifty-fifth since the Orphanage was established, he received \$149,354. All this was given spontaneously. In no case was any person asked to contribute. It was the most prosperous year in the history of the Orphanage. After paying all expenses, Mr. Muller has a balance of \$47,755 to carry to the next year's account.

The selection made in the report from the mass of donations shows the usual interesting variety in the amounts, and in the donors. Two large legacies are recorded, one of \$40,000, the other \$25,000. Neither of these testators was known to Mr. Muller, even by name, until their executors notified him of the bequests. The affectionate and grateful feeling entertained by former inmates of the Homes finds pleasing expression in kind letters and gifts of various value. Among these we notice one of special interest, under date October 1, to the amount of \$792.50, being a certain proportion of the sum of \$4,000 received as a legacy by one of the orphans, who has for more than twenty years resided in the United States. The influence of Mr. Muller's writings is strikingly shown by a letter which accompanied two small gifts. The writer said: "When in Bristol, in 1867, I visited the Orphan Houses and purchased vol. i. of your 'Narrative.' The reading being 'too dry,' I put it away amongst other books, where it re-

mained hidden and forgotten. In 1884 I was led to know Jesus as my Saviour. Your volume then became *most interesting*, and tended very much to strengthen my faith in a prayer-hearing God. I have now your four volumes, and from them I am able to lead others to Jesus, encouraging them to put God's promises to the proof. When, in 1885, I had lost everything, I was enabled to rest upon Matt. 6: 25-34, refusing to be anxious, therefore slept soundly."

Mr. Muller will be *eighty-four years old* on Sept. 27. He is now in India visiting missionaries, and preaching as he has opportunity. He has been engaged in this work for fourteen years, and during that time has travelled 160,000 miles. During his absence, tried and trusted helpers manage the orphanages on the principles he laid down.

A STEADFAST CHRISTIAN BOY.

AN interesting incident is modestly told by a pupil in a boarding-school in India, in a letter to his teacher, Miss Tucker: He wrote from Peshawar, as follows:—"Janab Mis Sahiba Salam,—The next day after reaching Peshawar I went into the middle of the bazaar, and what did I see? Why, my cousin standing there. When he saw me he ran and embraced me, and shouted and cried so much that I stood in the bazaar astounded. As he was crying, he said to me, 'You have dishonored the whole family; but still it is all right. Come to our house, and we will say that you were never a Christian, but that your enemy had slandered you by saying so.' When I heard this I cried a great deal, so much so that many Mohammedans came round. Then, taking out my Testament, I turned to Rom. 8: 35, and read, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?' Then all the Mohammedans spat in my face, and said, 'This is an infidel.' After this other Mohammedans came up, but, turning their faces away, they passed by. You see I am in a place of great temptation, so there is great need of prayer on my behalf. 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.' 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'"

A PROMISE PUNCTUALLY KEPT.

THERE are few men who have tested the Lord's promises in worldly matters more frequently, and to so large an extent, as the Rev. D. M. Heydrick, of Brooklyn, N. Y. One of his experiences is related by the Rev. H. J. Latham in his *God in Business*. It appears that Mr. Heydrick opened a mission relying on certain payments being made by a Christian association. A number of reversible seats costing \$300 were ordered, and before they were paid for his associate withdrew from the mission, and neglected to pay for the seats. Mr. Heydrick could not pay, and the manufacturer growing impatient, told him he must sue the man who had ordered them.

Mr. Heydrick said: "Let us see what the Word says about this matter." He opened to these words: 'There is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law one with another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?'

The surprise of the merchant at the aptness of the passage was complete. Mr. Heydrick said, "Give me a month, and I will pay for those seats myself."

The merchant agreed to this. One month later Mr. Heydrick called upon this man. He said: "I promised to pay you \$300 to-day. I haven't got the money. I am very sorry. I wish you would give me a little more time."

"Certainly," was the reply. "But I thought the Lord helped you to keep your promises."

There was no answer.

"How is this?"

"I cannot understand it. God has never disappointed me before. I am sorry to be obliged to ask for an extension of time. I will have it for you in a month. Good-by."

"Good-by," said the manufacturer. "Oh,

stay! I saw a person in the street to-day who was inquiring about you. I answered that you would be at my office to-day. I was asked to give you this letter. I had almost forgotten it."

Mr. Heydrick opened the letter. On a sheet of paper were these words:

"Use this in the Lord's cause."

Enclosed in the letter were *six fifty-dollar bills*. Mr. Heydrick handed the money to the merchant with the words: "There's your \$300. Give me a receipt. God has not disappointed me. Blessed be His holy name forever."

A MATTER-OF-FACT CRIPPLE.

A LETTER from a gentleman in England, who gives his name and address as William Sharp Redhill, appears in a journal which has not hesitated to express its scepticism about the possibility of divine healing in these days. He does not argue the question, but simply states the following facts: I speak from a personal experience. On January 23 last—after six months of suffering from sciatica, which made me quite a cripple, seldom able to leave a chair without a stick, and caused me to give up business, to go to different mineral baths for relief, but which all ended in failure—I was led by Miss C. C. Murray, of Drayton Park, Holloway, to see the Lord Jesus Christ as healer of bodily sickness, as already He had been of soul sickness; and, thereupon, just as I perceived the truth, so the healing came. It was like a new existence, to be suddenly relieved of the gnawing pain of months (which had caused one leg to shrink a full inch), and to go about as of old without any prop, to be able to run up and down stairs, to be up and off to town early in the morning, walking nearly a mile through the then deep snow of our country roads, and doing a hard day's work without the slightest inconvenience. And, beyond all this, I had an increased sense of God's power and presence, and of rest in Him, compared to which the sudden bodily healing was by far the lesser blessing.

And then some of God's people, full of unbelief towards anything beyond their comprehension, try to prove one is mistaken, that the healing is the result of other (imaginable or unimaginable) causes—anything, indeed, but to accept the fact, and give God the glory.

I leave you to publish this letter if you like. I may just add two facts. I have, since the date above given, enjoyed a state of health more complete and vigorous than I have known for years. Secondly, I am not a person easily susceptible to mere influences or impressions, but am known as one of an unusually cool, matter-of-fact nature.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION ON SHIPBOARD.

AN incident is reported to a contemporary by a Christian minister in proof of his contention that the Bible alone without human agency may effect conversions—a statement which was recently challenged by a famous preacher. He says: "It is the case of Benjamin Godfrey, the benevolent founder of Monticello Seminary at Godfrey, Ill. I received the story from his own lips, while *I was his pastor*, more than forty years ago. He was a sailor from youth to middle life, and having risen from the fore-castle to be commander of a ship, he was known as Captain Godfrey. He followed the sea, and was profane like his companions, and knew very little about religion. He was successful in getting money, and lived for some time in Mexico. But he determined to return to the United States and remain a citizen here. While on board a ship sailing over the Gulf, bound for New Orleans, lying in his berth, he providentially discovered a small portion of the Bible. His eyes fell on the words, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' That startling question awakened new and anxious thoughts. As soon as he reached New Orleans, he sought a book-store, and bought a Bible. The Word of God in this instance, proved its power, in the hands of the Spirit, unaccompanied by any human messenger. It led a soul to see the insufficiency of wealth

to give rest, and turned it to Him 'who is all and in all.' Said Captain Godfrey, 'That Bible seemed to me my dearest friend, and I felt like pressing it to my bosom.' Such instances may be rare, but surely they are sufficient to verify the words of Paul to Timothy, 'All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable.'

THE PRIVILEGE OF RAPTURE.

By Rev. John Storie, F. R. S. T.

What the Day of Rapture Is—Mistakes About It—Where the Raptured Saints will Rest—How Many will Rise?—Not All Christians—Not All in Active Service—The Difference in the Ten Virgins—All Had Lamps—All Once Had Oil—Five Had Lost Hope—Left Outside—Have to Live Under Antichrist—To Attain Glory—Reach it by a Path of Pain

It should be kept clearly in mind that the first Advent of the Lord is not the day when He is to come into immediate contact with the race of man in the way of judgment and retribution; nor yet the day when "He is to be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (II Thess. 1:6-10.) Nor yet is it that "Day of the manifestation of the sons of God, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints." (Rom. 8:19.) It is the day of His promised return in love and mercy to His own; of blessed resurrection, of completed redemption "to them that look for His appearing," and to them alone. (Heb. 9:28.) Ere the rage of the Antichrist is permitted to burst in fury on a God-deserted world, He is fixing His temporary tabernacle here in close connection with this earth, but not on it. Here, in some tent or cloud, in this supramundane heaven, is to be the "resting-place" that, with the Father's consent, He is "to prepare" for His people. Here, within this sanctuary of refuge, they are

To Be Collected to Him.

And here, in close connection with this earth and within this celestial pavilion, is the Shechinah to be revealed for a time; and that time short. Here is to be His parousia, the place of His presence, through the last predicted septenary. Here He is to take from the Father's hand the power to deal in judgment with the world that He has ransomed, to clear it from human sin and Satanic oppression. And here, in this near and visible heaven, the risen and the glorified, called up by His own Almighty voice and raptured in clouds, are to be with Him, while from that dread roll avenging judgment is let loose on the defiant Antichrist and the apostatizing nations.

How Many of the Living Will Rise?

Is it certain that all who have hold of Christ as His disciples; that all those even who know Him as their Saviour; who have a faith in Him that may persevere to the end and secure a final salvation—certain that these all will participate in the mercy of this translation? Or is there some special meetness, some ripe and active grace essential and prescribed, that will alone make the living ready for it and fit? Here we must go to God's Word. Its teaching may help us, and it does. It tells us that the promise of the blessed rapture is not for all the members of His living Church; not for all those even who may be busied in His service when He comes; that even of these some may be left behind; that there is

A Condition Essential;

an attitude vivid and expectant. It is for those:

Who are looking for the Lord:—"Looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of the Great God and our Saviour." (Tit. 2:13.) "Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus." (Phil. 3:20.)

Who are waiting for the Lord:—"They themselves report concerning you . . . how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living God and to wait for His Son from heaven." (I Thess. 1:9, 10.) "So that ye come behind in no gift, waiting for the revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ." (I Cor. 1:7; comp. I Thess. 5:1-11.)

Who love the appearing of the Lord:—"Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day. And not to me only, but to them also that have loved His appearing." (II Tim. 4:8.)

Who are hastening on the Advent of the Lord:—"What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy living and godliness, looking for and hastening the coming of the day of the Lord?" (II Pet. 3:12.)

It gives the promise that "those who are keeping the word of His patience," that is, are *waiting on with an enduring hope*, He also "will keep from the hour of trial which is to come upon the whole world, to try them that dwell on the earth." (Rev. 3:10.)

And it tells that *for those found watching there is the blessed welcome*, "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching." (Luke 12:37.)

These, then, are the Wise.

They are looking and longing and waiting for the Lord; hastening His Advent; watching for His Advent; their hearts beating with the ardent hope. But those, however busy and earnest, who are not realizing that Advent as a coming event; not waiting, nor watching; not longing, nor praying, nor hoping for it—these are not wise. They are neglecting the counsel of their God. And is not this the very lesson the Lord Himself would impress in that parable of the ten virgins—the wise, the foolish?

The ten are the living members of "the Kingdom;" a fair representation of that kingdom as we see it now. The ten are *virgins*; friends of the bride; pure in life and pure in faith; neither contaminated by the world's vices, nor corrupted by the impurities of the Babylonian harlot. If five of them are found to be foolish, they are not said to be faithless, nor daughters of perdition. They too have lamps; and they too, with these lamps alight, had gone forth with the wise in the desire to honor and welcome the bridegroom. But, in His long delay, the hope of His coming is dying or dead within them; and the oil—if once in their lamps—now exhausted or gone, they sleep on. But

The Midnight Cry

awakes them all. They know it is the Lord. He is come! The wise rise in new life; startled in soul, but into a transport of glowing joy and passionate welcome. This is the fulfilling of their hope and their prayer. Now is He come to take them; their mansion prepared in the heaven; their redemption complete. They trim their lamps. They are manifested as the children of light. That inward grace, fed by the oil of the Divine Spirit, which has been ever holding them in living union with their Lord; resting on the purpose of His loving heart; hoping, longing, expecting, gazing with the eye of faith for His Advent—that inward grace, long moulding the inward being into the likeness of the Lord, and ready at any moment to blaze forth in joyful welcome, flashes out, now that He is come, through their physical frame; robes the body of His saints in light, and, in this one mighty moment, responsive to the Saviour's call, transforms them into the image of His glory. With glowing lamps they meet the Bridegroom.

The foolish too, awake, startled by the cry, in distress if not in despair, "He is come!" In their agony, even they long to welcome the Bridegroom. But how can they now? Their

"Lamps Going Out,"

and they have no oil in their vessels to feed the flame. Alas! for the folly in which they have lived on and slumbered. Where, now, is time to get that oil? What hunger in their hearts to have it! From their wiser sisters they beg for it. They actually go, on their advice, to seek a supply. And must we not conclude that their vessels have been replenished, when they come back with lamps kindled, seeking to join the bridal band? They are ready now; in earnest now; but it is too late. They find the door

closed; but is it closed on them for ever? They knock; they cry to the Bridegroom, "Lord, Lord, open to us!" and from within there is an answer, "I do not know you." He refuses; but in what capacity does the Lord refuse to know them and admit them? It is as friends of the Bride; as guests invited, and found slighting that invitation; not ready, not prepared. He does not dismiss them with the words, "I never knew you;" nor with the sentence, "Depart, ye workers of iniquity!" They are left outside; to this He condemns them.

In the World's Midnight,

disappointed, bereaved, rebuked. Their portion in the life eternal may not be forever forfeit; but their loss in that day is unspeakable; and dreadful is the penalty and the prospect before them. They have to live on in a world from which the best are gone; to face the coming tribulation; the deadly persecution of the Antichrist; the "Great wrath" of the infuriated enemy of God and man. But many of these so sadly rebuked and disappointed, many, if not all, shall seek, and yet find the grace to live through this time of purification and trial, true to their Saviour and their God. They are sustained by the knowledge that their Redeemer is come; that He is present in the tabernacle above them; that the tribulation raging below is permitted and controlled by Him. They remember now His words, that "Except these days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved;" and His promise, "But for the elect's sake these days shall be shortened." (Matt. 24:22.) They know themselves to be God's elect. "They cry to Him day and night." (Luke 18:1-8.) And they are guided by His helping Spirit to the final salvation and the glory.

Yes! the voice of prophecy declares that these—the unwise, the foolish, the once unready, left behind when the living are raptured—will not be few, but "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues;" that they will be "purified, made white, and tried" in the furnace of these troubles.

John Saw Them

as they shall stand "before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." He heard them cry "with a loud voice, saying, *The salvation* [be ascribed] to our God who sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb. . . . And one of the elders answered John, saying to him, These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they? And I said to him, My Lord, thou knowest. And He said to me, These are they which came out of the *Great Tribulation*; and they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

They attain the glory, but by a path of pain the Lord would save them. Need we marvel, then, that He concludes this parable by repeating the admonition, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh;" "what I say unto you I say unto all, WATCH!" "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be counted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man." (Mark 13:37; Luke 21:36.)

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NOTICE.

At the beginning of next year the "Christian Herald" will be enlarged by making the pages a little longer and wider than now, so that thirteen pages will contain about the same quantity of reading matter as fourteen of the present size contain. This change has to be made to meet the increased demand for advertising space, which requires us to give up a second page to advertisements. The advertisements will necessarily appear at once, owing to the exigencies of the fall trade, and we should make the enlargement at the same time were it not that by doing so the volume would be spoiled for binding, and so, many subscribers be inconvenienced. The price of the annual subscription will NOT be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Immense Benefits to American Commerce which may be expected from the approaching conference of Central and South American nations may be inferred from the extent of the present transactions between this country and the countries south of us. They are relatively so small that the removal of obstacles to their development must necessarily produce an enormous increase of trade. In a recent address before the Merchants Club of Boston, it was stated that though the West Indies, Mexico, and Central and South America have a population of about fifty millions, and their aggregate foreign trade for the year 1888 was about \$1,200,000,000, our share was only \$240,000,000. We bought of them \$181,000,000, and sold to them only \$69,000,000, leaving a balance against us of \$112,000,000. While the increase of trade between the United States and those countries during the past twenty years has increased by \$90,000,000, the balance has still been against us, as our purchases have increased \$78,000,000 and our sales only \$12,000,000. The chief problems that the conference will have to solve will be the arrangement of a satisfactory system of customs duties, and the adoption of a silver coin which shall be a legal tender in all the countries represented at the conference. If those two problems can be solved, no difficulty is to be apprehended with the other five questions on the programme.

Another British Sealer Has Been Captured by the United States cruiser *Rush*. This makes six vessels captured, besides fourteen boarded. On August 29 two seamen of the *Junita* arrived at Victoria, B. C. They stated that on July 27 when the *Junita* had seven hundred sealskins on board, she was sighted by the *Rush*. The vessel was searched, and the sealskins and ammunition removed to the American ship, and the *Junita* was ordered to proceed to Sitka as a prize. As no prize crew was put on board, the captain decided, as the captains of the other captured vessels have done, to disobey orders, and proceeded to Victoria. The apathy of the British Government in the circumstances has excited much indignation in Canada. It is probable, however, that it is the result of an arrangement with our Government to suppress illegal sealing. It is certain that the claim set up by the Secretary of State of jurisdiction over Behring Sea has not been conceded by England. The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald states, on what he says is high au-

thority, that a perfect understanding exists between the two Governments, the probable result of which will be a reference of the question of dominion to the arbitration of a friendly Power, and an international convention for the protection of seal life in Behring Sea. He believes that the Department of State expects to lose its case upon an arbitration, but will willingly pay damages for the seizures if the question can be definitely settled, and the fisheries protected by international agreement.

The Charge Against Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, of complicity in the killing of Terry has been dismissed by the California court on the action of the Attorney-General of California. The judge of the United States Circuit Court, having been notified of the fact, expressed his gratification that the awkward constitutional question involved in the case was in consequence avoided. In dismissing the proceedings on August 27, he said: "We are extremely gratified to find that we shall be spared the necessity of further inquiring as to the extent of the remedy afforded the distinguished petitioner by the Constitution and laws of the United States for enforcing such remedies as exist, and that the stigma cast upon the State of California by this hasty and, to call it by no harsher term, ill-advised arrest will not be intensified by further prosecution." The case of Marshal Nagle, who shot Terry, still remains to be dealt with, and it involves the same constitutional question, as the accused is as much a United States officer as Justice Field himself. A similar result, however, will probably occur, as there is evidence that Terry was armed when he struck Justice Field, and would probably have killed him had Nagle been less prompt in defending his distinguished charge.

The Fact that Frederick Douglass has not set out for Hayti gave rise last week to a rumor that the Administration had decided to reconsider his appointment. It was said that a colored man would not be acceptable as United States Minister in Hayti, and that a white man would be sent instead. It is gratifying to learn on the authority of Mr. Wharton, who is acting Secretary of State while Mr. Blaine is summering at Bar Harbor, that there is no foundation for the rumor. It appears that the Administration are of opinion that Admiral Gherardi, on board a United States war-ship, is the best representative the country can have in the present state of Haytian affairs. Our Government is not embarrassed by the revolution, because it never recognized Légitime, though England and France did so. As soon as Hippolyte has been declared President by a properly constituted authority, and a regular government has been formed, it will be time for Mr. Douglass to proceed to his post, and there is no reason at present for thinking that any other person will be substituted for him.

The Gigantic Strike of Dock Laborers in London increased in numbers from day to day during last week, until on Friday it was stated that 150,000 men were out. Many of these probably belong to other trades, who are only sympathetically interested. The dispute is on the subject of wages, the men demanding two cents an hour more than the dock-yard companies are willing to pay. The rate now is ten cents an hour, and the men ask for twelve. Certainly for work so laborious a wage of one dollar for a day of ten hours seems sufficiently inadequate to justify a strike. There is a glaring discrepancy somewhere in the calculations of the cost involved to the companies by granting the concession. The companies aver that the advance demanded would cost them \$500,000 a year, while the strikers contend that it would cost only \$200,000. On Friday an ominous movement was developed. A manifesto was issued by the committee of the strikers, solemnly appealing to the workers in every calling in London to strike if the demands of the dockmen are not conceded. The result of even a partial response to this appeal would be appalling. It would place London in darkness and

would deprive the city of the necessities of life and unhappily the inconvenience would not be upon the directors with whom the workmen have the quarrel, but upon the general public which sympathizes with the strikers. It may be hoped that this extreme measure will be averted by the yielding of the companies, who must be losing enormous sums every day of the strike.

The British Parliament was Prorogued August 30, after an unusually long session. The Queen's speech on the occasion, which as usual was composed by Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, was congratulatory in tone. The paragraph in which this country was chiefly concerned was that relating to the Samoan dispute. It ran as follows: "The conference upon the affairs of Samoa, consisting of representatives of Great Britain, Germany, and America, which assembled at Berlin in the spring, agreed upon a convention regulating the Government of those islands. This instrument has been accepted by me and by the Emperor of Germany, and now awaits the assent of the American Senate. The only news this gives us is that the treaty is satisfactory to the British Government. Experience proves that the fact does not ensure its acceptance by the United States Senate. The speech also gives the information that a conference of European nations is to be summoned by the king of the Belgians to sit in Brussels this fall to concert measures for the suppression of the slave trade by land and sea.

A Frank Avowal Was Made by Tippoo Tib the powerful African chief, to Lieut. Becker recently. In a letter from the latter, received on August 28, dated Stanley Falls, he says that he has had several conversations with Tippoo Tib. In these interviews Tippoo Tib expressed unbounded loyalty to King Leopold and Belgium, but said he must decline to be a German vassal. During his stay at Zanzibar, he said, he had hidden himself in order to escape further importunities of the German admiral, who had overwhelmed him with promises and attentions. Tippoo Tib declared that the natives *hated both the English and the Germans*. The influence of the Arabs, he claimed, tended to put an end to slavery by instilling into the natives civilized ideas. Some idea of the man's wealth and power may be gained by the fact that in sending ivory to the coast recently it was carried and guarded by *three thousand slaves*, all of whom are his property. A man so heavily interested in the perpetuation of slavery is not capable of expressing an opinion as to the morality of the traffic that would command the respect of other nations.

The General Elections in France are to Take place on Sunday, September 22. There is much anxiety as to the result. In spite of the ridiculous position of General Boulanger fulminating from his place of exile, he is by no means eliminated from the field of French politics. He has published a list of forty-one candidates who will contest, in his interest, for seats in the Chamber of Deputies from the Department of the Seine, which is practically the city of Paris. The element of strength in his cause is the general dissatisfaction of the French people with the present Government, and the fact that General Boulanger is the only man prominent in the political field who is believed to possess the personal qualities for governing France with a strong hand. A man does not need to be really great to gain supreme power in France, as was proved when Louis Napoleon won the Presidency, which he made a stepping-stone to the imperial throne. A shallow schemer, whom other nations easily estimate at his true value, captivates the masses of the French people and wins their confidence. As Boulanger is posing as a martyr, he may succeed at the polls, as other tricksters have done. It is improbable that he would aspire to the throne himself, but might be content with the function of a king-maker, in which case Jerome Napoleon would undoubtedly be his choice. The way would thus be opened to that career which many students of prophecy believe the head of the Napoleon family is destined to run.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received, since our last acknowledgment, to the amount of \$13. They are from: J. B. B., \$10; E. Des Moines, Ia., \$2; Bradforton, Ill., 50 cents; Canton, N. Y., 50 cents. These contributions, for which we thank our friends, enable us to add thirteen names for a year to our mailing-list. We should be glad to receive still more, for on reference to our books we find that over thirty subscriptions by which thirty colored ministers have been receiving the paper during the past twelve months have expired, and a much larger number will expire at the end of this month. The testimonies sent to us, of the good that has resulted directly to the ministers, and indirectly to their congregations, through the blessing of God upon the reading of the paper, make us most anxious that the good work should go on, and that the people, whose need of pure religious teaching is so urgent, should continue to enjoy the help which they appreciate.

A Standing Memorial of the Horrors of the Commune is to be preserved in Paris. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* states that the Municipal Council of Paris has decided to place upon the ruins of the D'Orsay Palace, on the banks of the Seine, a marble tablet, with the following inscription: The Municipal Council of Paris, in order to inspire Frenchmen with horror of internal dissensions, and in order that the memory of the disastrous days of the Commune may ever serve as a warning in the minds of the people, has voted: The ruins of the Palais d'Orsay shall forever remain as they now are, and no one shall enter them so long as one stone remains on another of what was once one of the most beautiful monuments of Paris. Trees and plants of all kinds that have taken root among these ruins shall also be respected, and will form a virgin forest, to prove to future generations that barbarism can sometimes implant itself in the centre of civilization.

The Discovery of the Elixir of Life Mentioned in these columns on August 7 appears to be discredited by experiments. An eminent physician of New York has tried the elixir upon a number of patients, with rather doubtful results. While some cases improved, the improvement was not permanent, though in a few cases it seemed to produce an increase of strength and vitality. In ten cases two were made rather worse, six were not favorably or unfavorably affected, one was apparently benefited, and one benefited for a time. The *Medical Record* points out the imminent risks of septic poisoning, or of tuberculous infection, to which subjects of the elixir treatment are exposed in the hands of incautious operators. At the best, the new remedy, skilfully used, may, in select cases, serve the purpose of a mechanical stimulant, unattended, perhaps, by the secondary depression which follows the use of most stimulants. The claims made for it by the discoverers are, however, utterly unsubstantiated. If this is a disappointment to any old men who hoped to have been rejuvenated by its means, they should try that sure method of renewing their strength which Isaiah prescribes (Isa. 40:29-31), for it has in it—what the elixir did not have—the promise of eternal life. (Rom. 2:7.)

A Foolhardy Voyage Came Near a Dis-astrous conclusion recently. On August 23 the schooner *Bradley* arrived at Gloucester, Mass. She had on board a sailor who was blind and almost dead, whom she had picked up on her voyage. He had set out from Boston, Mass., on July 3, for Havre, France, alone, in an open boat only eighteen feet long. He had all necessary equipments and plenty of provisions on board, and was sanguine of accomplishing the voyage safely. At first he had fair weather, but on July 8 he encountered a heavy gale, which continued seventy-two hours. He drifted a long way out of his course, and became incapable of regaining it. By July 20 he had become so blind from the sun's dazzling reflection on the water that he could not see his compass, and he steered by the sun for three days. For the last

fourteen days his boat drifted around at the mercy of the wind and sea, the mariner being nearly exhausted as well as almost sightless. He drifted about at the mercy of the waves until August 10, when the *Bradley* sighted him and took him on board. By that time his condition was such that he could have lived but a short time had he not been rescued. It is thought that if he lives he will never recover his sight. Doubtless he now bitterly regrets his temerity in setting out alone on such a voyage. It was a mercy that he was rescued at last. That does not always happen to men who set out on the voyage of life, confident in their ability to steer their own course unaided, and rejecting the offer Christ makes of His guidance. (Prov. 3:5, 6.)

The Worship of an Infidel was Witnessed at Castle Garden, New York, on August 25. A number of Syrian immigrants are detained there awaiting the Collector's decision as to their right to become citizens of the United States. On Sunday they were observed in consultation, and it turned out that they wished to engage in worship. A short time afterward they were seen congregated in a corner of the building making reverent gesticulations and muttering prayers. Their eyes were directed toward a large lithograph on the wall, which was evidently their object of worship. One of the officials went over to see what it was, and found it was a portrait of the notorious infidel lecturer whose blasphemous utterances are a scandal to the nation. It had been set up there as an advertising card of a certain brand of cigars, and the Syrians supposed it was the picture of an American saint. They hoped to obtain the patronage of this saint by their prayers, and through his influence secure a favorable decision from the Collector. Their blasphemous worship of a blasphemous man, offered in the hope of securing admission into the land, was done in ignorance. The time is coming, however, when on a far more extended scale the image of the greatest enemy of God, ever produced in the history of the world, will be worshipped by thousands eager to secure his patronage as the only avenue to wealth and honor. (Rev. 13:15.)

A Child's Life was Saved by a Dog in Phila-delphia recently. The *Inquirer* of that city says that on August 24 a lady laid her two-year-old son on his bed for a nap during the afternoon. After seeing him sink into a comfortable slumber she went to the kitchen to attend to her household duties. About two hours later she heard the sound of a fall, followed by the subdued growling of a dog. The sounds came from the direction of her child's bedroom, and she ran up-stairs as quickly as she could. As she came to the foot of the upper flight, which was long and very steep, she understood what had occurred. The child was hanging, head downward, from the third step from the top, its clothes firmly held by a large dog, who was a pet of the family. The dog could not bark without loosing the child's clothes, but he was growling as loudly as he could. The little boy had evidently awakened, and essayed to descend the stairs himself, had fallen and would have pitched head foremost to the bottom had not the dog caught and held him. The sagacious animal was not strong enough to carry the child back, but was just able to hold him until he could alarm the child's parent. It is not surprising that the dog is now decorated with a costly collar, and could not be purchased at any price. In the rescue of men from eternal disaster the Christian worker can often do no more than that dog; but the victim is saved if he can hold him back from ruin while he calls to his Heavenly Father for help. (John 6:44.)

A Suit Upon a Novel Contract Was Decided last week in the Madison County Circuit Court, N. Y. It was brought against the executors of a wealthy man who died in 1887. The suit has been before the courts, with varying fortunes, for about eight years, but it is believed that this decision will end the litigation. It was brought by the nephew of the deceased man to recover five thousand dollars which was prom-

ised to him in 1869, when he was fifteen years of age. His uncle was concerned to see that he was getting into bad habits, and earnestly begged of him to abstain from smoking, liquor drinking, and card-playing. Finally the uncle promised that if the young man would agree to abstain from all three practices until he was twenty-one years of age, and keep his promise, the uncle would give him five thousand dollars. The uncle died, but the nephew contended that the contract was valid in law, and as he had witnesses to prove that he had fulfilled his part of it by abstaining from the practices mentioned, he was entitled to the five thousand dollars. The executors resisted the claim, on the ground of the insufficiency of the consideration, and because the contract was vague and ambiguous. Justice Forbes, however, decided against them, and ordered the payment of the money, with costs. Even had he lost the five thousand dollars, the young man would doubtless have been better off than he would have been had he continued the practices which he gave up to secure the reward. Now, however, he has gained in money as well as in morals. It is so with the Christian. If no reward awaited him in heaven at the end of his course, he would still be a better and happier man by following Christ. (Rom. 6:21, 22.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Sam Small has been engaged by the W. C. T. U. to give two lectures a day for forty days during the close of the campaign in South Dakota.

Evangelist H. W. Brown, of Morgan Park, Chicago, has been laboring during the summer at Lay College and Bible Institute, Crescent Beach, Revere, Mass.

The Prime-Minister of Siam has not only extended an invitation to Christian missionaries, but has offered the use of a large brick house, rent free, as a residence.

The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions during the past eleven months were \$422,381. That is less than the corresponding period of last year by \$37,374.

The Rev. F. B. Allen's gospel tent at South Boston, which has been kept open for services day and evening throughout the weeks of the summer, has been the means of doing much good.

Advices from Apia report the return to Samoa of ex-King Malietoa and other exiles. The ex-king was warmly welcomed by the natives, and his own flag was hoisted. King Mataafa also greeted Malietoa with cordiality.

A special envoy of King Humbert of Italy to Paris has presented Thomas A. Edison, the famous American electrician, with the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy. Mr. Edison thus becomes a Count and his wife a Countess.

Sunday, October 27, is the day appointed as "Prison Sunday" in New York, when ministers of all denominations are respectfully requested to preach special sermons, offer prayers for prisoners, and take up collections for the philanthropic work of the Prison Association.

Mr. Joseph McPherson, missionary of the American Sunday-school Union, has been laboring in Wisconsin. He reports eight new Sunday-schools organized last month, with an ingathering of 220 persons. Of the children in the State 400,000 attend no Sunday-school.

Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting closed on August 29. More than ten thousand persons and three hundred clergymen attended the closing exercises. Evangelist Yatman's young people's services were crowded. During the Camp-meeting 1,050 made profession of faith.

Hon. Oscar S. Straus, ex-Minister to Turkey, returned to New York last week. He said that when he left, every American school in Turkey but one had been re-opened. He was successful in obtaining an order from the Grand Vizier prohibiting interference with the American schools in any part of the Empire.

Rev. Sam Jones is taking prominent part in the conduct of the Round Lake Camp-Meeting. He is assisted by Mr. E. O. Excell, who has charge of the musical arrangements. On August 29 the Rev. Ross Taylor, son of Bishop William Taylor, preached, and gave an account of the progress of his father's work in Africa.

A Canadian visitor to Sheboygan, Wis., has had the courage to write to its daily paper a protest against its lack of Sunday observance. He said he was deeply shocked by seeing street-cars running, saloons and shops plying their trade, bands playing, base ball matches, horse racing, tight-rope dancing, and all kindred amusements, on the day that God has commanded to be kept holy. He added a warning of the consequences sure to ensue in the debasement of the people by this wanton desecration of the Lord's Day.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Are the consolations of God small with thee? Is there any secret thing with thee?" Job 15: 11.

Consolations Needed—Those God has Supplied—

I. Are They Small in Themselves?—A Mistake to Think Religion Makes Men Unhappy—Contrary to Experience—It Deals With the Source of Sorrow—Furnishes a Reason for it When It Remains—II. Are They Small in Effect?—Through Ignorance—Through Listlessness—

A Farmer's Indifference to Niagara—A Variable Influence—Looking to Other Things for Comfort—III. Is There Any Better Consolation?—In a New Religion—In the World—IV. Why Are the Consolations a Failure in Some Cases?—Secret Sin—Neglected Duty.

THESE are the words of Eliphaz, one of those three friends of Job who blundered dreadfully over his case. Their words are not to be despised; for they were men in the front rank for knowledge and experience. Eliphaz says: "With us are both the grayheaded and very aged men, much elder than thy father." Their errors were not the superficial mistakes of fools, but the profound reasonings of men of light and leading. Their utterances are at least equal to anything our own learned men may have to say on the same problem. However wrong Eliphaz may have been in reference to Job—and in reference to him his remarks were grossly unjust—yet many of them are correct in themselves, and may usefully be applied to our own hearts. Inasmuch as Eliphaz, in this verse, teaches no doctrine, but only asks two questions, he cannot mislead us; but he may do us good service.

The text is in the form of questions, and its sense I shall endeavor to bring out by other questions, each of which will have a practical relation to ourselves. The passage in the original has proved hard to translate; but I think that in four questions I can set forth the essence of the meanings therein.

I. Our first question follows the interpretation given by authorities: "Do you regard

The Consolations of God

as small?" Do you judge that the comforts of faith are insignificant? "Are the consolations of God too small for thee?" I would ask you, first, Do you think religion makes men unhappy? Have you poisoned your mind with that invention of the enemy? Have you made yourself believe that Godliness consists in morbid self-condemnation, despondency, apprehension, and dread? If so, permit me to warn you that there are many popular errors, and that, in this case, "common fame is a common liar."

Is not your verdict different from that of those who have tried godliness for themselves? Do you not know that many, for the joy they have found in the love of Christ, have renounced all sinful pleasures, and utterly despised them? They were once fascinated with the world, but they tasted higher joys, and shook off the spell. Have you not also remarked, in many afflicted Christians, a peace which you yourself do not know? Have you not observed their patience under adversity? They have been poor, but perfectly content; they have been sick, and yet cheerful; racked with pain, and yet joyous. Under the apprehension of surgical operations, have you not seen them happily resigned? Have you ever seen one of them die? How often have we heard them singing in their death-throes, which have been to them joys!

Will you follow me a while as I ask you, Upon consideration, will you not amend your judgment? What are these consolations of God? The more you know of them, the more ground will you see for believing that they must be great. They deal with

The Source of Sorrow.

Whence came the curse but from the sin of man? Jesus has come to save His people from their sins. Those thorns and thistles which now rend our flesh are not the natural fruits of the earth as God created it. Sin sowed all these. The consolations of God deal with sin. As for the guilt which we have incurred, and the inevitable punishment, both are removed by

pardon full and free. Jesus bore the guilt of sin, and put it all away by His death upon the cross; and, in consequence, sin can be blotted out. Is not this the

Grandest of All Consolations

—the consolation of God? When we lay hold on Jesus, and receive forgiveness, affliction may remain, but sin is gone forever; and hence the affliction itself loses its bitterness. Is not this a rich and rare consolation? Comfort which left us under the power of evil would be dangerous comfort; but comfort which takes away both the guilt and the power of sin is glorious indeed. Dream not that it can be small.

Remember, too, that the consolations of God reveal to us a reason for the sorrow when it is allowed to remain. There is a needs-be that we are in heaviness. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." If suffering be a fire, the consolations of God assure us that it is a refining fire, which only consumes our dross. Do you not think that the comfortable fruits of righteousness, which are brought forth in those believers who are exercised by trial, are the source of great comfort to the afflicted of the Lord?

Another reflection sweetly cheers the heart of the tried one during his tribulation, namely, that he has a comrade in it. We are not passing through the waters alone. We have a fellow-sufferer of whom we read, "In all their affliction He was afflicted." Our Lord drank long ago of that cup whereof we sip. He knows the sting of treachery, the stab of calumny, the spit of scorn; for He was "in all points tempted like as we are." Many of us have found this to be an eminent comfort.

Besides, "the consolations of God" lie also in the direction of

Compensation.

You have the rod; yes, but this is the small drawback to heavenly sonship, if drawback indeed it be. You have become a son of God, and "what son is there whom his father chasteneth not?" You are an heir of God, joint heir with Jesus Christ; and in accepting heirship will you not cheerfully take the cross therewith, seeing it is part of the entail? It is true that you have special sorrow; but then you have the royal nature to which that sacred sorrow is a witness. God has given to you a nature that wars against evil; hence these tears! The compensations of the covenant of grace are so overflowing that we call our troubles "light afflictions, which are but for a moment," and they work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Besides, there is one consolation, with which I finish; not because I have completed my list, but because time does not permit me to enlarge; there is the consolation that you are on your journey home, and that every moment you are coming closer to the eternal rest. When we once reach heaven we shall forget the trials of the way. An hour with our God will make up for a life of pain. You languish on that bed; but if you languish into immortality, you will no more remember your anguish. When your head wears the crown, and your hand waves the palm, you will count it all joy that you were thought worthy to suffer for Christ's sake.

II. But now a second question comes up, which will come home to many Christian people. Have these consolations been small in

Their Effect Upon You?

Have these consolations, though great in themselves, been small in their influence upon you? I will begin my examination by putting to one disciple this question: Have you never very much rejoiced in God? Have you always possessed a little, and but a very little, joy? Why is this? Dear friend, you are believing upon a slender scale; you are living on a low plane. Why is it so? You hope you are saved, but it is by the skin of your teeth; you hope you are a child of God, but you are not very sure about it; and, consequently, you get very little joy out of it. This is mischievous. Whence comes it? Is it

ignorance? Do you not know enough of the great doctrines of the gospel, and of the vast privileges of the redeemed? It may be so. Is it not a pity that you should be poor in comfort, and yet have all this gold of consolation at your foot? You have, lying within the leaves of your Bible, cheques for millions, and yet you have scarcely a penny to spend. What a pity!

Is it listlessness? Have you never felt desirous to know the best of the Christian life? Have you never had the sacred ambition to gain all the blessings which are provided in the covenant of grace? It is wonderful how indifferent some people can be: they can fret when within reach of unutterable joy! I have heard of a person who walked some hundred miles to see the Falls of Niagara. When he was within seven miles, he thought he heard the roar of the cataract, and he called to a man

Working in the Fields,

and said, "Is that the roar of Niagara?" The man answered, "I don't know, but I guess it may be. What if it is?" With surprise, the good man said, "Do you live here?" "Born and bred here," the man answered. "And yet you don't know whether that thundering noise is from the waterfall?" "No, stranger," said he; "I don't care what it is. I have never seen those Falls. I look after my farm." No doubt there are many within hail of heaven's choicest joys who have never cared to know them. They hope they are saved, but they don't care for great joy. They use their spade and their hoe, and dig their potatoes; but Niagara is nothing to them. Many look well to this life, but do not arouse themselves to gain spiritual joy.

But it may be, dear friend, that you once did joy and rejoice. Well, then, is it of late that you have lost these splendid consolations, and come down to feel them small with you? I suggest to you that you observe what alteration you have made of late. Is it that you have more business, and have

Grown More Worldly?

If anybody said to me, "The days are darker now than they used to be," I should remember that the sun is still the same. Perhaps my friend has not lately cleaned his windows, or he has not drawn up his blinds, and that is why he thinks there is less light. It is very possible to be much more in the dark than you need to be. The gloom may be in the eyes rather than in the heavens. May I suggest a little looking at home, that you may see why your former blessedness is gone?

Do you reply to me that you do use the means of grace? Do the outward means fail to bring you the consolation they once did? To what means do you refer? Are you as much in prayer as ever? and is prayer less refreshing than it used to be? Do you read the Scriptures as you formerly did, with the same regularity, attention, and devotion? Do you no longer draw the waters of comfort from these wells of salvation? The fault is not in these, but in yourself.

I may come near to your experience if I ask, Do you revive occasionally, and then relapse? I think I hear you say, "Oh, yes; I sometimes can clap my hands; for I feel delighted while hearing the gospel. I could shout Hallelujah! I do so rejoice. I am for a time up in the stirrups." But you come down again just as readily. Why is this? Surely, you are in a very changeable frame, and live by feeling rather than by principle. If the feast does not alter, and yet it does not satisfy you as it once did,

You Must Be Ill,

some fever or other disease is upon you. Haste away to the Great Physician of souls, and say to Him, "Lord, search me and try me, and see what evil thing there is in me, and make me right, that I may again be satisfied with heavenly food." It is childish to be so changeable.

Does the cause of your greater grief lie in a trial to which you do not fully submit? I think I hear you admit that you faint under your load. "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." But He giveth more grace. Get it. Are you impatient? Do you kick against

the pricks? Do you feel that you can endure no longer? Since you are impatient, do you wonder that you are unhappy? Since you walk contrary to God, do you wonder that He walks contrary to you? Do not find fault with His consolations; find fault with your own heart.

Do You Dread the Future?

If you will import trouble from the future, blame not the consolations of God; for He has told you that "the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Will you not be content to live by the day? Walking with Him who is the God of Eternity, you may leave days to Him; and let one day at a time be enough for you.

It may be that while you are thus without the enjoyment of divine consolation, Satan is tempting you to look to other things for comfort. I pray you, touch not the wine-cup, if this be placed before you as a means of consolation. A dark hour is often the crisis in the history of a man of God; if he can weather this storm he will have fair sailing. Satan will now be very busy to get you to act hastily or wickedly. It will be whispered to you, "Put your pen to that accommodation bill. Borrow, though you cannot pay. It may be wrong, but you can put it right afterwards." I pray you, do not dream of any means of help which you cannot lay before God. Brother, seek not consolation in policy, in trickery, in falsehood. Do not even seek it in overhaste. Many a man who has run before the cloud has had to slink back again. Many a man who has taken a knife to carve for himself has cut his fingers. If you have despised the consolations of God by setting them below your own efforts, you cannot expect that they should be sweet to your taste. Amend this, and you will be happy. Your lack of comfort lies not in the consolations, but in your own heart.

III. Our third question is this: Since the consolations of God appear so small to you,

Have You Anything Better

to put in their place? Perhaps this is what Eliphaz meant when he said, "Is there any secret thing with thee?" He seemed to say to Job: "We cannot tell you anything. You will not hear us. Have you some wonderful discovery of your own? Have you some secret cordial, some mystic support, some unknown joy? Have you discovered a balm of greater efficacy than ours, a cure-all for your sorrow?" Let me ask you a similar question.

Have you found out a new religion with brighter hopes? I do not think you have, for the prognostications of modern thought are dreary enough! Moreover, I have been informed by those who know most about it, that the theology of the future has not yet crystallized itself sufficiently to be defined. As far as I can see, it will take a century or two before its lovers have licked it into shape; for they have not yet settled what its shape is to be. Are you hopeful of finding comfort in new speculations? Is that the "secret thing"? Then you feed upon the wind. Are you hoping to find

Comfort in the World?

Will you be happy if you manage to get that position? if you pass that examination? if you save so much money? I beseech you, do not play the fool: there is no consolation in all this. The richest men have often been the most miserable, and those who have succeeded best in rising to places of honor have been worn out in the pursuit, and disgusted with the prize. Wealth brings care, honor earns envy, position entails toil, and rank has its annoyances. One of our richest men once said, "I suppose you fancy I am happy because I am rich. Why, a dozen times in a year, and oftener, some fellow threatens to shoot me if I do not send him what he wants. Do you suppose that this makes me a happy man?" Believe me, the world is as barren of joy as the Sahara.

Do you say that what can't be cured must be endured, and you will keep as you are? This is a poor resolve for a man to come to. If there is better to be had, why not seek it? Do you mean to abide in the sad state into which you

have fallen? Are you content to be discontented? Have you had a child of your own? Have you seen it go wrong, and get itself into trouble, and then resolve not to confess it, but to make itself appear a martyr and fret? You wished to put it right, and cheer it into obedience; but it would not get out of the sulks. What did you do with it? I suppose, in the long-run, you had to leave it to have its sulk out, and you thought to yourself: "Silly child! How miserable you make yourself, and all for nothing. You might be as happy as your brothers and sisters; but if you must sulk, you must." Some believers are of this sort. Because they had a serious loss, they must needs rob themselves of communion with God. Because they have endured terrible bereavement, they bereave themselves of their Lord.

IV. Here comes the most practical question of all, and with this I close. If it be so, that you have hitherto found heavenly consolations to have small effect with you, and yet have nothing better to put in their place, is there not

A Cause for your Failure?

Will you not endeavor to find it out? Dear friends, you that seek to be right, you that desire to be full Christians, and yet cannot rejoice in God, at least not often, nor greatly, *is there not some sin indulged?* A child of God may go on with a sin unwittingly, and that for years; and all the while that sin may be causing a *dreadful leakage in his joy*. You cannot be wrong in life and thought and word without a measure of joy oozing away.

Next, may there not have been some duty neglected? We are not saved by good works, but if any Christian omits a good work he will find it injurious to his peace. Many Christian people never get into the clear light of full assurance, because they do not obey their conscience upon every point. I pray you, never quarrel with conscience, for it will have the best of it with you—if you have a conscience. If you go contrary to conscience there will be trouble inside the little kingdom of your soul as sure as you are alive. Omitted duty is like a little stone in the sole of your shoe. It is small, and some say it is a non-essential matter; but it is just because it is so small that it can do so much mischief. If I had a great pebble in my boot I should be sure to get it out; but a tiny stone may remain, and blister me, and lame me. Get out the little stones, or they will hinder your travelling to heaven. Again, may there not be

Some Idol in Your Heart?

That is a very searching suggestion. If the consolations of God are small with you, may you not have set up something in the place of God—a lover, a wife, a husband, a child, a friend, learning, honor, wealth? I need not mention the many forms taken by our idols. If you do not remove the idol from its throne, if God loves you, He will make your Dagon fall and be broken. If you want to lose that which is the object of your conduct and delight, love it too much. This is a sort of *unwilling murder* which good people can perform upon their children and their friends. Idolize and destroy. Love the creature more than the Creator, and it may be necessary that they should be taken from you.

I will close by saying that one of the worst causes of disquietude is unbelief.

Have You Begun to Distrust?

Do you really doubt your God? Then I do not wonder that the consolations of God are small with you. Here is the rule of the kingdom: "According to your faith, so be it unto you." If you doubt God, you will get but little from Him. He that wavereth may not expect to receive anything of the Lord.

Come and trust the Lord. Come, beloved, whether you be saint or sinner, come through the Lord Jesus, and fall down at Jehovah's feet and say, "Lord, my hope is in thee. I have no comfort elsewhere; but I know thy comforts are not small. Comfort me, I pray thee, in Christ Jesus." If you would have that prayer answered, listen to these words of the Lord Jesus: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the

ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Though the tears be in your eyes, yet turn them to Christ crucified. Put your trust simply, immediately, wholly, and alone in Him who died for you, and you shall go your way filled with consolation. God grant that it may be so, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Ministering Sailor.*

THE mate had nothing to tell of George's story before he found him on board ship. George had come home meaning to see his father, but had fallen into bad hands, and, discouraged and ashamed, had changed his mind, not caring whether he lived or died. If he had not been allowed to go in the *John Seaton* there were other vessels leaving Portie in which he could have sailed. "I could only have kept him at home," said the mate, "by using force, or by betraying him, as he called it. I thought he was better at sea with a friend than on shore with those who did him no good—for home he would not go. So I risked the captain's anger, and said nothing. But I never supposed but you would hear about his sailing, as there must have been more than one who knew of it."

"Captain Horne, a good and just but stern man, was sorely displeased when he learned that his owner's son had sailed secretly with him; and he showed his displeasure by ignoring his presence on board, and leaving him to suffer all the hardships of the lot he had chosen. George accepted the situation, asked no favors, shirked no duty, but lived in the fore-castle, and fared as the rest fared there. We reached the Arctic seas in good time, and met with more than usual success, so there was good hope of getting home to Portie before the year was over. But after that heavy storm overtook us, and we drove before the wind many days and nights without a glimpse of sun or star, and had drifted far out of our course. We took shelter in an unknown bay, and lay ice-bound for many months."

"Here sore sickness fell on Captain Horne, against which he struggled long, only to yield at last, and take to his berth helpless and, for a time, hopeless. A good man, a true Christian, one of your own kind Miss Jean, yet he had fallen into utter despondency, out of which, strangely enough, the foolish lad who had wandered so far from home, and from the right way, helped him."

"Sometime, Miss Jean, when Geordie comes home, ye must ask him about it. I could never tell you all he was to the sick man in those days. No son ever served a father more faithfully. No mother ever nursed, cared for, and comforted a sick child with more entire forgetfulness of self. Whiles he read to him out of the Bible, and out of other books, and whiles he talked to him and told him things he had heard—from his mother I dare say, and from you, Miss Jean—and whiles he prayed with him, because in the darkness that had fallen on him the old man couldna pray for himself. Geordie will tell you all about it better than I could do. A good while before the end light came back to the captain—and oh, the brightness of it! and the peace that fell on him! The good book says it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that was the way with Geordie. For as much good as came to our captain through him, there came more to himself, and it came to him first."

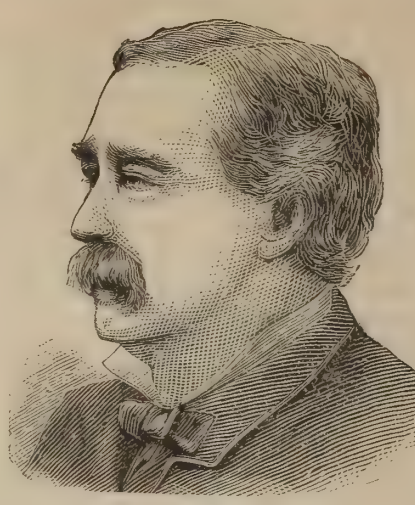
"You are one of those, Miss Jean, who believe in a change of nature—coming from darkness to light—from the power of Satan unto God. Well, I would have said that Geordie needed that change less than most folks, but it was like that with him. Even I, who could see few faults in him before, could see the difference afterward. But that canna be rightly spoken about."

The mate then went on to tell how at last they got away out of the ice, and how after a

* From "The Two Miss Jean Dawsons." By Margaret M. Robinson. This well-known author has written nothing brighter or more thrilling than some passages of this book. Pp. 350; price 50 cents in paper covers. Published by J. P. Randolph & Co., 38 West 23d Street, New York.



Prof. Thomas C. Mendenhall.



Gen. George Maney.



Henry Cabot Lodge.

few bright days the captain died and they buried him in the sea. They were beginning to count the days before they might hope to see the harbor of Portie, when they fell in with a ship in distress and this ended in Tom Saugster being sent on board to navigate her to her port, for her captain and mate were both dead, and no one was left able to navigate the ship. George went with him to help Tom to withstand his foe. For the *John Seaton* was a temperance ship, which the ship in distress was not, and there was liquor on board.

"Tom had tasted nothing stronger than tea and coffee since he had been with us," said the mate. "He had sailed with us to give himself another chance. Poor lad! he had gone far the wrong gait, and he was another man; a fine fellow truly when he was out of the way of temptation. Whiles I have thought it was for Tom's sake more, even, than for the sake of the Yankee ship and its crew, that George was so fain to go. It cost him much not to come home with us, for he had come to a clearer sight of two or three things, he told me. But I think he made a sort of thank-offering of himself for that time and even if I could have hindered him I could not have found it in my heart to do it. And he is sure to come home soon."

"He is in safe-keeping, said Miss Jean.

"Yes, he is that, and we may hear from him any day."

PROFESSOR MENDENHALL.

AN appointment which has the merit of being made on the principle of efficiency and not through political influence, is that of Professor Mendenhall to be Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Thomas C. Mendenhall was born near Hanover, Ohio, in 1841. He received a common-school education. At an early age he developed a fondness for the study of mathematics and the natural sciences. He was professor of physics and mechanics in Ohio University from 1873 to 1878. Later he went to Japan as professor of physics in the Imperial University at Tokio. During his stay he organized the general meteorological system of the Imperial Government, and he was also one of the organizers of the Seismological Society of Tokio. In 1881 he returned to the United States and resumed the chair of the Ohio State University. He organized the Ohio State Weather Bureau Service in 1882, and subsequently devised a system of weather signals for display on railroad trains. Mr. Mendenhall became a professor in the United States Signal Service in 1884, and established stations in the United States for the systematic observation of earthquake phenomena. After a short service he resigned to accept the presidency of the Rose Polytechnic Institute of Terre Haute, Ind. Besides membership in other scientific societies, Professor Mendenhall has held the office of vice-president of the

physical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and president of the National Academy of Sciences.

GENERAL GEORGE MANEY.

In giving a diplomatic appointment to General Maney the President has paid a tribute to the South, and has given practical proof of his desire to bury the old animosities. General Maney was a Confederate officer in the war. He is about sixty-three years old. He was born at Nashville, Tenn., and is a citizen of the State of his nativity. After his graduation at the State University, Tennessee, he fought in the Mexican War. Upon his return to civil life he read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1849. He left the office for the camp when the civil war began, fought on the Southern side, and emerged from the contest a brigadier-general. After the war he resumed the practice of law at Nashville. He was a State Senator in 1886-87, and chairman of the Tennessee delegation to the Republican National Convention in 1888. President Garfield sent General Maney as Minister to Colombia, and President Arthur transferred him to Bolivia. He doubtless owes his successive appointments to the fact that early in the period of reconstruction he cordially responded to the efforts made to conciliate the defeated people, and even went so far as to join the Republican party.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

CURRENT political gossip credits the President with the intention of giving an important appointment to Mr. Lodge. At the time of writing the appointment has not been publicly announced, but the eminent fitness of Mr. Lodge to fulfil the duties of the office with credit to himself and his country renders the appointment probable.

Henry Cabot Lodge, who is a wealthy resident of Nahant, Mass., was born in Boston on May 12, 1850. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1871, and in 1875 received the degree of LL. B. from Harvard Law School. The next year he was admitted to the bar. He has, however, paid but little attention to legal matters, and is best known by his contributions to current literature. He is an accomplished linguist, a clear-sighted politician, and a brilliant writer. Mr. Lodge had served two terms as a member of the House of Representatives in Massachusetts when he was elected to the Fiftieth Congress. He was re-elected last fall.

A PRODIGAL SON REFORMED.

ONE of the Church Missionary Society's agents in China, writes: "A young man, the eldest son of one of the wealthiest families in the village, has recently, amidst much opposition, come out on the side of Christ. He had been an opium-smoker, and his general conduct had been very bad. He was fond of gambling

and drinking, and was fast ruining his health and his father's property. This father was one of our most bitter enemies. He was one of a number of men who banded together to keep Christianity out of their clan, and issued papers and regulations with this object in view. This profligate son of his, however, disregarded these precautions, and came often to converse with the catechist. The truth gradually made its way into his heart and he began to reflect. At this crisis his young wife, to whom he was much devoted, fell sick and died, and in his sorrow and misery he came for comfort to the catechist. He at once made up his mind to decide for Christ.

He gave up all his immoral habits; the opium-pipe was thrown away, and the gambling-table abandoned, and he became a regular attendant at the church, and spent most of his time reading the Bible and praying with our catechist. It soon became known to his father and his clan, and every effort was made to hinder him. At length, when all persuasion failed to shake him, they threatened to kill him unless he gave up coming to church; but his faith was equal to the occasion, he threw off his long garment, and boldly presented his bare neck to his father and clan, and said, 'Here, kill me; I am ready to die for Jesus. By killing me you will be doing me a great blessing; you will send me at once to Him who has prepared for me a mansion in the kingdom of God.'

AS A REPRESENTATIVE.

(See illustration on page 573.)

GAZING from the window of our pretty cottage in the country, on the evening of my arrival there with a friend of my girlhood, we saw a happy picture. It was not anything picturesque, but it was pleasant to my eyes. It was simply my two girls out in the garden catching the apples a sturdy little boy was throwing down to them from the limb of the tree. Being asked about this boy by my friend, who knew that the two girls made up my family, I told her his story, which I repeat here for the encouragement of those who may have opportunity of helping the poor.

It was a bleak, cold day a year and a half ago, snow overhead, slush underfoot; a piercing wind howling around with a weary, monotonous sound. In the midst of it a little barefooted, thinly clad boy, whose pale face, wan and pinched, told its own tale—a tale of sorrow that needed no utterance, for on every feature want was plainly written.

I had been busily employed in visiting various stores in the city, making purchases for my two girls, then about to return to school after the Christmas vacation, when I saw the little lad whom I have described. I had found some difficulty in obtaining what I needed, and was returning home weary, and sadly out of humor, when I was accosted by the boy.

"A penny, lady, a penny, kind lady," extending his little hand, numb and blue with cold.

"No, boy, I have no pennies."

Not usually hard-hearted or deaf to such appeals I hurried on, thinking of my dear little ones at home, when suddenly there seemed to flash before my view the words, "Be ye mindful one of another."

A more gentle feeling awoke within me, and I returned in search of the lad. "Here, my boy, take this," I said, offering him a quarter.

For a moment the lad hesitated, but at length took it, saying, "Oh, thank you, thank you, kind lady!" and he drew his tattered sleeve across his eyes.

"Do not cry," I said; "are you so hungry? Come, tell me where you live."

He named a street close at hand, which I knew to be the abode of the poorest of the city's inhabitants. It was the spot favored by those in that stage of poverty when the struggle to live without crime is becoming desperate. It was still broad daylight, and I knew there was no personal danger to be apprehended in visiting the place; so when the boy told me his father was dead and his mother was ill and suffering hunger, I determined to go home with him.

At last we reached the house, and I followed my guide up dilapidated stairs, which creaked at every footfall. The room we entered had no light except that admitted by a small window, which through its broken panes also admitted an icy draught, which must have caused agony to a delicate invalid. In the corner of the room, on an old bedstead, lay a woman, pale, motionless, and apparently young.

"Look, mother dear! such a kind lady has come to see you! she gave me a quarter," cried the boy. Receiving no response, he said, "Look, lady, look, mother is worse! her hands are cold as ice! Why don't she speak? Why don't she answer? Oh, tell me, lady, tell me!" he asked, piteously. The truth must be told, and so I answered, with gentleness, "My dear, she is dead, and will never speak again; and you are an orphan boy."

The boy was not too young to understand the dreadful words. He threw himself on the body of his mother, crying bitterly, and passionately kissing the poor cold lips. I could not leave him alone in his desolation, and so after speaking to the woman who kept the house, and telling her where to send for the proper authorities, I left, taking the boy with me. Poor as the room was, there were evidences in it that the dead woman and her child had not always been so poor. One or two articles, utterly worthless now, indicated that there had been a happier time for them.

I took the boy home, and told my husband the story. We agreed to save him from the streets, and at least give him an opportunity of becoming a better man than would be likely if he were left to the mercy of charity. We sent him down here into pure country air, and put him under the care of the gardener. He goes to school, and in the evening and on holidays helps the gardener about the grounds. Our children have taken quite a liking to him, and he is never so happy as when allowed to do something for them. That is why he is here, and why we take so much interest in him. He has given us no trouble, and what we have done



The Poor Waif Among Friends.

for him is but a small part of our duty as Christians. I think we too often forget that Christ made the poor His representatives, and whenever we will we may do them good.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 558.)

A Polygamous Plot.

MARY BURTON gave me a great deal of information about her life in the Mormon settlements. In quick perception she was quite herself—as I knew her in by-gone days. Nothing escaped her observation. She sat down with me and told me all her troubles, and I need hardly say how deeply I sympathized with her. So I tried to comfort her, and spoke about her child, but even respecting that poor little thing she felt no hope. "Why, when it grows up," she said, "it will be as miserable as I am—I can see no prospect of happiness in the future for it." But the time came for her to go. I saw her to the door, and then she turned and said, "I'll come again and see you, Sister Stenhouse, before we leave the city." Thus saying, she kissed me, laughed with the ghost of her former merry ways when I first knew her, and said good-bye.

Not long after this, I was enabled to visit my Swiss friend, Madame Balif. Ever since her husband had called upon me in Salt Lake City, I had watched anxiously for an opportunity of seeing her, for I felt much interested in learning how time had passed with her since she came from Geneva to Salt Lake.

I found her in a little log-cabin of two rooms, with bare walls, bare floor, and miserably furnished; and in this wretched abode poverty and the false teaching of Mormonism had wrecked the life of my poor friend, whom I had known under such different circumstances. Here, together with their five children, lived also the second wife, with her two children. It was with difficulty that I could recognize in the woman who stood before me the once gay, light-hearted, happy, and elegantly dressed lady whom I had known in Switzerland.

Mormonism had in her case also utterly blighted her existence. It seemed to me hardly possible that so great a change should have been

wrought in her in such a few years as had elapsed since last I saw her. What suffering she must have endured, I thought, what mental agony, what physical pain, to write those wrinkled lines of care upon her once handsome face! and, ah! what a pang I felt at the remembrance that I myself had been instrumental in leading her into Mormonism. Self-reproach I did not feel, but sorrow I did. I had thought to lead her into the way of holiness and heavenly peace by winning her to the religion of the Saints, but that which I in my enthusiasm had believed would be the greatest blessing which one poor mortal could communicate to another had turned to a curse, and instead of the happy wife and mother which she once had been she had become a victim to that faith which, in its very existence, is an insult to womanhood.

In temper and disposition she was, however, just the same; her affectionate nature was unchanged. No doubt she read in my features the painful surprise which I experienced in witnessing her altered circumstances; but she met me with not a single word of reproach for my being the cause of her leaving her own dear country. I should not have blamed her had she hated me, though she knew, of course, that I had wronged her innocently.

She told me of the difficulties which they had had to contend with after their arrival in Utah, and how, as a matter of necessity, they had been compelled to part with almost everything they had, in order to provide bread for their children. When they left London, they took with them several handsome carpets, china, glass, and a large quantity of silver-ware, besides bedding and clothing of every description; for they were well-to-do in the world, and had quite enough for themselves, after they had liberally assisted the poorer Saints to emigrate. Upon their arrival in Utah the husband—good man that he was!—was willing to come down to the level of his brethren and go to farming among them. A brother who knew him in his own country, and imagined, I suppose, that he could afford to lose, sold him a farm that he himself had become disgusted with, though, of course, he did not say so; and when my inexperienced friend, Monsieur Balif, found that nothing could be done with it, he supposed that the land was good enough, but that he himself was not competent to work it.

No one ventured to hint that he had been cheated, as it was one of the Church authorities who had sold him the land. After spending upon it all that he possessed, he was compelled to abandon it. They were now very much straitened in circumstances, and my poor friend told me that she had frequently been compelled—as they were entirely destitute of money—to take a silver spoon or fork to the butcher's market to trade with, and there they drove a hard bargain with her, and she obtained next to nothing in exchange for her silver. Her crystal and plate now grace the table of a certain rich man in Utah. Every article they possessed went, in this way, at a most ruinous sacrifice, until nothing remained; and then the husband was forced to engage in manual labor, while the poor wife employed herself in whatever feminine work she could obtain; they receiving in return just what people chose to pay them. In the midst of their troubles, which

were quite heavy enough, the husband was "counselled" to take another wife.

She then told me that her husband had been, as one might say, compelled to marry a young Swiss girl whom they had brought out to Utah with them as a domestic. This girl had been a very faithful servant, and Madame Balif had become very much attached to her. During the "Reformation" mania the bishop visited them, and "counselled" her to marry, and when she said that she did not know of any one to whom she would like to be married, the bishop told her that he himself would find a suitable man. "My husband is as kind and gentle a man as ever lived, and he has done all he could to keep me from feeling unhappy; had it been otherwise, I dare not think what I should have done—I believe I should have gone mad, or died. In our household arrangements, of course, it made very little difference, but it was inexpressibly painful to me, and though I suppose I shall remain a Mormon till the day of my death, I have learned to hate Mormonism."

Poor Madame Balif! Hers was a life of privation and sorrow of late years. Happy as a woman could be in her youthful days, she little dreamed what was in store for her ere her earthly course had run. With a faithful and devoted husband, with a charming little family growing up around her, with all that could make life fair and beautiful, the blight of Mormonism came and poisoned all her happiness and extinguished all her hopes; and when, but a few months ago, worn out and weary of life, she left behind all her sorrows and all her misery, I could not weep, but I thanked God that at last, poor soul, her days of trial were over.

One day Brother Brigham sent me word that he wished to see me. I went to him, and he told me that he wanted me to become acquainted with a certain young girl in whom he took a great interest. She was the daughter, by his first wife, of Jedediah M. Grant, the famous apostle of the "Reformation;" her name was Carrie, and she was now an orphan. Brother Brigham wished me to have her with me every day, for she was not "feeling well," he said, and he thought I might do her some good. This "not feeling well" I afterwards discovered meant that she was almost ready to apostatize. If she desired it, I was to teach her dressmaking; not that she needed to follow any profession—for, as President Young explained, she had a good home—but her mind needed occupation, and he did not care how she employed her time, so long as she was with me every day and could be made to "feel well."

I listened to all that Brigham Young said, and accepted the trust in good faith; not only to please him, but because the girl was an orphan, and my heart went out toward her even before I had seen her. Before I returned home I called at the house where Carrie was stopping, and arranged that she should come every day to see me, under pretext of learning the business. Now it so happened that we each conceived a liking to the other the very first moment we met; we made friends together at once, and she wanted to begin coming to me the very next day. She was a sweet-looking and intelligent girl, fair but fragile, and with a peculiar expression of melancholy sadness dwelling upon her features, which gave her a painfully interesting appearance. I never before or since met with a young girl who habitually looked so unhappy; and I thought that perhaps physical weakness might be the cause, for it was evident that in constitution she was extremely delicate—I almost feared consumptive.

The first day we spent together she told me that her parents had been among the pioneers to Utah, that her only sister had died on the Plains, and that she had lost her mother soon after they had arrived in Salt Lake City. As the only remaining child of her mother, she had been a great pet with her father, but he, too, had died about four years previous to the time of which I speak, and she had never been happy since. "I often long to die," she said, "that I

might join my mother and father; no one loves me here, and I have nothing to live for."

Her father had married four wives after her mother's death, and they were all very kind to her, but she did not feel that she had a home. She told me that about six months before she came to me she had started to go East, to her mother's friends, for they had frequently written to her, urging her to come to them, and that when she was about two weeks' journey from Salt Lake City, Brigham Young sent after her, and she was brought back. "But," she said, "I shall never be happy here, Sister Stenhouse, I know I never shall; and why should they not let me go to my relatives?"

I knew very well that it was of no use for her to try to get away, for we had no railroad then, and escape was almost impossible. I therefore tried to make her more cheerful, and told her that a girl as young as she was—for she was scarcely seventeen—had much to live for. But her unhappiness had become almost a settled melancholy, and she seemed to be interested in nothing. Besides which, the task I attempted was all the more difficult, as I was not at all happy myself.

One day the conversation happened to turn upon that teaching of Mormonism which all true women abhor, and in a moment I saw that all her trouble arose from that, and from that alone. Here was the child of one of the greatest fanatics that Mormonism has ever known, one of the wildest advocates of the "Celestial Order of Marriage," perfectly loathing the system; and yet, poor girl, believing it firmly, and believing, too, that she could not obtain salvation unless she entered into it. How I pitied and loved that poor girl! and yet what strength or consolation could I offer her, being myself as painfully situated as she was?

Our natural sorrow united us still more painfully in loving companionship. I had rarely met among the Mormon girls with one so thoughtful and kind and gentle. She had not been with me many weeks before she had entwined herself so completely round my heart that I was lonely when she stayed away, and I tried to keep her with me altogether. I tried in every way to make her feel at home when at my house; and noticing her delicate health, and thinking that she did not always get those little things to tempt her appetite which an invalid should have, I found out many trifles which I believed would please her, and always tried to get them for her. She seemed to think much of these little attentions, and I have always believed that she loved me very dearly.

Some of my neighbors began to whisper pretty plainly to me that Brother Brigham had an object in view in asking me to interest myself in Carrie's welfare. They told me they believed that my husband, if he had not already been counselled to marry her, would be before long. Knowing, as I did, Carrie's aversion, these suggestions did not trouble me very much; but I begged my informant not to speak of the matter in my young friend's presence, as it would only disturb and annoy her. I was the more anxious on this point as her health had by that time begun very perceptibly to improve, and sometimes she seemed to be almost joyous and light-hearted. Sometimes she would sew, and sometimes she read, or played with the children, of whom she was very fond, and I always allowed her to do just as she pleased.

One day my talkative friend called to see me. She had not been near the house for several months. She had, however, now an object in coming, which I soon discovered. She was shown in, and as soon as she was fairly seated I observed that, while talking to me, she was inquisitively scrutinizing Carrie's face, as if trying to discover her character or read her thoughts. Suddenly—she did everything impulsively—she interrupted the conversation, saying, "Sister Stenhouse, I want to speak to you privately." I asked her to come with me into the next room, and she did so, but before I

had time to close the door, she exclaimed: "Allow me to congratulate you; you have done very wisely!"

"Congratulate me upon what?" I asked.

"Upon the excellent choice you have made for your husband," she replied; "I knew very well you would ponder over my good counsel and seek another wife for Brother Stenhouse, and I am certain that my example and my faith and prayers have helped you, for I have asked the Lord to strengthen you to do just what you are doing."

"Doing!" I said; "what am I doing? I really don't understand what you mean."

"Oh, nonsense!" she exclaimed; "but I understand, if you don't. You wish to keep it a secret, I suppose, until the happy event takes place. And you are quite right in that, for there are so many busybodies here, and they do interfere so much in their neighbors' affairs that it isn't pleasant. But of course you needn't fear me—I shouldn't think of breathing one single word of the matter, unless you wished me to do so."

"I am really at a loss to know what you mean," I said, very much annoyed with her.

"Oh," she said, "if you think that I am interfering, I will not say another word, for I should very much dislike to be considered meddling. But you know, my dear Sister Stenhouse, the great interest I have always felt concerning you; from the very first when I knew you in England I always prophesied great things of you, and I cannot tell how happy I felt when I heard yesterday that you had found a wife—and a good wife too—for your husband."

"I find a wife for my husband!" I exclaimed, "That I never would!"

"Who is that young girl, then, that I saw just now?" she asked; "is that not Miss Grant?" I replied that it was. "Well," said she, "I was told that you had asked her to marry your husband."

"There is no truth in the report," I said; "I am sure that she has never thought of such a thing, nor have I, nor has my husband; and I would not have such a thing spoken of for the world."

"Well," she replied, "I am really quite disappointed. You have a splendid opportunity, and I do believe that that was what Brother Brigham meant when he asked you to see after her. In fact, I was told that it was his only motive all along."

"Then Brother Brigham will soon find out his mistake, I can assure you," I answered.

"My dear sister," she said, "how do you expect ever to get salvation? I suppose you think that is none of my business, and that I should leave you in the hands of the Lord. But before I go let me ask you to see Eliza Snow as soon as you have an opportunity. She will build you up, and do you a world of good."

I told her I needed no "building up;" all I wanted was that my husband and myself should be left alone, and that people should not meddle with our affairs.

After she had gone, her conversation troubled me a great deal. What did it all mean? Had the busybodies been trying to bring about an alliance between my husband and Carrie? Had Brigham Young been working all along to this end? However it might be, I resolved that at least Carrie should know nothing of the matter from me.

(To be Continued.)

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DAVID SPARING SAUL.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for September 15, 1 Samuel 24: 4-17. Golden Text, Rom. 12: 21.

Trouble as a Purifying Process—Its Object—The Crucible for Refining—The Glory and the Trouble in David's Life—The Ziphites Betray Him—Saul Dispensing the Lord's Blessings—Enemies in Close Quarters—An Opportunity not Always a Sign from God—The Tenderness of Conscience of a Consecrated Man—The Greatest of all David's Victories—Saul's Humiliating Confession—Relapse—David's Magnanimity.

"BE not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." (Job 5: 7.) So speaks Eliphaz, the Temanite, one of Job's "miserable comforters." Paul puts another face on the matter when he says of God, "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son." The one man says our inheritance is trouble, the other that the purpose of our existence is that we may be made like Jesus. It may be, it often is, that in the process which God undertakes, of making us like His Son, trouble and trial may be a necessity. "If need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory in the appearing of Jesus Christ."

If Needs Be.

Then the trial is not in itself the ultimate object to be attained, but only a means to an end, a test of faith, an opportunity to overcome. "The whole armour of God" is provided, that we may "be able to withstand in the evil day," *i. e.*, the day of trial (Eph. 6: 13), and the promises of God are "to him that overcometh." (Rev. 3: 4.)

David's life was full of trial, but it was full of glory too, and without the trial there would not have been the glory. He was now at the head of a band of men who were not to be despised, and his faith was exercised daily for supplies, and daily he could sing his song of deliverance: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." (Ps. 23: 5.) These enemies were numerous. It was not only Saul who sought his life, but all the heartless hangers-on, the callous parasites who served their own ends out of the king's evil passions. The Ziphites were among these. They came to Saul's palace in Gibeah to betray David to the king, and said, "Doth not David hide himself with us in strongholds in the wood? . . . Now, therefore, O king come down, according to all the desire of thy soul to come down, and our part shall be to deliver him into the king's hand." Saul gave no heed to what was right or just, to whether David deserved to die or not; his very existence was an offence to Saul, because God was on his side; his only reason for seeking David's life was that he wanted him to be slain. Oh the danger, oh the slavery, oh the degradation, of yielding to self-will! Saul speaks as though David were the aggressor, and himself the aggrieved party. "Blessed be ye of the Lord, for ye have compassion on me." Compassion! when they were abetting Saul in the slaughter of an innocent! Yet thus self-interest distorts the truth.

Saul arranged with the men of Ziph that they should search out David's hiding-place, and let him know. David got wind of Saul's pursuit of him and his men, and they came to such close quarters that Saul and his men were on one side of a mountain, and David and his on the other side. It was a critical moment, but David had

God on His Side,

and he could say, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the Strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came against me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart should not fear." (Ps. 27: 1-3.) God remembered David, and an unexpected end was put to Saul's pursuit, for

at that moment Saul heard that the Philistines had invaded the land, and he had to turn from a fancied to a real enemy.

But men were not wanting to play into his hands; and no sooner was he returned from following the Philistines than it was told him, "Behold, David is in the wilderness of Engedi." Saul thought he would make sure of him, and he took three thousand men with him, to conquer one-fifth of their number who were with David and with David's God. The king entered the mouth of a cave alone and unguarded, little knowing how near he was to the man whose life he sought. David's followers were urgent upon him to take the opportunity which seemed to them to be God-given for him to rid himself once for all of the king who sought his life. It was a moment of crisis; reason said: "No man could blame you for taking advantage of such an opportunity; it could not have occurred except God permitted it; it is madness to let it go by." Yes; but such opportunities are not given us to serve ourselves, but to serve God. This David knew, but it was no light trial to go against his six hundred men, who had thrown in their lot with him, and who might be tempted to disband. But David, who could trust God with Saul and with his own life, could trust Him also with his men; he had, once for all, trusted the Lord to be his Shepherd, and he was not going to take the responsibility or care of his own interests upon himself. Thus he withheld his men from laying hands on Saul, and he "cut off the skirt of Saul's robe" without his finding it out.

Oh How Tender is the Conscience

of a man who lives much with God! "David's heart smote him because he had cut off Saul's skirt." The king left the cave, the darkness hiding from him the disarrangement of his apparel. No sooner was he in the daylight than David followed him, holding the skirt of his robe and saluting him with the words, "My lord the king!" And then he pleaded an unanswerable argument, "Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt! Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord hath delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave, and some bade me kill thee; but mine eye spared thee; and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord, for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in mine hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it. The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee."

David had Overcome—

his former conflicts, when he slew the lion and the bear, when the Philistines' champion fell before him, when he slew the two hundred Philistines, were all nothing to this one. David by faith, by placing the Lord between him and Saul, had conquered himself and conquered Saul too. He was not overcome of evil, but had overcome evil with good. This Old Testament man had trodden some steps upon New Testament ground; he had learned in this thing not to resist evil, and to love his enemies. (Matt. 5: 39-45.)

Saul was conquered, and succumbed to the good influence; he said to David, "Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil." And then he marvelled that David could thus spare his enemy. Saul could not have done it, and he owned for the first time the fact he had so long striven against. "Now, behold, I know well that thou shalt surely be king, and that the kingdom of Israel shall be established in thine hand," and he made request that David would not cut off his seed. The victory was complete; both armies were witness that Saul and David were reconciled; evil had been overcome with good, and Saul was slain—not in his physical frame, but in his moral status.

Surely, now, Saul would be cured, once for

all, of his insane jealousy and hatred of David! But no; "the Lord was departed from him," and it was true then, as it is true since Jesus spoke it, "Without Me ye can do nothing." (John 15: 5) There was

No Power of Continuance

in Saul's temporary goodness; he had succumbed to impressions from without, but self, the main-spring of all the evil within him, reigned still. Only a year passed by when the troublesome Ziphites came again with their gossiping rumors as to David's whereabouts. Now it was for Saul to see whether he would be overcome in the time of temptation. Alas! he yielded, and took with him three thousand men again to seek David. David heard of his coming, but would not give credence to the report until he sent out spies, and ascertained from them "that Saul was come in very deed." (1 Sam. 26: 4.)

David's experience of God's former deliverances emboldened him, and he arose and came to the place where Saul had pitched. Then he called for two volunteers to accompany him to the camp. They were not slow to offer, and Abishai, his nephew, exulted that Saul was in their power, and offered himself to smite him to the earth with one blow, and he would not smite him a second time. But the same grace of God which had withheld David on the former occasion withheld him now again, and he bid Abishai desist, for

His Confidence Was in the Lord,

and he said, "As the Lord liveth, the Lord shall smite him; or his day shall come to die; or he shall descend into battle and perish." It was no matter to David how it would come about, but he knew surely that "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." (Rom. 12: 19.) Again David overcame evil with good. David contented himself with taking away Saul's spear, and the cruse of water which was at his bolster, and meanwhile God held the king, his army, and even his sentinels in a sound sleep. "A deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them. Then David went to a hill over on the other side of Saul's camp, and cried loudly so as to awake the sleeping soldiers.

Saul was soon awake, he knew the dreaded voice of David, and again he was put to shame before his servants. Again he had to hear the eloquent pleading of his would-be victim, who so strongly proved his innocence and his superiority to Saul. David puts the matter very solemnly: "If the Lord have stirred thee up against me, let Him accept an offering; but if they be the children of men, cursed be they before the Lord, for they have driven me out this day from abiding in the inheritance of the Lord, saying, Go, serve other gods. Now, therefore, let not my blood fall to the earth before the face of the Lord."

There was nothing left for Saul but a repetition of his former humbling confession. He was conquered a second time, and a second time David was justified by him before all Israel. He said: "I have sinned. . . . I will no more do thee harm, because my soul was precious in thine eyes this day; behold I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly." David then requested that he should send one of his young men to fetch the spear and the cruse, which were his witnesses that a second time he had gratuitously spared Saul's life. David was dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, and abiding under the shadow of the Almighty; he was not within reach of such as Saul. The king had exacted a promise from David in regard to his seed, but David asks Saul for no promise; he had proof enough how unreliable he was. He committed himself to God, and says to Saul: "Behold, as thy life was much set by this day in mine eyes, so let my life be much set by in the eyes of the Lord, and let Him deliver me out of all tribulation." Saul's last words to David were: "Blessed be thou, my son David; thou shalt both do great things, and also shalt still prevail." Thus David took God's side, and was more than conqueror, overcoming evil with good.

"JESUS ONLY."

O Thou, dear Lord, who stayest
When all the guests are gone,
When in thy silent chambers
The soul sits down alone.

Our garlands all are withered,
Our sweetest songs are sung,
The lamps which lit our feasting,
Have gone out one by one.

The gladness and the beauty,
Have vanished from our sight,
The footsteps of our dear ones
Have died away in night.

Yet thanks to Thee that ever
Thou comest at our will,
Thy voice is heard the clearer
When all the house is still.

As on the Mount of Vision
Amid the shining Three,
The overawed disciples
Looked up—and saw but Thee.

So we, our brightness faded,
Our sweet companions flown,
Lift up our troubled faces
To find Thou art not gone.

Thanks to Thy name that ever
In grief Thou dost appear,
That by each deep'ning shadow,
We know Thy sunshine near.

Be Ruler of our feasting,
Thou Love of love alone;
O Thou, dear Lord, who stayest
When all the guests are gone!

—Mary G. Brainard.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Vol. XII., No. 35. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50

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KALAKAUA AND KAPIOLANI, KING AND QUEEN OF HAWAII—SCENES IN THE ISLAND.

THE INSURRECTION IN HAWAII.

The Insurgents—Ambition of a Princess—The Attack on the Palace—Execution Done by the Rifles—The Use of Hand-Grenades—Surrender of the Leaders—King Kalakaua's Accession—Early History of the Islands—Captain Cook's Death There in 1778—Vancouver's Visits—Idolatry Abolished—Arrival of Missionaries in 1820—Jubilee Services in 1870.

THE recent daring insurrection has attracted public attention again to the affairs of Hawaii. As it will probably prove only the premature explosion of a much larger and more formidable movement, which will not be so easily suppressed and will therefore become a subject of general interest, we give on our first page portraits of King Kalakaua, and Queen Kapiolani, with pictures connected with Hawaii, that our readers may understand the situation.

The Insurgents

were led by two young half whites, Robert Wilcox and Robert Boyd, who have recently returned from Europe, whither they were sent at the public expense to study the sciences of government and war. Wilcox served during his absence in the Italian army, and has married an Italian lady of title. On his return this spring he found the country in a state of discontent. The king is ruinously extravagant, and is believed to have fallen under the power of foreign adventurers to whom he is heavily indebted. The natives complain that the foreigners are controlling the government and are running the country for their own aggrandizement. They believe that the king is so completely in their power that he cannot rid himself of them nor act as he wishes.

The Princess Liliuokalani,

the sister of the king, has fomented the public discontent. She is anxious to be Queen of the Islands and endeavored to make the popular movement subservient to her ambition. The majority of the people apparently do not desire to depose the king, but are anxious only to aid him in ousting his foreign counsellors. The Princess, however, has promulgated the idea that it is useless to deliver the King from this set of men, as his necessities would inevitably lead him captive to another set who can gain political power by supplying his personal wants. Her friends, therefore, are in favor of compelling the King to abdicate and setting the Princess on the throne.

The Insurrection

was a combination of the two movements. Wilcox and Boyd hoped to gain possession of the King's person, and had they succeeded, would doubtless have been guided as to the future by the extent of the concessions the King would have granted while under duress. About 4 o'clock on the morning of July 30 Wilcox presented himself at the palace gates at the head of two hundred and fifty men, and demanded admission. Lieutenant L. S. Parker, who was in command of the guard, refused to admit them, but being overpowered by numbers, retreated to the palace, while the insurgents swarmed into the grounds. They were unable to force an entrance into the building. The king was absent at the time, but Lieutenant Parker communicated with him by telephone. The same agency summoned a council at the king's country retreat, and also called out the Honolulu Volunteer Rifles. With the King's cabinet were the consuls of the United States, England, France, and Portugal. It was resolved to summon Wilcox and Boyd to surrender. The summons was sent, and contemptuously rejected. The insurgents were then notified that they would be bombarded if they did not surrender in two hours. The Rifles gained a position of vantage in Kawachow Church, and Captain Woodward, of the U. S. steamer *Adams*, brought a file of sailors and marines ashore to be in readiness to protect the consulate.

The Slaughter

commenced punctually when the time granted to the insurgents expired. The riflemen in the church tower directed a sharp fusillade on Wil-

cox's men, who occupied a bungalow in the palace court. The insurgents returned the fire, but without effect, while they were falling rapidly under the better aim of the riflemen. The fight might have continued a long time had not a few daring riflemen climbed the palace walls and flung hand-grenades charged with giant powder on the bungalow. A general stampede followed, and the fugitives were seized as they emerged from the gates and made prisoners. Wilcox and Boyd then surrendered, and the insurrection was quelled. A number of letters found in Wilcox's house proved the complicity of important persons who did not take personal part in the insurrection and whom it would be dangerous to arrest. It would appear that the plot was extensive and formidable, but was spoiled by the precipitate action of Wilcox.

King Kalakaua

is fifty-three years of age—having been born in 1836. He is the son of an eminent noble of princely rank, named Kapaakea, and on the death of King Lunalino I., otherwise called Kamehameha V., who died in February, 1874, leaving no heir, and without nominating his successor, he ascended the throne.

The announcement of his accession was at first received with considerable dissatisfaction, and a disturbance took place, many of the Hawaiians preferring as monarch Queen Emma, the widow of Kamehameha IV. She was in Europe in 1874 with her brother, the king, and his wife, when the two latter were attacked by measles, and both died within a week of each other. Ex-Queen Emma returned with all speed to Hawaii, but in the meantime a popular vote had made Kalakaua king.

The Kingdom of Hawaii

comprises thirteen islands, originally called the Sandwich Islands, beautifully situated in the Pacific Ocean, their distance from the Isthmus of Panama being 4,800 miles; from San Francisco, 2,100 miles; and from Japan, 3,400 miles. Their distance from Australia is but little more than it is from Japan. They contain 6,000 square miles. The largest of the group is Hawaii, which is about 97 miles long, 78 broad, 300 in circumference, and contains 4,000 square miles. Honolulu is the capital, and it has a splendid harbor, formed by a huge coral reef. The total population is about 81,000, of whom 18,000 are Chinese. The islands were discovered in 1778, by

Captain James Cook.

The inhabitants at that time were wild, tattooed savages, but received the white men civilly, and were willing to trade fresh vegetables and fruits for the Captain's beads and trinkets. It happened, most unfortunately for this intrepid navigator, that after his departure from the island, when the parting had been friendly on both sides, his ship was so damaged by a gale that he was under the necessity of putting back for repairs. This sudden return seems to have been viewed with suspicion; a *tabu*, or prohibition, was placed upon the bay where the ship anchored, so that there was no one present to welcome the officers and crew. In spite of this ominous sign, tents were erected on shore, and the damaged foremast, with all necessary tools and materials, landed to be repaired.

In a short time the *tabu* was removed, and the natives entered into friendly intercourse, but several unpleasant incidents, occurring shortly after, excited hostile feelings on both sides. The islanders could not keep from *pilfering* whenever opportunity offered, which brought about *retaliation* from the sufferers. A boat's crew were pelted with stones and driven from their boat, and it was only by the active interference of a chief that it was saved from destruction. Getting bolder and more troublesome, they at length *stole a boat* from its moorings, and Captain Cook determined to get King Terreeoboo on board, and compel him to remain as hostage till the boat was restored.

Landing with a party of armed men, he proceeded to the King's house and invited him

and his two sons on board. The King responded; but as they made their way to the shore chiefs and natives crowded round them, and begged their monarch not to go; they even compelled him to sit down and remain where he was. Finding no entreaties on his part could prevail in urging him to proceed, and that his crafty plan was frustrated, Captain Cook was alarmed, and prepared to return to the ship.

Just at this moment news arrived that a chief of high rank had been shot, which caused a ferment among the assembled crowd, who immediately sent off all the women and children, and prepared for war. One of the natives went up to the captain, and, flourishing his weapon in his face, threatened to attack him. Cook fired a charge of small shot at him. The man escaped injury, but the action irritated and encouraged the others to hostile demonstrations. While the fray was going on, Cook fired again, and, killing one of the foremost of the throng, a general attack with stones immediately followed, answered by discharges of musketry from the marines on shore and the sailors in the boats. Before the former had time to reload the islanders broke out into loud, fierce yells, and a terrible confusion followed, in which

Captain Cook Was Killed.

The last seen of Captain Cook was when he was standing near the water's edge, calling out to the boat's crew to cease firing and to pull in. While he *faced* the natives no violence was offered him, but directly he turned toward the boat he was *stabbed in the back*, and fell with his face in the water. He was dragged back to the shore, and his body was divided among the chiefs, who feasted upon it. In 1830 there were aged men on the island who remembered taking part in the ghastly feast on Captain Cook's remains. A memorial of the affray was left in 1837 by the crew of the British ship *Imogene*. A broad band of metal was affixed to the trunk of a tree near the fatal spot, on which was inscribed a brief record of Captain Cook's death. (See illustration on first page.)

During the four years following the death of Cook, there is no record of any white men visiting the islands, but in 1792 Vancouver, who had been with Cook, returned, and was received without hostility. He visited the islands again in 1794, and made a longer stay, endeavoring to plant the seeds of civilization. At that time each little island had its own king, and continual brawls and conflicts resulted, but in 1809, the King of Hawaii succeeded in establishing his supremacy over all the islands. He took the title of Kamehameha. Under him and his successor idolatry was abolished throughout the kingdom, but it was not until the

Arrival of Missionaries

from Boston, Mass., in 1820, that distinctively Christian teaching was commenced in the islands. Kamehameha was sufficiently enlightened to prohibit in his last illness the offer of human sacrifices for his recovery, as was customary in such cases; and, in lieu of such victims at his funeral, *three hundred dogs* were sacrificed. But there were the usual wailings throughout the islands. According to usage, the people shaved their heads, burned themselves, knocked out their front teeth, broke through all restraint, and practiced all manner of crime as if it were a virtue. All ages and both sexes gave scope to the vilest passions—in self-torture, robbery, licentiousness, and murder.

Liholiho succeeded to the kingdom, and appointed his wife *Kaahumanu* as his premier. There soon followed an event which has scarcely a parallel in history, giving an affirmative answer to the inquiry of the prophet, 'Hath a nation changed their gods which are yet no gods?' (Jer. 2:11.) The *tabu* system of restrictions and prohibitions was *inseparable from the national idolatry*. They extended to sacred days, places, persons, and things, and the least failure to observe them was *punished with death*.

A prohibition which weighed as heavily as any other was that in regard to *eating*, and was the first to be violated. A husband could on no

occasion eat with his wife, except on penalty of death. Women were prohibited on the same penalty from eating many of the choicest kinds of meat, fruit, and fish. These prohibitions extended to female chiefs as well as to the women of low rank. Many of the highest chiefs of the nation were women, and they especially felt burdened.

The mother of the king first violated the system by eating with her youngest son. Other chiefs, *when they saw no evil follow*, inclined to imitate her example. But the king was slow to yield. At length, however, he gave his assent; and then the work was done. The chiefs, as a body, trampled on all the unpleasant restraints which had previously enslaved them. In doing this they were aware that they *threw off all allegiance to their gods*, and treated them with open contempt. They immediately gave orders to the people that the *tabu* system should be disregarded, the idols committed to the flames, and the sacred temples demolished.

It was in a very interesting manner that **God Prepared the Way** throughout for the heralds of salvation in the Sandwich Islands. Ten years before the events we have just described—in 1809—two of the native boys shipped themselves on board an American vessel bound for New York. On their arrival in America their destitute, helpless condition drew forth Christian sympathy on their behalf. They were taken to New Haven, Conn., where one of them was subsequently converted to God.

Interest in these boys soon led to solemn inquiry into the condition of their country, and to the formation of the institution of the celebrated Foreign Mission School for the instruction of youths from heathen lands. The enterprise was consecrated by prayer, and was preeminently successful. Among the earliest pupils of the institution were *five of the natives of the Sandwich Islands*. On October 15, 1819, a valedictory meeting was held in Park Street Church, Boston, Mass., to bid godspeed to a number of missionaries and their wives, who were about to sail for Hawaii. Among the number were several Americans, and *three native young men* named Hopu, Tenooc, and Honuri.

The company embarked on October 23, expecting a protracted and perilous conflict with pagan rites, for *no intimation whatever had been received of the wonderful changes* that had been occurring at the islands. The first tidings the missionaries had of them were on reaching the coast of Hawaii after a little more than five months' sailing, on March 31, 1820. Then they heard with wonder and gratitude that the idols and altars had been overthrown, and that the *tabu* and priesthood were abolished.

Not only were the Americans welcomed as missionaries, but as

Apostles of Civilization,

and Dr. G. P. Judd, who was one of the missionaries, became the adviser of the king and the chiefs. He organized the finances of the government, and was Minister of Finance almost to the time of his death, about 1867. The Rev. Dr. William Armstrong, of Pennsylvania, went out as a missionary in 1831, and remained at the mission until 1848, when King Kamehameha induced him to become Minister of Public Instruction, a place he held until his death, in 1859.

As an illustration of *the marvellous success of the gospel in Hawaii*, we may mention that in the autumn of 1826 a congregation, estimated at not less than 10,000 natives, assembled to listen to the tidings of salvation. Wherever and whenever the missionaries preached, there were immense and attentive audiences. Buildings were erected to hold 5,000 people, and were at once filled to their utmost capacity, among them *the stone church at Honolulu, of which a picture is given in the first page*. In 1870 jubilee services were held, at which the king and queen were present. It was stated then that one hundred missionaries had labored in the islands, and a million and a quarter of dollars had been expended in the mission work.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

An Athlete's Fatal Mistake.—"I Knew a young man who had won considerable reputation as an athlete. His whole mind seemed bent in that direction. In order to indulge the more freely in his favorite pastimes, he gave up business and went in completely for athletics. He was successful, and became a fine specimen of physical manhood. Such thews and sinews! He could kick a football higher and run faster than any one who competed with him. But in looking after his animal nature, he completely neglected his mental and spiritual need. The time came, all too soon for him, when his athletic accomplishments availed him nothing; for Death was mightier far than he, and the grave made him its sure prisoner. Are there not some Christians who seem to neglect their spiritual nature, and think of nothing but what they shall eat or drink, or wherewith they shall be clothed?"

An Octogenarian Convert.—Mrs. Judd, of Ning-hai, Shan-tung, writes: "If others could see the sights that almost daily meet our eyes, I think their hearts would be moved to pity. Twelve persons have been baptized during the last year. One of the first three women baptized was an old body of eighty-four years of age. It seemed as if God had kept her alive to hear the gospel. The first time she heard she seemed to understand more than most of them do, and, weak, old, and ignorant as she was, she seemed to take in the love of Christ. One day she said, 'Do you really believe Jesus loves me?' Mrs. Judd said, 'I am sure He does.' 'Well,' she said, 'that is wonderful!' On another day she said to me, 'Ah, my life has been all bitterness and sorrow. I have never known happiness since I was eight years old, when my parents died.' I said to her, 'Now you know and trust Jesus, He will care for you, and soon you will go to live with Him, and then it will be happiness for evermore.' Her face brightened, and she replied, 'Ah, yes, and when I get to heaven I shall look out for you to come.'"

A Bondman Set Free.—Mr. Allanson says: "I was at one time a confirmed drunkard. It is hard for a man to realize that drink has completely mastered him, and that he is bound hand and foot with its terrible chains. When I made that discovery I determined to break my bonds, and by every means endeavored to overcome my fearful craving for intoxicating liquor; but all my efforts were futile. Each fresh struggle seemed only to sink me deeper in the mire. As a last resource I signed my liberty away for seven months, feeling that of my own free will I could not keep away from the intoxicating cup, and hoping that after an enforced abstinence of seven months the thirst for alcohol would be abated, and I should be able to shake myself free. At the end of that period I was liberated, and within a week I was helplessly inebriated. Just recovering from a bout, I was walking up the street thinking that now there was no hope for me, when a Christian friend accosted me on the street; he had noticed my condition, and, full of sympathy, told me of the only cure—Christ the Saviour and Keeper. I came to Jesus, and gave myself just as I was to Him. He did not spurn me, but lovingly received me; and since then He has kept me, not only from drink, but in righteousness."

A Talk in the Guard-Room.—Sergeant-Major Mather says: "Some people say that if you be a Christian, you will never get on in the army either with your messmates or with your officers. I remember going to Paisley one day to report myself to my commanding officer. I went into the guard-room and began to speak to the men there of Christ. One of the soldiers said, 'Look here, old chap, we know what kind you are; we have got one of your sort here already.' 'Ah, indeed,' I replied, 'what kind of a fellow is he?' 'Oh, he prays, you know, and reads his Bible, and all these things,' was the answer. 'Where does he live,' I asked, greatly interested. I made my way to the room indicated, and there found a man who was striving, and that success-

fully, to serve his heavenly King and his earthly Queen. He was loved by the men, and respected by his officers, and now he is a quartermaster-sergeant at Hamilton Barracks. I tell you, Christianity pays in this life as well as in the next. The Christian is a better soldier or workman, a better father, brother, husband, or son, than the unconverted man. Until we realize how God loves us, we do not know how we ought to value our fellows. How can we despise or seek to injure one for whom Jesus died?"

Remembered for Thirty Years.—Mr. Fred. Stanley Arnot says: "About thirty years ago a number of missionaries who had been laboring in the Zambesi district of Africa resolved to carry the gospel to the upper reaches of that great river. They set out, but everything seemed against them. The chief was hostile, and the country was very unhealthy, causing the death of two of their party. Very much dispirited, the only surviving two returned, thinking they had done no good. But after the lapse of thirty years, when I was passing through that same tract of country, I was surprised by an aged woman coming up to me, and saying, 'Tell me about Jesus, the King of Glory.' I regarded her with astonishment, for I did not think that anyone within hundreds of miles of me knew anything about that dear name. Then I thought that some one had told her to ask that question of the white stranger; but I discovered that her inquiry came from the depths of her heart. Thirty years before she had heard the gospel preached, but had not realized it in its fullness, and during all these years her hungry soul had been yearning for another draught of the living water. Taking the New Testament from my pocket, I began to read to her, and I could not have wished a more interested listener. Again and again she came to me to hear more of Jesus, and soon she confessed herself a Christian. She became a most zealous worker, and spoke to all she met about Jesus. Her zeal got her into trouble. She brought one of the king's wives to hear me, and for that crime was made a slave and banished from the country; and bravely she suffered persecution for righteousness' sake."

A Storm Among the Alps.—Dr. George F. Pentecost said: "Some years ago I was travelling in Switzerland, and on one occasion we were climbing one of the great glaciers. It was a splendid day, and, as far as the eye could see, the snowcapped peaks rose one above another until they faded out of sight in the distance. Soon, however, we noticed a gradual obscuration of the whole scene—black masses of cloud presently moving with great rapidity, marshalling themselves like an army and sweeping down toward us. Suddenly from the inky darkness in the far east there came a blinding flash of lightning, and almost simultaneously a second flash from another direction; then the distant thunder roared. Nearer and more frequent came the furious, crackling thunder and swift-darting streaks of lightning. There was a lull. Then above, around, and underneath our feet, apparently in our midst, came the most fearful peal of all. All earth seemed to be giving way. Gradually the storm seemed to recede, and there came a rift in the sable above, and soon the scene of that awful storm was once more smiling, and the sun poured down upon us most radiantly. Just then the text came to my mind, 'I have blotted out all thy transgressions.' How the dark covering of sin that shuts us out from our Father's face rises, first in small acts or thoughts, which, multiplying, form clouds, and these, joining together, constitute that fearful condemnation which shuts us out from God. Through it we see the lightning of God's judgment, and hear the roar of His broken law, but God's love and peace break through the dark clouds, and offer to us salvation from our sin and an assurance that we shall not again come under His condemnation and displeasure."

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HUMAN WRECKS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached at Portland, Oregon, last Sunday morning, August 25, 1889.

"Lest that by any means, . . . I myself should be a castaway." 1 Cor. 9: 27.

Danger of Spiritual Wreck Common to all—Ministers not Exempt—Spiritual Castaways—Wrecked for Two Worlds—Fruitful Causes of Wrecks—I. False Lights—A Lantern tied to a Horse—Philosophical Lanterns—Failure of a Copper Wolf—II. Sudden Squalls—Caught by Swift Temptation—No Time to Examine the Bible—The First Step that Costs—III. By Sheer Recklessness—In the Track of Pirates—Near a Dangerous Coast—Lift a Distress Signal—A Sailor Encouraged by a Star—A Perfect Life-boat—The Wreck of the "Isabella."

IN the presence of you who live on the Pacific coast, I who live on the Atlantic coast may appropriately speak on this marine allusion of the text, for all who know about the sea know about the castaway. The text implies that ministers of religion may help others into heaven and yet miss it themselves. The carpenters that built Noah's ark did not get into it themselves. Gown and surplice and diplomas and canonicals are no security. Cardinal Wolsey, after having been petted by kings and having entertained foreign ambassadors at Hampton Court,

Died in Darkness.

One of the most eminent ministers of religion that this country has ever known plunged into sin and died; his heart, by post-mortem examination, found to have been, not figuratively, but literally, broken. We may have hands of ordination on the head, and address consecrated assemblages, but that is no reason why we shall necessarily reach the realm celestial. The clergyman must go through the same gate of pardon as the layman. There have been cases of shipwreck where all on board escaped excepting the captain. Alas, if, having "preached to others, I myself should be a castaway"! God forbid it!

I have examined some of the commentaries to see what they thought about this word "castaway," and I find they differ in regard to the figure used, while they agree in regard to the meaning. So I shall make my own selection, and take it in a nautical and seafaring sense, and show you that men may become

Spiritual Castaways,

and how, finally, they drift into that calamity. You and I live in seaboard cities. You have all stood on the beach. Many of you have crossed the ocean. Some of you have managed vessels in great stress of weather. There is a sea-captain, and there is another, and yonder is another, and there are a goodly number of you who, though once you did not know the difference between a brig and a bark, and between a diamond knot and a sprit-sheet sail knot, and although you could not point out the weather crossjack brace, and though you could not man the fore clew-garnet, now you are as familiar with a ship as you are with your right hand, and if it were necessary you could take a vessel clear across to the mouth of the Mersey without the loss of a single sail. Well, there is a dark night in your memory of the sea. The vessel became unmanageable. You saw it was scudding toward the shore. You heard the cry:

"Breakers Ahead!"

"Land on the lee bow!" The vessel struck the rock, and you felt the deck breaking up under your feet, and you were a castaway, as when the *Hercules* drove on the coast of Caffraria, as when the Portuguese brig went staying, splitting, grinding, crashing on the Goodwins. But whether you have followed the sea or not, you all understand the figure when I tell you that there are men who, by their sins and temptations, are thrown helpless! Driven before the gale! Wrecked for two worlds! Castaways! Castaways!

By talking with some sea-captains, I have found out that there are three or four causes for such a calamity to a vessel. I have been

told that it sometimes comes from creating *false lights on the beach*. This was often so in olden times. It is not many years ago, indeed, that vagabonds used to wander up and down the beach, getting vessels ashore in the night, throwing up false lights in their presence and deceiving them, that they may despoil and ransack them. All kinds of

Infernal Arts

were used to accomplish this. And one night, on the Cornish coast, when the sea was coming in fearfully, some villains took a lantern and tied it to a horse, and led the horse up and down the beach, the lantern swinging to the motion of the horse; and a sea-captain in the offing saw it, and made up his mind that he was not anywhere near the shore, for he said: "There's a vessel—that must be a vessel, for it has a moving light!" and he had no apprehension till he heard the rocks grating on the ship's bottom, and it went to pieces, and the villains on shore gathered up the packages and treasures that were washed to the land. And I have to tell you that there are a multitude of souls

Ruined by False Lights

on the beach. In the dark night of man's danger, false religion goes up and down the shore shaking its lantern, and men look off and take that flickering and expiring wick as the signal of safety, and the cry is, "Heave the maintop-sail to the mast! All is well!" when sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape. So there are all kinds of lanterns swung on the beach—philosophical lanterns, educational lanterns, humanitarian lanterns. Men look at them and are deceived, when there is nothing but God's eternal lighthouse of the gospel that can keep them from becoming castaways.

Once on Wolf Crag lighthouse they tried to build a copper figure of a wolf with its mouth open, so that, the storms beating into it, the wolf would howl forth the dangers to mariners that might be coming anywhere near the coast. Of course it was a failure. And so all new inventions for the saving of man's soul are unavailing. What the human race wants is a light bursting forth from the cross standing on the great headlands—the light of pardon, the light of comfort, the light of heaven. You might better go to-night and destroy all the great lighthouses on the dangerous coasts—the Barnegat lighthouse, the Fastnet Rock lighthouse, the Sherryvore lighthouse, the Longship's lighthouse, the Hollyhead lighthouse—than to put out God's great ocean lamp—the gospel. Woe to those who swing false lanterns on the beach till men crash into ruin! Castaways! Castaways!

By talking with sea-captains I have heard also that sometimes ships come to this calamity by

Sudden Swoop of a Tempest.

For instance, a vessel is sailing along in the East Indies, and there is not a single cloud on the sky; but suddenly the breeze freshens, and there are swift feet on the ratlines, and the cry is, "Way, haul away there!" but before they can square the booms and tarpaulin the hatchways, the vessel is groaning and creaking in the grip of a tornado, and falls over into the trough of the sea, and broadside it rolls on to the beach and keels over, leaving the crew to struggle in the merciless surf. Castaway! castaway! And so I have to tell you that there are thousands of men destroyed through the sudden swoop of temptations. Some great inducement to worldliness, or to sensuality, or to high temper, or to some form of dissipation, comes upon them.

If They Had Time

to examine their Bible, if they had time to consult their friends, if they had time to deliberate, they could stand it; but the temptation came so suddenly—an euroclydon on the Mediterranean, a whirlwind of the Caribbean. One awful surge of temptation and they perish. And so we often hear the old story: "I hadn't seen my friend in a great many years. We were very glad to meet. He said I must drink, and he took

me by the arm and pressed me 'along, and filled the cup until the bubbles ran over the edge, and in an evil moment all my good resolutions were swept away, and to the outraging of God and my own soul, I fell." Or the story is: "I had hard work to support my family. I thought that by one false entry, by one deception, by one embezzlement, I might spring out free from all my trouble; and the temptation came upon me so fiercely I could not deliberate. I did wrong, and having done wrong once, I could not stop." Oh, it is

The First Step that Costs,

the second is easier; and the third, and so to the last. Once having broken loose from the anchor, it is not so easy to tie the parted strands. How often it is that men are ruined for the reason that the temptation comes from some unexpected quarter! As vessels lie in Margat Roads, safe from southwest winds; but the wind changing to the northeast, they are driven helpless and go down. Oh that God would have mercy upon those upon whom there comes this sudden swoop of temptation, lest they perish becoming castaways! castaways!

By talking with sea-captains, I have found out also that some vessels come to this calamity through

Sheer Recklessness.

There are three million men who follow the sea for a living. It is a simple fact that the average of human life on the sea is less than twelve years. This comes from the fact that men by familiarity with danger sometimes become reckless—the captain, the helmsman, the stoker, the man of the lookout, becomes reckless, and in nine out of ten shipwrecks, it is found out that some one was awfully to blame. So I have to tell you that men are morally shipwrecked through sheer recklessness. There are thousands who do not care where they are in spiritual things. They do not know which way they are sailing, and the sea is black with piratical hulks that would grapple them with hooks of steel and blindfold them, and make them "walk the plank." They do not know what the next moment may bring forth. Drifting in their theology. Drifting in their habits. Drifting in regard to all their future. No God, no Christ, no settled anticipations of eternal felicity; but all the time coming nearer and nearer to

A Dangerous Coast.

Some of them are on fire with evil habit, and they shall burn on the sea, the charred hull tossed up on the barren beach. Many of them with great troubles—financial troubles, domestic troubles, social troubles; but they never pray for comfort. With an aggravation of sin, they pray for no pardon. They do not steer for the lighthouse that dances in gladness at the mouth of heaven's harbor; reckless as to where they come out, drifting further from God, further from early religious influences, further from happiness; and what is the worst thing about it is they are taking their families along with them and the way one goes, the probability is they will all go. Yet no anxiety. As

Unconscious of Danger

as the passengers aboard the *Arctic* one moment before the *Vesta* crashed into her. Wrapped up in the business of the store, not remembering that soon they must quit all their earthly possessions. Absorbed in their social position not knowing that very soon they will have attended the last levee, and whirled in the last schottische. They do not deliberately choose to be ruined; neither did the French frigate *Medusa* aim for the Arguin banks, but there it went to pieces. I wish I could wake you up. The perils are so augmented, you will die just as certainly as you sit there unless you bestir yourself. Are you willing to become a castaway? You throw out no oar. You take no soundings. You watch no compass. You are not calculating your bearings while the wind is abaft, and yonder is a long line of foam bounding the horizon, and you will be pushed on toward it, and thousands have perished there, and you are driving in the same direction.

eady about! Down helm! Hard down! Man the life-boat! Pull, my lads, pull! "He that sing often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." But some of you are saying within yourselves: "What shall I do? Do? Do? Why, my brother, do what any ship does when it is in trouble—

Lift a Distress Signal.

On the sea there is a flash and a boom. You listen and you look. A vessel is in trouble. The distress gun is sounded, or a rocket is sent up, or a blanket is lifted, or a bundle of rags—anything to catch the eye of the passing craft. So you want to be taken off the wreck of your sin, you must lift a distress signal. The publican lifted the distress signal when he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Peter lifted the distress signal when he said, "Lord, save me, I perish!" The blind man lifted the distress signal when he said, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened!" The jailer lifted the distress signal when he said, "What must I do to be saved?" and help will never come to your soul until you lift some signal. You must make some demonstration, give some sign, make some heaven-ascending outcry for help, lifting the distress signal for the Church's prayer, lifting the distress signal for heaven's pardon. Pray! pray! The voice of the Lord now sounds in your ears: "In me is thy help!" Too proud to raise such a signal, too proud to be saved!

There was an old sailor thumping about in the larger vessel had gone down. He felt he must die. The surf was breaking over the boat, and he said: "I took off my life-belt, that it might soon be over, and I thought, somewhat distinctly, about my friends on shore, and then I bid them good-bye like, and I was about sinking back and giving it up when I saw a light star. The clouds were breaking away, and there that blessed star shone down on me, and it seemed to take right hold of me; and somehow, I cannot tell how it was, but somehow, while I was trying to watch that star, it seemed to help me and seemed to lift me." O sinking soul, see you not the glimmer between the rifts of the storm cloud? That is the star of hope.

Deathstruck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem!

If there are any here who consider themselves castaways, let me say God is doing everything to save you. Did you ever hear of Lionel Luken? He was the inventor of the insubmersible life boat. All honor is due to his memory, my seafaring men, as well as by landsmen. How many lives he saved by his invention! In after days that invention was improved, and one day here was

A Perfect Life-Boat,

the Northumberland, ready at Ramsgate. The life-boat being ready for testing, the crew came out and leaped on the gunwale on one side to see if the boat would upset; it was impossible to upset it. Then, amid the huzzas of excited thousands, the boat was launched, and it has gone and come, picking up a great many of the shipwrecked. But I have to tell you now of a grander launching, and from the dry-docks of heaven. Word came up that a world was beating on the rocks. In the presence of the potentates of heaven the life-boat of the world's redemption was launched. It shoved off the golden sands amid angelic hosanna. The surges of darkness beat against its bow, but it sailed on, and it comes in sight of us this hour. It comes or you, it comes for me. Soul! soul! get into it. Make one leap for heaven. Let that boat go past, and your opportunity is gone. I am expecting that there will be whole families here who will get into that life-boat.

In 1833 the *Isabella* came ashore off Hastings, England. The air was filled with sounds—the hoarse sea-trumpet, the crash of the axes, and the bellowing of the tornado. A boat from the shore came under the stern of the disabled ves-

sel. There were women and children on board that vessel. Some of the sailors jumped into the small boat and said, "Now give us the children." A father who stood on deck took his first-born and threw him to the boat. The sailors caught him safely, and the next, and the next, to the last. Still the sea rocking, the storm howling. "Now," said the sailors, "now the mother;" and she leaped, and was saved. The boat went to the shore; but before it got to the shore, the landmen were so impatient to

Help the Suffering People

that they waded clear down into the surf with blankets and garments, and promises of help and succor. So there are whole families here who are going to be saved, and saved altogether. Give us that child for Christ, that other child, that other! Give us the mother, give us the father, the whole family! They must all come in! All heaven wades in to help you. I claim this whole audience for God. I pick not out one man here, nor one man there; I claim you all who hear my voice.

There are some of you who, thirty years ago, were consecrated to Christ by your parents in baptism. Certainly I am not stepping over the right bound when I claim you for Jesus. Then there are many here who have been seeking God for a good while, and am I not right in claiming you for Jesus? Then there are some here who have been further away, and you drink, and you swear, and you bring up your families without any God to take care of them when you are dead. And I claim you, my brother; I claim all of you. You will have to pray sometime; why not begin now, while all the ripe and purple cluster of divine promise bends over into your cup, rather than postpone your prayer until your chance is past, and the night drops, and the sea washes you out, and the appalling fact shall be announced that, notwithstanding all your magnificent opportunities, you have become a castaway.

REV. CHARLES H. KELLY.

(See Portrait on page 556.)

THE ministers of the Methodist Episcopal communion who came in contact with Mr. Kelly at the great conference in New York last year, will be glad to learn that he has been elected to the most distinguished office his ministerial brethren have it in their power to confer. Mr. Kelly attended as a deputation from the English Wesleyans, and made an excellent impression by the earnestness and intelligence with which he studied the methods of the American church.

Charles H. Kelly, who has been elected President of the Wesleyan Conference for this year, and whose portrait appears on page 556, is fifty-six years of age. He was born at Salford, a suburb of Manchester, England, November 25, 1833. His parents were pious people, and the boy was brought up under religious influences. At an earlier age than usual he began teaching in the Sunday-school, and before he was twenty years old he had preached several times in little village meetings. He was, however, placed in a business house, and until he was twenty-two years old was active in commercial life. To his training there he doubtless owes much of the power he now exercises over young men, and the knowledge he shows of the temptations to which young men are exposed.

In 1855 he finally quitted business and became a candidate for the ministry. The Leeds Conference, to which he applied, accepted him, and he was sent to Didsbury College for a three-years' course. Just as he was about leaving college, in 1858, the President of the college, Mr. Bowers, was elected President of the conference. He invited young Kelly to remain for a year and act as his deputy in the management of the college, while he (Mr. Bowers), was occupied with his new duties.

At the end of the year Mr. Kelly was appointed to Aldershot, where there is a large military camp. There he was in his element. The young recruits, who on their enlistment were

sent there for training, were the soil he loved to cultivate. Many of them enlisted through domestic troubles, or through having disgraced themselves, or as the result of indulgence in early dissipation. These he sought out on their first introduction to camp-life, and tried to win them for Christ before they sank into confirmed evil habits. His success was extraordinary, and in many cases he led those who had run away from home to write to their parents, who often redeemed them from military life by payment of the cost of discharge.

Mr. Kelly remained an army chaplain until 1870, when he was transferred to Wandsworth. There he made the Reformatory at that place his chosen sphere of labor, and his efforts for the rescue of erring boys were as greatly blessed as in the army. His next sphere was Westminster, and there he spent all the time he could spare from his ministerial labors in the Training College, where again he was brought into contact with young men. Since that time he has been Secretary of the Sunday-school Union, and secretary of the committee charged with the duty of examining candidates for the ministry. His career of honorable service has now been crowned with the honor which is the goal of the ambition of every Wesleyan minister in Great Britain.

WESLEY'S ESCAPE FROM A PRECIPICE.

(See Illustration on page 556.)

THE belief in a special Providence is out of fashion in this day. Men apparently prefer to believe that God has set the world in motion, has established laws to govern it, and has since stood aside and refrained from interfering in its affairs. The Christian whose faith in the efficacy of prayer is unabated, and who believes that God watches over the lives of His people, entertains no such thought. There are many incidents on record which confirm his view, and it is well in these days of shifting faith that they should be widely known. One of these is depicted in the illustration.

In John Wesley's diary under date of June 20, 1744, the following narrative is given: "About 9 I set out for Horseley with Mr. Hopper and Mr. Smith. I took Mrs. Smith and her two little girls in the chaise with me. About two miles from the town, just on the brow of the hill, on a sudden both the horses set out without any visible cause, and flew down the hill like an arrow. In a minute John fell off the coach-box. The horses then went on at full speed, sometimes to the edge of the ditch on the right, sometimes on the left. A cart came up against them. They avoided it as exactly as if the man had been on the box. A narrow bridge was at the foot of the hill. They went directly over the middle of it. They ran up the next hill with the same speed, many persons meeting us, but getting out of the way. Near the top of the hill was a gate which led into a farmyard. It stood open. They turned short and ran through it without touching the gate on one side of the post or the other, and galloped on through the cornfield. The little girls cried out, 'Grandpapa, save us!' I told them, 'Nothing will hurt you; do not be afraid.' The horses ran on till they came to the edge of a steep precipice. Just then Mr. Smith, who could not overtake us before, galloped in between. They stopped in a moment. Had they gone on ever so little, he and we must have gone down together."

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

JEWISH RESTORATION APPROACHING.

By G. H. Pember.*

The Jews Rescued at Christ's Coming—The First Great Sign of the End—Jews Flocking to Jerusalem—An Unprecedented Restlessness—The Nations Eliminating Them—Their Homes and Prosperity Disturbed—How God Said He Would Gather Them—A Terrible Threat—The Wilderness of the Nations—Looking for a Leader.

THE manner in which Christ will preserve the Jews while He is destroying the myriads of Antichrist is foretold by the prophets. Isaiah gives a hint of it in the words, "Come, My people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity; the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain." (Isa. 26:20, 21.) Zephaniah, again, says, "Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the land which have wrought His judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness: it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger." (Zeph. 2:3.) And by comparing Zech. 14:4, 5, with Mal. 4:1-3, we may, perhaps, see what these mysterious utterances mean. For in the former passage we find

When the Lord Descends,

the Mount of Olives will be cloyen into two mountains with a very great valley between them, and that into the valley the Jews will flee with haste out of the all but captured city. Such will be the chamber, the hiding-place in which they will be safely sheltered, while the lightnings of the Lord are doing their work of destruction. (Rev. 19:20, 21.) And at the close of this day, "which shall burn as an oven," they shall "go forth and skip"—not "grow up," a meaning which does not belong to the Hebrew root—"as calves of the stall." (Mal. 4:2.) That is, just as calves come forth skipping with glee from the dark winter stalls into the pleasant meadows of spring, so shall the Jews issue from their gloomy shelter into their millennial morning; the Sun of Righteousness will arise upon them with healing in His wings; and they will find the innumerable armies of the dreaded foe reduced to ashes beneath their feet.

So will He preserve the people that remain in the all but captured city. And then, with a great sound of a trumpet, He will send forth His angels, and they will gather to Him at Jerusalem the elect of Israel from all places whither they have been scattered; and He will make Himself known to them, as Joseph made himself known to his brethren, forgive them, comfort them, and say: "God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance." It is clear that

The First Great Sign

of the end must be the return of the exiles in considerable numbers to their own country, and the subsequent rebuilding of the Temple. Now this return has actually commenced, and various causes are already in operation.

And, in the first place, we may mention that Jerusalem itself is gradually becoming a centre of civilization, and is assuming the appearance of a modern city; villas are being erected in its neighborhood, and no less than three exclusively Jewish building societies have been for some time carrying on their work.

Again: During the last ten years the Jewish population has doubled itself, so that at the present time it outnumbers the remainder of the inhabitants. Such a condition of things has not previously been known in Jerusalem since its destruction by Hadrian.

"God," says Mr. Friedlander, "has sent a feeling of homelessness into the hearts of many

* From his exhaustive work entitled *The Great Prophecies*, 453 pages; price \$1, postage included. For sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York.

† The elect will probably be those Israelites who will at the time have turned to Christ, so far as to be expecting Him as the Deliverer. Possibly the formation of this body has already commenced in the wonderful movement in South Russia under Joseph Rabinowitch; but the scattered ones who are still alienated from Christ will be subsequently gathered and conveyed to their land by the Gentiles. See Isa. 66:20.

thousands of Jews, and that feeling is spreading far and wide. The handful of well-to-do Jews in England and Germany will not admit it, but the fact remains, all the same. Wherever the spirit of persecution is prevailing, there the Jews begin to think of Palestine as

The Only Safe Home

which this world can give them. *The thought is a new one, and is forced upon them by very remarkable occurrences.* That America, open to all the world, should send back Jewish refugees from her shores is so extraordinary an experience that all intending emigrants are feeling themselves shut up to the one idea that in order to found a new home they can go nowhere but to Palestine."

Even so: for who can withstand the will of the Almighty, or who shall change His purposes? And the set time for their fulfilment seems now to have come.

Just before the commencement of the anti-Semitic agitation in Germany, the Jews appeared to be comfortably settled in most parts of Europe, except Russia. Their wealth and influence were continually increasing; and, probably, their satisfaction and confidence in the future had never been so great since the destruction of Jerusalem. Their prevailing sentiment was well illustrated at the time by an article in the *Jewish Chronicle*, the writer of which made merry with the Christian idea of the destiny of his nation. He affirmed that they were far too much at home in the luxurious cities of Europe to think of returning to a barbarous Asiatic country.

At last, then, the thought had arisen in the hearts of the children of Abraham that they would forget their own land and be as the nations. At the same time the hour for God's

Interference Was Approaching.

A furious persecution was being arranged in Russia; the Jews perceived the rising of the storm, and intimations were conveyed to them from the highest minister of the Government that, by paying a vast sum of money, they might avert it. They refused to do so, and a series of cruel outrages followed, involving great destruction of life and property, besides other sufferings of a terrible nature. And immediately afterwards the Germans, who had long been regarding with envy and anger the riches and influence of the Jews in Germany, also began to give open proof that their hatred of the race had revived.

Could there be a more signal and literal fulfilment, in its first stage, of the vivid words of Ezekiel? "And that which rises up in your mind shall not be at all, in that ye say, We will be as the nations, as the families of the countries, to serve wood and stone. As I live, saith the Lord Jehovah, surely with a mighty hand, and with a stretched-out arm, and with fury poured out, will I rule over you. And I will bring you out from the peoples, and will gather you out of the countries wherein ye are scattered, with a mighty hand, and with a stretched-out arm, and with fury poured out. And I will bring you into the wilderness of the peoples, and there will I plead with you face to face." (Ezek. 20:32-35.) The last verse contains

A Terrible Threat,

which may be now in process of fulfilment, but is not yet completely realized. We sometimes speak of the solitude of London; and few circumstances are more depressing than to suffer need and distress amid vast crowds in which we can perceive no glance of compassion, nor find a helper. But the Jews seem likely before long to suffer something worse than this, and, wherever they turn, to find themselves encompassed with faces lowering, menacing, and cruel. The wilderness of the nations will prove far more dreadful to them than the waste howling desert in which Moses was their leader.

But the jealousy and hatred of those among whom they sojourn will be God's means of driving them back to the place where He will deal with them; just as, in the days of old, their hard bondage made them glad to leave the flesh-pots of Egypt and to turn toward Canaan.

Thus, then, it would seem that the cry, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," is at last beginning to ascend from Jewish hearts; and, if it continue and increase, the separation between themselves and their King will be removed, and He will fulfil His promise by coming to them again without fear of a second rejection. Truly the purposes of God are speeding to their end!

MR. RE QUA'S INDIAN JOURNEY.

IN a letter just received from the Rev. W. F. Re Qua, he announces his return to McAlester after his long evangelizing tour among the blanket tribes. He is full of hope for the future, and speaks in grateful terms of the cordial reception he met with from the chiefs at the great gathering at Anadarko. He has also realized, as never before, the nature of the difficulties in the way of evangelizing the Indians. They proceed mainly from the whites, who are opposed to religious work among the redskins. It is a shame even to think of their reasons for the opposition; but the fact must be faced, that we may realize the nature of the foe with which we have to deal. A large number of degraded whites are gratifying their vicious propensities among the Indians, and they know that if religion finds a foothold among them the Indians will no longer endure their presence. A few years ago, says Mr. Re Qua, the Comanches and the Kiowas were very stringent as to the morality of their women. The lascivious white man and the Indian girl who listened to his wiles both suffered by their law. The seducer had to save his life by flight, while the girl was disgraced in her tribe, even if her life was spared. All this is changed, and the whites have so corrupted the tribes that no obstacles stand in the way of immorality, and vice has become easy and safe.

Another scandal proceeds from political influence. At one Government school, which Mr. Re Qua visited, two women from an Eastern State had secured appointment as teachers through political influence. When they arrived at the school, they could not alight from the wagon, but had to be helped into the house—they were helplessly intoxicated. Another school was recently placed under the care of a woman from Washington, who obtained the appointment on the recommendation of a United States Senator. She had not been there long before she became a raging maniac through *delirium tremens*. In another case a man was made superintendent of a school, whose ordinary language was profane to a horrible degree, and who was, besides, so cruel and brutal to the children that the Indians would not let their children be subject to his ungovernable fury. This is the result of political influence. The Indians dread the whites, and know that association with them is demoralizing.

Among the tribes Mr. Re Qua visited he found whole sections worshipping the sun, moon, stars, and even owls and other birds and animals, and this right in the midst of a Christian nation! It is horrible to think that we who habitually speak of the Indians as "our wards," should have so neglected the duties of guardian which we have taken upon ourselves. The need of good religious teaching is urgent and imperative. Mr. Re Qua says there are abundant opportunities for it. The Indians are not difficult to convince when a man is really sincere and earnest in preaching the gospel, and they are ready to send their children as soon as they are satisfied that the teachers to whom they are asked to send them are worthy, honest men.

Mr. Re Qua is hoping to open school among the Kiowas about the end of September. He will get a Government grant of forty dollars a quarter for each child, to pay for board, clothing, and educational materials. He will teach himself for the first three months to save the expense of a teacher. It will be a time of great difficulty, as the Government grant is not available until the end of the quarter. In fact, the effort of supporting the children for the first three months is undertaken by Mr. Re Qua en-

tirely in faith. He believes that the prospects of work for God in this sphere are so great, that real religious work among the children is so certain to bring genuine results, that God will see to it that the means are forthcoming. He expects to have from seventy to a hundred children at the start, and needs provisions, and material to be made up in clothing, beside tools for building and furnishing. This is evidently a hopeful work, and it is undertaken on the invitation of Lone Wolf, the chief of the tribe, so its security is assured. *Contributions may be sent to W. F. Re Qua, McAlester, Ind. Terr.*

A CHILD ON THE RAILS.

AN interesting reminiscence of an engineer in North Carolina is related in a Southern journal. It states that in one of his journeys a well-known locomotive engineer, known as "Sis" Bryan, was approaching Charlotte, N. C., under a full head of steam when he saw an object on the track, some distance ahead, which he supposed to be a dog. The engineer blew "on brakes!" and at the sound of the whistle the object moved, and Bryan saw it was a child. The little thing began to crawl off the track, but on reaching the rail *deliberately stopped* and seated itself astride of it. Swinging himself out of the window of the cab, Bryan started to crawl along the engine to its front, with the intention of picking up the child before it was struck. He might have succeeded in this perilous undertaking, but a lunge of the engine caused him to lose his balance and he was thrown down an embankment. Badly bruised and shaken he scrambled to his feet, and as he did so heard a piercing scream and knew that the child had been run down. On arriving at the scene he saw lying on the road the poor little mangled remains, and the brave strong man covered his eyes and cried like a child. He had risked his life unavailingly; neither the warning whistle nor his own heroism had saved her, and he wept. She was too young to understand; but men who can understand their spiritual peril, who hear the gospel warning and know its import, and who know that Christ died to save them, are perishing unnecessarily through their blind perversity. The engineer's tears remind us of those that Christ shed over such wilfulness in His day. (Luke 19 : 41.)

A MILLER PIONEER IN CHINA.

AN interesting narrative of a visit by the missionaries of the American Board to a Chinese village which had been opened up for gospel work by an itinerant miller is sent by Mr. Winchester to the *Missionary Herald* from Pasing-fu. He says:

"A man who earns his livelihood by grinding wheat and selling flour, whom we shall hereafter know as brother Chai, was the means of opening up Ching-liang Cheng to us. In his visits to our compound, selling flour, he frequently stayed to hear the preaching, and carried away with him—for a time unconsciously perhaps—riches incomparably above the emoluments of trade. Last summer he invited our good young helper Mêng to go to his village and preach 'the way of Jesus' in his house. To this offer Mêng gladly responded. Later, Chai urged us to go down, and also expressed his desire to be baptized and all his house. When we started on our tour he accompanied us as far as his village, and desired to be our host during our stay there, but as the inn afforded better opportunity for public preaching we decided to go there. Wherever we went the whole village thronged after us.

"Before our bedding was removed from the cart the richest man in the village came, supported by a few others, and invited us over to his store to drink tea. We were soon seated with the inevitable cup of tea in hand, looking around upon the promiscuous crowd—men, boys, and even women—who occupied every inch of standing-room in the small reception-chamber where we sat, in the store beyond, and for a wide space around the door outside.

"As soon as we had swallowed our lunch Mr. Pierson preached to the people outside till his throat gave out, then the helper preached until dark. After this we proceeded to the house of brother Chai to administer the rite of baptism to himself and two children. When we entered the house we found the living representatives of three generations of three families gathered there, and the head of the house addressed us probably much the same as the centurion's greeting to Peter, saying, 'Now therefore are we all here present before God to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.' Mr. Pierson and the helper preached in turn; I led the singing, and several led in prayer. How their eyes glistened and their heads bent eagerly forward to catch every word that fell from the lips of the preacher! Four or five times the meeting was practically closed, but each time we were constrained to stay yet a little longer. One old man over sixty, who had heard the truth for the first time from helper Mêng last summer, pleaded with us to go on, saying, 'Please stay a little longer. We listened all night to helper Mêng when he was here, and we want the same privilege from you. The doctrine is very good. It is truly true.' We retired just at midnight with our hearts full of joy, thankfulness, and prayer."

CHINESE PATIENTS AS TEACHERS.

THE value of medical missions is seen in a new light in view of an organization described by the editor of the *Missionary Herald*. He says that on a recent dispensary day Dr. Peck, of Pang Chuang, found fourteen men sitting in his waiting-room of the dispensary listening to preaching while waiting their turn. They were from *eleven* different provinces. Nothing arrests the attention or wins the regard of the Chinese like this medical work, and they come from all quarters for treatment. As a means of making this medical work effective, the scheme undertaken by the native brethren at Pao-ting-fu is noteworthy and most commendable. The Sabbath offerings of the church are devoted to meeting the expense of sending ten or twelve of the brethren, two by two, to tell the gospel story in all the region round about. They carry with them a list of the patients who have been treated at the dispensary, and, according to Dr. Peck, a part of their business is to look up these patients in all the villages to which they go, and seek to confirm any Christian purpose that they may find in their hearts. These brethren who go out have only their expenses paid; they have no salary, and they lose their time for the temporal support of themselves or their families. There is, therefore, no danger of fostering any mercenary motive in them. The results of this movement will be watched with great interest.

A WONDERFUL BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

IN the course of a letter from Osaka, Japan, which Mr. B. C. Haworth sends to a contemporary, occurs the following account of a new temple which he recently visited:

The temple has been eleven years in building, and six years more will be required to complete its interior decoration. Its total cost will exceed ten million dollars. It is collected from rich and poor alike by the high priest, who goes from city to city on his financial pilgrimages. Its site is at Kyoto. It is a conspicuous object to the traveller entering the city. We secured a permit to make a visit of inspection. Ascending to the very topmost point of the roof, 150 feet above the ground, I arose to my feet and stood on the cylindrical tile which crowns the gable. From this dizzy height the view was fine, but I did not pause long to enjoy it. A cheer came struggling up from the crowd below, and I was quickly satisfied with the honor. The workman whose favor had enabled me to achieve this fame asked me, on the way down, "Did I like beer?" which was very significant, and suggestive of progress in civilization.

The temple's interior is yet to receive its quota of expenditure. The gigantic roof

rests upon forty-six columns, each column a keyaki-tree about three feet in diameter and thirty feet in height. The keyaki is one of the choice woods of Japan, and these large natural columns are very costly. They are perfect cylinders, free from blemish, and polished to a faultless perfection. They rest on granite cubes seven feet square. Their summits are crowned with massive timbers, laid at right angles one above another, forming a ponderous framework from pillar to gable. These immense beams were lifted into place by *ropes made of human hair*. Some of these ropes we saw. One was 258 long and weighed 380 pounds. Another was 360 feet long, a huge cable sixteen inches in circumference, and weighing 2,030 pounds! The hair was received as votive offerings from multitudes of the faithful, mostly women, who freely gave their raven tresses to build a house for "O Shaka Sama"—Buddha—as the people of Israel gave gold and silver and ornaments for the house of Jehovah. This does not much look as though Buddhism were an effete religion.

AN INVITATION FROM A PALACE.

AT a recent meeting of the Woman's Board in Chicago a letter was read from Dr. Mary Bradford, who is engaged in Medical Mission work at Tabriz, Persia. She thus describes an incident of her work which may have important results: We saw his Majesty the Shah on his way to Europe. Two of his wives went with him to the boundary, and stopped here ten days on their return. I was called to see one of them. I went twice, and found her very cordial and pleasant. She said they needed a lady physician at Teheran—wouldn't I come there? Only a few days afterward we received the news that Dr. Smith was to come out this fall, and I sent her word. Dr. Smith will be called at once to those high-class ladies, for they suffer so much in their seclusion. A lady physician is just what they need. On our visit to the Shah's wife we met the sister of the Persian ambassador to Washington. Shortly afterward I was called one day to her house, and we found them having a feast with quite a number of guests. I supposed she had called me for a professional visit, but, much to my surprise, she presented me with a ring left for me by the Shah's wife.

THE MONK'S VISION.

IN a recently published volume of "Illustrations of Bible Texts," Mr. C. H. Spurgeon relates the following legend, which, though of course not true, serves, like the parables of our Lord, to convey a valuable lesson:

"There is a striking legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclination. A monk had seen a beautiful vision of our Saviour, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which it was his duty to feed the poor at the convent-gate. He would fain have lingered in his cell, transported with joy at the vision; but, under a sense of duty, he tore himself away from it to perform his humble service. When he returned he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and heard a voice, saying, 'Hadst thou stayed, I would have gone. As thou hast gone, I have remained.'

"It is a blessed thing to go forth with the Master's message after having seen Him; it is delightful to meet Him on the way when we are going to tell His disciples; and it is inexpressibly pleasant to find Him in the assembly bearing the witness with us. To go from the Lord with the Lord is such an agreeable combination that it cannot be described, but must be personally experienced."

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev. M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 71 Bible House, New York.



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CURRENT EVENTS.

Elaborate Preparations for the Conference of the delegates from Central and South America are being made. It is proposed to take the party on a trip through the manufacturing and producing districts of the country. Fifty delegates are expected, and there will be ten of the United States. Arrangements are being made for the whole conference to leave Washington for New York on the morning of October 3 in one of the finest trains of cars ever run over a railroad in this country. Every convenience of living—bathrooms, barber shops, dining-rooms, smoking rooms, and sleeping-rooms—will be provided on the train. The party will go from New York, taking the steamer to Fall River, Mass. There they will visit the printworks and other great factories, and go thence to Providence, R. I. Afterward they go to Wilimantic, Meriden, Ansonia, and New Haven. The next district will be the great factories of Lynn, Lowell, and Lawrence, Mass. The trip is to close with a run in the great West. The delegates are expected to be here for several months, and the chief benefit hoped for immediately from the gathering is the knowledge they will acquire of the industrial prosperity of the United States, and the social and political conditions which make prosperity possible.

A Defence for Removals of Postmasters was made by Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson on August 20. The charge has been made by the advocates of Civil Service Reform that the present Administration has not been faithful to its pledges in that matter. Democratic journals have taken up the cry and pressed it so vigorously that Mr. Clarkson deemed it wise to make a statement of the actual facts. He said that during the six months of the Administration there have been about fifteen thousand changes made in the post-offices. Of these fifteen thousand changes, one-third were brought about by resignations. About two hundred were made because of the changes in the location of the offices. When the postmasters were keeping their offices in grog shops or in other questionable places, new postmasters were appointed who established themselves where ladies may go without any apprehension. In regard to presidential offices, the policy has been to allow the incumbents to serve four years, unless there was a cause for removal. It is emphatically denied that in the selection of new postmasters preference was given to customers of Mr. Wanamaker's wholesale house.

A National League for the Protection of American institutions was organized at Syracuse, N. Y., on Aug. 21. There had been a preliminary consultation of Christian ministers and laymen of all sections of the country on the subject of the hostile attitude assumed in Boston, Mass., and other cities toward the public schools by the Roman Catholic Church, except where that Church controlled the schools. The consultation issued in the Syracuse Convention last week. Among those present were Dr. Miner and E. A. Studley, of Boston; the Revs. Dr. Herrick Johnson and Slason Thompson, of Chicago; the Revs. Drs. Chester and Cary, of Washington; the Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Indianapolis; the Rev. Joseph Cook, and other well-known public men, lay and clerical. At the conference communications were read

from many eminent citizens, including governors, senators, representatives, presidents and professors of colleges, editors and clergymen. Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-President of Harvard University, and the Hon. John Jay were among those who sent papers. The object of the League organized at the convention is to secure constitutional and legislative safeguards for the protection of the common-school system and other American institutions, and to prevent all sectarian or denominational appropriation of public funds. Its officers are the Hon. John Jay, of New York, president; the Rev. Dr. James B. Dunn, of Boston, secretary; with a vice-president from each State.

The Killing of Judge Terry in California has raised a constitutional question of momentous importance; and its settlement, when it finally reaches the United States Supreme Court, will involve serious consequences. Both Justice Field and Marshal Nagle were arrested for the shooting of Terry. The State of California claims jurisdiction in the case. The Federal authorities, on the other hand, contend that as the shooting was done by a Federal officer by Federal orders in defence of a United States Justice, they alone have jurisdiction. It will be seen that the old question of States rights is at issue in this conflict of Federal and State authority, and the contention promises to be a fierce one. If the Federal authorities succeed in carrying their view of the case, the logical application of the principle will extend the ægis of the United States over every Federal official, including letter-carriers and messengers in the custom-houses.

The Post-Office Department Announces an improvement in the street letter-boxes. The antiquated contrivances now affixed to the lamp-posts are to be superseded by a style of box which it will not be so easy to rob. A dispatch from Washington states that the new box has no visible opening for the reception of letters, but there are two knobs at the top, by pushing on either one of which an opening is exposed by the revolving of a hinged plate. This plate connects with a tray, and as soon as the knob is released the tray falls down and drops the letter below. There are two compartments to each letter-box, and it is impossible to get at the lower compartment, in which all letters are dumped by the tray, until the box is opened by the carrier. The new style will gradually supersede the old style as the boxes wear out.

Significant Figures Respecting the Schools in the Indian Territory which receive assistance from the Government have come to light. It appears that besides the 159 Government schools there are eighty-six contract schools under the care of various bureaus or societies, to which the Government pays a sum averaging \$108 annually per capita for the subsistence and clothing of the pupils. Of these fifty-nine are carried on by the Bureau of Roman Catholic Indian Missions. In regard to some complaints as to the great number of contracts given out to this bureau, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs says it is due "to the fact that they have expended larger sums of money than any other denomination in the erection of school buildings and in the establishment of schools, and therefore have been enabled to accommodate more pupils under contract." Latest reports show that the Catholics have much more than \$1,000,000 invested in school buildings for the use of the Indians. Protestants must surely lament that their own societies have not been supplied with the means to show like enterprise.

An Enterprise Which Menaces France is in progress. It involves a combination of financiers and engineers. For some time past the strategic importance of effecting an amalgamation between the Jura, Berne, Lucerne, and Western Simplon railroads has been perceived. It was consummated last week when a syndicate of German bankers acquired sufficient shares to remove two French directors and replace them with directors favorable to the amalgamation.

Under this arrangement the whole line connecting Lucerne, Geneva, and the Simplon is, like the St. Gothard Railway, under German influence. The new company favors an immediate piercing of the Simplon. They have accepted a scheme for a tunnel at the base of the mountain, with its southern mouth in Italy, which, in case of war, would enable Italy and Germany to bring troops directly to the Franco-Swiss frontier, which is almost entirely unfortified.

An Enormous Strike of Unskilled Labor has taken place in England. It commenced with the dock laborers and spread rapidly. On August 21 thirty thousand men had joined the movement. Members of other trades have since united with the striking dockmen. The carmen at Pickford & Co's., general carriers, and agents of the London and Northwestern and other railroad companies, have gone out, and the railway carmen are joining them. The laborers at a large biscuit factory have struck, causing an entire stoppage of work. All classes of unskilled labor in London threaten to join in the strike and trouble is feared. The police are making preparations for the emergency. The men appear to be orderly at present, and at a monster demonstration in London on Wednesday there were no excesses. The fact, however, that a red flag was carried in the procession causes fear lest the socialists should gain control of the movement.

The Newly Established Friendly Relations between the Governments of Germany and England are exercising an influence on the colonial policy of the former Government. The German company which has been pushing its way into Africa with small regard for the safety of missionaries, has presented an appeal to Prince Bismarck for protection against English "encroachments" in Africa, and urged him to find means to put an end to the present state of affairs. In the appeal reference is made to the seizure, by the English Admiral at Zanzibar, of Dr. Peters's steamer, the *Neera*, and to the damage done to German traders by the Niger Company, and the persistent efforts of English companies to acquire sovereign rights in the territories adjoining the German settlements. Bismarck's reply to the appeal has not been published, but the journal which is recognized as his organ, referring to the agitation, says: "Our friendship for England forms the weightiest security for the peace of Europe, and our chief policy is to strengthen the friendship of England. For the two nations to estrange each other by public manifestations of hostility is to play into the hands of their opponents abroad."

Public Interest in England was absorbed last week by suspense as to the fate of Mrs. Maybrick, an American woman under sentence of death. She was convicted of killing her husband by mixing arsenic with his food and medicine. Circumstantial evidence weighed heavily against her. There was, however, a conflict of medical testimony at the trial, the prisoner's medical witnesses alleging that the symptoms were consistent with death from natural causes, while the witnesses for the prosecution testified emphatically that arsenic was undoubtedly the cause of death. Strong efforts were made after the prisoner was condemned to have her sentence commuted. So intense did the excitement become that women wrote offering to die in her place, and others wrote threatening with death the official in whose hands the decision lay, if he allowed her to be hanged. The authorities were placed in a difficulty. If she was guilty, the crime was so base and deliberate that she did not deserve mercy, while if she was innocent she ought not to be punished at all. Finally, after long debate, the illogical but merciful course was taken of commuting the sentence to penal servitude for life.

Any Subscriber Interested in this Journal, and desiring to promote its circulation, may have sample copies sent them postage-paid and free of charge, for distribution at camp-meetings or other places where such distribution will introduce the paper, and lead to increased sales. Send postal card stating number required to The Manager, 71 Bible House.

Contributions to the Fund for the Relief of the Johnstown sufferers have been received, since our previous acknowledgment, to the amount of \$14. They are: from the Presbyterian Church of Hickory, N. C., \$13; Mrs. F. Chew, Ormond, Fla., \$1 additional. These, with the sums previously acknowledged, have been sent through Colonel Eliot F. Shepard to the treasurer of the fund, at Johnstown, Pa.

"Mexico for Christ" is a Motto Likely to Become very familiar in the Christian homes and churches of our land. It is that of circles of ladies which it is proposed to form in every State. There are many persons who, for years past, have been individually sending money for the support of Bishop Riley's work. The time has now come when systematic organization can be effected. The Mexican League in New York, composed of devoted ladies, can be duplicated in any city; for there is no city without a few earnest Christian ladies with similar energy and consecration. A circle regularly constituted, with President and Secretary, can effectively present the claims of the Mexican work to the Christian community in their own neighborhood, collect small subscriptions and send them in one sum regularly every month to the Treasurer in New York. This is not a new system. It has been used by the ladies who have so nobly helped to sustain the McAll mission in Paris. It cannot be less successful when it is organized in the interest of a similar unsectarian work among a similar people so much nearer home. Any of our readers who have been subscribing to Bishop Riley's work will confer a favor by uniting with Christian friends in their own cities and reporting their organization to J. P. Heath, Esq., 43 Bible House, New York.

A Ghastly Girdle is Worn by a Lady in New Jersey. About three weeks ago a party of ladies and gentlemen from Newark and Paterson were staying at the Lakeside Hotel. The prolonged rainy weather having at last ended, the party started one morning to climb the mountain. After reaching the rocky plateau at the summit, one of the ladies separated from the rest of the party and went on a search by herself for botanical specimens. She was stooping to gather a flower, when a loud hiss startled her. Looking up, she was horrified to see the head of a rattlesnake on a level with her face. There was no mistaking the attitude of the snake. It was coiled for a spring, and the lady instantly realized her danger. There was no time to shriek or faint, so, nerving herself for the effort, she struck out with the alpenstock she had in her hand, bringing it down with all her force on the elevated head of the snake. The blow killed it, and then the lady called to her companions. A gentleman in the party skinned the reptile and sent the skin to a taxidermist, who made it into a girdle, which the lady now wears as a trophy of her prowess. Her acquaintances, whose curiosity may be excited by the singular girdle, will be told how she fought with the snake and killed it. In the day when the Christian is glorified there will be inquiries made about what he wears (Rev. 7: 13, 14), and it will appear that it, too, is significant of victory—victory over the Evil One, who in Scripture is compared to a serpent. (Rev. 3: 5.)

A Son's Search for an Erring and Unnatural father brought him to New York last week. On August 20 a respectable man about thirty years old was making inquiries at institutions where inebriates are cared for, at prisons, and at the almshouse for any record of his father, whose name he gave, and whose person, on which there were tattoo marks, he described. He was unsuccessful, and was apparently deeply disappointed. At one institution he was induced to tell his story. He said that in 1867, when he was about eight years old, he was found in Mulberry Street, New York, and handed over to the Children's Aid Society as a deserted child. He remembers that his father was a drunkard, and a terror to his wife and children. The boy was sent by the Society to a farmer in Ohio, who adopted him. He had rather a hard time,

but managed to get on, and is now comfortably situated in Philadelphia. He heard nothing of his family until a few weeks ago, when he met a lady whose face reminded him of his mother, and having made her acquaintance he found that she was his sister. She told him that their mother was dead, but their father was, she believed, still living in New York, and was, the last time she heard of him, still pursuing his dissipated life. The son determined to seek him out and try to reform him. When the time for his summer vacation came on, he came to New York to begin his search. The spectacle of the son seeking the dissipated father who had deserted him, that he may reclaim him, is very uncommon. It argues rare nobility and magnanimity. Such a man, it may be hoped, has heard of another search—that which his Heavenly Father has instituted for him, and has responded to it. (Luke 15: 4, 5.)

Summering by Telescope is a Peculiar Experience at the command of a Signal Service officer. He is stationed at Pike's Peak, Colo., and finds it a very bleak, inhospitable situation. Writing recently to a friend, he said: "Sometimes I stand at the window with my telescope. I can see the houses of Colorado Springs, twenty miles away, the men sitting in their shirt-sleeves sipping iced drinks to keep cool, the ladies walking about in white summer robes. I lower the glass. The summer scene is gone. Green trees, animal life, men and women, fade away like the creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in a world of eternal snow and ice and silence." Whether the officer enjoys the sight, or is tantalized by it, he does not say. There is a similar contrast between what is seen by the tried, troubled Christian with the natural eye and the eye of faith. That is always inspiring, because he knows that his present surroundings are only temporary, while what he sees by faith is his eternal home. (II Cor. 4: 17, 18.)

A Contract to Marry was Presented to the Secretary of the Immigration Commission last week for his decision as to its relations to the Alien Contract Labor Law. A girl arrived in New York on August 18, who came from Scotland with a passenger ticket which had been sent to her by a young Scotchman who is now living in Chicago. She was engaged to be married to him in their native country, but the young man thought he could make money in America. So he came on here, promising that when he was settled he would send the girl the money to follow him. She agreed to do so, and came out under the contract to become his wife. Her admission was opposed on the ground that the law distinctly prohibits the payment of passage of any persons under contract except those belonging to certain specified professions, of which a wife is not one. Some men who have suffered by this law have been trying to make its enforcement ridiculous, as in the case of the rector of Holy Trinity, and probably the objection to a contract wife originates with them. The Secretary good-humoredly laughed at the objection, and let the Scotch girl pass, though he admitted to a reporter that he might be breaking the strict letter of the law in doing so. Public opinion, however, will sustain him in disregarding a technical objection raised to keep a girl away from her intended husband, Christians who have entered into union with Christ, and who know that He has gone to prepare a place for them, that where He is there they may be, may rejoice in the assurance that no opposition can ever separate them from Him. (John 14: 2, 3.)

A Desperate Fight with Fire in Midocean took place on board the *Allianca*, which arrived at New York on August 16. She came from Rio Janeiro and other Brazilian ports. At Pernambuco she took on board a thousand bales of cotton and a hundred pipes of rum, and both consignments were packed in the lower hold, the cotton on the top of the rum. At Bahia her passenger-list was completed, and there were eighty passengers on board, of whom forty-five

were women and children. On the same night, about 10 o'clock, when the *Allianca* was 135 miles from her starting-point, the cry of "Fire!" rang through the ship. The captain called every able-bodied man among the passengers to help the crew, and all that night they worked throwing bales of cotton overboard and pouring water on the fire. The heat in every part of the ship was intolerable and the smoke suffocating. The chief element of difficulty arose from the rum bursting its casks and floating in liquid flame on the top of the water. Finally, the women and children were put in the boats and on a raft hastily constructed. They were launched, but were attached to the ship with cables, which were to be cast off at the last moment. Meanwhile the men struggled with the fire, and after twelve hours' labor had it under control. The captain then headed the steamer back for Bahia, where the passengers were landed in safety. It was a narrow escape, which none of them is likely ever to forget. The experience may, however, prove a blessing to them if it leads them to think of the doom of lost souls, of which the burning vessel was a type, and to avail themselves of the offer of salvation through Christ, which is the only way of escape. (Mark 9: 44.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Connecticut will vote upon a prohibitory amendment next October.

Mr. C. H. Yatman, the evangelist, will conduct meetings in the fall at Norwich, N. Y., and Ashtabula, Ohio.

The Congregational churches of Connecticut contributed last year for charities \$382,631, being an average of \$6.65 for each member.

Miss Mary L. Moreland has been ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at Wyandot, Ill. She is believed to be the only lady pastor in that denomination.

The old Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, London, which is famous as the scene of George Whitefield's labors, has been condemned as unsafe, and is to be pulled down.

The Rev. Stephen Mattoon, for twenty-five years a missionary in Siam, and later President of Biddell University, at Charlotte, N. C., died on August 15, at Marion, Ohio, aged seventy-eight.

A legacy of \$6,500 was paid last week to a saleslady in a dry-goods house in Grand Street, New York. It was bequeathed to her by an aged lady, a customer to whom she had been polite and obliging.

Rev. J. H. Parker, of the Bethany Congregational Church, Chicago, is to make explorations in Oklahoma, with reference to the need of establishing Congregational churches and Sunday-schools in that Territory.

Mr. Moody's Bible Institute is to be opened October 1. The home on Pearson Street, Chicago, has cost \$75,000. Miss Gertrude Hurlbert will be Principal of the women's department. Its special object will be the training of evangelists.

The Rev. D. R. Robinson, D. D., the well-known Methodist minister of Indianapolis, Ind., twice President of the Fort Wayne College, died suddenly of apoplexy on August 18. He had been attending one of Francis Murphy's temperance meetings.

The *Chinese Evangelist*, of New York, gives a list of 123 Chinese schools and missions in this country. The average attendance, so far as given, is about 1,600. This total does not include the missions of the Pacific coast, in connection with which are 217 Christians.

An Indian in the Monterey Hospital is reputed to have attained the extraordinary age of 150 years. There is no actual registration to prove the claim, but aged persons who have known him all their lives, say that when they were children he was an old man with grandchildren.

Meetings at the great camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J., last week attracted an immense company. They commenced each day at 5:30 A. M., and the last meeting was not always concluded by 10 P. M. Dr. L. W. Munhall took a prominent part in the meetings with Mr. Yatman, Dr. O. A. Brown, Mrs. Palmer, and others.

The Church of the Holy Trinity in New York has been sending the children of its Sunday-school during the summer to a farm in Connecticut which it has purchased. It is situated on the Sound, and is in charge of a Bible reader. The children stay one week. The boys and girls are sent alternately in classes, and much good has been done physically and spiritually.

A number of converted Roman Catholics have formed an independent church at Biddeford, Me., and have invited the Rev. Joseph S. Motte, who was ten years a priest in France and Canada, to become their pastor. They meet for the present in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, and are carrying on an aggressive work among their friends still in the Romish Church.

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But He knoweth the way that I take: When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Job 23: 10.

Job's Appeal—His Confidence—Based on God's Knowledge of his Way—Four Questions—I. Do You Know Your Way?—Where it leads?—How You are Going?—An Inference from Silence—Are You Drifting?—A Vagabond Lunatic Arrested—II. Are you glad God Knows Your Way?—Certain that He Does Know—Even When the Man is in Doubt—III. Have you Met with Trials in the Way?—Trials in All Ways—Come from God—As Tests—Will Have an End—IV. Have you Confidence in God?—Gold uninjured by Fire.

JOB could not understand the way of God with him; he was greatly perplexed. He could not find the Lord, with whom aforetime he constantly abode. He cries: "Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him; on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him; He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him." But if Job knew not the way of the Lord, the Lord knew Job's way. It is a great comfort that when we cannot see the Lord, He sees us, and perceives the way that we take. It is not so important that we should understand what the Lord is doing as that the Lord should understand what we are doing, and that we should be impressed by the great fact that He does understand it. Our case may be quite beyond our own comprehension, but it is all plain to Him, who seeth the end from the beginning.

Because God knew his way, Job turned from the unjust judgments of his unfeeling friends, and appealed to God Himself. He pleaded

In the Supreme Court,

where his case was known, and he refused the verdicts of erring men. He that doeth right seeketh the light; and as Job saw that the light was with God, he hastened to that light, that his deeds might be made manifest. Like a bird of the day, which begins to signal the return of the morning, he could sing when he stood in the light of God. He was glad that the Lord knew his way, his motive, and his desires; for from that truth he inferred that he would be helped in his trials, and brought safely through them. "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

These words afford rich consolation to the saints, and if I were to use them for that purpose I should expect the Lord's people greatly to rejoice in the Lord, whose observant eye and gracious thoughts are always upon them. Our whole condition lies open to Him with whom we have to do. Though never understood by men, we are understood by our God. As the Son of God was known to the Father, though unknown to all the world, so are we hidden from the knowledge of men, but well known of the Most High.

I quit the design of comforting the people of God for the more presently pressing work of arousing the unconverted. Their way is evil, and the end thereof is destruction. Oh that I could arouse them to a sense of their condition! To that end I shall ask four questions.

I. My hearer, I ask you, first:

Do You Know Your own Way?

You have a way. There is a way which you have taken, chosen, selected for yourself: there is a way which you follow in desire, word, and act. So far as your life is left to your own management, there is a way which you voluntarily take and willingly follow. Do you know what that way is? It is not everyone who does know as much as that. It is a very simple question to put to you; but yet it is a very needful one to many; for many walk on as in a dream.

Do you know where you are going? "Of course," says one, "everybody knows where he is going." Do you know where *you* are going, and do you carefully consider your end? You are steaming across the deep sea of time into the main ocean of eternity: to what port are you steering? Whither goest thou, O man?

The birds in the heaven know their time and place when they fly away in due season; but do you know whither you are speeding? Do you keep watch, looking ahead for the shore? What shore are you expecting to see? For what purpose are you living? What is the end and drift of your daily action? I fear that many in this vast congregation are not prepared to give a deliberate answer which will be pleasant to utter and to think upon. Is not this suspicious? If I were to go out to-morrow by the sea, I should not walk on board a steamboat and then inquire, "Where are you going?" The captain would think me a crazy fellow if I embarked before I knew where the vessel was going. I first make up my mind where I will go, and then select a vessel which is likely to carry me there in comfort. I know of no ultimate abode of souls except the brightness of the Father's glory, or the darkness of Jehovah's wrath. Which of these will be your end? Which way are you intentionally going? What is it you are aiming at? Are you living for God? or are you so living that the result must be eternal banishment from His presence?

If you answer that question, allow me to put another: Do you know

How You are Going?

In what strength are you pursuing your journey? If you feel able to say, "I am seeking that which is right and good," I then press the inquiry, In what strength are you pursuing it? Are you depending upon your own power, or have you received strength from on high? Do you rely on your own resolves and determinations, or have you received help from the Spirit of God? Remember, there are days in every life-voyage in which the storm-fiend puts all human power to a nonplus. Even in the fairest weather we are all too apt to run on rocks or quicksands; but the voyage of life is seldom altogether a pleasant one, and we must be prepared for tempests. Our own unaided strength will not endure the waves and the winds of the ocean of life; and if you are trusting to yourself disaster will befall you. The Lord brings men to the desired haven; but, left to themselves, they are no match for the thousand dangers of their mysterious voyage. Is God with you? Has the Lord Jesus become your strength and your song? your Guide and Protector? If not, your weakness and folly will be made clear, before long, to your inevitable ruin. You may put on all steam and forge ahead in the teeth of the wind; but all in vain: you will never reach

The Fair Havens.

Are there any here who decline to answer my question? When a man confesses that he does not know where he is going, or what his business may be, the policeman concludes that he is probably going where he ought not to go, and has business on hand which is not what it should be. If you are afraid to consider your future, your fear is a bad omen. The tradesman who is afraid to look into his accounts will before long have them looked into for him by an officer from the Bankruptcy Court. He that dares not see his own face in the glass must be an ugly fellow; and you that dare not behold your own characters have bad characters. Not know where you are going! Ah me! do you wish to find yourselves in hell on a sudden? Do you prefer to go to a doctor who is known to say, "There is not much the matter: a little change and a dose of physic will soon put you all right"? Do you pay your guineas to be flattered? No: the man who is wise wants to know the truth, however alarming that truth may be.

Is anyone here compelled to say, "I have chosen the evil road"? Remember the Lord knows the way that you take. I am anxious that you should yourself know the truth about your condition and prospects. I wish every man here who is serving Satan to be aware that he is doing it. But there is this comfort to me, if it does not comfort you—that if you have chosen the wrong way, that choice need not stand. The grace of God can come in, and lead you at once to reverse your course.

But, my friend, *are you drifting?* Do you say, "I am not distinctly sailing for heaven, neither am I resolutely steering in the other direction. I do not quite know what to say of myself"? Are you drifting, then? Surely, you must be

Derelict, if not Water-logged;

and you will come to a total wreck before long. Yours is a dark prospect. Some time ago, I read in a paper of a gentleman being brought up before the magistrate. What was the charge against him? "Nothing very serious," you will say. He was found wandering in the fields. He was asked where he was going, and he said he was not going anywhere. He was asked where he came from, and he said he did not know. They asked him where his home was, and he said he had none. They brought him up for wandering as—what? *a dangerous lunatic!* The man who has no aim or object in life, but just wanders about anywhere or nowhere, acts like a dangerous lunatic, and assuredly is not morally sane. Do not say that you are drifting; it is a terrible answer, implying grievous danger, and casting a suspicion upon your sanity. If you have reason, use it, and do not play the fool.

But can you say, "Yes, I am bound for the right port"? It may be that your accents are trembling with a holy fear; but, none the less, I am glad to hear you say as much. I rejoice if you say, "Christ commands me; I am trusting to His guidance; He is my way, my life, my end." Dear friend, I congratulate you. We will sail together, as God shall help us, under the convoy of our Lord Jesus, who is the Lord High Admiral of the sea of life. We will keep with His squadron till we cast anchor in the glassy sea. But now that you know your way, and are assured that you are on the right track, put on all steam. If we really are on the right way, let us press forward with all our powers; and may God help us, that we may win the prize! Answer this first question, and know of a surety where you are, and whither you are going.

II. Secondly, is it a comfort to you that God knows your way? Solemnly, I believe that one of

The Best Tests of Character

is our relation to the great truth of God's omniscience. If it startles you that God sees you, then you ought to be startled. Allow me to apply the test to you now, by asking what you think of the truth that the Lord knows you altogether. Remember, if your heart condemn you, God is greater than your heart, and knoweth all things; but if your heart condemn you not, then have you confidence toward God.

Dear friend, it is quite certain that God does know the way that you take. The Hebrew may be read, "He knoweth the way that is in me;" from which I gather that the Lord not only knows our outward actions, but our inward feelings. He knows our likes and dislikes, our desires and our designs, our imaginations and tendencies. He knows not only what we do, but what we would do if we could. He knows which way we should go if the restraints of society and the fear of consequences were removed; and that, perhaps, is a more important proof of character than the actions of which we are guilty. God knows what you think of, what you wish for, what you are pleased with. He knows not only the surface-tint of your character, but the secret heart and core of it. The Lord knows you altogether. Think of that. Does it give you any joy, this morning, to think that the Lord thus reads all the secrets of your bosom? Whether you rejoice therein or not, so it is, and ever will be.

God knows your way, however falsely you may be represented by others. Those three men who had looked so askance upon Job accused him of hypocrisy, and of having practiced some secret evil; but Job could answer, "The Lord knoweth the way that I take." Are you the victim of slander? the Lord knows the truth. Though you have been sadly misunderstood, if not wilfully misrepresented by ungenerous persons, yet God knows all about you; and His knowledge is of more importance than the opinions of dying men.

Another great mercy is, that God knows the way we take when we hardly know it ourselves. There are times with the true children of God when they cannot see their way, nor even take their bearings. It is not every saint that knows his longitude and latitude; nay, it is not every saint that is sure that he is a saint. We have to ask: "Is my repentance real? Is my faith true? Have I really passed, from death to life? Am I the Lord's own?" I do not wish you to be in such a state: it is a pity that such a question should be possible; but I know full well that many sincere saints are often put to the question, and not altogether without reason. Herein is comfort: the Lord knows His children, and He knows the truth of their graces, the preciousness of their faith, the heavenliness of their life; for He is the Former, the Author, of them all. He knows His own work, and cannot be deceived.

III. Thirdly, do you meet with Trials in the Way?

I anticipate your answer. Out of the many here present, not one has been quite free from sorrow. I think I hear one saying, "Sir, I have had more trouble since I have been a Christian than I ever had before." I met with such a case the other day: a man said to me, "I never went to a place of worship for many years, and I always seemed to prosper. At last I began to think of divine things, and I attended the house of God; but since then I have had nothing but trouble." He did not murmur against God, but he did think it very strange. Friend, listen to me. These troubles are no token that you are in the wrong way. Job was in the right way, and the Lord knew it; and yet He suffered Job to be very fiercely tried.

Consider that there are trials in all ways. Even the road to destruction, broad as it is, has not a path in it which avoids trial. Some sinners go over hedge and ditch to hell. If a man resolves to be a worldling, he will not find that the paths of sin are paths of peace. The wicked may well be ill at ease; for God walks contrary to them because they walk contrary to Him. No man, be he on the throne, or on the woollack, or up in a mill, or down in a coal-pit, can live without affliction. In a cottage near a wood there are troubles, as well as in the palace by the sea. We are born to trouble; if you look for a world without thorns and thistles, you will not find it here.

Trials are no evidence of being without God, Trials Come From God.

Job says, "When He hath tried me." He sees God in his afflictions. The devil actually wrought the trouble; but the Lord not only permitted it, but He had a design in it. Without the divine concurrence, none of his afflictions could have happened. It was God that tried Job, and it is God that tries us. No trouble comes to us without divine permission. All the dogs of affliction are muzzled until God sets them free. Since every trial comes from God, afflictions are no evidence that you are out of God's way.

Besides, according to the text, these trials are tests: "When He hath tried me." The trials that came to Job were made to be proofs that the patriarch was real and sincere. Did not the enemy say: "Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." The devil will have it that as dogs follow men for bones, so do we follow God for what we can get out of Him. The Lord lets the devil see that our love is not bought by temporal goods, that we are not mercenary followers, but loving children of the Lord, so that under dire suffering we exclaim, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." By the endurance of grief our sincerity is made manifest, and it is proven that we are not mere pretenders, but true heirs of God.

Once more upon this point: if you have met

with troubles, remember *they will come to an end*. The holy man in our text says, "When He hath tried me." As much as to say, He will not always be doing it; there will come a time when He will have done trying me. Beloved, put a stout heart to a steep hill, and you will climb it before long. Put the ship in good trim for a storm; and though the winds may howl for a while, they will at length sob themselves asleep. There is a sea of glass for us after the sea of storms. Only have patience, and the end will come. Let your trials be evidence to you rather that you are in the right than that you are in the wrong way; "for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Because thou art bound for heaven thou wilt meet with storms.

IV. Fourthly:

Have You Confidence in God

as to these storms? Can you say, in the language of the text, "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold"? If you are really trusting in Jesus, if He is everything to you, you may say this confidently; for you will find it true to the letter. If you have really given yourself up to be saved by grace, do not hesitate to believe that you will be found safe at the last. I do not like people to come and trust Christ with a temporary faith, as though He could keep them for a day or two, but could not preserve them all their lives. Trust Christ for everlasting salvation: mark "*everlasting*!"

This confidence must be sustained by sincerity. If a man is not sure that he is sincere, he cannot have confidence in God. If you are a bit of gold and know it, the fire and you are friends. You will come forth out of it; for no fire will burn up gold. But if you suspect that you are some imitation metal, some mixture which glitters but is not gold, you will then hate fire and have no good word for it. You will proudly murmur at the divine dispensations. Why should you be put into the fire? Why should you be tried? You will kick against God's providence if you are a hypocrite, but if you are really sincere you will submit to the divine hand, and will not lie down in despair. The motto of pure gold is, "I shall come forth." Make it your hopeful confidence.

In the Day of Trouble.

Once more: He says, "I shall come forth as gold." But how does that come forth? It comes forth proved. It has been assayed, and is now warranted pure. So shall you be. After the trial you will be able to say, "Now I know that I fear God; now I know that God is with me, sustaining me; now I see that He has helped me, and I am sure that I am His." How does gold come forth? It comes forth purified. A lump of ore may not be so big as when it went into the fire, but it is quite as precious. There is quite as much gold in it now as there was at first. What has gone? Nothing but that which is best gone. The dross has gone, but all the gold is there. O child of God, you may decrease in bulk, but not in bullion!

Once more: how does gold come forth from the furnace? It comes forth ready for use. Now the goldsmith may take it, and make what he pleases of it. It has been through the fire, and the dross has been got away from it, and it is fit for his use. So, beloved, if you are on the way to heaven, and you meet with difficulties, they will bring you preparation for higher service; you will be a better and more useful man; you will be a woman whom God can more fully use to comfort others: Spiritual afflictions are heavenly promotions. You are

Going a Rank Higher,

God is putting another stripe upon your arm. You were only a corporal, but now he is making a sergeant of you. Be not discouraged. You that have set out for heaven this morning, do not go back because you get a rainy day when you start. Do not be like Pliable. When he got to the Slough of Despond, and tumbled in, all he did was to struggle to get out on the side nearest home. He said, "If I may only once get out of this bog, you may have that grand city for yourself for me." Come, be like Christian,

who, though he did sink, always kept his face in the right way, and always turned his back to the City of Destruction. "No," he said, "if I sink in deep mire where there is no standing, I will go down with my eyes toward the hills whence cometh my help. May the Lord so bless you, for He knows the way you take! and when He hath tried you, he will bring you forth as gold. Amen."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

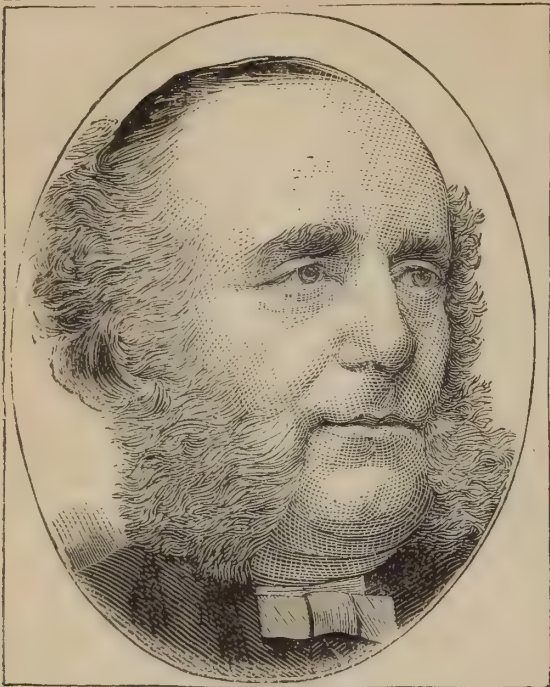
The Waldenses.*

A RICH citizen of Lyons, named Waldus, had first the gospels, then other books of the Old and New Testaments, translated by two priests into the Romance dialect for his own instruction. Moved by a careful study of these writings, and impressed by the sudden death of a friend about A. D. 1170, he distributed his goods to the poor, and founded a society for preaching the gospel among the people. They went forth like the seventy disciples, two and two, without staff or scrip, with wooden sandals, or sabots, on their feet, a pattern of apostolic poverty and simplicity, preaching and teaching through the land, and calling upon the people to return to apostolic purity of life, and to study the Scriptures for themselves. They were called "Poor Men of Lyons" and "Sabatate," as wearing sabots. The Archbishop of Lyons forbade their preaching; but they referred to Acts 5: 29, and appealed to the third Lateran Council of A. D. 1179, under Alexander III. They were there, however, treated with contempt. As they still persisted in preaching, Lucius III., in A. D. 1184, put them under the ban. They had not hitherto shown any opposition to the doctrine, worship, or constitution of the Catholic Church. Even the ecclesiastical authorities had made no objection to the substance of their preaching, but only to their exercising that function without a legitimate call. Innocent III. acknowledged the injudiciousness of his predecessor, and agreed, in A. D. 1209, to the plan of a Spanish Waldensian, Durandus, of Oscar or Huesca, to have the Society of Poor Men of Lyons organized as an order of lay monks—"Poor Catholic Men"—who should preach, expound Scripture, and give practical instruction under episcopal supervision. But this came too late. The Church itself had severed the ties which had hitherto bound them to the traditional doctrines of catholicism, and the Waldensians were too far advanced on the path of evangelical freedom to be thus induced to return. The Pope, therefore, renewed the ban against them. They spread over all the south of France, the east of Spain, the north of Italy, the south of Germany, and even the Netherlands and as far as England. . . . They continue in Piedmont to the present day.

The Martyr Huss.

John Huss, of Hussinecz, in Bohemia, born A. D. 1369, was Bachelor of Theology at Prague in A. D. 1394; was ordained priest in A. D. 1400; undertook a pastorate in 1402 in the Bethlehem Chapel, where he had to preach in the Bohemian language; was chosen confessor of Queen Sophia in 1403, and was soon afterward made synodal preacher by the Archbishop. Till then he had in humility accepted all the doctrines of the Romish Church, and even in 1403 he offered his last four groschen for an indulgence, so that for a long time dry bread was his only nourishment. But about 1402 he reached an important crisis in his life through the study of Wycliffe's theological works. . . . He was soon recognized as a leader among the converts. The Archbishop then forbade Huss to preach within his diocese. . . . The Roman Emperor Sigismund summoned Huss to attend the Council of Con-

* From "Church History." By Professor Kurtz, Vol. II. Translated by Rev. John Macpherson, M. A. This volume, like its predecessor, is an excellent manual for the lay student, who needs a brief, concise narrative of the most important facts and movements in the history of Christianity. It covers the period from the beginning of the tenth century to the end of the sixteenth, and consequently embraces the stirring times of the Reformation in Germany and England. Pp. 478; price \$2. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.



Rev. Charles H. Kelly. (See page 540.)



Wesley's Narrow Escape from Death. (See page 549.)

stance, and promised him a safe-conduct. Though not yet in possession of it, which he only got at Constance—trusting to the righteousness of his cause, for which he was quite willing to die a martyr's death—he started for Constance October 11, 1414, reaching his destination November 3. On November 28 he was sentenced to imprisonment, at a private conference of the cardinals, on the pretended charge of an attempt at flight, first in the Dominican Cloister; then in the Bishop's castle at Gottlieben, where he was put in chains; finally in the Franciscan Cloister. Sigismund, who had not been forewarned when he was put in prison, ordered his release; but the Council convinced him that Huss, arraigned as a heretic before a general council, was beyond the reach of civil protection. . . . At last, on June 15, 1415, Huss was for the first time granted a public trial, but the tumult at the sitting was so great that he was prevented saying a single word. Even on the two following days of the trial he could do little more than make a vain protest against being falsely charged with errors, and declare his willingness to be better instructed from God's Word. The humility and gentleness of his demeanor, as well as the enthusiasm and believing joyfulness which he displayed, won for him many hearts even outside of the council. The third and last day of trial was June 8, 1415, and judgment was pronounced in the cathedral church on July 6. . . . Seven bishops dressed him in priestly robes, in order to strip them from him one after another amid solemn execrations. Then they put on him a high pyramidal hat, painted with figures of devils, and bearing the inscription "*Heresiarcha*," and uttered the words, "We give thy soul to the devil." He replied: "I commend it into the hands of our Saviour Jesus Christ." On that same day he was given over by Sigismund to Louis, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and by him to the Constance magistrates, and led to the stake.

AN EXPULSION FROM THE SMITHY.

(See illustration on page 557.)

A LITTLE group of farm-workers stood gossiping in a blacksmith's shop in a small village one summer morning. Farmer Jones's new team, the reclaiming of a bit of waste land for allotments, and similar subjects, were the topics of conversation. Joshua Brown, the blacksmith, was busy about his work, but heard what was being said, and put in a word at intervals when, standing at the fire, he watched the heating of the piece of iron he held in the glowing embers by his tongs.

Joshua's opinions were held in some respect in the village. He was a shrewd, observant man, knew a good deal about horse-flesh, a little of farming, a little of politics, and knew a little (not so much as he supposed) of science. He knew a great deal, too, about the quality of beer and spirits, and had in his time experimented in his own person on the effects of those fluids. That time was gone by now; Joshua was a strong temperance man, and the farmers who sent their horses to the smithy to be shod knew that the work would be done at once, an assurance they did not have in the days when Joshua used to have drinking spells that would continue two or three days at a time.

With the temperance reformation Joshua "got religion." He had a sonorous bass voice, and the news that some splendid singing was going on at revival meetings being held in the village chapel attracted Joshua to the little wooden building at the end of the village street. He caught one or two of the tunes quickly, and joined in the singing with a good deal of pleasure and heartiness. That was to be expected, but no one in the village expected what did occur. Joshua was seen one night in conversation with the minister, and was afterward observed kneeling down with him in prayer. The news spread through the village the next morning that the blacksmith was converted. It was not believed at first. But the news was confirmed; Joshua was publicly received into the Church on Sunday, and regularly thereafter took his seat in the choir.

An intimation of the change in Joshua's character appeared in his shop. On the wall hung a card on which the smith, with infinite pains, had inscribed in large letters, "No swearing allowed around here." That was a startling change. Heretofore the conversation in the smithy had been plentifully garnished with oaths, and the smith himself used pretty strong expletives at times. But Joshua was master inside the shop, and the general verdict on the law he had enacted was that it was a consistent thing to do, and that Joshua had a right to do it in his own place. Such a man was the smith, and such was the state of affairs on that particular morning, which was about six months after the smith's conversion.

Work and conversation were going on as described, when the minister unexpectedly entered the shop, and, nodding to the men around, went over to Joshua. There was a little talk between them, and then the minister and the smith went together outside and stood chatting under the big tree.

"Don't get into a passion, Joshua," said the minister; "you must be on your guard against that. That is why I came to see you this morning. I heard that Tom Atkins had come home, and last night in the ale-house the talk was about you, and Tom Atkins is set upon annoying you in some way."

"I knew Tom, sir, before he went for a soldier, and I ain't afraid of him," said the smith.

"I know that," said the minister, "but I am afraid of your being irritated by him and doing something desperate. Tom has been made a sergeant, and he has a showy new uniform, and is very proud of it and himself. If he comes here showing off and acting as he acted at the ale-house, I am afraid you'll be tempted—"

"To take him down a bit," said the smith, as the minister hesitated for words. "Yes, so I should, but I guess he won't try me so far. He knows something of my muscle of old, and if he thinks a bit, he'll be aware that his line of life has made him weaker and mine has made me stronger since then. He won't interfere with me, sir, you may be sure."

"I hope not, Joshua; but have a care of your temper. Remember who it was that was reviled and spat upon, and bore that treatment patiently." And the minister shook hands cordially and went his way.

Less than an hour afterward Tom Atkins sauntered into the shop and greeted his old acquaintance. Joshua received him cordially, and for a few minutes all went well. Then a few of the men who had heard the soldier's talk in the ale-house dropped in too, to witness anything that might happen. The soldier had evidently been to the ale-house again that morning, and the audience gathered around encouraged him to chaff the converted blacksmith. Joshua bore the chaff very well, and having some wit of his own, the laugh went against the soldier more than once, and Atkins lost his temper. A volley of guard-room oaths burst from his lips.

"Swearing not allowed," said Joshua, pointing to the notice to that effect on the smithy wall.

"You need not swear yourself, my man," said Atkins, "but you are not going to command me. My tongue's my own, and I shall not be hindered in using it. These men can take your orders if they like, but when I want to swear I shall swear," and he gave another specimen of his powers in that bad line.

Joshua laid down his hammer, and confronting the soldier, ordered him out of his shop. Atkins refused to stir, and intimated that there

would be a fight if the smith touched him. The smith obviously intended to enforce his order, and Atkins seeing that he did, struck at him viciously. Instead of parrying the blow, as the soldier expected he would, the smith stepped backward, and Atkins, who was not particularly steady on his feet, was almost overbalanced by the force he had expended on empty air. Before he had recovered himself, his arms were pinioned to his sides and the smith was pushing him to the door of the shop. The soldier made an effort to free himself there, but it was of no use; he was lifted bodily by the smith, whose strength seemed at that moment the strength of a giant, and he was hurled out of the shop on the turf outside, where he lay for a moment helpless on his back.

"You had better keep yourself on the outside of my place for the future," said the smith, as Atkins raised himself to a sitting posture and glared savagely at his mighty antagonist. "I am not a fighting man, but I mean to stop swearing in my place, and you see I can do it. Now, let me help you up, and then you go home and get sober." So saying, the smith good-naturedly raised the discomfited man to his feet, and saw him slouch off with abashed face toward his home. He then quietly returned to his work, congratulating himself on having administered a lesson to his tormentor he would not soon forget.

The minister heard of what had occurred in a short time, and before the day closed he thought he would see Atkins, and he called on him and had a long conversation with him. The next day the smith was astonished to see the soldier enter his shop again. He expected there was to be another trial for his temper, but to his amazement Atkins came right up to him, and, putting out his hand, blurted out an apology. Joshua shook it cordially, and told him he was glad there was to be no ill-will between them. Before the soldier left the village he had signed the pledge, and had been seen in the choir by Joshua's side.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

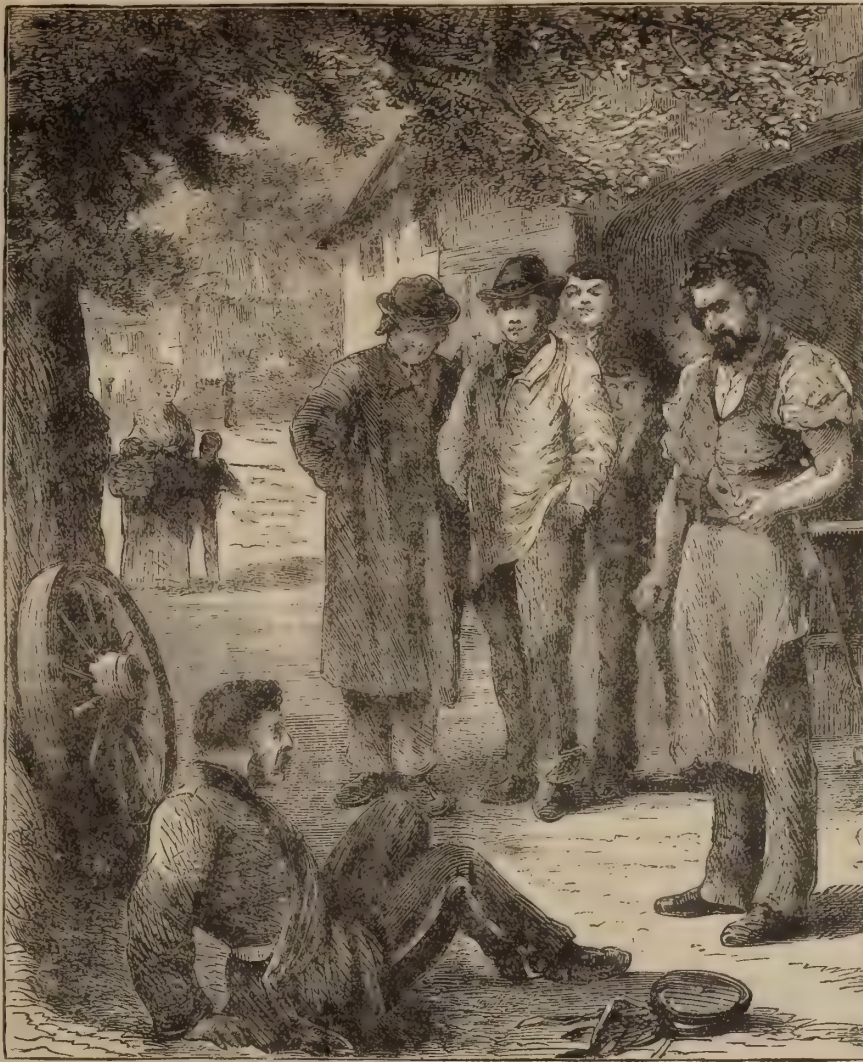
(Continued from page 542.)

An Old Friend.

THE escort conducting Lee to the place of execution consisted of about eighty persons, one of whom was a photographer, who deemed the circumstance worthy perpetuation by the unerring camera. From one of those present I copy the sketch of the ending of John D. Lee.

It was Friday morning when the party stopped at their destination, and Lee was immediately ordered to descend from the wagon in which he rode, which he did without delay. Marshal Nelson then read the orders of the court regarding the execution, and, when the reading was concluded, Lee was formally asked if he had anything to say. Just at this moment the photographer was arranging his camera to take a picture of the prisoner. Lee caught sight of him, and pointing to him said "I want to see that man," and added, in a louder voice, addressed to the photographer, "Come over here."

Mr. Fennimore, the artist, replied, "In a second, Mr. Lee," and very soon after was by the side of Lee, who said, "I want to ask a favor of



The Blacksmith Evicts the Swearing Sergeant.

you, sir; I want you to furnish each of my three wives with a copy of the photograph—one to Rachael A., Emma B., and Sarah C." He had had in all eighteen wives; but only the three named remained. Rachel was the oldest and most faithful to his interests. The artist consented to do as he had been requested, and Lee then sat for his picture, which was accurately taken.

Then he arose, and looking over those standing about, said: "I have but little to say this morning. Of course, I feel that I am upon the brink of eternity, and the solemnity of eternity should rest upon my mind at the present moment. I have made out, or endeavored to do so, a manuscript and an abridged history of my life. This will be published, sir," turning to District-Attorney Howard. "I have given my views and feelings with regard to all these things. I feel resigned to my fate. I feel as calm as a summer morning. I have done nothing adversely wrong. My conscience is clear before God and man, and I am ready to meet my Redeemer. This it is that places me on this field. I am not an infidel; I have not denied God or His mercy. I am a strong believer in these things. The most I regret is parting with my family. Many of them are unprotected, and will be left fatherless. When I speak of those little ones they touch a tender chord within me."

At this moment his voice trembled, and he perceptibly faltered in his words. He continued, however, as follows: "I have done nothing designedly wrong in this affair. I used my utmost endeavors to save those people. I would have given worlds, were they at my command, to have avoided that calamity, but I could not. I am sacrificed to satisfy feelings, and am used to gratify parties; but I am ready to die. I have no fear of death. It has no terrors for me; and no particle of mercy have I asked

for from court or officials to spare my life, I do not fear death.

"The United States are sacrificing their best friend, and that is saying a great deal; but it is true. I am a true believer in the gospel of Jesus Christ. I do not believe everything that is now practiced and taught by Brigham Young. I do not agree with him. I believe he is leading his people astray. But I believe in the gospel as taught in its purity by Joseph Smith in former days. I have my reasons for saying this. I used to make this man's will my pleasure (evidently alluding to Brigham Young), and did so for thirty years. See how and what I have come to this day! I have been sacrificed in a cowardly, dastardly manner. There are thousands of people in the Church—honorable, good-hearted—whom I cherish in my heart. I regret to leave my family. They are near and dear to me. These are things to rouse my sympathy. I declare I did nothing designedly wrong in this unfortunate affair. I did everything in my power to save all the emigrants, but I am the one that must suffer. Having said this, I feel perfectly resigned. I ask the Lord, my God, to extend His mercy to me and receive my spirit. My labors are here done."

This ceremony altogether had occupied about an hour, and it was now close upon 11 o'clock. The sun, which had been fitfully bright during the morning, had become veiled behind a passing cloud, yet the sky was only partially overcast, as down the horizon were bright streaks

of golden light; and the effect of light and shadow, as portrayed upon the scene, soon to culminate in the execution of the law, was one that seemed to be in full harmony with the painful silence that prevailed. Then it was that the words upon the rude monument, which once had stood to mark the spot of the massacre, came out with vivid force:

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

The stillness of the occasion was broken by Lee's seating himself, according to orders, upon the coffin provided for his burial. He tried to appear calm as he faced the squad of soldiers whose rifles were soon to discharge their contents into his body. A Methodist preacher, Parson Stokes, then knelt beside the coffin, and offered a short prayer, following which a white handkerchief was placed over Lee's eyes. While the marshal was arranging the handkerchief, Lee said, in a low, firm tone: "Let them shoot the balls through my heart; don't let them mangle my body."

He was assured that the aim would be as true as possible, and the marshal then stepped back and gave his order to the five riflemen who had been selected to do the work: "Ready! Aim! Fire!" The men made ready by raising their weapons to the shoulder, and then took deliberate aim at the blindfolded man, who was about twenty feet off, and at the word "fire!" the volley was discharged, with but a single sound perceptible to the ear, and Lee fell back upon the coffin, dead, without a cry or even a moan. He was shot through the heart, as he had hoped to be, and died instantly. The marshal, after a few moments, viewed the body, and said: "He is quite dead; the law is satisfied at last."

The fearful deed for which he suffered resulted from the teachings of the Mormons during what is called the Reformation. There were crimes then perpetrated in secret which will never be

known until the day of judgment, and there were horrors which have been known and recorded, but for which no one has been brought to trial or has suffered inconvenience. There are men in Salt Lake City who walk about unblushingly in broad daylight, but who are known to be murderers, and whose hands have been again and again dyed with human blood. I simply mention these facts without any comment of my own. Let the reader form his own conclusion.

More of these frightful stories I do not care to relate; and I should not even have presented these to the reader had it not been impossible otherwise to give any adequate idea of that terrible "Reformation." These facts and details did not come to my knowledge either immediately or soon after my arrival in Utah. No, it was only after many years' residence there, and by very slow degrees, that they became known to me; and the effect which they produced on my mind was necessarily broken and impaired by the gradual and disconnected way in which they oozed out, the horrible and bewildering travesty of Biblical argument urged in their defence, and by my utter isolation from the outer and higher world, and from the ennobling influences of a wholesome and invigorating public opinion.

One bright summer morning, about six months after our arrival in Salt Lake City, I was sitting in the workroom, busy with my girls, when a light tap was heard at the door, and the next instant a lady entered, and, coming straight up to me, was about to kiss me. I started back a step, held out my hand, looked her full in the face, and in a moment we were in each other's arms. It was my old friend Mary Burton! I could with difficulty find words to express my astonishment when I recognized her, so greatly was she changed in every respect. At the very first glance on meeting after a long separation, I noticed a more than ordinary alteration in her appearance.

It must be remembered that at the time of our first reunion she had grown out of childhood into womanhood; when I met her again in New York, she had passed through the most interesting phase of a woman's life—she had forsaken maidenhood for matrimony; and now I met her once more after she had endured those horrors on the Plains—of which the reader has already heard—and she had entered into a life of sorrow worse than any she had known before. No wonder, then, that now, as upon previous occasions, I noticed quite a startling change in her appearance.

Her dress was of the coarsest and plainest kind, but neat, as was everything she touched; yet not so carefully arranged as in the old time in England. She used formerly to have a way of adjusting a dress or a bonnet so that it set her off ten times better than it would a girl who had not naturally the same taste; but now, although, as I said, her clothes of course were neat, she evidently had not taken any pains to set herself off to the best advantage; and in a woman what a significant story did that simple fact tell! But it was in her features and manners that the change was most remarkable.

In looking at her face you would have been puzzled to say in what the alteration consisted. Her cheeks were thinner and sadly pale, but that was not the cause of her appearing as she did. Had she been older, I verily believe the anguish she had passed through would have blanched her hair, and left upon her brow deep marks of thought and suffering. As it was, however, though no one feature in particular was very greatly altered, the whole expression of her face was that of one whose heart was utterly crushed and broken; and when her eyes met mine, I could hardly refrain from tears as I saw the mournful look of subdued pain, which told in them the terrific conflict and anguish which her heart had endured.

I took her to my own room—poor girl, how my heart bled for her!—and again and again I held her in my arms, and tried to comfort her, for she was very weary; and at last she wept. I

was glad to see that unrestrained flood of tears, for I knew it would relieve her, and in that I was not mistaken. She threw her arms round my neck, and, kissing me repeatedly, sobbed out, "Don't blame me, Sister Stenhouse; don't blame me very much; I cannot help it."

"There, there, Mary!" I said; "be calm, and you will soon be better. You must tell me all your troubles, and I will do all I can to help and comfort you."

"There is no help, Sister Stenhouse, no comfort for me; I'm past all that," she answered.

"Don't say that, Mary," I said; "I know that you have passed through a terrible amount of suffering, and have had much trouble in every way; but your husband is still alive, is he not? and there may be many years of happiness before you."

"It is the thought of him that makes me so wretched," she said; "oh! I could have borne death a thousand times rather than this. I would gladly have seen him die rather than see him changed as he is now. You do not know, Sister Stenhouse, how my whole soul was wrapped up in that man, how I almost worshipped him. When we suffered so much together on the Plains, I felt happy in comparison with what I feel now. I remember that terrible night when I believed he was dying, I remember the anguish that I felt; but, oh! I knew then that he loved me, and that his heart was all my own. Had I lost him, if I could myself have lived, I should have felt that he had never loved another beside me; I should have known that we would meet together in heaven, and be happy in each other's love. After all we went through together, I loved him more and more; we seemed to live with one life; we had the same thoughts and hopes and pleasures; I leaned upon him, and I loved him—ah, so fondly! and, Sister Stenhouse, I know he loved me then. We were getting over the effects of our sufferings on the Plains, and I was gaining strength, and was looking forward to the time when my child should be born. It was then that they came and taught him the Mormon doctrine of plurality of wives, and led him away from me. Oh, dear, Sister Stenhouse, I cannot bear it!" She buried her face in her hands, and sobbed again.

I did not utter a word; my own sorrows were hidden in my own heart. The heart knoweth its bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not in the matter. "You have been through the Endowments?" she asked. "So have I. We went through, Sister Stenhouse, about three months after we came to Utah, and never since then have I known a moment's peace. I do not know what they said to my husband, but whatever it was it produced a great effect upon his mind, and changed him altogether; he has been an altered man from that very time. I have no doubt that they told him that it was his duty to take another wife, and they would say that no promise made to me before our marriage was binding if it comes in opposition to our religion. You know how devoted he is; how firm his faith is. Why, I do believe that he would obey counsel even if it broke his heart and cost him his life. Did they say nothing to you or your husband, dear?"

"Certainly they did, Mary; we have heard it daily and hourly, and my husband is constantly being counselled about it. I am unspeakably wretched, Mary; you know I must be; I feel just as you do, but how can we possibly help ourselves?" "No, we cannot help ourselves; there is no hope," she said, "but it is a cruel wrong. You know very well how determined I was never to marry a man who would take another wife. When I thought that Elder Shrewsbury might be influenced by his religion, I made him go to the Apostle and get counsel, and then he solemnly vowed to me that he never would marry another wife without my consent, which, of course, was the same as saying he never would do so at all. Until we went through our Endowments he never even hinted at such a thing. But they spoke to him then;

and one day, after he had been having a long consultation with the bishop, he came and spoke to me. He was not unkind in the least. In fact he seemed to be as much pained at all mention of the subject as I was. He said that the bishop had been urging him to live up to his privileges, and had explained to him how great a loss in the celestial world it would be, both to him and to me, if he did not take more wives. He was told that now, while he was young, was the time, and that I would soon get over any pain that I might suffer. Yes, they actually said so. Fancy tearing out the very affections of one's heart, and blasting every hope and happiness in life, and then saying that I should soon 'get used to it!' I tell you, Sister Stenhouse, a true woman never can 'get used' to this hideous system. If the hearts of some are dead and cold, it is a curse to them and a curse to their husbands and children; and if a wife seems careless or callous, as the case may be, it is because love for her husband has first died out in her heart.

"They knew my husband's weakness, and that he would do anything for his religion, and they urged him on that point. It was even a sin against me, they said, for if he had no more than one wife he could never exalt me in the celestial kingdom! that I ought to be treated like a child—a very dear, but spoiled child—and if I refused what was for my own and my husband's benefit and everlasting welfare, he ought to act up to what he knew was right, and leave the consequences with the Lord, who would order all things for the best. My husband told me all this very sadly at first, but I could see that it had an effect upon his mind. They saw it, too, and did not let the subject drop. Every day they spoke to him of it, and at last he gave way—for my sake, he said! This was the cruellest wrong of all. Then one day he told me, very firmly and very coldly, as if he had steeled his heart to do so, that he had made up his mind to take another wife."

(To be Continued.)

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for September 8, I Samuel 20: 1-13; Golden Text, Prov. 18: 24.

A Truly Consecrated Soul—Not Jealous of David—Loyal in Spite of His Own Interest—Reluctant to Believe Evil of His Father—David Proposes a Test—Jonathan's Prevision of David's Supremacy—A Self-Immolating Love—The Sign of Warning—Saul Betrays His Animosity—The Selfish Man's Reason for Hating David—Vexation at His Son's Neglect of His Own Interests—The Parting of the Friends.

JONATHAN, Saul's son, found in David a heart which answered to his own. Both these young men were men of God, both of them had developed a bravery and undaunted courage, which had its mainspring in their trust in the living God. Both had been distinguished by the men of their time, and both were deservedly in favor with the people. In such circumstances a mean spirit would have developed jealousy, but Jonathan and David lived too near to God for such a rank weed to flourish in their lives. God was first with both of them, and the very circumstances which in the soil of self developed jealousy, in the soil of a God-possessed heart developed love. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David; and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Lev. 19: 8) is the law of the Old Testament; "Love one another as I have loved you" is our Lord's rendering of it in the New.

There was something specially lovely in Jonathan's love for David, since David was to supersede him as heir to the throne. "Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul," and on Jonathan's part it was a covenant of renouncement. True love always strips itself, and this Jonathan did; he "stripped himself of the robe that was upon him (the princely robe which belonged to the king's son) and gave it to David, and his garments, even to

his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." Unprincled for David's sake, unadorned, ungirded, all for love of David! He saw in the man who had slain Goliath the Lord's anointed; and no other, not even his own father should be Jonathan's king. He is a wonderful type of

A Truly Consecrated Soul, who gives his position, name, reputation, money, all which is gain to him, and counts it loss for Christ (Phil. 3: 7). All which could tend to exalt us, to make us great, it is our privilege to renounce for Him who comes to supersede us, "Not I, but Christ." "He must increase, but I must decrease." (John 3: 30.) David, not Jonathan, is the Lord's anointed; Christ, and not self.

Saul was still the recognized king of Israel, and his hatred to David increased continually. Again and again he had sought his life. "David fled from Naioth in Ramah," and seeking out his beloved friend, Jonathan, he said to him, "What have I done? What is mine iniquity? What is my sin before my Father, that He seeketh my life?" It was difficult for Jonathan to believe the real truth about his father, but David had again and again had proof of Saul's murderous intentions towards him. Jonathan answered him: "God forbid; thou shalt not die. Behold, my father will do nothing, either great or small, but that he will show it me, and why should my father hide this thing from me? It is not so." But David looked on Saul with other eyes. He could not be deceived, and he "swore moreover, and said, Thy father knoweth certainly that I have found grace in thine eyes, and he saith, Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved; but truly, as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death." It is a terrible thing when our eyes are opened to the delinquencies of those whom we love and look up to.

Oh how many an agonizing struggle has taken place before we have been able to believe that a father, a brother, a sister, a friend, or a pastor was guilty of something which was imposed to them! Oh how we learn, as we gain experience of God and experience of life, to be no more surprised at any discovery of sin in man, and no more surprised at any depth of grace in God! David was the dearest whom Jonathan had on earth, and his life was in danger from the father whom Jonathan loved and respected. It is at moments such as these that we

Take Refuge in God, when despair would seize upon us if we had only man to think of; the bitter disappointments which we meet with in man make our home in God ever a greater reality. Jonathan was open to conviction, and he offered David to do anything which he should desire. David proposed to Jonathan a test by which Saul's mind towards him might be discovered. It was his duty to attend at court on the morrow, which was the feast of the new moon. He knew well that Saul was watching for an opportunity to slay him; therefore he proposed to Jonathan that he should excuse him, and give him leave to attend a family sacrifice or feast at Bethlehem. If Saul should be well satisfied then all should be well; but if he should manifest decided signs of anger, then Jonathan should know by that that wrath was determined upon him. David very touchingly implores him to make use of this test with his father, saying: "Wherefore thou shalt deal kindly with thy servant, for thou hast brought thy servant into a covenant of the Lord with thee; notwithstanding, if there be in me iniquity, slay me thyself, for why shouldst thou bring me to thy father?" Again Jonathan is torn between two, and says: "If I knew *certainly* that evil were determined by my father to come upon thee, then would I not tell it thee?" David has no doubt about the matter, but he fears for Jonathan. "Who shall tell me? or what if thy father answer thee roughly?"

Jonathan began to be convinced, and fearing, perhaps, that no house was safe for David, he proposed that they should go out into the field, where the approach of an enemy could

be perceived, and where no ears could overhear what they said. But there was one Presence which they recognized there, and Jonathan called God to witness that he would surely shew David on the morrow what was his father's position with regard to him. The young prince was not ignorant of David's future. He said to him: "The Lord be with thee, as He hath been with my father, and thou shalt not only while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not, but also Thou shalt not cut off Thy kindness from my house for ever, no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David, every one, from the face of the earth." Jonathan had the mind of God even against himself; there was no rebellion against the thought that David should reign.

God's Choice Was Jonathan's Choice, although it brought him down from a prince to be a servant. There was wonderful grace in the spirit of this man, more like that of the new dispensation which he so blessedly foreshadowed. His love for David made him, in point of fact, deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow, prince though he was. There was nothing in the circumstances which he saw around him, nothing but the Word of God, to make him believe that David would ever reign over Israel; but his love to David was such that he would rather David reigned than he. Like the love of Jesus, his was

A Love which Gave Itself. "And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him; for he loved him as he loved his own soul." They then appointed a sign by which David, hidden away by the stone Ezel, one of the landmarks of the country, should know whether or not Saul was favorable to him. If Jonathan should say to the lad who carried his arrows, "Behold the arrows are on this side of thee," David should know that all was well, and his apprehensions had been groundless; if he should say to the lad, "Behold the arrows are beyond thee," David should know that the Lord had sent him away. Once again Jonathan confirms their mutual covenant, saying, "And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold the Lord be between thee and me forever."

David hid himself in the field, as arranged, and Jonathan went to take his part in the celebration of the new moon at court. One day passed, and David's absence occasioned no remark, but on the second day Saul inquired of Jonathan, "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat neither yesterday nor to-day?" Then Jonathan made excuse, on the ground of a family sacrifice at Bethlehem, and Saul, throwing off all restraint, gave vent to his wicked anger, and spoke words of biting reproach against his son, and even against Jonathan's mother, saying, "As long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore, now, send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die." Poor rejected Saul! He was acting as though God could reverse his once spoken sentence, "Now thy kingdom shall not continue." (1 Sam. 13: 14.) "The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee. . . and hath given it to a neighbor of thine that is better than thou." (1 Sam. 15: 23.) All Saul's struggles to keep the kingdom in his family would not prevail against the living God. It was an unequal contest, a miserable strife. Oh how it wears a man, oh how it tries his nerves and runs away with his strength, when he fights against God!

Jonathan ventured to ask his father what was David's sin, and what the ground of such condemnation. The only answer of the king, half mad with rage, was the casting of a javelin. Kings were despotic in those days, and had absolute power over the lives of their subjects. Jonathan, in his turn, was in fierce anger, "and did eat no meat the second day of the month; for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame." In the morning he kept his appointment with David, and gave him the promised sign which was to tell him how Saul

was bent upon his death. "Is not the arrow beyond thee?" The unconscious lad had played his part, and was sent home with the arrows, and when he was gone, David came out of his hiding-place for a sad but indispensable farewell, and David "fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times, and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn, both of us, in the name of the Lord, saying, the Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever." Thus they parted with God between them, as they had met with God between them. Such is

The Only Safe Friendship. When a friend seeks in another only what can satisfy him, what he can enjoy, and what can minister to his self-life and self-love, he hangs like a weight of lead upon his friend. True friendship consists in mutual self-renunciation and mutual faithfulness. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." No friends are so true as those who are jealous over us, and would rather displease us than suffer sin upon us (Lev. 19: 17). Jonathan was not so much occupied with his pleasure in David's society as in renouncing himself in every detail for his friend's sake; and David was not so occupied with Jonathan's loving words as with his fear lest Saul should answer Jonathan roughly. It resembles the friendship between Paul and Timothy where Paul says, "I have no man like minded. . . for all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." (Phil. 2: 20, 21.) Selfish friendship always ends in disappointment, jealousy, etc., because self is its centre; but divine love is centred in Jesus. He is the point of unity, and this oneness is eternal. But oh, how slow we are to learn that true love is not self-satisfaction, but satisfying God! it does not consist in enjoyment of our own affections, but in reciprocation of God's love, sometimes His personal

love can suffer misunderstandings without love being chilled by self-pity. True love refers all such things to God in confidence that He who understands all hearts will set right what is wrong.

We have one other glimpse of the love of these two friends. It was when Saul in his mad thirst for David's life, was hunting him down wherever he got a clue to his whereabouts. "David was in the wilderness of Ziph in a wood." And Jonathan, Saul's son, arose and went to David into the wood." Without doubt David had let him know where he was. And Jonathan

"Strengthened His Hand in God." Time had neither cooled his love for David, nor awakened in him the desire to succeed to the throne: he said to David, "Fear not, for the hand of Saul, my father, shall not find thee, and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee; and that, also, my father knoweth." Yes; Saul knew it, but fought against his knowledge of the truth. "And they, too, made a covenant before the Lord." (1 Sam. 23: 15, 17.) God was always the point of contact in this blessed friendship; both hearts fitted into God, and thus touched each other. The Lord create and maintain and multiply such friendship among His children, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

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PSALM LXXIV: 16.
"The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."
PSALM CXXXIX: 12.
"They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.—ACTS XXVII: 29.

The night is dark, but God, my God
Is here, and in command;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
I shall be "at the land."
And since I know the darkness is
To Him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor Patience out,
And wish—but wait for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and waves
Within His hand are held,
And trusting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in His faithful grasp,
I'll trust Him, though He slay;
So, letting go the anchor Faith,
I'll wish—but wait for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long?
I rest upon the Lord;
I muse on His "eternal years"
And feast upon His word;
His promises, so rich and great,
Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor Hope ahead,
And wish—but wait for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light
And love supreme, divine!
How can I feel one fluttering doubt,
In hands so dear as Thine?
I'll lean on Thee, my best Beloved,
My heart on Thy heart lay;
And casting out the anchor Love,
I'll wish—and wait for day.

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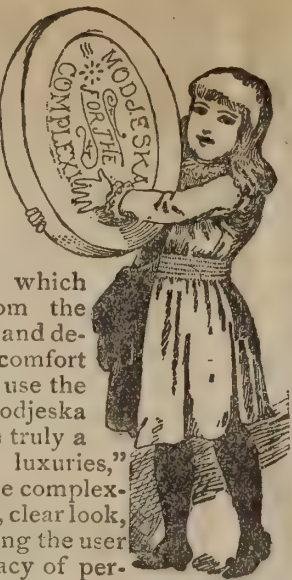
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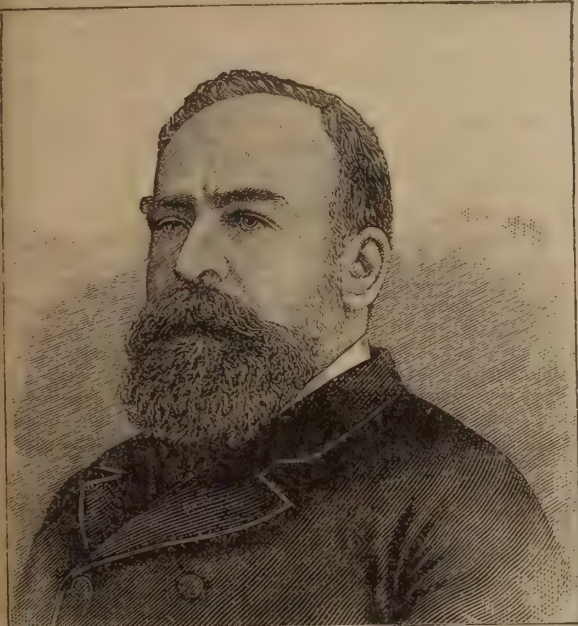
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REV. J. M. VILA, THE PERSECUTED SPANISH PREACHER—THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

REV. J. M. VILA,

The Persecuted Spanish Preacher.

Insidious Opposition to Gospel Work in Spain and Mexico—Ritualistic Allies of the Pope—Vila's Conversion—The Moody of Spain—A Wonderful Chain of Influences—Origin of the Work in Malaga—Planted by Matamoros—The New Testaments in the Cellar—Cabrera's Leadership—Vila Appointed to Malaga—His Indictment and Trial—Liberated by Amnesty—Renewed Work—His Prospects—Sympathy in England—Lord Plunket's Confidence in America—The Mexican Work Assigned.

To a remarkable degree the gospel work among the Spanish-speaking peoples has come to form a test of loyalty to Protestant principles. The true, whole-souled Protestant hails with gladness the triumph of the gospel everywhere, and desires nothing more than that it should be freely preached to all people, and especially to those who, like the people of Spain and Mexico, have so long sat in the darkness of the shadow of Romish superstition. The half-hearted Protestant—the Ritualist—looks askance on gospel work in either of those two countries. He has a tenderness for the Romish Church, and deplors any movement which may be offensive to the Papal hierarchy. He feels a delicacy about intruding in a country already occupied by Roman Catholicism, and protests against the extension of sympathy to any aggressive Protestant work in a Roman Catholic community. Unhappily, too, the Ritualists are not content with protests, but have not hesitated to asperse the character and motives of Christian men who are laboring to spread the gospel in Spain and Mexico, and to prejudice against them the Christian public, from which the necessary funds for carrying on the work are derived. Both here and in Europe these efforts have been put forth in insidious forms, and it is, therefore, the duty of the Christian journalist to put the work before the public in its true light, and to expose the motives of its enemies. With this object, we this week publish some facts about the Reform movement in Spain, with the portrait of a zealous laborer in the field, and a picture of the magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral of Mexico, the finest church building in America. Looking at that picture, the reader can realize something of the power and influence which it represents, and can understand how stupendous is the work of antagonizing its enslaving force, and how heroic are the men who are engaged in conflict with it.

A Leader of Reform

work in Spain, and one who has suffered in the cause, is the Rev. J. M. Vila, whose portrait appears on the first page. He is forty-three years of age, and is a man of wonderful earnestness and power. "He is the Moody of Spain," says one who knows both men. A few years ago he was a highly distinguished and respected ecclesiastic of the Romish Church. A man so able and devoted might have looked forward to occupying one of those influential and richly endowed places of which the Pope has so many in his gift. But he has turned his back on all those, and has chosen to cast in his lot with the people of God. He is now with the Rev. F. Palomares and others zealously laboring in the work, led by Rev. Juan B. Cabrera (whose portrait appeared in this journal on July 21, 1887), of preaching a pure gospel in Spain.

A Chain of Influences

of deeply interesting character preceded Vila's work. It was started by a tract which some unknown person left at the door of a Roman Catholic priest in Seville. The tract led the priest to examine the Bible, and he was convinced of the errors of his Church. He quitted his office, and began to preach the Gospel, but was driven by persecution to Turin, where he hired a humble hall, and continued his preaching. Among his hearers was Don Francisco Ruet, a young Spanish priest, who listened eagerly, examined the Bible for himself, and was converted. Ruet went back to his home in Barcelona, and began to preach. He was seized, imprisoned, tried, and banished. Ruet took

refuge at Gibraltar, and began to preach there in Spanish. One of his first converts was Manuel Matamoros (whose portrait and life were given in this journal on May 4, 1882); Matamoros had the true Reformer's fire in him, and was ready for any service in the Master's cause. Ruet, with the decree of banishment hanging over him, could not return to Spain, but he thoroughly instructed Matamoros, and sent him there, undertaking to keep him supplied with religious books, and to counsel him as he had need. Matamoros went to Malaga, his native place, and in a blind alley there, set up a printing-press, and secretly printed the New Testament in Spanish. The volumes were

Hidden in the Cellar

of his mother's house. He continued to work in Malaga and southern Spain for three years, winning many converts, and sowing the seed which is now flourishing. On October 9, 1860, he was suddenly arrested, and, after an imprisonment of three years, was, like his friend Ruet, banished the country. But the work in Malaga was not allowed to die. Juan B. Cabrera, while in retirement at Gibraltar, was found by General Prim, who, through his marriage to a Mexican lady of great wealth, was enabled to organize the strong political movement which has been the means of giving religious liberty to Spain. "Take your Bible under your arm and go back," he said to Cabrera; "the days of persecution in Spain are past forever." Thus encouraged, Cabrera returned to Spain, and took up the work from which one leader after another had been driven into banishment. He quickly recognized the value of Vila, and to him was committed the charge of that blessed work which Matamoros had commenced in Malaga.

The Arraignment of Vila,

which quickly followed, was an evidence of the fidelity and zeal with which he executed his commission. As Prim had said, the days of persecution were over; but, as every civil governor who antagonizes the Romish priesthood has found, craft and cunning to an extraordinary degree are put in motion to defeat him. Last year Vila was indicted under the penal code of Spain for "bringing into contempt the dogmas and ceremonies of religion." As evidence, it was alleged that Vila had openly declared that the image of the Virgin, which was being carried in procession through the streets of Malaga, was of the same material as that which composed the manger that the priest's horse was fed from, and "one timber had as much virtue as the other." Also, that the said Vila had said that God had forbidden the veneration of such images, and did censure the plan of salvation adopted by the Roman Catholic Church. The punishment provided for these offences, under the penal code, was nine years' imprisonment and a heavy fine. The trial came on, and Vila was convicted. His sentence was two years' imprisonment and a fine of two thousand pesetas (\$386). An appeal was made to the Queen herself, and the result appeared in an amnesty which released him from the penalty. "Blessed be God!" wrote this earnest and persecuted pastor; "now I shall be able to visit our mission stations in the villages, for I am free from the paw of the lion. The Lord has dispersed the clouds which overshadowed me and I am left in peace. I shall now be able to visit the villages from which invitations have come, and preach the blessed gospel. Never has the cause of evangelization in Spain been so hopeful."

Vila's Work

in Malaga sufficiently explains the prosecution. In a report, recently issued, it is stated that in his church are now 146 communicants, besides regular attendants and inquirers; that around Malaga he has established a circle of six missions, in which there are 124 communicants, and 700 attendants. Schools are being established, the work is spreading rapidly, and petitions from five other villages have come in for a mission to be established in each. It is a marvelous result of the blessing of God on the labors of a truly consecrated man. From other parts of

the field come like testimonies, and Protestants are thanking God that at last, in spite of fierce opposition, the truth as it is in Jesus is penetrating the country so long kept in darkness by the Romish Church. "Thirty years ago," said Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, in a recent address, "there were not a score of native Protestants on the Spanish peninsula; now there are over ten thousand."

A Fair Division of Labor

was proposed by Lord Plunket in his speech. After pointing out the magnificent opportunity now opened to Protestants throughout the world for the evangelization of the Spanish-speaking people, and explaining that what was needed was not missionaries, but a little pittance to support native preachers, who must preach among a people at first indisposed to contribute money, he said that the work naturally divided itself into two parts. He appealed to his English hearers to sustain the work in Spain, as *the churches of America might be trusted to support the work in Mexico*. The work was the same in principle in both countries. It was the only method which experience had indorsed. It did not wound the proud mind of the Spaniard by sending a foreign missionary to him, but helped the native preacher to devote all his time to the work, and to speak to his fellow-countrymen in his own language as a brother. The work was enthusiastically taken up, an influential committee formed, and funds contributed for the support of the Spanish preachers and the building of churches. Who can describe how men like Cabrera, Vila, and Palamores were encouraged by this aid and sympathy, and what an impetus has thus been given to the preaching of the gospel in Spain!

Our Share of the Work

should, for our own credit, be performed with equal enthusiasm. We have the advantage of already possessing excellent churches and material for evangelizing effort. The churches of the Reformed movement in Mexico were granted to Bishop Riley specifically for this object. For many years the Roman Catholic body has been strenuously endeavoring to acquire them, knowing well their value, and the power and prestige they give to the Reformation. Large sums have been offered for their purchase, and efforts direct and indirect have been made to bring them into the Romish fold. But Bishop Riley has held them firmly, and still their walls echo the words of the pure gospel. *The Rev. J. Milton Greene*, the famous Presbyterian missionary, who probably knows as much of religious life in Mexico as any man, urges Bishop Riley by all means not to let the churches go. He says, "If those buildings were lost to Protestantism, two continents would re-echo with the triumph of Roman Catholics over us." And it costs so little to maintain them!

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is needed to supplement the income of the pastors, evangelists, and teachers who are fighting that grand battle with error at the risk of their lives. So small an amount will keep those men, who are working on, hated and persecuted by the priests and by the Roman Catholics under their influence. For some years, so long as Bishop Riley's patrimony lasted, he nobly paid all expenses out of his own pocket. He spent \$100,000 in the struggle, and when he had given all, he was confronted with the alternative of abandoning the work, or asking the churches to help him in carrying it on. This situation has been frequently explained to the readers of this journal, and they have liberally responded to the appeal. Bishop Riley says that the gifts of our readers, and the encouraging words they have used in sending them, have cheered his heart and have given him new hope when the apathy of some people and the sinister hostility of others depressed him. In his darkest hours the kindness of our readers and the knowledge that they were praying for him have supported him. His preachers and evangelists in Mexico have shown a devotion and a heroism worthy of the old-time Christian martyrs, and everywhere,

from all parts of the field, reports come of souls being won through the blessings of God on their efforts. Such a work should not languish through the desire of Christians to save a fortune for themselves. So little given to this cause would do so much good. The poor, who made up the bulk of the congregations in Mexico, do what they can for the support of their beloved teachers, and the teachers themselves need only food and clothing, and are content to forget worldly advantage in the prosperity of their work. It is a privilege to help such men and to supply them with the means of life in such disinterested labor.

Donations toward their support may be sent to J. P. Heath, Esq., the Treasurer of the Society, 43 Bible House, New York.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND THE MEXICAN WORK.

The general agent for Mexico of the American Bible Society, in his report, published in the Annual Report of that Society for 1889, says: "The fruits of Bible work in Mexico are in a measure hidden, but where the colporteur's work is followed up by the preacher the missionaries often acknowledge that a great preparatory work is already accomplished. *The crying need is for more educated native preachers.*"

An explanation of this fact is that the Constitution of the Bible Society limits its efforts to the distribution of Bibles, and does not permit it to engage in evangelistic work. Since the year 1827, over 333,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures, or of portions of the Holy Scriptures, have been sent to Mexico by the Bible societies, and circulated among the people in that beautiful southern land. The poor have read them, have studied them, are in the habit of meeting in little groups to talk over them, and are eagerly asking for teachers. The Bible Society looks to the churches to water the field thus sown. Arthur Gore who was formerly general agent for the Bible Society in Mexico, describes the situation, the present opportunity, and his own opinion of the value of the work under Bishop Riley's charge. The weight of the testimony of a man occupying so responsible a position, and who speaks of what he has personally seen, cannot be over-estimated. Mr. Gore says:

"I found on arriving in Mexico that the Christian work being done in this land was far more important than I had any idea of from the reports I had heard. During my residence in the city of Mexico, I have frequently attended the services at the churches of the Mexican Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. The clergy at the front of this Mexican Church are men of thorough Christian faith and piety. Among its members I have found the most devoted Christians. It is

A Singularly Active Church in its Christian labors. The thoroughness of Christian life and purpose, the absorbing interest in Christian work, the consistent examples seen among its active workers, all reveal the deep faith in Christ of this Mexican Church. *Several of its members have died a martyr's death* for their faith, yet the survivors have shown the most thorough Christian spirit in meeting the persecutions they have undergone. This Church has firmly sustained the purity of the Christian faith, and I cherish the strongest hopes that it will exercise a most important influence in behalf of the pure faith, not only in Mexico, but also far and wide throughout the Spanish-American field.

"Bishop Riley's long experience in Christian work among the Spanish-speaking people gives him immense advantage in prosecuting the work under his care. He watches over this Mexican Church with love and gentleness, but also with firmness, and sustains the faith among its members with earnest solicitude. This Mexican Church is

The Work of God.

"Mexico is signally ripe for Christian work, and particularly for Christian work of native growth. The Mexican Church of our Lord

Jesus Christ is strictly of native growth, and by God's blessing is doing a very important work. The centre of this reform movement in Mexico is the church building near the leading street in this capital, called the street of San Francisco, in which a congregation connected with the Mexican Church of our Lord Jesus Christ hold their services.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Happy Bed-Ridden Paralytic.—Miss Campbell remarks: "I know a man in London who for many years has been confined to bed. He is paralyzed, and has not the use of any of his limbs. He is quite unable to lie or stand, and has to be constantly propped up in a sitting posture, and in that uncomfortable position he has been for years. Even the solace of reading is denied him, for one of his eyes is completely blind, and the other is nearly so. One would think that he would lead a most miserable existence, but when visitors call they are at once struck with his evident joyousness. A perfect fullness of joy seems to beam from his face, and instead of requiring comfort, he comforts; Christ is to him his all in all, and he looks forward to the time when he shall be with Him; not fretting at his present heavy burden, but bearing it as for the Lord. Should not this poor bed-ridden paralytic furnish an example to some of God's children, who have far more for which to thank God, but who grumble and complain at their lot, instead of coming to Christ with praise and thankfulness?"

Proofs of Guilt in the Oyster Net.—Dr. Pentecost said: "Some years ago there were great forgeries of greenbacks. The police got on the track of the forgers. The miscreants became alarmed, and, taking their plates, they got into a small boat, and rowed out about a mile from the shore, where they dropped them overboard. They were eventually arrested and tried on the charge, but there was a hitch in the evidence. It lacked just these plates to condemn them, and they were liberated on their own recognizances. About five years afterward some oyster fishermen were engaged in their calling. They felt their net entangled in something, and on drawing it up they found those plates. They gave them into the hands of the police, who recognized them as the plates wanted to complete the evidence against the forgers. The men, consequently, were rearrested, tried and condemned. These forgers thought they had thrown the evidence of their guilt out of sight, but they did not go far enough out. If they had thrown them out into the depths of the sea—into the unfathomable depths—they would never have been found. And it is into the depths of the sea that God has thrown our sins, from which they will never rise to condemn us."

A Princess Angry With a Mirror.—"Some years ago there was a missionary bazaar held in a Christian city in aid of the African missions. When the bazaar was finished, it was found that a number of articles were left unsold. Some of them, it was thought, would be very handy for the mission, so it was decided to send the lot out to Africa. Among other things was a box of little hand-mirrors, that had been given by a merchant. Looking-glasses seemed queer things to send to a foreign mission; however, they were sent, and became the most useful articles there. The mirrors took the people's fancy, and their fame was carried far beyond the station. The knowledge of this wonderful thing came to a princess of a distant powerful tribe. She had never beheld her dusky countenance, except as a double silhouette in the placid lake, and she longed to behold all her charms, for, being a princess, she was told by everybody that she was most beautiful, whereas, in fact, she was one of the plainest women in the whole tribe. A messenger was dispatched for one of the mirrors, which he procured and at once returned to his mistress. When she got possession of it she did not look into it at once, but took herself off to her own place, that

she might have a good long look at her beauty. When she beheld herself as she was, with one blow of her royal hand she dashed the glass to pieces. She ordered the missionaries off her territory, and published an edict forbidding looking glasses being brought into the country. Are there not many in our Christian land who act in a similar manner with regard to their soul? When they are brought face to face, in God's looking-glass, with the hideousness of their sin, and they cannot deny the fact, they blame the mirror, seek to avoid it and destroy it, that they may lay the flattering falsehood to themselves that they are not so ugly as it makes them to appear."

The Picture in the Shop-Window.—Mr. W. A. Campbell remarks: "I know a woman who had lived for many years in a state of apparent peace, though away from God. When she was awakened by the Holy Spirit, and saw that she was a sinner, she was very angry, and said: 'Why was I troubled when I have lived so long at ease? I will have nothing to do with religion if it makes one so miserable.' And she resolved to put the whole thing away from her. Just at that time her mother, who had been for some time from home, returned. One of the first things she said to her daughter was: 'Maggie, I saw a picture in a shop-window that, I know not how, has greatly impressed me. It represented an old woman sitting by the fire reading her Bible. It was entitled, "Preparing to go to the Promised Land." The thought of the land of rest stirred old memories in her heart. Was she preparing to go to the Promised Land? Most assuredly not. Where, then, was she going? Ah! she knew full well. She resolved to seek the peace which comes through Christ. And she found that her Saviour was near and ready to help. Soon the peace of God that passeth all understanding took possession of her, and it has been hers ever since."

A Generous Brother.—Mr. Richard Weaver remarks: "A gentleman who had been very wealthy got into financial difficulties, and while his affairs were in disorder he died. His family thought they would be amply provided for, but it was found that their father's estate would require to be disposed of in order to pay his liabilities, and that little, if anything, would be left to be divided among his family. This gentleman had a son, who had been in India many years, and there God had prospered him, both spiritually and in the things of this world. He was just coming home, when he heard of his father's death, and that his estate was to be sold. Not wishing that the house of his childhood should pass into the hands of strangers, he telegraphed to his lawyer to buy in the estate at whatever cost. The day of sale came, and the estate was 'knocked down' to the son. Then the purchaser gathered together his brothers and sisters, and producing his father's will, said, 'You shall all have just as our father would have given you.' One by one they said, 'You are very good,' and accepted his gift. But one of them observed, 'You are too good,' and would not take his brother's munificent offer. He went out into the world to fight his own battle, and perished in the France-German War. Jesus Christ, our Elder Brother, has bought back the property which Adam, our father, lost, and comes to each of us, and offers the inheritance which He has regained for us. Shall we accept it and thank Him for His goodness, or shall we reject it and go out to fight our own battle, which is sure to end in eternal death? 'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev. M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 71 Bible House, New York.

THE STRONG SWIMMER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached at Seattle, W.T., last Sunday, August 18, 1889.

"He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands." Isa. 25: 11.

An Unfrequented Corridor of Scripture—A Many-Sided Figure—The Rescue of a Drowning Seaman—The Records of the Royal Humane Society—A Grand Thing to Save Life—Grander Still to Save a Soul—The Human Race in a Sinking Condition—Affirmed by the Bible—Confirmed by Conscience—The Swimmer Divesting Himself of Apparel—Throwing his Whole Nature Into the Work—Must be Self-Reliant—Safe to Lay Hold on Him—The Scene at the Bottom of the Sea—The Sinner's Help Not Needed—Joy Over the Rescued.

At this season of the year multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas. At first putting out cautiously from the shore, but having learned the right stroke of arm and foot, they let the waters roll over them, and in wild glee dive or float or swim. So the text will be very suggestive: "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun, and fling out your line, and catch nothing, while

An Expert Angler

breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock, and, in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the gospel need always be fishing in the same stream, and preaching from the same text that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, Eng., every week for thirty years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated; and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they quote the old passages that every one has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church to-day is

Ignorant of Three-fourths of the Bible.

You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out, your friend says to you, "Did you see that Rembrandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you didn't see the Louvre." Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of Scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one person out of a million who has ever noticed the all-suggestive and powerful picture in the words of my text.

This text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many sided. Most of you know

How to Swim.

Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood, while summering on the beach of the sea. You step down in the wave, you throw your head back, you bring your elbows to the chest, you put the palms of your hands downward and the soles of your feet outward, and you push through the water as though you had been born aquatic. It is a grand thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after a while, perhaps, have to help others.

I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKen-

zie leaping from the ship *Madras* into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances, he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one help him. The Royal Humane Society of England was established in 1774, its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Any one who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue and gold and bronze, anchor and monogram and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But, my friends, if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep, I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul? And you shall see, this hour, the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize that our race is

In a Sinking Condition.

You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "home," another man says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word "Jesus," but I will tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness and the pang and the outrage and the harrowing; and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin! it is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the hiss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! and then if you add three letters to that word it describes every one of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says, our own conscience affirms. After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death, his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey! Take her away! Lady Jane Grey!" It was

The Voice of Conscience.

And no man ever does anything wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says, "Wrong, wrong!" Sin is a leprosy, sin is a paralysis, sin is a consumption, sin is pollution, sin is death. Give it a fair chance, and it will swamp you, body, mind, and soul, forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect is gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its very first stages; but let it get under full way and it is an all-consuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them, our teeth would chatter, and our knees would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing down on you, and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer! A

strong swimmer! A swift swimmer! And, blessed be God! in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes to rescue any one he

Puts Off His Heavy Apparel.

He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us He shook off the sandals of heaven, and His feet were free; and then He stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came up over His wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in His side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high-water mark of His anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us, He

Threw His Entire Nature Into It

—all His Godhead, His omniscience, His goodness, His love, His omnipotence—head, hearty, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea, and so deep down in the waves, and so far out from the shore, that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying: "Lo! I come to do thy will," and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against Him, and those who watched Him from the gates of heaven feared He would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would Himself perish; but, putting His breast to the foam, and shaking the surf from His locks, He came on and on, until He is now within the reach of every one here. Eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent! Mighty to save, even unto the uttermost.

Oh, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret. It was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara. It was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters. It was not a fragment of a God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No. This mighty swimmer threw His grandeur, His glory, His might, His wisdom, His omnipotence, and His eternity into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us—both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross, were not both hands nailed? On the cross, were not both feet nailed? His entire nature involved in our redemption!

If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if any one is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self-reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one, and he cannot get a lifeboat, and if he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up, and bear another up, he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the torrent you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us, He

Had No Life Buoy.

His Father did not help Him. Alone in the wine press! Alone in the pang! Alone in the darkness! Alone in the mountain! Alone in the sea! Oh, if He saves us He shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No oar! No wing! No ladder! When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there were none to help." "All forsook Him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one person, independent and alone, "spreading out His hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim!"

Behold, then, to-day, the spectacle of a drowning soul and Christ the swimmer. I believe it was in 1848, when there were six English soldiers of the Fifth Fusiliers who were hanging to a capsized boat—a boat that had been

Upset by a Squall

three miles from shore. It was in the night, but one man swam mightily for the beach guided by the dark mountains that lifted their top through the night. He came to the beach. He found a shoreman that consented to go with him and save the other men, and they put out. It was some time before they could find the place where the men were, but after awhile they heard their cry: "Help! Help!" and they bore down to them, and they saved them, and brought them to shore. Oh that this moment our cry might be lifted long, loud, and shrill, till Christ the swimmer shall come and take us lest we drop a thousand fathoms down!

If you have been much by water, you know very well that when one is in peril help must come very quickly, or it will be of no use. One minute may decide everything. Immediate help the man wants or no help at all. Now, that is just the kind of a relief we want.

The Case is Urgent,

imminent, instantaneous. See that soul sinking! Son of God, lay hold of him. Be quick! Oh, I wish you all understood how urgent this Gospel is. There was a man in the navy at sea who had been severely whipped for bad behavior, and he was maddened by it, and leaped into the sea, and no sooner had he leaped into the sea than, quick as lightning, an albatross swooped upon him. The drowning man, brought to his senses, seized hold of the albatross and held on. The fluttering of the bird kept him on the wave until relief could come. Would now the dove of God's convicting, converting, and saving spirit might flash from the throne upon your soul, and that you, talking hold of its potent wing, might live and live forever!

I want to persuade you to lay hold of this strong swimmer. "No," you say; "it is always disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." There is not a river or lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking man, the drowning man clutched him, threw his arms around him, pinioned his arms, and they both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water you do not want to come up by his face; you want to come up by his back. You do not want him to hold you while you

Take Hold of Him.

But, blessed be God! Jesus Christ is so strong a swimmer He comes not to our back, but to our face, and He asks us to throw around Him the arms of our love, and then promises to take us to the beach; and He will do it. Do not trust that plank of good works. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you transportation. Turn your face upon Him as the dying martyr did in olden days when he cried out: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and He is willing to take you there. Oh, what hardness to shove Him back when He has been swimming all the way from the throne of God to where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit.

I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the harpooners went down. There is where the line-of-battle ships went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down—a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day, when the water is drawn off! But oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered. You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading forth His hands as a swimmer

spreadeth forth his hands to swim," but they thrust Him in the sore heart, and they smote His fair cheek and the storm and darkness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of Him now.

You Will Sink Without Him.

From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight. Only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outspread. I hear a great many in the audience saying: "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll take you ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help yourself, the more you impede me. Now be quiet, and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right. I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help Him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more, and that will help Him; and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins, and that will help Him." No, my brother, it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. You cannot lift an ounce, you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption.

This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the kingdom of heaven. It is because they cannot consent to

Let Jesus Christ Begin

and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let Him achieve your salvation, and achieve it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man cannot save himself, but that the Almighty Son of God can do it, and will do it if you ask Him. Oh, fling your two arms—the arms of your trust and love—around this omnipotent swimmer of the Cross.

Joy Over the Rescued.

That is a thrilling time when some one swamped in the surf is brought ashore and being resuscitated. How the people watch for the moment when he begins to breathe again! and when at last he takes one full inhalation, and opens his eyes upon the bystanders, a shout of joy rings up and down the beach. There is joy because a life has been saved. Oh ye who have been swamped in the seas of trouble and sin! we gather around you. Would that this might be the hour when you begin to live. The Lord Jesus Christ steps down, He gets on His knees, He puts His lip to your lip, and would breathe pardon and life and heaven into your immortal soul. God grant that this hour there may be thousands of souls resuscitated! I stand on the deck of the old gospel ship amid a crowd of passengers, all of them hoping that the last man overboard may be saved. May the living Christ this hour put out for your safety, "spreading His hands in the midst of you, as a swimmer spreadeth his hands to swim!"

THE LATE DR. H. BONAR.

(See Portrait on page 540.)

THE sad but not altogether unexpected news of the death of Dr. Horatius Bonar comes from Scotland. The famous preacher, author, and prophetic writer died July 31, at the age of eighty-one years. His works have made his name a household word among Christians in this country, and few Americans who have spent a Sunday in Edinburgh have missed the opportunity of hearing him. He has passed away full of years and full of honors "as a shock of corn cometh in its season."

Horatius Bonar was born at Edinburgh in 1808. His father was Solicitor to the Government in all business relating to Excise, an office which is now abolished. The lad received his early education at the Edinburgh High School and the Edinburgh University.

Before he had finished his academical course he

had published a little volume entitled "Christian Essays" which obtained a fair measure of publicity, and gave promise of the literary distinction which the author afterward attained.

In 1839, at the age of thirty-one, the student became a minister, and the interesting old town of Kelso was

His First Field of Labor.

In spite of the many and varied calls upon his time, he managed while he was at Kelso to devote some portion of the week to edit the *Presbyterian*, a magazine which did magnificent service in contending for "the faith once delivered unto the saints." About the year 1839, when the revival occurred in Dundee, he entered into the movement with heart and soul and did his best to spread it, and wherever he went many conversions were effected. But even then "What more can be done?" was his earnest inquiry by day and night. He thought that his pen might possibly reach those who were beyond his voice, so he wrote

"The Kelso Tracts."

These messengers of life were scattered far and wide; they gained entrance into thousands of Scottish homes, and everywhere they were cordially welcomed and eagerly read. In Scotland and England the number circulated was said to be very large, while in America they became popular and highly appreciated.

Dr. Bonar had, in the earlier days of his ministry, and retained to the last, a most benignant influence over children and young people. His Sabbath-school services in Kelso are still remembered by many of the old scholars with undiminished delight.

His Hymns,

one of which he wrote for each service, were sung by the boys and girls. These hymns are now to be heard in the many Sunday-schools with which Christian zeal and consecration have girdled the globe. Among some of the special favorites may be mentioned: "I Lay my Sins on Jesus," "A Few More Years shall Roll," "I was a Wandering Sheep," and "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say."

When the "disruption" of 1843 occurred Dr. Bonar cast in his lot with the Free Church. He had not, like most of those who left the Established Kirk, to leave his church on leaving the denomination. It was secured to him and his congregation by some special clauses in the title deeds, and so, as the years rolled on, it became increasingly a centre of usefulness.

As an Author,

Dr. Bonar attained world-wide fame. His "Night of Weeping" has been as balm to many bereaved and lonely hearts, comforting them in the presence of the newly opened grave; while his "Morning of Joy" has in many instances lifted the thoughts of the sorrowful to that radiant land where suffering and death are unknown. "God's Way of Peace," "The Land of Promise," "The Desert of Sinai," "Light of Truth," are among the best known of his other books.

In 1856, the strain of long labors having so impaired his energy that rest was imperatively needed, he went on a tour through the Desert of Sinai and the Holy Land. He returned with health and energy renewed, and continued his labors of voice and pen. The year 1865 brought a change in his life though not in his work. It was the year of his

Removal to Edinburgh.

As the reputation of Dr. Bonar grew, many efforts had been made to induce him to leave his beloved Kelso for a larger sphere of ministry, and at length, after twenty-seven years of earnest and successful labor, he yielded. A new church was built in the suburb of Edinburgh called The Grange, and he was asked to fill its pulpit. He consented. Like-minded men and women flocked around him, and he became as dear to them as he had been to his church at Kelso. In 1882 he was honored in being elected Moderator of the Assembly.

In 1886, through age and feebleness, Dr. Bonar, having become unequal to the heavy duties of the pastorate, was furnished with a colleague.

A NOBLE LIFE ENDED.

No better evidence of the power of Christianity can be given than the fact that so many are willing to lay down their lives to win men to Christ. The cable brings the report that one more truly noble life has been given up in the region which has already cost so many martyrs. It is that of Rev. J. Alexander Bain, Free Church of Scotland, missionary at Bandawe, Lake Nyassa, East Central Africa. Mr. Bain, who was seventh in descent of a line of Scottish ministers, was ordained and sent out in 1883, being then twenty-four years of age. He was a man full of promise, and his work at Ukukwe (fifty miles up the Stevenson Road, connecting Nyassa and Tanganyika) was such as to furnish high hopes of future service. He explored where the white man had never gone; learned new languages and reduced them to writing; erected mission buildings; taught, preached, and guided into the ways of peace a warlike tribe.

Mr. Bain had, as everyone going there has, frequent fits of fever, and on one occasion had to rise from his sick-bed to dig the grave of a companion; but he recovered, and went on earnestly with his labor of love. In the beginning of 1888 Dr. Kerr Cross ordered him home for the restoration of his health, and he had put his luggage on board the *Itala*, and was just starting, when the natives among whom he had labored came and knelt on the shore, entreating him to stay and save them from the Arabs; for it was just then that the disastrous attack of the man-stealers began. Of course he stayed; few Christian men, and no African missionaries we know of, could have had the firmness to resist such an appeal. At first vigor seemed to return, and he worked hard; but another year's toil and the fearful harassment inflicted by the Arabs have made him a real martyr at the age of thirty-one.

A MOORISH MARTYR.

In a letter from Mr. E. F. Baldwin, who is laboring as a missionary in Morocco, occurs the following touching story of the suffering endured by a native Christian convert: "One of our members was unjustly charged with theft, and was whipped by the Kaid most brutally, being held down with his face on the ground by four men at his hands and feet, while two others applied the scourges. Another soldier stood on the back of his neck to prevent his writhing, and pressed his head into the earth. His body is an awful sight, at which I have wept and shuddered again and again as I have washed his stripes. His wrists and ankles they held, and cut with cords, stretching him as they whipped him; and round his neck they twisted the scourges they had used on him, as they took him, half-dead, to prison, twisting them until he was nearly choked. He was also injured internally, and seriously, we fear, for he has been spitting blood; and, although I am writing on the eighth day since it occurred, he cannot walk or stand yet without vomiting, suffers much pain and fever, and is still black from the scourging.

"We got him out of the prison at once, that same day, by showing his innocence of a charge of theft, which was the ostensible, but not the real, cause of the scourging. A very slight inquiry brought the real thief to light, showing that our poor brother had nothing to do with it. It was only a pretext for scourging him for being a Christian. When the soldiers took him before the Kaid, they said, 'Here is one of them that goes to the Christians.' At once the Kaid said, 'Throw him down and scourge him.' They taunted him, and said they would put him into a pit, and pour petroleum on him, and set him on fire. When I applied for his release the Kaid refused, and said he would kill him if he wished. But through the American Consular Agent I insisted, and got him. When he was brought out of prison he looked like a corpse; I will never forget the sight. It was heart-sickening. Mr. Sheehan and I supported him between us to the Kaid for he had to appear before him. He now lies in one of our

rooms here, weak and full of pain, and unable to get into any easy position. But he is full of trust and joy in the Lord. He rejoices in having suffered shame for Jesus' sake."

UNRULY BOYS REFORMED.

AN interesting result of Foreign Mission work in Brooklyn, N. Y., is reported. Among the boys earning their own livelihood in that city is a boy employed by a butcher. He was a thoroughly bad lad, and became so perverse and unruly that there was no resource left untried for reforming him but that of committing him to the House of Refuge. He was sent there, and among the belongings he took with him was the report of the Women's Missionary Society which some one had given him. It was probably preserved by the boy because it had pictures in it. Time hung heavily on his hands during his confinement, and one day he turned up the report, and read it to pass away the time. He was interested in the letters of the lady missionaries in the far East. He read it again aloud to a number of other wayward boys whose evil deeds had brought them under the same correction. After serving his term he was discharged, and soon afterward met the lady who had given him the report. He said to her, "Do you know, I read all your little book to the boys in the House of Refuge, and we determined we would turn over a new leaf. We think if good ladies love Christ so much they are willing to go away from home to tell the heathen of Him, we ought to be ashamed to be bad, living right here in Brooklyn, where we know all about Him, and yet have never shown Him our love."

ANTICHRIST'S MINISTERS.

IN a book published in 1849 on the events preceding and accompanying the development of Antichrist in the last days, the Rev. W. J. Pearson thus speaks of those who will help him to attain supreme power:

Satan hath ever had false prophets in the world. His representative will be accompanied by one. He will exercise the authority of the Beast before him; and with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, he will extend the influence of the Beast. He will probably be an agent in the ascending of the Beast from the place of departed souls, and when ascended he will cause his image to be worshipped over all the earth. He will appear at Jerusalem, and he will command an image to be framed, and will place that image in the sanctuary (Matt. 24:15) of the rebuilt Temple, and cause it to speak, and men shall bow down to that image; and whosoever will not bow down shall be "killed."

The false prophet will perform many miracles, and among them he will bring down fire from heaven. By these means he will cause the whole earth to worship the Beast, and to wonder after the Beast, saying, "Who is like unto the Beast?" And he will also cause men to worship Satan, and thus fill the cup of blasphemous idolatry.

But in addition to false prophets Satan hath had other instruments on earth, and will continue to have. Wicked men have been his instruments. These he will transfer to the Beast, and they will be at his bidding. As opportunities arise, the Beast will reward their fidelity by promoting them to power, and ten of them he will place in the western kingdoms.

Satan hath also long sought a visible representative on earth. With the view of obtaining our Lord as that representative he tempted Him. Our Lord soared above temptation, but the beast will yield.

Satan hath likewise sought to obtain worship from men. That which God hath performed, or declared He will perform, He striveth always to accomplish. Hence his representative will be the embodying of these and other principles by which Satan is impelled, but in the full manifestation of which the latter hath been hitherto "let." (II Thess. 2:17.)

The "Beast" will present himself as king of the Jews. He will declare himself the only rightful sovereign of the whole earth. He will mag-

nify himself above all gods, and will say in his heart, "I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High." And in testimony of his claims he will perform miracles of pride, oppression, and blasphemy. For "the king shall do according to his will"—"all power" shall be given into his hands—art, knowledge, science, will combine to confirm his claims, and he will show forth such marvellous signs and lying wonders as, "if possible, to deceive the very elect." (Matt. 24:24.)

MUSICAL TESTIMONY IN A COURT.

IN a Chinese village called Yang-ch'eng Hien, a little band of converts have been accustomed to meet under the leadership of a native teacher. Some ten or more have broken off opium, and one or two have put away idols. The mandarin, at the instigation of one of the city district warders, has now forbidden them to receive patients, unless they promise not to preach the doctrine of Jesus. He sent for the landlord of the Refuge to reprimand him for having let the premises to the promulgators of such obnoxious doctrines. The landlord, on being rebuked, replied that if these men were evil they would give evidence of their bad character, but instead of this they had been doing good deeds and speaking good words since they had been on his premises. The official then replied, "Why, you have followed them, and I hear the people are all being deceived by them." The landlord, who had been cured of his opium, and had believed in the Lord, replied that he had. The magistrate asked him what the doctrine was, and what they did, and was told that they prayed and sang hymns. He thereupon told the man to give him a specimen of the hymns, so the latter sang, "He leadeth me, oh, blessed thought." "This testimony," says Mr. D. E. Hoste, "was given in a heathen court of justice, hundreds of li away from any foreign pastors or any organized church, by a man who had only just emerged from heathenism, and had had no teaching whatever from any foreigner." The native teacher intends staying a short time longer with the converts, and will then go to another village to do a like work there.

THE CRISIS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE intrepid missionary, Mr. Alexander M. Mackay, whose portrait appeared in this journal on February 20, has published an earnest appeal for help for Equatorial Africa. He is deeply concerned for Uganda, where he lived so long after Bishop Hannington's murder, at the imminent peril of his life. He says: "If any Christians have remained in Uganda, I do not know, or, if remaining, whether they continue faithful. Certain it is that a great number have preferred flight to persecution. But, as in the early years of the Church, the present persecution will doubtless turn to a means of the propagation of the faith in other fields. We must hope for this, and pray for this, but let us not be too sanguine. The language of Uganda is spoken only in that country itself, and the Christians, on going elsewhere, find themselves at once dumb among the people around them, just as we do for some years after coming to Africa. Temptations will beset them on every side—the world, the flesh, and the devil. Only through the loving care of their Lord can they be preserved blameless. Many of them can read, and have books—the Gospel of St. Matthew in their own language, and the Church Services, while not a few have the whole New Testament and the Psalter in Kiswabeli. That the power of the Word will not perish among them, will greatly depend upon their being able to keep pretty much together.

"God is working in Africa, overturning kingdoms which have endured for ages. The natives everywhere welcome the arrival of white men, except when poisoned against them by Arabs and their agents. These now fear that the hope of their gain is ended, and are every-

where, north, south, east, and west, bracing themselves up to make a desperate stand against Europeans, their religion, and their commerce. *Now is a critical time*—the millions of Africa are deciding for either the Cross or the Crescent, as they see either the most ready to help them. The Arab is determined; the European, too often timid and half-hearted, ready to yield and abandon. The Arabs and their agents are counted by thousands; the Christians are few."

Thus, incidentally, Mr. Mackay confirms the conclusions of students of prophecy that this is the period in which the spirit from the false prophet has chosen for making a last and supreme onslaught on the existence of Christianity.

DEATH AT A CROSSING.

A FATAL adoption of two orphan boys took place at Louisville, Ky., recently. Two wealthy farmers, residing at some distance from that city, each decided to adopt a boy as his son. They were neighbors, both had been married many years, but neither had any children to inherit their wealth. They heard that the trustees of the orphan asylum at Louisville were willing to place any of the boys under their care in charge of respectable families where they would be treated kindly and trained under religious influence. The farmers drove to the city, and having satisfied the authorities at the asylum of their good intentions, and their ability to fulfil the conditions, were allowed to select two boys. An agreement was drawn up and signed, and the farmers departed for their homes in a carriage with their newly adopted sons. On the road they had to cross the tracks of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad. It is a level crossing, and as they passed over it the west-bound express thundered down upon them, struck the carriage, and killed the whole party. The accident was a peculiarly sad one for the boys, who must have been elated by the bright prospects thus unexpectedly opened to them. Instead of the wealth and happiness promised them, they went to a violent death. It was the more sad because the promise was made in good faith, and, but for this catastrophe, would probably have been fulfilled. Those who, relying on Satan's promises of wealth and happiness, follow him and go to eternal death, do it in spite of warning. (Prov. 1:13-16).

PRESCRIBING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE wedding tour in Corea of the Rev. H. G. Underwood and his wife, who is a medical missionary in that country, is diversified by more startling incidents besides those already noted. Mrs. Underwood sends to a contemporary an account of an experience at a village some twenty miles from Kangkai. She says: "We had just settled in the house, when a party of about fifteen strong young roughs, armed with heavy clubs, and attended by intoxicated men from the neighborhood, attacked us. They had overtaken our groom and one of our colporteurs in the road, and brought them in bound, having already severely beaten the former. Our coolies were hidden away in another house, where they cowered, too terrified to help us. The ruffians charged our groom with theft, and demanded that he should be given up, became enraged when Mr. Underwood refused to do this with the charge unproved, and would not listen to his suggestion that all should go before a magistrate. Mr. Underwood repulsed them single-handed for a few moments, but they soon dragged away the groom, the two colporteurs, and one of our officials, beating them all cruelly, and carrying the first three back to their village to secure another beating, and to be tied in painful postures in a cold out-house all night. These men were carried away one at a time.

"The courtyard was filled with intoxicated and angry-looking men. We little knew but all night be foes, or that we, too, should share the fate of our poor followers. This, indeed, had been suggested. In the midst of our anxiety for our people and ourselves, we were beset by a crowd of eager applicants for medicines. Mr.

Underwood stood just outside our door, seeing the patients, whose cases he described to me, and I—as best I could, with a mind distracted with terror for the fate of our poor men, and with sickening apprehensions that the party might at any moment return and take Mr. Underwood also—prescribed for them. I hope that none of them suffered through mistakes in my prescribing under agitation."

They were compelled to start without their helpers, and to leave all their baggage behind them. They set out over a wild mountain-road by torchlight, and to their grateful surprise arrived safe and unmolested at the next stopping-place at 9 o'clock at night. There the magistrate was visited, and at Mr. Underwood's request sent a party of police back to the village to recover servants and baggage.

CHRIST'S ESCHATOLOGICAL PROPHECY.

By Dr. Sinclair Paterson.

The Temple Admired by the Disciples—Art and Science Admired by the Christians—A Mistake in the Two Judgments—The Temple to be Rebuilt—A Historical Antitype—A Wise Inquiry About Premonitory Signs—A Sign Misinterpreted—Trouble Among the Nations—Frequency of Earthquakes—When the Lord will Come.

OUR Lord, as recorded in Matthew 24, went with His followers to Mount Olivet; and as they went they called His attention to the enormous stones forming the base of the temple, as if to claim His admiration, or to inquire how it was possible such a massive structure could be destroyed. But in reply Jesus tells them, "There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." They admired the building, not knowing it was

Under A Curse.

They were full of wonder at the excellency and strength of this magnificent temple, while Jesus foretold that it should entirely perish. In a similar way men admire this world's art and science and learning and works, all the greatness and glory of it, and forget that God has sworn these shall all pass away.

When they reached the Mount of Olives the disciples came to Jesus and put this question: "When shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?" Jesus spake first of the destruction of the temple, which was nigh at hand. Within forty years of that time this was accomplished, and the beautiful house was destroyed, and trodden down under foot of the Gentiles, and has remained so all the centuries since then. They thought, and in one sense thought rightly, when He came in judgment it would be for the deliverance of His people; when His terrible judgments shook the earth there would be the long-looked-for

Deliverance and Restoration

and establishment of Israel. They had forgotten, however, that Jerusalem would be destroyed by "the people of the Prince that should come;" that Jerusalem was to be captured, and its inhabitants scattered among the nations; and moreover at some period afterwards a subsequent great tribulation was to befall the earth, such as never had been before, and never would be repeated afterwards. And, further, after that great tribulation, then immediately Christ would come for their deliverance and restoration, as the lightning shineth out of one end of heaven to the other. Thus, suddenly, not in secret, but openly, in power and in great glory, the Lord Jesus Christ should come to take to Him His great power and reign over the nations (Matthew 24:21). All this had been foretold by their own prophets, and yet they had forgotten it.

By and by the Jews will be gathered unto their own city,

The Temple Will be Rebuilt,

a league made with Antichrist, and sacrifices once more offered, according to Daniel 9:27. But in the midst of the week will He break the covenant, and set up "the abomination of desolation" in the Holy place, as was done by Antiochus Epiphanes one hundred and sixty

years before Christ came, when sacrifices were offered to Jupiter. You may read the story—not inspired, but historical—in the first book of the Maccabees. Then "an abomination of desolation" was introduced into the Temple, and here Jesus Christ indicates, in a later prophecy, that the final "abomination of desolation" shall be set up in the temple of God.

The disciples were right in asking, "What shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the age?" There are tokens, which the wise can understand, of the near approach of this final restoration at the glorious coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. "When the fig-tree putteth forth her leaves, we know that the summer is nigh; so likewise ye, when ye see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors." But a long interval was to elapse between the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and its future destruction, or attempted destruction, in these latter days.

Now the gospel is being preached to all nations for a witness; not for a triumph over all nations, not for the conversion of all nations, or to make them all blessed. Some read the Bible so unintelligently as to think the gospel, in the present dispensation, will usher in universal blessedness, but Jesus tells us plainly, "All these are the beginning of sorrows." He adds

Terrible Pre-indications

of the future. There shall be wars and rumors of wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. Yet more, believers shall be hated and delivered up to councils and kings. It shall be a time of sorrow, weakness, and suffering. But when Jesus comes personally, all this is changed. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks," as we read in Isaiah 2, "and nation shall not lift sword against nation." Read further in Isaiah 11. Then those who love the Lord Jesus Christ shall be exalted; and the Gospel shall be preached, no longer as a witness, but with wondrous power to gather all nations to worship God in the Millennium, and the saints of the Most High shall rule with the Lord Christ, and His glory shall be manifested throughout all the earth. (Rev. 20; Zech. 14.)

Now we see, as the signs of Christ's coming,

Troubles Among the Nations,

and convulsions in nature. There is at present the prospect of great trouble among the nations, and the hearts of the wisest statesmen are failing them for fear of the war likely to break out. The nations of Europe are uneasy; Europe is an armed camp, and the slightest untoward event might at any moment kindle a flame of war, the end of which it is difficult to foresee. It is an old maxim, "If you wish for peace, prepare for war," but a truer saying is, "If you wish for war, prepare for it." Great armies precipitate war. There are rumors enough in the air: ration is against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and earthquakes—have they not been tremendous as well as widespread? Not only in Southern Europe, and a little while ago in America, but also the still greater one in Asia, perhaps as disastrous as any on record, that at Krakatoa. Besides, earthquakes, as we all know, have of late been remarkably frequent, and have occurred in unexpected places. We may dream of universal peace, but we are taught to expect the periodical recurrence of war, until the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

When the gospel has done its work as a witness to all people, and Israel, gathered into Jerusalem, has made a covenant with some mighty one, and the covenant is broken, and the abomination of desolation is set up in the temple, then the Lord will be seen coming in His power and great glory for the deliverance of the remnant, and to make Himself known to all the nations of the earth. (Daniel 9:27.)

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Opinion Adverse to the Claim of United States sovereignty over Behring Sea has been given by Alexander P. Morse, an eminent authority on International law. He says, quoting from a standard report of the original controversy when Russia made the claim: "The Russian Government pretended to be sovereign on the Pacific north of the fifty-first degree of latitude. The pretension being resisted by Great Britain and the United States, the area claimed was reduced to a zone of a hundred Italian miles from shore by an ukase of 1821, and now wholly given up by a convention between the former Powers and Russia in 1824." Mr. Morse further states that the assumption of the United States in claiming exclusive jurisdiction over Behring Sea is a matter that will require the most delicate diplomacy to substantiate, and he regards the position of the Government in that respect as decidedly untenable.

The Prospects of Good Results from the American Continental Congress are bright. Reports from two of the nations interested, received last week, show that the invitation of the United States is being accepted in a spirit of cordiality, and with a disposition to promote the objects for which it was called. The President of the *Argentine Republic*, in his message to Congress, says, in reference to the meeting: "The Argentine Republic has the liveliest interest that its commercial relations with the United States may enter upon a more practical road for the interchange of the products of both countries—considering that this is the most efficacious means of increasing them—with that great Republic whose institutions serve us as a model." A prominent newspaper of Venezuela, *El Economista*, says, on the same subject: "The great nation calls her sisters to a council of the industries, commerce, fraternity, and general alliance in regard to all the beneficent interests between these countries, and under the arcades of that capitol of the rights of man and in the august shadow and under the auspices of the grand work of Washington are to be considered the measures which are to give impulse and development to all America, systematize commercial methods, and fix the basis of mutual prosperity and of immediate and cordial relations."

An Important Official Opinion Has Been given by the Attorney-General of New York, which may prove a protection to the public against careless or fraudulent bankers. Requests which have been made at the State Banking Department for permission to examine the reports of certain savings banks have been met by the answer that the reports were for the use of officials, and were not open to the general public. An appeal was made to the Attorney-General, who says: "The object of requiring banks to file reports and statements of their financial condition is for the benefit of the public, in order that persons desiring to ascertain the status of such banks may do so. The Banking Department was formed for the benefit of the public, and not for the benefit of any particular person or class of persons, and is a public office, and the reports on file in that department, showing the financial condition of any banking association, are intended for the benefit

of the public generally, and are, therefore, public documents. Being public documents, I think they should be open to public inspection, and that the Superintendent should furnish certified copies upon application to him, accompanied by the legal fee for so doing." This decision is a public benefit, and it will be well if citizens in other States secure the same privilege.

A Permanent Life-Saving Station at Point Barrow in the Arctic is being established by the Washington Government for the relief of shipwrecked seamen. The New York *Times* states that Lieutenant Stockton has arrived at that extreme northern point to establish there the building for the refuge station in co-operation with the *Bear*. This is an undertaking in which the country may take pride, since, while caches of provisions, or relief stations occasionally visited by vessels, are familiar in the Frigid Zone, no other nation, we believe, has established in so high a latitude a permanent relief station, with a superintendent and force of men.

The Contract Labor Law is Again Prominently before the public. A complaint has been presented to the Treasury Department by the representative of Austria in Washington. He states that a resident of Milwaukee sent money to his brother in Austria to come to this country. The brother, Emerich Hasziels, came to New York, bringing his family, but the Collector at that port averred that the immigrant came to the United States in violation of the alien labor law, and he was sent back to Austria. Now the diplomatic representative of the Austrian Government protests that there was no contract in the case, and that the immigration was legal. Meanwhile the would-be immigrant has presented a claim against the department for the amount of the passage-money for himself and family. The Collector at New York has been called upon for his version of the case. If it should appear that Hasziels did not seek to enter the United States under contract, then equitably he would be entitled to admission, and also to a refund of the amount of his passage-money, but as the alien labor law makes no provision to meet the latter case, the department officials have not yet decided how they can make good the lost passage money, if the case is decided against them.

Preparations for the World's Fair to be held in New York in 1892 have already commenced. Mayor Grant last week nominated four committees of twenty-five each to have charge respectively of the departments of Finance, Legislation, Sites and Buildings, and Permanent Legislation. They were composed of leading citizens, whose names were suggested by the trades and professions; one name each was sent in by fifty-seven industries, to which the Mayor added forty-three others from among prominent persons not identified with any special trade. He also assigned them to the several committees, with instructions to proceed with the preliminaries of the enterprise. It is expected that the outlay will be fully fifteen million dollars. The committee on finance is being urged to raise the money by shares of small denomination, instead of seeking an appropriation from the Legislature or borrowing the money by special loan.

The Conviction and Sentence of General Boulanger by the French Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice on August 15, put an end to the suspense in regard to the long-talked-of trial. The Senate by a vote of 201 to 7 decided that the Court was competent to try the General on all the counts of the indictment. Two of the Senators refrained from voting. The Court then, by 206 votes, found the General guilty of conspiracy. Six of the Senators did not vote. The Court found Count Dillon and M. Rochefort guilty of complicity in the plot. It also decided, by a vote of 100 to 97, that Boulanger was guilty of a treasonable attempt against the state during the Presidential crisis. After this the third charge against General Boulanger—that of peculation—came on. The General's

friends made a mild defence of the accused, but the Radicals silenced them. After some debate the High Court decided that General Boulanger was guilty on this head also. A special sitting was then held, at which the Court sentenced General Boulanger, Count Dillon, and Henri Rochefort to be deported to a fortified place. That the General's trial was a fair one cannot be claimed. He was tried by his enemies, and, even so, was convicted by a bare majority. It is understood that no attempt will be made to secure his extradition, the Government being satisfied to leave him unmolested in exile.

The English Occupation of Egypt is to be continued in spite of the protests of France. On August 12 an emphatic statement was made in the House of Lords by Lord Salisbury, in reply to a question by the Earl of Carnarvon. He stated that the Government's policy in Egypt would not be altered a hair's breadth. The country, he said, had improved under English administration. It would be impossible to fix the limit of the stay of English troops there. The Government had entered into obligations which it must fulfil.

The Emperor of Austria Received a Hearty welcome in Berlin from Emperor William last week. The two monarchs effusively complimented each other, ignoring the fact that it is not a quarter of a century since the two Empires were engaged in a fierce struggle for supremacy. Emperor William, toasting the Emperor Francis Joseph, said: "You have learned, from the joyful reception given you, of our warm and lively consciousness of the friendship that has existed between our peoples for a century. Before all is our army, a portion of which you have seen, proud of appearing before your keen, soldierly eye. My people, like the army, will hold firmly and faithfully to the alliance which we have concluded. The army knows that for the maintenance of peace it will have to join the gallant army of Austria, and if Providence so decrees, they will fight together shoulder to shoulder." The Emperor Francis Joseph returned thanks for the brilliant reception accorded him. He drank to the health of his friend and ally, so near to his heart, inseparable in brotherhood and comradeship, to the health of the gallant armies of Germany and Austria, and to the strengthening of the guarantees of peace for the allied states and Europe.

A Check to Russian Intrigue was Administered last week by four European powers. Russia was pursuing her usual policy of fomenting disturbances, Crete, this time, being the scene of operations, and Greece being used as a catspaw. Greece had issued a circular note to the Cabinets of Europe, calling attention to the disturbance in Crete, and intimating an intention of suppressing them if Turkey failed to do so. It was perfectly understood that Russia was supporting Greece, but that fact did not prevent a sharp admonition being sent to Athens. Germany, Austria, England, and Italy united in bidding Greece keep her hands off; and the Czar, confronted by so powerful a combination, was sufficiently discreet to withdraw his support. The note of the four powers was issued within two days which was an unprecedentedly rapid feat of diplomacy. The threatening storm was quelled, and what might have been a serious beginning of a widespread war was effectually stopped. The success of this achievement has encouraged hopes in Berlin that England will be induced to permanently join the alliance of the other three powers, and so form a formidable defence against a combined movement of Russia and France against either power. It is understood that England would join the triple alliance if the three powers would undertake to attack Russia in the event of Russia moving against English possessions in Asia.

Any Subscriber Interested in this Journal, and desiring to promote its circulation, may have sample copies sent them postage-paid and free of charge, for distribution at camp-meetings or other places where such distribution will introduce the paper, and lead to increased sales. Send postal card stating number required to The Manager, 71 Bible House.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$11.50. They are from: Parsons, Kan., \$2; Buncombe, Iowa, 50 cts.; Lakeville, Cal., \$1; Coronado, Cal., \$5; A Friend \$1; Mt. Jackson, Va., \$1; Lewiston, Me., \$1. A colored minister at Rockwood, Tenn., who has been receiving the paper through this fund writes: "For two years I have been reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and have found it help me in my work as no other book or paper ever did. I have tried to save money to subscribe for it this year, but we are all so poor that it could not be done. I do not see how I can get along without it. If it is possible, send it to me for another year. . . . It will be a blessing to me, and my people too." Through the kindness of our friends who have shown their interest in the colored race by contributing to this fund, we have been enabled to comply with this minister's request. Other names of colored ministers have also been added to our mailing list as money came in for the purpose, and we trust that eventually all who have applied to participate in the benefit of the fund may have their desire gratified, and that God will bless it to their edification.

A Remarkable Response to a Suggestion took place at the Northfield Conference. Mr. J. G. Woolley, the temperance advocate of New York, had been giving a stirring temperance address, describing, in his characteristic manner, the gigantic evil of the liquor traffic, and the urgent need of aggressive Christian work to combat it and save the victims. The minute the speaker finished, Mr. Moody was on his feet, and exclaimed: "I hope this won't end it. Why can't this meeting adopt him (Mr. Woolley) as a missionary, and send him out to save men from drink?" The audience began to applaud, but Mr. Moody called for subscriptions, and two \$100 gifts were immediately announced. Pledges of \$25 rained in showers, and after a half-dozen hats had been passed through the audience the sum total was announced at \$2,100. Probably no man but Mr. Moody could have raised so much money for such a purpose in the time.

An Astonished House Owner Made a Curious discovery recently in Alexandria, D. C. A lady who lives in Georgetown owns a house in Alexandria, and on August 9 went over to see why the tenant had not remitted his rent. Before reaching the house she learned that the tenant had left the house and taken all his goods with him. She went on to look over the house, expecting that repairs would be necessary to put it in order for a new tenant. To her surprise she found that, though the next house to hers stood empty and in need of repairs, her own was occupied, and had been newly painted and renovated since she had last seen it, six months ago. She went in and demanded her rent. Her demand was met by the occupant with the assertion that the house was his. He said he had bought it in July, and had spent considerable money in improving it. In proof, he produced his title-deed, and he then discovered his mistake. The house he had bought was the next one, and both being vacant, he had taken possession of the wrong one. Unless the owner voluntarily compensates him he has lost his money. A similar blunder is made by the Christian who, though only a tenant of his body, expends time and thought and money on its adornment. (1 Cor. 6: 20.)

A Night in a Forest was Passed Recently by a lady from Louisville, N. Y. She was one of a party of young people who went to a forest near Greig to picnic on August 9. She and a few others started to gather blackberries in the afternoon, and after a short time her friends lost sight of her. A search was commenced, but no trace of her could be found. The assistance of some men living in the neighborhood was secured, but they gave little hope of finding her, as she had evidently wandered into an unbroken part of the forest. One of them, however, after carefully examining the ground discovered her

trail and followed it. No answer came to his calls, but he perseveringly followed the trail for several hours. It was 2 o'clock in the morning of the next day before he overtook her at a point twelve miles from where she had started. Her shoes were completely worn out, and she was so weary and terrified by her lonely condition as to be quite dazed. After a short rest she started back again with her guide, who took her to his home on the outskirts of the forest and obtained medical assistance for her. She said that after realizing that she was lost she had taken several turns which seemed likely to lead her out of the forest, but each one led only into denser parts. If when she first found that she was lost she had ceased walking and called for help she would have been found several hours earlier. Some who have wandered into the mazes of religious doubt have had a similar experience. Those come soonest into the light who distrust themselves and call upon God to extricate them. (Prov. 28: 26.)

A Lawsuit Arising Out of the Purchase of a wife was tried at Tacoma, W. T., on August 10. An Italian named Petreck appealed to Judge Patrick to compel another Italian named Cordova to refund fifty dollars. He said that he had fallen in love with a girl of whom Cordova was guardian. He proposed marriage, but the girl said she was engaged to her guardian. He thereupon asked Cordova how much he would take to relinquish his claims on the girl. Cordova named \$150 as the price, and the bargain was made. Petreck paid fifty dollars in cash, and gave a note payable in two years for the hundred. They were married, but the girl did not love her husband, and turned out altogether unsatisfactory as a wife. Petreck took her back, and asked Cordova to refund the money paid for her. Cordova gave up the note, but could not, or would not, repay the fifty dollars cash; so the suit was brought. Judge Patrick declared the contract illegal, and promptly dismissed the case. He could not have done otherwise, but as the wife does not love her husband that is probably not the end of the trouble. It is not surprising that a woman should not love a man who has purchased her with money as if she were an animal, though her love might be won by personal devotion and sacrifice. It is the glory of the Church that she was purchased, but not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. (1 Peter 1: 18.)

An Act of Retributive Justice Prevented a scandalous crime in Lathrop, Cal., on August 14. Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, left the Southern overland train at that point early on Wednesday morning, and went into the dining-room for breakfast. He was followed by United States Marshal Nagle, who sat down at the same table. Soon afterward there entered the dining-room the notorious David S. Terry, formerly Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of California, accompanied by his wife. They were going to another table when they recognized Justice Field, and Mrs. Terry immediately returned to the train, as it was afterward proved, to fetch a pistol. Her purpose was discovered later as she was coming back to the dining-room with a satchel in her hand. The satchel was snatched from her, and the pistol disclosed. During her absence, her husband walked over to the table where Justice Field sat, and struck him a blow on the face. Instantly Marshal Nagle rose, and shot Judge Terry through the heart. But for Nagle's skill and promptitude the country would surely have been disgraced by the murder of a member of the highest judicial tribunal in the land. It has been known for a year past—ever since in September, 1888, Justice Field pronounced the decision of the Supreme Court adverse to Mrs. Terry in the Sharon-Hill case—that his life was in danger from Terry's hand. Attorney-General Miller had heard of it, and, much to Justice Field's annoyance, had employed Nagle to follow the Justice wherever he went, and guard him. The killing of the mis-

creant occasions no regret except that it was not done, as it should have been long ago, by the hangman. There was, however, a poetic retribution in the method, for it was Terry's own. He fell as his own victims had fallen, unprepared for an adversary of superior readiness with the deadly weapon. In his case the Scriptural warning was fulfilled: His own iniquities took the wicked himself. (Prov. 5: 22, 23.)

A Dog's Extraordinary Journey is Described by the Chicago Tribune. It states that five weeks ago a man living at Iron Mountain, Mich., disposed of a favorite Irish setter of remarkable intelligence to a travelling showman. He did so with extreme regret, and only because he was in a strait for money, and the showman, believing the dog would be valuable to him in his exhibitions, offered a high price for him. The showman took the dog around with him on a long circuit, and took pains to teach him various tricks, and treated him well. When he arrived at St. Paul, Minn., the dog suddenly disappeared. Search was made for him and advertisements published, but without avail. One day last week the dog crawled wearily to the door of his old master's home at Iron Mountain and whined for admittance. The door was opened, and he received a glad welcome. He was much emaciated, and had evidently made the long journey of four hundred miles on foot. How he found his way is a mystery. His owner was so touched by this proof of the dog's affection that he declares himself ready to reimburse the showman twice over rather than part with the dog again. When a man is compared to a dog it is done as a reproach; but in this case the animal displayed a fidelity which, as God reminded His people, He has not found in them. (Isa. 1: 3.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost, of Brooklyn, has been offered the pastorate of Clermont Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, Scotland, with a salary of \$5,000.

Mrs. Josephine R. Nichols, who has charge of the W. C. T. U. Exhibit at the Paris Exposition, recently gave an address on social purity at the Paris Woman's Congress.

Messrs. Hyde and Stevenson, evangelists from Northfield, Mass., have held a nine days' mission in Yougal, County Cork, Ireland, from which many cases of conversion have resulted.

The Gentiles of Utah have succeeded in carrying several elections in Salt Lake City itself. They will now have six Gentile members in the House and three representatives in the Council.

Ocean Grove had the largest assemblages in its history last week; Dr. J. O. Cowles, of Brooklyn, preached to an audience of over 9,000 persons, and on Sunday there were 3,172 children in the Sunday-school.

The First Presbyterian Church of Erie, Penn., desires to have the Rev. H. C. Ross, of Ingersoll, Canada, as its pastor, but has been notified that his acceptance would be an infringement of the alien contract labor law.

The Congregational Church in Stratford, Conn., will celebrate the 250th anniversary of its organization on September 5. The programme will include a communion service, historical papers, salutations to and responses by delegates from the various offspring of the church, and other interesting exercises.

The Rev. Dr. Waldenstrom, the leader of the Free Church movement in Sweden, addressed the meeting of the Congregational ministers of Chicago a few days ago, stating that since the revolt from the Established Church began in 1870, 500 congregations had been formed, with a total membership of 70,000.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, of the Hebrew Christian work, New York, preached in London on Sunday, August 4, in the City Road Wesleyan Chapel in the morning, and at Highbury Park Presbyterian Church in the evening. He intends to visit Scotland and Ireland on evangelistic work before returning to America.

The Rev. E. W. Oakes has returned to Manchester, N. H., from his visit to England. During his stay there he held meetings in the Albert Hall, Nottingham. He also attended the World's Sunday-School Convention in London, and spoke at other meetings. Mr. Oakes is resuming work at Manchester with renewed energy.

Mr. D. L. Moody writes that a convention of evangelical ministers and laymen is to be held in Chicago for ten days, commencing about the 20th of September, the exact date of which will be announced as soon as definite replies are received from the speakers who have been invited from abroad. The singing will be led by Ira D. Sankey. The Bible Institute is to open about October 1.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." Rev. 19: 7, 8.

Christ as a Lamb—Seen on Earth Taking Away Sins—In Heaven Glorified—Implies That Sacrifice is the Essential Quality—I. The Antecedents of the Marriage—Destruction of the Harlot Church—A Peculiar Voice—The Response—II. The Marriage Itself—The Result of Eternal Gift—The Completion of Betrothal—The Perfecting of the Church—The Home-Bringing—III. The Bridegroom—IV. The Preparation of the Bride.

Do not forget that, whenever we read of Christ as a Lamb, it is to remind us of His sufferings and death in our room and place and stead, for the putting away of our sin. Under that character we looked to Him, some of us, years ago, and found peace at the first. We are still looking to Him under that same character; and when we attain to heaven, we shall not have to change our thought of Him, but we shall still see Him as a Lamb that has been slain. In our lowest place, when we came out of the Egypt of our bondage, He was the Lamb of God's passover; and in our highest place, in the heavenly temple, we shall still regard Him as "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." This morning my principal aim shall be to show you that the blessed and glorious union, which is to be celebrated

Between the Church and Her Lord,

will be the marriage "*of the Lamb*." The ever-blessed and eternal union of hearts with Christ will be in reference to His sacrifice, specially and emphatically. The perfected union of the entire Church of God with her divine husband is here described by the beloved apostle—who laid his head upon his Master's bosom, and knew most about Him, and who was under the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost—in these words: "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready."

Whatever else we think of at this time, my discourse will aim at this as the white of the target—namely, that Jesus Christ as the Lamb, the sacrifice, is not only the beginning, but the end; not only the foundation, but the topstone of the whole sacred edifice of the temple of grace. The consummation of the whole work of redemption is the marriage of the church to Christ; and, according to "the true sayings of God," this is "the marriage of the Lamb."

I. First, I invite your attention to

The Antecedents of the Marriage.

What will happen before the public marriage is celebrated? One great event will be the destruction of the harlot church. I have just read in your hearing, the previous chapter, which declares the overwhelming destruction which will fall upon that evil system. Any Church which puts in the place of justification by faith in Christ another method of salvation, is a harlot church. The doctrine of justification by faith in Christ is the article of a standing or a falling Church. Where the blood is precious, there is life; where atonement by the sacrifice is preached and loved, there will the Spirit of God bear effectual testimony; but where human priests are put in the place of Jesus, where pardons can be purchased, where there is an unbloody sacrifice instead of the great propitiation, and sacraments are exalted as the means of regeneration; there the Church is no longer a chaste virgin unto Christ, but she hath turned aside from her purity.

Furthermore, in the immediate connection, we note that before the marriage of the Lamb, there was a peculiar voice. Read the fifth verse: "And a voice came." Where from? "A voice came out of the throne." Whose voice was that? It was not the voice of the Eternal God; for it said, "Praise our God, all ye His servants." Whose voice, then, could it be? No one but God could be upon the throne save the Lamb, who is God. Surely, it was He who said, "Praise our God." The

Mediator, God-and-man in one person, was on the throne as a Lamb, and He announced the day of His own marriage. Who should do it but He? He speaks the word which calls on all the servants of God to praise Him, because His complete victory had come.

Next, notice the response to this voice; for this also precedes the marriage. No sooner did that one august voice summon them to praise, than immediately "I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude." Who can imagine

The Acclamations

of that glorious day? We now preach the gospel, as it were, in a corner, and few there are that will applaud the King of kings. Still, the Christ wendeth His way through the world as an unknown or forgotten man; and His Church, following behind Him, seemeth as a forlorn and forsaken woman—few there be that care for her. But in that day when her Lord is seen as the King of kings, and she is openly acknowledged as His spouse, what welcomes will be heard, what bursts of adoring praise unto the Lord God!

Observe that this tremendous volume of sound will be full of rejoicing and of devout homage. "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him." Double joy will be there, and its expression will be homage to the Lord God. The joy of joys will be the delight of Christ in His perfectly gathered Church. There is

Joy in Heaven

in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; but when all these repenting sinners are gathered into one perfected body, and married to the Lamb, what will be the infinite gladness! Heaven is always heaven, and unspeakably full of blessedness; but even heaven has its holidays, even bliss has its overflowings; and on that day when the springtide of the infinite ocean of joy shall have come, what a measureless flood of delight shall overflow the souls of all glorified spirits as they perceive that the consummation of love's great design is come—"The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready!"

Thus, I have given you a hint of what will precede the marriage of the Lamb, in all of which you may observe that Jesus wears His character of the Lamb. The harlot church hath fought against the Lamb, and the Lamb hath overcome her forces. He it is that, on the throne, speaks to His people as His brethren; it is to Him that the response is given; for the joy and the delight all spring from the fact that the marriage is that of the Lamb whom the Father glorifies, and who glorifies the Father.

II. Now may I be helped by the Spirit of God, while I lead you on to

The Marriage Itself.

"The marriage of the Lamb is come." Often as you hear about this marriage of the Lamb, I greatly question whether any here have any precise idea what it means. The marriage of the Lamb is the result of the eternal gift of the Father. Our Lord says, "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me." His prayer was, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."

Next: this is the completion of the betrothal, which took place with each of them in time. I shall not attempt elaborate distinctions; but as far as you and I were concerned, the Lord Jesus betrothed each one of us unto Himself in righteousness, when first we believed on Him. Then He took us to be His, and gave Himself to be ours, so that we could sing, "My beloved is mine, and I am His." This was the essence of the marriage. Paul, in the Epistle to the Ephesians, represents our Lord as already married to the Church. This may be illustrated by

The Oriental Custom,

by which, when the bride is betrothed, all the sanctities of marriage are involved in those espousals; but yet there may be a considerable interval before the bride is taken to her husband's house. She dwells with her former

household, and has not yet forgotten her kindred and her father's house, though still she is espoused in truth and righteousness. Afterward, she is brought home on an appointed day, the day which we should call the actual marriage; but yet the betrothal is, to Orientals, of the very essence of the marriage. Well, then, you and I are betrothed to our Lord to-day, and He is joined to us by inseparable bonds.

The Day of Perfecting.

The marriage day indicates the perfecting of the body of the Church. I have already told you that the Church will then be completed, and it is not so now. The Church which is affianced unto the heavenly Bridegroom is not visible as yet, for she is in the process of formation. The music of the heavenly harmonies as yet lacks certain voices. Some of its needful notes are too bass for those already, and others are too high for them, till the singers come who are ordained to give the choir its fullest range. At the Crystal Palace you have seen the singers come trooping in. The conductor is all anxiety if they seem to linger. Still, some are away. The time is nearly up, and you see seats up there on the right, and a vacant block down there on the left. Even so with the heavenly choir: they are streaming in; the orchestra is filling up, but yet there is room, and yet there is demand for other voices to complete the heavenly harmony.

By this marriage is meant more than I have told you. There is

The Home-Bringing.

You are not to live here for ever in these tents of Kedar, among a people of a strange tongue; but the blessed Bridegroom cometh to take you to the happy country, where you shall no longer say, "My soul is among lions." All the faithful shall soon be away to thy land, O Emmanuel! We shall dwell in the land that floweth with milk and honey, the land of the unclouded and unsetting sun, the home of the blessed of the Lord. Happy, indeed, will be the home-bringing of the perfect Church!

I cannot tell you all it means, but certainly this marriage signifies that all who have believed in Him shall then enter into a bliss which shall never end; a bliss which no fear approacheth, or doubt becloudeth. They shall be for ever with the Lord, for ever glorified with him. A day will come, the day of days, time's crown and glory, when, all conflict, risk, and judgment ended for ever, the saints, arrayed in the righteousness of Christ, shall be eternally one with Him in living, loving, lasting union, partaking together of the same glory, the glory of the Most High. What must it be to be there! My dear hearers, will you be there? Make your calling and election sure. If you are not trusting in the Lamb on earth, you will not reign with the Lamb in His glory. He that doth not love the Lamb, as the atoning sacrifice, shall never be the bride of the Lamb. How can you hope to be glorified with Him if you neglect Him in the day of his scorning?

III. But we pass on now to dwell emphatically upon the fact that the character under which

The Bridegroom

appears is that of the Lamb. "The marriage of the Lamb is come." It was next as *the Lamb that He loved us and proved His love*. Beloved, He did not give us words of love merely when He came from heaven to earth, and dwelt among us "a lowly man before His foes;" but He proceeded to deeds of truest affection. The supreme proof of His love was that He was led as a lamb to the slaughter. When He poured out His blood as a sacrifice, it might have been said, "Behold how He loved them!" So you see, as a Lamb He proved His love, and as a Lamb He celebrated His marriage with us.

Go a step further. Love in marriage must be on both sides; and it is as the Lamb that we first came to love Him. I had no love to Christ; how could I have till I saw His wounds and blood? "We love Him, because He first loved us." His perfect life was a condemnation to me, much as I was compelled to admire it; but

the love that drew me to Him was shown in His substitutionary character, when He bore my sins in His own body on the tree. Is it not so with you, beloved? I have heard a great deal about conversions through admiration of the character of Christ, but I have never met with one; all I have ever met with have been conversions through a sense of need of salvation, and a consciousness of guilt, which could never be satisfied save by His agony and death, through which sin is justly pardoned, and evil is subdued. This is the great heart-winning doctrine. Christ loves us as the Lamb, and we love Him as the Lamb. Further, marriage is the most

Perfect Union.

Surely, it is as the Lamb that Jesus is most closely joined to His people. Our Lord came very close to us when He took our nature, for thus He became bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. He came very near to us when, for this cause, He left His Father and became one flesh with His Church. He could not be sinful, as she was; but He did take her sins upon Himself, and bear them all away, as it is written, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." When "He was numbered with the transgressors," and when the sword of vengeance smote Him in our stead, then He came nearer to us than ever He could do in the perfection of His Incarnation.

And oh, beloved, when you come to think of it, to be married to Him, to be one with Him, to have no thought, no object, no desire, no glory, but that which dwells in Him that liveth and was dead—will not this be heaven indeed, where the Lamb is the light thereof? Forever to contemplate and adore Him who offered up Himself without spot unto God, as our sacrifice and propitiation—this shall be an endless feast of love. We shall never weary of this subject.

IV. Now we come to the preparedness of

The Bride:

"His wife hath made herself ready." Up till now the Church has always been spoken of as His bride; now she is "His wife"—that is a deeper, dearer, more-matured word than "bride." "His wife hath made herself ready." The Church has now come to the fullness of her joy, and has taken possession of her status and dower as "His wife." What does it mean—"hath made herself ready"?

It signifies, first, that she willingly and of her own accord comes to her Lord, to be His, and to be with Him forever. This she does with all her heart: "She hath made herself ready." She does not enter into this engagement with reluctance. Some unwisely speak of the grace of God as though it were a physical force, which sets a constraint upon the will of the quickened man. Beloved, I never preach to you in that fashion. Free will is an unknown thing, except it be wrought in us by grace. Grace is the great liberating force.

The Will is a Slave

to evil till grace comes and makes it free to choose that which is good. No action of the soul is more free than that by which it quits sin and closes with Christ. Then the man comes to himself. The heart is free from compulsion when its love goes forth toward the Lord Jesus.

Does it not mean that she has put away from herself all evil, and all connection with the corruptions of the harlot church has been destroyed? She has struggled against error, she has fought against infidelity, and both have been put down by her holy watchfulness and earnest testimony; and so she is ready for her Lord. Does it not also mean that in the great day of the consummation the Church will be one? Alas for the divisions among us! You do not know what denomination my friend belonged to who prayed just now. Well, I shall not tell you. You could not judge from his prayer. "The saints in prayer appear as one." Denomination! A plague upon denominationism! There should be but one denomination: we should be denominated by the name of Christ, as the wife is named by her husband's name. As long as the Church of Christ has to say, "My right arm

is Episcopalian, and my left arm is Wesleyan, and my right foot is Baptist, and my left foot is Presbyterian or Congregational," she is not ready for the marriage. She will be ready when she has washed out these stains, when all her members have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." Unity is a main part of the readiness here spoken of.

The Bride's Dress.

I beg you to notice what the preparation was. It is described in the eighth verse: "To her was granted." I will go no further. Whatever preparation it was that she made, in whatever apparel she was arrayed, it was granted to her. Observe that the harlot church wore fine linen also, but then she had with it purple and silk and scarlet and precious stones and pearls. I do not know whence the harlot obtained her apparel, but I know where the true Church found her wedding dress, for it is written, "To her was granted." This was a gift of sovereign grace, the gift of her Beloved: "To her was granted."

Look at the apparel of the wife, "To her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white." How simple her raiment! Only fine linen, clean and white! The more simple our worship, the better. The true Church of Christ is

Content with White Linen,

and no more. She asked not for those fine things we read about in connection with the harlot. She envied not the unchaste one her harpers and musicians and pipers and trumpeters; she was content with her simple harp and joyful song. She did not need all manner of vessels of ivory, and precious wood, brass and iron and marble. She did not seek for cinnamon and odors and ointments, nor aught else of that finery with which people nowadays try to adorn their worship. The harlot church bedecks herself with her architecture and her millinery and her perfumery and her oratory and her music; but those who would follow the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth, will keep their worship, their practice, and their doctrine pure and simple, avoiding all the blandishments of carnal policy and human wisdom, content with the truth as it is in Jesus. What more beautiful than pure white linen?

In the Greek our text runs thus: "Fine linen, clean and white; for fine linen is the righteousnesses of the saints." We shall have

A Complete Array

of righteousnesses in Christ's perfect righteousness, active and passive—a garment for the head, and a garment for the feet, and for the loins. Every form of righteousness will go to make up the believer's outfit; only, all of it is *granted*, and none of it is of our own purchasing. We shall not have Christ's righteousness to cover up our sin, as some blasphemously say, for we shall have no sin to cover. We shall not want Christ's righteousness to make an evil heart seem pure; we shall be as perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect.

Best of all, we shall be arrayed in that day with that which pleases the bridegroom. Do I not remember how He said, "I counsel thee to buy of me white raiment?" Yes, she has

Remembered His Bidding.

She has nothing else but that "fine linen" which is "the righteousness of saints;" and this He delights in. She comes to the Lamb, bearing about her the result of His own passion, and of His own Spirit, and she is well pleasing in His eyes. The Lord sees in her of the travail of His soul, and He is satisfied.

I have done when I have again put this question: Do you trust the Lamb? I warn you, if you have a religion which has no blood of Christ in it, it is not worth a thought; you had better be rid of it, it will be of no use to you. I warn you, also, that unless you love the Lamb you cannot be married to the Lamb; for He will never be married to those who have no love to Him. As many of you as hope to be saved by the works of the law, or by anything else apart from His blood and righteousness, you have unchristianized yourselves; you have no part in

Jesus here, and you shall have no part in Him hereafter, when He shall take to Himself His own redeemed Church, to be His spouse for ever and ever. God bless you, for Christ's sake.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Soldier's Death.*

DONALD required very little care during the night, but Theodora slept in the adjoining room, ready to come at his call. She lingered about him that evening, her heart aching to do something for him. She had put the water and the slippery-elm and the little bell on the stand beside him, shaded the night lamp, and stood trying to soothe him to sleep, by brushing the soft hair, which seemed darker than ever since his forehead had grown so pale beneath it. But the long eyelashes would not close over. At last he reached up, and taking her wrist, drew her hand down and kissed it, saying, "You must go, dear; you are too tired already."

So his sister kissed him, and stole away to her own room. She sank on her knees by the bed, and hid her face in a pillow to stifle her sobs. Her whole soul poured itself out in passionate prayer. It was not now that he might live. She asked that, indeed, but it was with an "If it be possible," even like our Saviour's, knowing that it was not possible. Her one importunate petition was that the dear soul might have the victory over death. By degrees, importunity was calmed into trust. Her form no longer shook with the agonizing intensity of desire. She felt the brooding love of the Father. She gave over her dear one to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. She grew strong to stay up her beloved, even to the gates of death.

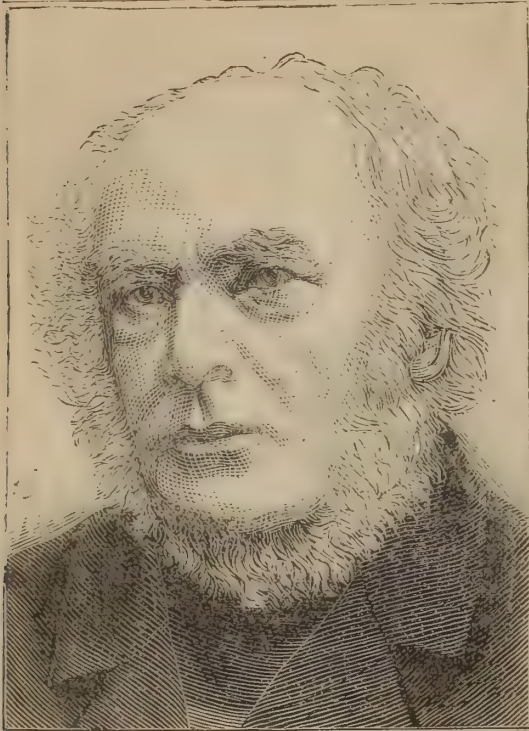
She lay down in her wrapper, but she slept as a mother sleeps—ready to start at a sound. Donald did not call, but in the course of the night she stole in to see if it was well with him. She stood leaning on the back of an easy-chair—far enough off so that he could not feel her presence, and let her eyes take their fill of gazing at her brother's pallid face. The boy's radiant color, the soldier's hardy bronze, were gone, but so was also the ghastliness of the half-starved prisoner; and now the face, white as marble, showed in every outline an exquisite blending of delicacy and manliness. All at once his eyes opened, and she came forward quickly, that she might not seem to have been watching him. He held out his hand to her, and smiled.

"It's all right, Theo," he said. "'Though He slay me, yet I trust in Him.'" His eyes were luminous with some new joy. Her prayer was surely answered. She dared not try to speak. "I have been headstrong and rebellious," he continued; "I wanted so much to live, and do something; but God knows best. He could have given me life if He had chosen. I would not take it out of His hands if I could; not for worlds. I gave myself to my Saviour long ago, and I ought not to have doubted He would know what to do with me. I have been all over it with Him during the night; and He is so wise, and so tender, it grieves me to think of having resisted Him as I have."

"You did not mean to resist," said his sister; "it was only natural to feel as you did."

"But I should have remembered in whose hands my breath is. I should have liked to live; there was a good deal I hoped to do; and then

* From "Theodora: A Home Story." By Phoebe F. McKeen. The thrilling scenes of the war, and the life of a Northern soldier in a Southern prison, depicted in this book are not more fascinating than the mental conflict and final triumphs of faith over doubt, which are well described in its pages. Pp 480; price 50 cents in paper covers; published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



The Late Dr. Horatius Bonar.



A Missionary School in the Fiji Islands.

I love you all so much. But, if He sees better for me to come to Him now—why, I am ready.” He spoke cheerfully, and ended with a smile. . . .

It was one October afternoon that the dreaded whisper went around the household that the end had come. Theodora had seen death many times—her sisters never. He lay panting on the dear breast that had nursed him in babyhood; his sisters stood or knelt beside him, fanning him, kissing his hand, murmuring last words of dearest love; his father sat by the bed repeating strong words of hope. The sufferer seemed to drink them in. Even this road his Saviour had trodden before him. A paroxysm of pain almost took away his breath, then it labored on again. “O Lord, how long?” groaned Miriam. She could see him die better than she could see him suffer. He looked up with heavenly meekness, and whispered, “*He loves me just the same.*”

“I wish I could help you, my dear child,” said the father, tenderly. “But the Saviour can and will. He hung in dying agony from the third hour to the ninth, you know.”

“It is enough for the disciple —” gasped Donald, with earnest looks.

“That he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord,” said his father, finishing the sentence for him. “Presently you will be with Him, and all this trouble of getting to Him will seem like nothing.”

Slowly his eyes travelled around the dear group, with a look of love for each. “All together again pretty soon — and Jesus too.” They all saw the smile; Robert caught the words, and repeated them aloud, adding softly, “And they shall go no more out forever.”

He lay breathing more and more faintly, while day faded into twilight. Suddenly, as if in haste, he whispered, “Kiss me, mother.” She folded her arms around him, and while she poured out a heart full of yearning in the last kiss, the father bowed his gray head, and said, solemnly, “Father into thy hands we commend his spirit.”

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN FIJI.

(See Illustration.)

WHEN we bid good-bye to the devoted men and women who leave home and friends to preach Christ to the heathen we have but a vague idea of the character of their labors. The accompanying illustration may help our readers to realize one of the most interesting as well as one of the most hopeful departments of the work in a fruitful sphere. It is a picture of a Sunday-school in Levuka, the chief town of the Fiji Islands. Like the other religious services,

it is held in the open air. It is peculiar in many aspects, and the most experienced Boston school-marm would find it a novelty not altogether agreeable. The native dress is the lava-lava, which consists of a cloth made from the bark of the paper mulberry-tree called “tapa.” This is wound round the loins two or three times, the folds falling to the knee, and is fastened by a twist which the smallest girl or boy can make in the twinkling of an eye, and yet no white person can accomplish. With a school made up of adults and children of all ages so attired, the missionary passes along the line, his head protected from the sun by a fantastic umbrella, hearing and asking questions.

The Fiji Islands are about 250 in number. They lie in the South Pacific, about 1,100 miles north of New Zealand. Their gross area is 7,740 square miles; but, taking in the water between them, they cover an area of 90,000 square miles. They are of volcanic origin, with lofty mountains, and are fertile and well wooded. The total population is 125,000, of whom 14,000 are whites. Prior to 1835 the islanders were sunk in heathenism, and were notorious for their ferocity, and their love for human flesh as an article of diet.

Levuka is the largest town on the islands. Its harbor, as seen from the sea, is a sight of rare beauty. A wide level street runs around its edge, and picturesque cottages, each with a background of cocoanut trees, front on the street. The houses extend inland up the sides of the mountains, surrounded with banana, guava, mango, and other trees.

In 1885 the Christians of Fiji held a grand celebration of the jubilee of the introduction of Christianity to the islands. Deputations came from every island and from Australia to take part in it. One of the most interesting of the deputations came from Tonga, in the person of Ratu Joni Faubula, a Fijian chief and a native minister, who was the first convert made in his country, and the first Fijian to preach the gospel. He addressed large meetings, and in the course of his telling addresses he said: “For my faith I was exiled. My father, Tue Nayan (a man of supreme rank in the Windward Islands), banished me to Tonga because of my religion, and there in Tonga, which was partly heathen then, I preached the Christ, became a native minister, and after fifty years of service have returned just to look at my native islands.”

When Ratu Joni left Fiji coast there was not a score of Christians on it. When he re-

turned in 1886 after his long absence, he did not find a score of avowed heathens in the whole of the group. One thing the old chief said explained the success which, under God, had been achieved: “The early missionaries were so threatened, tormented, and annoyed, that once I said to Mr. Cargill: ‘Why don’t you leave this land, and go?’ ‘Nay!’ replied the Scotchman, ‘we can stand to have our throats cut, but we can’t run away!’”

THE DIFFICULT LESSON.

(See Illustration on page 541.)

THE merry cries and shouts of laughter of a party of tennis players penetrated, one June evening, from a lawn below to the room in which a little girl sat poring over a book.

“Effie, Effie!” called a musical voice under the window, “aren’t you through yet? Do hurry up; we want you.”

“No, not yet,” answered Effie, wearily. “I must finish my algebra.” The child turned once more to the task of calculating the effect on the second and third power of the letters at the end of the alphabet of adding or subtracting other letters of various powers, complicated by plus or minus signs prefixed to them. It was a weary, intricate business, and the sun was getting near the horizon, and hopes of a game before darkness fell were fading fast in little Effie’s breast. The minutes seemed to fly, but the correct solution eluded her efforts. At last she reached it, and ran out to join her friends on the lawn. But by that time it had grown too dark to begin another game, and the girls were gathering up their racquets and balls.

Effie looked at them in dismay, and then the tears could not be kept back, and she sat down on the lawn and cried bitterly. A lady among the elder players noticed the child’s distress, and crossed over to the place where Effie had flung herself.

“What is the trouble, Effie dear?” she asked, laying a gentle hand on the child’s dark hair.

“I hoped I should have had just one game, Aunt. I tried so hard to get my lessons done in time! You don’t know how difficult they are. I hurried and hurried, and did not know how late it was, and when I was quite through it was too dark to play.”

“Poor child! and so you cried over your disappointment! Well, I am not surprised. But have patience; Fourth of July will soon be here, and then good-bye to lessons for two months, and you will have all the lawn-tennis you want.”

Effie brightened under the kind cheer and the

prospect ahead. She dried her tears and looked up gratefully, though a sob could not be suppressed. "It must be nice to be like you, aunty, with all the tiresome lessons done, and all your time to do what you like with," said Effie, reflectively. "Of course I should not like to be ignorant. I know I must learn all these things. I want to know ever so much, and be able to speak French and Italian, like you, but when it is all done I shall be so glad!"

"Come with me, Effie, we will climb the hill and see the moon rise, and then we can talk about your longing." Effie would like nothing better. It was as good as a game of lawn-tennis to have Aunt Miriam all to herself for an hour, and she skipped along gaily toward the hill in question. Aunt Miriam was not more than ten years older than herself, and she had retained enough girlish feeling to be a companion and confidante to the child. They found a mossy bank on which they seated themselves, with their faces eastward, watching for the advent of the queen of the night.

"So my little Effie is looking forward to the end of school-days as a time when there will be no more lessons to learn?" said the aunt. "Has she ever heard of altruism?"

"No, aunty, I think not."

"No, I suppose it is not taught in your school any more than it was in mine. But it is the best of all acquirements, and by far the most difficult. I should like you to have it and practice it, for your own sake and the sake of all your world. It is a life-long study, costing tears and struggles at first, and ever opening up new channels and widening into larger circles. I have been trying to learn it since I left school. I fail again and again, and triumph still seems far away." The girl—she was little more—sighed sadly, and was silent, apparently almost forgetful of her little companion.

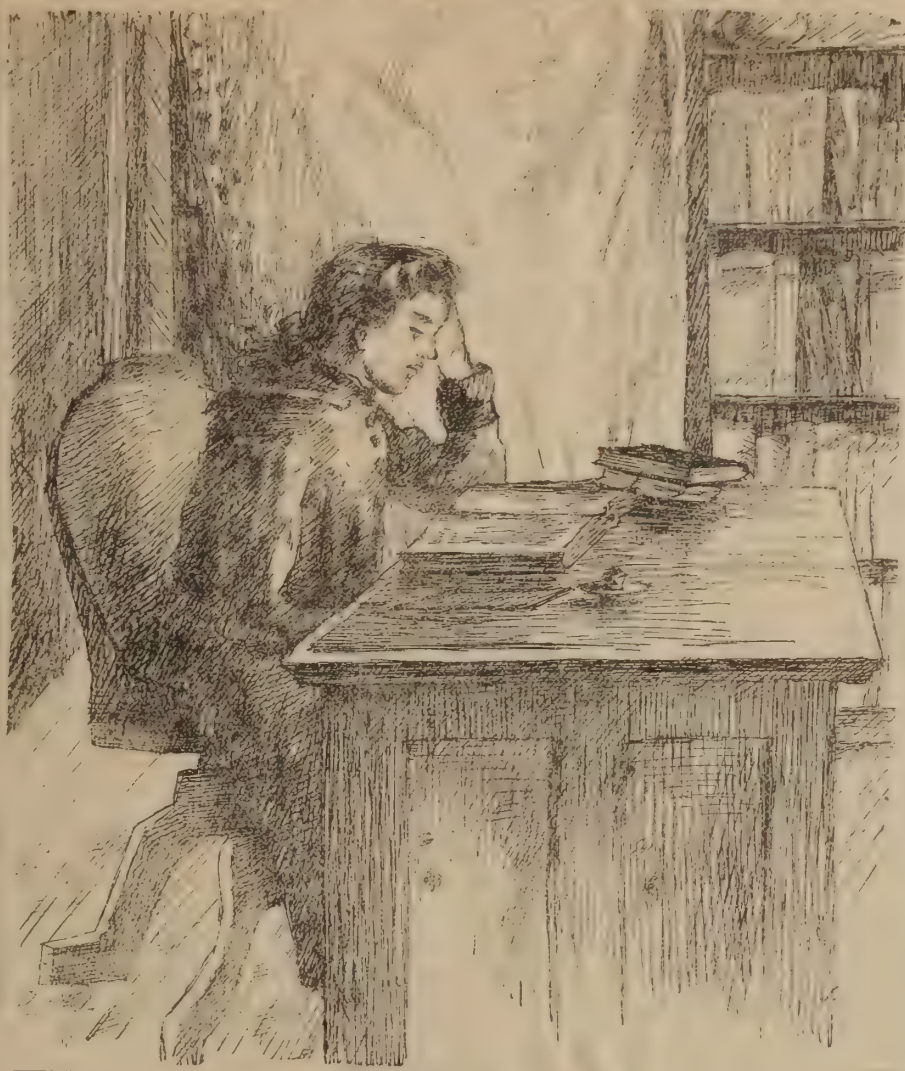
"But what is it, Aunty? You have not told me yet," said Effie. "What do you mean by altruism?"

"Did you ever wonder why Jesus felt so much interest in us as to leave heaven and come here to suffer and die for us?"

"No, I thought it was because He was so good and loving."

"Yes, that was it; it was His nature, and as His was the highest nature this world has ever seen. He is our model. We see its expression in His life and death—a life lived and laid down for others. That is what we have to learn. Those who would follow Jesus must do as He did. Amusement, rest, pleasure, comfort, must be given up if by giving them up we can serve someone and help them to be better and happier. That is *altruism*, and you have no idea until you try to live it how hard it is. You will be astonished to find what power selfishness has over you, and how it will resist your efforts to free yourself of it. The lessons you are learning now make your head ache, but this will make your heart ache. It is so difficult to give up your own way, to bear and forbear, to be silent under unjust treatment, and to actually love those who have injured you. In a word, to forget yourself. Oh, it is very hard!"

Effie sat watching her aunt intently. She saw



The Difficult Lesson.

her cover her face with her hands, and judged rightly that she was even then in a conflict. Effie stroked her cheek caressingly in childish sympathy.

"It is, the only way, Effie," she said at last, brushing away some tears; "the only life worth living, the highest life, because the life most like His."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 527.)

The Mountain Meadows Massacre.

THE next morning, Major John D. Lee assembled his troops, including the auxiliaries which he had summoned, about half a mile from the entrenchment of the fated emigrants, and then and there coolly informed these troops that the whole company was to be killed, and only the little children who were too young to remember anything were to be spared. The unfortunate emigrants did not know who their foes were. They saw Indians, or men who were so colored that they looked like Indians, and they saw others, who were more than strangers to them, but they had no clue to the cause of their detention. To them all was mystery. That Indians should attack them was quite within the bounds of probability, although there was no cause for such an outrage; but that such an attack should be persistent, and should be carried on under the peculiar circumstances in question, was, to say the least, highly improbable.

Who could rightly tell a story so fearful as this? The emigrant train—men, women, and children fainting and famishing for want of bread and meat; in their pockets was money wherewith the necessities of life might have been bought, and the generous hand of the

Almighty had that year been open so wide, and had scattered those necessities so liberally, that nothing but the wickedness of man toward his fellow could have created a dearth. But so it was that darkness and the fear of death—a fearful death even at the door—was all those poor emigrants had standing before their eyes. What right had the Mormon militia to be pursuing, to be hanging about the skirts of any body of emigrants? Their very presence was in itself unauthorized—criminal. The emigrants supposed that they were surrounded by Indians, and expected the cruellest treatment in case of resistance, as well as death. They did not know that the red men who threatened their lives and the lives of their helpless wives and infants were brought together at that spot for that same purpose by the counsel of Mormon authorities. They did not know that so many of the appearing red-skins were only painted imitations of humanity, who, under the mask of a red-skin's color, were eager to perpetrate a cruel massacre.

Day after day went by, and the poor creatures began to despair—who can wonder? The brave men cared little for their own lives; but there was something fearful in the thought that their darling ones would be torn in pieces.

Who can wonder that they resolved to sell life as dearly as they possibly could? They might, at least, die in defence of those they

loved. So day followed day. The agony of the unhappy men and women who were thus besieged, and were in daily, hourly peril of the most frightful of all deaths, can be imagined, not told. These unhappy victims could not possibly escape; there was time for the assailants to do their work leisurely. Between chance shots, which were intended to, and did, carry death with them, they amused themselves with "pitching horseshoe quoits;" such heartlessness is almost beyond conception.

In terrible need of water, they thought that even the Indians, who they supposed were their assailants, might possibly respect a token of truce; so they dressed two little girls in white, and sent them down to the well. But the fiends—the Mormon militia—shot them down. In the day of doom the blood of those babes will testify heavily against Major John D. Lee, and Isaac C. Haight, and Colonel Dame, and George A. Smith, and the others who contrived that fearful iniquity.

They could not possibly advance. Their corn would not last long. They were famishing for water. How long they could hold out was evidently only a matter of time. Had the train consisted only of men, they might certainly, if with loss, have cut their way through their besiegers and escaped; but with wives and children, and others bound to them by the tenderest ties, such a thing was impossible. They looked and waited. Savage Indians they supposed were their only enemies. Coldly, strangely, as they had been treated at the Mormon settlements, they never supposed that white men could be in league against them, or could meditate their destruction.

Up in the Meadows, in the distance, there was a white dusty cloud, as if of some person or persons approaching; the hearts of the emi-

grants leaped for joy. Was help coming at last? It was evident that a wagon was coming near, and the wagon was filled with armed men; here was hope. After all their misery, they were overjoyed, and shouted aloud with gladness, and sprang with open arms to welcome their visitors. Little did they suppose that the deceivers who then came down, with pale faces, and the manners of white men were the same as those who, painted and decked out like Indians, had been leaguered about their camp for so many days.

The wagon came near, and was found to be filled with armed men. Surely now, the unhappy emigrants thought, substantial help had come; the authorities of Utah in the neighborhood, whether Gentile or Mormon, had come out in the cause of civilization and humanity, and succor was at hand. A white flag was waved from the wagon as an emblem of peace, and in order that the emigrants might know that it was white men, and not the red Indians of the hills, who approached. They did not, indeed, know that these themselves were the monsters who had wronged them all this time, and who were even now compassing their death.

Inside that wagon was President Haight, the Mormon Bishop John D. Lee, and other authorities of the Church in southern Utah. They professed to the emigrants that they came upon the friendly errand of standing between them and the Indians. They said that the Indians had taken offence at something that the emigrants had done, that they were thirsting for their blood, but that they, the Mormon officials, were on good terms with them, and had influence, and would use their good offices in the cause of mercy and of peace. After some discussion, they left with the professed view of conciliating the Indians. Then they returned, and said that the Indians had agreed that, if the emigrants marched back to Salt Lake City, their lives should be spared; but that they must leave everything behind them in their camp, even including the common weapons of defence which every Western man carries about his person. The Mormon officials then solemnly undertook to guard the emigrants safely back again to the settlements.

The emigrants were not cowards, and would doubtless have preferred to cut their way through to the south, but they could not leave their wives and little ones, and any terms, however disadvantageous, were better than leaving those they loved to the tender mercy of supposed Indians. This agreement being made, therefore, the Mormon officials retired, and after a short time again returned with thirty or forty armed men. Then the emigrants were marched out—the women and children in the front, and the men following, while the Mormon guard followed in the rear. When they had marched in this way about a mile, and had arrived at the place where men painted as Indians were hid in the bushes on each side of the road, the signal was given for slaughter. So taken by surprise were the emigrants, and so implicitly bad they confided in their escort, that they offered no resistance. The Mormon militia, their guard, immediately opened fire upon them from the rear, while the Indians, and Mormons disguised as Indians, who were hidden among the bushes, rushed out upon them, shooting them down with guns and bows and arrows. The women and children, shrieking with mortal terror, scattered and fled, some trying to hide in the bushes. Two young girls actually did escape for about a quarter of a mile, when they were overtaken and killed. Every soul of that company was cut off, excepting only a few little children who were supposed to be too young to understand or remember what had taken place. The unfortunate victims were stripped, without reference to age or sex, and then left dead upon the field. There they remained until torn by the wolves, when it was then thought prudent to conceal such as lay nearest to the road.

An eye-witness, subsequently visiting the

spot, said: "The scene of the massacre, even at this late day, was horrible to look upon. Women's hair in detached locks and in masses hung to the sage-bushes, and was strewn over the ground in many places. Parts of little children's dresses and of female costume dangled from the shrubbery, or lay scattered about, and among these, here and there on every hand, for at least a mile in the direction of the road, by two miles east and west, there gleamed, bleached by the weather, the skulls and other bones of those who had suffered. A glance into the wagon, when all these had been collected, revealed a sight which never can be forgotten."

The remains were subsequently gathered together by Major Carleton, the United States Commissioner, who erected over them a large cairn of stones, surmounted by a cross of red cedar, with the inscription thereon: "*Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord,*" and on a stone beneath were engraved the words: "*Here 120 men, women, and children were massacred in cold blood, early in September, 1857. They were from Arkansas.*" It is said that this monument was subsequently destroyed by order of Brigham Young when he visited that part of the Territory.

The little children were distributed among the people of the settlements, and when finally Government took them under the protection of the American nation, the people among whom these little ones lived actually charged for their boarding.

Most of the property of the emigrants was sold by public auction in Cedar City; the Indians got most of the flour and ammunition, and the Mormons the more valuable articles. They jested over it, and called it "Spoil taken at the siege of Sevastopol." There is legal proof that the clothing stripped from the corpses, blood-stained, riddled by bullets, and with shreds of flesh attached to it, was placed in the cellar of the tithing office, where it lay about three weeks, when it was privately sold. The cellar is said to have smelt of it for years. Long after this time, jewelry torn from the mangled bodies of the unfortunate women was publicly worn in Salt Lake City, and every one knew whence it came. A tithing of it all is reported, upon very conclusive evidence, to have been laid at the feet of Brigham Young.

This is the story, most imperfectly told, for I dare not sketch the foulest details of the Mountain Meadows massacre. Brigham Young, who was at the time Governor of the Territory, and also Indian agent, made no report of the matter. Let that fact of itself speak for his innocence or guilt. Would any other governor or agent in another Territory have been thus silent? John D. Lee, and Dame, and Haight, and the other wretches have never been brought to trial or cut off from the Church, although their monstrous crime has never been a secret, nor have any endeavors been made to conceal it.

Although John D. Lee escaped being arrested and tried during eighteen years from the massacre in 1857 up to 1875, shortly after my originally writing this history, yet, nevertheless, the publication of this history of my life has probably contributed more to bring the terrible realities of Mormon life to the knowledge of the public, and to hasten their day of judgment, than has any other human agency. The officers of justice in Utah were from that time urged to bring the notorious criminals to justice, but many well-conceived plans for their arrest failed in the accomplishment. Unexpectedly, John D. Lee, the leader of the Mountain Meadows massacre, was, while visiting one of his wives, surprised and placed under confinement in the U. S. military fort near Beaver City. In the summer of 1875 a lengthy trial ensued, and as there were Mormons among the jurors, they failed to agree in a verdict. Public indignation grew intensely against the system of falsehood constantly practiced by the Mormon jurors, when the Church or any of its leaders were interested in the courts, and a second trial of John D. Lee was earnestly demanded.

During his first trial the Apostle George A. Smith, Brigham's favorite and counsellor, who was undoubtedly the instrument through whom Lee and his associates had been "counselled" to destroy the emigrants, was still living, and to screen Smith it was necessary that Lee should escape the penalty of his crime. Between the first and second trials of John D. Lee, Smith died, and Lee might now confess what he pleased, for the link in the chain of communication from Brigham Young to the murderers was for ever broken.

Continually striving to gain the admission of Utah into the Union as a State, and being always met with a repulse based upon the wholesale crimes in Utah that had gone unpunished, Brigham, having no longer anything to fear from Lee's confessions of his (Brigham's) complicity in the Mountain Meadows massacre, resolved to sacrifice Lee to appease the public clamor; accordingly the testimony from eye-witnesses was overwhelming, and Lee was condemned by his own Mormon brethren, who for nearly twenty years had carried in their minds this guilty evidence.

Lee was sentenced to be executed on the 23d of March, 1877, and as he had the choice of the manner of his death, he elected to be shot. The court so approved, and ordered him to be, on the day named, taken to the Mountain Meadows, where the great slaughter of the innocent men, women, and children had been consummated, to there meet his doom. How truthfully I have told the story of this great crime will be seen in the confession of Lee before his execution; and what a dreadful commentary that document is on the Mormon priesthood will be apparent to every intelligent reader.

Under the name of a prophet of Jesus Christ, Brigham Young could rule with unchallenged sway hundreds of thousands of honest men and women, who were born of Christian parents, and trained in the civilized customs of Europe and America. It would seem impossible, yet it is an astounding and humiliating fact.

(To be Continued.)

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for September 1, 1 Samuel 17: 32-51, Golden Text, Rom. 8: 31.

The People, Like Their King, Demoralized—The Philistine Invasion—An Insulting Challenge—The Servants of God Known as Servants of Saul—The King Shrinking from Championship—The Instrument Ready—David's View of the Challenge—A Defiance of God—The Foes in the Family—David's Confidence Explained to Saul—The Impregnable Armor—The Way of Victory.

WHEN a king becomes demoralized, it does not take long before his people become so too. God was departed from Saul; all that made him king had left him: true, his great stature remained, but that made it all the more piteous that such a man should be such a coward. Satan, who is versed in the art of taking advantage, stirred up the Philistines, and they gathered together their armies to battle, and were gathered together at Shochoh. Thus they invaded the land of Judah; they were already in the land, for Shochoh belongs to Judah. Saul and the men of Israel, without any appeal to God, were gathered together, and "set the battle in array against the Philistines." Each army was standing on high ground, with a valley only between them: man's power against man's power; which should conquer?

Before they joined battle a new feature manifested itself: there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span," i.e., nearly eleven feet of our measure; twice the height of ordinary men of our day. The dimensions of his armor are almost inconceivable. There was everything in the man's appearance to inspire terror in those who calculated only on human resources. His challenge was one of withering scorn: "Why are ye come to set your battle in array? Am I not a Phil-

istine, and ye servants to Saul?" In his arrogance, he speaks as though his country stood or fell with him—"Am not I a Philistine?" But he accorded no country to his foes; he ignores that God gave them Canaan, and refuses to know them in any other relation than as "servants of Saul."

What a Bitter Reflection for Them!

Time was when the inhabitants of Canaan recognized Israel as the people specially watched over by God, and favored by His marvellous deliverances. Now that they had rejected the Lord as their King, and had insisted on having a king, that they might be like the nations, and so gain prestige, they found that instead of gaining prestige, they had signally lost even in the eyes of the world, and from being known as the people of that God who divided the Jordan and the Red Sea before them, they were become only "servants to Saul."

The Philistine vaunted: "Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." And he added, "I defy the armies of Israel this day: Give me a man, that we may fight together." Where was Saul? Had not the people once said to Samuel, "Nay; but we will have a king over us; that we also may be like all the nations; and that our king may judge us, and go before us, and fight our battles" (chap. 8: 19, 20)? Here was a fair opportunity, if ever there should be one, for a man of valor to shew his mettle. But Saul did not accept the challenge. Taller by head and shoulders than any of the people though he was, he knew well that he was no match for the giant, and things were

Not Right Between Him and God,

so that he could not count upon His arm. So the king on whom the hopes of Israel had been set failed the people in the hour of their sorest need. "When Saul and all Israel heard these words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid." How unlike Jehoshaphat when an allied army came up against him! Living, as he did, in the fear of God, his first action was to gather his people to prayer, to seek the face of God; and his attitude might be expressed in the words of his prayer: "We have no might against this great company that cometh against us. Neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon Thee. (II Chron. 20: 12.)

God had not abandoned His people. "If we believe not, He abideth faithful." (II Tim. 2: 13.) He had an instrument ready whom He could match against the insolent giant. The three elder sons of Jesse, whom God had refused when Samuel was sent of God to anoint a king from among his sons, now all held commissions under Saul in the army of Israel, and David divided his time between the court, where he could be of service to Saul with his musical talent, and the care of his father's sheepfold in Bethlehem (verse 16, R. V.). For forty days the challenge of the Philistine had been repeated, and during all this time, there had been no champion daring enough to take up the cause of Israel against him. Jesse begins to be anxious for tidings. No post or telegraph carried news in those days; tidings were always sent by special messenger. So Jesse gave David provisions to take to the camp, in case his brothers' stores should have run out, which should of course be delivered to "the captain of their thousand," the colonel of the regiment, as we should say. There was no delay on David's part, but we have no intimation that God showed him the part he was about to take in the deliverance of his people. He "rose up early in the morning, and left his sheep with a keeper"—he did not neglect ordinary duties for the new call which lay before him—and laden with the provisions, took his journey, and delivering the stores to the commissariat officer ("the keeper of the baggage," R. V.), he "ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren." At that very

hour—for God had so arranged it—the Philistine came out with his usual challenge, "and David heard," and he saw what must have brought the blush to his cheek, being, as he was in God's sight, the anointed king of Israel—"All the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid." It was natural that the conversation in camp should turn on this man and his challenge, and the soldiers asked David if he had seen him, and told how he was come to defy Israel, and that Saul would give his daughter in marriage to the man who would kill him, and would "make his father's house free in Israel." The people saw only man against man, but David's life was so lived with God that he could not look at anything independently of how it might affect God. He said: "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? For who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy

"The Armies of the Living God?"

God's honor was at stake; this was what aroused David. No sooner did David thus express himself on the Lord's side than persecution began in the family. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household" is a truth that goes back as far as Micah (7: 6), as far as David, as far as Joseph, as far as Abraham. Those who are nearest to us are generally permitted to understand us least, in order that we should be the more thrown upon God. Sometimes, as in David's case, it is jealousy in one form or other which is the family trial. Sometimes it is the anxious love of relatives which would seek to hold us back from trusting the Lord alone, because their faith cannot reach out. Sometimes it is that members of a Christian family remain long unconverted. In some way or other, the Lord permits discipline close at home, and generally such as it would be wrong or impossible to speak of to others. Let us take it from His hand, and trust Him to deal with those who might hinder us, and all will be well. Eliab, David's elder brother, probably had not yet recovered his mortification when Samuel had said, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before me," and yet had to confess, "The Lord hath refused him." Now jealousy made him vindictive: he would show his brother that if he was the Lord's choice, he (Eliab) was not going to recognize it; his "anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why art thou come down? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?" and then he imputes to David the very sins which were at that very moment filling his own heart, "I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart," and he accused David of duplicity, "Thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle." David

Could Afford to be Calm,

The Lord was his Shepherd, he did not want. But his words were carried to Saul. It was the first breath of hope which had visited the miserable man, but when David stood before him, not in court clothing, but probably in his shepherd's garb, the king does not seem to have recognized the skilful musician who had often soothed him. David said, "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine." "Thou art not able," was the king's reply, "thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." Still man against man—Saul saw no higher. Then David related an unanswerable experience. In his shepherd life, he had encountered alone a lion and a bear, and had slain them both, and he argued: "This uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. . . . The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." In David's eyes, it was not man against man, but God and David against the giant. Poor Saul! the memory of that spirit which had left him came back, and he said, "Go, and the Lord shall be with thee." But Saul clad David in his armor—a poor de-

fence against the Philistine, and David having attempted to go thus arrayed, "put them off," saying, "I cannot go with these, for

I Have Not Proved Them."

We can only overcome by armor which has been proved and found impregnable. Many try to get up faith for a certain occasion, and are astonished that their prayers are not answered. Unarmed, except with his shepherd's scrip, his sling and five smooth stones, he went forward to meet the Philistine. But his spiritual eyes saw around him a defence which others could not perceive. "The Lord is my Rock and my Fortress and my Deliverer . . . my Shield, and the Horn of my salvation. (Ps. 18: 2, R. V.) The Philistine scorned the stripling who, only half his stature and unarmed, presumed to accept his challenge. He thought he would get no glory in the conquest of such a feeble foe, and he said, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" and he cursed David by his gods, and promised to give his flesh "unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

David, who could by faith see God, might have regarded the Philistine as very small prey for the Almighty; but he used his few moments to tell the doomed giant of the God whom he had defied. "Thou comest to me," he said, "with a sword, and with a spear, and with a javelin; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied," and he declared he would give the flesh of the host of the Philistines "to the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field." No doubt many in Israel's camp shook their heads when they looked on the ruddy shepherd-lad. But David knew he was only God's instrument, and on God's business, and he reckoned on God and not on himself, declaring that this should be, "that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel; and that all this assembly may know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hand." A simple stone, directed by the unerring hand of God, who made use of David, did its deadly work, and the massive man fell tottering to the ground. David lost no time in drawing the champion's own sword and beheading him.

Now the terror was on the other side. To the amazement of the Philistines, their mighty man was dead, and they took to their heels and ran. A mighty shout, and the men of Israel were after them, and pursued them, slaying all they found, until they were driven into the interior of their own land. God had conquered, God had delivered His people; none could attribute anything to the superior strength of David; he was simply true to God, and reckoned that God would be true to him,

This is the Way of Victory,

whether against temporal or spiritual foes, whether against difficulties or perplexities, persecution, or anything else. If God's foes are our foes, and our foes God's foes, then "the battle is the Lord's," and whatever may be the odds against us, we are on the winning side. And if our anointing of God is unseen by the world, unrecognized even by our brethren, yet, in moments of crisis, the Lord will be true, and shew Himself strong on our behalf. David did not contend with Eliab, but the Lord gave him a very practical reproof. David never assumed over Saul the position God had given him, but he learned in God's school of subjection lessons which God would make useful in his coming reign. It was only when specially called of God, as on this occasion, that David came to the front. God teach us to do likewise!

NOTICE TO READERS OF "THY HEALER."

On January 1 the size of *Thy Healer* was reduced to 20 pp, and the price changed from 75 cents to 50 cents. Those whose subscriptions run into 1889 will have their time extended, to credit for the difference in size and price. It is hoped that by reducing the price the circulation will be extended, otherwise it will be a considerable loss. Will not those who have found blessing through its pages recommend it to others?

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Dark the night, and wild;
I am lonely, lost and helpless,
Father, save Thy child!

Through the gloom no star is shining,
And my tear-dimmed eyes,
Scarce can see the narrow pathway,
That before me lies.

Doubts which long I thought were buried,—
Turn which way I will—
Like affrighting, mocking spectres,
Rise to haunt me still.

Thorns my tired feet are wounding,—
Loud with dread and fear
Beats my heart, while unknown terrors,
Seem to gather near.

Earthly friends have failed me, left me,
All alone I stand!
Father come! and in the darkness,
Stoop and take my hand.

Thou whose voice did'st still the tempest,
Whisper to my heart,
That Thy grace is all sufficient;
Bid my fears depart.

Spread Thy wings above, around me,—
Shield me from the blast;
Hide me safe beneath their shelter,
Till the storm be past.

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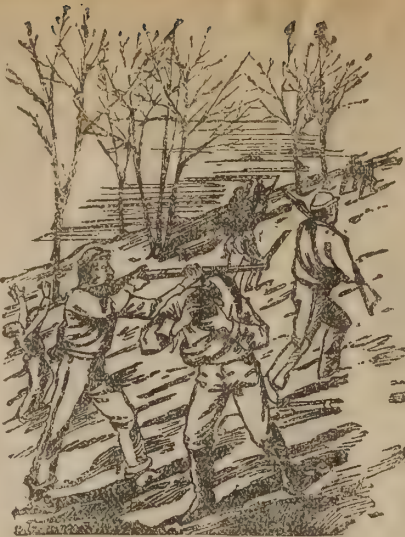
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Vol. XII., No. 33. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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WILLIAM II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY, AND HIS ELDEST SON.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Born in 1859—His Military Education—A Commission as Lieutenant at the Age of Ten—His Student Life at the University of Bonn—His Strong Physique and Curious Physical Infirmity—Learns the Practical Work of Administration—Prince Bismarck Initiates Him in Statesmanship and Diplomacy—Important Speeches in 1887 and 1888—Marriage—The Crown Prince.

WILLIAM II., the Emperor of Germany, whose portrait, together with that of his eldest son, the Crown Prince, we give on our first page, was born on January 27, 1859, and is, consequently, in the thirty-first year of his age. Like all Hohenzollern heirs to the throne, he has received

A Most Careful Military Education, and has long been the idol of the army, to which he himself is enthusiastically devoted. His lamented father, the late Emperor Frederick, though a dauntless man, was credited with too pacific ideas and intentions to be altogether a favorite with the soldiery. The present Emperor has been a soldier from early boyhood, as all his family have been. He received a commission as second lieutenant in the Guards on his tenth birthday from his grandfather, the late Emperor William I., who died on March 9, 1888, at the age of ninety-one years. His military training was no mere child's play, for he was subjected to the severest discipline, and, as he evinced an ardent love for military affairs, he eventually became one of the smartest officers in the service, and thoroughly acquainted with all the minute and manifold details of military administration. He served in turn with infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineer regiments, passing examinations of efficiency in each branch; and neglected nothing which could contribute toward making him fit to take command in the field.

But it would be a complete mistake to suppose that the Emperor's training was entirely military. His grandfather took the direction of his education, according to the Hohenzollern traditions that the heir of the throne is the special charge of the occupant of the throne. Nevertheless his father and mother had sufficient influence and wisdom to prevent his education having the defects which marked that of Frederick the Great. His scholastic training was rigorous, in accordance with that precept of the celebrated French scholar Montaigne, that "to make a man, you must not spare the youth." For eighteen months the Prince studied

At the Famous University of Bonn, on the Rhine, and during all that time he was carefully removed from the reach of luxury and adulation, which in some countries surrounds all princes of the royal house. He rose every morning at 5 in the summer, and 5:30 in the winter, and dined at mid-day—his dinner being small, and only a short time allowed for it. Two courses of meat, some vegetables, and dessert were his ordinary bill of fare. The Prince himself ate very little, drank only wine and water, and for the rest looked on at his companions dining, talking all the while with much intelligence, or listening with animated interest. On days when he "entertained" the dinner would be somewhat more elaborate, and the young Prince always corrected with his own hand the French of the *menu*. For, like Frederick the Great, he prides himself on being a French scholar. Thanks, too, to his gifted mother, he is

An Admirable English Scholar

also, and can converse with complete ease and freedom in German, French, and English. His mornings were devoted to lessons at home; his afternoons to lectures at the University. During the year and a half he spent at Bonn he went through the courses of law, history, chemistry, and political economy. He was always very diligent in "private reading," and is said to have read widely both in French and English literature. But the royal student was not allowed to neglect out-door exercise. Every morning in summer during those days he might be seen swimming in the Rhine, amidst the other bath-

ers in the public bathing-places. Nearly every day, too, he had a ride on horseback, accompanied by a single groom. At other times he would drive a pair of horses in a "tilbury," and make excursions into the surrounding country, the district of the "Seven Mountains" being his favorite resort. He was fond, too, of hunting, whilst in the evenings he found recreation and enjoyment among a select circle of friends.

In physique the Emperor is not so tall and strong as the Hohenzollerns have usually been, but he assumes a dignity of manner which is intended to make up what is lacking in bulk. He suffers from one physical infirmity: he has

No Power Over His Left Arm,

which is, in fact, no better than an inert limb. At table he uses a special kind of combined knife and fork, using it first for one purpose and then for the other, with his right hand only. His mother, in giving birth to him, it is said, was subjected to an operation, in the course of which the infant's arm sustained damage which it has never since overcome.

His student days at Bonn did not "finish" the Prince's education. On the contrary, he passed from the theoretical education of the University to the practical education of the Civil Service. This has been the rule with Prussian princes for more than a hundred and fifty years. Frederick the Great, when he was heir-presumptive to the Crown, passed several years in the Civil Service, and the late Emperor Frederick was for a time similarly engaged. Accordingly, in 1882, the Emperor wrote to Dr. Aeschembach, president of the province of Brandenburg, directing him to initiate the young prince, his grandson, in the

Practical Work of Administration.

"My grandson," he wrote, "has told me of his desire to be initiated by you, during the ensuing winter, in the practical knowledge of the Civil Service of my kingdom, and to be instructed in conformity with the plan which you have elaborated and submitted to me. In pursuance of the ancient custom of my house, I have given my sanction to the execution of this project; and I hereby authorize you to make such arrangements as you may think necessary to give due effect to the scheme." The Prince thereupon resigned for a period of six months his duties as Major of the Hussars of the Guard, and devoted himself exclusively to the work of the Civil Service. He attended the sittings, at Potsdam, of the permanent committee of the Diet of Brandenburg, made abstracts of all the papers, wrote official documents, and went through all the routine and drudgery with great assiduity and intelligence.

But the Prince had a more illustrious tutor in practical politics than Dr. Aeschembach, for, in order to fit him for his future position, his grandfather requested

Prince Bismarck to Initiate Him

in the mysteries of statesmanship and foreign diplomacy; and thus the young Prince William, whose force of character greatly resembles that which distinguishes the Iron Chancellor, early conceived a reverence for that great statesman and his policy, which has had a marked effect upon his character. Once a fortnight he went for a visit to the Imperial Chancellor, the visit being in fact a lesson. Bismarck, it is said, did not at first relish the role of political tutor; but he received special instructions on the matter from the Emperor, who very wisely attached the utmost importance to the establishment of confidential relations between the young Prince and the Chancellor, and who took occasion to let the latter know the fact. The probability that the Emperor's foresight in this respect has not been thrown away was one of the most reassuring factors in estimating the significance of Prince William's accession to power. "The Prince," said an unsympathetic witness one day, just before the death of the Emperor Frederick, "is a mere tool of Bismarck." There are, at any rate, good grounds for knowing that he is a sincere disciple of the Chancellor, on whom he is never tired of lavishing compliments. In one

of his earliest reported speeches this veneration was conspicuously exhibited. That speech was in a sense a defence of his own

Character and Intentions.

It was made at Berlin on February 8, 1888, at a dinner given in honor of the Brandenburg Provincial Diet, and shows to what effect the Prince had studied the realities of politics in Brandenburg. In proposing the toast of the province, the Prince said: "In my rides through Brandenburg, in the course of the manœuvres, the flourishing fields, and the trades which I found in full activity, clearly showed me where the true foundations of national prosperity and fruitful labor were to be found. I am well aware that the public at large, especially abroad, imputes to me a thoughtless inclination for war and a craving for glory. God preserve me from such criminal levity! I repudiate such imputations with indignation. But still, gentlemen, I am a soldier, and all Brandenburgers are soldiers. This I know. Therefore let me conclude with the words which on Monday last our great Chancellor addressed to the Reichstag, which on that day showed us the grand spectacle of the popular representation going locked hand-in-hand with the Government. Let me conclude by adapting to Brandenburg that sentence: 'We Brandenburgers only fear God, and nothing else in this world.'"

Another and previous public utterance of the Prince was in Christmas week, 1887, and will now be re-read with painful interest. It was on the occasion of presenting Christmas gifts to his Regiment of Guard Hussars, and the Prince said: "Hussars, since last year, when we celebrated Christmas here, times have changed—they have become grave. We stand before a future which is perhaps uncertain; it, therefore, becomes us to think of the motto on our caps,

'With God for King and Fatherland'

—above all, with God. May He stand by us in this time of trial, when one of our greatest generals and strategists, who has led our armies in so many wars, is under sore affliction. Should not, in these days, the heart of every Prussian and German soldier pray for the health and recovery of this illustrious man, my grandfather, the Emperor? May God, who has always helped our army in times of severe trial, be with us in the future too. May you quit yourselves in it like true and able Hussars, ever remembering that his Majesty the Emperor and King called valor, honor, and obedience the three main pillars of his army. To express these feelings we cry, 'Long live his Majesty the Emperor and King, our most gracious commander!'"

The young Emperor has always shown an all-engrossing devotion to the pursuit of arms; so much so as to inspire the prophecy, in more than one quarter, that he would in later years develop that military genius which so distinguished Frederick the Great. Indeed, he has never concealed his desire to win laurels for himself and soldiers on the field of battle—a desire which has been encouraged by many of his seniors, and which has made him immensely popular with the army. In 1881 the Prince married Princess Augusta Victoria Frederica Louisa Feodora Jennie, the eldest daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein Sonderburg-Augustenburg, by whom he has four sons. The eldest of these, William, was born on May 6, 1882, and is now Crown Prince. (*His portrait appears with that of his father on the first page.*) Notwithstanding the martial ardor of the Emperor, it is generally considered that the weight of responsibility which rests upon him, together with the counsels of Prince Bismarck, will act as a wholesome check upon the warlike propensities which are attributed to him.

The Divine Right of Kings

is a doctrine in which the young Emperor, like his grandfather, firmly believes. The fact is not a hopeful augury for his people. What hopes they may have indulged in as they studied the character of his lamented father, they have had to abandon. The arrogance which in his grandfather was pardonable, and which

his age and long experience in government excused, is ridiculous when it appears in the speeches of the present Emperor. The tone he has adopted from the first is that of a man divinely commissioned to govern, and to govern according to his own will. He has apparently been anxious to pose in that attitude, as is evident from the frequency, in his speeches, of the phrases *my country, my people, my army*, etc. In part, doubtless, the offensive idea is due to his training. It was notorious for many years that the aged Emperor was annoyed by the liberal ideas of his son Frederick. He believed that when Frederick came to the throne the country would be practically under constitutional government, and that the people would gain power at the expense of the throne. He therefore was at special pains to have his grandson trained in the antiquated notions of absolute power, and he had an apt pupil.

William and His Father.

Under William I. and Bismarck the youth was taught to hate everything that savored of constitutional doctrines. The liberal ideas of his father were ridiculed and denounced. They were, he was led to believe, the result of his mother's influence over his father, and if put in practice would render the Emperor of Germany as powerless as an English monarch. The bent of the young man's mind was already in that direction, and he was fully prepared to believe and act upon his grandfather's theories. He even carried his hatred of English liberty so far as to openly insult his English mother during his father's lifetime, and as soon as his father was dead, and he became master, his mother was the first person on whom he exerted his newly acquired power, rendering her time of mourning doubly bitter by his undutifulness. One of his first official acts was to confer a higher title of nobility on a politician whom his father had dismissed from office, and to summon him back to his councils. Stocker, the fulsome court preacher, also, who was his father's special abomination, was early singled out for special favors. The spectacle was not an edifying one, of the son casting odium on his father's memory and principles while a whole people was mourning for him, and calling him "Frederick the Good."

King and People.

To a people living under Republican institutions the situation in Germany is a standing wonder. That a nation of forty-seven millions of people, brave, intelligent, high-spirited, should tamely submit to the rule of one man simply because he happens to be the head of a particular family, though they know him to be mentally and morally inferior to thousands among themselves, seems incredible. That the will of the nation as expressed in the Reichstag should be disregarded if it runs counter to that of the Emperor would appear impossible, yet if the principles stated by the Emperor are to be carried out, such a collision must sooner or later be inevitable. What the result will be it is appalling to imagine. Rehoboam's history, as recorded in the history of Israel, would be a study worthy of the young Emperor's attention. He has chosen to ignore the progress the world has made in popular government, and professes his intention to govern in the nineteenth century as kings governed in the eighteenth. It is not improbable that men will yet go farther back to find a parallel for his reign, and find it in the reign of that king who twenty-seven centuries ago, by his arrogance and stupidity, sundered the kingdom which attained its highest magnificence under his predecessor.

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev.

M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Fourteen Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 71 Bible House, New York.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Lady's Avowal.—Dr. Pentecost said: "Some years ago I was addressing a large audience. At the after-meeting there were five or six hundred people. Standing on the platform, I noticed a lady, very richly dressed, waiting to be spoken with. As I made my way towards her, she rose to greet me, saying she had come with a friend. Very gently I said to her, 'Are you a Christian?' 'No, sir, I am an Episcopalian,' she replied. Probably that lady did not mean all that her remark implied, for in further conversation she said that by replying that she was an Episcopalian she thought my question was answered. If she were an Episcopalian, I need not inquire about her Christianity. Many seem to think that if they be of this sect or that, then that bare fact is sufficient for their salvation. But what says Christ? 'Except your righteousness exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees (the strictest sects of a most religious people) ye cannot see the kingdom of heaven.'"

How Christian Workers Lose Power.—The Rev. G. L. Carstairs observes: "I was once deputed to visit the presbyteries and congregations in a certain district. At one town I came to I found quite a tempest in a teapot at a Presbytery meeting at which Christian workers were present. One of the workers, when the question under discussion was about the Foundry Boys' School, was insisting that his method should be adopted. Some other workers were of a different mind, and some very hard words ensued. On my last evening there I spoke at a meeting, and remarked that some people, who had apparently not lost any of their interest in the work, seemed to have lost all power. In many cases this was because they had not left the direction of the work to God, but insisted on having their own way, even though, to obtain it, they have to fight against their brothers. After the meeting this brother who had been foremost in the fray, met me, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, as he fervently grasped my hand, 'Oh, sir, I thank you for that word. It is exactly my case; but now, thank God, I see my error.'"

Good News for a Despairing Heart.—"Some years ago a man came to my study and said, 'Dr. Pentecost, will you come and see a poor woman who is dying of cancer? She is in my house, for her husband lost his work by staying away to nurse her, and there being no money to pay the rent, they were turned out by the landlord, and from sheer pity I took them in. They are Irish, and Roman Catholics,' he remarked. 'Then perhaps it would be better to see a priest,' I suggested. 'Oh, sir, do not send a priest. Come yourself, and let her hear the Gospel.' I went, and there was the woman lying on the only bed in the house, which that kind man had given up to her. I sat down, and taking her hand in mine, I said, 'Do you expect to live?' 'Oh no, sir; the doctors say that at the most I can only live two or three days.' Then I continued, 'Have you made your peace with God?' 'No, I have not. I put it off, and now I am so weak and so pained, I cannot,' she replied, sadly; and then began to moan as sick people moan, 'Oh, I have not made my peace with God; I have not made my peace with God!' 'Well, I have come to tell you good news,' I said. 'Good news!' she repeated. 'What! Has my husband got work?' 'No, but I have to tell you that you do not need to make your peace with God,' I answered, and read Isa. 53, 'He was wounded for our transgressions,' and so on. As I read that chapter she got up on her elbow, and gazed at me with her eyes almost leaping from her head, and when I had finished she said, 'Oh, sir, please read those verses all over again.' I read them right through again. 'Now,' I said, 'you see you do not need to make your peace with God. Christ did that long ago. You have only to accept the pardon He obtained for you. Will you do it now?' A change came over her face; the word of God had gone to her heart. Turn-

ing her face to the wall, and seeming to forget all about me, I heard her say, 'Oh, isn't it nice, isn't it nice, that the dear Son of God came into the world to make peace for the like o' me?' Unwilling to disturb her, I slipped noiselessly out. All the way home the woman's words seemed to ring in my ears, and since then I am sure I have repeated them more than ten thousand times, bringing comfort to my soul."

The Evangelist and the Doctor.—Mr. Richard Weaver relates: "I was preaching in Belfast, and telling the people that God had provided salvation for all who would accept it. In the city there was a minister, Dr. C., a very fine man, one who showed himself to be of the people. A young friend who was staying with him asked him if he had heard Richard Weaver. 'No,' was the reply, 'and I do not want to hear him. I wish to have nothing to do with a man who preaches such doctrines as he does. I have spoken with my daughters about him, and they think the same thing.' 'Well, sir,' said the young man, warmly, 'I am afraid that you and your daughters are mistaken. I know Richard Weaver, and he does not preach anything but the Lord Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' I was asked by this young man to call on Dr. C., but I did not. One day, however, the doctor called upon me. After introducing himself he said, 'Mr. Weaver, I have been told that you are different from what has generally been reported of you.' 'I believe I am a sinner, but a saved one,' I replied. 'Do you believe in the universality of salvation?' he inquired. 'I do.' 'That settles it,' he said, and was about to go. 'Stop!' I exclaimed, 'do you believe in the universality of sin?' 'I never had such a question asked me before, but I do believe in it,' he answered. 'Then the Bible says, "Where sin aboundeth, grace doth much more abound,"' was my reply."

The Last Fifteen Minutes.—Dr. Pentecost said: "When I was opening a series of meetings on one occasion, I said, as I have said here, that no person could attend these meetings night after night throughout the course of the mission, without accepting Christ or definitely rejecting Him. One young man present there resolved that he would try to prove the contrary. He would come every evening, would not accept Christ, and yet would not give up all hope, but would come to Him afterward. Night after night this gentleman attended the meetings. The Holy Spirit wrought mightily within him. He felt he was a sinner, and that he should come to Christ; yet he resolutely held out. The last evening but one came, and as he left the meeting he was in mental and spiritual agony. Next day he determined to absent himself from the meeting, for he felt if he definitely rejected Christ again, he would be lost for ever. During the time at which the meeting was being held he remained at his home, battling with himself. 'Now they would be at the inquiry meeting,' he reflected. He could stand it no longer, so, throwing pride to the winds, he dashed toward the church and arrived there just fifteen minutes before the close, and within that time he accepted Christ. Every time we hear the Gospel offer, it is either the savor of death unto death or of life unto life. Let us, then, beware how we reject it. By continuous rejection sinners may so harden themselves that the Word of God recoils powerless from their hearts, and the Holy Spirit, grieved, takes His irrevocable flight."

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

THE NATION'S CURSE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached at Helena, M. T.,
Last Sunday, August 11.

"Who slew all these?" II Kings 10:10.

The Heads of the Slain Princes—A More Fearful Massacre—Wrought by Strong Drink—Who are Responsible—Four Requests to the Preacher—Obstacles to dealing with the Subject—Merriment over the Victims—A Drunkard's Mother—The Drunkard's Losses—His Good Name—Self-Respect—A Philadelphia Victim's Avowal—Loss of Usefulness—Of Physical Health—The Terrors of Delirium Tremens—Loss of the Soul—Everlasting Thirst—Reclamation Possible—Testimonies of Saved Drunkards.

I SEE a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in, and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side the gate. In the morning the King comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side the gate, he cries out, with a ringing emphasis, "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more
Fearful Massacre.

There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistics about the devastation and ruin and the death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that fifty thousand more men are slain, or fifty thousand less men are slain, seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it to say that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out, "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ, who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's Day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—

They Slew all These!

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you, to whom I speak, may not come to the torment. Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone; but when I have in my pocket now four requests, saying, "Pray for my husband," "Pray for my son," "Pray for my brother," "Pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back by

The Merriment People Make

over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now, for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered, but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house.

I saw him go up-stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting, and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry, that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time, when I see a man walking through the street reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard! Alas for his home!

The Drunkard's Losses.

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men, and all the assaults of devils, cannot destroy a man's good name, if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for a workman? what store wants him for a clerk? what church wants him for a member? who will trust him? what dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry, cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks! he drinks!" That blasts him.

When a man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

Another loss which the inebriate suffers is that of self-respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed. His

Self-Respect Gone,

he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop, he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He knows he cannot, so he does not try.

I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies, and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, and very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down! down! down! His family would say, "I wish you would stop!" "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After

a while he had delirium tremens; he had twice; and yet after that he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he can not stop!

Dearer Than Life.

One of these victims said to a Christian man "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up! If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go further, and say that the inebriate suffers
Loss of Usefulness.

Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink, only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? Oh yes! they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonored vows, and the dishonored sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been, and of what he is now? Do such men laugh, and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things, and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is! He is there now!

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers

Loss of Physical Health.

The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country, and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams, by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers! Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut!—he feels them all at once! Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up, and says, "Hush,

now be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone, they begin again: "Oh God! Oh God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them. "Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further, that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it! I see it coming!

Despoils the Home.

Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life, and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink! With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it! Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart, and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities to-day little children, barefooted, uncombed, and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress, and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Orum! thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the

Loss of the Soul.

The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us, and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity, where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just slung on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating,

Everlasting Thirst

of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in grog-shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness; I think it will be the absence of strong drink. Oh! "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last, it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had

that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink, that while I declare that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were men who had been

Reclaimed from Drunkenness.

I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but, somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate, and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God He will help you, by His grace, to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance.

I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark that, if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkard's graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet to-day, may that decanter flash out upon you. Beware! And when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I to-day, in the fear of God, and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—

A Premonition of the Blackness

of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear, this moment, Intemperance, with drunkards' bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal-souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

A BEREAVED MOTHER'S WORK.

IN the course of the report of the annual meeting of King's Daughters published in the excellent organ of the order—*The Silver Cross*—occurs the following incident related by Mrs. Charles Davis: There came to your office, not so very long ago, a mother bowed beneath the awful burden of a grief, of which the heavy draping of black told me only too plainly. And as she grasped my hand, she said: "I have a story to tell you. I have come for ten Crosses to-day. It is just at the end of the summer outing. When it began I had two boys, one in college, one just preparing for it, and both so full of hope and strength. Edward is slowly coming back to me from the valley of the shadow of death. I laid the youngest in his grave in Greenwood four weeks ago; Sam is in

the King's palace to-day. To-morrow ten of his boy friends meet me around his grave, and I want these Crosses that I may tie them over the hearts of those boys. We are going out together to do the work Sam would have done if he had lived." And so the mother, with a breaking heart and a lonely home, came to take those ten boys by the hand, to lead them, if she might, spotless, to the throne of the King.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,

(See Portrait on page 524.)

THE poetic celebration of the Pilgrims' Memorial was confided to John Boyle O'Reilly, a Boston journalist. He was born at Dowth Castle, Meath County, Ireland, in 1844. He received a good education from his father, and early in life learned type-setting at Drogheda. After serving some time as a stenographer in England, he returned to his native land, where he assisted the Fenian movement, then active. He enlisted in a cavalry regiment of the British army, and before long was condemned to be shot for treason. His sentence was commuted to twenty years banishment to Australia. He arrived in Western Australia in 1868. A year after his imprisonment began he gave his overseers the slip, and after several weeks had elapsed from the time of his escape, was picked up in an open boat at sea by an American ship of New Bedford. He landed at Philadelphia in 1869. Finding employment at Boston, he made his residence in that city. In 1876 he secured an interest in a newspaper, with which he has been connected from the beginning of his work in America. He has written much good poetry, and is a successful editor.

A COREAN MAGISTRATE.

IN last week's issue of this journal a few details were given of the wedding-tour of the Rev. H. G. Underwood and his wife in Corea. The following interesting description of a visit they received from a magistrate at Kangkai is sent to a contemporary by Mrs. Underwood:

The magistrate, a man of high rank and a polished gentleman, sent word that he was coming to call, and in a few moments arrived, preceded by a band, attired in his robes of state, surrounded by a host of officials, servants, and dancing-girls, his arrival announced by the firing of a gun. Our middle doors, as the most honorable, were thrown wide open. Mr. Underwood, according to Corean custom, stepped outside the door, with hat on, to greet him, and he was ushered into our little room. His dress was a long, thin, dark purple Chinese silk coat, made sleeveless, worn over a jacket of rich bright red, with loose sleeves, under which were long wrist-lets of light green silk. He wore the usual white, full, Corean pantaloons, with the immaculate white hose on his small, well-shaped feet. Around his waist was fastened a silk cord, and at his side hung two wide bands of chamois-skin, at the ends of which, nearly reaching the hem of his robes, were two little bags of the same skin containing the insignia of his office. These he carries about with him everywhere, and should he lose them, he would lose his head also. A servant brought in and placed near him a strong wooden box, about twelve inches long by six wide and high, containing his official seal. This also is carried everywhere with him, except into the presence of a higher official.

Mr. Underwood returned this visit within a half-hour. The next day the magistrate invited him to see the city, and to feast with him near the river. Of course an immense throng were in attendance. After eating, the dancing-girls came prepared to offer wine, with dance and song. This Mr. Underwood refused, begging his excellency not to consider it discourtesy, and explaining his reasons briefly. Then came a long talk. His excellency, who is a very intelligent man, asked a great many questions, in reply to which Mr. Underwood was obliged to tell him a great deal about geography, astronomy, history, and foreign customs. He asked several questions, also, about Christ, in whom he showed much interest.

A PROPHECIC OUTLINE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

SKETCHED IN THE COURSE OF A RECENT PUBLIC DEBATE IN LONDON.

THE date of the Command to rebuild Jerusalem in Nehemiah 2 was B. C. 445, and this date was marvellously corroborated by the fact that the 2,300 years of Daniel 8:14 commencing along with the Seventy Weeks at the same Command, as stated in Daniel 9:25, did end exactly 2,300 years afterward in Passover Week, 1856, with the commenced cleansing of the sanctuary of the Holy Land by the Crimean War Treaty, which was signed, sealed, and delivered on the last day of Passover Week, (April) 1856. Reckoning back from this point of time in a retrospective manner proved the 2,300, and its first 483 years in Dan. 8:14, and 9:25, to date from the command to Nehemiah to rebuild Jerusalem in Passover Week in Nisan B. C. 445. The 2,300 and its final 1,290 years, together with the addition of 45 years (excess of the 1,335 beyond the 1,290) from the last day of Passover Week, April 27, 1856, when the Crimean War Treaty of Peace began to "cleanse the sanctuary" of the Holy Land from Mohammedan abomination of desolation by Turkey's Edict of Toleration, only requires a little careful thought to be realized in all its conclusiveness. (Dan. 12:11, 12.) The extra 45 years from Passover Week, 1856, end in Passover Week, 1901, and hence it is easy to arrive at the fact that Antichrist will make his covenant with the Jews on Passover Day, 1894, seven Jewish years before the Consummation or End of this Age in Passover Week in 1901.

The Antichrist Will Be a Napoleon,

which various writers aver to be implied by the Greek *Apollyon* referred to in Rev. 9:11. In the sense that men's names very frequently foreshadow their work in and for the world's behoof, the name Jesus means a Saviour, and Napoleon means a Destroyer. Some think that the Napoleon referred to may be no other man than Jerome Napoleon, who answers identically to the description given in Daniel 8 and 11; and when he becomes King of Syria, probably in 1894, then the small Jewish kingdom will be only too glad to enter into a Seven Years' Covenant with him in order to secure his patronage and protection.

General Boulanger,

it is believed, will probably for a time become leader of France, and be the forerunner of this powerful monarch, but will eventually fall into the background, and the real personage come to the forefront of the page of history. The several objects for which the "seventy weeks" are stated to be "determined," such as to "finish transgression," "make an end of sins," &c., apply wholly to the future End of this Age, when all the surviving Jews shall own the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and sinners in the uttermost parts of the globe shall be reconciled to God through the merits, death, and resurrection of our Divine Redeemer.

Will France or Russia be the Leading Power in Europe in connection with the final crisis of this dispensation? The nearness of the final crisis makes the question all the more interesting. If it was removed fifty or a hundred years from this time, any inquiry as to its truth would not be of so much concern to any of us, but it is the juxtaposition of those events which makes them to be of absorbing interest. France seems clearly foreshown as the principal nation of Cæsar's Roman Empire in Daniel's metallic image revealed in a dream to King Nebuchadnezzar. There were four great Gentile empires to exist one after another, to which in the vision God gave kingly power in order to chastise the Jewish nation for their unfaithfulness. They became vested with that supreme kingly power which the Jews forfeited by disobedience. The head of gold, which was the Babylonian Empire, **Did Not Include Russia,**

neither at all did the breast of silver, which was the Medo-Persian; nor the loins of brass, which was the Macedonian; nor did the legs of iron,

which was the Roman Empire, include Russia. All the history symbolized by the upper part of the image has been fulfilled in past events, and all that now remains to be fulfilled is in the lower part of the image. The ten toes represent ten confederated kings who will subdivide among themselves the entire territories of the old Roman Empire (probably about 1892, as the result of great European wars in 1890 and 1891), and then, a few years later, as we read in this second chapter of Daniel, "shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed." Then at last the "stone cut out without hands," meaning the Lord Jesus Christ, descends with crushing weight, smiting the Image on the ten toes—a strange place, indeed, to smite a man when you want to destroy him. The infliction of the *coup de grace* on the toes indicates that at that time the extremities of the nations as respects their histories are finally reached, and their last ten monarchs are in vital activity, but you don't find that Russia is one of these ten-toed kingdoms that are to be smitten and destroyed by the wrath of the Most High. Now as to the ten toes—

What Ten Kingdoms

do they represent? Who are the ten kings that are to rule over the nations of Cæsar's Roman Empire, symbolized by the iron legs and toes, partly of clay and partly of iron? This territory included Britain, and all Europe west of the River Rhine and south of the River Danube, all the north coast of Africa and Asia Minor, Palestine, and Syria as far as the River Euphrates. This, then, is the dominion represented by the iron legs; and in conformity with this emblem of five toes being placed upon each leg, there must be five of the future ten kingdoms in the western half of the Roman Empire, namely, Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria; and five in the eastern half, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Balkan states. You will readily perceive

Russia is Nowhere

among these ten kingdoms that are to be smitten and ground to powder by the stone cut out of the mountain, which itself will then become a great mountain that shall fill the whole earth. Thus the leading power of the last days will be, not Russia (which is represented by Gog in Ezekiel 38), but the great Franco-Roman Antichrist, who will be from 1897 to 1901 Emperor over the ten kings of the ten kingdoms, as literally as the German Emperor rules to-day over some twenty German rulers or kings of twenty German states or kingdoms.

AN INDIAN QUILTS THE DANCE.

IN describing the baptism of twelve Indians, before a recent communion service, for the *American Missionary*, Miss Collins gives the following details of the conversion of one of them who was a leader of the dance:

Three of the young men have always been the head ones in all Indian customs. A year ago, one of them said in the dance that he should follow the Indian customs a year longer—give himself up to them wholly and try to be satisfied, and if he had in his heart the same unsatisfied feeling, the same longing, that he then had, he should throw it all away.

On last New Year's Day, the same young man, "Huntington Wolcott," came to me and said—"Last night I arose in the dance and told them that I had given the old customs a fair trial, and that they did not satisfy; now I should leave them forever and give myself to God, and if any others were ready to follow, to arise and so make it known. The other two leaders arose, stood silently a moment, and walked out." From that time they have given themselves up to praying and studying the Bible. They had for two years been halting between two opinions, attending the school, church, etc., and the Indian feasts and dances too. These three having come out so boldly on God's side, has made a great change in our work.

Poor old Running-Antelope feels very sad. It is his desire to keep the young men from learning Christianity and civilization as long as

he can. He wants them to have everything in common, and to feel that for an individual to accumulate anything is a disgrace. As long as they feel so, of course squalor and suffering will be the natural consequences.

The young men are working hard to build up homes and to accumulate something for their families during the winter. One young man has cut logs and is building a house.

A JOINT SERVICE.

IN a letter to the *Missionary Herald* from Mr. Barton, a missionary of the American Board in Eastern Turkey, is the following remarkable story of a priest of the old church being induced to take part in a mission service: "During this winter theological students from the seminary have been supplying the little community at Yertmenik, a good-sized village eight miles from Harpoot. The declared Protestant body is not very large, but a considerable number of the old church people attend the chapel when there is preaching. This winter the students who have gone there have received urgent invitations to go to the old church and preach. They have usually gone, at which times the priest would absent himself, giving the preacher the whole time. The audience has always been limited only by the capacity of the building. Last Sabbath one of our energetic young men found himself in Yertmenik. He there learned that the priest and his people had had a falling out, and that for some time he had refused to perform the duties of his office, not going to the church at all. The people were much disturbed at this state of things. The practical preacher searched out the priest, and after nearly an hour's talk with him persuaded him to go to the church. They went together. The priest and people were reconciled. The priest then led in the ritualistic service of the old church, and the theological student followed with a stirring gospel sermon to a most attentive and packed audience. The people of this village are attempting to persuade this young man to become their preacher, Protestants and old church people uniting in the call. The power of the priest is passing away before the strength of the gospel as presented by faithful preachers."

A DISTRESSING SURVEILLANCE.

AN earnest Christian relates from his own experience an incident which shows how the Holy Spirit uses for good an effort which may appear inappropriate at the time of its employment. Some years ago he was living on the second floor of a house of which the first floor was occupied by an invalid gentleman and his valet. He was much interested in the invalid, but was thwarted in every effort to form his acquaintance. He was the more anxious to speak to him of divine things, because he heard that the gentleman was an unbeliever, but he could not succeed. At last he heard that he was about to leave the house, and as a last resort he determined to send him some Christian book. Looking among those he had on hand, he found there was some objection to sending any of them except one, entitled "*Tell Jesus*," and that did not seem a suitable book to send to one who did not put his trust in the Saviour. Still there was no other so suitable, and he sent that. The invalid called and thanked him, spoke of the tasteful binding and clear type, but nothing of the contents, and, evidently desiring to avoid conversation, hurried away.

Nearly a year afterward the invalid gentleman called again on his Christian acquaintance. The latter says: "As he entered, I was struck with the alteration in his appearance: the heavy cloud of distress had passed from his face, and the air of cheerfulness with which he greeted me was quite unlike that of the dejected invalid who had taken leave of me in the spring.

"I was a little startled when he told me that at the time of his first visit he had just left an asylum, in which he had been unjustly detained. His valet was in fact his warder, and, though his health was quite restored, his family could

not agree to his attendant being dismissed. This perpetual oversight and inquisition had driven him nearly to despair. After he had left me, and arrived at his new abode, he pondered again and again as to the way by which he could free himself from the painful restraint of his presence that continually kept up the remembrance of his past misery.

"That night, when he went to rest (though not to sleep), the book which I had given him fell from his pocket, and to his despairing cry, 'What can I do?' the golden letters on the little messenger replied, 'Tell Jesus.' 'I will tell Jesus,' he cried (as he repeated the matter to me); 'but will that really help a man in such trouble as I am in? Nevertheless I did so. I knelt down and told Him, yet not knowing how I could be helped.' He continued: 'I went down to breakfast next morning, my attendant bringing in my tray. He seemed very cross, and, as he placed it on the table, he abruptly said that he was going to leave me, and would not stay another day with me. It was like an electric shock; for a moment I doubted my senses. No, it was true, and no illusion. He left at once. I do believe in my Saviour,' added my friend, 'but I never thought that I could tell Him, or that He would hear me on such a matter as this, and answer me too!'"

HEALING AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

A HELPLESS sufferer in England who has been restored to health and strength, has written the following story of her recovery, which Mrs. Baxter publishes in her monthly magazine, *Thy Healer*.*

For twelve years I was a sufferer, and for six years a poor, helpless invalid; a greater part of the time confined to my bed, never free from pain. I was suffering from a spinal complaint, but the Lord was leading, and teaching me in this painful way what I could not learn in the light, *i. e.*, that "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," that He forgiveth all our iniquities and healeth all our diseases. And I was suffering. Why should this be so? A dear friend visiting me read John 15 until she came to verse 7, "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "Now," said my friend, "do you believe the Lord could raise you?" Yes, I believed that all things were possible with God, and, if it was His will, He would raise me up again, but I believed it was the Lord's will for me to suffer, and that I was glorifying God by patiently suffering His will. We agreed to ask the Lord about it, to get to know His will.

Soon afterward another doctor was called in, and new remedies tried, and it was hoped, if not cured, I might be able to walk again. I rallied, but not for long. Several times I was taken out in an invalid carriage, thinking it might do good, but the least exertion caused the greatest agony; everything proved unavailing, and, like the poor woman, I was "nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." Oh how I longed for something to ease my suffering body! I longed for rest. "To whom shall I go, dear Lord, but to Thee?" I said, and I did come, just as I was, helpless and weary. I prayed to know His will concerning me. And did He reveal His will? Yes, His willingness to heal all who came to Him was revealed to me. So great was the manifestation that I, in such intense weakness, fainted. During the next six weeks I was brought down almost to the grave. I saw and was impressed with the command in James 5: 14, and the promise in 5: 15. I asked the Lord to send one of His own to anoint, and He sent dear Miss Coggan, of Notts. I was too ill to talk. I remember asking her to take me to the Lord, for I believed that now, *now* was the given

time for the Lord to fulfil His promise. I saw so clearly the finished work of Jesus—that Himself took our infirmities and bore all our sicknesses, that Christ had redeemed us from the curse of the law, and for this purpose He was manifested—to destroy the works of the devil.

I was anointed, and enabled by the Holy Spirit to take the Lord as my Healer, and to claim deliverance from this sickness in the precious name of Jesus. That night I slept like a babe, free from pain, and in the morning I just looked away from self to Jesus, rose from my bed, and dressed myself, to the surprise of all. I was healed February 15, and from that day I have gone about a living witness to the healing power of God.

A FISHWOMAN'S TERROR.

DURING a series of mission services conducted at a seaside resort in England by the Rev. W. Haslam, a remarkable conversion took place. Mr. Haslam thus describes the event:

The vicar said to me one morning: "Did you see a great tall woman in the congregation yesterday? She is a Roman Catholic—a most ignorant woman; I do not think she can read a word. I cannot imagine what brought her to church; I am sure she has never been there before. I have known her in the parish for a long time as a notorious character. She drinks and swears like a man, and has been seen to knock down with her fist a man who disputed with her. She is to be heard about the streets all day long, shouting fish or vegetables."

At the afternoon instruction the woman in question presented herself again, and sat looking the picture of attention. In the evening she was at church again, and came also to the after-meeting in the schoolroom. At the conclusion of the opening hymn I asked the vicar to pray, and while he was engaged in a quiet and silvery utterance—it was anything but exciting—the Roman Catholic woman suddenly rose to her feet, and uttering a loud, piercing shriek, cried out, "I'm on fire! I'm on fire!" Then, shaking her clothes violently, she shrieked louder and louder.

The vicar was dumb with amazement, and the respectables thoroughly scared. I rose up from my knees, and walked quietly toward the woman. As I went I gave out the words of a hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and commenced to sing it to a well-known tune. This was taken up and carried on by the congregation.

The poor frightened woman, after stamping with her feet, and shaking her clothes again and again, as if she really was in flames, made a leap all at once, and bounded over the feet of others who were kneeling between her and the aisle. Here she continued shaking her clothes as if to extinguish flames.

"Come here with me," I said to her; "come to the end of the room; we will see about putting out the fire."

I persuaded her to kneel down, and I knelt by her side, and prayed softly until she became calm. Then I put before her the way of salvation.

"Oh, but it's a sinner I am! yes, I am—that I am!"

I said, "I am glad you feel your sins; Christ came to save sinners such as you. He can save you direct. You ask Him for yourself. Say, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' He wants no priests to help Him in this work; He can save without them; only believe on Him."

The poor creature was still trembling and panting with the terrible fright she had been in, and was willing to do or say anything. I urged her again to repeat the prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I said, "The Lord Jesus has taught us sinners to make that prayer, and He has in His love told us the answer to it before we begin. You shall go home justified—saved, you know. He loves you—He died to save you."

The same Divine Spirit who had convicted her in this remarkable manner, was present to guide and teach her. She found peace and par-

don, and in a short time (I cannot tell how long) she returned quietly to the prayer-meeting.

My Irish friend grew in intelligence marvelously, and actually was seen in the after-meeting talking to anxious persons of her own acquaintance. There was no mistake about the change wrought in her. That lioness had become a ewe lamb; though, as she said, "I'll never forget that awful fire I was in. Oh, it was just awful—that it was!"

A CENTURY OF JEWISH PROGRESS.

ONE of the most remarkable signs of the times is found in the twofold changes which this century has witnessed in the condition of the Jews. In a passage in his recently published "The Gospel of the Kingdom" the Rev. A. B. Simpson shows how God has been dealing with the people by varied experience, as He said He would when He set His hand the second time to restore the remnant of His people. He says: Notwithstanding their incredible and long-continued sufferings, exactions, and injuries, the Jews have grown everywhere in population, wealth, and influence. Russia, Germany, England, France, Austria, and America are full of them, and they are the leaders in finance and literature, and some of them even in politics. And, with almost all their disabilities and difficulties removed, we see them to-day enriched with the wealth and armed with the languages and culture of the nations, awaiting the hour and call which will restore them to Palestine.

It is interesting to trace the steps in the Jewish Restoration, which has now been on the way for more than a century. In the year 1750 Prussia passed a decree of Jewish toleration, and in 1753 England naturalized Jewish residents as citizens amid great opposition. In 1780 Austria followed, and in 1788 France. In 1806 Russia recalled them from the banishment that had lasted since the time of Peter the Great, and millions returned to the country. In 1806 Italy emancipated them, and in 1813 Prussia more fully recognized their rights. In 1844 a Decree of Toleration, as we have seen, was wrung from Turkey. In 1860 a Hebrew alliance was formed for the promotion of Jewish liberty in all lands, encouraging colonization to Palestine. In 1867 the Jews were permitted by Turkish laws to own real estate in Palestine, and during the past twenty years a population of about 100,000 Jews has gradually grown up in the land. This is larger, indeed, than the whole Restoration band of Zerubbabel. But it is only the beginning of an active and increasing movement. As many as nine distinct colonization movements are now spreading through the land, and the last of them, under the auspices of Mr. Rothschild, promises permanent and important results.

They will return to their country in unbelief. In Ezekiel's vision of the Dry Bones, the bones come together first, before there is any life in them. The nation will be reconstructed, and then regenerated. This first stage is now preparing. There is a noise and a shaking. God's "fishers" are beginning to lure them home. God's "hunters" are already driving them once more from their resting-places in Russia and Germany. As by common instinct, the thoughts of all nations turn to Palestine as the ultimate refuge of the persecuted Jews. In a Russian town, last year, they were driven from their homes to the refrain, "Go to Palestine! Go to Palestine!" The heart of the faithful Jew responds to this, even when he sees the terrified faces of his beloved ones by the lurid glare of his burning possessions. The dominant idea of the Eastern Jew, whatever may be that of his co-religionist in Western countries, is to return to Palestine. Not only the poor, but also the wealthy Jews, think of inhabiting once more the land of their forefathers.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

* *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual subscription, 50 cents, may be sent to Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Urgent Need there Was for the Conference of South and Central American nations which will assemble in Washington in October next, is proved by a report received last week from the United States Consul at Buenos Ayres. He states that there is an enormous increase in commerce there. In corn alone the export has risen from 445,000 tons last year to 2,000,000 tons this year. Mr. Hanna further says: "In the vast fleet of merchant ships and great steamers coming here to trade, from every European port, the United States flag is rarely seen." So large a number of immigrants are attracted to the Argentine Republic that the Government, which pays their passage and cost of transportation to points in the interior, is paying in this way at the rate of twelve million dollars a year. It may be hoped that the conference will bring us into closer and more profitable relations with our enterprising and progressive neighbor, and that with greater commercial dealings there may come greater opportunities for gospel work there, and increased effort on the part of our Christian churches.

The Success of the Treaty with the Sioux was definitely secured last week. Eleven million acres of rich land are thus opened to settlement. There are indications of a greater rush of settlers than that which took place when the Oklahoma reservation was opened, as the lands are of better quality, and the prospects of peaceable settlement greater. The requisite number of signatures was secured when Chief Gall signed on August 6. His faithful followers, whom he has influenced for years, were standing around watching him, and as soon as he touched the pen they followed him with eagerness. John Grass signed, and then the Blackfeet and Upper and Lower Yanktonians. Gall said: "My Indians have signed because I told them to, after learning the Government could take our lands for nothing if it wanted to. The whites have now got our lands, and I hope they will be satisfied and let us live in peace in the future." John Grass sensibly added: "If the Government would build big houses where they could teach our young men to make wagons, harness, shoes, and clothes for ourselves, and teach them the white people's language besides, it would be good, and we would like it. I hope they will do this. It would help us along, and give our young men employment, instead of leaving them to loaf around their camps making mischief." The Indians who have signed have evidently done so in good faith, and if any trouble arises it will probably be with Sitting Bull, who is still opposed to the settlement, and resisted it to the last.

An Interesting Correspondence is in Progress between Postmaster-General Wanamaker and Dr. Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, as to the proposed reduction of rates for Government messages. Dr. Green labors to prove that the Government is already being served at lower rates than any other customer, and that Government work practically yields less profit even than press dispatches. Also that during the past twelve years the Government has been enjoying reductions proportionate to the increased earnings of the companies. A message which can now be sent three thousand miles for seventy-five cents

would in 1877 have cost three dollars. In conclusion Dr. Green contends that "the Government has been making a saving for a number of years at the rate of \$100,000 a year in the cost of its telegraph service below what other customers pay, while it enjoys a preferred service over all other business." Mr. Wanamaker afforded an opening for this line of argument by declaring that he wanted no more than what was *just*. This made his position weak. No one considers a mill a word for three thousand miles a *just* rate. It can be defended only on the business principle, which Mr. Wanamaker may have heard of, that it is legitimate in bargaining for service to take advantage of the helplessness of the other party. There would be a protest from the public if Mr. Wanamaker applied that principle in dealings with other contractors, but in this case it does not sympathize with the sufferer, because the Western Union itself acts on that principle on circuits where it has no competitor, and where, therefore, the public must pay whatever the company chooses to charge. "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

The New Commissioner of Education was appointed by President Harrison on August 5. He is Professor William T. Harris, of Concord, Mass. He was formerly Superintendent of Schools at St. Louis, Mo., where he displayed remarkable executive ability, and made the schools of that city a model for the schools of the United States. He is now in Paris attending, by special invitation, the educational convention being held in connection with the Exposition. His reputation among philosophers and educators is much wider than the limits of his country, as his selection to write many of the articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica relating to education, philosophy, and literature well testifies. He is said to be a devoted Christian, and has found time in spite of exhausting philosophical labors to speak not infrequently from the pulpit.

The Welcome News of the Rescue of the shipwrecked crews of the whalers in the Arctic was received on August 7. The *Thetis*, which was sent out for the relief of the men who were said to be in danger of perishing from starvation, has taken all the survivors on board. Her captain, Lieutenant Commander Stockton, says: "The *Little Ohio* was wrecked on the night of October 3, last year. The survivors spent the winter at Point Hope, Arctic Ocean, being generously cared for at the whaling establishment in charge of Captain Boyne. Of the thirty-three persons said to have been on board the *Little Ohio*, but eight survive. Five of these were taken on board the whaling steamer *William Lewis* three days before my arrival at Point Hope, and the remainder are aboard the *Thetis*. The *Ohio Second* was totally wrecked off the north end of Nanwok Island about June 6, this year, but fortunately all on board were saved." Though there has evidently been sad loss of life, it is consolatory to know that all has been done by the Government that could be done.

The Destruction of the Greater Part of Spokane Falls, W. Ty., by fire, took place on Aug. 4. It is astonishing to learn that in so young a city a loss of \$14,000,000 was incurred. The fire started about 7 o'clock in the evening, in a lodging-house. The fire department was quickly on hand, but owing to the absence of an official at the water-works sufficient pressure was not furnished, and the flames were, consequently, soon beyond control. Efforts were made to limit the area by blowing up buildings, but they failed. A strong wind carried the flames over the ruins and across wide streets. The flames burned over an area five squares across and seven squares in length. It was solidly built up with stone and brick structures, the cost of which varied from \$25,000 to \$225,000. Ten banking-houses, five hotels, the Opera House, and many wholesale establishments, doing a business estimated at \$500,000 each, were destroyed. Only the Crescent Building, of all the business houses, was saved.

The City Council at once ordered a supply of provisions to feed the homeless. It also passed a resolution revoking the licenses of all hotels and restaurants and of dealers in provisions who advanced their prices. Only two saloons remain, and they were closed by order of the Mayor. Spokane Falls was one of the most rapidly growing towns of the West. In 1888 it was a village of 7,000 inhabitants.

A Decisive Victory Over the Mahdists who have been threatening Egypt was gained by General Grenfell on August 3. Owing to the desperate valor of the Arabs, and their assurance that death in battle with Christians would be rewarded with eternal felicity in a sensual paradise, the slaughter was terrible. The battle commenced with a reconnoissance in force by the Anglo-Egyptian army of the Mahdist position. It had the effect of drawing out the whole Arab force, and in a short time the battle was raging furiously. The result was the complete defeat of the dervishes, and Wad-el-N'Jumi, their leader, and all the principal Emirs, who had accompanied him, were killed. The dervishes were slaughtered wholesale, at least fifteen hundred meeting their death. They fought well, making many bold charges with their usual impetuosity, but they were not able to stand the onslaught of the cavalry and the fire of the Martini-Henrys. The Egyptian troops and cavalry captured many rifles, and they also took one brass gun, and a number of spears, and a quantity of standards. It is hoped that this victory will secure the tranquillity of Upper Egypt for some time.

The German Emperor has Received an Effusive welcome from his relatives in England. No efforts were spared to afford him gratification. A naval review of unprecedented extent was arranged in his honor, and he took lively interest in it. Even Englishmen themselves were astonished at the naval strength exhibited in the review. No less than 113 enormous iron-clads of the modern type were manœuvred off Spithead. It was the greatest fleet of warships that was ever gathered together—greatest in number, and by far the greatest in power. The Emperor, on the Royal yacht, went everywhere examining the vessels and studying their machinery. Some of the latest build he inspected minutely, and used the levers with his own hands to observe the effect. There was a mimic naval battle, which the Emperor watched intently. Finally there was a review of troops. It may be inferred that his hosts thought that displays of warlike power would be the entertainment most in harmony with his tastes.

The War in Hayti Appears to Have Taken on a form of savagery on both sides. A press dispatch from Port au Prince says that Légitime has deliberately slaughtered a number of prisoners in the market-place. Hippolyte is advancing nearer and nearer each day. Time and again the southern leader has prepared for flight, but on each occasion the appeals of the people and the representations of his generals have induced him to hold on a little longer. Fear bordering on frenzy appears to have seized hold of many of Légitime's soldiers. They refuse to stand fire, and it only remains for the contagion to become universal to enable Hippolyte to march unopposed into the capital of the south.

Mr. H. M. Stanley and Emin Pasha are Reported to be on their way together to Zanzibar. A cable dispatch dated August 8 to the New York Herald from that town says: "Stanley is coming down the coast with Emin Pasha, nine thousand men, and an enormous quantity of ivory. The exact date of their arrival is uncertain." It would appear from this statement that Stanley succeeded in convincing Emin that it was impossible for him to retain his province.

Any Subscriber Interested in this Journal, and desiring to promote its circulation, may have sample copies sent them postage-paid and free of charge, for distribution at camp-meetings or other places where such distribution will introduce the paper, and lead to increased sales. Send postal card stating number required to The Manager, 71 Bible House.

Sight Restored in Answer to Prayer is the subject of a press dispatch from Middletown, N. Y., to the New York Sun, dated August 5. It states that a lady residing in that town was, fourteen years ago, attacked by a disease of the eyes. She consulted an eminent New York oculist, whose skill afforded her temporary relief. Of late, however, she could only distinguish light from darkness with one eye, and with the other could read only the coarsest print with the aid of the strongest glass. She was present at the services of the mission on July 28, when Elder Hancox, the pastor of the faith cure church in Jersey City, officiated, and told of the cures effected by faith and in answer to prayers. She was deeply impressed, went forward, told her trouble, and asked prayers for the restoration of her sight. After she had been anointed with oil, prayers were offered by Elders Hancox and Conkling. The latter has charge at Middletown. The next day she had occasion to rejoice, for her sight was suddenly restored. On August 4, at the services, she was subjected to severe tests, and, without a glass, read the smallest type readily.

The Story of a Fatal Kiss was Told by the Rev. John McNeill, the Scottish Spurgeon, in a recent sermon in London. Referring to the recent ghastly murders and mutilation of fallen women in Whitechapel, he said that he had heard the history of one of the victims. She was the daughter of intemperate parents in a good position in life. Before she was fourteen her passion for intoxicating liquor manifested itself, and she began to drink to excess. She was saved by the loving efforts of her friends, and abstained wholly for many years. She married, and had a happy home. But one day her husband caught a severe cold, and as a remedy he foolishly drank a glass of whisky before going to business. Knowing his wife's inherited propensity, he was careful that she should not see him drink it, but she discovered it when he kissed her good-bye. At once the fumes on his breath appealed to her latent appetite, and in less than an hour she had yielded to her craving, and was furiously intoxicated. She went out from her happy home, and abandoned herself to drink, and sank from worse to worse until she was one of the most degraded women in London. At an inquest on the mutilated body of one of the victims of the Whitechapel murderer, it was recognized as that of the wife whose relapse was caused by her husband's kiss.

A Discordant Note of the Fine Organ of a church in Louisville, Ky., disconcerted the choir and caused chagrin to the organist, in the services on August 4. The organist carefully examined the instrument, but could not discover the cause. An expert organ builder was therefore summoned to take the organ to pieces. The location of the discord having been pointed out to him, he took out the metallic "D" pipe, which is ten feet in height. The cause of the trouble was at once discovered. A little sparrow was found lodged in the middle of the pipe. When it was removed and the pipe replaced the organ was again in perfect order. Sometimes it happens that there is discord in the Christian's life, which ought to be one continual song of harmonious praise to God. When the discord is heard, self-examination is necessary. Generally he will find that the cause is due to the presence in his heart of some sin or worldliness that has found an entrance unawares. (Isa. 59: 2.)

A Novel Express Package Passed Through New York on August 4. When the steamship *Furnessia* arrived from Glasgow, an employee of an express company laid hands on a boy thirteen years old who was among the passengers. The expressman kept him closely in charge until he was put on board a train bound West, when he took a receipt for "one boy." Inquiries of the boy himself elicited an explanation. He is the son of a poor photographer in the suburbs of Glasgow. Some friends who are prospering in Eureka, Cal., wrote the photographer offering to take the boy and bring him up as their own.

The father consented, but was too poor to accompany his son. Fearing that evil might befall him on his long journey of six thousand miles, he consigned him to the express company as a parcel, and they were fulfilling their obligation by seeing him safely to his destination. Many parents when nearing death are tortured by anxiety as to the future of beloved children who must pursue the journey of life alone. The example of the Glasgow photographer may give a hint to them. He did not burden his son with warnings, but committed him to the protection of a power which had agents all along the road. God has said, "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them; and let thy widows trust in me." (Jer. 49: 11.)

A New York Politician's Diagnosis of Religious enthusiasm was delivered on August 7. He stood at the door of a municipal office watching a funeral procession file past. The deceased was a person of enthusiastic piety, and the persons who formed the procession had been engaged in the same religious work, and were in the procession to show their affiliation with the deceased, as is done at the funeral of a Freemason, Oddfellow, etc. The politician looked critically at the mourners and said: "I have been commissioner on several lunacy investigating committees, but never in my life have I seen such a collection of palpable idiots as this procession shows. There are nearly a hundred women in line here, and there is not one of them whose face does not indicate not only mental weakness, but in many instances actual derangement." It may be hoped that when the commissioner sits on lunacy investigations he bases his decision on the reports of qualified physicians and not on his own observation. Otherwise, some day he may do a grievous wrong. Accustomed, as he is, to seeing in and around the municipal buildings faces that show the effects of drink and dissipation, a face that tells of peace and joy and aspiration after holiness must seem to him abnormal. But in committing people to the asylum he should be on his guard, for he is warned in Scripture that he who departeth from evil is liable to be accounted mad. (Isa. 59: 15, margin.)

Five Insane Convicts were Sent to the New York State Lunatic Asylum on August 7. The physicians on the Island say that there is no previous record in the history of the asylum of the reception of five insane convicts in one day. Looking back over the records of the year, they find that the total number received exceeds the total for any previous three years. They have, however, no difficulty in explaining the phenomenon. The prisoners have done no work this year. The legislature in its wisdom decided that their work injuriously affected honest industry; that the articles they produced could be sold at lower rates than similar articles produced in factories in which the workmen had to be paid. There was considerable agitation, and eventually the Legislature passed a law forbidding the employment of the prisoners. At first the lazy convicts welcomed the change. Soon, however, there were complaints that the days and weeks passed slowly, and the terms of imprisonment seemed twice as long as before. Finally the voices of the physicians were raised in warning, and now it appears that they were right and the enforced idleness has produced insanity in many cases. Philanthropists are contending that the law is contrary to the Constitution, which prohibits "cruel and unusual" punishment. If idleness may be so characterized, every man has reason to dread it. The fact is of interest to some Christians. Indolence in the Master's service may be the cause of the unhealthy spiritual life so prevalent in our day. (Prov. 11: 25.)

A Cat Prevented a Dangerous Fire in New York last week. Firemen have long had a dread of a large open space in a densely populated district of the city. It is used as a storage place for packing-boxes, which are often piled up as high as the top of the surrounding houses. If ever they catch fire the Fire Department will

have an opportunity of proving the extent of its resources. Much property and some lives may be sacrificed. Some time ago a cat took up her abode in the very highest and most inaccessible box. The watchman, anticipating that she would make night hideous with discordant howlings, vowed that he would kill her the first time he caught her. She always eluded him, and lived on in her chosen domicile. One day last week, as the watchman had expected, she set up her hateful cries, and he went out resolved to climb the box-mountain and kill her. The first glance, however, made him forget the cat. Some one had carelessly thrown a lighted match among the sawdust at the foot of the heap. There was a lively little flame in one place, and thick smoke was rising all around. A few minutes more and the whole pile would have been blazing. The cat came down when the fire was extinguished, but the watchman, instead of killing her, decorated her with a collar and promised her three meals a day for life. Christian ministers and workers are frequently regarded as a nuisance by the men whom they warn of their spiritual danger, but when through illness or trouble they realize their true position before God, hate changes to love, and none are so dear to them as Christ's servants. (Ezek. 33: 33.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. H. Grattan Guinness secured thirty missionaries for Africa during his recent tour in the Southern States.

Among the degrees recently conferred by Fort Wayne University, is that of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. W. P. George, of Allendale, N. J.

Six prohibition tents, well equipped with able speakers, are sturdily marching over the prairies of South Dakota, making many converts to the cause.

Key East, N. J., the scene of the Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, is in future to be known as Avon-by-the-Sea.

It is estimated that in Paris 50,000 persons who formerly were sceptics have been brought to Christian faith through the agency of the McAll Mission.

The Rev. Arthur L. Mitchell, one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, sails early in August to visit the stations in Japan, Corea, and China.

The following is a summary of the Presbyterian Church South for the year 1889: Synods, 13; Presbyteries, 68; ministers, 1,145; churches, 2,321, being a gain over last year of 41.

Mr. A. B. Jewett, a native of Western Africa, recently graduated from Fisk University. He has spent nine years in this country preparing for missionary work in his native land.

The *Indian Witness* says: "At the present time there are, in round numbers, about half a million Protestant Christians in India." One-half of these are comparatively recent converts.

The number of Congregational churches given in recent statistics is 4,500, a gain of 165 over the previous year. The membership numbers 475,608; Sunday-school members, 580,672; benevolent contributions, \$2,205,563.

The Rev. J. H. Atkinson, of Yasomville, Pa., has gained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Chicago Correspondence University, and has been appointed Assistant Professor and Examiner of the Council of Graduation.

The number of communicants in the English Presbyterian Church at the end of 1888 was 63,830, as compared with 62,566 at the end of 1887. The total receipts of the Church for all purposes during the year have been £210,376.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, who recently resigned the pastorate of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, has declined a call from Providence, R. I., that he may devote himself exclusively to the work of stimulating the churches to increased effort in the cause of foreign missions.

Mr. E. C. Avis, the well-known Evangelist, recently conducted service at the Y. M. C. A., Bristol, Tenn. He expects to commence a series of meetings at Louisville, Ky., in September. After that he goes to Orange, Va. Pastors in either State, who would like his aid in their churches, may address him at Andersonville, Tenn.

Mayor Whittle and Dr. and Mrs. Moxey have been attending a Conference on "Soul-winning," at Fenaghy, near Ballymena, Ireland. A series of evangelistic services in large tents followed. Revs. H. M. Williamson and H. Montgomery, of Belfast, Rev. John McNeill, Dr. G. F. Pentecost, and others were among the speakers.

Rev. H. W. Brown's services at Lowell, Mass., resulted in a wide-spread revival, and the interest continues. He has been invited to take charge of the Lay College, established at Revere Beach, Mass., by the Christian Alliance, and to hold services there during the remainder of the summer.

FOUNDATION WORK.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the king commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones to lay the foundation of the house." 1 Kings 5: 17.

A Common Mistake in Building—The Foundation the First Concern—Though it is Out of Sight—
I. God's Method—In Creation—The Foundation Laid Millions of Years Before Adam—The Coal in the Cellar—In Providence—Matthew Arnold's Perception of the Power—In Redemption—Jesus the Sure Foundation—II. The Believer's Method—The Private Conflict—Artesian Grace—In the Building of a Church—In the Sunday-school—A Dog's Signature on a Brick—Ungilded Patches on a Wall—III. A Wise Method—Every Building to be Tested by Fire.

SOLOMON began to build the temple at the foundation. You smile, and wonder how he could have begun anywhere else. Ah, dear friends! I wish common sense ruled people in religion as well as in building temples; for many brethren begin their building at the top: To baptize an unbeliever on the ground of a faith which does not yet exist, is laying the topstone before the foundation. To gather into church fellowship those who are not gathered to Christ, is attempting to pile on the roof before there are any walls. For any of you to make a profession of religion without being born again, is building the third story before there is any basement. How much we have in this world of

Hanging Up Houses in the Air!

I mean, making professions without having anything upon which to base them. Begin with the foundation. The foundation, in his case, had to be carried to a great height, because the area upon which the temple stood was on high above the valley. As there was not space enough on the mount, it was necessary to build up from the depth of the valley scores of feet in perpendicular height, to form a foundation upon which there would be sufficient space for the temple and its surroundings. Portions of the massive masonry which formed the foundation of the enlarged area remain, to be wondered at. Solomon paid especial care to the foundation.

I. First, this is

God's Method.

Wherever you turn your eye upon the work of God, it is perfect. It will bear the keenest inspection. You may look at it from a distance with the telescope, or you may search into it with the microscope; but you shall find no imperfection. The Lord's work is perfect, not merely on the surface, but to its centre. If you cut deep, or if you pull it to pieces, dividing atom from atom, you shall see the wisdom of God in the minutest particle.

Observe the work of creation. God took care that even in the material universe there should be a grand foundation for His noble edifice. We have the story of the fitting up of the world, during the seven days, for the habitation of man; but we have not the history of the creation of the earth before that time. To prepare for the seven days' rapid furnishing of the earth for man, millions of years may have elapsed. The foundation was laid with great care. No limit can be set to the period preceding the making of man, if you only follow the Word of God in Genesis. "In the beginning"—that was a long, long while ago—"God created the heaven and the earth;" and during that

Process of Creation

it went through a great many stages; for God was determined that the house in which man should dwell should be thoroughly furnished for him. I cannot conduct you to the foundations of the earth; but I do ask you to go down with me into the cellar. Look at the store of coals laid up in the deep places for us. God would not send His child here in winter-time, and put no coals in the cellar for him; but He took long ages to provide the world with that fuel which is necessary for a thousand useful purposes. God is the Master-builder, and He layeth the foundation well.

The same is true of God's work called Providence. No event happens but He has planned

it, and ordained that a multitude of other events should precede or follow it. The doings of Providence are threaded together like pearls upon a string; there is a relation of this to that, and of that to another. Certain great principles underlie all history. One who had but little spiritual knowledge, yet confessed that "there is a power abroad which makes for righteousness;" he could not help seeing that; and he might have seen more had he opened his eyes. There is in the affairs of man many a touch of God's own hand. History looks like a tangled skein; but when you and I shall see it disentangled, we shall wonder at the infinite wisdom and kindness and goodness of God.

But we come into clearer light when we look at

The Lord's Greatest Work

of redemption. You and I are not saved haphazard. It is not as though God had saved us on the spur of the moment, as an afterthought which was not in His first intent. No; redemption plays an essential part in the purposes of the Lord. The foundation of redemption was securely laid in the covenant of grace, of which the Lord Jesus is the foundation. Infinite love, infallible wisdom, immutable faithfulness—all these combined to lay a foundation which can never be moved. Talk of the great stones and costly stones of Solomon's Temple, they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day as this chief Corner-stone. He is the foundation of God, which standeth sure.

Once more: while illustrating the truth that God's method is to lay a good foundation, I must beg you to think of the application of redemption to the heart of every one of the redeemed in personal salvation. Beloved, when God saved us it was no superficial work; the building of His grace in our souls is no wooden shanty, but a building which hath foundations. When He wrought in you conviction of sin, what an out-digging there was! With some of us the throwing out of the foundation lasted for years; and for myself I began to think there never would be a trace of anything built up in my heart. What

A Trench Was Dug in My Soul!

Out went my supposed merits! *What a heap of rubbish!* Out went my knowledge, my good resolves, and my self-sufficiency! By-and-by, out went all my strength. When this out-digging was completed, the ditch was so deep that, when I went down into it, it seemed like my grave. Since then we have been the subjects of a great deal of secret, unseen, underground work. The Lord has spent upon us a world of care. My brother, you would not like to unveil those great searchings of heart of which you have been the subject. You have been honored in public; and, if so, you have had *many a whipping behind the door* lest you should glory in your flesh. Whenever God has filled your boat with fish, and you have been more than ordinarily successful, that boat has begun to sink. Great mercies are great humblers of sincere souls.

All those chastenings, humblings, and searchings of heart have been a private laying of foundations for higher things. Ay, and the Lord has done much more than this in His own unseen but effectual way. He has given instruction and revelation, and sanctified fellowship, and these have been your own and not another's. No one has seen what the Lord has wrought in you; but if it had not been for this, you could not have been built up in holiness and usefulness. Thank God, He works the greater wonders of His love in the dark, out of sight! Yet, as the foundation is the most important part of the building, so the secret, humbling processes of grace have a value second to none.

II. I want you now to see that

This Must Be Our Method.

First, let it be so *in the building up of our own life*. Every man and woman here, but especially those who are young, have a life to build up. It is a great thing to begin by believing good solid doctrine. Some people have believed twenty different gospels in so many

years; how many more they will believe before they get to their journey's end it would be difficult to predict. I thank God I never knew but one gospel, and I have been so perfectly satisfied with it, that I do not want to know any other. Constant change of creed is sure loss. If a tree has to be taken up two or three times a year, you will not need to build a very large loft in which to store the apples. When people are always shifting their doctrinal principles, they are not likely to bring forth much fruit to the glory of God.

Artesian Grace.

Beloved, how much is done in private by every Christian, who is really sanctified, in the matter of the mastering of sin. It is not fit, in cases of inward conflict, to open the door or the window, and bid everybody come and see. If you have the wild beast of sin to tackle, shut the door, and have it out alone, God helping you! You will never attain to a holy life unless there are secret conflicts with sin. There must also be hidden communings with God. That grace which is artesian is grace indeed. I pray God to deliver us from the present superficialities of religion. Unless men have new hearts and right spirits, it is all in vain that they make new professions. Be thorough, be real, be intense! In your building up of character, look well to the foundation.

So it must be, next, in the building up of a church. Is that a church of God which is not founded on everlasting truth? There are numbers of hasty builders with wood, hay, and stubble; but these neither attend to foundation nor to material laid thereon. For my part, although I would be zealous in the service of my Lord, I had rather, by the grace of God, "lay great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones" upon the solid, rocky old doctrines of the Gospel, than gather the greatest crowd without faith and life. The stones of the temple were so squared and polished that you could not get a knife in between them when they were placed side by side; the stones thus adjusted were like a solid, united mass. So let us build, "Slow work," say you. Yes, but it will be equally slow in coming down, and that is the thing we must care about: we build for eternity.

To maintain solid truth you need solid people. Vital godliness is therefore to be aimed at. Alas! much has been done of late to promote the production of dwarfish Christians. The endeavor has been to increase breadth at the expense of depth. I look with great delight, although with much sorrow, upon our Society's

Church-Building on the Congo.

When we think of the many men who have died there, it has indeed been true already that "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones" have been laid for a foundation. If God will enable His Church to make such sacrifices, He means to build a fair palace for His glory. When Christian men, for the truth's sake, can part with friends, lose popularity, and involve themselves in loss, then are "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones" being built into the foundation of the temple of the Lord.

This morning a large number of friends are present who have been attending the Sunday-school Convention. I welcome them heartily, and I wish to turn my subject toward them by saying: Dear friends, in the building up of character in others we must mind that we do the foundation work well. Sunday-school teachers are those who do the foundation work; for they begin first with young hearts, while they are tender and susceptible. It is a most important thing that we have our children and young people well instructed in divine truth and soundly converted. Fundamental truths are as much connected with the salvation of a child as with the salvation of a full-grown man. Christ receives adults, but He also suffers little children to come to Him. Let us always take good heed that our Sunday-school teaching is as truthful as our instruction in the church.

But be it never forgotten that the major part of teaching will lie in example; and, therefore,

the life of the teacher must be of the very best. It is wonderful how children copy the conduct of a beloved teacher: for good or for evil, the force of example over the imitative faculty of youth is very great. When their hearts are tender they are moulded for God and good things, as much by what they see in our character as by what they hear from our lips. Most of you have seen in the British Museum the Egyptian brick which bears the mark of a dog's foot upon it. When it was yet soft mud, a dog, who was wandering through the brick-field, set his signature upon it, and there it stands—*Dog of Nilus: his mark*. Any casual word or foolish act may make a mark on a child's character as indelible as the dog's signature. This may be done when we are not intending it; how much more when with our heart's intent we write upon a loving mind!

A Bible-Class Teacher.

I remember a man of God, who has now gone to his reward, who was the means of producing, under God, a library of useful lives. I do not mean books in paper, but books in boots. Many young men were decided for the Lord by his means, and became preachers, teachers, deacons, and other workers; and no one would wonder that it was so, if he knew the man who trained them. He was ready for every good word and work; but he gave special attention to his Bible-class, in which he set forth the gospel with clearness and zeal. Whenever any one of his young men left the country town in which he lived, he would be sure to have a parting interview. There was a wide-spreading oak down in the fields; and there he was wont to keep an early morning appointment with John, or Thomas, or William; and that appointment very much consisted of earnest pleadings with the Lord, that in going up to the great city the young man might be kept from sin, and made useful. Under that tree several decided for the Saviour. It was an impressive act, and left its influence; for many men came, in after years, to see the spot made sacred by their teacher's prayers.

But, beloved friends, one of the most important things about dealing with children is, that we teach them what we have well prepared. Their mental food must be carefully cooked. If ever a teacher goes to the class without preparing the lesson, the teaching is sure to be very poor work.

Nobody Sees You

preparing your lesson; nobody commends you for your diligent research. It is the public address which is noted; but the secret study is that to which the commendation really belongs. If this private preparation is neglected, it is a very serious omission. Indeed, bad work in places which are not looked at is a wretched order of things. Some time ago it fell to me, as executor, to arrange for the sale of the goods and effects in a house most elegantly furnished. Certain fine pictures were to go to Christy and Manson's. The drawing-room was expensively adorned, and the wall decorations were elaborate with a pattern in which gold stars were somewhat plentiful. When the paintings were taken down, I was not a little surprised to see that behind them the wall was bare of ornament, so that at no time could those pictures have been shifted without showing how the decoration had been stinted. The owner was rich; yet his tradesman must needs practice such pinching economy of a little gilding. I am afraid if we were to take down the pictures in some Sunday-school teachers and Christian ministers, there would be seen ugly patches of neglect.

See to it that your heart and soul is worked into your teaching. Next time we are studying the Scripture lessons, let us think to ourselves, "This is foundation work. No one will know how I have worked at it; but the Lord, whom I serve, will take note of all that I do, and he will be pleased with conscientious foundation work." Brethren, we must put "good stones, costly stones, and hewed stones" into the unseen part of our edifice.

III. My time fails me; but under my third head I must carefully, though briefly, set forth the reasons why this should be done. It is

A Wise Method.

First, because it is suitable for God. You build your temple for God, and not for men: you should, therefore, make that part of the building good which will be seen *by Him*; and as He sees it all, it must be all of the best. A Grecian sculptor had to prepare an image of a god for one of the temples. He was working away with all his might at the back of the head, and at the hinder garments of the figure. One said to him, "Your work is needless, for that part of the figure is to be built into the wall." "But," said he, "the gods can see in the wall. This is for the gods, and not for men." Let us catch the spirit of the heathen artist, and do work for God in a manner fit for the Omniscient.

Next, look well to the foundation that is out of sight, for your own sake. No builder can afford to be negligent over the unseen part of a building; for it would involve a serious injury to his character. The very act of

Scampering is Degrading

and mean, and lowers a man's tone. I do not care who he is, if he habitually trifles over that which is not seen, the habit will defile his sincerity in other respects, and lead him to practical hypocrisy in religious concerns. The bare idea that we need not do our best if we are not seen, is debasing to the soul. To-day many aim at doing things cheaply, getting through work as fast as possible, and making a great show for the money. Let us avoid this popular form of lying. "Why," saith one, "nobody would respect you any the less if you did such work slightly, for everybody else would do so." Listen: I should respect myself the less if I scampered my work, and I set a great value upon my own respect of myself. A conscience void of offence, both toward God and toward men, is of more worth than applause.

Further, lay the foundation well, and look to that part which is out of sight, because in this way you will secure the superstructure. There was a bit of a flaw in the foundation, but nobody saw it; for the builder covered it up very quickly, and ran up the whole concern as quickly as possible. The walls were built, and built well. It seemed clear that the

Fault Down Below

was of no consequence whatever; and as it had a little cheapened the underground construction, was it not so much the better? How long was this the case? Well, the next year nothing happened: a longer time passed away, and then an ugly crack came down the wall. Had there been an earthquake? No: there was no earthquake. Perhaps a cyclone had beaten upon the work? No: there was no cyclone: the weather was the same as usual. What was the cause of that gaping space which marred the beauty of the building, and threatened to bring it down? It was that blunder long ago: that underground neglect produced the terrible mischief above, which would involve a great expense, and perhaps render it needful to take all the building down. If to-day you do not teach your children the gospel fully and clearly, the evil may not be seen in your present classes, nor, possibly, even in this generation; but children's children will bear the impress of the slight work.

Beloved, lastly, do look well to the foundation, and to the secret part of your dealings with God, because *there is*

A Fire Coming

which will try all things. "Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." No matter where we build, nor how we build, the fire will come upon all the works of man. The wood, hay, and stubble builders cry, "Do not bring any fire here! The proposal is horrible!" But in vain do they protest, for God has determined that the fire shall be. Now, even should you build the upper and visible part of your life with stone, it will not avail

if the under portion is of hay. The fire will bring it all down. A life well grounded in Christ Jesus, made sound throughout by the power of the Spirit, will bear to be inspected of God, and even to be inspected by the envious eyes of men, who would fain find fault with it; and at last it will bear the trial of the judgment-day, and will be found to the praise and glory of God for ever and ever. Therefore, see to it that you lay the foundation of all your religion with "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones," that so it may last for ever.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

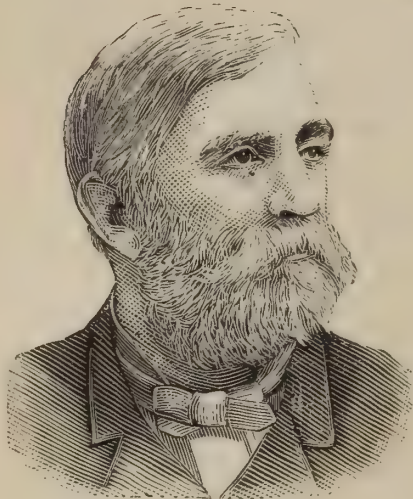
A Dying Hindoo.*

SOME Hindoos were on a journey in India. The road was rough and long, and the sun burned hotly in the skies. Slowly they passed on the way, and as one day after another came to an end many of the party grew faint and weary. There was one poor man who seemed a stranger to the rest; he was old and feeble, and ready to sink from the heat and labor of the way. At last he fell, and could not rise again. The Hindoos looked upon him, and finding that he was likely to die, they left him to perish without pity or help, for these heathen are unkind to the sick and dying. But there was among those travellers a missionary on his way to a distant place to preach the gospel; he saw the old man fall, and ran to aid him, while the rest passed along. Yet all his help could not now save his life. He knelt by the poor man's side and softly said in his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying traveller raised himself to reply, and with a great effort said: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth from all sin," and then laid down his head again and died. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer; and from the calm and thoughtful manner in which the words were spoken, he could not but feel that the man had died safe in Christ. "How or where," thought he, "could this Hindoo have got his hope?" As he looked at the dead body, he saw a piece of paper grasped tightly in one hand. He carefully took it out, and what was his surprise and delight when he saw that it was a leaf from the Bible, on which was the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, where the words are found which the dying man had appropriated. On that one page a heathen man had met with the gospel.

An Eminent Christian's Testimony.

The late Henry Reed's testimony, solemn and deliberate, should never be forgotten. He was a wealthy but devoted Christian, who had spent a long life in making known the Gospel, and in work of practical benevolence and charity. Finding that he was about to pass away, and wishing to leave on permanent record a farewell message to his friends and the world, before his mind began to wander amid the shadows of death, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and calmly and deliberately inscribed the following statement of his experience and full conviction: "After all I have said, preached, and written for upward of forty-five years, I wish it to be distinctly understood that the ground of the hope that is within me (which hope is full of immortality and eternal glory) is not repentance toward God, although it is written, 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' Nor is it faith, although it is written, 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' Nor is it in becoming a new creature, although it is written, 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.' Nor is it in holiness, although it is written, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' They are indeed great and glorious gifts, all purchased by blood divine, for which I praise and adore the triune God. Still, none of them atoned for my sins. Repentance

* From "Gold from Ophir." A new book of Bible Readings, original and selected, compiled by Evangelist J. E. Wolfe. The readings are arranged under the four heads: Ruin, Redemption, Regeneration, and Resurrection, and are from many writers. Among them are Professor Morehead, Dr. James H. Brookes, and Rev. George C. Needham. They are brief, forcible, and pointed. Pp. 204; price \$1.25. Published by J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.



Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge.

did not die for me; the new creature did not die for me; holiness did not die for me. My confidence is not in gifts, but in the Giver—the eternal Son of God, who took my nature, and in that nature, as my substitute, atoned for my sins. On His finished work alone does my soul rely for pardon, holiness, and heaven; and He only is made unto me wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.”

HON. W. C. P. BRECKENRIDGE.

Orator of the Dedication.

THE eloquent spokesman of the day at the dedication of the Pilgrims' Memorial on August 1 was William Campbell Preston Breckenridge, a Southern member of Congress. He is a Kentuckian of Scotch descent. The first of his family in America was a Covenanter, who fled to America on the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660. Mr. Breckenridge is a cousin of General John C. Breckenridge. He was born in Baltimore in 1837, where his father was a Presbyterian clergyman for thirteen years; but he was educated in Kentucky, and for a time was professor of Equity Jurisprudence at Cumberland College. He was elected to Congress in 1886 without opposition, and continues to represent the Seventh District, Kentucky. Mr. Breckenridge is a fine looking man, with snow-white hair and beard. He is regarded as one of the most brilliant orators on the Democratic side of the House.

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.

(See Illustration.)

BRIEF mention was made in these columns last week of the dedication on August 1 of the national monument commemorative of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. On this page we give a picture of the monument, with a portrait of Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge, the orator of the day; and of John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, who read an original poem on the occasion.

The memorial cost \$200,000, of which \$15,000 was given by the Federal Government, \$10,000 by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and \$10,000 by the State of Connecticut. It stands on a hill in Plymouth, Mass., about northwest of the rock on which the Pilgrims landed on December 20, 1620. It is of massive size, forming a conspicuous object from the harbor. Its total height is eighty-one feet. An octagonal pedestal forty-five feet high supports an im-



The Pilgrims' Memorial at Plymouth, Mass.

mense granite emblematic figure of Faith, thirty-six feet high. It is a solid granite figure of a woman clad in Greek drapery. In her left hand she holds a Bible, while with her right she points heavenward. Her foot rests on a piece of Plymouth Rock. Emblematic figures of Law, Freedom, Morality, and Education—granite monoliths—sit at the base of the pedestal, and between them, covered with glass, are altorilievos, representing respectively the embarkation from Delft Haven, the signing of the compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, the landing of the Pilgrims, and the treaty with Chief Massasoit.

The memorial is a fitting tribute of grateful descendants to the men whose courage, faith, and sterling Christian principles laid the foundations of the Christian colony. Religion to them was not the light, trivial thing that it is to so many in our day. To them it meant more than fortune, more than comfort, more than life itself. That they might worship God according to their conscience, they fled from England to Holland, and when that refuge seemed no longer safe, and when the desire to spread the Gospel beyond the sea, and to establish a God-fearing colony, pressed more and more heavily upon them, they cast longing eyes toward America. About a hundred of these, in 1620, sailed in the *Mayflower*, and though menaced with famine, and with massacre by Indians, held fast their faith in God, and remained here to lay the foundations of New England. It is in loving veneration of those noble men and women that their descendants have raised the splendid monument, dedicated on August 1, here described.

A CURE FOR A BROKEN HEART.

(See Illustration on page 325.)

Two young ladies were at the side of a grave which contained, as the inscription on the headstone stated, all that was mortal of a young clergyman cut off at the commencement of his labors for Christ. Ada Winthrop, the elder of the two, was kneeling by the grave weeping bitterly, watering the earth with the salt rain of unavailing sorrow. By her side stood her cousin, Julia Dobbs, her most intimate friend, who was a year or two younger, but slightly taller than the mourner. Julia possessed a romantic temperament, and evidently sympathized deeply with her sorrowing cousin. A judi-

cious observer would have opined that she was not the best companion a bereaved girl could have. She was "intense" in the sense which that word now conveys in the vocabulary of long-haired youths and gushing young ladies. To have a broken heart and to live a desolated life at eighteen would have been a distinction among other "intense" girls, but as she was heart-whole herself, the next best thing was to be the chosen friend of one who was heart-broken.

Ada Winthrop had none of her cousin's romance. Her grief was too poignant for her to care whether people noticed it or not. Ever since she had seen her dear dead lover laid in the silent grave, she had mourned with a sense of desolation too deep for a thought of anything else. The picture her mind had drawn of a happy future by the side of the young clergyman, whom she almost idolized, was blotted out. The joys of communion with his stronger spirit, of working for him and with him for the good of others, were buried in his grave. If Ada Winthrop had been a Roman Catholic she would have entered a convent and spent the remainder of her life in seclusion and self-communion. She was fast becoming morbid, and her cousin Julia encouraged the disposition by recalling acts and words of the departed, and bemoaning his early death. Ada was not in the least likely to forget; but Julia's words produced paroxysms of grief which seemed to that young lady the proper thing in a bereaved lover.

The mourner wept silently a long time. At last she kissed the unconscious sod a sad goodbye, and rose from her knees. "Let us go," she said, taking her cousin's arm. "Oh, why was he taken from me! I wish I could go to him now. I can never be happy in this world."

"No; I do not see how you can be, Ada," said her companion. "If I were in your place I think I should weep myself to death, and I should always wear the deepest mourning. The world must always be a desolate place to you. You can never have any pleasure in it."

"But you can be useful in it, Ada," said a voice that startled the two girls; "and usefulness is better than pleasure."

The girls turned sharply into an opening in the dense foliage through which they took their daily walk to the grave, and Ada recognized her brother. "O Robert," she said;



John Boyle O'Reilly. (See page 517.)

"how you frightened me! Your words seemed like some message from the sky."

"Perhaps they were," he answered; "take them so, and act upon them. You can do so at once, for there is an excellent opportunity. Go down to the Dawsons' cottage; they are in sad trouble there."

"Ada has trouble enough of her own, Robert," said Julia. "I wonder you have not more consideration for her than to want her to go into more. Her load is heavy enough, poor girl, without taking up that of other people. My poor child," she said, turning to Ada, "no one understands you."

"You are foolish, Julia," said Robert; "you are making Ada worse. It would be the best thing she could do to go on this errand of mercy. It would lighten her own sorrow to sympathize with other people and to help them. Down in that cottage there is sorrow enough to move any heart."

"What is the matter, Robert?" Ada asked. "If I can do anything, I should like to go."

"That is right," said Robert; "I am sure you can. Mrs. Dawson died suddenly this morning, and her husband is away in Europe, and there is no one with the two little children but an unsympathetic hired girl. Come and see if you can dry their eyes."

"It is real mean of you, Robert, to worry Ada," said Julia. "Don't go, dear; you are exhausted with your own grief."

"Say no more," said Ada. "I will go with you, Robert, if you will take me," and releasing Julia's arm she placed her hand on Robert's and accompanied him to the house of mourning.

"Mamma, mamma! I want my mamma!" were the first words Ada heard, in childish treble, as she entered the home death had desolated. The little curly headed boy of three years who uttered them was stubbornly refusing to be led away from the door of the death chamber, and the Irish girl was alternately trying threats and coaxing to move him, while a little girl, only just able to walk, was crying, miserable and neglected, in an adjoining room. Ada picked up the young rebel at the head of the stairs and kissed him. "Come with me," she said. "I want to tell you why mamma does not come."

"Yes," said the child, "why don't she? I ain't naughty; I promised her I'd be good, and I have been."

Ada carried him down-stairs, and tried with all tenderness to explain to him what death is, and then she took him to the room and showed him the loved form lying placid and motionless. The child dimly understood, and clinging to Ada wept silently until she carried him away. Then she went to the other bereaved little one and ministered to her to the best of her ability. It was a sorrowful task, but when she left the cottage, with a promise to return soon, it was with a lighter heart than she had felt since her own crushing sorrow had fallen upon her. She had left sunshine behind her where she had found only gloom.

Day by day for three weeks she paid regular visits to the cottage, and was welcomed by the little ones and by the Irish girl, who found her own path brightened by Ada's help and advice. They looked out for her for hours before she came, and ran to meet her with cries of joy.



A Summons to Service.

She thought no less tenderly of her dead lover, but her thoughts were drawn out of herself and occupied themselves in active service. Tiny hands smoothed the wrinkles from her brow and dried her eyes when the tears came. She took the children with her to the grave of her lover, and then crossed with them to the grave that held what was so dear to them. In cheering and comforting them her own heart was comforted.

When Mr. Dawson returned, Ada ceased her visits, but a day or two afterward he called upon her with his children to thank her for her kindness. He was too much depressed to say all he felt, but begged for his children's sake that Ada would continue to come to them. They climbed on her lap and kissed her, and added their entreaties to their father's, and seemed so overjoyed to see her that she knew, as she never expected to know again, the joy of love given and reciprocated. It was not strange; the wise King had said three thousand years before, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself," and Ada was realizing the truth of his words.

The affection between Ada and her little friends increased, until after the lapse of two years, much to her cousin Julia's disgust, she said a timid "Yes" in answer to Mr. Dawson's often-urged appeal to her that she would become a mother to the children she had loved and comforted.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 510.)

Mormon Treachery.

ONE victim of the atonement doctrine was the wife of an elder, who, when he was absent on a mission, acted unfaithfully toward him. Her husband took counsel of the authorities, and was reminded that the shedding of her blood alone could save her. He returned and told her, but she asked for time, which was readily granted. One day, in a moment of affection, when she was seated on his knee, he

reminded her of her doom, and suggested that now, when their hearts were full of love, was a suitable time for carrying it into execution. She acquiesced, and out of love he cut her throat from ear to ear.

Another instance I can give from my personal knowledge. A sister, who occasionally did a little work at my house, on one occasion said to me: "Mrs. Stenhouse, when first I came to this country I lived in the southern portion of Utah. One day I saw a woman running across the fields toward our house, pale and trembling. When she came in she looked round her as if she were frightened, and she asked if anyone besides our own family were present. On being assured that there was no one present whom she might fear, she said: 'Two men came to our house late last night and asked to see my husband, who had already retired. He was in bed, but they insisted that he must get up, as they had a message from "the authorities" for him. When they saw him they requested him to go with them to attend, they said, to some Church business. I became much alarmed, for my poor husband had been known to speak rather freely of late of some of the measures of

the Church, but he tried to reassure me, and finally left the house with the two men.

"In about an hour after they came back, bearing his lifeless body. They laid him upon the bed, and then one of them pulled aside the curtain which constituted our only cupboard, and took therefrom a bake-kettle and stood it beside the bed, in order to catch the blood that was flowing from a fearful wound in his throat. They then left the house, telling me to make as little noise about it as possible, or they might serve me in the same way. The men were masked, and I cannot tell who they are, but I spent a fearful night with my poor dead husband." This sister added: "Sister Stenhouse, in those more fearful times we dared not speak to each other about such things for fear of spies."

I say nothing of those of whose fate nothing—not even a whisper—was ever heard; and I say nothing of the frightful "cuttings off" before the Reformation and in recent years. Gentle men and women were killed for hatred; and that "killing" was no murder, for theirs was not innocent blood. Apostates, and Saints of doubtful faith, and those who were obnoxious, had their blood shed—all for love—and that "cutting off" was also no murder, because to secure their salvation by cutting their throats was an act of mercy. Can it be possible that men should thus act and say—and believe—that Jesus Christ, the gentle and merciful Saviour, commanded it when He said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

During this "Reformation" in 1856, marrying and giving in marriage was the order of the day. It mattered not if a man was seventy years of age; according to Brigham Young he was still a boy—"the brethren are all boys until they are 100 years old"—and some young girl of sixteen, fifteen, or even younger, would be "counselled"—that is, commanded—to marry him. She might even have a sister no older than herself, and then, as likely as not, he would marry both on the same day. The girls were told that to marry a young man was not a safe thing, for

young men were not tried—it was better to marry a well-tested patriarch, and then their chances of “exaltation” in the kingdom of heaven were sure and certain. In this way the life-long happiness of many a girl—little more than a child—was blighted for ever. At the time of which I speak, every unmarried woman, or girl who could by the utmost stretch of possibility be thought old enough to marry, was forced to find a husband, or a husband was immediately found for her, and, without any regard to her wishes, was forced upon her. The marrying mania, in fact, was universal and irresistible—everyone *must* marry or be given in marriage. Young men and maidens, old men and children, widows, virgins, and youths, in fact, every one—whether married or unmarried, it mattered not—was “counselled,” commanded, to marry.

There is above fanaticism a stronger law which, despite every effort of the deluded victim, *will* occasionally make itself heard—the voice of nature. Even during that strange time in which every saint seemed to have gone stark crazy mad, the frightful anomaly of men of fifty, sixty, and even seventy, marrying mere children—girls of fourteen, and even thirteen—forced itself upon the attention of some of the leaders. The question arose—an odd question to Gentile ears—“At what age is a girl old enough to marry?” Considerable discussion ensued, and even in the Tabernacle the subject was taken up. The voice of authority, however, eventually answered the matter, but not in the way that any ordinary civilized person would expect.

In those times unmarried girls were very scarce; in the settlements it was difficult to find any at all. Not unfrequently it happened that a brother was “counselled” to marry, but could not obey, as there was no unmarried woman in the place where he lived. In that case he generally paid a visit to Salt Lake City. But business at the Endowment House, nevertheless, was pretty lively; in fact, so much so that it was deemed necessary to set apart certain days for the various settlements.

Once, when the “Provo day” was fast approaching, two old brethren from that town, who had been counselled to enlarge their families, but who had been unsuccessful in finding partners, began to despair of being able to obey “the word of the Lord.” The day before that appointed for the Endowments and Celestial Marriage arrived, and they were as far from success as ever. Being neighbors, the two old gentlemen met and mingled their griefs, and considered what might be done. It then occurred to them that there was a certain brother who had two daughters, respectively twelve and fourteen years of age, and they resolved to call upon him about these children.

As might be supposed, the father at first refused them, giving as a reason that the girls were too young. The old men explained that if they could not marry the children it was impossible for them to “obey counsel,” and the father then agreed. The next morning the marriage ceremony was performed in the Endowment House. One of these men was sixty years of age, and the other a few years younger. The father of the children was about forty. I am really afraid that the reader will think that I exaggerate or misrepresent facts. But I am sorry to say that scores and hundreds of instances similar to this, which occurred during the Reformation, might be given. There are before me as I write, letters, papers, documents of various sorts relative to marriage and the matrimonial affairs of the Saints, at the time of which I speak, that I wish the reader could peep at. Taking more wives was the order of the day.

The work of “Reformation” was in full progress; the people were excited to frenzy; the United States troops were expected; men were marrying, and maidens were given in marriage; every one in Utah was looking forward to the time when the prophecies of Joseph Smith, the Seer, should be fulfilled.

While the so-called “Reformation” was going on, and when the United States troops were constantly expected in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, a large train of emigrants passed through Utah on its way to California. The train consisted of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty persons, and they came chiefly from Arkansas. They were people from the country districts, sober, hard-working, plain folks, but well-to-do, and about as respectable a band of emigrants as ever passed through Salt Lake City.

Nothing worthy of any particular note occurred to them until they reached the Valley—that was the point from which they started toward death. My old friend, Eli B. Kelsey, travelled with them from Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City, and he spoke of them in the highest terms. If I remember rightly, he said that the train was divided into two parts—the first a rough-and-ready set of men, regular frontier pioneers; the other a picked community, the members of which were all more or less connected by family ties. They travelled along in the most orderly fashion, without hurry or confusion. On Sunday they rested, and one of their number, who had been a Methodist preacher, conducted divine service. All went well until they reached Salt Lake City, where they expected to be able to refit and replenish their stock of provisions; but it was there that they first discovered that feeling of enmity which finally resulted in their destruction.

It so happened that the minds of the Saints in Salt Lake City were at that time strongly prejudiced against the people of Arkansas, and for a most unsavory reason. The Apostle Parley P. Pratt was one of the earliest converts to Mormonism, and he ably defended his adopted creed with his pen and from the platform. He had not very long before been sojourning in Arkansas, and had there run away with another man's wife. The husband pursued and killed Pratt, for in those parts it was considered that the Apostle did wrong in marrying the man's wife. Nobody took any notice of the matter, or brought the murderer to trial. The Mormon people, of course, took the side of Parley P. Pratt. They considered McLean a sinner for doing exactly what any Saint would have certainly done. Reasoning without reason, they argued that McLean was the enemy of every Mormon, and every Mormon was the enemy of McLean; McLean was protected in Arkansas, therefore every man from Arkansas was an enemy of the Mormons; an enemy ought to be cut off, therefore it was the duty of every Mormon to “cut off,” if he could, every Arkansas man. This appears to have been the tone of thought which actuated the minds of the leaders of the Mormons at the time when this emigrant train arrived in the city.

Wearied and footsore they encamped by the Jordan River, trusting there to recruit themselves and their teams, and to replenish their stock of provisions. The harvest in Utah that year had been abundant, and there was nothing to hinder them from obtaining a speedy and full supply. Brigham Young was then Governor of Utah Territory, Commander-in-Chief of the militia, and Indian agent as well; he was, therefore, responsible for all that took place within his jurisdiction. It was his duty to protect all law-abiding persons who either resided in or travelled through the country. The emigrants, so far from being protected, were ordered to break up their camp, and move on; and it is said that written instructions were sent on before them, directing the people in the settlements through which they would have to pass to have no dealings with them. This, considering their need of provisions, was much the same as condemning them to certain death.

Compelled to travel on, they pursued their journey slowly toward Los Angeles. At American Fork they wished to obtain provisions. There was abundance of everything from the farm and from the field, for God had very greatly blessed the land that year; but they could

obtain nothing. They passed on and went through Battle Creek, Provo, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, Salt Creek, and Fillmore, and their reception was still the same—the word of the Mormon pontiff had gone forth, and no man dared to hold communion or to trade with them. Now and then some Mormon, weak in the faith, or braver, or more fond of money than his fellows, would steal into the camp in the darkness of the night, bearing with him just what he was able to carry; but beyond this they could procure nothing.

Their only hope now lay in the chance of holding out until they could push through to some Gentile settlement, where the word of the priestly Governor of Utah was not law. Through fifteen different Mormon settlements did they pass without being able to purchase a morsel of bread. With empty wagons and on short allowance, they pushed on until they reached Corn Creek, where, for the first time in saintly Utah, they met a friendly greeting *from the Indians*, and purchased from them thirty bushels of corn, of which they stood very greatly in need.

At Beaver they were again repulsed, and at Parowan they were not permitted to enter the town; they were forced to leave the public highway and pass round the west side of the fort wall. They encamped by the stream, and tried, as before, to obtain food and fresh cattle, but again to no purpose. The reason why they were refused admission to the town was probably because the militia was there assembled under Colonel Wm. H. Dame, which militia afterward assisted in their destruction, for which preparations were even now being made.

They made their way to Cedar City, the most populous of all the towns of southern Utah. Here they were allowed to purchase fifty bushels of tithing wheat, and to have it ground at the mill of that infamous man, John D. Lee, upon whose memory will rest the maledictions of all who have ever heard his name. It was, however, no act of mercy, the supplying of this corn. The sellers of it knew well enough, even then, that it would return to them again in the course of a few days. The emigrants had but forty days' rations to carry them on to San Bernardino, in California—a journey of about seventy days. Scanty kindness, miserable generosity! fifty bushels of corn for a seventy days' journey, for men, women, and young children, and at least one little one to be born on the road! They remained in Cedar City only one day, and so jaded were their teams that it took them three days to travel thence to Iron Creek, a distance of twenty miles; and two days were occupied in journeying fifteen miles—the distance between Iron Creek and the Meadows.

The morning after they left Iron Creek, the Mormon militia followed them in pursuit, intending, it is supposed, to assault them at Clara Crossing. That this was no private outburst, and that, on the contrary, it was done by authority, is evident from sworn testimony to the effect that the assembling of those troops was the result of “a regular military call from the superior officers to the subordinate officers and privates of the regiment. . . . Said regiment was duly ordered to muster, armed and equipped as the law directs, and prepared for field operations.” A regular military council was held at Parowan, at which were present President Isaac C. Haight, the Mormon High Priest of southern Utah, Colonel Dame, Major John D. Lee, and the apostle George A. Smith.

No military council, whether of the militia or the ordinary troops of the line, would dare to determine upon such an important matter as the cutting-off of an emigrant train of 130 persons, without receiving permission from superior authority. Brigham Young was in this case the superior authority; he was the Commander-in-Chief of the militia; the inference is obvious. I do not say that he gave the order for this deed of blood, but that it was his business to bring the criminals to justice no one can doubt.

The regiment, which started from Cedar City under the command of Major John D. Lee, the sub-agent for Indian affairs in southern Utah, was accompanied by baggage wagons and the other paraphernalia of war excepting only heavy artillery, which in this case would have been useless. But, at the same time, a large body of the Piede Indians had been invited to accompany them. An order came from headquarters to cut off the entire company except the little children. The emigrants were unprepared. Accustomed, however, to border warfare, they immediately corralled their wagons and prepared for a siege. Major John D. Lee, finding the emigrants resolute, sent to Cedar City and Washington City for reinforcements, which duly arrived.

(To be Continued.)

THE ANOINTING OF DAVID.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 25, I Samuel 16: 1-13; Golden Text, I Samuel 16: 7.

Samuel Reproved for Mourning over Saul—Commissioned to Anoint Another King—An Unusual Response—The Commission Reiterated—Directed to Use a Subterfuge—The Company at the Sacrifice—How God Chooses His Instruments—Seldom the First Born or the Most Comely—The Unknown King Among the Sheep—The Two Spirits Sent Forth—Parallels of the Spirit on Saul—The Self-Deceived King—Music Tried as an Exorciser—David Summoned to Court.

BEFORE God could anoint a king over Israel who should take the place of the rejected Saul, He must have Samuel, His prophet, entirely on His side. Samuel, in his unselfish mourning for Saul, had gone beyond that which is divine; it approached the casting of a reflection upon God. Let us take heed how we sympathize with those who are under God's judgment. There is a sentimental sympathy which sides more with man than with God. It is morbid, it springs from self, it can neither orify God nor help man; it is simply the indulgence of a natural feeling, and though it be shown toward an enemy, this is not pleasing to God. We must not, in our feelings or sympathies, any more than in our plans or purposes, go before God. He must ever take the lead. When we enter into God's plans, and understand His workings, our love and sympathy toward others is purified, and it becomes divinely intelligent and really helpful. The sympathy which springs from self turns the afflicted one into himself, and awakens self-pity which can help no one. Divine sympathy sees with the eye of what are His dealings with the afflicted one, turns the eye on to Him, and so opens the door of deliverance. "The Lord said unto Samuel, How long wilt thou turn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel?" "Wilt thou, my prophet, have a grief in which I cannot share? Saul does not confess to me, I do not have things out with me; thy grief does not help me, and it paralyzes thee; leave Saul to me, I have no work for thee." "Fill thine horn with oil, and I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided me a king among his sons." For the first time in his whole career as a prophet, the usually obedient Samuel

Makes a Difficulty.

How can I go? If Saul will hear it, he will kill me." This was unlike Samuel. He was not a man to distrust, or fear for his life, but the indulgence of self in his sorrow for Saul, made room for the indulgence of self in objection to anoint David. God passes over his action without noticing it: Samuel knew God well enough to trust his life with Him. So God simply gives the details of his commission: "Take an heifer with thee, and say, I am come to sacrifice to the Lord, and Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will shew thee what thou shalt do;" and thou shalt anoint unto Me him whom I have said unto thee." A man who is not sure of his God is anxious, if he does not know exactly beforehand all that he is going to do, he cannot bear suspense or uncertainty; but a man who trusts in God can go on in the dark so long as he is sure that God is on his side. "Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me" (Ps. 23: 4.) "Who is among you that hath the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." (Isa. 50: 10.) "When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall lighten unto me." (Micah 7: 8.) "Samuel did that which the Lord spake" without waiting for an assurance that his life would be spared, and he found, as he had done, that the path of obedience was the path, the path of blessing. When the prophet's arrival at Bethlehem "the elders of the town trembled." Since Saul came to the throne, there had been much of trembling among the people, and now that the land was gone, for Saul was

always at war (chap. 14: 47, 48). The elders of Bethlehem said to him, "Comest thou peaceably?" And he said, "Peaceably! I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord; sanctify yourselves and come with me to the sacrifice." And he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice. The company was assembled; the guests knew that something unusual was about to take place; but, probably, a thrill of surprise ran through them when the prophet, looking on Eliab, Jesse's handsome first born, said, "Surely

The Lord's Anointed

is before me." Now it dawned upon them what was about to happen. Saul was no longer recognized by God as their king, and He was about to appoint a successor. But Samuel, like so many who limit God, and who expect Him always to repeat Himself, looked for the same qualifications in Eliab that were so noticeable in Saul. God said to him, "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature, because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." The first king was after man's model, the second after God's; the first had his comeliness, and strength and renown in what he was; the second was to be a better forth of what God was—an instrument in His hands. Then Jesse called Abinadab. And the prophet, who had now the clue to God's mind, said, "Neither hath the Lord chosen this." And so with Shammah, and all the seven of Jesse's sons who passed before him. Samuel said unto Jesse, "The Lord hath not chosen these," and then inquired, "Are here all thy children?" They were all whom Jesse thought at all calculated to aspire to the kingdom; but he on whom God's heart was set did not so much as enter into Jesse's mind. "There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold he keepeth the sheep." Jesse had not thought it necessary even to fetch him in from the field. But God had seen in the young shepherd a heart that could trust Him, a will that would be subject to Him. Paul speaking of him, says, "He raised up unto them David to be their king; to whom also he gave testimony, and said, I have found David, the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfil all my will." (Acts 13: 22.) Samuel said, "Send and fetch him: for we will not sit down till he come hither. And he sent and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to, and the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he."

Man's first is ever God's last—Abel before Cain, Isaac before Ishmael, Jacob before Esau, Joseph above his brethren. And in this there is

A Deep-Lying Principle.

It is not the capriciousness of a tyrant. Man is a fallen being, he has sinned, and is by nature under condemnation. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." (Isa. 40: 6.) All that man can offer of his own beauty, his own strength, his own wisdom, is like Cain's offering—a thing which God cannot accept. It is only as man accepts his own condemnation, as Abel did, and comes, through the blood of Christ, as a redeemed one, that God can accept him. Thus man's best is always rejected by God, man's first born set aside. When we learn the lesson Paul learned so well, "In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7: 18), we readily sign the sentence of our own condemnation, take our place as crucified with Christ, and cease to see or expect any good in ourselves. It is only as we have our part in Christ that we can stand, or that we can serve or please God.

God's choice in both dispensations has been the same. "Not many wise men after the flesh . . . not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence." God saw in the haughty Eliab and his brethren something that would glory in their own strength or in that which they were or had, but already the sweet Psalmist of Israel (II Sam. 23: 1) had developed an appreciation of his God which would make him a ready instrument to do His will, and a man who would serve to rule his people in the fear of God. Of strength and wisdom God has plenty to supply a humble soul; gifts which might be needed He can give, but it must be man's own choice whether he will yield himself to God, or whether, in his pride of heart, he will lean, as Saul had done, to his own understanding.

"Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren."

Bitter were the pangs of jealousy in the hearts of David's brethren when their younger brother was preferred before them. But he did not give them any cause for it; he returned to the field, and to the care of his sheep (ver. 19), and sang, out of a full heart, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. . . Thou anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over" (Ps. 23: 1-5). David

was content to be an unknown king, the Lord's anointed, so recognized in heaven, but unknown on earth, and as such he was a true type of Christ, and a forerunner of God's royal priesthood in this dispensation. David's kingdom was not yet, but the king was being educated for it. Our kingdom too is not yet. By and by we may be called to reign, but now is our education time.

David's anointing was not a mere ceremonial; there and then God met him, and he met God; "the Spirit of God came upon him from that day forward." But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. "Does God, then, send evil spirits?" will very naturally be asked. God does undoubtedly permit evil spirits a power to try and tempt the sons of men, but only within the limits which He permits. Such was "the lying spirit" which was in the mouth of Ahab's prophets, when the poor vacillating king again, and for the last time, acted perversely against God, after all the warnings of Elijah (I Kings 22: 19, 23). Such was the power of Satan to try Job (chaps. 1 and 2); such was "the messenger of Satan," whom Paul found such a "thorn in the flesh." (II Cor. 11: 9.) If Saul had sought, as Job and Paul sought, the face of God, no doubt he too would have been saved; but, from first to last, we see no repentance in Saul, no turning from his sin, but only sullen, sulky remorse, and the miserable cowardice and hypocrisy which led him to keep up appearances. He thought to keep it a secret, between him and Samuel that the Lord had rejected him, but the man who, under the power of the Spirit of God, had prophesied, was so manifestly now without that Spirit, and so evidently under the power of the evil one, that none of his courtiers needed to be told that God had left him. Perhaps he was not aware how manifest was the change. Perhaps it was as with Samson when he "knew not that the Lord was departed from him" (Judges 16: 26), or as Israel in Hosea's time. "Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not; yea, gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not." (Hos. 7: 9). There is no state more terrible than that of

Self-Deception.

A man who has known something of God, and from whom God has taken His Spirit, is indeed in an awful case, which Christ once thus described: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh in dry places seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out, and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with him seven other spirits, more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first." (Matt. 12: 43-45.) God's aim in the conversion of a soul is to have absolute possession and use of that man. If a man seeks and finds pardon without yielding himself up to God, he is liable to the most fearful backsliding, and to falling away altogether; his conversion has not made him a new creature in Christ Jesus, old things have not passed away and all things have not become new. So it was with Saul, and now a mania developed itself, which was in truth the possession of Saul by an evil spirit. His servants counselled that a skilful musician should be sought, that the soothing of the ear might soothe also the troubled spirit. David had already acquired a reputation for music and singing, and at the call of the king he was bound to appear at court, God's anointed to serve man's king. It is so always; God ripens souls which are developing the spirit of the bride of Christ, and are being conformed to His image, by placing them in closest proximity in the home or business or church life with those whom the enemy uses, and whom God overrules to be the sorest tests to their faith and patience. Wherever a young David is being educated for the throne, there a king Saul with his evil spirit of jealousy is permitted to persecute him.

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Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.
And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,—
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
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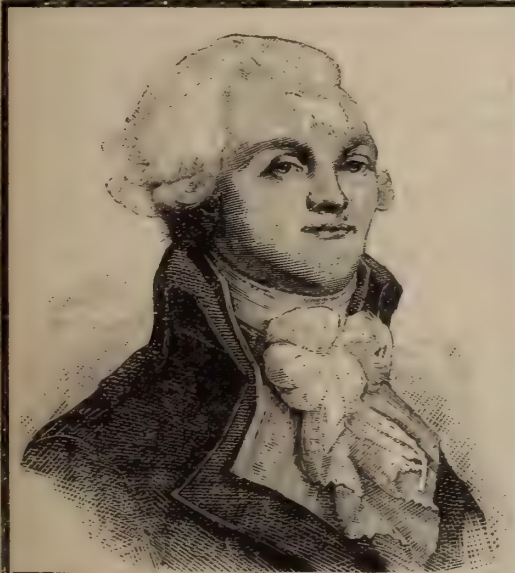
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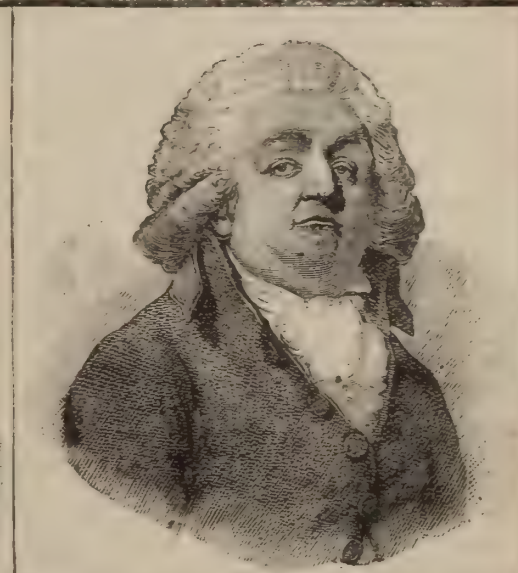
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ROBESPIERRE.



LOUIS XVI.



MIRABEAU.



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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789.
The Centennial of Last Month—Four Portraits and Lives—The Attack on the Bastille—What the Bastille Meant—A Prisoner Confined Thirty Years Without Trial—A Piteous Appeal to a Noble—The Bastille Besieged—Why the People Rose—The Bankrupt Court—The Frankenstein of States-General—The Alarm of Paris—The Fall of the Bastille—A Tribute to Washington—The Reign of Terror—The Massacre of the Hundred Hours—Death of Robespierre.

The French people are this year celebrating the centenary of the Revolution of 1789, which was the most momentous revolution in history. Prophetic writers regard it as the *first shock* of the political earthquake, of which the *second shock* is to be between 1890 and 1901, as shown by a comparison of Rev. 6:12 and 16:18. We give this week the *portraits of some of the principal persons concerned in that Revolution*. On page 508 Queen Marie Antoinette, and on the first page King Louis XVI., M. Mirabeau, and M. Robespierre, *together with a picture of the procession of prisoners liberated from the great fortress-prison called the Bastille after its seizure by the populace on July 14 of that memorable year*. Although a century has passed away since those startling events, the whole story is one of thrilling interest, and well repays study.

The Portraits.

Queen Marie Antoinette was the twelfth child of the great Empress of Austria, Maria Theresa, who was plundered by Frederick II. of Prussia, and who in trying to recover her lost province from his grasp, involved all Europe in war. Marie Antoinette was born November 2, 1755. She married the Dauphin of France May 16, 1770. She was never popular in France, and her extravagance and frivolity did much to make her husband's court hated by the people. But when misfortune came she showed more strength of character than Louis, and her dignity under trying circumstances has given a pathetic lustre to her name. She died by the guillotine October 16, 1793, aged 38 years.

Louis XVI. was born August 23, 1754. He was the grandson of Louis XV., and began to reign May 10, 1774. Dull and slow of intellect, irresolute and luxurious, he was by nature ill fitted to be the ruler of a nation. Inordinately fond of hunting, he could with difficulty be persuaded to attend a council meeting, and could never be induced to give attention to affairs of state. He was an expert lockmaker, and amused himself during his imprisonment with that occupation. He was guillotined January 21, 1793, at the age of 39 years.

Maximilien Robespierre was born May 6, 1758. He was the son of a lawyer, and followed the same profession; prospered in it, and was made judge, but resigned because his conscience would not allow him to condemn a man to death—a singularly piquant fact when compared with the unscrupulousness with which, a few years later, he sent men by wholesale to the guillotine. He fell by that instrument July 27, 1794, aged 36 years.

Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau was born March 9, 1749. The greatest of all the men of the Revolution, irascible, indomitable, daring, clear-sighted, he was the leader acknowledged, revered, in the early days of the trouble, always ready with the right word, the right suggestion, when other men were bewildered. He labored ardently to reconcile King and court with the people, and being himself of noble family, was specially fitted for the task. In private life he was dissipated, and he paid the penalty of his vices by a comparatively early death, just at the time when his eminent abilities were most needed by his country. He sank into physical and mental exhaustion, and died April 2, 1791, aged 42 years.

The Attack on the Bastille

on July 14, 1789, was the first portentous event which convinced the world that a revolution was in progress. What the Bastille meant to France may be inferred from the following incident: In 1753, thirty-six years before the outbreak, Lord Albemarle, the English ambassador in Paris,

having business with an important functionary of the court of Louis XV., was introduced into a small cabinet, and asked to wait a moment until the Minister was disengaged. His eye fell on a large paper on the table, and he could not help seeing that it was a list of the prisoners in the Bastille, and that the first name on the list was Gordon. When the Minister came in, Lord Albemarle apologized for having involuntarily seen the paper, and the other replied that it was of no consequence, as they made no secret of the names. "If that is so," the English ambassador answered, "might I ask for what reason the first on the list has been put in the Bastille, since from the name he is probably a British subject?" The Minister knew nothing about it, but would make inquiry. The next time he saw Lord Albemarle he told him that, finding no one who could give the slightest information as to the case, he had the prisoner himself interrogated, who solemnly affirmed that he had not the smallest knowledge, nor even suspicion, of the cause of his imprisonment, but that he had been *confined there for thirty years*. "However," added the Minister, "I ordered him to be released, and he is now at large."

Bastille Victims.

Gordon was probably one of that large number of persons who had fallen under the displeasure of some favorite of the King. These favorites received from the King blank forms ordering the governor of the Bastille to hold prisoner the person whose name was written thereon. The favorite would fill in the blank with the name of his enemy, who was forthwith seized, and without trial consigned to the dungeons of the Bastille to remain there during the pleasure of the King's favorite. One man was so immured for thirty-five years, and lived to tell the tale. An unknown number died in the dungeons, and their families never knew where they were, how long they lived, nor when they died. In a recess of one of the dungeons a letter was found which was a specimen of many others. These words formed a portion of the letter: "If for my consolation Monseigneur would grant me, for the sake of God, that I could have news of my dear wife, were it only her name on a card to show that she is alive, it were the greatest consolation I could receive, and I should forever bless the greatness of Monseigneur." Poor prisoner! he died without even that consolation.

Not since Jericho fell had there been so marvellous a capture of a fortress as that of the Bastille on that July day a hundred years ago. Its walls were nine and a half feet thick, and rose to a height of 102 feet above a wide double moat, and were flanked by eight great towers. It was considered capable of standing out against a well-appointed army. Yet a mob of plain citizens, unused to siege operations and unfamiliar with the use of arms, captured it, liberated the prisoners, and overthrew the walls.

The Rise of the Tide

which swept away this monument of oppression and wrong must be briefly sketched to render the event comprehensible. In 1786 there was no prospect of immediate revolution. The King and court, however, were in financial difficulties. If they could have solved them themselves the Revolution might have been indefinitely delayed. Money was imperatively needed for the army, for the support of the King's palaces, and for the pay of the enormous crowd of flunkies and court officials and sinecurists. The nobles and the clergy were exempt from the payment of taxes, and the poor had become so poor that they could not pay any more. All their earnings barely sufficed to provide bread. One court officer, being told of the fact, said they "*might eat grass*," but even had they done so, they could not earn enough to pay the tax due to the nobles, the tax due to the Church, and the tax due to the King. It was hopeless and the returns of the tax-gatherers had in 1786 diminished to a sum utterly inadequate to maintain the court in the splendor to which it had

been accustomed. Loans had been raised, with the usual result of making the difficulty worse by the addition of interest to the principal. The crisis came at last, and the nobles and clergy were called together to advise. An appeal was made to them to relieve the difficulty by paying taxes like other people, but they refused. Finally it was resolved to elect States-General—the old representative body of France which had not sat for 174 years. On May 4, 1788, the States-General assembled, and after a month of disputing as to the organization, the nobles and clergy insisting on organizing separately from the commons, the latter organized alone, under the title of

National Assembly,

and invited the nobles and clergy to join in the deliberations if they chose. Meanwhile the King had interfered repeatedly, exasperating the Commons by his arrogance, and exciting their derision by his weakness. The people looked on hopefully until the dismissal of Necker—the popular Secretary of the Treasury, who had advocated the taxing of the nobles and clergy—led them to believe that the King intended to disregard the will of the National Assembly. There were demonstrations in the streets, processions carrying Necker's bust, and in several districts there were collisions with the military. At length, on July 12, it was reported that a large army was marching on Paris, under the command of a general devoted to the king, and that the cannon of the Bastille would open fire on the National Assembly and the St. Antoine quarter, where the most radical of the citizens of Paris herded in their wretched tenements. The city was roused to frenzy by the report, and every eye turned toward the Bastille which towered aloft menacing Paris. It was decided to organize a militia to defend the city and the National Assembly. Sixty thousand men at once enrolled themselves, but there were no muskets; 50,000 pikes were ordered, but the people, unable to wait, sacked the Garde Meuble, a museum of ancient arms. They also took possession of a powder-boat, which they found at the Porte St. Nicolas; and, as if to culminate their good-fortune, obtained more arms from the Invalides, or home for disabled soldiers.

A Summons to Surrender

was carried to the Bastille by a Norman named Thuriot, who warned the governor—DeLaunay—that the people had arms and were coming to capture the fortress. He demanded to know what DeLaunay would do, and warned him of the national indignation if he should fire on the people. The governor replied that he would remove the cannon which were pointed on the city, and promised that he would not fight unless he were attacked. Deputy Thuriot replied that he must ascend the towers to see if the cannon really were withdrawn. Pressed by his officers, the governor consented. Thuriot was admitted, and having satisfied himself of the removal of the guns returned to give in his report. However, the people were far from satisfied at the result of his visit, and when Thuriot departed on his errand they surrounded the Bastille, and began a parley, which ended in something that looked like treachery, for the first draw-bridge was lowered, then suddenly raised and a volley of shot poured on the people. For a moment there was hesitation, then an old soldier got on the roof of one of the guard-houses, and another followed. The two sprang into the Governor's Court and let down the draw-bridge, and the people immediately poured into the court. The governor was in an agony of doubt. His own soldiers were in sympathy with the people, and he could no longer count on them to defend the place. Had he not been prevented by some of his soldiers, he would have blown up the Bastille and buried the entire quarter in ruins. At length the soldiers pinned white napkins together and waved them as a flag of truce. Soon afterward a paper was thrust through the battlements, offering to surrender the fortress on condition that the lives of the governor and the garrison were spared; if not, the fortress would

be blown up, burying in its ruins besieged and besiegers alike. The people accepted; the inner draw-bridge was lowered, and they poured in in a tumultuous crowd.

The promise to spare the lives of the besieged ought to have been kept, but was not. Unfortunately, some soldiers on the upper parts of the building, unaware that the place had surrendered, fired on the crowd; the people threw themselves with fury on the garrison and killed seven of them. The governor was saved with difficulty and carried out of the Bastille, but the crowd recognized him and butchered him in the street. A strict search of the surrendered fortress was at once commenced. The prisoners were brought out and carried in triumph through the streets. (See *Illustration on first page*.) The procession went to the city hall headed by a drummer and surrounded by an applauding crowd. Relics of prisoners, the archives of the prison, and the keys of the fortress were borne aloft, and everywhere the cry went up "The Bastille is taken! the Bastille is taken!" The heroes of the day and the liberated prisoners were received with enthusiasm, and it was resolved to send the Bastille keys across the Atlantic as a tribute to George Washington, while the archives of the prison were preserved as evidence against the nobles.

The Revolution

was now a fact which could no longer be ignored, and the people, having tasted the sweets of victory and realized their power, would hear no more of compromise or mercy. They were men and women without religious principle. Had there been Huguenot Protestants among them, their influence might have had a restraining influence, but there were none. Three hundred years before, the king of France had butchered 30,000 of them and driven the others out of France. His descendant consequently was left to face an infuriated people with no fear of God before their eyes. *The Reign of Terror* commenced three years later. The interval was filled with fruitless debates, efforts to form a constitution, plots, war with foreign foes, flight of nobles, who quitted France in disguise, foreseeing the approaching vengeance, mad celebrations, wild, blasphemous orgies and general anarchy. But in 1792, the lowest and fiercest of the people had obtained undisputed supremacy over the calmer and better elements, and an era of bloodshed set in. The King and Queen were thrust into prison, and with them every noble and every man who was of gentle birth or connection. Even ladies and children were not spared, but were incarcerated and subjected to the coarsest treatment by the drunken ruffians who were the keepers of the prisons. Then

The Slaughter

commenced. The King was summarily tried, and sentenced to death without respite. His head fell under the axe of the guillotine January 21, 1793. The Queen was executed October 16 of the same year. Before them their friends and courtiers had gone that way by the hundred. The guillotine had been kept steadily at work. No defence availed. The fact of aristocratic birth was sufficient. A trial occupied a few minutes only. The accused was declared an enemy of the people, and death within twenty-four hours the sentence. Even that expeditious method was not swift enough to satisfy the men and women thirsty for human blood. In September, 1792, from Sunday the second to Thursday the sixth—

One Hundred Hours—

the massacre was continuous. There were seven prisons in Paris, and in each a court sat. Prisoners were brought before it, and, to their surprise, were allowed to go free. They understood the apparent clemency when they reached the gates. A crowd, covered with blood and armed with axes and knives tied to their wrists, stood at the gates, and as the prisoner emerged he was set upon and hewed to pieces. Countesses, refined ladies, delicate children, shrank back, but were thrust out by the jailers into the sea of

blood, and fell under a hundred blows. In those hundred hours one thousand and eighty-nine persons were so murdered, and the streets around the prisons resembled a slaughter-house.

At length, in 1793, the Revolution began to eat its own children. The leaders had early separated into groups, and now that the common enemy was exterminated the groups denounced each other. Robespierre's was the one paramount voice, and whomsoever he denounced was doomed. Men who had been prominent in sending aristocrats to the guillotine went thither themselves at his word, and it seemed as if he, and he alone, would survive. But self-preservation composed differences. Terror of Robespierre united men of various groups, and finally a combination was formed against him, and he was sent to the guillotine. With his death, July 27, 1794, ended the Reign of Terror, and the flow of blood ceased. From 1789 to 1794 were five years of the wildest excitement, madness, and horror that the world has ever seen—a fearful retribution for centuries of misgovernment, godlessness, and oppression. Having "sinned without law" the aristocrats of France "perished without law," according to God's word. (Rom. 2:12.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Why the Ship Went Ashore.—"A Terrible storm was raging; a gallant ship strove to hold up against it; but gradually nearer and nearer it drifted towards the breakers. As a last hope the crew let go the anchors. One held. The cable was one hundred and fifty fathoms long, and consisted of about ten thousand links. All were good and strong except one—only one bad link in the whole chain. It broke, and the ship rushed on the rocks, and much property and many valuable lives were lost. Some people, when they read that he who offends the law in one point is guilty of all, blame God for His hardness. What is meant is he who breaks the law in one point, comes short of perfect obedience just as truly as he who breaks the whole law. In that vessel which drifted ashore the parting of the one link wrecked them as totally as the parting of a hundred would have done."

The Indian Chief and the Missionary.—Rev. Mr. Duncan relates: "A missionary went to an Indian and tried to bring him to Christ. 'Sir,' said the Indian, 'what do you preach?' 'I preach Christ,' was the reply. Then said the savage, with a wave of his hand, 'Be gone! My tribe was once a great and brave tribe, our young men were strong, our daughters fair, and our wigwams plentiful. We were quite able to take care of ourselves, but your missionaries came, preached Christ, and white men followed selling fire-water. Now our tribe is poor, our wigwams gone, and we remain only a scattered, impoverished remnant of what we once were, and all through opening our doors to your missionaries. Away with you! I will have nothing to do with you!' Oh drink! What a curse! It counteracts our missionary efforts. It closes doors where otherwise the gospel would be welcomed with open arms. In the foreign field it does incalculable evil. One eminent man has said, 'If every white man and his attendant friend, strong drink, were banished from Africa, and slavery with all its horrors allowed to follow its old career, Africa would be the gainer.'"

A Man Fast in Satan's Web.—"If we Persist in sin, there may come a time when we shall be so entangled in it that it will be almost impossible for us to accept the offer of salvation. About a year ago I was speaking to a man who was very much in earnest about his soul's salvation, but he was so tied up with his sin that he said he could not become a Christian just then. He was a bigamist. Ten years before he had wickedly abandoned his wife, and nine years after, just a year before I met him, he had married another woman, his first wife being still alive. He felt that if he became a Christian, he would require to confess his sin and leave the woman with whom he lived, and

whom he loved, who trusted him and believed herself to be his lawful wife. He felt he could not do it. His sin kept him from Christ, as though he had been bound with an adamant chain. It is not a light thing to hear the message of God constantly proclaimed, and yet have to turn a deaf ear toward it. Every such rejected opportunity is another thread in Satan's web, which binds the sinner closer and closer to him, until at last his infatuated victim sinks into everlasting punishment."

How a Jewess Accepted Christ.—A District visitor narrates that a few Christians were gathering, about three years ago, at a house for reading the Scriptures and prayer. A young girl named Ida, a Jewess, was hurrying quickly by the door to her home, when a lady, who was entering the house, asked her if she would like to take shelter until the rain was over. She was glad to do so. Ida's father was an infidel, her mother indifferent to religion, and Ida, though brought up in the faith of her fathers, had well-nigh become infidel too. But shortly before a Christian servant came to live in the house, from whom Ida heard the power and preciousness of the name of Jesus, and the Lord inclined her heart to listen. As Ida and the lady who had asked her to shelter from the rain entered the room, a gentleman was speaking on those words in John 11—"Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on Him." The words at once caught the girl's attention, and the speaker went on to show the need and the supply, the disease and the remedy. Truth, that often falls wearily on thoughtless souls, because so often heard, was listened to eagerly by Ida. She believed, not because her intellect was satisfied, or because the reasonings of unbelief were stilled, but because she found in the salvation that is in Christ Jesus enough to satisfy both heart and soul, and give her rest for ever. She heard the things that Jesus did, and believed on Him.

How a Murderer was Pardoned.—Dr. Pen-tecost said: "There was a Governor of one of the States of America who had an only son. In his childhood the boy was petted and spoiled. As he grew up he seemed inclined to lead a fast life, but he always kept within bounds of the law. Gradually he became more and more steeped in iniquity, until eventually in one of his drinking bouts he killed a companion. He was arrested, tried, and condemned for the murder. The father was in despair. He, as Governor of the State, had the power to pardon the criminal, but the understood law was that no prisoner found guilty on a charge of murder should be pardoned. During the interval between the condemnation and the carrying out of the sentence the father, rent by conflicting feelings, held out, and did not pardon his son. But the final day was approaching; on the following morning the young man would be executed. The parent overcame the Governor, and he wrote out a pardon for the son. When he had finished and dispatched it, he wrote a second letter resigning his office as Governor. Now that he had used his privilege in pardoning his son, he felt that he could not be Governor any longer. Some say, 'Why did our Saviour require to die before men could be saved? Why did God not just forgive men right off?' Because God was both Judge and Father. If He had forgiven men without justice, He Himself would have broken the law. So that God might be both just and merciful, Christ became our Substitute, and having no sin of His own, He took our sin upon Himself, as a sacrifice which was sufficient to satisfy Divine justice, and enabled God to forgive the sinner who sought pardon through Christ."

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

OUTWITTED BY THE WORLD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached at Livingston, M. T., Last Sunday, August 4, 1889.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Luke 16:8.

Common Sense in Religion—The Great Want of the World—A Prayer in a Sleeping-Car—Where Common Sense is Needed—I. In Building Churches—II. In Obtaining Religious Hope—The California Gold Frenzy—Gold in God's Love—Fatalism in Religion—No Conscripts in Christ's Army—III. In Developing Christian Character—Investing the Soul—Neglecting Declared Dividends—IV. In Reading the Scriptures—V. In Prayer—A Merchant Waiting for Goods—VI. In Doing Good—A Young Man's Rough Answer—Three Great Facts—The Divine Raphael.

THAT is another way of saying that Christians are not so skilful in the manipulation of spiritual affairs as worldlings are skilful in the management of temporalities. I see all around me people who are alert, earnest, concentrated, and skilful in monetary matters, who in the affairs of the soul are laggards, inane, inert.

The great want of this world is more common sense in matters of religion. If one-half of the skill and forcefulness employed in financial affairs were employed in disseminating the truths of Christ, and trying to make the world better, within ten years the last juggernaut would fall, the last throne of opposition upset, the last iniquity tumble, and the anthem that was chanted over Bethlehem on Christmas night would be echoed and re-echoed from all nations and kindred and people: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Some years ago, on a train going toward the southwest, as the porter of the sleeping-car was making up the berths at the evening-tide

I Saw a Man Kneel Down

to pray. Worldly people in the car looked on, as much as to say, "What does this mean?" I suppose the most of the people in the car thought that man was either insane or that he was a fanatic; but he disturbed no one when he knelt, and he disturbed no one when he arose. In after conversation with him I found out that he was a member of a church in my own city, that he was a seafaring man, and that he was on his way to New Orleans to take command of a vessel. I thought then, as I think now, that ten such men—men with such courage for God as that man had—would bring the whole city to Christ; a thousand such men would bring this whole land to God; ten thousand such men in a short time would bring the whole earth into the kingdom of Jesus. That he was successful in worldly affairs, I found out. That he was skilful in spiritual affairs, you are well persuaded. If men had the courage, the pluck, the alertness, the acumen, the industry, the common sense, in matters of the soul that they have in earthly matters, this would be a very different kind of world to live in.

I. In the first place

We Want More Common Sense

in the building and conduct of churches. The idea of adaptiveness is always paramount in any other kind of structure. If bankers meet together and they resolve upon putting up a bank, the bank is especially adapted to banking purposes; if a manufacturing company put up a building, it is to be adapted to manufacturing purposes; but adaptiveness is not always the question in the rearing of churches. In many of our churches we want more light, more room, more ventilation, more comfort. Vast sums of money are expended on ecclesiastical structures, and men sit down in them, and you ask a man how he likes the church; he says: "I like it very well, but I can't hear;" as though a shawl factory were good for everything but making shawls. The voice of the preacher dashes against the pillars. Men sit down under the shadows of the Gothic arches and shiver, and feel they must be getting religion, or something else, they feel so uncomfortable.

Oh my friends, we want more common sense in the rearing of churches. There is no excuse

for lack of light when the heavens are full of it, no excuse for the lack of fresh air when the world swims in it. It ought to be an expression not only of our spiritual happiness, but of our physical comfort, when we say: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts! A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

II. Again I remark: We want more common sense

In Obtaining Religious Hope.

All men understand that in order to succeed in worldly directions they must concentrate. They think on that one subject until their mind takes fire with the velocity of their own thoughts. All their acumen, all their strategy, all their wisdom, all their common sense, they put in that one direction, and they succeed. But how seldom it is true in the matter of seeking after God! While no man expects to accomplish anything for this world without concentration and enthusiasm, how many there are expecting after awhile to get into the kingdom of God without the use of any such means!

A miller in California, many years ago, held up a sparkle of gold until it bewitched nations. Tens of thousands of people left their homes. They took their blankets and their pickaxes and their pistols, and went to the wilds of California. Cities sprang up suddenly on the Pacific coast. Merchants put aside their elegant apparel and put on the miner's garb. All the land was full of the

Talk About Gold.

Gold in the eyes, gold in the ears, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the streets—gold, gold, gold! Word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of bright treasure; that men have been digging there, and have brought up gold and amethyst and carbuncle and jasper and sardonyx and chrysoprasus, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of heaven were builded. Word comes of a man who, digging in that mine for one hour, has brought up treasures worth more than all the stars that keep vigil over our sick and dying world. Is it a bogus company that is formed? Is it undeveloped territory? Oh no! the story is true. There are thousands of people in this audience who would be willing to rise and testify that they have discovered that gold, and have it in their possession. Notwithstanding all this, what is the circumstance? One would suppose that the announcement would send people in great excitement up and down our streets, that at midnight men would knock at your door, asking

How They May Get Those Treasures.

Instead of that, many of us put our hands behind our back and walk up and down in front of the mine of eternal riches, and say: "Well, if I am to be saved, I will be saved; and if I am to be damned I will be damned, and there is nothing to do about it." Why, my brother, do you not do that way in business matters? Why do you not to-morrow go to your store and sit down and fold your arms and say: "If these goods are to be sold, they will be sold; and if they are not to be sold, they will not be sold; there is nothing for me to do about it." No, you dispatch your agents, you print your advertisements, you adorn your show windows, you push those goods, you use the instrumentality. Oh that men were as wise in the matter of the soul as they are wise in the matter of dollars and cents!

This doctrine of God's sovereignty, how it is misquoted and spoken of as though it were an iron chain which bound us hand and foot for time and for eternity, when, so far from that, in every fibre of your body, in every faculty of your mind, in every passion of your soul, you are a free man and it is no more a matter of free choice whether you will to-morrow go abroad or stay at home, than it is this moment a matter of free choice whether you will accept Christ or reject Him! In all the army of banners there is not one conscript. Men are not to be dragged into heaven. Among all the tens of thousands of the Lord's soldiery there is not one

man but will tell you: "I chose Christ; I wanted Him; I desired to be in His service; I am not a conscript—I am a volunteer." Oh that men had the same common sense in the matters of religion that they have in the matters of the world—the same concentration, the same push, the same enthusiasm! In the one case a secular enthusiasm; in the other, a consecrated enthusiasm.

III. Again I remark: We want more common sense in the building up and

Enlarging of Christian Character.

There are men here who have for forty years been running the Christian race, and they have not run a quarter of a mile! No business man would be willing to have his investments unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar, you expect that dollar to come home bringing another dollar on its back. What would you think of a man who should invest ten thousand dollars in a monetary institution, then go off for five years, make no inquiry in regard to the investment, then come back, step up to the cashier of the institution, and say: "Have you kept those ten thousand dollars safely that I lodged with you?" but asking no question about interest or about dividend. "Why," you say, "that is not common sense!" Neither is it, but that is the way we act in matters of the soul. We make a far more important investment than ten thousand dollars. We invest our soul. Is it accumulative? Are we growing in grace? Are we getting better? Are we getting worse? God declares many dividends, but we do not collect them, we do not ask about them, we do not want them. Oh that in this matter of accumulation we were as wise in the matters of the soul as we are in the matters of the world!

IV. How little common sense

In Reading the Scriptures!

We get any other book, and we open it, and we say: "Now, what does this book mean to teach me? It is a book on astronomy; it will teach me astronomy. It is a book on political economy; it will teach me political economy." Taking up the Bible, do we ask ourselves what it means to teach? It means to do just one thing: get the world converted and get us all to heaven. That is what it proposes to do. But instead of that, we go into the Bible as botanists to pick flowers, or we go as pugilists to get something to fight other Christians with, or we go as logicians trying to sharpen our mental faculties for a better argument; and we do not like this about the Bible, and we do not like that, and we do not like the other thing. What would you think of

A Man Lost on the Mountains?

Night has come down; he cannot find his way home, and he sees a light in a mountain cabin; he goes to it, he knocks at the door, the mountaineer comes out and finds the traveller, and says: "Well, here I have a lantern; you can take it, and it will guide you on the way home;" and suppose that man should say: "I don't like that lantern, I don't like the handle of it; there are ten or fifteen things about it I don't like; if you can't give me a better lantern than that I won't have any."

Now, God says this Bible is to be a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path, to guide us through the midnight of this world to the gates of the celestial city. We take hold of it in sharp criticism, and deprecate this and deprecate that. Oh, how much wiser we would be if by its holy light we found our way to our everlasting home!

Then we do not read the Bible as we read other books. We read it perhaps four or five minutes just before we retire at night. We are weary and sleepy—so somnolent we hardly know which end of the book is up. We drop our eye, perhaps, on the story of Samson and the foxes, or upon some genealogical table, important in its place, but stirring no more religious emotion than the announcement that somebody begat somebody else and he begat somebody else; instead of opening the book and saying, "Now I must read for my immortal life! My eternal destiny is involved in this book!"

V. Again I remark how little we use

Common Sense in Prayer!

We say, "Oh Lord, give me this," and "Oh Lord, give me that," and "Oh Lord, give me something else," and we do not expect to get it, or getting it, we do not know we have it. We have no anxiety about it. We do not watch and wait for its coming.

As a merchant, you telegraph or you write to some other city for a bill of goods. You say: "Send me by such express, or by such a steamer, or by such a rail train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph, "What is the matter with those goods? We haven't received them. Send them right away. We want them now, or we don't want them at all." And you keep writing, and you keep telegraphing, and you keep sending your wagon to the depot, or to the express office, or to the wharf, until you get the goods.

In matters of religion we are not so wise as that. We ask certain things to be sent from heaven. We do not know whether they come or not. We have not any special anxiety as to whether they come or not. We may get them, and may not get them. Instead of at 7 o'clock in the morning saying, "Have I got that blessing?" at 12 o'clock noonday asking, "Have I got that blessing?" at 7 o'clock in the evening, saying: "Have I received that blessing?" and not getting it, pleading, pleading—begging, begging—asking, asking, until you get. Now, my brethren, is not that common sense? If we ask a thing from God, who has sworn by His eternal throne that He will do that which we ask, is it not common sense that we should watch and wait until we get it?

VI. But I remark: We want more common sense in Doing Good.

How many people there are who want to do good and yet are dead failures! Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the same ingenuity, the same stratagem, the same common sense, in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would succeed in this direction as well as they succeed in the other. There are many men who have an arrogant way with them, although they may not feel arrogant. Or they have a patronizing way. They talk to a man of the world in a manner which seems to say: "Don't you wish you were as good as I am? Why, I have to look clear down before I can see you, you are so far beneath me!" That manner always disgusts,

Drives Men Away

from the kingdom of Jesus Christ instead of bringing them in. When I was a lad I was one day in a village store, and there was a large group of young men there full of rollicking and fun, and a Christian man came in, and without any introduction of the subject, and while they were in great hilarity, said to one of them: "George, what is the first step of wisdom?" George looked up and said: "Every man to mind his own business." Well, it was a very rough answer, but it was provoked. Religion had been hurled in there as though it were a bombshell. We must be adroit in the presentation of religion to the world.

Do you suppose that Mary in her conversation with Christ lost her simplicity? or that Paul, thundering from Mars Hill, took the pulpit tone? Why is it that people cannot talk as naturally in prayer-meeting and on religious subjects as they do in worldly circles? for no one ever succeeds in any kind of Christian work unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of the field. We all want to imitate Him who talked with farmers about the man who went forth to sow, and talked with the fishermen about the drawn net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talked with the vine dresser about the idler in the vineyard, and talked with those newly affianced about the marriage supper, and talked with the man cramped in money matters about the two debtors, and talked with the woman about the yeast that leavened the whole lump,

and talked with the shepherd about the lost sheep. Oh, we might gather even the stars of the sky and twist them like forget-me-nots in the garland of Jesus. We must bring everything to Him—the wealth of language, the tenderness of sentiment, the delicacy of morning dew, the saffron of floating cloud, the tangled surf of the tossing sea, the bursting thunder guns of the storm's bombardment. Yes, every star must point down to Him, every heliotrope must breathe His praise, every drop in the summer shower must flash His glory, all the tree branches of the forest must thrum their music in the grand march which shall celebrate a world redeemed.

Now, all this being so, what is the common sense thing for you and for me to do? What we do, I think will depend upon

Three Great Facts.

The first fact, that sin has ruined us. It has blasted body, mind, and soul. We want no Bible to prove that we are sinners. Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself an imperfect and a sinful being is simply a fool, and not to be argued with. We all feel that sin has disorganized our entire nature. That is one fact. Another fact is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct, to redeem. That is a second fact. The third fact is that the only time we are sure Christ will pardon us is the present. Now, what is the common-sense thing for us to do in view of these three facts? You will all agree with me—to quit sin, take Christ, and take Him now. Suppose some business man in whose skill you had perfect confidence should tell you that to-morrow (Monday) morning between 11 and 12 o'clock you could by a certain financial transaction make five thousand dollars, but that on Tuesday perhaps you might make it, but there would not be any positiveness about it, and on Wednesday there would not be so much, and Thursday less, Friday less, and so on less and less—when would you attend to the matter? Why, your common sense would dictate: "Immediately I will attend to that matter between 11 and 12 o'clock to-morrow (Monday) morning, for then I can surely accomplish it, but on Tuesday I may not, and on Wednesday there is less prospect. I will attend to it to-morrow." Now let us bring our common sense in this matter of religion. Here are the hopes of the Gospel. We may get them now. To-morrow we may get them, and we may not. Next day we may, and we may not. The prospect less and less and less and less.

The Only Sure Time

now—now. I would not talk to you in this way if I did not know that Christ was able to save all the people, and save thousands as easily as save one. I would not go into a hospital and tear off the bandages from the wounds if I had no balm to apply. I would not have the face to tell a man he is a sinner unless I had at the same time the authority of saying he may be saved. Suppose in Venice there is a Raphael, a faded picture, great in its time, bearing some marks of its greatness. History describes that picture. It is nearly faded away. You say: "Oh, what a pity that so wonderful a picture by Raphael should be nearly defaced!" After a while a man comes up, very unskilful in art, and he proposes to retouch it. You say: "Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is; you will only make it worse." After a while there comes an artist who was the equal of Raphael. He says: "I will retouch that picture and bring out all its original power." You have full confidence in his ability. He touches it here and there. Feature after feature comes forth, and when he is done with the picture it is complete in all its original power. Now God impressed his image on our race, but that image has been defaced for hundreds and for thousands of years, getting fainter and fainter. Here comes up

A Divine Raphael.

He says: "I can restore that picture." He has all power in heaven and on earth. He is the equal of the One who made the picture, the image of the One who drew the image of God in our soul. He touches this sin, and it is gone;

that transgression, and it disappears; and all the defacement vanishes; and "where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound." Will you have the defacement, or will you have the restoration? I am well persuaded that if I could by a touch of heavenly pathos in two minutes put before you what has been done to save your soul, there would be an emotional tide overwhelming.

"Mamma," said a little child to her mother, when she was being put to bed at night—"mamma, what makes your hand so scarred and twisted, and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night after I had put you to bed I heard a cry, a shriek up-stairs. I came up, and found the bed was on fire, and you were on fire, and I took hold of you, and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off, and trying to get you away I burned my hand, and it has been burned and scarred ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that, my child, in trying to save you." O man! O woman! I wish to-day I could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the fire, burned in snatching you away from the flame. Aye, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart—burned for you. By His stripes ye are healed!

THE ADVENTURES OF A SLAVE.

A LAD who was recently baptized at the Baptist mission on the Congo, related a strange story of his adventures. His name is Kayembe. When he was ten years old an Arab caravan passed through the district in which he lived with his parents. His people lived in terror for nearly two months, part of the time in the jungle. One morning the slavers came with drums and singing. Kayembe's father, after throwing a spear at an assailant, was shot dead, and his hand cut off as a trophy. Kayembe fled to the jungle, but was caught by some Nyangwe men, who took him with them and went from town to town killing men and little children and catching the women. Children who tried to follow their mothers were beaten back. Finally Kayembe was taken to Stanley Falls, where he was sold to a state soldier, a Zanzibari. This man, when he was taken sick, sold him to a Hausa soldier, who, when his time was up, took him to Leopoldville, at Stanley Pool, and the lad fell into the hands of the mission as the personal boy of Mr. Biggs. After Mr. Biggs died, Kayembe manifested great grief and came under Mr. Bentley's care, and a year ago professed to have given his heart to the Saviour. He was not more than thirteen years old then, and his baptism was delayed, but both by his words and his life he has shown himself to be a Christian, and in March last he was baptized. His capture and the death of his father are a terrible memory to him, though he is full of thankfulness that he has come to learn of the Saviour. He has chosen a small town about an hour from Wathen which he regards as his field for Christian work; thither he often goes to find an audience of fifteen or twenty. This story may be considered as typical so far as it illustrates the horrors of the slave-trade in Central Africa. Would that there were more instances of the captives being brought under the influence of the gospel!

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INDIAN VICARIOUS WOUNDS.

THE Rev. W. F. Re Qua, who has returned to McAlester after his meetings at Anadarko among the Wichitas, Apaches, Comanches, and Kiowas, writes us encouraging reports of his work. Among other incidents he reports a visit to a sick Indian boy, to whom he gave the gospel message, and also administered some medicine for the body, which gave him much relief from suffering. His mother had cut off the end of her little finger to propitiate the spirits on her son's behalf. It appears that this practice is common among them. When any member of a family dies, the survivors slash their own faces and bodies horribly, in memory of the deceased, and also in the hope of averting other deaths. It is sad to think that in a Christian land barbarism and ignorance so dense as these practices indicate should exist.

Mr. Re Qua has had an interview with Lone Wolf, chief of the Kiowas, and Quano, chief of the Comanches, both of whom, contrary to their usual practice, received the missionary cordially. They listened to his gospel message attentively, and asked him why he did not come to their reservation and teach their children the gospel word. The fact that \$500 would be required to build a school and furnish it with seats and desks, was to Mr. Re Qua a sufficient reason; but the chiefs regarded it as a very trivial one. The Christian whites they supposed would supply the money, and they promised to send their children. It is very distressing to the missionary to be hindered from entering these numerous open doors by the lack of funds. He is still, however, full of faith and hope, and has laid the matter before God, believing that his journey and the cordial reception he has been accorded by the Indians are an indication that God is blessing his work, and that He will yet move His people to provide the means of preaching the gospel to the American heathen. *Mr. Re Qua's address is McAlester, Ind. Terr.*

A PRAYER FOR A STUDENT.

THE following incident has been sent to us by a subscriber: Some years ago I was in Amherst College. One Sabbath evening, shortly after the admission of a new class to the institution, I was making my way to my rooms when I met one of the students who I knew was an earnest Christian. He was coming out of one of the halls, and even in the dim light I saw that he was evidently under strong emotion. He put his trembling hand on my shoulder and said: "Come with me; I want to go somewhere to pray immediately." His agitation was convulsing him from head to foot, and for some time he was unable to give any explanation. I led the way toward the college chapel, of which he was care-taker. He had the keys, and I knew that at that hour we should be alone and quiet there, and he might recover his equanimity. As we entered the building I asked him again what had occurred to cause such distress, but he could only say: "*An evil spirit! I have seen and heard an evil spirit.*"

We went to the front bench, and for a few minutes knelt in silent prayer. He grew calmer and more composed after that, and told me the circumstances that had so agitated him. He had met one of the new students, and had stayed to speak with him. He had just uttered a few words of Christian inquiry as to the new man's spiritual state, when he was fearfully repulsed with words so foul and blasphemous, uttered with a look and manner so malignant, that my friend was horrified. It seemed to him that he was in contact with an incarnate demon. We prayed together for a long time in that dark, quiet chapel. My friend agonized in petition, weeping and beseeching God to put forth His hand and rescue the poor possessed soul. He could not shake off the idea that it was a case of demoniacal possession. At length I prevailed upon him to leave the case in God's hands and go home. We locked up the chapel and went our way to our respective rooms.

At that time our sleeping-rooms were in the college building, and we took our meals at

boarding-houses among the villagers. The next morning I went to my usual place for breakfast. The house was kept by a true mother in Israel, who took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the young men. There were nearly thirty of us at the meal. We were nearly through, when the keeper of the boarding-house came to my side and whispered to me to come into the parlor. I went, and found lying on the lounge one of the new students. He had met with an accident on the ball-ground, and had been carried to this house as the nearest, while a doctor was sent for. His physical pain, however, was not trying him so much as his spiritual anxiety. He was in the most acute distress, and earnestly begging for some one to come and pray with him. I did my utmost to lead him to Christ, and prayed with him until the doctor came. The next day his friends came and took him home, and I was glad to hear that there he had a praying mother. That day I met my friend with whom I had prayed in the college chapel on the Sunday night, and told him of the accident, and what had occurred in the boarding-house. I described the man, and my friend recognized my description immediately. "That is the man who repulsed me so violently," he said. Many years have passed since then. I have now heard that the student for whom we prayed in the college chapel, and for whom I prayed in the boarding-house after his accident, is preaching the Gospel, an honored and successful minister.

TWO VISITS TO NEW GUINEA.

A VISIT was paid to New Guinea recently by the Rev. Samuel Macfarlane, who had visited the island once before with another missionary in 1871. He said that at that time they had nobody to introduce them to the people, who were exceedingly wild and barbarous; they were unable to hold intercourse with them, owing to ignorance of their languages, and they had to be extremely cautious in attempting to land, because the people were ferocious cannibals, and would think nothing of striking them down with their clubs, and cooking them for their next feast. The Gospel of Christ has now largely changed all this; in the parts where missionaries have been working a wonderful transformation has taken place. Cannibalism is unknown, superstition and witchcraft have been overthrown, and the light of life now shines in many a formerly savage heart. The missionaries have opened up about six hundred miles of coast-line, gained the full confidence of the natives, and established seventy mission stations along the southern coast. They have formed six churches, with an aggregate of about 700 members (all of whom have been thoroughly tested before being admitted), reduced six of the languages to writing, and translated portions of the New Testament, school-books, and hymn-book into each.

A JEW'S REPLY TO AN INFIDEL.

A CHRISTIAN minister who is laboring among the Jews of Algiers was recently spending a few days in London. He relates the following incident of his visit. "I went one Sunday to Victoria Park and there saw a great crowd of Jews and Gentiles listening to an infidel speaker, who endeavored to prove that Christianity is a failure. There were also present a few proselytes. An opportunity was given me by the speaker to express my views on the subject, which I did to the apparent satisfaction of the Christian part of the audience. When the lecturer got up to reply to my remarks, he became very excited and personal, spoke against the bishops, the clergy, etc. Then a venerable and noble-looking Jew came forward, and, taking off his hat, said humbly, in very broken English, 'I am only a Jew.' 'I know you are a Jew—your face tells me so!' cried the lecturer, angry at the interruption from an unexpected quarter. 'I mean to say that I am not a Christian,' explained the Jew, 'and yet I say that the bishops and pastors are good and holy men; when they get money they give it to the poor, but infidels like you put it in your own pockets. I believe that if all Christians were to follow Christ's teach-

ings, there would be no Socialists and no infidels. Christianity is a blessing, not a failure. Take this advice from a Jew (who is not baptized); listen to Christ alone and you will all feel happy!' The words of this Jew produced a deep impression upon the audience—both Jew and Gentile. The Lord has many a witness, even among such, who are apparently not nominally Christians. I afterward had a discussion with this Jew. He is well off, and has a large family, all of whom share his views regarding Christ. 'If I die, I die in Christ, and I am trying also to live in Christ,' were his last words."

A WEDDING TOUR IN COREA.

A DESCRIPTION appears in the *Church*, of the wedding tour of the Presbyterian missionary, Rev. H. G. Underwood, who was recently united in marriage with Miss Lillian S. Horton, M. D., medical missionary in Corea. Mr. Underwood writes of the journey: "We have had a good many hardships and not a little trouble. We almost found ourselves in the midst of a mob the other day; and then on the same afternoon had to cross a mountain pass said to be three thousand feet high, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, with the feeling that any moment we might slip on the ice and snow and be dashed to pieces. It was not the easiest work getting down, but the good Lord brought us through safely to kind friends at the magistracy here. We are meeting with calls for medicine on a very extended scale. We have now treated almost two hundred and fifty patients. My wife's fame as *the queen's physician* has won for her an entrance to several of the families of the magistrates, and in several places she has been able to speak a word for Christ to the magistrate himself and to his wife. We are scattering seed all along the road. I sold over a hundred Gospels at Song Lo alone, and at this place my wife asked permission to send the Gospel of Mark to the magistrate's wife, and the magistrate consented. I have met the Christians in different places, and together we have worshipped."

A NOTABLE CONVERSION IN INDIA.

IT will be remembered that a few years ago a Hindu lady, who came to this country to study medicine, delivered a number of lectures in several of our large cities, defending the Brahmin faith, and vilifying Christianity and the missionaries. Her husband, Gopal Joshee, accompanied her and took part in the meetings, and was even more bitter than his wife against Christianity. Husband and wife returned to India after the wife received her M. D. diploma at Philadelphia, and settled at Poona. She died shortly after her return. The *Missionary Herald* has now received news of the conversion of the bereaved husband to Christ. He has received baptism at the hands of the Rev. James Taylor, a missionary connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and Joshee gives the following reasons for applying to him: "It is immaterial who baptizes me. But I have an amend to make. I have not been an admirer of Christ and His disciples. I have spoken hard things against Christianity and the missionaries in general. I have vilified them to the bitterest point possible. Mr. James Taylor was the missionary alluded to in all my lectures in America against Christianity. And is it not right for me to receive baptism at the hands of one whom I have vilified?"

In a letter to a Hindu journal referring to an article in that journal condemning a youth who had become a Christian, Joshee, says: "The reason for my writing is that I too, like this youth, desire speedily to change my religion and go to the fold of the Christians. And the reason of this is my people are becoming more and more irreligious day by day. I cannot live according to my religion, and I have no desire to, and even were there a desire, I have no confidence in my religion. . . . All are born sinful. All except the infidels hold this opinion. Different religions have different methods of washing away sin. According to the Hindu religion, a man must spend his whole life in

wearisome labors to get rid of sin; and after all he don't know in what state his future birth will find him. For this reason the Hindus have lost ambition and are brought down to the dust. The method of washing away sin in the Christian religion is rational. It is not necessary to kill the body. There is no need of austerities. The way of eternal happiness is the same for all and there is one worship for all."

PROPHETIC NOTES.

The War Spirit from the False Prophet.

HUNDREDS of Prophet Expositors agree in their books that the Sixth of the Seven vials in Revelation 16:12 is now being poured out upon the mystic *Euphrates*, or Turkish Mohammedan Empire, drying it up, that the way of the Jews to return to Judea may be prepared. At the same time three evil Frog-like Propagandist Spirits are predicted to go forth from the Dragon, Ten-horned Wild beast, and False Prophet, to gather the nations to the War of the Great Day of God Almighty toward the Armageddon. Then will follow the last and Seventh Vial (from 1897 to 1901), bringing "an Earthquake, or Red-Republican Revolution, so mighty and so great as was not since men were upon the earth, which shall destroy the cities of the nations."

Now it is noticeable that many years ago Expositors explained that the Evil Spirit from the Mohammedan False Prophet, here predicted to go forth to gather the nations to war, would be a Fanatical Crusading Spirit of Mohammedan Zealotry, which would agitate and excite many Mohammedan communities, and urge them on to so-called Holy Wars.

This is precisely the nature of the Mahdi movement which caused the death of General Gordon, on January 26, 1885, and the accompanying English Campaign in Egypt, and is now causing the invasion of Egypt by the Dervishes, or Mohammedan fanatic Mahdists, who consider themselves to be engaged in a Holy War. The *Brighton Daily News* well remarks:

"The advance of the Dervishes is a wanton and aggressive attack on Egyptian territory, which the advisers of the Khedive are obviously justified in resisting with all the force in their power. But where is it all to end? As soon as the Dervishes are repelled on one side of Egypt, they gather together in another quarter and swoop down like a horde of infuriated hornets. They are urged on by a spirit of restless fanaticism which is unquenchable. Their religion teaches them that death in battle is rewarded by an eternity of bliss—bliss, moreover, into which the sensuous element enters so largely that it affords the strongest incentive to the semi-material, semi-mystic, nature of the Arab. The result is that the Dervishes are, as keen to plunge into war, as they are undaunted when engaged in actual battle. No wonder they are a formidable foe. Under the circumstances, the British evacuation of Egypt seems more remote than ever."

The Revolutionary Spirit in Prophecy.

Meanwhile the other two of the three Evil Frog-like Spirits are actively at work also. The first Spirit from the Dragon, or Devil, is generally understood to be the Spirit of *Spiritualism*; and other forms of *Antichristian Apostasy* and *Unbelief*. The second Spirit from the Ten-horned Wild beast is the Spirit of *Revolutionary Agitation* we see actively at work in France in the energetic conspiracies of several political parties seeking to overthrow the existing Republic in France, which is the central Three-Frog Power, and the cradle of European revolutionary disturbance. The Revolutionary Spirit is also working powerfully in Russia in Nihilism and the Panslavonic movement, which aim at uniting in one Great Servia all the Balkan States, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Servia.

The *Standard* well remarks: "Whilst Europe watches the fitful flames and smoke of the French political agitations that still issue from the crater opened there a hundred years ago, and wonders when France will again be in full eruption, the colossal Russian glacier at the other end of the Continent continues to move forward

with a slow but certain menace to the security of its uneasy and anxious neighbors. On the West, France troubles the world; on the East, Russia threatens it. It is a singular spectacle, all the more singular because the States of Germany, Austria, and Italy that are menaced are mighty, powerful, in possession of huge armies, and banded together for self-preservation. Their destinies, moreover, are guided by Rulers assuredly not wanting in courage, and by Statesmen undoubtedly not deficient in foresight. We cannot be surprised, therefore, if from time to time they exhibit symptoms of impatience with an exasperating situation, and ask themselves whether it would not be wisest and safest to take categorical measures for mending or ending a state of affairs grown wellnigh intolerable.

"A more audacious policy than that which Russia is now pursuing throughout the Balkan Peninsula could not be imagined. While nominally not only at peace with Austria and its Allies, but having Ambassadors at their Courts, and their Diplomatic Representatives within its gates, the Russian Government openly, actively, indefatigably, lays trains of powder in Servia, in Montenegro, in Bulgaria, in Roumania, to which it fully intends at a convenient moment to apply the fuse, in the avowed hope that they will shatter the Austro-Hungarian Empire to pieces. Russian officers are at work along the Austrian frontier, and on the Danube, examining the ground, or taking soundings, or sketching fortifications, without the smallest attempt to disguise their proceedings. The long-suffering attitude maintained by Austria and its Allies under this monstrous provocation and palpable injury may well have surprised lookers on. War is so terrible an alternative that men instinctively bear and forbear much before plunging into hostilities."

The Antagonism of Classes,

which now exists in an aggravated form, is, however, a portent more awe-inspiring than even the antagonism of nations. Everywhere throughout Europe there is developing and increasing a hatred of the poor for the rich, of the tenant for the landowner, of the taxed for those who live upon the taxes. Men are asking in other lands, as they are in Ireland, what are the titles of the landowners to the ownership of the land, how they were acquired, and whether they should in justice be perpetual. In Ireland they have gone a step further, and have combined, as we have seen, to make landownership unprofitable, and with the avowed purpose of transferring the property from the present owners to the farmers and peasants who cultivate the land. From point to point through Europe, from Ireland on the extreme west to Russia on the extreme east, this agitation is in progress. It varies in its form and intensity according to the spirit in which it is met—but it is found in some form under every government. The landowner is confronted with discontented tenants, the capitalist with discontented workmen. In the United States the same conditions are developing with alarming rapidity. The land is falling gradually into the hands of capitalists, foreign and domestic, and the monopolists in the cities are adopting the antichristian principle, that wages are to be measured by the necessities of the wage-earner, and not by his merits. So, the world over, the chasm between

The Classes and The Masses

has opened. Upon the one side fierce, desperate men, conscious of the advantage of numbers, and increasingly conscious of the power that combination can give, glance menacingly at the smaller class, conscious of the power of money, and secure in the protection of the throne in Europe and the Congress in America. Every year the chasm widens, and the speed with which the widening goes on is diminished or accelerated by the conduct of the smaller band of capitalists and landowners. Where and when they use their power mercilessly, there is a corresponding spirit of hatred developed in the larger class, who suffer, and the distance between them increases with

frightful velocity. Where and when the smaller class, moved by Christianity, are magnanimous and manifest sympathy with suffering, and try to alleviate it, the separation is slow, though it is sure. Russia is

A Typical Instance

of the former condition. There the Government is absolute, and the subordinate officials are corrupt. The privileged class has every facility for increasing its power and oppressing the poor. To so inhuman a degree has this power been exercised that vast tracts of fertile land have been withdrawn from cultivation, and devoted to hunting-grounds for the nobles, while the poor starve. In southeastern Russia in 1881 there were many villages absolutely without bread, while land which would have grown wheat in abundance lay around them unsown. All that winter the people there lived on mosses and mountain spinach, while the nobles hunted the animals which infested the uncultivated land. It is not surprising that the starving men become Nihilists, and think they may as well die in some heroic conflict with their oppressors as die a lingering death by starvation. Thus, while emperors, kings, and statesmen are concentrating their attention on preparations for

An Impending Struggle

between armies, the elements of quite another kind of struggle are gathering, and when they become ripe, the explosion will appal the world. Prince Krapotkin, who probably knows more about the revolutionary societies of Europe than any other living man, calls public attention, in a recent article, to the fact that "*the last five centuries have each ended in a revolution.*" He asks whether the French Revolution, which was the greatest of all, and which closed the eighteenth century, is likely to be the last. Prophecy answers "No; the greatest of all is still to come, and it will close the nineteenth century." Prince Krapotkin seems, from his side of the question, to have reached the same conclusion. He says, in answer to his own question: "One can but wish that that Revolution were the last of the series; but when we take into consideration the state of minds in Europe, the immense agrarian question which has suddenly sprung up in all countries, the still greater social problem which imperiously demands a solution, the difficulties put in the way of that solution, the indifference of the privileged classes, which does not fall far short of the French nobility in 1786, and finally, the great dispute arising between the individual and the State, *we cannot but foresee the approach of a great commotion in Europe, with this difference, that it cannot be limited to one country only, but is likely to become international*, although it is sure to assume different characters in different countries."

These words from a man who knows, are a sufficient warning of the development and approaching manifestation of the frog-like spirit of social upheaval; the activity of the Mahdi and the gathering of the elements of a supreme military struggle in Europe, proclaim a second; while the marvellous and unprecedented development of spiritualism on the one hand, and agnosticism on the other, show that the third frog-like spirit is already actively at work. Thus the world is rapidly taking the shape described in prophecy as that in which it will be when Christ appears in the clouds of heaven, and summons to meet Him those who are watching for Him—the few who are counted worthy to escape the troubles and the woes of "the Tribulation—the great one" which is to come upon the earth.

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev.

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OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Prominence of the Tariff in the Political debates of last year's campaign has caused the returns of the customs to be anticipated with more than the usual interest. They were issued on July 29. The value of imports of merchandise during the fiscal year amounted to \$745,127,476, and of exports to \$742,401,799, an excess of imports over exports of \$2,725,677. The imports exceeded those of the previous fiscal year by \$21,170,362. The exports showed an increase of \$46,447,292. The value of exports of merchandise during the last fiscal year was larger than during any other year since 1883, and was only exceeded by the exports of 1881, 1882, and 1883. The value of imports of merchandise during the last fiscal year was the largest in the history of our commerce, being larger than in the year 1882, when it amounted to \$724,639,574. The significance of these figures consists in the approach they show of the total value of the exports to that of the imports. Though the latter increased to a figure unprecedented in our history, we sold to foreign countries nearly as much as we bought from them.

The Seizure of an English Ship in Behring Sea was reported from San Francisco last week. A dispatch from that city states that the steamer *Dora*, which arrived on July 30 from Behring Sea, brought news that the United States Revenue cutter *Rush* had captured the British sealer *Black Diamond* on July 11. On sighting the latter ship the captain of the *Rush* ordered her to heave to, and when no notice was taken of his order, cleared his guns for action. The British ship then obeyed, and she was boarded and searched. The captain protested, and refused to give any information. His strong-box and his private chest were then broken open. The vessel had 103 sealskins on board. The Captain of the *Rush* took possession of the ship, and sent her to Sitka to await orders. This is somewhat serious news; for England is in nothing more sensitive than in the inviolability of vessels bearing her flag. It may be that an arrangement has been made without public knowledge between our Government and that of England for the suppression of illegal sealing. England is as much interested as

we are in its suppression, and would doubtless unite with us in an arrangement to protect the seals, but if no such arrangement has been made it is likely there will be trouble. Rumors have been current for some time that the Washington Government claimed control over Behring Sea, but it was admitted that the claim could not be substantiated, and could not be legally exercised without the consent of other Powers. If, therefore, the seizure of the *Black Diamond* is based on that claim, the State Department has entered upon an international quarrel with a high-handed proceeding discourteous to a friendly power and discreditable to us as a nation.

The Large Increase in the Payments for pensions has caused Secretary Noble to appoint a committee to investigate Corporal Tanner's department. It is alleged that a large number of pensions have been rerated, and the Secretary desires to be satisfied as to the justice of the advanced rate paid. Mr. Tanner's friends say that the practice was commenced under the late Administration in the period between the Presidential election and the inauguration. The Committee, therefore, have been instructed to carry the investigation back to December 1, 1888. It has been found, says a press dispatch from Washington, that during the month of December, under Commissioner Black's administration, there were about fifteen hundred reissues of pensions, and during the month of May, under Commissioner Tanner's administration, about eighteen hundred reissues. These reissues cover all classes known to the pension laws, and include all cases of rerating. It is stated, further, that the reratings probably do not average more than from \$2 to \$4 per month, but the arrears in many cases are carried back to the date of the original application, some of them as far as 1865. The committee will make its formal report this week.

A Claim for Damages in the Johnstown Disaster is to be tried as a test case. The defendants are the South Fork Fishing Club, who owned the artificial lake which, when the dam broke, emptied itself on the devoted town, with such fearful consequences in the destruction of life and property. The plaintiff is the widow of a man who was drowned in the flood. She is left with eight children to support. Her claim is for \$50,000. There can be no question as to her having the sympathy of the jury, for the majority of the owners of the dam are millionaires, and well able to pay a money compensation. But as a test case, the law will have to over-ride sympathy. The question to be decided will be whether the dam constructed by the club was insecurely built, as regards material used or the method of its use, and whether the representatives of the club, through negligence of their duties, allowed defects to go unnoticed or unremedied. If these questions are answered in the affirmative, the club is responsible for the damage inflicted by the breaking of its dam, not only for the loss of life caused by the disaster, but for the property which was swept away.

The Ceremony of Unveiling the National monument to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass., on August 1, was worthy of the occasion. Gov. Long presided. Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, made the oration, John Boyle O'Reilly read a poem, and Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge made a congratulatory speech. In spite of unpropitious weather, a vast assemblage gathered, and entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the celebration. The monument, which was commenced thirty years ago, is 81 feet in height, and cost \$200,000. It is solid granite throughout, and consists of an octagonal pedestal 45 feet high, upon the centre of which stands the figure of Faith, 36 feet high, resting one foot upon Plymouth Rock and holding in her left hand an open Bible, while the right arm, uplifted, points heavenward. The pedestal has four large and four small faces. On the former are tablets bearing the names of the founders of the colony and historic facts connected with the original settlement, while from the smaller faces project four buttresses or wing

pedestals, upon each of which is seated a figure of heroic size, representing, with the figure of Faith, the principles of the founders. These figures are Morality, Education, Freedom, and Law. On the faces of the pedestal at their feet are alto-relief tablets representing the embarkation at Delfthaven, the signing of the social compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, the landing at Plymouth, and the first treaty with the Indians.

A Terrible Visitation of Cyclone and Flood in Austria was added last week to the long list of this year's catastrophes. The European correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables to that journal that the most disastrous cyclone of many years has been raging for several days in southern Hungary, Transylvania, and Bukovina. The destruction of property is enormous. There is reason to fear that hundreds of lives have been lost. The area of the disturbance is several thousand square miles. Many bodies of men, women, children, and cattle have been recovered from the Danube, Theiss, and other rivers. Many animals have been killed by hail and lightning. The majority of deaths were caused by the flood. Several churches are in ruins. Only three of twenty-four mills on the Danube remain. A crowded ferry-boat was blown against a steamer near Pesth and nearly all aboard were drowned. A circus was swept away at Szegedin. The crops are destroyed.

The Overhanging War-Cloud Formed the topic of a speech delivered by Lord Salisbury, the British Premier, on July 31, at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London. He said: "Thunderclouds of war still overcast Europe. Concerning the immediate danger of a conflict, he regarded the vast preparations that had been made as a great security for peace. The issues involved in war would be so frightful that nations shrank from challenging one another. Events in Egypt did not menace the permanent prosperity of that country. The disorder on the frontier would be suppressed. England had entered into engagements not to abandon Egypt until the latter was capable of maintaining her own Government in the face of foes, and these engagements England would assuredly fulfil." In spite of his Lordship's official knowledge and great experience, the public will be slow to believe that the existence of huge standing armies is conducive to the maintenance of peace.

General Boulanger Suffered a Crushing defeat at the French elections on July 28. The elections were for the general councils, and therefore had little political influence, but the defeat will surely influence the elections for the Chamber of Deputies, which will decide the political future of France for some years. It is, however, as an expression of the feeling of the people that the event is most significant. It was a species of plebiscite in which the General appealed from the Government, which is prosecuting him, to the people. There were elections in about fifteen hundred districts, and the General was a candidate in 451 of them. He claims to have carried twenty-three. The defeat makes him ridiculous, which is the worst thing that can happen to an ambitious statesman in France. As he ran away to England to avoid prosecution, and his friends throughout the country were urged to rally to his support as a reproof to the Government, the result is the more disappointing to his followers. It is stated that this unexpected decrease of popularity is the result of an alienation of monarchist support. If the General is as strongly Republican as he was represented by speakers bidding for Republican support, the monarchists have no use for him.

A Destructive Earthquake in Japan is Reported. A dispatch from Nagasaki to Yokohama, dated July 30, states that "a dreadful earthquake has occurred in the western portion of the island of Kiu-Siu. The town of Kumamoto was destroyed, a great number of people perished, and a vast amount of property was destroyed." The island of Kiu-Siu is the southernmost of the three principal islands.

An Interesting Photograph Album is Being made in Rochester, N. Y. When finished, it will be filled with pictures of 1,500 children, who form a huge Bible class which has been held every Saturday morning for some time past in the old Skating Rink, Cambridge, Mass. The class, which had a small beginning, was founded by Mr. Paine, and he has conducted it so successfully, and with so much pleasure and benefit to the children, that they brought their acquaintances, until it grew to its present enormous dimensions. The meetings have now been suspended until the fall, and Mr. Paine, desiring to have a memento of each of his young friends, invited them to go to his house and be photographed. They willingly complied, and now Mr. Paine is having the album made to hold them. One of the children is a blind girl, in whom all the class take a deep interest.

A Converted Assassin from China Aston-ished the pedestrians on the city front, San Francisco, recently, by preaching in the street. He declared that he had been a highbinder in Canton, and that while in the service of the mandarin he had committed many murders at the behest of his employer. He said that his conversion resulted from his ghastly business. He was ordered to kill a Chinese girl in Canton, who had been converted to Christianity. When he told her that she must die, she asked for time to pray, and he granted it. She prayed for him, and her courage and faith were so strong that he could not execute his commission. He went to the mandarin and told him he could not kill the girl, and would never kill any one else. He sought the missionaries, and told his story, and begged them to pray for him. He was converted, and being threatened with *hankari* by the mandarin, he fled from the country. The San Francisco *Examiner*, which tells the story, says that he is devoting his life to Christian work among his countrymen in America.

A Misunderstanding About a Railroad ticket involved a Hungarian immigrant in a long and toilsome journey last week. The station agent at Bloomsbury, N. J., on July 22, met a man walking along the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The man was carrying a heavy load of what appeared to be clothes and personal belongings. He seemed tired, though he trudged sturdily on. But he had not acquired the veteran tramp's skill in walking on the ties, and his exercise was consequently telling upon his physical powers more than the same distance by the roadway would have done. The agent stopped him and ordered him off the track, telling him that he was liable to arrest for trespass, besides incurring the danger of being run over by a train. The Hungarian demurred, and produced a railroad ticket good from Jersey City to Scranton, Pa. The agent looked at him in amazement, and asked him why he was walking when he might ride. The Hungarian replied that he supposed the ticket only entitled him to the right of walking over the road. The agent explained to him, and the poor tired man gladly took the next train to his destination. A similar mistake is often made by Christians who do not avail themselves of their privileges. They toil through life bearing their burden of care, though God invites them to cast all their care upon Him. (1 Peter 5:7.)

A Snake in a Pulpit Caused a Commotion at a camp-meeting on July 14. The assembly at the camp-meeting at Chester Heights, Pa., gathered at the Tabernacle on that day for the opening service. The opening invocatory prayer was made, and the first hymn was given out. No sooner had the first strains of the music and the voices vibrated through the building than the ladies who were in the front seats near the preacher's stand uttered a loud scream. The ushers hurried up to the front to discover the cause of their fright, and saw that a snake had crawled from under one of the big pillars supporting the pulpit, and was coiling itself for a spring. It had probably been sleeping there all winter, and had been awakened by the music and singing. It was soon dispatched with a

few vigorous blows, and, the panic subsiding, the service proceeded. There would often be such a scare in religious assemblies if the dread being, who in Scripture is called a serpent (Rev. 20:2), were visible to human eyes. Where the gospel truth, which is directed against him and his kingdom, is proclaimed, he is present to divert the thoughts of the hearers, and to obliterate the impressions it may produce. (Matt. 13:19.)

The Deliberate Suicide of a Scorpion is described in a scientific journal. Prof. Norikoff, writing in *Nature* of the habits of scorpions, says that the creature's most intense dread is of fire. He recently tried an experiment with the view of testing the truth of certain statements current about this terror. Arranging on the floor a circle of glowing charcoal having no break in it, a scorpion was placed in the centre. Although the circle was large enough to prevent the scorpion being injured or even incommoded by the heat if it remained in the middle, the animal, finding itself surrounded by fire, began to look about for means of escape. At first its movements were slow, but soon their rapidity increased, and finally it raced in a frantic fashion around the inner circumference of the charcoal. After racing for some time in this manner, it retired to the centre of the ring, and deliberately plunged its sting into its back. A few convulsive movements followed, and in a few seconds the creature lay dead. Many a man has committed suicide through fear similarly causeless. The righteous man who trusts in God to deliver him remains quiet, though he may himself see no way of escape. (Prov. 1:33.)

A Lost Child Puzzled the Police of Newark, N. J., on July 25. A patrolman noticed a bright little boy playing on a vacant lot, and on passing the same place an hour or so later was surprised to see him still there. It was growing dark, and as no one seemed to have charge of the child the policeman spoke to him. The boy was somewhat concerned about the gathering darkness, but he said he did not know where he lived, and had forgotten his father's name. The policeman took him to the station-house, where the sergeant questioned him. No information could be obtained from him there, except that he was nearly five years old. He was ready to eat, however, and after he had disposed of a substantial supper he was put to bed in the station-house. Another effort was made to find out where he belonged, and he was asked whether he did not think his mother would be worrying about him. The child was evidently tired, and appreciated the comfort of bed, and he answered, drowsily, "I don't care now whether I go home or not." There was nothing to be done, therefore, but let him go to sleep, and await inquiries from his parents about him. Like indifference is displayed by men about their heavenly home. If Christ had not come to seek and save the lost, none of them would have sought God. (Ezek. 34:6, 11.)

An Effort to Rejuvenate a Decrepit Old Man is being made in Washington, D. C., by Dr. William Hammond, the famous physician, formerly of New York. Some time ago Dr. Hammond heard that Dr. Brown-Sequard, who is living in Paris, had made a remarkable discovery. He professed to have found a substance which, if not the long sought elixir of life, was akin to that inestimable treasure. He wrote for details, and learned that Dr. Brown-Sequard had administered a fluid obtained from the spinal cord of a guinea-pig to aged persons with astonishing results. The patients regained vitality and energy to a wonderful degree. Dr. Hammond followed the same method, but substituting a lamb for the guinea-pig. He distilled an essence, which he used hypodermically on the leg of an old man in Washington, who is decrepit to an extreme degree. Dr. Hammond says the effect was almost incredible, and, though it is too early yet to claim permanent results, the vitality exhibited by the old man after only a few injections is such as to encourage the hope that the discovery will greatly extend the term of human life. Other physicians are in-

credulous, and say that the theory is not rational; it is only one of the many disappointing announcements which have been made since, in ancient times, men first set out to discover the elixir of life, and it will prove to be as futile as they. The discovery and Dr. Hammond's experiment have, however, aroused intense interest in the result. That is natural, for there is nothing that men so eagerly desire as the extension of life; yet the offer which Christ makes, of everlasting life to all who come to Him in faith, is neglected! (John 11:25, 26.)

A Singular Lapse of Memory on the Part of a wife is alleged as a defence to a charge of bigamy at Sedalia, Mo. It appears that some years ago a girl was living with her parents on a farm in Kansas. The family was poor, and as soon as she was old enough to leave home, the girl was sent to St. Louis to earn her own livelihood. She succeeded in obtaining employment, and reported that she was doing well. Last fall, however, she returned home. She had been sick, and needed rest. She soon recovered, and went into society, where she met a young man from Sedalia, Mo., who fell in love with her, and married her. They had barely settled in their home when she was charged with bigamy. She stoutly denied that she had ever been married before, but her accuser produced a copy of the record, and brought witnesses to corroborate his statement. He admitted that he deserted her soon after the marriage, owing to financial difficulties, which were now removed. Confronted with this evidence, the woman denied no longer, but said that she had forgotten all about the marriage, and called medical evidence to prove that such an illness as hers might produce a complete suspension of memory. Whether a jury will accept her explanation remains to be seen. It is difficult to believe that she could have forgotten her first marriage when she was married a second time, though we know that people often act as though they had forgotten their solemn obligations. That is frequently so with Christians, who have not this woman's excuse that He to whom they have promised fidelity has deserted them. (Hos. 2:19, 20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Three Congregational and three Methodist ministers were among the most efficient delegates of the South Dakota Constitutional Convention at Sioux Falls.

Among the speakers at the National Temperance Society Camp Meeting at Ocean Grove, are General Clinton B. Fisk, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Steele, the Rev. Dr. A. G. Lawson, Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and Miss Julia Coleman.

The Berkley Temple, of Boston, Mass., instead of closing for the summer, as so many city churches do, is making extra effort by special services. Rev. George C. Needham preached there to a large audience on July 28, and Evangelist D. L. Chubbuck last Sunday.

A heavy shock of earthquake was felt in California on July 31. It was more violent than any experienced there in many years. Professor Cummins, a well-known linguist of San Francisco, who was a sufferer from heart disease, died from agitation caused by the earthquake.

Francis Browning Owen, of Detroit, Mich., a nephew of Robert Browning the poet, has entered the evangelistic field, and is being much blessed. Not many years ago he was an avowed infidel leading a fast life. He has abandoned practice as a lawyer to preach the gospel.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson's Christian Alliance Convention on Holiness and Faith Healing, at Old Orchard Beach, Me., met on July 27. The number present was so large that the Tabernacle was abandoned for the open beach. Fully three thousand persons were believed to be on the grounds.

The speakers at Dr. L. W. Munhall's Bible Conference at Ocean Grove, N. J., were, on July 29, Dr. William J. Erdman, of Morristown, who lectured on "The Analysis of the Bible;" Dr. Albert Erdman, of Asheville, N. C., on "How to Study the Bible;" and Rev. George C. Needham, who conducted a revival service. On July 30 the meetings closed. They were well attended.

The handsome building of the New York Young Men's Christian Association, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, was badly injured by fire on July 28. The valuable organ was rendered worthless, and much of the furniture was destroyed. The large library was saved. Sixteen fire engines and the water-tower were put in requisition to save the building from complete destruction. The damage is estimated at \$50,000. The building cost \$500,000.

THE CURSE AND THE CURSE BEARER.**A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.**

"For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse . . . Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Galatians 3: 10-14.

The Gospel Preached to Abraham—Came to Him by Faith—I. The Blessing not Attainable by Works of the Law—All Men Under the Law by Nature—No Exemption on Account of Rank—Or General Obedience—Or Church Attendance—II. The Blessing for Those who are of Faith—Redeemed and Changed—Receive the Blessings of Abraham—Justification—The Promise—Practical Advice—An Unfashionable Preacher.

THE apostle tells us, in the eighth verse, that the gospel was preached to Abraham. Very briefly, very tersely, but very fully, was the gospel proclaimed to him in these words, "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." The true gospel is no new thing, it is as old as the hills. It was heard in Eden ere man was driven from the garden, and it has since been repeated in sundry ways and in divers places even to this day. Oh that its very antiquity would lead men to venerate it, and then to listen to its voice! It is "gospel," or good news—the best of news for fallen men. Oh that they would receive it with gladness!

Faith the Only Channel.

The gospel blessing which was thus preached to Abraham, and to his seed, came to him by faith. He was justified by his faith, as it is written, "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." The blessing, which is the soul of Abraham's gospel, must come to us in the same way as it did to him, namely, by faith; and if we expect to find it in any other way, we shall be grievously mistaken. There were some in Paul's day who were "of the works of the law," and expected to obtain the blessing through their own doings; but they could not find it. We have many around us who are practically looking for gospel blessings upon legal principles. The object of our sermon is to show them their certainty of failure; and, at the same time, to make clear that way of faith, by which the curse is rolled away and the blessing comes to the chosen seed.

I. Let us learn, at the outset, that blessedness comes not to those who are of the works of the law. First, observe *the fact*, as the apostle states it very positively: "As many as are of the works of the law are

Under the Curse."

We are all "of the works of the law" by nature, because it is our bounden duty, as creatures, to keep the law of our Creator. He is our benefactor, our king, our Lord and God, and He has claims upon us which we ought not to disown. He has set forth those claims in the law of the Ten Commandments, and these are binding upon all of us without exception. Because we have disobeyed that law, and denied to God His just claims, our violation of the law has brought us under its penalty, which is described as "the curse." No man has always kept all the law, and consequently every man that is of the works of the law has come under the curse, and must remain under it unless ransomed in the one appointed fashion. If you read those ten commands through, as you should do very carefully, you will have to pause at each one, and say, with solemn truthfulness, "I have broken this."

Especially will this be the case if you remember the truth that the law is spiritual, and deals with thoughts, desires, imaginations, motives, —yea, with your nature itself. Surely you will have to cry "Guilty! guilty!" every way, and "guilty" every day. This being the case, you are under the curse. You may have been moral, and outwardly commendable; but the heart and intent are what the Lord looks at; and because you have not loved the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind, and with all your strength, and have not loved your neighbor as yourself, you have come short of the demands of His righteous law, and you are under the curse.

I am not talking now of thieves and murderers, and such like; I am speaking of as many as are of the works of the law, and specially of those who believe that they are keeping the law, and are looking for their salvation by their obedience. Those who think that they are not to be numbered with the guilty, and need not to be saved by grace, these are of the works of the law by their own choice, and they are under the curse. If you come before God in your own self-righteousness, you are by that very act and deed proven to be under the curse.

That you may no longer abide in

False Security.

I pray you for a few moments weigh those words, "under the curse." I do not feel as if I could expand them or expound them; but I must simply repeat them: "under the curse!" The Lord make those words to pierce your souls! This is not my language, remember; it is not even the word of the apostle Paul as a man; for he speaketh by inspiration when he saith, "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse." It is a curse that was pronounced of old by the authority of the Lord, and confirmed by the Amens of assembled Israel; it is, in fact, the essence of all those curses which of old were declared on Mount Ebal, the rolling thunder of threatened wrath. Dare you sleep to-night under the curse? Will you wake to-morrow and go forth to your business under the curse? Can you sport and laugh and frolic under the curse? God grant we may be sufficiently sensible to be filled with anguish at the sound of these dreadful words—"under the curse!"

The apostle goes on to give a Scriptural confirmation of this fact. He says, "For it is written." He is writing a part of the New Testament under inspiration of the Holy Spirit; but he turns back to the Old, and gives authority to his writing by showing that it always was the mind of the Spirit, "for it is written." If anything be written by the pen of inspiration, it is true, and we accept it as infallible. I hope you are not among those who trifle with the inspiration of any part of Holy Writ; for if so this text has no power with you. "It is written" is a thing of omnipotent authority with many of us. "It is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." This is the summary of the whole passage in the twenty-seventh chapter of Deuteronomy, and also of the fifteenth verse of the eighth chapter.

Attend to each word of the passage. There is

No Exemption of Persons.

"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law." The sentence is sweeping; there are no exceptions to its killing force. You may have kept the law in many points, but if you have broken it in one, you are under its curse. If you want to send a message by the telegraph wire, it may be perfectly sound for one hundred miles, but if it is only broken in one inch, nay, if it is simply cut across, you cannot send the message by it. No blessing can come to a man by the law unless the law has been perfectly kept! but one single infraction of the law involves the curse.

Observe that there is no limit of time. It says, "continueth not." What if a man should have kept the law, in his own judgment, for many years—his service is not over. Men join our army for a certain number of years, and then they are discharged; but a man is under the law so long as he lives; neither can he escape from under its yoke by the mere lapse of time. And so, if we had accomplished obedience for twenty years, yet still, if in the next year we broke the law, we should come under its curse. A thief is not excused because he was heretofore honest, nor a murderer because aforesaid he had not shed blood. He that "continueth not" comes under the lash. My conscience clearly sees the utter impossibility of my ever obtaining justification by the works of the law. If up till now I had never sinned, which, alas! is very, very far from being the case, yet I should still stand in jeopardy every hour; for, being

tempted, I should yet fall and perish, if my footing were that of the law. There is no

Indulgence as to Certain Sins.

"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things." What a range these words have! Yet they do not so much concern ceremonial things as the moral conduct of daily life. If you will turn to Deuteronomy 27, from which Paul is quoting, you will find that the works which are mentioned in detail as bringing the curse are not works of worship and oblation and ritual, but of morality or immorality; works which concern the moral law. We must continue in the keeping of the Ten Commandments, and abide in the spirit of them in "all things;" or, if not, it is utterly impossible that the law can ever save us: all it can do is to put us under its curse.

How cutting is the sentence, "Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them"! It is an awful passage. It seems to me to shut up the gate of hope by works; yea, to nail it up. I bless God it does fasten this door effectually; for if there seemed to be half a chance of getting through it, we should find

Men Still Struggling

for entrance. Salvation by self is man's darling hope: salvation by doings, feelings, or something or other of their own, is the favorite delusion of sinners. We may bless God that He has rolled a great stone at the mouth of the grave of legal hope. He has dashed in pieces as with a rod of iron the earthen vessel which held the treasures of our conceit. "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified."

My dear hearers, let us deal faithfully and personally with the solemn truth now before us. I pray that everyone may examine himself to see whether he is of the works of the law. Are we legal in our feelings? Are we relying upon self and its doings? Does any one among us feel that there is not in London a more deserving person than himself? Because he is a good church or chapel goer, does he think himself accepted of the Lord? Because of confirmation or baptism or attendance on the sacrament, does he hope to be saved? Because of his decent and respectable life, does he reckon himself just? If such be the hope of any one of you, you are confessedly "of the works of the law," and it is not my word, but the Word of the Lord, that you are under the curse. Think of this, you who are so very good, so free from fault! There is nothing for you but the curse.

II. Secondly, this blessedness comes to those who are of faith, even to those who look for salvation to the Lord Jesus, in whom God declares Himself to be just, and the justifier of him that believeth. On this point I shall run on much the same lines as under the first division of the subject. Here we have

A Blessed Fact:

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." If the former truth, that we are under the curse, should make us sit uneasily, this blessed doctrine should make us dance for joy. The ransom is paid; we are free. "Christ hath redeemed us;" that is, so many as believe in Him. He hath "redeemed us from the curse of the law;" "He hath bought us out from under the curse." Our deliverance from the curse is by a process similar to that by which slaves are set free, namely, by being bought with a price.

We are not merely delivered from the curse by a moral change in us, but by a redemptive work for us. Christ was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood. A ransomed captive is by the ransom justly freed, and has a right to his freedom which none may question. You that believe in Jesus are freed from the curse of the law, and justly freed from it. The law cannot curse you, though you have broken it, and in your own persons incurred its penalty. Since you are in Christ Jesus, the law has not a word to say against you; the reason we will show you directly, but the fact is so, and therein you should rejoice.

But then the apostle goes on to show the

manner of it. The fact is clear; oh, for a grip of it! The manner of our deliverance is this: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." I do not understand language at all unless this means substitution. Christ was made a curse for us; that is to say, in our room and place and stead He bore our sin, and the curse which came of it. The curse of the law, which otherwise must have fallen upon us, fell upon the Anointed of the Lord, who stood sponsor for us. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," and then "it pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief." Here is our hope, and here our joy, even in this abyss of woe: "He was made a curse for us."

The Penal Consequences

of sin were so visited upon the great Substitute that He vindicated the law of God in the highest conceivable manner. Remember those words: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." These are the echo of that prophetic sentence, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "He bare the sin of many." "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He bare our sins that He might bear them away by the fact of bearing them Himself. This is the central doctrine of the gospel; and although to-day it is slighted, here I stand, by God's grace, to declare it in plain terms while my tongue can move. I know no other hope for lost men but this—that the justice of God has been vindicated by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it is by faith in Him that men are delivered from the curse of the law, because He was made a curse for them.

Notice the consequence of all this: "That

The Blessing of Abraham

might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ." Our Lord Jesus Christ was made a curse for us that He might deliver us from the curse of the law, and that in consequence we might be blessed. This day there is no curse for the believer; but every blessing awaits him. All who are in Christ, the great seed of Abraham, are blessed with faithful Abraham. What was the blessing of Abraham? It was, first, justification. It was "accounted to him for righteousness." God counts them righteous who believe in Jesus. He not only absolves you from sin, but He justifies you, accounts you as having kept the law. Oh, rejoice in this!

The next blessing to Abraham was the promise. God had given him a great promise of a spiritual inheritance. To us the Holy Spirit is the earnest of that future inheritance; and Christ has so wrought for us "that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." Wherever the Spirit of God dwells, the covenant is fulfilled: you have in the Spirit the foretaste of the promised rest, you have the initial stages of the promised perfection, you have the dawn of

That Promised Glory.

The Spirit is the earnest of the inheritance till the redemption of the purchased possession, to the praise of His glory. Beloved, see what has come to you, then, through the substitutionary work of Christ; justification is yours as truly as it was Abraham's, and you are as assuredly justified as Abraham was.

All this, you observe, is by faith: "That we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." O dear hearers, I am very sorry for some of you, for you have no faith, and therefore no grace. Why should not my sorrow be turned into joy? May God the Holy Ghost lead you to believe in Christ Jesus to-day! My wonder is that any believe, from one point of view; and then my next wonder is that anybody should not believe. Is it not marvellous that God should give His own dear Son, God like Himself, and that God should thus come among men, and put on human flesh and blood, and that in His wonderfully complex person He should bear the consequences of our sin? Oh that you would look to Jesus by faith! I began by lamenting that we are under

the curse; but if you will trust in my Lord, I shall conclude by bidding you rejoice that "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse."

I have done when I just say these two or

Three Practical Words:

Humbly let us own the great evil of sin. What a horrible thing sin must be, that it should compel God to curse His creatures! God is love, but even love curses sin. God is full of pity and compassion; but this very God must curse those who hope to be saved by His law, and yet break that law. Child of God, dost thou ever trifle with sin? Cease from that fatal folly; for God does not trifle with it—He curses it. O man, see what a polluting thing thy sin must be, since there is no removing it save by the blood of the only begotten Son of God! If thou hast ever had faint views of thine own guilt, cease from them at once. Only by the interposition of God Himself couldst thou be saved from guilt. How great that guilt! Lie low before thy Lord. Confess thy sin with a broken heart. Wonder that thy heart is not more broken than it is, and that thou hast not a greater horror of its tremendous evil.

Next, let me say to you, heartily accept the way of salvation by faith in Christ. I cannot make out why men quarrel with justification by faith as they do now. There is an old proverb which saith, "It is a pity for any man to quarrel with his bread and butter." But to quarrel with the means of your livelihood is nothing in folly compared with cavilling at God's way of salvation. Why do you refuse a method so simple, so just to God, so safe to man? Why do men desire to find fault with it?

I am very old-fashioned, so *they* say; but does their new fashion offer men anything better than the old way? I am not too old to learn; but I am not so young as willingly to go further and fare worse. I cannot see what there is in the new theology which even pretends to be better than the old. I suppose that eminent divine is eminently superior to me who is so orthodox as to say that our Lord Jesus Christ by His death did something or other, he does not know what, which in some way or other, he does not quite know how, is connected with the reconciliation of man to God. This is rather

A Cloudy Gospel.

I do not think that such a dim statement would cheer a mouse, much less a broken-hearted, dying sinner. I do not see that his plan, or want of plan, has any glory over that which I declare to you. But he is orthodox: very many of his brethren go far further, and altogether deny the expiatory sacrifice. I cannot pretend to have fellowship with such: they take from me my hope. I was a broken-hearted sinner, crushed under guilt, crying out in despair, and expecting soon to be in hell; and it was only when I learned that the Lord Jesus suffered in my stead that I found peace of conscience. Substitution is still the rock on which I build, and I know of no other on which a man can wisely base his hope for eternity. Comfort in the cross I have never lost, and I am not going to cast away my confidence in it to please the philosophers of the season. The old farmer would not change his horse, "For," said he, "I have not seen a nag that will carry me better than my own." The doctrine of the cross has carried me so far without a stumble, and I hope to enter heaven by its means.

Finally, go and tell other people about your Lord's redemption. The theme will win attention if properly set forth. Let no one within fifty miles of you be without a knowledge of this great redemption by Christ's being made a curse for us. Men try to hide this truth; therefore cause it to shine out everywhere. Vindicate the name of your great Lord by telling everybody that He hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. If I could set you all preaching this blessed doctrine, I should rejoice indeed. Rest in it, and rejoice in it, and then repeat it till others also know and believe it. Even now the day begins to brighten up, the murky darkness is abating; I hope our

hearts will rejoice in harmony with the day. The Lord send us out into a world delivered from darkness! May we make it brighter by setting before it this great truth! To our glorious Substitute be glory for ever and ever!

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Topographical Experiment.*

In accordance with the command of Moses, the Israelites were, after their entrance into the Promised Land, to "put" the curse on Mount Ebal and the blessing on Mount Gerizim. This was to be accomplished by a ceremonial in which half the tribes stood on the one mount and half on the other; those on Gerizim responding to and affirming blessings; those on Ebal, curses as pronounced by the Levites, who remained with the ark in the centre of the interval. It is hardly too much to say of this natural amphitheatre that there is no other place in Palestine so suitable for the assembly of a large body of men within the limits to which the human voice can reach, and where at the same time each individual would be able to see what was going on. The recesses in the two mountains which form the amphitheatre are exactly opposite to each other, and the limestone strata, running up to the very summits in a succession of ledges, present the appearance of regular benches. We were able to test the possibility of question and answer being distinctly heard from one side to the other of the amphitheatre. Stationing two of our number in the centre of the valley and in the middle of the field of corn, one of our brethren ascended some distance up the side of Ebal, while we clambered up among the rocks of Gerizim; it having been agreed that the one should repeat a few of the curses, and the other a few of the blessings, without mentioning which of them he would select. And though a drizzling rain was falling, and the wind blowing so hard we could scarcely keep our Bibles open, we were heard distinctly, not only by the brethren in the valley, but by each other on the respective mountains; so that we were able to name the first of the curses that our friend had spoken from Ebal, as if he had intended a sly reference to some of those Rationalists whose assertions we were now reducing to experiment. How many other of the historical objections of unbelief would shrivel to ashes were they similarly put to the proof!

An American Jael.

Let me modernize the story of Jael and Sisera. (Judges 4:12-24.) There was a settlement in the far West some years ago where a score of families lived in peace and safety. Suddenly a band of Sioux started on the war-path. They slew and scalped all the men. Then they took the wives and daughters of those whom they had slain and scalped, "to every man a damsel or two," and started for the wilderness. On their way they passed the lodge of a Chippewa hunter. He was away, but his wife was at home. They stopped with their captives, and demanded food. She gave it to them, and they started on. The chief, for some cause, lingered behind the rest. The Chippewa woman, maddened by the sight of those girls carried away to be the slaves of the savages who had murdered their

* From Vol. III. of "The Bible Work." Prepared by J. Glentworth Butler, D. D. The author of this work has compiled from the books of some three hundred eminent writers passages which throw light on the sacred text. His object is "to furnish an orderly, coherent, proportionate, and measurably complete exposition of the Bible, so that the meaning of the divine utterances, as discerned by studious, devout interpreters, qualified by special gifts or attainments, may be disclosed to all who will devoutly read." How well he has succeeded every reader will testify. This volume covers the period from the commission to Joshua to the death of Solomon. Pp. 625; price \$4. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.



Queen Marie Antoinette. (See page 498.)



A Ghastly Discovery in a River.

husbands and fathers, seized a rifle and shot that Sioux chief, the leader of that robber band, and slew him! Was she a cruel murderess, or a righteous avenger?

Relics of Solomon.

At Jerusalem the immense size and evident antiquity of much of the stone-work around the area which contains the mosque of Omar, and formerly contained the temple of the Lord, lead us to ascribe it to the age of Jewish magnificence. Many of the stones here measure from seventeen to nineteen feet in length, while a few exceed twenty-four feet. They vary from three to four feet in depth, and from five to eight in width. At the southeast angle stones are found measuring thirty feet long, and of proportionate thickness and depth. The lower courses of the masonry are beautifully fresh and polished in surface, showing more regularity than is found higher up—more of uniform intention, more indication of adequate means and leisurely construction. Their external surface is hewn to a regular curve, and being fitted one upon another, form the commencement or foot of an enormous arch which once sprung from the western wall toward Mount Zion across the valley between that Mount and Mount Moriah.

A FATAL BLUNDER.

(See Illustration.)

A VERY enjoyable way of spending an afternoon of the Indian summer is in a row over a river shaded by big trees. George Dawson and his friend Ernest Seymour found it so, and the afternoon was passing pleasantly by, when a loud shout from Dawson, whose boat was a few rods ahead, startled his friend, and he hurried up to the bend of the river where Dawson had stopped, and dropped his sculls with an exclamation of horror. "Look, Seymour!" he said; "there is a dead body among the rushes!"

Seymour rose in his boat, steadying himself by thrusting his scull into the soft mud of the bank and looked where his friend pointed. "Great powers!" he exclaimed, "it is Curtis! Quick, now! let us get him into my boat and tow it down to the slip, and call an ambulance. A doctor may resuscitate him. He does not seem to have been long in the water."

It required a good deal of exertion to get the body disentangled from the weeds which the current had twisted around it; but it was done at last, and the two men, realizing how precious every minute was, rowed hard in Dawson's boat towing astern the other containing the ghastly burden. It was useless. The ambulance surgeon said he had been dead several hours.

"It is a horrible thing!" said Dawson, the next day, as the two friends walked away from the room in which the coroner's inquest had been held. "How his wife suffered! Poor creature!"

"Yes; and if I am not mistaken, she has more cause for grief than is on the surface. I said nothing, as the jury were disposed to make it accidental death, but I believe it was suicide, and I suspect she thinks so too."

"You amaze me!" said Dawson; "what makes you think so?"

"Well, perhaps I ought not to say anything now, as it is only conjecture," said Seymour; "but there is no doubt in my own mind. He was very miserable, though he did not talk of it. I think I was about the most intimate friend he had, and he was very reserved, even with me. But he told me, more than once, in his quiet, patient way, that he 'had a hard row to hoe.'"

"I did not know him, except by reputation," said Dawson; "but I never heard that he had any serious trouble. What was the matter?"

"Oh, a common trouble. His marriage was a huge mistake, and both husband and wife knew it."

"Ah! that is a terrible discovery for a couple to make. I wonder how many make it!"

"Perhaps not so many as you bachelors suppose; but certainly a very large number. Sometimes the wife is too good for the husband, and sometimes the husband is too good for the wife; but it was not so there. They were both well educated and intelligent, but they were simply unsuited to each other. If they had had plenty of money, they might have got on by Curtis adapting himself to his wife's ways and fulfilling her ideas of married life. But as it was, he had to earn his living, and the adaptation was an impossibility. Life was a serious business for him. His resources were sorely taxed to realize an income sufficient for their needs, and that, I suspect, was the cause of the trouble. Mrs. Curtis appeared, to me, discontented. Some wives are proud to help their husbands, and are never so happy as when, by some household effort, they can reduce the burdens of life. Mrs. Curtis did plenty of work. I have seen her busy about the house, but she always seemed to me to do it under protest. Her manner, and occasionally a chance word, implied that it was not what she had expected. I think she rather despised her husband that he could not provide better for her. He, poor fellow! would gladly have given her all luxuries if he could. He loved her so well that he made himself almost a slave to business, and denied himself pleasure that

she might have little comforts. But he was not a good business man, and though he tried hard he did not prosper, and his wife bemoaned it."

"Why did she marry him?" Dawson asked.

"Oh, who can tell? I know she had opportunities of what is called doing better—that is, marrying wealthy men. Curtis knew it, too, and he was rather flattered at first, that she had rejected other suitors on his account. Why she did so I cannot say. Perhaps she was romantic; perhaps she had a liking for the fine, handsome young man; perhaps she thought he would get rich in time. Who can tell what reasons influence a girl in her teens who will not hear advice! Whatever reasons she had, she did marry him, and she repented it every day."

"I suppose Curtis was kind to her?"

"Oh yes—in his way. He was one of those men who bear misfortunes silently and gloomily. When he had done a hard day's work, and had not been particularly successful, he would go home weary and depressed. Mrs. Curtis expected, I think, that he would show her loverlike attentions, and listen to her troubles, and advise her. Poor fellow! he was bearing a load that required all his strength. He was preoccupied and inattentive. Perhaps her troubles seemed small to him when compared with his own. I don't know; but I have heard her complain that he was a dull companion, and that her life was very joyless."

"That is an unhappy picture of a home, but it does not account for the suicide. As Curtis had borne the trouble so long, I do not see why he did not go on bearing it."

"It may seem strange to you that he did not. There are some trials that make a man callous, but this is not one of them. It culminates, and penetrates deeper and deeper. Besides, there is the drift apart to be reckoned upon. I can imagine a man, worried from morning to night, only just keeping himself afloat, making no progress, saying to himself, 'What am I living for?' As he finishes his day's toil and turns his face homeward, knowing that gloom and discontent and reproaches, and harsh criticism, and thinly veiled contempt, await him there, the time may come when he would think in his misery that the grave would be preferable."

"If he could be sure of quiet there! But no man who reads his Bible can think that suicide ends his trouble."

"There you touch the fatal spot. Neither Curtis nor his wife believed in a future life. If they had our consolation, if they could only have looked beyond their troubles, or recognized

them as the discipline sent by a loving Father, they would have borne them better. But they drifted from the faith of their early years, and finally abandoned it altogether. That is why, I think, we have had this sad business to-day, and why so many commit suicide."

"It is but a fool's refuge."

"That is so; but what is the man who rejects God but a fool?"

A CREMATION IN INDIA.

(See Illustration.)

THE accompanying illustration depicts a scene which is common in India. Formerly it was frequently accompanied by awful tragedy, but happily that feature of it is abolished. It represents the cremation of a dead body in the ghat, or public burning-place of the town. The relatives of a dead person carry thither logs of sweet-scented woods and make a pile, over which they pour oil, and lay upon it spices



The Cremation of a Corpse in a Burning-Ghat in India.

and powders that produce colored flames. Then the body is conveyed thither and laid upon the heap. Strange weird ceremonies are performed, in the midst of which a light is applied, and fierce flames burst forth. The relatives watch the burning until the body is consumed. Then, after pouring wine on the heap of white ashes, to which it is reduced, they are reverently gathered up and placed in an urn.

Until the year 1835 these ghats were the scene of awful suffering. When a man's dead body was consumed, the body of his living wife was burned on the same pyre at the same time. As many as seven hundred widows were thus burned in a single year. The practice, which was known as *suttee*, was based on passages from the *Shastras*, which teach that a widow thus immolating herself rescues her husband from hell and enjoys heaven with him. The sacrifice was also supposed to atone for the sins of her father and mother. Lord William Bentinck, when Governor of Bengal, prohibited this practice, and took active measures to prevent it by force. Subsequently the prohibition was extended throughout India, and latterly Hindoo teachers have taught that the passages supposed to enjoin *suttee* were misunderstood and did not apply to a living widow. Since that time there has been a general acquiescence in the orders of the Government, though at first it was disobeyed.

There is reason to believe that in many cases the widows were unwilling victims, but when the Government prohibition was first promulgated, the authorities found with surprise that frequently the widows were the most eager of all the dead man's relatives for the sacrifice. A British officer, in a report to the Government, states that in a case in his district the widow earnestly desired to be burned. She was forcibly restrained, but broke away from those who were holding her, and rushing into the flames, prostrated herself on the burning corpse of her husband. She was pulled out, and taken to a hospital to be treated for her burns. Before her cure was completed she made two efforts to destroy herself. Now, however, that Rajah

Radhakant Deb and other Hindoo authorities have pronounced against it, even those who have not come under Christian influence have, it is believed, abandoned the crime.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 494.)

The Blood Atonement.

It was after the siege of Nauvoo that the Mormons made their famous exodus march to Salt Lake City, which we have already fully described. The Mexican War was then raging, and the earlier companies of the Mormons *en route* to the Rocky Mountains had received a proposal from the Federal Government that they should supply a regiment, upon highly advantageous conditions, to join the United States troops which were then operating in California. This suggestion was kindly made, for it was thought that the Mormon regiment thus raised would in reality be only marching their own way in going to California, and that the outfits, pay, arms, &c., which were to be theirs after the year for which they were enrolled had expired, would be of essential service to them.

Notwithstanding all this, Brigham Young and the leaders represented the transaction in quite another light, and the people were taught that an engagement, into which they had entered of their own free will, and from which they had derived substantial advantages, was an act of heartless cruelty and despotic tyranny on the part of the Government. This was all the more singular since, after the vast tract of country of which Utah forms a part had, at the end of the war, been wrested from Mexico, Brigham Young had been appointed, by President Millard Fillmore, the first Governor.

Trouble soon arose between Governor Young and the Mormons on one side, and the Judges and United States courts and officials on the other. Once an armed mob burst into the Supreme Court, and threatened the Judge with personal outrage; and subsequently a posse, summoned by legal (!) process, "encamp-

sible at the present time to comprehend.

There were whisperings now of a most fearful doctrine, calculated not only to strike terror into the hearts of those whose faith was weakening, but even to shock with a sense of horror those who only heard of it from afar—I mean the doctrine of the blood atonement. The Saints had all along been taught to distinguish between murder and the shedding of innocent blood—the former being spoken of as a crime for which atonement might be made, but for the latter there was no repentance on earth—it was an unpardonable sin. They were also taught to distinguish carefully between sins which might be forgiven, and sins for which pardon was impossible. Now the difference between murder and shedding innocent blood is this—the latter is the crime of killing a Saint, which can never be forgiven but by the death of the transgressor; but the former is of quite a different character. To murder a Gentile may sometimes be inexpedient, or perhaps even to a certain extent wrong, but it is seldom if ever a crime, and never an unpardonable sin.

A friend of mine was in a state of so-called apostasy from Mormonism. The Bishop went to her to expostulate, and told her that, if he were her husband, he would get rid of her and take away her children as well; he would not on any account live with her. "Perhaps," she said, "you would not allow me to live at all?" "Certainly not," he replied. "I would think about as much of killing you or any other miserable apostate as I would about killing a cat. If Brigham Young were to tell me to put you to death, I would do it with the greatest pleasure—and it would be for your good too."

Certain sins cannot be forgiven here on earth—shedding Mormon blood, divulging the secrets of the Endowment House, marital unfaithfulness on the part of the wife, or apostasy; these are unpardonable. All other crimes which Gentiles abhor may become even virtues, if done in the cause of the Church. I do not, of course, mean to say that the mass of the Mormon people *act up to* such atrocious doctrines; for although, when among themselves, they would

ed" for a whole fortnight over against another posse summoned without legal process, the two bodies burning with bitter hatred and breathing out threatenings and slaughter.

Such a state of affairs could not, of course, last long. On the one side the wildest statements were publicly made against the Government: threats which, uttered by a little band of pioneers against a mighty nation, were perfectly ridiculous. On the other hand, it was pretty certain that Government troops would have to be sent out to Utah to preserve the peace of the territory. The people were now thoroughly excited. Their religious antipathy, their political hatred—two of the most powerful passions which move individuals or bodies of men—had been appealed to, and both in public and private they had been stirred up to a pitch of frenzy which it is hardly possible

admit that the theory was correct, the better instincts of their nature keep them from ever putting that theory into practice. But what I do mean to say is, that such doctrines have, over and over again, been distinctly taught, in the plainest words, in the public hearing of thousands; that they have been printed and reprinted by authority; that they *have* been practised, and the very highest of the Mormon leaders have applauded; and that, even at the present moment, these doctrines form part of the dogmas of the Church. It is this day a matter of fact, and not a matter of question, that if any Mormon Apostate were to commit any of the unpardonable sins which I have mentioned, and if he or she were to be assassinated by a private individual, all zealous Mormons would maintain that not only was the deed justifiable, but even meritorious!

The doctrine of the "Blood Atonement" is that the murder of an apostate from Mormonism is a *deed of love*! If a Saint sees another leave the Church, or if even he only believes that his brother's faith is weakening, and that he will apostatize before long, he believes that the soul of his unbelieving brother will be lost if he dies in such a state, and that only by his blood being shed is there any chance of forgiveness for him; it is therefore the kindest action that he can perform toward him to shed his blood—the doing so is a deed of truest love. The nearer, the dearer, the more tenderly loved the apostate is, the greater the affection shown by the shedder of blood. These were the terrible teachings which have been brought to light; they had been whispered before among the elect, and had been acted upon by the "Avenging Angels," but before this they had never been publicly and intelligibly explained.

Jedediah M. Grant, an enthusiast of the wildest kind, a man without education or mental discipline of any description, one of the First Presidency and high in authority among the Saints, had occasion to attend a meeting which was held at Kaysville, a place about twenty-five miles distant from Salt Lake City, and he invited some of the elders to meet him there to take part in the proceedings. To one of these "Jeddy," as he was familiarly called, obligingly lent a mule: he himself did not accompany the party, but went on in advance. These elders were pretty well mounted, and one of them, being a good horseman, made the rest keep up with him. In consequence of this, when they arrived at Kaysville, the beasts were heated and tired. The Apostle "Jeddy" watched them but said nothing. Up to a certain point, the meeting passed off pleasantly enough; the elders present were "good at testimony," and strong in exhorting the hearers to faithfulness. Jeddy was the last speaker. He began in his usual way, but presently warmed up until he became quite excited, and then accused every one present of wrong-doing. The elders who had preceded him came in for their full share; he denounced them for their inconsistency and hypocrisy, and upbraided them for over-driving his mule and their own beasts. The Bishop of the place and his counsellors he accused of inactivity and carelessness; he called loudly upon every one present to repent and do their first works, threatening them with the speedy judgments of heaven.

All this was well enough if it had stopped there, for it might have been taken for just what it was—an ebullition of temper on the part of "Jeddy," who was naturally vexed that his mule had been overheated. But, like many other manias and epidemics, this Mormon movement began with a most insignificant trifle, and the spirit of fiery denunciation became perfectly contagious. Another meeting was held in the course of a few weeks, and then the mutual accusations of those who were present became, if possible, more bitter than before; the "Saints" were denounced as the vilest of sinners, and they were all commanded to be re-baptized. Accordingly, after the meeting, although it was night, a considerable number

were immersed by the elders, and Jeddy himself was so enthusiastically engaged in the performance that he remained in the water so long that he got a thorough chill, and contracted the disease of which he died.

Sunday after Sunday similar scenes were repeated in the Tabernacle, until, had it not been painful, the whole affair would have been ludicrous in the extreme. Every one had strayed from the path of duty, and the fact was announced in the strongest terms. People were called upon by name to publicly confess their sins, and many were then and there pointed out and accused of crimes of which they were entirely guiltless, but which they dared not deny. In the midst of all this, the duty of implicit obedience to the priesthood and the payment of tithes was loudly insisted upon.

The missionaries were sent out all over the territory, armed with the full authority of the priesthood, and with a catechism, which, on account of its obscene character, has since been bought up so successfully by Brigham Young that it is doubtful if there is a copy in existence. The Mormons have a curious way of appointing missionaries. If a man is weak in the faith—a depraved, bad man—or if a youth exhibits a disposition to sow his wild oats a little too luxuriantly, he is sent on his travels to preach the Gospel; nothing strengthens a man's faith, it is thought, more than having to defend it from the opposition of unbelievers, and the enforced good example which the missionary is obliged to set will, it is said, produce a salutary effect upon the exuberance of youth or the depravity of more mature years.

In the present instance many of the missionaries thus sent forth were known to be as immoral as they were ignorant. There was one terrible meeting, at which Brigham Young himself was put to the blush. Men of note were there; no one was present who did not belong to the priesthood. "Jeddy" held forth, and Heber and Brigham were strong upon the occasion. In the midst of the proceedings, Brother Brigham, full of confidence, in the plainest words called upon all who could not plead guiltless of certain crimes to stand up. Three-fourths of those present immediately arose. Utterly shocked, the Prophet entered into explanations; but, self-convicted, three-fourths of his hearers stood conscientiously firm. Even Brigham saw the necessity of taking some stringent measures. The Saints were told that if they were rebaptized their sins would be washed away, and they could then say they were not guilty of the crimes suggested in the catechism. Subsequently the catechism itself was, as I have already said, bought up and burnt.

The burden of every sermon was, unquestioning obedience, repentance, payment of tithing, and, above all, the taking of more wives. The missionaries, without the slightest ceremony, would visit the houses of respectable Saints, examine them out of the abominable catechism, and question husbands and wives in the presence of their children about even their very thoughts in a manner and upon subjects which would have justified their being hung up to the nearest tree.

Wicked ideas, the utterance of which should have called forth a blush, were suggested and explained to young children; while it would have been literally at the risk of life for their parents to have expostulated; to do so would have shown want of faith, and want of faith would have justified some fanatical Mormon in using his knife or his pistol for the loving purpose of cutting off his brother's soul from earth, in order to save it in heaven!

Meanwhile Jedediah did not for a moment cease his exhortations; the work must be done thoroughly; the Blood-Atonement must not be forgotten. On one occasion, in the Tabernacle, this crazy fanatic said: "I would advise some of you men here to go to President Young and confess your sins, and ask him to take you outside the city, and have your blood shed to atone for your sins." Heber C. Kimball, "the model

saint," after a speech to the same effect, added: "Joseph Smith was God to the inhabitants of the earth when he was among us, and *Brigham is God now!*"

Brigham Young himself, on the 21st of September, 1856, in a discourse delivered in the Bowery, Great Salt Lake City, and afterward reprinted by authority in the *Journals of Discourses*, vol. iv., pp. 53, 54, said: "The time is coming when justice will be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; when we shall take the old broadsword and ask, 'Are you for God?' and if you are not heartily on the Lord's side, *you will be hewn down!*"

"There are sins that men commit for which they cannot receive forgiveness in this world or in that which is to come"; and if they had their eyes opened to see their true condition, they would be perfectly willing to have their blood spilled upon the ground, that the smoke thereof might ascend to heaven as an offering for their sins, and the smoking incense would atone for their sins; whereas, if such is not the case, their sins would stick to them, and remain eternally with them in the spirit world. There are transgressors who, if they knew themselves, and the only condition upon which they can obtain forgiveness, would beg their brethren to shed their blood, that the smoke thereof might ascend to God as an offering to appease the wrath that is kindled against them, and that the law might have its course. I will say, further, I have had men come to me and offer their lives to atone for their sins.

"It is true that the blood of the Son of God was shed for sins through the fall and those committed by men, yet men can commit sins which it can never remit. As it was in ancient days, so it is in our day. There are sins that can be atoned for by an offering upon an altar, as in ancient days; and there are sins that the blood of a lamb, or a calf, or of turtle-doves, cannot remit, but *they must be atoned for by the blood of the man.*"

In a later Tabernacle sermon he said: "*I could refer you to plenty of instances where men have been righteously slain in order to atone for their sins.*" I have seen scores and hundreds of people for whom there would have been a chance (in the last Resurrection there will be) if their lives had been taken, and their blood spilled on the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the devil, until our elder brother, Jesus Christ, raises them up, and conquers death, hell, and the grave. The wickedness and ignorance of the nations forbid this principle being in full force, but the time will come when the law of God will be in full force. This is loving our neighbor as ourselves; if he needs help, *help him*; if he wants salvation, and it is necessary to spill his blood on the earth in order that he may be saved, *spill it*. Now, brethren and sisters, will you live your religion? How many hundreds of times have I asked that question—Will the Latter-Day Saints live their religion?"

And so, according to Young, their Prophet, this was the religion of the Saints! And the people acted up to the "religion" thus taught by shedding the blood of some whose souls they thus proposed to save. It is no secret that all this was understood *literally*.

(To be Continued.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for July:

Rise and Actings of the Last Antichrist. By Rev. L. Strong.

Watchers to be Translated Before the Final Tribulation.

The Personal Return of the Lord Jesus.

A Visit to Jerusalem.

A Financial Sign of our Times. By Rev. F. L. Chapell.

Prophetic Conference.

In What Sense it is to be Understood that Christ knew not the Day or Hour of His Own Coming to Judgment. By Rev. J. Edwards, D. D.

Future Decemregal Division of Cæsar's Roman Empire.

Events of the Time of the End.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 18. I Samuel 15: 10-23; Golden Text, I Samuel 15: 23.

A Commission to Saul—To Take Revenge on the Amalekites—Extermination Commanded—Another Opportunity for Saul—His Fatal Habit of Half Obeying—The Refuse Destroyed, and the Good Spared—A Common Sin—Discriminating Between God's Commands—Sparing the Amalekite, Self—Samuel's Grief Over Saul's Rejection—The Boastful Victor—Betrayed by His Spoils—Samuel's Reproach—Flying Upon the Spoil—Obedience the Supreme Test.

SAUL's first mistake in his position of king was, as we have already seen, in going before the Lord, and presuming to offer a burnt-offering in the place of Samuel, in order to regain for himself the confidence of the people. After this it was Jonathan, rather than he, who won laurels by his bravery. But amongst other wars Saul "gathered an host, and smote the Amalekites, and delivered Israel out of the hands of them that spoiled them" (ch. 14: 48). And subsequently it happened that Samuel, who had been rejected by the people as their judge, but who still served the Lord as His prophet, came to the king with a message from God concerning the Amalekites. Reminding Saul that God had sent him to anoint him king over Israel, he now exhorts him to "hearken . . . unto the voice of the words of the Lord." "The voice of the words," *i. e.*, the message to him, the awakening call to him that might be contained in them. This was the message: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way, when he came up from Egypt. Now go, and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass."

The Lord of hosts of those "ministers of His that do His pleasure." (Ps. 103: 21.) It was as though the Lord would say: "Saul, I give thee the chance to obey Me, and do My will, but I have hosts at My command, so that I am not dependent upon thee; My will will be done, whether by thy hand or not." "I remember that which Amalek did." How many there are who think that God's memory of sin is much like their own. It is only through the precious blood of Jesus that God can say, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. 8: 12) Moses had made Israel's battle the Lord's battle by trusting, not to the strength of the people, but by laying, by faith, his hand upon the throne of the Lord, and thereby appealing to His power; and the Lord accepted the trust, and Israel's enemy became God's enemy. And God remembered it. He

Never Forgets the Cause of His People.

His charge to Saul was clear, definite, and absolute, "utterly destroy, . . . spare them not, . . . slay." No living thing, neither man nor beast, was to live. Saul had a chance to retrieve his character, which he had lost with God by following his own devices, instead of exactly and punctiliously obeying the voice of the Lord. His first action was to number his own people, not to humble himself before God. He tested his strength, and forgot where his weakness lay. Then he went down to a city of Amalek, "and laid wait in the valley." He warned the Kenites to depart from the midst of Amalek, and so far all was well. The war was successful, and the Amalekites were completely routed. But just now, in the very flush of victory, Saul fell into his old snare of attempting to improve upon the commands of God by following his own devices. He obeyed God as far as it suited him, but made certain reservations of his own. He destroyed the people, but spared King Agag. It would look so grand to parade the captive king in his triumphal procession! it would so increase his popularity and his influence with the people! So, contrary to God's command, he spared Agag. Then, he and the people, perhaps by mutual consent, spared "the best of the sheep, and of the oxen, and of

the fatlings, and the lambs, and all that was good, and would not utterly destroy them; but everything that was vile and refuse, that they destroyed utterly." Alas, this is the character of

The Religion of Our Own Day!

Men make use of Christ to obtain the pardon of their sins, and then take what suits them of His commands, and cast aside all which do not suit their purpose. Many men who profess to know the pardon of their sins, never dream of such a thing as living not unto themselves, "but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." (II Cor. 5: 15.) They do not deny themselves, and take up their cross, and follow Christ, and so utterly destroy the Amalekite "self," who disputes Christ's empire over them, but they spare Agag. How few Christians, in entering into business, think, How can God be glorified in their business! How few there are who, on entering a house, and furnishing it, think, How can this house best serve God's interests! How few in the choice of their dress, or the style of their hair, think, How may the likeness of Jesus best appear in me? How few there are who have accepted of the high, heavenly, Christ-like calling to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully!"

God Was Not Asleep.

He who never slumbereth nor sleepeth (Ps. 121) had been looking on with observant, jealous, sorrowful eyes, and He spoke to His prophet, and said, "It repenteth Me that I have set up Saul to be king; for he is turned back from following Me, and hath not performed My commandments." And Samuel, instead of saying, as many another in his place would have said, "This is what I expected; I never thought it would answer for Saul to be king," cried unto the Lord all night. The prophet had no word for man; his grief was too deep to tell out, except to God. Oh, how different from many who are glad of the opportunity of telling out the faults of a rival! Samuel rose from his sleepless night to meet Saul. But he found that Saul had "set him up a monument" (R. V.), inflated with pride at his success, and that he was already gone to Gilgal. The old prophet followed him, and came where he was Saul took the initiative, without waiting for a word from Samuel, and he presumed to take the superior place and bless the prophet. "Blessed be thou of the Lord. I have performed the commandment of the Lord." Poor self-deceived Saul! And just so, many a Christian worker who does just what is pleasant in the way of work, and just what he enjoys and what brings glory to himself, deludes himself with the thought that he obeyed the commandments of the Lord. But any disobedience annuls and makes void all the obedience which may have gone before. "When the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity . . . all his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned." (Ezek. 18: 24.) Little was Saul prepared for the question of the prophet, coming with the power of the searching spirit of God. "What meaneth, then, this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and this lowing of the oxen which I hear?" O child of God, what mean these murmurings, this strife, these jealousies, these heart-burnings, these unkind remarks that I hear? What meaneth this self-indulgence, this pride, this vanity, this worldly conformity that I see?

Saul shifted the responsibility, in his cowardice and meanness, to the people. How unlike David, who, when he sinned by numbering the people, was ready to bear all the blame and "Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay, and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on; but he did not know all the unfoldings of the heart of God to His prophet, which had kept him wakeful while he, Saul, was sleeping in self-satisfied security. Then Samuel showed him how things looked in God's sight and in his. When Saul was little in his own eyes, God had anointed him king over Israel. As king, he was trusted with the carrying out of God's designs

against the Amalekites until they were consumed. But Saul had twisted the command of God, and severed himself out of the commission given him. "Wherefore, then, didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst

Fly Upon the Spoil,

and didst evil in the sight of the Lord?" Oh how often have we seen this flying upon the spoil! Sometimes in an open-air service we have heard words of solemn warning spoken, and poor lost sinners have been touched, and the tear has come to their eye, and apparently a break, and it seemed as though that soul might be won for God, and then a collection has been taken, jokes made about the money, all solemnity has gone, the Spirit has been grieved, and the awakened sinner, with a sigh, has turned away, and said, "All this is only a money-making concern!" God put an end to this flying upon the spoil!

"And Saul said unto Samuel, Yea; I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and have gone the way which the Lord sent me, and have brought Agag the king of Amalek, and have utterly destroyed the Amalekites." Was the king self-deceived? Did he think that the part of the command which he had obeyed, and which exactly suited his own will and plans, could be reckoned by God as though he had obeyed to the letter? Did he think that God exaggerated, or said more than He meant? Alas, if the greater part of professing Christians were tried by the Word, and by the testimony, how few would not be found wanting! Saul again hid behind the people, but Samuel did not so much as notice his allusion to them. Before God, as trusted to be Israel's king, Saul *was* the people, for they were bound to do as he commanded, and in blaming them he was either blaming his own command, or acknowledging that he had no command over them. The scathing words of Samuel admit of no such excuse. "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." God is not enriched by your gifts; it is ourselves He seeks. Paul shows us that the only reasonable sacrifice is our bodies. (Rom. 12: 1.) The example of our Lord is of a

Will Laid Down.

(Ps. 40: 3; John 6: 38.) Any amount of devotion or of service, so long as it is in our own will, and according to our own plans, is not, in the sight of God, so true a service as one single point in which our wills are yielded to Him. Samuel continued: "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the Word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king." Saul said, I have sinned, for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and thy words, because I feared the people, and obeyed their voice." What a confession, even if it had been true! But he pleaded with Samuel to turn with him and "worship the Lord." He would not come face to face with God himself, but would creep in behind Samuel's faith.

Samuel refused, because he had "rejected the Word of the Lord," and as the king laid hold of his garment, and it rent, he used the circumstance as a simile of how the Lord had rent the kingdom from him, to give it to a neighbor who was better than he, and added "Also the Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent; for He is not a man that He should repent." Once more the degraded king besought Samuel: it was a piteous request, "I have sinned, yet honor me now before the elders of my people, and before Israel"—help me to keep up appearances. Oh how much better to let the truth come out! Samuel turned, but only Saul made a pretence of worshipping the Lord. But Samuel must see God righted, and he "hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal." This sad part of Samuel's ministry was accomplished. The rejected king returned to his palace, and the prophet to his house, to mourn for his rival.

NOT SHUT IN.

The following lines were written by a lady who laid upon a bed of extreme suffering for many years.

"Shut in!" did you say, my sisters?
Oh, no! Only led away
Out of the dust and turmoil—
The burden and heat of the day—
Into the cool, green pastures,
By the waters calm and still,
Where I may lie down in quiet,
And yield to my Father's will.

Earth's ministering ones come round me
With faces kind and sweet,
And we sit and learn together
At the loving Saviour's feet;
And we talk of life's holy duties,
Of the crosses that lie in the way,
And they must go out and bear them,
While I lie still and pray.

I am not shut in, my sisters,
For the four walls fade away,
And my soul goes out in gladness,
To bask in the glorious day.
This wasting, suffering body,
With its weight of weary pain,
Can never dim my vision,
My spirit cannot restrain.

I wait the rapturous ending—
Or, rather, the entering in
Through the gates that stand wide open,
But admit no pain or sin.
I am only waiting, sisters,
Till the Father calls, "Come home!"
Waiting with my lamp all burning,
Till the blessed Bridegroom come.

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XII., No. 30. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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NASR-ED-DEEN, SHAH OF PERSIA, NOW ON A TOUR IN EUROPE.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

Significance of the Honors Paid to the Shah—Value of His Friendship to Russia and England—His Entertainment in London—Personal Appearance—A Costume Worth More than a Million Dollars—His Retinue—A Curious Superstition—Personal History—Early Hardships—Rugs Sold to Buy a Dinner—Previous Visits to Europe—An Interview with Jews—Miseries of Persian Jews—Christian Missions in Persia—Persia in Prophecy.

NASR-ED-DEEN, Shah of Persia, who is making a tour of Europe, has received attentions so effusive, both in Russia and England, that evidently some reason apart from his personality and his rank must have operated in both lands. A glance at the map of Asia suggests the reason. When the struggle between Russia and England for supremacy in Asia takes place, there will be no more potent aid to victory than the friendship of the ruler of Persia. Both politically and geographically a Persian alliance will be of overwhelming importance to either party. Perfectly understanding that fact, the Czar and the English royal family have vied with each other in doing him honor. Queen Victoria has emerged from her seclusion to give him a personal welcome, and the Prince of Wales has taken him around the country to show him whatever was deemed most likely to interest him. Reviews and social entertainments have been arranged for his diversion, he has been sumptuously lodged in the Queen's London palace, and no effort or cost has been spared to make his visit enjoyable.

His Personal Appearance

is arranged to dazzle the beholder. His costumes have been something absolutely gorgeous. The gold belt around his waist is fastened with the biggest emerald in the world. He wears breastplates of enormous diamonds, besides which he has a tremendous aigrette of brilliants in his hat, and strings of precious stones scattered all over him. A man who understands such things saw him at the opera, and said that he would be very glad to buy him as he stood for \$1,000,000 and return him next day unharmed, minus his clothes. His Majesty wears, among other ornaments, the sash of the Order of the Garter, to the centre of which he has fastened his enormous diamond called the Sea of Light. The man who had valued his Majesty at a million dollars did not notice this at first, but when he did, he admitted that he was willing to increase his price considerably.

His Retinue

is extensive. At the head of it is his Grand Vizier, Amin Sultan. There are sixteen Ministers, a general, and some masters of ceremonies, besides eight more lower officials, a French doctor, a Swedish dentist, and thirteen servants, as well as a little boy, a favorite of the Shah's, whose presence is said to be due to the fact that a soothsayer in whom the Shah has confidence told his Majesty that his life was mysteriously bound up with that of the boy, and that when the boy died, and not before, the Shah would die. The Shah therefore keeps him under his personal observation, and pays special care to the condition of his health. Among the other personages who travel in the suite of the Shah is the Chief of the Press, who in Persia has the rank of Minister. This notable journalistic luminary is named Mahmed-Hassan-Khan-Ekbalus-Saltan6. In addition to his official duties he edits no fewer than four newspapers—the *Iran*, the *Eltela*, the *Echo of Persia*, and the *Schhrew*, the latter being illustrated. He has written a history of the Kadjar dynasty, and founded a bureau in Teheran for the translation of European books and newspapers into Persian.

The Shah's Personal History

is remarkable, and has not been without trials and hardships. He is the son of the late Mehmed, Shah of Persia. He was born in 1829, and is therefore sixty years of age. He was called to the throne in 1848. When a youth, he and his mother were much neglected and had to undergo many humiliations. He was rather awkward in his manners and gait, and spoke in a timid,

hesitating way. Several years ago he drew one of the innumerable caricatures that with him form a source of unfailing amusement, and showed the sketch to his courtiers. "Who is this?" he asked of his minions. None dare speak. "That was I as I felt and looked at that time" he said. "Many a time did we lack food, my mother and I," he continued, drawing a deep sigh. "Where, then, were you fellows, who are now so lavish in your protestations?" This is very likely true, as Nasr-ed-deen was held in great detestation by his father, who was anxious that his second son should come to the throne. He was, however, at the age of fourteen, made Governor of Azerbeidjn, that north-western province whose capital is Tabriz. But fortune does not seem to have smiled on him, even in that position. There his father's ill-will followed him, and many a time his salary was so far in arrear that the young prince was

Deprived of the Necessaries of Life.

Once, after waiting for the wherewithal to keep body and soul together, a tax-collector sent what purported to be the revenues of a certain district. They consisted, however, only in kind—a number of fine rugs—and these had to be sold to an American dealer to furnish next day's dinner. It is said that when at last his unkind father died, "everybody who had by illegitimate means grown fat and rich under his father's reign, sought safety from the son's wrath in flight. None of the wives and children of the dead despot even troubled themselves about his remains. The corpse, only partially covered with a rug, lay uncared for in a back room of the castle at Teheran, with 'none so poor to do it reverence,' for four days and nights, till the long-neglected son and heir appeared and gave orders that all due honors and rites were to be paid to the remains."

The Shah is well versed in Persian and Turkish literature, is acquainted with history, and is a man of considerable discernment and sagacity. At the beginning of the war between Russia and Turkey in 1853, he declared his neutrality, but shortly before its close entered into a treaty with Russia. In the following year, in consequence of the occupation of Herat by Persian troops, the Government of India declared war against him on November 1, 1856. After a few months of hostilities, during which General Outram captured Kurrach, Bushire, and other places, a treaty of peace was signed at Paris by Lord Cowley and the Persian Ambassador, in which ample satisfaction was given to England. Of late years the Shah has acted in the most friendly manner toward England, and in 1866 a treaty for establishing telegraphic communication between Europe and India, through Persia, was signed at Teheran.

His First Visit to Europe

was in 1873, and as an evidence of the popularity of his rule, it may be mentioned that, though he was absent from his kingdom from May 12, till September 6, not one breath of sedition disturbed the political calm that reigned there. In four months he crossed the Caspian Sea to Astrakhan, ascending the river Volga, visited the cities of Moscow and St. Petersburg, crossed by rail to Berlin and Cologne, thence to Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Karlsruhe, and Baden, descended the Rhine to Bonn, then to Spa, Brussels, Ostend, Dover, London, and other places in England; he afterwards visited Paris, Geneva, Turin, Milan, Salzburg, Vienna, Brindisi, Constantinople, Poti, Tiflis, Baku, and thence returned to Euzeli, the Persian port at which he had first embarked in May. He paid a second visit to Russia in May, 1878, and a third time in June, this year. Then he went to Berlin, and after a short sojourn there, set out for England where he arrived on July 1.

An Interview With Jews

in England was an interesting incident of the Shah's visit. The *Jewish Chronicle* gives very weighty reasons for the intercession of influential Jewish magnates with his Persian Majesty. It says: "With the exception, perhaps, of Morocco, there is no country where the Jewish

inhabitants are subject to such disheartening conditions as exist in Persia. The cruelty which the Persian Jews have to endure at the hands of a fanatical population finds its counterpart and its consequence in the ignorance and debasement of its victims. Debarred from carrying on the ordinary trades of life, they have been compelled in many instances to earn their living by debased occupations. The Jews of Persia, unlike those in other countries, are steeped in chronic poverty.

'As Poor as a Jew'

ought long ago to have been included among Persian proverbs. 'Everywhere,' Mr. Cohen tells us, 'the Jews are utterly wretched. There are very few merchants among them; a small number of them are petty dealers, and the greater portion are paupers. Education is clearly perceived to be one sovereign remedy for their many ills. Schools, worthy of the name, do not exist among the Persian Jews, because the wretched state of the Jewish subjects of the Shah is such as to make any desire for education, any resolute and organized effort for their own advancement, almost an impossibility. No doubt, not a little of the poverty and apathy which are mainly responsible for the absence of education among the Jews of Persia are partly the result of conditions which affect Eastern populations generally, without distinction of race or religion. A vigorous attempt must be made both to ensure them better treatment at the hands of the general population, and to provide them with efficient secular instruction.'

The deputation, consisting of Lord Rothschild, Sir J. Goldsmid, M. P., Sir Albert Sassoon, Mr. Sebag Montefiore, Mr. Reuben Sassoon, and Rev. A. Lowy, presented a long address to the Shah at Buckingham Palace, in which, among other things, they thanked him for

His Promises

at his visit to England sixteen years ago, "that no social or political disabilities should be permitted to exist among his subjects in Persia, and that the Jews should not be deprived of their heritage or of any other rights of property, or ever be vexed or injured in any manner whatever under the plea that ancient customs justify their harsh treatment." They went on to ask the Shah to extend increased protection to the Jews of his dominions, and to devise measures aiming at the establishment, for their benefit, of State-aided schools.

The deputation thus concluded its address: "Finally, we petition your Majesty to renew throughout the provinces of Persia those gracious edicts which your Majesty has promulgated during the last sixteen years, and which through their repetition will still more effectually imbue all races creeds and classes with principles of equality and enlightened toleration. For it still occurs in some of the remoter provinces of your vast Empire, where the authorities have not the advantage of studying immediately and continuously your Majesty's enlightened and benevolent wishes, that many of the old usages of which your Majesty has disapproved are still resorted to, and in consequence the Jews in those regions are subjected to degrading treatment."

The Shah's Reply

was made in a few words to Malcom Khan, who, turning to the members of the deputation, said that he had been commanded by the Shah to thank the British Jews for their good wishes. His Majesty desired to treat all his subjects with the same consideration and attention, and the Jews were his particular care. His Majesty desired it to be known that the humblest of his subjects had the right to appear before him and to make to him personally any complaints of ill-treatment or of oppression.

Missionary Efforts in Persia

will, it may be hoped, be stimulated by the interest the Shah's visit is awakening. That they are sorely needed, may be inferred from a speech made at the recent International Missionary Conference in London by the Rev. R. Bruce, who said: "It is a remarkable fact that, with the exception of the American missionaries of Ar-

menia and the north of Persia, until a few years ago no society took the initiative of sending the Gospel either to Arabia or Persia, and mission work was begun in each of those two lands by two young men, each of whom had taken the highest honors at Cambridge, and was sent out by no society, but went out at his own charges; and each of whom, in God's mysterious providence, died within a year or little more of entering on his work. I mean Henry Martyn and the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer. It has fallen to my lot in the last twenty years to have a small parish, half of which is inhabited by Persians, and the other half, or nearly half, by Arabs. I do not think there is any part of the world, at least none occupied by missionaries, which brings before us more vividly the condition of things where the witness has not yet been borne. In 1869, after having spent ten years in India, when I was going back I happened to pass through Persia.

A Great Famine

came while I was there, and during the months of the famine, in answer to a prayer which was offered with the expectation, or with the very weak hope indeed, of getting a small sum, God sent us \$80,000 in the eight months that the famine lasted; and as soon as the mission was taken up by the Church Missionary Society, the American missionaries having moved to the north of Persia, the whole of the southern half of Persia, to which afterwards Babylonia was added, became the parish or district in which, for a great many years, I have labored alone. This, which I call my parish, contains an area of 500,000 square miles. It contains *three of the ancient kingdoms of the Bible*—the whole of Babylonia, the whole of Elam, and the whole of the ancient kingdom of Persia—the whole of the Persian Gulf, and a good slice of Arabia; and in the whole of this district, for a great many years while I was in it, I was the only minister of the gospel, with the exception of priests of the Eastern churches, and they made no effort to preach the gospel to the people.

"In the centre of Persia, where we live, not only are the Christians no longer persecuted, but the Mohammedans are oppressed by the governors, and the Christians are never oppressed by them; and I think that the time is coming when we shall see—indeed, I think that we can already see—the purpose of mercy which God had in allowing these Christians to be scattered through these two Mohammedan lands."

Persia in Prophecy.

Persia with Media was the Second Gentile Empire of the Four successive Universal Empires prefigured by the Four Wild Beasts of Daniel 7, and the Four Parts of Nebuchadnezzar's Image in Daniel 2. It possessed comparatively universal power during the reigns of Darius, Cyrus, Xerxes, Artaxerxes, etc., until the Third Empire—Alexander the Great's Macedonian Empire—superseded it B. C. 331. But during the final 3½ years, from 1897 to 1901, the Last Head of the Roman Empire—the Great Antichrist, Napoleon—will revive and reconstruct Nebuchadnezzar's Image by becoming the embodiment of all the political dominions of the Four Prophetic Empires, viz., the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Macedonian, and Roman Empires. Therefore, by 1897 Persia will not be ruled by the present Shah, but will, together with Syria, be ruled by one of future Ten Kings under a Napoleonic Emperor prefigured by the Ten Toes of Daniel's Prophetic Image.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

An Inebriate's Mistake.—Mr. W. A. Campbell observes: "I knew a man who had been a great drunkard, but pulling himself up, he determined, with much show of resolution, to reform. He decided to do so, and I told him the right thing to do was to come to Christ. He needed and could not dispense with His help. He gave up drink, and for years was a sober man. Then he fell, relapsed into his former drunken habits, and sank even lower than he was before. Ten devils dwelt where only one abode before. I hope, ere the poor fellow died, he really found Christ as his Saviour; but I don't know for certain. That man was called a backslider by many; but I do not think he was; he had never been converted. He thought all he needed was to be saved from drunkenness, but he had to put himself under Christ's saving and protecting power. Many people are thought to be converted, and even persuade themselves that they are so, when they have made only a moral reform. Oh, see that you are resting on the sure Rock, which is Jesus Christ!"

The Railway Speculators' Duel.—"A few years ago, two great railway men in New York were fighting for the control of the railways. It was agreed that the two should meet in Wall Street upon a certain day, the one as a *bull*, and the other a *bear*—the one to raise the market, and the other to pull it down. They came together. The whole financial world trembled with the blow. At first they did not know the result; but soon it was found that Commodore Vanderbilt had taken all the other's millions. A few years later Vanderbilt died. He left all his wealth, and in the grave there was no difference between the ruined and the successful speculator. The difference existed for only a few years, but in eternity—long, rolling, never-ending eternity—their worldly wealth counted not. They were judged by their spiritual wealth, which in this world was counted as not existing. On that day, which is speedily drawing near, in which we are judged, it will be found that many who were deemed rich are poor, and some whom we thought poor have true riches."

The Standard-Bearer's Heroism.—"Almost up! almost up!" was the cry of the wounded sergeant, as they laid him down on the battlefield, and watched tenderly his dying struggles. "Where did they hit you, sergeant?" "Almost up!" "No, sergeant, but where did the ball strike you?" "Almost up!" was the reply. "But, sergeant, you do not understand: where are you wounded?" Turning back the cloak which had been thrown over the wound, he showed the upper arm and shoulder mangled with a shell. Looking at his wound, he said, "That was what did it. I was hugging the standard to my blouse, and making for the top. I was almost up, when that shell knocked me over. If they had let me alone a little longer—two minutes longer—I should have planted the colors on the top—almost up! almost up!" The fight and the flag held all his thoughts. And while his ear was growing heavy in death, with a flushed face and look of ineffable regret, he was repeating, "Almost up! almost up!" "Almost up!" Let us as Christians ask what is our ambition? Do the battle and flag fill all our thoughts?

A Designing Life Assurance Agent.—"I remember a man who attended the church of which I was pastor. He first came to our prayer-meeting, where he testified and prayed. He had a most unctuous tone about him, and was most agreeable, and some of the brethren thought he was just the man they wanted, especially as he had a little money, and hoped he would join our church. They hoped to make a gain of his money, and he hoped to do the same of their godliness. One day he came to me and said he thought God had made it plain to him that he should join our church. He had been with us about six months when I heard that he had joined another church. I felt rather sad about it, and went to see him. In explanation,

he said that the Lord had let him go to this other church. Well, I could say nothing about it, but soon afterwards I heard that he had left that church and joined a third. The fact was, he had opened a new agency for life assurance, and he joined a church, remaining there until he had got the leading men insured in his office, then off he went to another to repeat his game. I heard that ultimately he was sent to the penitentiary. That man was one of the species who make a profession of religion for some pecuniary benefit to be derived therefrom. They go to church to please someone who has it in his power to put profit in their way, or because it looks more respectable, and gives them a better standing in the world."

Modern Pharisees and Their Child.—"I heard of a husband and wife, the other day, who though not Christians, wished to have their child christened. They called upon the minister to make the necessary arrangements, and were asked if they were communicants. They replied they were not. At once the clergyman told them he could not perform the ceremony; it was against the law to baptize any but the children of church members. 'Oh, we'll join your church, and I suppose that will be all right.' The pastor asked them a few questions, which showed him that they knew nothing about religion; then, faithful to his duty, he informed them he could not admit them to the church. 'That does not matter much,' remarked the man, as they rose to go, 'I know a church where they will let me in.' He went to that church, where the ministerial examination was not so strict, and was admitted a member, and got his child baptized. These parents were formalists. How many of these have we in our churches today? Let the Church herself first become pure, and wait upon God in humility; then, as in former times, God will show Himself in a mighty awakening."

A Profane Jeweller's End.—A Minister relates: "Some years ago, I lived near a jeweller who often worked in an out-building in his garden. On one occasion I ventured to remonstrate with him upon his constant swearing, but he only cursed the more, and went in-doors, blustering and saying, 'I shall do as I like! I don't want to be preached at; my health is good, my business prospers, I never knew what trouble was. What have I to care for?' Shortly after, he had to prove the truth of the text, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow.' Trouble upon trouble rolled over him, like the waves of a sudden storm after a calm. His wife was suddenly taken away, then he lost several of his children. From these blows, strong man as he was, he never recovered, but still he clung to the mistaken idea that he should not die. One day, a friend, taking advantage of his calamities, besought him to seek God, against whose mercy he had so long closed his heart, and also reminded him that his losses were warnings from God. 'There is plenty of time yet,' he replied. Not long after this, serious illness laid him upon his bed. One morning, after a drowsy sleep, he was heard to cry out, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! Oh, what have I done to be thus afflicted and tormented!' But still the unhappy man scorned the idea of another world; 'There is no such place as hell,' were his words, 'and if there is a God, He will pardon when I get to the place where He dwells.' The Sunday before his death a friend tried to read the Bible to him, but he stormed so angrily that the visitor was obliged to rush out of the room. Three days after, his last hour came, and just after 12 o'clock, with his eyes starting from their sockets, he cried, 'They are coming, oh, they are coming; help! help! will no one help me? Oh God! wilt thou not help me? must I go to that dreadful place after all, that place in which I did not believe? Yes, yes, they are upon me; oh, help! help! help!' and he fell back dead."

Holy Ghost Days. By Mrs. M. Baxter.—A volume containing 144 pages. Price, neatly bound in cloth, 35 cents, including postage. Address Manager CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York.

HOW TO CONQUER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday, July 21, 1889, at Culver Park Assembly, Lake Maxinkuckee, Indiana.

"When shall I awake, I will seek it yet again." Prov. 23: 35.

Solomon's Portrayal of a Mental Struggle—A Prodigal's First Impulse to Return—Obstacles in the Way of Restoration—Moral Gravitation—The Bonds of Habit—The Tippler Trying to Quit—A Smoker's Struggle—A Burning Ship Going Over Niagara—A Suggestive Statue in Paris—Obstacles in Society—A Prodigal's Reception in a Church—The Gospel in a Handshake—How to Overcome the Obstacles—Seek God—A Wounded Soldier at Antietam—Quit Bad Companions—Seek Christian Advice—A Night on the Old Farm—Returning Too Late.

WITH an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped

Aside From the Path

of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better, he says: "When shall I awake? when shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated habit, and forced down-hill by his passions, he cries out, "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray—

How is He to Get Back?

That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this evening to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear this discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any in this house, come with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand, and call them brother. Look up! There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of Gospel deliverance. The Church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return, and how to surmount those obstacles.

The First Difficulty

in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything which you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad. Which most affected you? Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them are pure, and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah! my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation. But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation in every one of us, but power in God's grace to overcome that force of moral gravitation.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, ruining him body, mind, and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down-stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn

The Boat Up-stream,

is it easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our hearts and our bad habits, we are sailing down-stream; but the moment we try to turn, we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row upstream. Take a man given to the habit of using tobacco, as most of you do, and let him resolve to stop, and he finds it very difficult. Twenty-one years ago I quit that habit, and I would as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as once to indulge in it. Why? Because it was such a terrible struggle to get over it.

Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has tried to stop smoking! After a while he says, "I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand me. I'm going back to the old habit."

And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to smoking. Oh, the fact is, as we all know, that

Habit is a Task-master;

as long as we obey it, it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips, and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Jugernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night, and tossed over the Falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids, and through the awful night of temptation, toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them! God only can arrest them.

Suppose a man, after five or ten or twenty years of evil-doing, resolves to do right. Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries: "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the windows of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with an inflamed, tantalizing, and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death leap.

How many there are who resolve on a better life, and say: "When shall I awake?" but, seized on by their old habits, cry: "I will try it once more: I will seek it yet again!" Years ago, there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air-hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out: "One round more!" He swept around, and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the "one round more."

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices,

Society Repulses Him.

Desiring to reform, he says: "Now, I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look as much as to say: "Why, you here? You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door," instead of saying: "Good morning; I am glad you are here. Come; I will give you a first-rate seat, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer-meeting, and some Christian man, with more zeal than common sense, says: "Glad to see you; the dying thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you."

The Young Man, Disgusted,

chilled, throws himself on his dignity, resolved he will never enter into the house of God again. Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he slides up by some highly respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street. Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation; instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand, he offers him the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face! Oh, how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good honest hand-shaking! Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind, and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses he runs against

Repulsions Innumerable.

We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there come to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people almost throw up their hands in horror, as much as to say: "Isn't it shocking!" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven, I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with publicans and sinners.

Oh! ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination. It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles, and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership, and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of a church he is going to join. Oh, my friends, it is

A Poor Time to Talk

about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist love-feasts, and baptisteries to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the Gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life-boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live on my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh! you ought to have, my brother, an illumined face and hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way. Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipation shake the book, remembering that "he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how

The Shackles May be Unriveted,

and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to Him frankly and earnestly, and tell Him these habits you have, and ask Him, if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs," and "ahs," and "forever and ever, amens"! Go to God and cry for help! help! and if you cannot cry for help, just look and live. I remember, in the late war, I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle, and said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord, and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is no small thing, when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him, and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts His right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Blessed be God for such a gospel as this! "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God, there is

A Full Loaf for Every One

that wants it! Bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table! I remember when the Master Street Hospital, in Philadelphia, was opened during the war, a telegram came, saying: "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night; be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags the most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where

you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds! Pardon for all your guilt! Comfort for all your troubles!

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your bad associations.

One Unholy Intimacy

will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the Church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed. Go home to-day, open your desk, take out letter paper, stamp, and envelope, and write a letter something like this:

"My Old Companions: I start this day for heaven. Until I am persuaded you will join me in this, Farewell."

Then sign your name, and send the letter by the first post. Give up your bad companions, or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions, nor two bad companions—but one. What chance is there for that young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, halting in front of a grog shop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after a while they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also, seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If you find no other human ear willing to listen to your story of struggle come to me, and I will, by every sympathy of my heart, and every prayer, and every toil of my hand, stand beside you in the struggle for reformation; and as I hope to have my own sins forgiven, and hope to be acquitted at the judgment-seat of Christ, I will not betray you. First of all seek God, then

Seek Christian Counsel.

Gather up all the energies of body, mind, and soul, and appealing to God for success, declare, this day, everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing: it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost! Push on, and you are saved! A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood, and wrote on a rock, near which he was dying, "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood, and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Oh, what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the country! They go to the post-office every day or two to see if there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear! Nothing would please them half so much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack, through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses, just having frisked up through the meadow at the nightfall, stand knee-deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The porch of the hovel is full of fowl. In

The Old Farm-House at Night

no candle is lighted, for the flames clap hands about the great backlog, and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of! After a while the father breaks the silence and says: "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town to-night?" And the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 o'clock—for they retire early in the country—at 8 o'clock they kneel down, and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land, and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment, and said:

"The Proudest Moment"

of my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents in the country that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God, and become eternal victor.

Oh! despise not paternal anxiety. The time will come when you have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer.

Dead! Dead!

And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! *God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart!* Better if he had never been born—better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sepulchred! There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

(See Illustration on page 477.)

A COMMON scene in the deserts of Africa and Arabia is depicted in the accompanying illustration. The Bedouin Arabs are wanderers, and they roam through all the country stretching from the borders of Persia on the east to the western coast of Africa. They are supposed to be descendants of Ishmael, of whom the angel said (Gen. 16:12), "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The words apply to the Bedouin Arabs, for they have no national existence nor national history.

The Arab is remarkable for his valor and his impatience of control. His power of endurance on long marches in his native deserts is unequalled. He is proud of his race, and entertains a hearty contempt for the negroes, whom he kills or sells into slavery without compunction. He hates the European, and despised him, until, in recent conflicts, he has tasted the power of modern guns. In his tent the Arab is indolent; his only occupation is feeding the horse or milking the camels in the evening, and he now and then goes to hunt with his hawk. A man, hired for the purpose, takes care of the herds and flocks, while the wife and daughters perform all the domestic business. They grind wheat in the hand-mill, or pound it in the mortar; they prepare the breakfast and dinner; knead and bake the bread; make butter, fetch water, work at the loom, mend the tent-covering, and are indefatigable; while the husband or brother sits before the tent smoking his pipe, or is engaged in plundering some passing caravan.

In matters of religion the Bedouins are lax Mohammedans of that form of Islamism which was originated in the latter end of the twelfth century by Abdel Wahab, who sought to extend its influence over them. This may be described as a Mohammedan puritanism incorporated with a Bedouin government, in which the great chiefs are the recognized political and religious leaders.

AMONG THE APACHES.

In a letter just received from the Rev. W. F. Re Qua, which is dated Anadarko, Ind. Ter., July 6, he announces his arrival at the Government distributing agency, whither every two weeks the Apaches, Wichitas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches, and Kiowas come for rations. He had pitched his large tabernacle tent, and was preparing to hold meetings. He is disappointed in not having the organ, on which he had set his heart. Fifteen dollars toward the purchase has been sent to him, but the balance which he hoped would have come in had not arrived, so he is without that means of attracting the Indians. This is a pity, for music is a very potent agency in drawing them and arousing their interest. "The Lord knows best" is the consoling reflection Mr. Re Qua makes.

While waiting the arrival of those who come for rations, Mr. Re Qua is doing gospel work from tent to tent. One of the employees at the agency said this had never been done at that place before, and he was astonished to see how gladly the Indians welcomed the missionary and how attentively they listened to him. They had never shown any signs before of being susceptible to religious influences, and no one supposed they would listen to preaching and singing. The tribes around Anadarko number from *thirty to thirty-five thousand, and they are practically heathen!* It is a terrible thought that they are living in a Christian land among Christian people and have never heard of Christ.

Here as elsewhere Indian orphans are numerous. They are growing up without education or religious training. Mr. Re Qua while among the Shawnees spoke to Major Porter, the Government allotting agent, about his project of an orphanage. Major Porter said it was an excellent idea and would be a great blessing to the Indians. He showed practical interest by promising to allot a large section of land as a site, whenever Mr. Re Qua should have sufficient funds to begin building. Mr. Re Qua saw the land, which is conveniently situated in the Potawatomie country and near a railroad. He is full of faith that God will eventually enable him to enter upon this field which promises so rich a harvest. His permanent address is McAlester, Ind. Ter. Cheques or post-office orders sent to him there will be gladly received.

A PRACTICAL LESSON TO A BOY.

In a volume on "Life in Uganda," just published by Mr. Robert P. Ashe, the friend and companion in missionary labor in Africa of Mr. Mackay, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on February 20, occurs the following amusing incident:

As I made my way to the king's enclosure I overtook a large party of women, the harem of some great chief, preceded by a small boy. In Buganda small boys are the custodians of the women. The little boy in question carried a thick stick not altogether for ornament, and marched at the head of his convoy. A poor peasant was coming in the opposite direction, carrying some sweet-potatoes on his head. At a signal from the Kadu Lubare (head-wife), the youngster in charge swaggered up to him, and ordered him to stand and deliver. The man, not liking to lose his dinner, demurred, whereupon the urchin began to lay his heavy stick across the back of this insolent slave who dared to refuse his potatoes to his superiors. I had stopped my donkey, and was watching the scene with much interest and amusement, but when the peasant began to receive a cudgelling, I thought it past a joke, so I slipped down and came up suddenly behind the young brave and put my arms round him. He at once became powerless, and the owner of the potatoes made off as quickly as he could.

The ladies and the young squire began to abuse me roundly for having so rudely interfered. I replied by grabbing the boy's fine stick, and then remounted the donkey and went on. He came and begged hard for it, but I said "No; I was good before I saw you, but you have taught me

to steal, and I like your stick." . . . I left him to digest this practical sermon on the eighth commandment. I had seen a similar party a few days previously meet a little girl and quietly strip her of her clothing, and leave her to go on her way without a single rag. Sometimes women hoeing near the roadside will capture a passer-by, and on pain of a severe castigation or of robbing him, will make him take a turn at the spade while they have a smoke.

After the interview with the king Mr. Ashe found the youthful owner of the stick waiting to try for it again, and good-naturedly returned it to him. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Ashe, immediately after Mtesa's death, interceded for the life of Mwanga, the young king who afterwards had Bishop Hannington murdered, which was in danger according to custom, and apparently saved it. Perhaps this may account for the fact that while so many lives were lost, both Mr. Ashe and Mr. Mackay were spared.

BISHOP TAYLOR'S TRAVELS.

A LETTER from Bishop Taylor published in his *African News* gives the following account of his recent movements: I sailed on the steamship *Gertrude Woerman* from Cape Palmas on April 23, bound for Angola and the Congo. I visited all our occupied stations on the Liberian coast, except two that I could not reach in the time I had. All are doing fairly well, some very well, and all our new workers are doing splendidly. I selected most of them last summer. Any one who can dig holes in the ground can make a subsistence here the first year; but to grow plenty to live on, and to live on what he grows, are two different things. More time is required *to learn to eat what we grow* than to grow what we eat, and judicious treatment is required. Necessity is the most effective cure-all, but is so unpopular we don't like to trust to him alone, for he makes no allowances for capricious appetites, dyspeptic turns, and the great change produced in one's feelings from sickness or otherwise. So we keep a small supply of staple food from home at each station until we can grow sugar-cane and coffee, and be entirely self-supporting, and able from indigenous resources to found new stations. Suppose in food supplies and clothing it shall require \$100 a year for each station of two or more missionaries for four or five years—that is a great gain over the salary system. It takes a coffee orchard or plantation four or five years to begin to produce much, but then it will go on producing for fifty years without resetting. Our people are well, happy, and hopeful.

THE CREMATION OF A PRINCESS.

AN interesting ceremony was witnessed recently in Laos. Mrs. Peoples, who with other American missionaries is laboring at Lakawn in that state, writes that she recently attended the cremation of the governor's wife, who died about a year ago, and whose body had since been lying in state in the palace. She says that on arriving at the scene of the burning they found that a large wooden pagoda, thirty-five feet high, had been erected in front of the palace, with the great gilded coffin in the centre.

At the appointed hour the governor came, heralded by a gong—his official seal borne upon a large gold vase covered with a rich velvet cloth in front of him. He was carried by his slaves on a handsomely furnished litter; a magnificent silk damask umbrella, six feet across, having a silver standard twelve feet in length, protected his head. Slaves bore his water-jar and gold drinking-cup, richly embroidered pillow, &c., while a small colony constituted his bodyguard, armed with curious ancient spears, lances, battle-axes, swords, and guns, heavily mounted with gold and silver. In his train followed a long line of princes all upon litters surrounded by their attendants. After the company of princes came a person carrying a large silver vase containing the jewels of the dead woman. Following him were a dozen little yellow-robed priests, then the full-grown head-priests came into view. After them walked

the princesses, each with a hand on the rope, some carrying a stick of firewood, but all with attendants at the side. Following them were the relatives and slaves of the deceased, all with sticks for the burning.

The crematory car was built upon wooden runners, or skids. At the base the car was about eight feet by twelve, and seemed nearly forty feet to the spire. The lower posts and timbers were covered by lattice-work, and the whole structure was artistically papered with red, yellow, and gilt paper. About fifteen feet from the ground, through the arches, we could see *the coffin*, buried in rich garments of brocade, gold cloth, plush, satin, and broadcloths—supposed to be the property of the dead princess. Above rose spires and pinnacles, ending in gilded points that glistened in the sunlight.

All who had brought wood placed it upon the car. Then the priests walked in procession around the funeral pyre, chanting their sad dirge. When they had finished, the friends and relatives walked round three times, and were followed in turn by the governor and princes. There was doubtless a fuse running to the spire, for at the touch of a match an instantaneous flame rose from base to peak, and the top burned first. "We were all glad we went, for, although our inclinations do not lead us to seek such amusements, our being there was evidently very gratifying to the princes, and we feel that it has brought us nearer to them."

THE BURIED TESTIMONY.

THE discussions, so long carried on between the critics of the Bible, and Christians who contend for the authenticity and accuracy of its historical statements, have received a valuable contribution from Professor Sayce, who has been engaged for several months in Egypt deciphering the library of tablets recently discovered in the palace of Amenophis III. Among other facts brought to light by these tablets is that the Biblical account of Joseph's supremacy in Egypt is confirmed by the royal archives. In a paper on the subject read before an historical society, Professor Sayce says: "Ever since the progress of Egyptology had made it clear that Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of the oppression, it was difficult to understand how so long an interval of time as the whole period of the eighteenth dynasty could lie between him and the 'new king,' whose rise seems to have been followed almost immediately by the servitude and oppression of the Hebrews. The tablets of Tel-el-Amarna now show that the difficulty does not exist. Up to the death of Khu-en-Aten the *Semite had greater influence than the native in the land of Mizraim.*"

Professor Sayce went on to say: "From these tablets we learn that in the fifteenth century before our era—a century before the exodus—active literary intercourse was going on throughout the civilized world of western Asia, between Babylon and Egypt and the smaller states of Palestine, of Syria, of Mesopotamia, and even of eastern Cappadocia. And this intercourse was carried on by means of the Babylonian language, and the complicated Babylonian script. This implies that, all over the civilized East, there were libraries and schools where the Babylonian language and literature were taught and learned. Babylonian, in fact, was as much the language of diplomacy and cultivated society as French has been in modern times, with the difference that, whereas it does not take long to learn to read French, the cuneiform syllabary required years of hard labor and attention before it could be acquired. We can now understand the meaning of the name of the Canaanitish city which stood near Hebron, and which seems to have been one of the most important of the towns of southern Palestine. Kirjath-Sepher, or *Booktown*, must have been the seat of a famous library, consisting mainly, if not altogether, as the Tel-el-Amarna tablets inform us, of clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters. As the city also bore the name of Debir,

or 'Sanctuary,' we may conclude that the tablets were stored in its chief temple, like the libraries of Assyria and Babylonia. It may be that they are *still lying under the soil*, awaiting the day when the spade of the excavator shall restore them to the light."

THE SECOND RESURRECTION.

By Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D.*

A Judgment of Many Stages—The Beginning at Christ's Advent—Rapture Indicating Acceptance—The Reward of the Righteous Apportioned—The First Resurrection an Award in Itself—The Work Tested—The Resurrection to Judgment.

THAT wondrous judgment-parable of our Lord recorded in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, seems to be opened out by later revelations so as to have an age-long reach. Resurrection and judgment are counterparts; and as the rising of the dead foretold by Christ in the gospel of John (5: 28), though seeming to be a simultaneous event for the righteous and for the wicked, is shown in the later Revelation of John to take place in two stages

A Thousand Years Apart;

so the judgments in which these respective resurrections issue are separated by an entire millennium. Laying the prophecy of the twenty-fifth of Matthew alongside this of the fifth of John, we judge that they exactly harmonize: that the time when the Son of man shall "sit upon the throne of His glory" is the whole millennial period: that the time when the righteous dead shall hear the King say unto them, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," is at the coming of Christ in the beginning of the millennium, which is "the resurrection of life;" that the time when the unrighteous dead shall hear the sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into eternal fire" is at the close of the millennium, which is "the resurrection of condemnation."

While this is so, we should not err in saying that in one sense the judgment of the righteous and of the wicked is simultaneous. For, since resurrection is the great declarative act of justification, the coming forth of the righteous from the tomb at the advent of Christ, is their open acquittal and vindication before the universe: while the non-resurrection of the wicked is their silent condemnation—which silent condemnation, however, is to be made public and visible at the second resurrection and the great white-throne judgment at the end of the millennium.

It has been maintained that the scene in the twenty-fifth of Matthew is strictly and only a judgment of the living nations. It is clearly this; but the question is, whether this prophetic picture of our Lord is not

A Composite Photograph

comprehending in a single view all the stages and subjects of the judgment. While acknowledging the exceeding difficulty of harmonizing all the texts relating to this subject, we conceive of the great transaction thus: Judgment begins at the house of God, when the Master of the house returns in the clouds of heaven. Instantly there is a separation of the wheat from the tares; of the sheep from the goats; of the Bride from the harlot. By resurrection and translation, the faithful living and the faithful dead are instantly brought into one company in the skies: by non-resurrection and devastating judgments, the apostate dead and the apostate living are brought into the other company in Hades. Thus, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, judgment is pronounced for both.

Now the reward of the righteous begins. That manifestation predicted in the words, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that everyone may receive the things done in his body according to that which he hath done, whether it be good or bad," at last takes place. This is

Not a Judgment of Believers

as to the question of life or death: into such judgment it is distinctly declared they do not

enter: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation but is passed from death unto life." (John 5: 24.) The first resurrection is itself the award of life; and they who now stand in their risen and immortal bodies have passed beyond all possible inquisition concerning the inheritance of life eternal. But into strict and solemn investigation concerning their works, they do now come; for at length is that scripture fulfilled, "Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." (1 Cor. 3: 13.) Doubtless there will stand before the Lord in that day many who are

Saved but Unrewarded,

redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, but not recompensed at the resurrection of the just; their works burned up as worthless; but themselves saved so as by fire (1 Cor. 3: 15). But to such as have borne the cross and endured hardness, this is the time of reward: "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give to every man according as his work shall be." And this recompense we believe will consist in no vague and transcendental joys of song and rapture and repose. That repeated strain in the parable which follows that of the ten virgins—"Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things"—seems to indicate the nature of

The Saints' Inheritance.

Reigning with Christ over the earth throughout the millennium, their rank in His manifested kingdom will be according to their fidelity during the time of his absence. In the judgment of the nations, which now follows, they will be associated with their Lord—"Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?" (1 Cor. 6: 2)?—and in their nearness to Him in honor and authority will consist the greatness of their reward. It is not necessary to believe that the saint's reward will be altogether earthly or civil; but nevertheless there is a meaning which must not be spiritualized away in the beatitude of our Lord: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth" (Matt. 5: 5); and in the award of the nobleman returning from a far country to set up his kingdom: "Well, thou good servant; because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." (Luke 19: 17.)

At the end of the millennium occurs the second resurrection. So far as there is a quickening of "the rest of the dead," those left behind at the sound of the advent trumpet a thousand years before—it is strictly a "resurrection unto judgment." Here in the vision of the great white throne which follows, we find "the book of life" opened, and "whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Those whose names were in the book have already been living and reigning with Christ a thousand years; therefore, unless we think of them as now leaving their thrones and crowns and coming before the bar of God to be tried for their lives, we cannot conceive of their being the subjects of this solemn inquisition; and as we have already seen, the Scripture declares that they will not be, since they have already passed from death unto life, and come not into judgment.

But, holding that the righteous and unrighteous still die during the millennium, it appears that there will be saints as well as sinners in the second resurrection. Hence, there will be

A Judgment of Works,

when the assize of the great white throne and of Him that sits on it shall open. How solemnly therefore it reads: "And the sea shall give up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works."

Such seems to be the order as we gaze through the long and solemn perspective of the judg-

ment scene; but if our readers shall put a question mark against many of our conclusions, we shall not be surprised. There is a massing of shadows and a concentration of mystery about the whole scene which invest it with unutterable awe. We are willing to leave the shadows unlifted and the mystery unsolved if, "knowing therefore the terror of the Lord," we may "persuade men."

MISTAKES IN PROPHETIC STUDY.

By Rev. H. E. Brooke.

I HAVE been thinking of a prophetic conference which took place many hundred years ago—a very small one, begun by two, joined afterward by a third. The two were expressing their disappointment that their own prophetic scheme had fallen through. The third who joined them chided them: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all the prophets have spoken." They studied prophecy but they did not take in all the teachings of Scripture on the subject. They had taken in the glory, but were not prepared for the suffering which shattered their hopes. It seems to me the

Reproof is Needful

to-day. We do not take in *all* that the prophets have spoken. May the outcome of our study be fresh light on portions which we have not previously considered!

Now the apostolic epistles contain about *twenty-eight definite allusions* to our Lord's second coming. Of these twenty-eight, five occur in the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, and two in the Second Epistle, that is, seven allusions in the first pair of epistles written by Paul. The next pair of epistles—those to the Corinthians—contain five allusions. That is, out of the twenty allusions Paul makes to the coming of the Lord, twelve of them occur in the first two groups of epistles written by him. Why this amount of testimony at so early a period? It seems to me that it is because the second coming of the Lord is one of the preliminary truths of Christianity.

Go On to Wait.

If you take the first allusion to the doctrine (in his epistles), you find that, writing to the young converts at Thessalonica, he describes them as "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God." "There, now," many say, "that is all we want for practical Christianity here." That is an utter mistake, and accounts for many deficiencies in Christians. You must go on "to wait for His Son from heaven." You are not only turned *to* and turned *from*, but also turned *to wait*. I have sympathy with much that is being taught on the subject of holiness, although certain errors and excesses are mixed with it. But here we have the secret of many defects. *There is no such thing as a full salvation here and now; salvation is not completed till our Lord's coming; we shall be perfected at the appearing of Jesus Christ, not till then.*

Now, in the epistles of Peter, we have this view of the matter confirmed. We find at the very beginning of his epistle that he speaks of salvation ready to be

Revealed in the Last Time.

We have before us the coming of the Lord, and that prospect is held before us as a sanctifying power. It is important that young Christians should not underrate the sanctifying power of this hope. I believe that Holy Scripture gives us more power for holiness from the inspiration of the Lord's coming than from any other motive. "Now are we the sons of God . . . when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. Every man that hath this hope on Him (on Christ) purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

* From his article in the *Watchword*.



OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives authoritative denial to the statement published in financial journals, that his policy is causing a scarcity of money which may develop a business crisis. The Secretary said that he did not believe that any stringency existed, or his liberal offers for the purchase of bonds would be more extensively accepted. Besides which forty-five million dollars of the surplus—which is now fifty-nine millions—is in the hands of the banks, and only fourteen million is in the Treasury. Mr. Windom says: "The money in the banks is about the same as when Mr. Fairchild was Secretary of the Treasury. It has been reduced somewhat, but not very much, as I wanted to be conservative, and did not care to do anything which might disturb trade. It is true this amount might be increased, but I do not believe in the plan, and should not care to increase the amount without the action of Congress." The fact that Mr. Windom is following the course pursued by his predecessor shows that many of the statements made by campaign orators last fall were untrustworthy.

A Discouraging Report on the Consumption of intoxicating liquors has been issued by the Bureau of Statistics. The most striking fact that it brings to light is that the general consumption of liquors is increasing. Last year there was some ground for hope that a permanent decrease in consumption of *spirits* had begun. After rising to 1.46 gallons per capita in 1884, the apparent use of spirits had declined in three years to 1.18 gallons, but it rose again in 1888 to 1.23 gallons, which is higher than the average in 1877-79. Still worse is the record of the consumption of *wines and malt liquors*. The consumption of wines increased about 10 per cent. last year, and 25 per cent. during the ten years, 1878-88. The consumption of malt liquors increased .48 of a gallon per capita, or 4 per cent., last year, and 5.8 gallons per capita, or 87 per cent., during the ten years, 1878-88. The recent decisions in the Prohibition contests will, it is feared, tend still further to promote sales.

The Substitution of Electricity for the Rope, in the execution of criminals in New York, is the subject of renewed discussion. Several experts testified at the inquiry last week that its operation was uncertain, and might involve intense suffering. One witness stated that he had seen dogs subjected to electricity. While some died instantly, others lived under high currents, and their agonies were so extreme that the operator could not bear the sight and ran away. Another expert, Mr. John H. Noble, described an inadvertent experience he once had with an electric current. About fifteen months ago, he said, he was making some repairs on a switchboard in a Westinghouse station at Denver, Col., and he accidentally put one hand on one pole, having an iron screw-driver in his hand resting on the other. There was a pressure of 1,050 volts on the current, and he got the whole discharge. It dazed him, and when he came to his senses, in a few seconds, he was standing several feet away from the board. The ends of his fingers were badly burned—they soon, however, were healed—and that was all the effect, beyond making him very nervous for a few hours, that the shock had upon him. That ex-

perience led the witness to believe that no man living could tell absolutely what electric force would inevitably kill. If it can be proved that there is uncertainty in the operation, the law prescribing electricity instead of hanging should be repealed at once.

The Final Triumph of Civil Service Reform was predicted last week by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the recently appointed Civil Service Commissioner. He said that wherever the Commission had gone it had found public opinion strong in favor of the law, and only the machine politicians, whose power it curtails, active against it. Mr. Roosevelt declared that in spite of appearance the President was cordially supporting the Commissioners. "No greater proof of the fidelity of President Harrison could be given," said Mr. Roosevelt, "than his support of the Commission in their action at Indianapolis, his own home, where we compelled the postmaster to dismiss three clerks who had been illegally appointed. That left no option to the postmaster but to appoint three others who were on the eligible list."

The Contract Labor Law is Causing New trouble to the Treasury Department. A number of perplexing questions have been raised, one of which applies to persons employed in this country, but who reside just across the Canadian and Mexican borders. Complaint has been lodged against an officer of a bank in Vermont, near the Canadian border line, who has his residence in Canada. He has crossed the border line to his business nearly every day for the past forty years. It is charged that his employment is in contravention to the contract labor law. Complaint has also been made against the practice of allowing Canadian and Mexican laborers to enter the United States territory for day's work. These matters are all under investigation. As in the case of the English rector of Holy Trinity Church, New York, these cases are doubtless raised with the view of making the law ridiculous by insisting on its enforcement.

The Rhode Island Legislature is Grappling with the difficult question raised by the rejection of the Prohibition amendment. The House has passed a bill on the subject which practically reproduces the old license law, except that it is more favorable to the liquor dealers, who, as the victors in the recent struggle, naturally claim from the Legislature the bulk of the spoils. The bill, as passed by the House, fixes the fees at \$400 for Providence, \$350 for the other cities and towns of over 15,000 inhabitants, \$300 for towns of 6,000 and under 15,000 inhabitants, and \$200 for the smaller towns. There is a local option clause, but this is operative only on the petition of twenty per cent. of the voters at the last previous election. The license commissioners are to be appointed by the mayors. It is hoped by the Temperance party that the Senate will make some stringent amendments to the bill before it is finally enacted.

Public Interest in the Construction of the Nicaragua Canal increases as the work gets practically under way. Last week the company issued a detailed statement of its plans, and the extent of the work to be accomplished. From this, it appears that the canal will be 170 miles long from ocean to ocean. There will be 16 miles of excavation on the east side, 11 1/4 miles on the west, 3/4 mile for six locks, making a total excavation of 28 miles. Free navigation will be had, in the San Juan River, and in Lake Nicaragua, and in the several basins already existing or to be constructed, of 121 miles. With the exception of the rock cuts in the eastern and western divides, the canal in excavation will be at all points wide enough for two ships to travel in opposite directions. Through the basins and in the lake and river vessels can pass each other and navigate with entire freedom. The traffic of the canal will be limited only by the time required to pass a lock. Two ships may pass through a lock at one time, but if only one passes through at one time thirty-two can be passed in a day. The time from

ocean to ocean by steamers is estimated at twenty eight hours, which includes one hour and twenty minutes for possible detentions in narrow cuts.

The Indictment of General Boulanger on a charge of high treason and embezzlement of public moneys has been ordered by the French High Court of Justice, sitting as a grand jury. M. Dillon and M. Rochefort are to be joined with him as fellow-culprits, except in the count of embezzlement. The embezzlement specified is of \$50,400. It is charged that he misappropriated it when he was Minister of War, and was part of a sum entrusted to him for the purchase of camp bedsteads and other army supplies. A copy of the indictment was formally delivered at his Paris residence. It notifies him that if he fails to appear before the court within twenty days he will be declared an outlaw, and his property will be confiscated until he surrenders. The sum specified in the indictment is not the only sum Boulanger is charged with stealing; but in the other cases the evidence did not connect them with the charge of treason and conspiracy, and they were, therefore, omitted from the indictment. It is not believed that General Boulanger's popularity will be affected by the charge of treason. It will suffer, however, if the evidence shows him to have stolen the public funds.

Mr. Parnell Withdrew the Defence of his case from the Commission on July 16. At its previous sitting Mr. Parnell's counsel asked the Court to order the production of the books of the *Times*, so that it might be seen what sums were paid to Pigott and others for the forged letters, and who paid them. The object was to show that the charges against Mr. Parnell were based on a conspiracy, in which the *Times* was a victim, either willingly or unwillingly. The judges, however, refused to order the production of the books, holding that the duty of the Court was to ascertain whether the *Times's* assertions and documents were true, not where they came from, or who paid for them. Mr. Parnell contended that, as the Court had ordered the production of the League books and his own private accounts, it should treat the *Times* in the same way. He therefore declined to make any further defence before that tribunal, thereby implying that he was hopeless of getting justice from it. His counsel accordingly left the court-room, but Mr. Parnell was reminded that he must still regard himself as subject to the jurisdiction of the Court.

The Dowry of the Daughter of the Prince of Wales is the subject of unpleasant debate in the English Parliament. A vigorous opposition to voting the money has developed, which is causing acrimonious feeling between the Radicals and the court party. It is stated that personally the Prince of Wales does not desire that his daughter should receive a dowry out of the public funds, and the Earl of Fife, to whom she is to be married, is so much opposed to it that he offers to settle on his future wife a larger income than Parliament is being asked to vote. Nor is there any reluctance on the part of the Parliament on personal grounds to vote the money. The Prince and Princess of Wales are very popular, and a liberal provision for their children would be voted willingly, but another consideration affects both the party asking the grant and the party opposing it. The Queen has thirty-three grandchildren, none of whom as yet are pensioned. The question is raised whether the grant in this case will be regarded as a precedent for the other grandchildren of the Queen, and as no definite answer is given this grant is opposed. It is understood that the Parliament is willing to add \$200,000 a year to the income of the Prince of Wales, which he may distribute among his children as he pleases.

Any Subscriber Interested in this Journal, and desiring to promote its circulation, may have sample copies sent them postage-paid and free of charge, for distribution at camp-meetings or other places where such distribution will introduce the paper, and lead to increased sales. Send postal card stating number required to The Manager, 71 Bible House.

Contributions to the Fund for the Relief of the Johnstown sufferers have been received, since our previous acknowledgment, to the amount of \$16. They were from: Mrs. Julia Davidson, Oxford, Miss., \$10; Mrs. P. M. Clifford, South Danville, Vt., \$5; Mrs. F. S. Chew, Ormond, Fla., \$1. These, with the sums previously received, have been sent through Col. Elliot F. Shepard to the treasurer of the fund at Johnstown, Pa.

The Site of a Church is Needed for a Playground in New York, and there appears a strong probability of its being secured for the purpose. Over twenty years ago a grant was made by the Common Council of the city of twelve lots of ground as a site for the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Redeemer. A wooden church was built, but lately the foundations for a stone edifice have been laid, and about \$18,000 expended. By a legal technicality the Sinking Fund Commissioners advertised two-thirds of the land for sale, and the Church of the Redeemer with difficulty succeeded in purchasing it for \$2,500 in cash, and \$65,000 on ten years' mortgage. The remaining third is to be sold by auction in August of next year, and the Church will then have to compete for the purchase. There was some mystery about the unexpected proceeding, which involved the Church in so large an outlay, until it was discovered that a Roman Catholic institution, which stands on the adjoining lots, needs more land for a playground. Bishop Potter in a letter to the rector of the church says: "The whole history of this business, so far as it relates to those who have been striving to dispossess you, is a thoroughly discreditable one, and it ought to awaken the generous resentment of every friend of religious liberty. For certainly it is a grave infringement of such liberty that any religious sect should be allowed to avail itself of a legal technicality in order to get possession, whether for so-called religious or other purposes, of that which is not their own."

How a Lady Saved Twelve Lives was Told by a shipwrecked crew who arrived in New York on July 18. They had been taken off the Norwegian bark *Cupido* by a passing ship in mid-ocean when the *Cupido* was waterlogged and fast sinking. Early in the voyage the *Cupido* encountered rough weather, and sprang a leak. For twenty days the vessel was kept afloat only by continuous work at the pumps. The men would have given up in despair had it not been for Mrs. Hage, the captain's wife, who proved herself an angel of hope and comfort to the distressed seamen. Her courage never flagged, and she kept the courage of the men up by her example, working at the pumps with them to keep the vessel afloat. Besides this she prepared and brought their food to them at the pumps, which they dared not leave. The crew were united in giving her the credit of keeping up their drooping spirits, and thus saving their lives. The same kind of help is needed in the storms which every voyager encounters on the ocean of life. It may be had in infinitely higher degree by all who trust in Him who "worketh in you both to will and to do." (Phil. 2: 13.)

A Concealed Old House in the Heart of a business block in New York was exposed to view last week to the astonishment of passers-by, some of whom had lived all their lives in the neighborhood without knowing of its existence. A tall warehouse in Bleeker Street is to be rebuilt, and it has been torn down to lay new foundations. Through the gap, thus made, a dilapidated old house with leaning chimney and overhanging eaves may be seen. It is a low, mean structure, and it looks all the more despicable, because on every side of it imposing business edifices rear their heads many stories above it. For more than half a century the house has stood there, fronting on no street, with warehouses in front and rear and on both sides. Any of the owners of the surrounding property would have been glad to buy it and use the land for the extension of their own premises. One of them recently offered \$30,000 for the

wretched structure, but it belongs to an unsettled estate and cannot be sold. In its early days it was the abode of a judge, and was highly valued as an aristocratic residence. It fronted on a country lane when the land, now one of the busiest parts of the city, was a farm. For the last thirty years it has been completely hidden from view, and its very existence forgotten until thus revealed to the public gaze last week. So is it with nations and with men who forget God: they fall into decay and only cumber the ground. (Isa. 1: 8.)

A Suggestion for the Promotion of National harmony was made on July 12 at the Convention of the Teachers' Association of the United States. The chief speaker, one Herman Schuricht, drew a contrast between the character of Germans and native Americans, to the prejudice of the latter. He said that the Germans created most of the national wealth; that while the native American moves restlessly about, speculating and spending what he makes, the German labors and saves and accumulates wealth. Further, he alleged that the Germans and Americans are not amalgamating socially; that the two races are drifting apart, and the divergence is responsible for much of the internal civil trouble which afflicts the nation. As a remedy for this he suggested the teaching of German in the primary and public schools, that the American child may come to understand the German and be in sympathy with the Germans as a social factor in our national life. A similar suggestion is being made by the world to the Church of Christ. That its acceptance would promote harmony there can be no doubt. It would do more still. When the Church adopts the language and ways of the world, and ceases to be separate from it, she will partake not only in its prosperity, but in its plagues. (Rev. 18: 4.)

An Attempt to Send Mail by Electricity is to be made shortly. The *Electrical World*, in a recent issue, describes a system of transportation which, it is suggested, is destined to revolutionize the postal service, even if it does nothing more. The inventor is John T. Williams, and a company has sufficient faith in him to contemplate the establishment of a transport line between New York and Boston. The proposed "plant" will consist of a single line of iron uprights extending between the post-offices of the two cities. On the rail at their top a light steel car will pass between a continuous line of wire coils. Six dynamo stations between the two cities will supply the needed electric force. The model has worked to perfection, and it is believed that a speed of more than two hundred miles an hour may be made, so that a letter sent by this system from New York ought to be delivered in Boston in less than two hours. This is one more step in the effort to annihilate time and distance, on which this age is concentrating its powers. There is no doubt that, if it succeeds, the people of both cities will eagerly avail themselves of its advantages; for men appreciate the benefits of swift communication with each other. It is much to be wished that they were similarly anxious for communion with God, the rapidity of which surpasses all human imagination. "Before they call I will answer." (Isa. 65: 24.)

A Deacon's Unpopular Marriage Led to a strange religious service in Oxford County, Maine, recently. The *Lewiston Journal* says that the deacon's wife, with whom he had lived nearly fifty years, died some time back, and the old gentleman, feeling lonely, married a second time. Some rather wild young men professed to be scandalized by so aged a man entering into matrimony, and undertook to give the couple a mock serenade. They were not deterred by the fact that another Maine bridegroom, being similarly treated, fired his shotgun into the crowd of his tormentors. The young men surrounded the house after nightfall and began the serenade, using as instruments of music a circular saw, a chime of cow-bells, and a band of horns. The frightfully discordant din brought

the deacon to the door, and the crowd expected a storm of wrath. But the deacon said, "Gentlemen, won't you come in?" They could not understand it, but the deacon was in earnest, and the young men could not refuse. They went in, chairs were provided, and the deacon passed around some Moody and Sankey hymn-books. His wife set the tunes, and the young men sang. Then the deacon read a Psalm and offered prayer for the conversion of the misguided young men of the community. Rising, he shook hands with each in turn, bade them good night, and said he would be pleased to see them again. The young men departed, feeling thoroughly ashamed of themselves. In this case the soft answer turned away ridicule as effectually as it does wrath. (Prov. 15: 1.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Five hundred women in Tokio and Yokohama have subscribed to a fund for the purchase of a handsome Bible to be presented to the Empress of Japan.

Major George A. Hilton, the eminent Gospel Temperance Evangelist, of Washington, D. C., is commencing a series of meetings this week in Connecticut.

The Rev. Charles Spurgeon, one of the twin sons of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, gave an address to young men last Sunday afternoon in Association Hall, New York.

Mrs. George Corliss, of Newburyport, Mass., is about to erect a building for the Young Men's Christian Association, which will form a memorial to her late husband.

The Rev. Sam Jones' services at Lynchburg, Va., have been densely crowded. Among the six hundred persons who have made a profession of faith are several prominent business men.

Liquor dealers and saloon keepers have been declared ineligible for admission into the lodges of Freemasons by the Grand Lodges of Wisconsin, Kentucky, Missouri, Michigan, and Nebraska.

The late Nancy Wells, of Wethersfield, Conn., has left \$1,000 to the American Bible Society, \$1,000 to the American Tract Society, and \$1,000 each to the Home and Foreign Missionary societies.

The Secretary of the Treasury declines to remit the fine of \$1,000 imposed on Holy Trinity Church, New York, for importing its rector from England. The church will now either pay or carry the case to the Supreme Court.

In Orange, N. J., they have a law which provides that any liquor-seller detected in illegal selling shall have his license revoked, and become ineligible to receive a new one for six months. Five liquor-holes have been recently closed under this law.

The gospel work in Cuba, commenced by Diaz, is making rapid progress. There are now twenty missionaries and twenty-seven churches and stations, with a membership of 1,493. The number of baptisms the past year was about 300.

Father Chiniquy was recommended for reception as presbyter in the Presbytery of Montreal at the recent General Assembly of Canada. This was done in recognition of his distinguished services to the Church of Christ. He will be eighty years of age on July 30.

At Lahore, India, the medical work at two mission dispensaries, one of which is exclusively for women and girls, is in charge of a native physician and his wife, who also has a medical certificate. In a year over thirty thousand cases have been treated, and in each case the sufferer was pointed to Christ.

A number of Knox College students have started upon a tour through the towns along the Burlington railway. They propose to spend from two to three days in each place, giving encouragement to the local Young Men's Christian Associations, holding religious meetings, and doing personal work among young men.

The Rev. W. F. Davis, who was imprisoned for preaching on Boston Common without a license, has resumed his services there. He says that he is preaching without a license, but that is incorrect; a friend of his applied to the Council for a license on his behalf, and it was promptly granted. Mr. Davis repudiates his friend's action.

The South Carolina Medical Society held a special meeting on July 18, and expelled from its membership Dr. McDow, the physician who recently committed "the little indiscretion" of murdering Capt. Dawson. We chronicle this fact with great pleasure. All honor to the South Carolina Medical Society, and to every public body and private individual who does likewise.

Lord Plunket, the Archbishop of Dublin, is expected to pay a visit to this country in October next. He will preach in New York and other cities during his stay. He is much interested in gospel work among the Spanish-speaking people, and it is hoped that his visit will be the means of bringing increased support to the efforts Bishop Riley is making for the spread of the gospel in Mexico.

WHY JESUS WEPT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, Preached on Hospital Sunday.

"Jesus wept." John 11:35.

His Whole Nature Stirred—Confronted With Death, the Product of Sin—What Caused the Sinless One to Weep—I. He was Truly Man—With Human Emotions and Sympathies—The Three Occasions of His Weeping—II. Not Ashamed of Human Weakness—Admitted His Poverty—Did Not Conceal His Suffering—III. An Instructor in Weeping—In Prayer—In Awakening Dead Souls—In Mourning the Loss of Friends—IV. As a Comforter—Experienced in Sorrow—His Weeping Over—V. As an Example—He Wept for Others—Help Following.

A GREAT storm was stirring the mind of Jesus. We find, on looking at the original, that He was indignant and troubled. We have a very literal translation in the margin of the Revised Version; and instead of reading, "He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled," we find it, "He was moved with indignation in the spirit, and troubled Himself." What was this indignation? We cannot think that it was caused by the unbelief of His friends, or even by the pretended sympathy of those malicious Jews who hastened to accuse Him to the Pharisees; but we look further and deeper for the reason of this heat. He now stood face to face with the last enemy, death. He saw what sin had done in destroying life, and even in corrupting the fair handiwork of God in the human body; He marked, also, the share which Satan had in all this, and His indignation was aroused; yea,

His Whole Nature Was Stirred.

Between indignation at the powers of evil, grief for the family who had been bereaved by death, sorrow over those who stood by in unbelief, and a distressing realization of the effects of sin, the Lord's heart was evidently in a great storm. Instead of the thunder of threatening, and the lightning of a curse, all that was perceptible of the inward tempest was a shower of tears; for "Jesus wept."

"Jesus wept." I have often felt vexed with the man, whoever he was, who chopped up the New Testament into verses. It seems to have let the hatchet drop indiscriminately here and there; but I forgive him a great deal of blundering for his wisdom in letting these two words make a verse by themselves: "Jesus wept." This is a diamond of the first water, and it cannot have another gem set with it, for it is unique. Shortest of verses in words, but where is there a longer one in sense? Add a word to the verse, and it would be out of place. No, let it stand in solitary sublimity and simplicity. There is infinitely more in these two words than any sermonizer or student of the word will ever be able to bring out of them, even though he should apply the microscope of the most attentive consideration. "Jesus wept." Instructive fact; simple but amazing; full of consolation; worthy of our earnest heed.

I. First, "Jesus wept," for He is truly man. Many facts prove the completeness of our Lord's taking up of our nature. Not in phantasm was

Jesus a Man;

but in reality and truth He became one of us. He suffered all the innocent infirmities of our nature. He was weary: "Jesus being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well." That He thirsted, we know, for He said to the Samaritan woman, "Give me to drink"; and on the cross He cried in burning fever, "I thirst!" In all things He was made like unto His brethren. "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." His humanity was our humanity to the full, although without sin.

He wept, for He had human friendships. Friendship is natural to man. Scarcely is he a man who never had a friend to love. Men in going through the world make many acquaintances, but out of these they have few special objects of esteem, whom they call friends. If they think to have many friends, they are, probably, misusing the name. All wise and good men have about them choice spirits, with whom their intercourse is more free, and in whom their trust

is more confident, than in all others. Jesus delighted to find retirement in the quiet home at Bethany; and we read that "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." Alas, my brethren! every friendship opens a fresh door for grief; for friends are no more immortal than ourselves. "Jesus wept" at the grave of His friend just as you and I have done, and must needs do again.

"Jesus wept," for He was truly human in His sympathies. He did not merely walk about among us, and look like a man, but at a thousand points He came into

Contact with Us.

Jesus was always in touch with sorrow; happy are they that are in touch with Him! Our Lord saw Mary and Martha weeping, and the Jews weeping that were with them, and He caught the contagion of their grief: "Jesus wept." His sympathies were with sorrowing ones, and for this reason, among others, He was Himself "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

He was a man, dear friends, for he was stirred with human emotions. Every emotion that ever thrilled through your bosom, so far as it is not sinful, has had its like in the bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ. He could be angry: we read in one place, that "He looked round about on them with anger." He could be pitiful; when was He not so? He could be moved with compassion for a fainting crowd, or with scorn of a crafty ruler. Did He not speak with great indignation of the scribes and Pharisees? Yet was He not tender as a nurse with a child, when cheering the penitent? He would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax; yet He uttered faithful warnings, and made terrible exposures of hypocrisy.

Beloved, have a clear faith in the humanity of Him whom you rightly worship as your Lord and your God. Holding His divinity without doubt, hold His manhood without mistake. Realize the actual manhood of Jesus in all lights.

Three Times He Wept.

Doubtless He sorrowed full often when He was not seen; but thrice He was known to weep. The instance in our text was the weeping of a friend over the grave of a friend. A little further on, after a day of triumph, our Lord beheld the city, and wept over it; that was the weeping of a prophet concerning judgments which He foresaw. It is not recorded by any evangelist, but Paul tells us, in the Epistle to Hebrews, that, with strong crying and tears, He made appeal to Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared. This third record sets forth the weeping of our Substitute, a sacrificial weeping, a pouring out of Himself as an oblation before God. Treasure up in your mind these three memories, the weeping of the friend in sympathy with bereavement, the weeping of the Judge lamenting the sentence which He must deliver, and the weeping of the Surety as He smarts for us, bearing griefs which were not His own, for sins in which He had no share. Thus thrice was it true that "Jesus wept."

II. Now, let us change the line of our thought a little, while we say, "Jesus wept," that is,

He was not Ashamed

of His human weakness. He could have repressed His tears—many men do so habitually. I do not doubt that there may be great sorrow, very great sorrow, where there is no open expression of it. In fact, most of you must have felt times when grief has struck you such a stunning blow that you could not weep, you could not recover yourself sufficiently to shed tears: the heart was all on fire with anguish, and the eyes refused the cooling drops. The Saviour could doubtless, if so He wished, have hidden His grief; but He did not choose to do so, for He was never unnatural. As "the holy child Jesus," He was free from pride, and wore His heart where men could see it.

For, first, remember His talk when He spoke to His disciples. He never concealed His poverty. There is an idea abroad that respectability is maintained by the pretence of riches, whereby

real need is hidden. It is thought disreputable to seem to be poor, even when you are so. There may be something in the affectation, but our Lord did not countenance such a course, for He said, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, and He was never ashamed to let it be known that

He was Poor.

Jesus wept on this occasion, although it might have been misunderstood and misrepresented. Do you not think that the Jews who stood there would sneeringly say, "See, He weeps! The miracle-worker weeps! He calls Himself the Son of God, and yet He stands weeping there like any ordinary man"? Here was opportunity for scorn at His manifest weakness, and even for blasphemy at the evident token of it; but our Lord did not act upon policy; He allowed His true feeling to be seen. Tears may not be thought manly, but they are natural to man, and Jesus will not be unnatural.

"Jesus wept," and thereby He revealed His love to Lazarus, so that others saw it and cried, "Behold how He loved him!" This is one proof that our Lord does not hesitate to declare His love to His people. When He sojourned upon earth He was not ashamed to find friends among ordinary mortals. Our glorious Lord, now that He is enthroned, "is not ashamed to call us brethren." He is not ashamed to be written down in the same heavenly register as His poor people. Blessed be His name!

The Burden-Bearer.

"Jesus wept:" He was not ashamed to own the affliction which sin caused to His holy soul, nor the gash which the sight of death made in His heart. He could not bear to see the grave and its corruption. May we never think of the sin and misery of our race without sorrow! I confess I can never go through this huge city without feeling unhappy. I never pass from end to end of London without feeling a black and dark cloud, hanging like a pall over my spirit. How my heart breaks for thee, O sinful city of London! Is it not so with you, my brethren? Think of its slums, its sins, its poverty, its ungodliness, its drunkenness, its vice! These may well go through a man's heart like sharp swords. How Jesus would have wept in London! He could not stand in the front of a lone grave, about to look upon a single corpse, without weeping. He saw in that one death the representation of what sin has done on so enormous a scale, that it is impossible to compute the devastation; and therefore He wept.

"Jesus wept," though He was about to work a wonderful miracle. The glory of His Godhead did not make Him ashamed of His manhood. Singular thing, too, that He should weep just before the joy of raising the dead to life. He is God, for He is about to call Lazarus out of the grave; but He is man just as much as ever, and therefore He weeps. Our Lord was as much man when He raised the dead as when He worked in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. He was not ashamed to own His real manhood, while He proved Himself the resurrection and the life. Beloved, "Jesus wept" to show that He did not disdain the feebleness of that nature which He had taken up, that He might redeem it unto God.

III. Thirdly, our Lord Jesus is

Our Instructor in Weeping.

This is the most practical part of our discourse; be sure that you receive it by the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Observe why Jesus wept, and learn a lesson from it. He wept because this was His method of prayer on this occasion. A great miracle was to be wrought, and great power was needed from on high: as man, the Lord Jesus cries to God with intense earnestness, and finds the fittest embodiment for His prayer in weeping. Before the Lord Jesus puts forth the power which raises Lazarus from the grave, He appeals to God with strong crying and tears. "Jesus wept" to teach us how to baptize our prayers in a wave of heart-grief.

"Jesus wept" again, because before He would

arouse the dead He would be Himself aroused. Without great exertion of the life of Jesus, the death in Lazarus could not be subdued. Therefore the Lord aroused Himself, and stirred up all His strength, troubling all His being for the struggle on which He entered. Learn hence, my brother, that if you think to do any great good in saving sinners, you must not be half asleep yourself: you must be troubled even to tears. Perhaps the most difficult thing in winning souls is to get ourselves into a fit state. The dead may *bury* the dead, but they cannot *raise* the dead. Until a man's whole soul is moved, he will not move his fellow. We must feel, if others are to feel. Come, my dear sister, you that are going to the Sunday-school class this afternoon because you must go; you must not go in that spirit. You, my brothers, who are going to preach or talk to your classes, and have as yet only one eye open; this will never do. Your Lord was all alive, and all sensitive, and you must be the same.

Jesus wept in full knowledge of several things which might have prevented His weeping. You have sometimes thought to yourself when weeping at the grave of a dear child, or wife, or husband, that you have been wrong in so doing; but this may not be the case. Our Saviour wept, though He knew that

Lazarus was Safe.

I do not know what had happened to the soul of Lazarus: where Scripture is silent it is not mine to speak; but, wherever he was, he was perfectly safe; and yet "Jesus wept." Moreover, Jesus knew that He was going to raise Lazarus to life; his resurrection was close at hand; and yet "Jesus wept." Sometimes we are told that if we really believed that our friends would rise again, and that they are safe and happy, we could not weep. Why not? Jesus did.

"Jesus wept," but He did not sin. There was not even a particle of evil in any one of the Redeemer's tears. When He spoke in His sorrow, the first word was "Father." He said, "Father, I thank Thee." If you can weep in such a way that all the while you feel God to be your Father, and can thank Him, and know that you are in His presence, your weeping is not blameworthy, but healthful. "Jesus wept," but He never murmured. "Jesus wept," but He never found fault with God's dispensations.

IV. I must be brief upon my fourth point. "Jesus wept:" in this He is

Our Comforter.

Let me speak to those who are of heavy heart. "Jesus wept:" herein is our honor. Thou weepest, my friend, in good company; for Jesus wept. Let no man censure thee lest they not only blame thee, but Jesus also. "Jesus wept:" herein is our sonship vindicated. Thou sayest, "Can I be the child of God, and yet go weeping?" Was not Jesus the well-beloved Son? and yet He wept. Ah! the question lies another way: "What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" What child did God ever have that did not weep? He had one Son without sin; but He never had a son without sorrow. He had a Son that never deserved a stroke of the rod, and yet against that Son the sword was awakened. Mourner, thou art one of "The Worshipful Company of Weepers," of whom Jesus is the Worthy Master. He is at the head of the Clan of Mourners: thou mayest well wear the plaid with the black and red crosses upon it; for thy Chieftain wore the same.

See now the real sympathy of Christ with His people, for herein is comfort. Jesus is our fellow-sufferer; and this should be our greatest solace. Oh, if we had a High-priest that knew not what it is to suffer as we do, it would be a most unhappy thing for us! If we fled to Him for refuge, and found that He had known no grief, and consequently could not understand us, it would be killing to a broken heart. A Jesus who never wept could never wipe away my tears. That were a grief I could not bear, and I could not have fellowship with me, and could not understand my woe.

Beloved, think how bravely our Lord endured;

herein is confidence. Tears did not drown the Saviour's hope in God. He lived. He triumphed notwithstanding all His sorrow; and because He lives, we shall live also. He says, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Though our hero had to weep in the fight, yet He was not beaten. He came, He wept, He conquered. You and I take scot and lot with Jesus; we share the tears of His eyes, and we shall share the diamonds of His crown.

V. Fifthly, and lastly, "Jesus wept;" in this He is our example. We should weep, for

Jesus Wept For Others.

I know not that He ever wept for Himself. His were sympathetic tears. He embodied that command, "Weep with them that weep." He has a narrow soul who can hold it all within the compass of his ribs. A true soul, a Christly soul, lives in other men's souls and bodies as well as in its own. A perfectly Christly soul finds all the world too narrow for its abode, for it lives and loves; it lives by loving, and loves because it lives. Think of other weepers, and have pity upon the children of grief.

In another matter our Lord is our example; learn from Him that our indignation against evil will best show itself in compassion for sinners. Ah, my dear friend! I heard you declaiming tremendously against drunkenness. I am glad to hear you; you cannot say anything too hard or too heavy about that degrading vice; but, I pray you, wind up your denunciation with weeping over the poor drunkard. I heard you speak, my other friend, on behalf of the League of Purity, and you smote the monsters of lasciviousness with all your force. I wish more strength to your arm! But when you have done, sit down and weep that such filthiness should defile men and women who are your fellow-creatures. Appeal to Parliament, if you wish, for the putting down of vice; but Parliament itself first needs correcting and purifying. A flood of tears before the thrice Holy God will do far more than the hugest rolls of petition to our senators. "Jesus wept," and His

Tears were Mighty Weapons

against sin and death. You feel indignant at the lazy, idle, loafing vagabonds whose very illness is produced by their own vice; I cannot condemn your virtuous wrath. But if you would in all things imitate Jesus, please note that it is not written that Jesus thundered, but that "Jesus wept." Let indignation have pity mixed with it. I like not lightning without rain, nor indignation without tears. I know what you will say about the lack of thrift among the poor, about the absence of sobriety, the want of industry, and so forth. Admit all this sorrowfully; chide it tenderly; and then weep. You will do more good to the offenders, and more good to yourself, and more good to the best of causes, if pity moistens all. You may, if you will, beat the terrible drum, and sound the war-trumpet; but the noise will rather deafen than soften. The voice of your weeping will be heard deep down in the soul, and work more wonders than thunders of denunciation.

What Came of It.

Lastly, when you have wept, *imitate your Saviour—do something!* If the chapter before us had finished with "Jesus wept," it would have been a poor one. Suppose after they had come to the grave, we had read "Jesus wept, and went about His daily business," I should have felt small comfort in the passage. If nothing had come of it but tears, it would have been a great falling off from the usual ways of our blessed Lord. Tears! what are they alone? Salt water! A cup of them would be of little worth to anybody. But, beloved, "Jesus wept," and then He commanded, "Roll away the stone." He cried, "Lazarus, come forth." When Lazarus struggled out of the tomb, Jesus said, "Loose him and let him go." Some of you are full of pity for the sick; but I hope we shall not end in mere sentiment. Do not let us say, "We were moved to sympathize with the sick, but we gave an awfully bad collection!" I should be ashamed to think of this morning's meditation

if it ended so. No, no; if you cannot raise the dead, give something towards rolling away the stone which shuts the poor out of the hospital; if you cannot restore them to health, at least do something towards removing their maladies. Loose them from this crowded city, and send them into the country to a Convalescent Home. Brethren, we can thus practically prove our sympathy; therefore, *pass the boxes round!*

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE ELF OF THE FOUNTAIN*

ONE summer afternoon we had been down on the river boating. The schoolmaster had been coaching us for a race with the rival boat-club of a school up the river. We were tired and thirsty, and turned our steps toward the spring where we found Sydney Morris, sitting alone with a book in his lap. After drinking our fill of the sweet cool water, we threw ourselves on the ground and fell to talking of the elf of the fountain. We boys had named it Sand-elfin, the angel that leads out the springs from the depths of the earth to quench the thirst of men. We had each hung over the spring at the master's suggestion, and described the shape which the sprite took in our eyes. Then the master, as we lay there silent, having expended our wit at each other's expense, said: "Well, to me, boys, Sand-elfin always takes the form of a boy. The spring is his babyhood, and the brook his boyhood, and the river is his manhood, and the sea is—his endless life." He was always very earnest and glowing, and his voice had a deep, sweet ring when he said such things.

An Answer to a Lover.

"What do you think of her, Mr. McKenzie?" After an interval of five or six seconds, slowly and tenderly the Scotchman said, in a low, rich voice: "The Lord has been verra guid to you, my laddie. Verra guid," he repeated. "The lassie's face is fair to look upon, and her voice is guid to listen to, and her heart is honest and leal; and may God gie ye grace to ken that, of all the guid gifts that fall to the lot of man on this side o' heaven, He has gi'en ye the best—a true, fond wife. And if ye bind up your life an' heart wi' the life an' heart o' yon lass, there'll come on ye nae ill that God will nae guide ye through. But and if your sad whim-whams of philosophy come atween you and her, your life will be naething but salt with nae savor, to be cast out on a dunghill, or trodden under foot of men."

Where Rest is Found.

"Lang ago," said McKenzie, "when I was a young mon, just ending my course at Edinburgh, I went to spend a year at the University of Halle. There I used often to see and talk with a philosopher whose name has become famous the world over. And when I left he wrote his name in my album, and a line which he said embodied the great lesson of the ages. It was a line from the great Bishop of Hippo: 'Lord, thou hast made the heart, and therefore it is restless until it finds rest in thee.' Sydney, ye are seeking to find all in self, and in gratifying selfish desire; I am seeking to find God, and peace wi' Him. I have found it, Sydney, and ye have not found your quest; and I fear me the finding would ill reward the toil of the search. Oh, my lad, canna ye turn from your dead phantoms and see the gracious Saviour?"

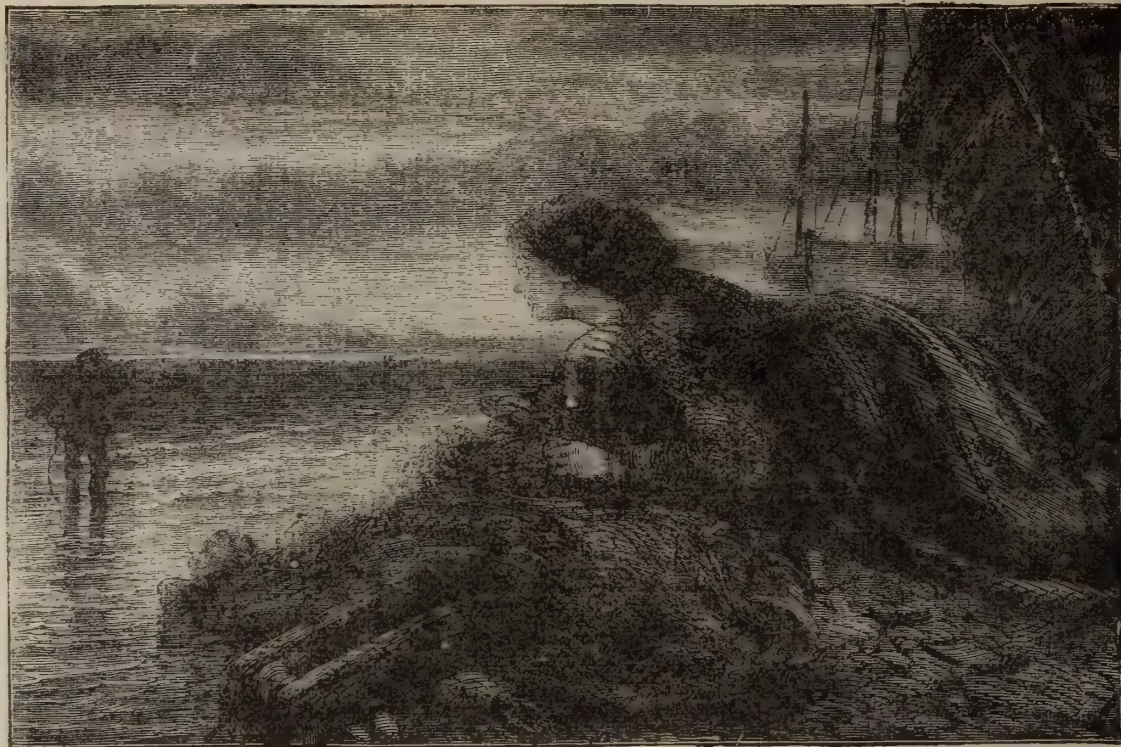
A Scotchman on Universities.

He was a true Scotchman in bone and brawn and faith and bonnie humor. He was a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and a champion of the philosophy which her famous men have taught, and a champion, moreover, of all that was Scotch. He was leal as a thistle to the motto of his native land, but his heart was as soft as the down inside the thistle's bristling

From a deeply interesting story by S. Bayard Dod, entitled "Stubble or Wheat." The design of the story and the lesson the author desires to inculcate may be inferred from the motto he has taken from the pages of Nathaniel Hawthorne and placed on his title page: "The momentary circumstance was too strong for him; he failed to look beyond the shadowy scope of time, and living once for all in eternity, to find the perfect future in the present." 254 pages; price 25 cents in paper covers; published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West 23d Street, New York.



Mr. George W. Cable.



The Despairing Watcher on the Beach.

scape. In his view England had been saved from premature decay by her union with Scotland, which had leavened the whole lump, had spiced her literature, and salted her theology with the true doctrines of grace. He was strong and outspoken in his preference for Princeton among our American colleges, with her grand old Scottish chief at her head. "I would far rather plant a young shrub," he would say, "in what a quizzical mon would be inclined to call the sterile sands of Princeton, than in the soft leaf-mould of Harvard. At Harvard they'll grow you naught but shaky sapplings. R., S, H., M.," he would roll out like a cabalistic exorcism, with a burr to the R., and a long, deep, resonant hum on the M. Then he would explain to us boys, who thought him great fun, that the mystic runes stood for Reid, Stuart, Hamilton, and McCosh. "Ye'll have an opportunity to consult the others along with St. Paul and Augustine in the *Civitas Dei*. I'd advise ye to have a few words with McCosh on this side o' the river." He and the master had many a tilt on this subject, the master maintaining the claims of Harvard to a broader and more generous culture than Princeton could or would give. "Broad!" answered the Scotchman, "broad, do ye say? If I read the Scriptures aright, the broad way is not the choice road, especially for the young."

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE.

(See Portrait.)

THE spectacle of nearly three thousand Bible students, the majority of them Sunday-school teachers, assembled week after week to study the International lesson under the guidance of a great novelist, is, we believe, unprecedented. It was witnessed in Boston, Mass., when, Dr. Meredith having left Boston for Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. George W. Cable was invited to take charge of the huge Bible class which had grown up under Dr. Meredith's care. Those who had listened to the questions put to Dr. Meredith during his conduct of the class, and had admired the learning, tact, and sound judgment with which he answered them, were a little doubtful about the capacity of his successor. They had, however, no misgivings after the first meeting. Mr. Cable's replies were terse, clear, and suggestive, and his power of controlling loquacious cranks unlimited. It is worthy of note, that a man so brilliant and distinguished, a man whose romances have held the reading public enthralled, should be so diligent a

student of the Bible, and so earnest and capable a teacher of it.

Mr. George W. Cable was born in New Orleans in 1846, and is therefore now forty-three years of age. He had scarcely completed his education in the common schools of that city when the support of a widowed mother and his younger sisters devolved upon him. He secured a position as book-keeper in a cotton warehouse, and added to his income from that source by writing short stories and sketches. To produce these he had to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, and work at them until it was time to go to the cotton warehouse, and turn to at them again after his return in the evening. For a short time he worked on the *Picayune*, but found the production of "copy" under pressure irksome to him, and he returned to the cotton warehouse and the literary work of the free hours.

In 1872 Mr. Cable achieved national reputation by his *Sieur George*, which Dr. George Holland accepted for the magazine now known as *The Century*. It was followed by *The Grandisimes*. Then came *Madame Delphine*, and that sweet, tender, inimitable story, *Dr. Sevier*. Besides these Mr. Cable has published several works on life in Louisiana, and some charming sketches of the Creoles. His stories, as may be expected of a man of his high religious character, are pure and healthful. He is a small, slight man with dark, piercing eyes.

A NIGHT WITH DESPAIR.

(See Illustration.)

I WAS spending a few weeks at a quiet village on the Atlantic coast for rest and recuperation, after many years of continuous labor among the poor and the sinful masses of a great city. It was an out-of-the-way place, little frequented by visitors, but I soon found that there were souls among the fisher folk in need of help. I had been visiting a dying man in one of their houses, and was returning late in the evening to my humble lodging when I saw a woman lying prone on the beach under the shadow of a schooner. She was intently watching a sailor dragging in a boat. At first I thought she might be his wife or daughter, but approaching the spot where she lay, I saw by the delicacy of her features and the costliness of her attire that she belonged to a different class. Who could she be? And why did she lie there with uncovered head at that hour? I looked at her earnestly, and the conviction forced itself upon

me that she was meditating suicide. Here was work for me, and I offered a silent prayer that God would help me in doing it.

I fully realized the delicacy of speaking to a total stranger, especially one who was evidently shrinking from observation; but the more closely I looked at her the more firmly I was convinced that it was a case in which the first consideration was not ordinary politeness, but her sore need of comfort and direction. She was not watching the fisherman, as I at first supposed, but was looking blankly into vacancy.

I walked to within speaking distance, and then turned and gazed across the water, on which the moonbeams were playing in silver gleams. Affecting not to notice the peculiarity of a lady being in so strange a situation, I made a remark on the singular beauty of the scene. She did not resent my intrusion, as I feared she might, but merely said in reply: "Yes, it is always very beautiful in the moonlight," as if to convey the impression that she often saw it. But I thought otherwise.

"God has made the world so beautiful," I said, "that, even if we had no other ties, that alone would make us reluctant to leave it."

She started slightly, but immediately relapsed into her former rigid attitude as she replied, almost fiercely: "All do not feel that reluctance. A spirit torn and riven by anguish is only mocked by nature's tranquillity."

"That is true," I said; "it would be a sad thing for us if there were no other consoler. There are sorrows and agonies so poignant that the spirit would be crushed under them if there were not one unfailing support. Happily, there has never been a case too desperate to obtain it."

"You speak lightly," she said; "what can you know?" Then, apparently realizing the strangeness of the conversation, she added, "You are a stranger to me; why do you speak to me?"

"Forgive me," I said, "I have known the mental anguish of which you spoke. I am no stranger to trouble, and having found relief, I would be glad to prescribe the same remedy to one in whom I recognize a fellow-sufferer. I assure you it is all-powerful."

"You cannot know. Why do you mock me? I have thought it all out. There is no comfort for me, nor peace, in this world."

"I should be very vile to mock suffering like yours," I said. "Believe me, I speak truly. The remedy I offer you will heal your broken"

heart, and fill it with joy and peace."

She turned her beautiful head and looked at me incredulously with eyes in which I saw the most utter despair. "See," she said, "I will trust you. In an hour it will not matter to me who knows my story. I will tell it to you, that you may know that there is one depth of misery your remedy cannot fathom."

It was the saddest story I ever heard. Cruel wrong, base inhumanity, foul desertion, and hideous treachery played parts in it. As she ceased she gave a shrill scream, and would have flung herself into the water had I not restrained her. One suggestion touched her as she became more calm. I begged her to let me offer a short prayer if she had fully determined on ending her life. "Yes," she said, "I should be glad to have you do that. I tried to pray, and could not."

Kneeling there on that quiet spot, I prayed earnestly for the poor half-demented creature, and, most of all, that God would reveal Himself to her as her Almighty Friend a very present refuge in her time of trouble. I had the consciousness of answer, and was not surprised as I raised her from her knees to see that she was weeping. Seizing the opportunity, I spoke to her of the infinite love and tenderness of Jesus, and in His name offered her pardon and adoption. The struggle lasted more than an hour, but in the end I saw that her despair was yielding. I begged for another interview, and she consented. We parted with the promise that I should see her the next day. I did so, and to my intense joy I found her subdued and eagerly seeking Christ. Several years have passed since that time, and I still hear from her frequently. She is an earnest worker among her fallen sisters. She was forgiven much, and she loves much.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 462.)

Mormon Rule.

At the time of our arrival in Salt Lake City the majority of the people were living in little log or adobe houses, of one or at the utmost two rooms, of most primitive construction, and without the slightest convenience of any description. Their food was bread and molasses, and, it might be, an occasional morsel of meat; but many of them scarcely ever indulged in the latter, or in any article of grocery, for months at a time. Their floors and walls were bare, and their clothing poor and scanty; and yet, destitute as they were of all the comforts and conveniences of life, they were conscientiously endeavoring, like the good Saints, to act as they believed the Lord commanded them.

In respect to education they were in even a worse position. Books, pictures, and periodicals of any kind there were none, with the exception of that dreary organ of the Church, the *Deseret News*—the soporific influence of which some wicked apostate has likened to a dose of Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Brigham Young, himself an illiterate man, and the leading elders, frowned upon every attempt to raise the intellectual status of the people; and so little en-

couragement was given that no one could afford to keep school. The consequence was that the boys and girls grew up with little more education than their own sense of necessity taught them to acquire for themselves; and it was not until very recently that any suitable efforts were made to supply trained teachers, and to open schools in which a thorough education could be obtained.

I have already mentioned the sermons of the Tabernacle, and observed how little calculated they were to elevate the character or cultivate the minds of the people. I have before me as I write a choice morsel extracted from one of the sermons of Heber C. Kimball, which I think I must give for the reader's benefit. Fancy an "Apostle" thus addressing a large and mixed congregation of men, women, and children!

"Here are some educated men jest under my nose. They come here, and they think they know more than I do, and then they git the big head, and it swells and swells until it gits like the old woman's squash—you go to touch it and it goes kersmash; and when you look for the man, why, he ain't thar! They're jest like so many pots in a furnace—yer know I've been a potter in my time—almighty thin and almighty big; and when they're sot up the heat makes 'em smoke a little, and then they collapse and tumble in, and they ain't nowhar."

This was Heber's style in general. Next to making modest people blush, nothing pleased him better than to annoy or ridicule any one who had the smallest pretensions to education; and yet naturally Heber was a kind-hearted man. Brigham's style was very little better, and the substance of his discourses quite as bad.

The Apostle Orson Pratt was the only one who dared, in the presence of Brigham, to say that education was a proper thing, and that there were many books which would be of good

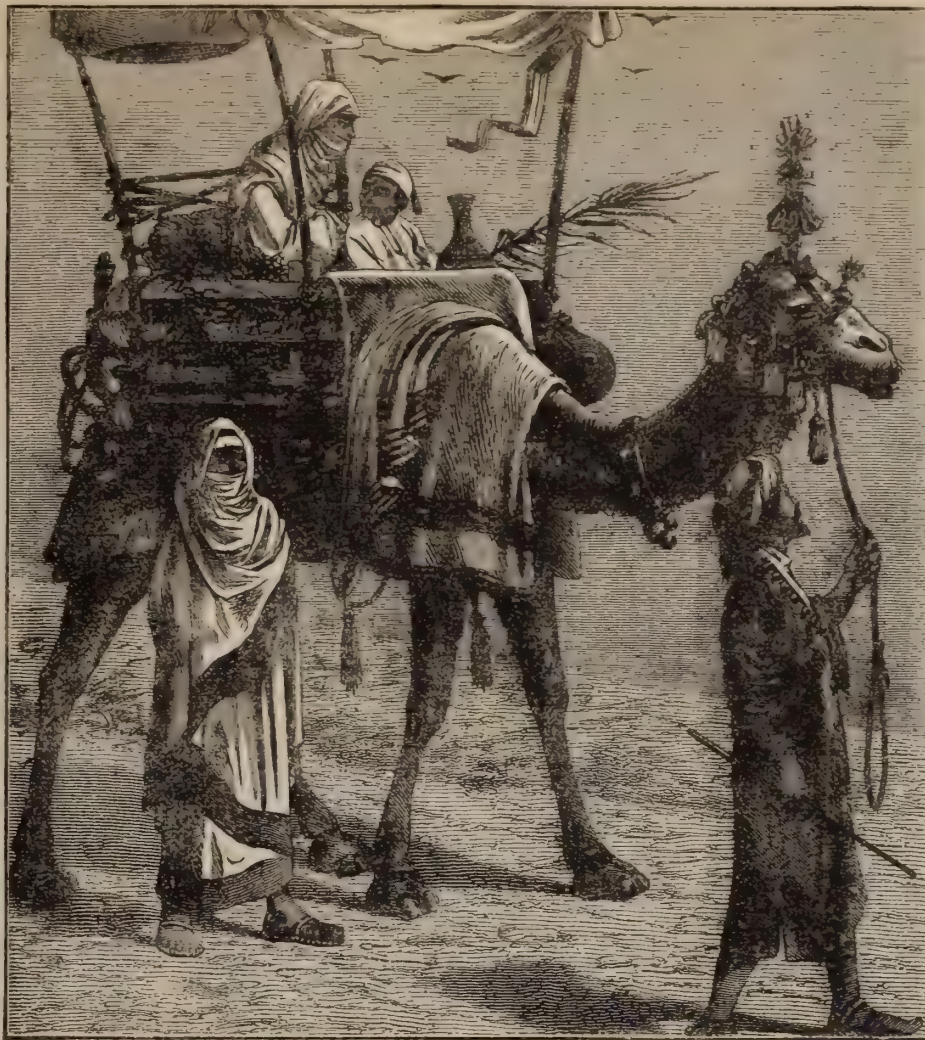
service to the Saints, if they obtained and studied them. On one occasion Brigham arose in ire, and said, "The professor has told you that there are many books in the world, and I tell you that there are many people there. He says there is something in all these books; I say each of those persons has got a name. It would do you just as much good to learn those somebodies' names as it would to read those books. Five minutes' revelation would teach me more truth than all this pack of nonsense that I should have packed away in my unlucky brains from books."

But the Prophet changed with the times, and there are now in Utah very good schools, both Mormon and Gentile, but none of them are free schools. Bishop Taylor once said in a public lecture that they were "destructive to the best interests of the community;" and the bishop's "lord" in the Lion House is exactly of the same opinion, for he has repeatedly declared that "there shall be no 'free schools' within his Saintry 'Kingdom' on earth." Nevertheless, Brother Brigham and his "Infallible Priesthood" at last began to discover that although the night of ignorance and superstition may hate the clear daylight of truth and knowledge, yet when the great Ruler of all commands the light to come forth it is not in the power of

man, with all his great boasting, to forbid the sun to shine upon the dark places of the earth.

The first schools were started by "Gentiles." The American Episcopal Church sent missionaries to Salt Lake City in 1867, and though at first they only had two communicants, the number soon increased, till in 1872 they had an attendance of about 250. Small as this number was, they showed the practical nature of their Christianity by building the first free hospital in Zion. The labors of these missionaries, however, were mainly directed to the education of the children. The Rev. Mr. Foote started the first school, also in 1867, with sixteen pupils, but in two and a half years the number had increased to 130; and in five years to 250. Many of these were the children of the Gentile population, others the children of those who had returned to the Christian faith under the ministry of the missionaries, but others were the children of the Mormons. Many a mother greets the missionary with gladness, and wishes him God-speed, not desiring to see their children grow up in the same ignorance in which they are involved.

At a conference held in Salt Lake City the Apostle Richards warned the parents to be on their guard against the missionaries. Brigham pretended to differ with the Apostle, and to thank the missionaries for their kindness, but it was known that it was only done to throw dust into the eyes of the Gentiles, and very soon they had a practical illustration of how the priesthood understood him. Some Mormons sent their children to the Rev. J. P. Lyford's Sunday-school, which gave great offence to their leaders. To remove all excuse for sending them there, the Mormon teachers opened a school at the same hour. The Methodist teacher, perceiving the purpose for which it was done, changed the hour of his school from the morning to the afternoon; the children then again attended.



A Bedouin Arab on a Journey. (See page 469.)

The Mormon teachers, not to be outwitted, changed theirs also to the same hour.

As may be supposed, they are very displeased with the missionaries, for coming amongst them and converting Mormons to Christianity. While nearly every Mormon is a pervert from some other religion; and while the Saints number among their trials the hindrances put in the way of their proselytizing, they are bigoted opponents of every attempt to preach another religion to their own people. It is true that the pulpit of the Mormon tabernacle is thrown open to the clergymen of all sects. Several have availed themselves of the opportunity to address the congregation and give their version of the Scriptures. But the result has been the reverse of satisfactory.

Amongst other incidents, the Mormons relate with great glee how a clergyman of the Church of England had accepted Brigham Young's invitation to preach, had appeared in his surplice and Oxford hood, and how, at the succeeding service, the President, having taken a white table cover, placed it over his shoulders and burlesqued the clergyman amid the hearty laughter of his flock. As the head of the Mormon Church always has the last word, the advantage gained by preaching to his congregation is not on the side of the recognized opponents of Mormonism. The liberty of preaching in the Tabernacle means simply license to become a laughing-stock.

The popular idea of Mormonism is that the peculiar feature which distinguishes it from all other Christian sects is plurality of wives. To a certain extent this is, of course, true; but it is only a partial statement of the truth. If that false doctrine were to be relinquished, it would still be found that Mormonism had really very little in common with other sects, and very much that was completely antagonistic to them.

The confession of faith published by Joseph Smith during his lifetime would certainly deceive any uninitiated person; and it was in consequence of the ambiguity of that very document that so many unsuspecting persons were from the beginning of Mormonism led astray by the teachings of the missionaries. And yet, although its blasphemous peculiarities were, of course, hidden from the convert whom it was desirable to impress with the idea that Mormonism was only a development of Christianity, they were openly taught in the sermons in the Tabernacle before thousands of people, and inculcated in the writings of the highest authorities. I shall endeavor to give an idea of some of these outrageous doctrines without entering too closely into details. Should the reader, however, wish to search and see for himself, I refer him to the "Journals of Discourses," the files of the Church papers, and the publications of the Mormon writers generally.

One of the first innovations upon the received faith was the doctrine of Polytheism. Without doubt, even in Joseph Smith's time, that doctrine was taught, although all knowledge of it was kept from every one but the initiated, the "strong men," who could be entrusted with the inner secrets of the Church leaders. That such a doctrine, however, was beginning, even then, to form part of the faith of the Saints, may be seen in the following lines upon the occasion of the Prophet Joseph Smith's murder:

"Unchanged in death, with a Saviour's love
He pleads their cause in the courts above;
His home's in the sky, he dwells with the gods,
Far from the furious rage of mobs!"

The Mormon teaching of the other world is not dissimilar to that of the Spiritualists. The soul was said to be immortal, and to have three stages of existence. The first was purely spiritual—the state of the soul *before* it came into this world. Spirits in that condition were not perfect; they must first take a fleshly body, and pass through the trials of life, before they could attain to the highest state of existence.

The second stage of the soul's existence is the mortal, with which we all are sadly well acquainted. The third is the condition subse-

quent to the Resurrection, when, they believe, the flesh and bones will form the raised body; but the blood will not be there, for the blood is the principle of corrupt life, and therefore another spirit supplies its place in heaven. That Christ partook of some broiled fish and part of a honeycomb is evident from Holy Scripture; the Mormons therefore teach that heaven will be very much the same as earth, only considerably improved. We shall not marry there, or be given in marriage; hence it is necessary for us to marry here, and to marry as much as we can, for then in heaven a man will have the wives whom he married on earth, or who have been sealed to him by proxy; they will be his queens, and their children will be his subjects. We shall eat and drink and feast, and spend a happy time generally. We shall henceforth never die; hence we shall ourselves be gods!

The doctrine of Adam being a god was not received at first without opposition by the Mormons themselves. In the minutes of the "General Council," held in London, June, 1854, Elder Thomas Caffall says of the members of the sect: "They are lacking faith on one principle—the last 'cat that was let out of the bag,' Polygamy, has been got over pretty well; that cloud has vanished away; but they are troubled about Adam being our father and god. There is a very intelligent person investigating our principles, and who has been a great help to the Saints; he has all the works, and can get along very well with everything else but the last 'cat,' and as soon as he can see that clearly, he will become a Mormon. I instructed him to write to Liverpool upon it."

Elder Stenhouse also remarks: "More persons have left the Mormon communion on account of the teaching on marriage and Brigham's favorite deity—Adam (which he first preached in October, 1853)—than all else put together." In introducing this doctrine, Brigham said: "You believe Adam was made of the dust of the earth. This I do not believe. You can write that information to the States, if you please—that I have publicly declared that I do not believe that portion of the Bible as the Christian world does. I never did, and I never want to. Let all who hear these doctrines pause before they make light of them, for they will prove their salvation or damnation."

Of the Mormon priesthood there are two orders—the Melchisedec and the Aaronic—of which the former ranks first and highest. The lowest rank in the Church is the "Deacon;" he looks after the places of meeting, takes up collections, and attends to other similar duties. Above him comes the "Teacher." He visits the Saints, and takes note of their standing, and reports the same: weakness of faith, or backwardness in paying tithing, is never overlooked by him. After him is the "Priest," and above him is the "Elder" whose office it is to preach, baptize, and lay on hands. All these belong to the order of the *Aaronic*—or the Levitical—priesthood. "Bishops" are simply Church officers having local jurisdiction.

In the *Melchisedec* Priesthood are various gradations, as, for example, the "High Priests," the "Seventies," and "Bishops," who occupy positions of authority, although both go on missions, and also the Apostles. The "Apostles" were chosen in imitation of the "Twelve" appointed by Christ; and in the same way the "Seventies," in imitation of the *seventy* disciples sent forth to preach and work miracles. They claim rank next to the Twelve.

As, from Brigham Young down to the most illiterate "elder," every one is supposed to be specially inspired, and to be immediately guided by the gift of the Holy Ghost, education is held to be unnecessary to the members of the Mormon priesthood; in fact, it has always been looked upon as an impediment to the possessor. Obedience is considered the highest qualification, and it was the strict enforcement of obedience on the part of the ordinary people and the lower grades of the priesthood towards the

higher that alone could have made possible that state of affairs which existed during the "Reformation." Hence, also, it is that Brigham Young and the leaders are rightly held responsible for the deeds of violence and fanaticism which their followers may perpetrate; for it is well known that *no* Mormon, in a matter of grave importance, would dare to act upon his own responsibility, and without he felt sure that what he did would meet with the approbation of those in authority.

There is another class of Church officers which I had very nearly forgotten—the Patriarchs. The chief of these is called "The Presiding Patriarch *over* the Church;" the rest are "Patriarchs *in* the Church." The office of these dignitaries is to bless the people, and to be paid for their blessings. The price of good blessings is variable. Not long ago, when money was scarce and payments were made in produce, two dollars was considered reasonable; and if several were wanted for the same family, a reduction was made.

Odd as it may seem, some of the people have quite a passion for the "blessings." I knew one old Frenchwoman who was said, like the woman in the parable in respect to the physicians, to have spent all her living upon them. I met her one day with a flannel-petticoat under her arm, which she was going to sell. Upon inquiry she frankly told me that she had given her last cent, and had sold every scrap of any value which she possessed, and very nearly all her clothes, in order to obtain "blessings," and as she did not understand English, she was now going to sell her old petticoat—the very last article of any value which she now possessed—to pay an old dame, who knew a little English, for the services of translating the "blessings." She was in a state of great sorrow at the thought that now her supply of blessings would be stopped—she would have to do without.

(To be Continued.)

SAUL CHOSEN OF THE LORD.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for August 4, 1 Sam. 9:15-27; Golden Text, Prov. 8:15.

A Man of Imposing Appearance—His Visit to Samuel—Seeking Help to Find Lost Asses—The Future King Recognized—Entertained with Honor—Anointed in Secret—His Opportunity—Not Turned from Himself—The National Convention to Choose a King—The Casting of the Lots—The Prize Falls to Saul—Samuel's Inaugural Speech—Saul Returns to His Farm—The Call to Arms—A Brilliant Victory—Saul's Popularity—His Appointment Solemnly Ratified.

BEFORE God gave the children of Israel a king after His own heart, He gave them one after their own hearts, one who in outside things was a man to be proud of. He was the son of Kish, a man of substance, or wealth, of the tribe of Benjamin. He himself was in the vigor of youth, a choice young man, and a goodly: and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he: "from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people." Man's best, man's tallest, man's strongest, and yet, in the end, a coward and a failure! So it is always, "The first shall be last, and the last first" with God.

It was just after the general council of Israel, when the resolution was passed that the form of government should be altered, and they should appoint a king, that they might be like the nations. Samuel had yielded his will up to God, and was perfectly ready to resign his post, as judge of Israel, in favor of a king;

He had Confidence in God,

and believed that He knew best what was right to do, and he could trust the consequences with Him. Thus he was in a position to know the mind of God. It is when we are full of our own thoughts that we are unable to understand God's, but when we bow before His perfect wisdom and omniscience, then He can tell us His mind. "The Lord had told Samuel in his ear. . . . To-morrow, about this time, I will send thee a

man out of the land of Benjamin; and thou shalt anoint him to be captain over my people Israel, that he may save my people out of the hands of the Philistines, for I have looked upon my people, because their cry is come unto me." At the very same time, God so ordered it that a drove of asses belonging to Kish, Saul's father, were lost, and Kish sent his son with one servant to recover this valuable property. Just at the time which God had

Foretold to Samuel,

Saul entered into the city where Samuel was, in quest of the asses, little thinking what was to happen to him there. The asses were not found, and Saul was about to abandon the search and return to his father, lest his anxiety for the asses might have been superseded by a greater anxiety for his son. His servant suggested that the seer, or prophet, of God was there, who would tell them which way to go, whether straight home or further on their search. Oh how little knew servant and master where that visit to the prophet should lead them! It is evident that at this time thoughts of God were nearer the servant's heart than his master's. Oh how safe it is in every perplexity to go directly to God, and not to seek to find out a way for ourselves! "As they went up the ascent to the city" (R. V.), they asked of young maidens who were going to draw water, "Is the seer here?" and they learned that Samuel was presiding over a public meeting, which was already gathered, and a public feast which was being held. Saul had no idea that the convocation had anything to do with him; his only idea was to get some direction about the asses. Just as they entered the city gate, they met Samuel, but neither knew the one the other, but

The Same Voice

which spoke so often into Samuel's attentive ear whispered to him just now, "Behold the man of whom I spake to thee, this same shall have authority over my people." But Saul was the first to speak, and he asked of Samuel, "Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is." And Samuel answered him, "I am the seer," and then, to his astonishment, addressed him as though he had known him previously, "Go up before me unto the high place: for ye shall eat with me to-day, and in the morning I will let thee go, and will tell thee all that is in thine heart. And as for thine asses, that were lost three days ago, set not thy mind on them, for they are found. And on whom is all the desire of Israel? Is it not on thee, and on thy father's house?"

What could this mean? Saul could not but know the movement which was set on foot to establish a monarchy, but could it be that he was to be elected king? He evidently understood the drift of Samuel's salutation when he said, "Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel, and my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin? wherefore, then, speakest thou to me after this manner?" Samuel did not answer by words, but by deeds, for he brought Saul and his servant, and set them in the chiefest place among the thirty people who were bidden, and called to the cook to bring the choicest cut of the meat, which had been put by against Saul's coming. It was all grace, all

Undeserved Honor,

God conferred on Saul: from being a private individual, he was treated, without any previous intimation, as chief and head. Would this turn his head, or would he be humbled to the dust? "They spread a couch for Saul on the housetop" (R. V., margin), but how far he slept that night we know not. Both he and Samuel arose early; it was a crisis for them both; just as Elijah anointed Elisha to be prophet in his room (1 Kings 19:16, 19), so Samuel was to anoint his successor. There is no room for jealousy in a heart filled with God: it is blessed indeed to be used of Him in active service, but it is even more blessed to be sent of Him to anoint another, and all the more when that other may far surpass us in usefulness. Every Christian of experience ought to be instinctively

a trainer of other and younger souls for the life and service of the Master.

In the early morning hour, before the city was astir, the prophet and the king-elect passed forth from the city walls, and then Samuel bade the servant pass on, while he, in the name of his God, poured a vial of oil on the head of Saul, and kissed him, and said, "Is it not that the Lord hath anointed thee to be prince over His inheritance? Only God was witness to the transaction. Before any public declaration was made, Saul was recognized in heaven as Israel's king, and this by grace, and by no seeking of his own. What a grand opportunity Saul had to live in his position as king, in true communion with God! What advantages he had with such as Samuel by his side! But alas, the self life got the upper hand, and ruined all.

As though to accustom him to direction from above, Samuel foretold all that should take place on his journey to Gibeah. At Rachel's sepulchre he should have news of the asses and his father from two men; at the oak of Tabor three men would meet him with provisions; at Gibeah a company of prophets should meet him; and the spirit of prophecy should come upon him, and he should be "turned into another man." "And let it be, when these signs are come unto thee, that thou do as occasion serve thee; for God is with thee." When God is with us, He makes all things work together for good; we never have to force or fret against circumstances. All these signs came to pass, and "when he had turned his back to go from Samuel, God gave him another heart." There must have been a very real change in him, a real work of the Spirit of God, accompanied, as we see after, with the spirit of prophecy. But, like so many converts in our own day, Saul was

Not Turned From Himself.

It was a marvel to all who had known him when they heard Saul prophesying, and the word became a proverb, so unlikely did it seem, "Is Saul also among the prophets?"

Samuel had made an appointment with Saul to go before him to Gilgal. Saul said nothing to his relations about his anointing, but waited until it should be made known. But Samuel convened a representative gathering of all Israel at Mizpah. In those days politics and religion were not at war, as they now are, and in his opening address Samuel spoke the king's speech, for God was, till then, King of Israel. "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, I brought up Israel out of Egypt, and I delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of all the kingdoms that oppressed you; but ye have this day rejected your God, who Himself saveth you out of all your calamities and your distresses; and ye have said unto Him, Nay, but set a king over us. Now, therefore, present yourselves before the Lord by your tribes, and by your thousands." Then, in the presence of God, the lot was cast, and the tribe of Benjamin, the family of Kish, and the person of Saul, were taken. But the king elect could not be found until the Lord, when He was inquired of, declared that he had hidden himself among the stuff. And they ran and fetched him thence, and when he stood among the people he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward. And Samuel said, "See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people? And all the people shouted and said, God save the king." Thus the secret anointing of God and the public election of the people chose Saul king.

But another and very important ceremonial had to be observed. Samuel told the people

The Manner of the Kingdom,

from Deut. 17:15-20. A manner of the kingdom which forbade emulation of the nations round, and forbade self-aggrandizement, and commanded that he should write out for himself a copy of the law of God, that he might read, learn, and "keep all the words of this law and these statutes, to do them." Then Samuel sent

the people away, and Saul returned to Gibeah, but not alone: "there went with him men of valor" (R. V., margin), whose hearts God had touched." Already the anointed king had his bodyguard, although, no doubt, things were in a somewhat primitive style. Although Israel sinned against God in asking a king, yet now that God had heard them and chosen their king, it was high treason to despise him, and those who did so were counted men of Belial.

Regal Functions.

God soon gave Saul an opportunity of showing his mettle. Nahash the Ammonite came up and encamped against Jabesh-gilead, and imposed such humiliating terms on the besieged as only the most imperious and brutal tyrant could have demanded. He would only make a covenant with the inhabitants on condition that he might put out all their right eyes, and lay it for a reproach upon all Israel! Saul was no idle man; because he was a king he did not assume that farmwork was altogether beneath him; and as he came from following after the oxen the tidings of Jabesh-gilead reached him. Aggravated by the deep impression which they had made upon the inhabitants of Gibeah, the Spirit of God came mightily upon him, and he sent forth his first edict as king in a most impressive manner. Taking a yoke of oxen, he cut them in pieces, and sent them into all the coasts of Israel, saying, "Whosoever cometh not forth after Saul and after Samuel, so shall it be done unto his oxen." The result was that "a terror from the Lord" (R. V., margin) fell upon the people, and they came out as one man." Sending a message of deliverance to the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead to allay their suspense, Saul mustered his large army, marched down upon the camp of the Ammonites, and obtained a complete victory. This established Saul's military reputation; the people were now unanimous in his favor, and a sentiment of indignation arose against such as had disapproved of his election to the throne. "Who is he that said, Shall Saul reign over us? Bring the men, that we may put them to death." But Saul assumed the reins of government which were thus confirmed in his hands, and gave command, "There shall not a man be put to death this day; for to-day the Lord hath wrought deliverance in Israel." Thus power and mercy were manifested in Saul so long as he was dependent upon God. It was

A Good Beginning;

would that the end had been in accordance with it! Samuel seized the people in their present mood, knowing from his own experience in the past how fickle they were. He said to them, "Come, and let us go to Gilgal, and renew the kingdom there." He had foreseen the occasion on the day when he first anointed Saul, and said to him, "Thou shalt go down before me to Gilgal, and behold I will come down to thee, to offer burnt offerings and to sacrifice peace offerings" (chap. 10:8), and all the people went down to Gilgal, and there they made Saul king before the Lord in Gilgal. First he was king through God's anointing by Samuel; then by the election of the people, when lots were cast; and lastly, by this coronation service. There they sacrificed sacrifices of peace offerings (which consist of thanksgivings and voluntary vows. Lev. 7:12-16), and then Saul and all the men of Israel rejoiced greatly. Yet this was not the first thought of God, it was an accommodation, because they were not prepared to accept of God's immediate control; it was a step backward rather than forward in Israel's history, and left them more than before in the hands of man.

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Except the step I'm taking now;
But light enough when Thou art near,
To Thy sweet will I gladly bow.
Unknown to me
As depths of sea—
Is this my Father's way for me?

So full of failings; but these lead
To Thy forgiveness full and sweet,
How little of Thyself I'd know,
Did not Thy grace my failings meet.
Thy grace my plea
For sins I see—
Is this my Father's way for me?

So filled with everlasting love,
So fraught with mercies every hour,
Pardon, healing, crowning, filling,
Revealing Jesus' wondrous power.
Let these make me
Much more like Thee—
Is this my Father's way for me?

So full of sorrow pain and grief,
But thus I know Him better still,
I know His joy, His love, His peace,
I love to learn His precious will.
From these to be
By no means free.
Is this my Father's way for me?

Sydney, Australia. —Rev. G. B. Greig.

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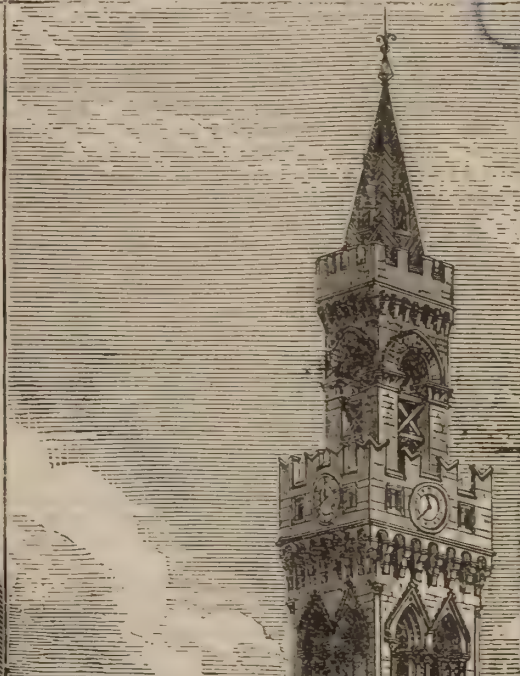
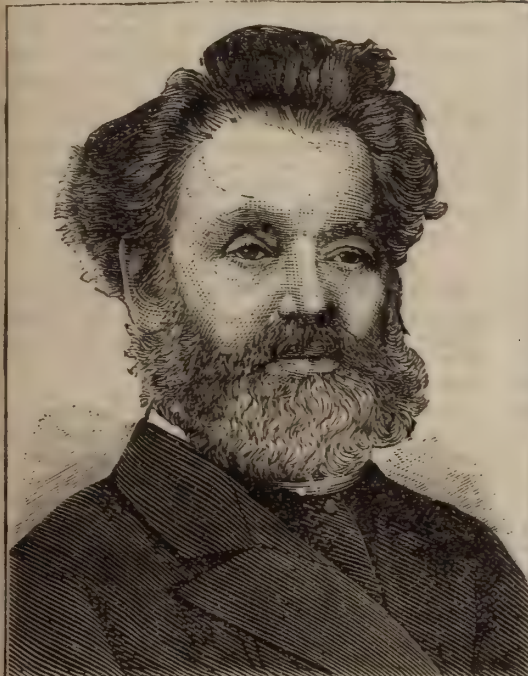
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REVS. JOSEPH TOULSON AND T. WHITTAKER, PRESIDENT AND EX-PRESIDENT OF P. M. CONFERENCE—TOWN-HALL, BRADFORD, ENG.

REV. JOSEPH TOULSON,

President of the Primitive Methodist Conference.

Early Conferences—Growth of the Connexion—The Presidential Election—Mr. Toulson Born in Yorkshire in 1822—Converted in 1839—Appointed Local Preacher in 1841—Enters the Ministry in 1842—Removes to London—His Many Services to the Connexion, and Successes.

Two representative portraits appear this week on our first page. A grand record has been made in England by the Primitive Methodists, who have probably done more, during the time the denomination has been organized, than any other Church, to evangelize the poor and neglected classes. Individually, the men whose portraits we give are men of mark, and they are still more interesting as representatives chosen for high office by their brethren.

This year's Annual Conference of the Primitive Methodist Connexion was held in the Technical Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire. This was

The Seventieth Conference

held in the denomination, although the Connexion may be said to have originated with the memorable camp-meeting held on Mow Hill in 1807, and to have taken shape by the formation of the first class in 1810. It was not until 1820 that the founders thought it needful or desirable to convoke a general assembly for disciplinary purposes. In 1819 the Connexion comprised four circuits, and each circuit sent several members to a preliminary meeting to make arrangements for the better organization of the societies.

There is a wide contrast between that first of Primitive Conferences and the one just held in the Bradford Hall. It was composed of eighteen persons, six of whom were preachers and twelve laymen. It represented under 8,000 members, and made no pretensions to wealth or learning or influence. As to their simplicity, the delegates vied with the Quakers, and solemnly registered the following decree: "Our members in office shall appear in public in a plain dress; the men to wear single-breasted coats, single-breasted waistcoats, and their hair in its natural form; and not to be allowed to wear pantaloons, fashionable trousers, nor white hats." That first conference though simple in its *personnelle* was an important gathering. It laid down the doctrinal basis, settled the basis of discipline, and gave directions for the working of the denomination such as are in force to-day.

Bradford is now one of the strongholds of the denomination, though it is just fifty years since it was last honored with the meeting of Conference in its midst. During that half century

Great Changes

have taken place. Of the 467 ministers then in the field, only one is now in circuit work, Rev. W. Nation, who was called into the ministry by that Conference, and is now at Penzance. Individuals die, but churches live. Last Conference (1888) there were over a thousand ministers, and the membership of the Church, which in 1839 stood something over 70,000, is this year over 193,000—a good deal more than a hundred thousand stronger than when the meeting last gathered at Bradford. The Connexion then had 1,025 places of worship, now it has about 6,000. Yet there is one feature of the two periods which will awaken serious thought. The increase reported to the Conference of 1839 was 2,730 members; the increase this year is only half as many.

The Election of President

is always a matter of great interest. The Presidential Chair is not only regarded as a position of considerable official responsibility, but election to that position is considered the highest expression of the confidence and regard of the Connexion. Only one man has been twice elected to this honor during the last twenty-four years. That one was the late Rev. George Lamb. To reach this post a candidate must have done a real life work for the churches, must possess good business abilities, must enjoy the profound respect of the Connexion, and must possess a high personal character for Christian devotion to duty.

There seemed to be more than the usual interest manifested this year when Rev. Joseph Toulson, of London, General Book Steward, whose merits were urged upon the Conference by Rev. Thomas Guttery and Mr. J. Parker, was elected by 124 votes out of 171. Mr. Toulson comes of Methodist parentage. His mother was a devout Wesleyan, and his father died in "full assurance of hope and faith." His grandfather was a Wesleyan for fifty years, and after that a zealous Primitive Methodist to the end of his life. The zeal and piety of the early Primitives, and their love for evangelistic work among the masses of the rural population won the old man's heart, and hence he joined himself to the new sect, and labored with them to the best of his powers. Mr. Toulson was born at Alverthorpe, near Wakefield, on September 17, 1822, so that he is now sixty-seven years old. He was

Converted to Christ

in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Wakefield, on January 27, 1839, under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Featherstone. He became a local preacher in 1841 in connection with the Wakefield circuit. In early life Mr. Toulson had not the educational facilities possessed by the children of the present day, but by dint of earnest labor, and true devotedness to God, and the incentives furnished by the church with which he had been connected, his whole career since his name was first put on the plan as a local preacher has been one of success.

By far the largest portion of Mr. Toulson's ministry has been spent in what now composes the two London districts. In addition to superintending important stations, he has been District Committee Secretary, and also Building Committee Secretary, as well as Treasurer of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, in all which important offices, by painstaking industry, combined with great affability of manner, he has rendered invaluable service to the Connexion. He has labored for so many years in London itself that he may be regarded as one of the best known of Primitive Methodist ministers in the metropolis, both amongst his own and other Nonconformist churches.

As a Superintendent Minister

Mr. Toulson takes the front rank. He is an able organizer and a capable leader. Few men are better understood by his officials, or can more efficiently develop the resources of a station for financial and spiritual objects. He has always made it his business to acquaint himself with the financial condition of each chapel trust on his station. As a good pastoral visitor, Mr. Toulson's fame is in all the churches over which he has had control. Few, if any, of the members' homes in the circuit in which he has travelled have been without his visitation, sympathy in sorrow and bereavement, and prayers for their speedy relief. His kindly interest in the welfare of the junior ministers has gained for him the appellation of "Father."

As a Faithful Preacher

Mr. Toulson has a wide Connexional reputation. He is forceful in speech, impressive in manner, and always aims at usefulness, and the immediate conversion of sinners. The Sunday evening prayer-meeting is always regarded by him as an opportunity to be used for the one grand object of leading seeking sinners to the Saviour of men, and under his conduct it has been attended almost invariably with saving results.

In April, 1886, Mr. Toulson succeeded the Rev. Ralph Fenwick as General Book Steward of the Connexion. Before many months had passed he recognized the necessity of improvements being made in the existing serials. In other branches of Book-Room business also, the President has shown himself to be one of the most enterprising book stewards that have occupied the office. During his first year of office the Book-Room sold 16,859 books published by the Connexion. The following year the sale increased to 36,486. In 1888 it was 40,025; and during the year just closed, the sales reached to 75,526. It may be stated that all the profits go to the support of Primitive

Methodist institutions, and to the maintenance of superannuated ministers, widows and orphans; and during the time Mr. Toulson has been in office, not less than \$81,325 has been distributed to various needy Connexional funds and several distressed chapels.

His Presidential Address

was both brief and modest. In it he attributed the kind remarks of his brethren to their extreme good feeling and charity, and said: "I started in life under circumstances not the most favorable. My family had to endure hardships and privations, and for myself I have never been favored with a single day's schooling. My mother, however, was a godly woman, who prayed much and often for the spiritual well-being of her children. In 1839 I sought and found the Saviour, and in 1842 entered the ministry. For a few years I labored in the Hull district, under the superintendence of some of the finest men among the connexional pioneers, and then removed to the London District, where I labored as a circuit minister until four years ago, when I entered upon the Book Stewardship. Altogether I have been in active work some fifty-seven years. The President last year (Rev. T. Whittaker) gave us a rallying-cry, and if one were expected of me, I would say let it be, 'An heroic passion for saving men.' If all the members are possessed of this feeling, revivals of religion, of a character hitherto hardly ever known, will be a common experience in the circuits."

REV. THOMAS WHITTAKER,

Ex-President of Methodist New Connexion.

Born in 1831—Converted at Sixteen in His Father's Stack-Yard—Begins Preaching at Nineteen—His Circuit and Official Work—Elected President in 1887.

THE Rev. Thomas Whittaker, whose portrait accompanies that of Mr. Toulson on the first page, was born February 15, 1831, at Carlton, near Selby, Yorkshire, and is now fifty-eight years old. His parents were farmers, and in his early life he was accustomed to the wholesome fare, and the rough, healthy life of a Yorkshire farm-house, where the earlier ministers of Primitive Methodism conducted services; ultimately a chapel was built on a piece of land, given by his father, in his stack-yard. Mr. Whittaker had better scholastic privileges than many of the ministers of the denomination to which he belongs, for though his father intended him to be a farmer, he thought he would make no worse farmer for having a liberal education. At sixteen years of age he realized the renewal of his heart by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. His conversion took place in

The Chapel in the Stack-Yard,

and almost at once he began the great and glorious work of preaching the Gospel. When nineteen years of age he entered the itinerancy of the denomination, and for thirty-two years in succession labored in what is called the Hull District of the Connexion. He had charge of most of the largest circuits of the district as their superintendent. During those thirty-two years he built, or materially enlarged, more than twenty chapels, some of them the best and largest of the Connexion, and added not less than \$50,000 worth of property, clear gain, to his denomination. His increase of members in his circuit during twenty-five years of his superintendency averaged forty-four per year. In the year 1874 he discharged the duties of

Conference Secretary.

At the end of thirty-two years of regular ministerial work he was called by the Conference to take charge of the Connexional Sunday-school Union. For five years he carefully watched and guarded the interest of the children and schools of the churches.

After the Conference of 1886, Mr. Whittaker took charge of the Higher Ardwick Circuit, Manchester, where he is now laboring, and where, since entering upon his work, considerable increase of members has been realized. At the Conference held at Liverpool, June, 1887, by a large vote, he was

sionary, to be associated with its Upper Niger Mission. He is to establish himself at Kipo Hill, there to study the Hausa language, of which there are already a grammar and dictionary. Commencing work in Sokoto, he hopes to move forward into the Soudan proper, where he will give himself to work among the Moham-medans.

HE FOR WHOM WE WAIT.

By George C.*

A Widow's Soldier Son—The Appearance of the Morning Star—The Believer's Comfort—A Wife of the Deceiver—A Little Boy's Song—A Child's Look at the Clouds—The Unchanged Jesus.

A WIDOWED mother stands upon the pier-head of a seaport town, eagerly gazing seaward. She has heard that transport ships, bringing troops from a foreign battle-field, are soon to arrive, and in one of them she ardently hopes to see her much-loved son. Preparations for a "grand review," to take place soon after the brave men have landed, are being made on a large scale. But these things have very little attraction for her. Military bands, and waving banners, and triumphal arches may gratify the mere observer of passing events; but it is for her own dear lad she waits. Day and night, since he departed, she has longed and prayed for his return; and what could really give her so much joy as getting him safely back? not that she has any objection to seeing him honored at the coming "review," for she believes him to be well worthy of all the honor they will give him; but even this will take place *after* he has landed.

The Uppermost Thought

in her heart now is this—"he is coming." Now, there may be certain events happening to-day which seem to indicate that the time cannot be far distant when the "Sun of Righteousness" shall arise with healing in His wings "for the remnant of Israel who fear His name," and with consuming judgment for the wicked. (Read for yourself of that "day that shall burn as an oven," that "great and dreadful day of the Lord" in the last chapter of Malachi.) But the Christian's immediate hope is the return of *Christ Himself* as the "Bright and Morning Star," as He Himself so expresses it in Rev. 22: 16. Using His own ever-precious personal name, He says, "I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify these things unto you in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the Bright and Morning Star."

Now the morning star appears in the heavens before the rising of the sun, sometimes a considerable time before. It is between the time when He comes as the "Morning Star," and the time when He appears as the "Sun of Righteousness," that the terrible judgments spoken of in the Revelation will visit the earth. Then will that terrible consummation of wickedness and lawlessness, that "man of sin," the Antichrist, come upon the scene (II Thess. 2); then, too, "the time of Jacob's trouble" (Jer. 30: 7) and "great tribulation" (Matt. 24: 21, 22) will come, but

A Saved Remnant

will be preserved in the midst of it, like the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. Then those, in professing Christendom, who have "not received the love of the truth that they might be saved," will be given over by God Himself to a "strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (II Thess. 2: 11, 12.)

Then, indeed, there will be numberless signs—signs of a most appalling character, plenty of heart-crushing sorrows, with sights and sounds that shall make the stoutest hearts quail—so that "men shall seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." (Rev. 9: 6.) But remember that all these are to be expected *after* the "Morning Star" is risen, and *not before*; i. e., *after* the

Church, His heavenly bride, has been caught away from the earth to meet the Lord in the air. Oh, let us never forget that it is Himself who is coming to "gather His ransomed ones!"

The enemy has been but too successful in making the gracious promise of His coming to appear as much as possible like an angry, judicial threat; whereas, as we have seen in John 14, it was the Great Physician's choicest cordial for the fainting hearts of His trembling followers. And when the inspired apostle, years afterwards, writes his first letter to the bereaved and persecuted young converts at Thessalonica, he adds, to what he had just been telling them of the Lord's coming, this short but significant sentence—"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Now let us turn to I Thess. 4: 16, and carefully examine these words of comfort: "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Now notice that it was

A Real, Living Man,

the Lord Himself, who was going to descend from heaven. It was the Lord Himself that they were going to meet in the air. At their conversion they had been taught that the "same Jesus" who had, by His death and resurrection, delivered them from "the wrath to come," was coming again; and they "turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from Heaven." (I Thess. 1: 9, 10.) And again, in writing to the Philippians, Paul says, "Our conversation" (or citizenship) "is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ," i. e., they were on the outlook for a Person, and that Person the known and loved and trusted Son of God.

Now, where that blessed Saviour is *not* known, where His finished work is not trusted, nor His authority bowed to, there is little wonder that the news of His near approach should strike the conscience with terror and dismay, as in Jerusalem of old.

But, fellow Christian, it ought *not* to be so with you. We ought, most assuredly, to be exercised about the suitability of our walk and ways toward Him who is coming; and if we lay the promise of His speedy coming to heart, we certainly shall be. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." (I John 3: 3.) We ought never to forget, moreover, that "we shall all be manifested before His judgment-seat;" when all our service shall be reproduced, and "every man receive his own reward according to his own labor." This, however, like

The Grand-Review Day

in our illustration, will be an *after event*. And besides, just as in a military "review" all the soldiers appear in their best, so shall we appear at His judgment-seat clothed in bodies of glory like His own—we shall even be "raised in glory." (I Cor. 15: 43.) But He is first coming for us, as a loving Bridegroom to take home His bride; and I repeat it again, there is nothing whatever for the true believer to fear in connection with it, though plenty to humble and to exercise the most devoted of us.

A few years since, on the street, I overtook a little boy about six years of age, as he leisurely sauntered along the street. As I approached him he was singing a little song—one of his own composing, I expect. A tiny ditty it was. Three words took in the whole of it—"At ten o'clock! at ten o'clock! at ten o'clock!"

He seemed so thoroughly absorbed with it, and repeated it so often, that my curiosity was aroused to inquire what he could really mean by it. After a few kind words, he opened his little heart to me. It appeared that his mother had been from home for some time, but that his father had received a letter to say she would be home that very day "at 10 o'clock." I need hardly say that the little morning carol needed no

further explanation. The news of his mother's return had filled his heart—filled it to overflowing. No doubt he had sadly missed her, mourned her absence, and ardently longed for her return. But she was *coming*—coming "at 10 o'clock," and who wonders that this news was good cheer to him!

Now, why should it be otherwise with you and me, dear Christian reader, when the tidings of our dear Lord's return reach our ears? Have we not tasted the sweetness of His love? Did He not suffer and die for us? Has He not kept us all along the way since first we knew Him, relieving us of many a burden, succoring and sympathizing in many a sorrow, restoring us after many a fall? Words cannot express how dear we are to Him. Ah! dear brother or sister, it is as we think of Him that our hearts

Desire to See Him.

Not long since a Christian lady said to me, "When I think sometimes of the Lord's coming, my heart fairly leaps within me." And a little girl I knew years ago—only eleven at the time—said, after returning from an errand at dusk one evening, "Mother, as I came up the lane just now I saw the clouds moving very swiftly along the sky. So I stood still and looked up; for I thought that if the Lord Jesus were coming, how I should like to be the very first to see Him!" Now, what was the secret of this peace and joy in the bosom of that dear child, as she stood all alone in that country lane, and at evening twilight, longing for a glimpse of His blessed face? It was just this: she knew and trusted the Person who was coming ("whom, having not seen, ye love").

But perhaps some one might say, "I should not be in such calm quietude if I thought He were coming at once, though from my heart I do trust His precious blood."

Ah! then you are forgetting who it is that is coming. It is

The "Same Jesus"

who once, weary with His journey, asked Samaria's daughter for a drink of water; the same who met the funeral procession outside the city of Nain, and gave back to the widow her only son; who allowed the sinful woman in Simon's house to tell out her love in tears and kisses at His blessed feet; yea, the very same Jesus who spoke such wondrous words of grace and mercy to the dying robber at Calvary! It is He who is coming!

Would you have proof of this? Read in Acts 1 what those two angels said to the disciples on Mount Olivet. Their Master had just left them and gone to heaven, but not without first taking special pains to impress upon them that He was *not* a Spirit, but a *living Man* with flesh and bones, which, if they doubted His word, they could handle and see for themselves. (Luke 24: 39.) "Ye men of Galilee" (say the angels), "this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." (Acts 1: 11.)

Eighteen hundred years in glory has not changed Him in the least! The self-same Person that Martha went forth to meet after her brother's death is He for whom we wait; and should we be "put to sleep" before He returns, the same "Resurrection and the Life" who said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep," will, at His coming, awake us too; that, like Lazarus, we may sit at the feast with Him "in saint-thronged courts above." (See John 11, 12.) Why, then, should we fear, when such a blessed Friend is coming from heaven to meet us?

"Surely I come quickly," is the cheering promise; and is it not due to such a lover as He that our hearts should respond, and say, "Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus?"

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

* From "Caught Up," a small pamphlet of 46 pages, envelope size; published, price 5 cents, by Rev. W. A. Bowyer, West Farmington, Ohio.



OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Important Decision Practically Extending the Contract Labor Law was made by Secretary Windom last week. It appears that an English firm has handed to immigrants a letter to an agent in Texas, on presentation of which the agent will take charge of them and board them until they obtain work. The immigrants have to bind themselves before receiving the letter to accept the first employment offered by the Texas agent. The Collector at New York considered this a contract within the meaning of the law, and refused the immigrants permission to land. An appeal was carried to the Secretary of the Treasury, who confirmed the Collector's decision. The provisions of the law are being stringently enforced, and, unhappily, the sufferers belong to the class least able to bear the loss of time and money.

Sensitiveness to Newspaper Criticism Caused a diplomatic difficulty in Washington last week. Since the Shah of Persia began his tour of Europe, the American press has paid him considerable attention, and, as its manner is, its criticisms have been rather candid than complimentary. These criticisms have offended the Persian Minister in Washington, Hadji Hussein Ghoully Khan, whose portrait appeared in this journal on April 17, and he has resigned his office. The Minister thinks the Government of this country ought not to suffer so exalted a personage as the Shah to be so lightly spoken of. In Persia the press would not be allowed to speak disparagingly of the President of the United States. As a matter of fact, the Shah compelled a newspaper which had criticised President Cleveland to apologize and publish a retraction, and the Minister thinks the Washington Government should similarly exert itself for the benefit of the Shah. As it has not done so, Ghoully Khan severs his relations with it. That is a pity, for the Washington Government should not be blamed or punished for neglecting to exercise powers over the press which it does not possess, and which, so long as this is a free country, it never will possess.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker Caused a panic in telegraph circles last week by introducing into Government business the principle on which he conducts his private business as a dry-goods merchant. It is the duty of the Postmaster-General to fix the rate of telegraphic service for the Government. The law stipulates that he shall do it annually. From the time that the law was passed in 1866 1 cent per word for dispatches of twenty words, and 1 cent for each additional word, with 10 per cent. added for service for distances over each 1,000 miles, has been the usual allowance. Each dispatch of less than twenty words cost 20 cents. This rate satisfied the Western Union Company, which regarded it as established for all time. When the blanks for ordering service for the ensuing fiscal year were submitted to the Postmaster-General last week, he filled them out with "one mill per word" instead of the customary one cent, and affixed his signature in due form. He also stopped the extra allowance for distance and delivery. As Government dispatches have precedence over all other business, the companies will lose considerably by dealing with the Government at

this rate. They are making vigorous protests, but, as Mr. Wanamaker has an undoubted right to fix the price the Government shall pay, the companies are helpless. If it were any other industry whose profits were thus curtailed the public would censure the economical act, but as the chief sufferer is the Western Union, which, by its power as a monopoly, has so long compelled the people to pay unnecessarily high rates, there is little sympathy for it now that it is writhing in the grasp of a stronger power.

A Cloudburst and a Flood Worked Havoc in Johnstown, N. Y., on July 9. The strange coincidence of the name of the town and the nature of the disaster with the recent calamitous desolation in Pennsylvania was remarkable. Happily there is no comparison in the extent of the two disasters. In that of last week, though only too heavy, there was but relatively small loss of life and property. Heavy rains had fallen for two days and had swollen the Cayadutta Creek, which runs through the town. About 4 o'clock dense black clouds appeared to burst and the volume of water that fell in a few minutes was enormous. The Cayadutta became a raging torrent high above its banks, and flowing swiftly. Soon the citizens who were watching it saw wreckage on its surface. Portions of a new mill came down and were followed by two other mills, and the people saw that a dam must have burst. They crowded on a stone bridge to see the strange sight, and were watching it intently when the bridge itself began to quiver. A rush for safety was made, but it was not quick enough. The bridge fell, and many people fell into the dark waters. Rescuing parties were at once organized, and, equipped with ropes and lanterns, succeeded in saving many lives. Four corpses were found, and it is feared that several persons who are missing must also have perished. Nine bridges were washed away, and many large buildings and factories on the banks of the stream were destroyed.

The Brutal Prize-Fight in Mississippi Over-shadowed all other topics in public interest last week. The fact is not creditable to us as a people, but it cannot be truthfully denied. That two men should have been trained for months in preparation for the struggle, and that fifteen thousand persons should each have paid sums ranging from fifteen dollars to five for the pleasure of seeing them bruise and batter each other, is a disgrace to our civilization. The two big brutes were warned by the Governors of three States against fighting within their boundaries, but by making their rendezvous in a desert in Mississippi, where it was difficult to send a sufficient force to support the sheriff, they were able to defy the law. After fighting like beasts for two hours and a quarter, one of them acknowledged himself beaten, and returned to New Orleans weeping like a child over his defeat. Efforts are being made to have the men punished for breaking the law, but they are little likely to succeed. There would be more sense and justice in bringing into the dock the wealthy men who acted as backers, and furnished the money for which the fighters contended.

The Dread of a Great War Still Disturbs European statesmen. In spite of protestations, on all sides, of peaceful intentions, preparations for a terrific struggle are being made. The European correspondent of the *New York Times* cables to that journal the following survey of the field: "German officials are doggedly keeping alive the quarrel forced upon little Switzerland with a view to preserving a pretext for hurling an army corps across the Jura Pass when war comes. Russian officers, no longer deigning to disguise matters, are swarming up the Danube past Roumanian towns into Serbia, and one party of fifty actually landed at Braila and closely inspected the fortifications the Roumanians have built there. The Servian authorities are getting ready to do Russia's bidding. In London diplomats believe in war more now than they did when the scare was at its height. Perhaps the public man in Europe

who believes most firmly that a great armed crash is coming is the Pope. He got private news a few days ago—some say from Vienna—which threw the whole Vatican into an immediate panic. Nobody except the Cardinals, who are sworn to secrecy, knows exactly what this news was, but it is practically certain that it was a warning that war is on the way."

A New Irish League is Being Organized. It is called the Irish Tenants' Defence League, and is intended to supersede the Plan of Campaign. The Irish members of Parliament, who are settling its principles and mode of action, say that it is founded on perfectly legal and constitutional principles, and that it will carry forward the gradual work of the reform of the relations between tenant and landlord in a more admirable, moderate and well-advised manner than has ever before been possible. The details have not yet been published, but it is understood that Mr. Parnell will be the President, and that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley approve its principles. If, as is stated, the work of the League is to be "moderate and well-advised," the landlords will benefit by it too. At present they view the organization with apprehension, and doubt whether any scheme relating to their interests emanating from the Irish Parliamentary party can claim to be moderate.

The Bombardment of an African Town by German gunboats is reported from Zanzibar. The news was brought there by the German ship *Pfaff* on July 9. The officers said that on the previous day five vessels had shelled the town of Pangani. After the bombardment Lieutenant Wissmann's force, numbering over one thousand men, landed, supported by four hundred German sailors. In doing so they lost two boats. All the Arabs and black men had retired, and the Germans declare that they had no losses. Lieutenant Wissmann and his force have occupied Pangani. The warships then proceeded to Tanga and bombarded that town. No German was killed in either place in the recent outbreak, and the ruthless destruction of the towns seems unwarranted. The proceedings will probably increase the prejudice against white missionaries, and may put many valuable lives in peril.

Hostilities in the Soudan Have Again Broken out. The Mahdi's troops to the number of six thousand under Nadel-Jumi have invaded Egypt. They are reported to be near Wady Halfa. A dispatch from the scene of hostilities states that a force of Egyptians cut off sixty dervishes from the main body to which they belonged, and in the fight which followed all the dervishes were killed. Two hundred and fifty dervish prisoners have arrived at Shellal. England is aiding Egypt in the struggle, and troops have been ordered to Egypt from Malta.

The Restoration of King Malietoa to Samoa is to take place immediately. The German gunboat *Wolf* has been ordered to proceed to the Marshall Islands, to which the German admiral arrogantly exiled the Samoan king, and bring him back to Apia. As this step has been taken prior to the ratification of the treaty, it may be inferred that there was no stipulation on the subject in the treaty. It is probable that Germany undertook to reinstate Malietoa as a preliminary to all negotiation. The experience of recalling an arrogant proceeding and receding from a haughty attitude is a novel one for Prince Bismarck. Since the Franco-German war he has been accustomed to domineer in Europe unchecked by the other Powers, which regard Germany's vast power with awe. It was natural for him to suppose that in Samoa also his will would be law. The restoration of Malietoa must have required a painful effort, and it may be hoped that it will be beneficial to him.

Any Subscriber Interested in this Journal, and desiring to promote its circulation, may have sample copies sent them postage-paid and free of charge, for distribution at camp-meetings or other places where such distribution will introduce the paper, and lead to increased sales. Send postal card stating number required to The Manager, 71 Bible House.

A Timely Resolution Has Been Passed by a number of ministers in Charleston, S. C., in relation to the recent miscarriage of justice in that city, mentioned in these columns last week. The fact that Dr. McDow had received an ovation in church after his acquittal, could not be ignored. A meeting of ministers was therefore called, and the following resolutions, among others, were passed: That we proclaim an abhorrence of murder and all deeds of violence which defile the land with blood and violate the laws of God and man, and deprecate all demonstrations that seem to sanction them. That we invoke the pulpit throughout the city and State to unite with us in putting down the deeds of violence which have so often disgraced our land and exposed us to the just rebuke of those who honor the commands, "Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not commit adultery." The ministers have acted wisely and courageously, and we hope Christian laymen in Charleston will give them hearty support.

A Felon's Answer to a Judge in Explanation of his position is reported by the *Sentinel* of Indianapolis, Ind. The judge was acquainted with the convicted man's father, who was a very eminent lawyer and the author of a famous work on "The Law of Trusts." Astonished and grieved at seeing the son of so respected a man in the felon's dock, the judge asked him if he remembered his father. "Perfectly," said the young man. "He had one invariable way of addressing me. Whenever I entered his presence he would say, 'Run away, my lad, and don't trouble me.'" The great lawyer was thus able to concentrate his attention on the subject of "Trusts," but his own trust committed to his keeping was neglected, and his neglect issued in his son's moral wreck. "A keeper of the vineyards, but his own vineyard he had not kept." (Cant. 1: 6.)

Another False Christ has Appeared, and has attracted as large a following as Schweinfurth has done by his pretended Messiahship in Illinois. This man, whose name is Christopher Orth, has been preaching in Liberty County, Georgia, about forty miles from Savannah. Both white and colored people are among the crowd of some four hundred who have left their homes to follow him. He declares that in his person Christ has come the second time, and he promises that on August 16 he will lead his followers to the New Jerusalem. His acquaintance with Scripture is remarkable, and his answers to questions prove that he possesses considerable argumentative powers. The colored preachers of the neighborhood have denounced his claims, and have tried to persuade their people not to listen to him, but the number of his followers grows. He is believed to be demented, but his madness has so much method in it that the authorities hesitate about committing him to an asylum. He is about thirty-five years of age, has a remarkably white, transparent complexion, long hair, which falls on his shoulders, and a sweet, gentle expression of face. His appearance has much to do with his power over the people. It is worthy of notice that one of the signs by which Jesus said the last days might be recognized was that many should come in His name saying, "I am Christ." (Luke 21: 8.)

A Disappointed Purchaser Caused Some laughter in a Civil Court the other day. The New Orleans *Picayune* reports a case in which an optician was plaintiff and a French lady was defendant. The lady had suffered an injury to one of her eyes, and as the organ was completely destroyed, she was advised to procure a glass eye. She applied to the optician, who took considerable trouble in supplying her with an eye that exactly matched the natural eye in color. He charged her twenty dollars for it, but the lady refused to pay. He therefore sued for the amount, and she appeared in court to defend the suit. She held the glass eye in her hand, and indignantly told the judge that the plaintiff had tried to impose upon her. She could see no better with the thing he had sup-

plied than she could without it. "Did you imagine," asked the judge, "that you would be able to see with a glass eye?" "Why, certainly!" she said; "I ordered it for use, and this is of no use." The judge tried to explain that glass eyes were for other people to look at, not for the wearer to look through, but he could not succeed. The lady was unconvinced, and when ordered to pay the money denounced the judge's decision as wicked, and dashed the eye to pieces on the floor of the court-room. Few persons are so ignorant as to make her mistake of expecting sight from a glass eye, but only too many make the far more disastrous mistake of relying on the natural sight for the discernment of spiritual things. (1 Cor. 2: 14.)

A Woman's Daily Visits to the Railroad Depot of Manchester, N. H., are described in the letter of a press correspondent. He states that nearly every day, winter and summer, for thirty years, a woman has been seen waiting the arrival of a certain train; when it comes in she scans the face of every passenger, and then turns sadly away, but only to come again the next day at the same hour. She is about fifty years of age, her hair has turned gray, and her face is marked by care and sorrow. When she first commenced her visits to the depot she was young and handsome. She came to meet her lover, a fine young sailor to whom she was engaged to be married. More than thirty years ago he went away on a long voyage, on his return from which they were to be married. He never returned, and no message came to explain his absence. Grief and anxiety caused the girl a long illness, and when she recovered it was with an enfeebled mind. She would listen to no suggestions that her lover was unfaithful to her, but insisted that some unavoidable accident had occurred to delay his coming. Some day he would come unexpectedly to fulfil his promise, and he should find her waiting to greet him. So, every day, whatever the weather, she goes to the depot, and waits the arrival of the train by which she expects him. Her reliance on her lover's promise is beautifully pathetic. That, after so many years, she should still expect him implies a faith in a fallible mortal far stronger than many Christians have in their divine Saviour. They live in forgetfulness of the promise He gave of His coming, and when the cry is raised, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," they will not be found waiting for Him. (Matt. 24: 48-50.)

A Desperate Mother's Ingenuity was Exercised to save her child's life recently, at Venice, Ill. A farmer living near that town had been having some repairs done to his well. The pump had been removed and the aperture covered by some rough boards. A little four-year-old boy playing around the yard took a fancy for jumping on these boards for the pleasure derived from the rebound. But one of the boards shifted under the operation, and went down into the well, and the boy with it. Only the mother and a nine-year-old daughter were at home, and hearing the child's cry, they ran to the rescue. But there was twelve feet of water in the well, and it was fifteen feet from the top to the surface of the water. The boy's head could be seen above the water as he clung to the board, but the mother could think of no way to reach him. Her little girl offered to go down and get her brother if the mother would lower her. The distracted mother ran for a rope, and tying it round the brave little girl, let her down. A shout told her that her daughter had the boy safe in her arms, and was ready to be hauled up. But this the mother had not strength to do. She thought of a ladder, but there was no ladder long enough to reach to the bottom of the well. There was a short one, however, and after securing the rope so as to support her two children, the mother ran and fetched it. She lowered it into the well, and gave it support at the top by putting a stout piece of timber across the well and under the highest round of the ladder. By this swaying road the brave child, with her brother in her arms, came to the

top of the well and was clasped in her thankful mother's arms. The incident may serve as an illustration of the fall and rescue of man. From peril infinitely greater, the wisdom of our Heavenly Father and the love of our elder Brother combined to deliver us. (John 3: 16.)

A Bachelor's Will was Read at a Merry party at Delmonico's in New York recently. The party consisted of about twenty of the gayest and fastest men in the city, and they came together at the invitation of one of their own set, who, up to this summer, had been a recognized leader in their dissipations. An excellent dinner was served, and the guests thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The festivities were at the highest when the host rose to make the speech of the evening. He said that he was about to be married, and as he did not intend to live, as a married man, the life he had lived as a bachelor, the entertainment was to be regarded as a farewell feast. It was held to close that chapter of his life. "In fact," said he, "the man whom you have known is from this moment dead and buried." To further carry out that idea, he wished them farewell, asking them to wait after his departure to hear his will read. He then retired, and his servant entered with the document. As it was read each guest found himself remembered. To one the host gave his card-table, to another his sideboard, to a third his collection of photographs—for every one a souvenir of some kind. There was general astonishment, but knowing the defunct bachelor's character, they were sure he would keep his word, and as a companion he would be known of them no more. It is so with the Christian. His union with Christ must be preceded with a complete death and burial of his old life and associations, that he may rise a new man and live a resurrection life. (Rom. 6: 4.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A tobacconist in Brooklyn, N. Y., has been fined \$50 for selling cigarettes to a child.

Cardinal Lavigerie's International Anti-Slavery Congress is to meet at Lucerne, Switzerland, on Aug. 4-11.

The International Sunday-school Convention in London adjourned on July 5, to meet again in some city in America in 1893.

The Rev. Arthur Pierson, D. D., the well-known pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has resigned his charge.

At the Ocean Grove, N. J., services on July 7, the orchestra was composed of cornets, violins, piano, and organ; the leading violinist being Miss Nettie Brown.

Rev. Dr. William Ormiston, formerly pastor of the Reformed Collegiate Church of New York, has accepted the call of the Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, Cal.

Damages to the amount of \$4,000 have been awarded to a child against a barkeeper on a Catskill steamboat, who sold liquor to her father, who afterward fell overboard in a drunken stupor and was drowned.

Prof. William R. Harper, of Yale, delivered a lecture on July 4 at the Moody Conference, on the inspiration of the Bible from direct and indirect testimony of the Babylonish and Assyrian monuments recently discovered.

At the Summer School of Christian Philosophy, at Key East, N. J., Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, will lecture, on July 23, on The Politics of Christianity; and on July 25 Austin Abbott, Esq., of New York, will lecture on Retaliation in the Mosaic Law.

The coroner's inquest on the victims of the Johnstown, Pa., disaster returned a verdict that: "We hold the owners of the South Fork Reservoir responsible for the fearful loss of life and property resulting from the breaking of the dam."

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Ludgate, who have been conducting services at the Berachah Mission, New York, will be at liberty after August 1, and would be glad to accept an engagement, either as evangelists or to take charge of a mission.

A body of Presbyterians at Galt, Ont., who believe in the doctrine of "sinless perfection," were recently found guilty by the Hamilton Presbytery of "holding tenets opposed to the Scripture." The case was appealed to the General Assembly at Toronto, and the appeal was dismissed by a vote of 128 to 7.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter closed their fifth year of evangelistic work in Canada on June 25. It has been a busy year. They have held meetings at Oakville, Windsor, Winnipeg, Carberry, Brandon, Exeter, and many other places, besides their famous meetings in Toronto, at which 1,100 made profession of faith. The record for the year is 4,500 conversions.

THE PROMISED REST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For we which have believed do enter into rest, as He said, As I have sworn in my wrath, if they shall enter into My rest," Hebrews 4: 3.

A Promise Embedded in a Threatening—God's Rests—To be Shared by His People—I. To Whom the Rest is Confined—Those Who Have Believed—Have Faith in Revelation—Have Trusted Themselves to Christ—Are Consistent in Life—Typical Cases of Restlessness—II. The Rest Itself—Resting in Christ's Person—In His Work—In His Perpetual Life—Its Limits—III. The Personal Testimony—A Positive Assertion of Experience—A Minister's Tearful Confession—Rest not Rust—Silly Boasters of Perfection—Obstacles in the Way—A Parable.

In the text we have a declaration of experience, "We which have believed do enter into rest," to which is very singularly added, "As He said, As I have sworn in my wrath, if they shall enter into My rest." The happy declaration is supported by the tremendous oath of judgment, which shut out the unbelieving race. There is a promise embedded in a threatening,

Like Gold in Quartz;

just as there is generally a threatening as the reverse of the golden coin of promise. When we read, in the opening chapters of the Bible, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," it was implied, was it not, that if they did not eat they should live? Though that promise was not stated in words, it was implied in the threatening. So here, when we read, "I have sworn in my wrath, if they shall enter into My rest," while we are taught that some could not enter in because of unbelief; it is implied in it that believers would enter in. Those who have faith in the divine promise shall enter in. If unbelief shuts men out, then faith is the door of entrance to those who have it. Beloved, this morning I earnestly pray that you may be able to join in the declaration before us. Though nearly nineteen hundred years have passed away, it is still true of those who believe, that they enter into rest. Some of us are now resting where the Lord rests, and our rest is daily deepening, so that it will only need a moment's change, and we shall rest with God in glory.

I. Follow me in meditation while we consider *the people to whom this experience is confined.* They rest, and no one else; they rest, because they have believed. As surely as unbelief shuts out, so surely does faith shut in.

What is it to Believe?

To believe is, first of all, to accept as true the revelation of God; to give unfeigned assent and consent to all that God has made known in His Word, and especially to believe that He was, "in Christ Jesus, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." We cannot take the further step of trust unless, first, we give credence to the testimony of God. In reference to the work of our Lord Jesus, we must, first, accept the facts concerning Him, and the witness of God about Him, or we cannot go further. We bow our judgments, our questionings, our consciences, our faith, before the throne of the Lord God of truth. This is an essential groundwork for saving faith.

The operative point of faith is the next one; we trust ourselves with Him who is revealed; thus we carry our belief of truth to its practical conclusion. We come, just as we are, to the Saviour who bids us come; we rely for our salvation and acceptance with God upon the Lord Jesus Christ as the Father reveals Him. Chiefly do we receive Him as our substitute, and in consequence, our sacrifice. We believe in Him as bearing our sins in His own body on the tree; as made sin for us, though He knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. He hath not the faith which will bring him to heaven who doth not wholly trust himself with God in Christ.

Out of this trust must come action agreeable thereunto. He that trusts Christ appropriates to himself the blessings contained in Him, and henceforth they become his heart's treasure, and

this changes the whole tone of his life. He that trusts in Christ becomes obedient to his Saviour's word; just as the sailor who trusts his pilot yields to him the steering of the ship. This leads the believer to flee from sin; he sees that no good can come thereby, but only deadly evil. This leads to a daily rejoicing in Christ; for in proportion as we trust the Lord, and are governed by that trust, we become happy in the Lord. When we can say, "He is all my salvation and all my desire," we shall not be afraid even on a dying bed. So far as I am trusting, I am resting.

According to the statement of the writer of this epistle, faith, wherever it exists, brings with it rest. Let me sketch three or four

Cases in Proof,

such as I have seen myself. Yonder is a man who has come to a right idea of his guilt before God. He went on merrily enough for years, till the Holy Spirit shone into his soul, and caused him to see the evil of his life. He began to think. Looking back upon his past conduct, he became uneasy; for he felt that he had lived without God, and therefore he had lived an unprofitable life towards his best Friend. He became greatly disturbed in spirit, not only by day, but even by night: his dreams were tinctured with fear. He felt that he was all wrong, and he feared he could never be set right. In such a condition rest is out of the question. What is to be done? In eager desire he goes from one place of worship to another, and he reads the Scriptures and godly books; but he finds no rest, and he will find none until he begins to see Jesus. How often have I seen the enlightenment which comes of faith! When the man sees that God is full of love towards him, that He is willing to receive him, guilty as he is, and to blot out all his sin for Jesus' sake; that Christ on the tree bore the penalty of his transgressions—then, I say, an enlightenment comes over his soul. I have seen the countenance transfigured as the divine witness has shone into the mind.

Observe another case. This person was once a Christian professor, leading the way in public service; but he declined gradually, and at last he fell into grievous open sin. He has been cut off from the visible church; and necessarily so, for he has wandered into sinful habits, and mixed with evil associates. He is ill at ease. Like an unquiet spirit, he is seeking rest, and finding none. If there had been nothing of grace in his heart, he might have been satisfied with the husks of the world; but he has enough grace remaining in him to make him miserable. His foot finds no resting-place. He is not willing, as yet, to go back to the Church; and yet he cannot be content away from the fold. He is as a bird which has wandered from its nest, or a dog which has lost its master. It is only as that man beholds again the vision of the Crucified Lover of his soul that he will see a hope of rest.

I have seen the like result of faith in another case, which is very different from the last. A Christian man endowed with large power of thought, in an evil hour quitted his moorings and drifted out into the deep. He saw others sailing on the great and wide sea, and he thought it a brave thing to imitate them. He has

Lost His Compass,

and does not believe in his chart. My distracted brother, your only hope of intellectual rest lies in believing your God. Oh that you would subject your intellect to the Holy Spirit! Come, cast away your pride, and sit at the feet of Jesus. Become a little child, that you may enter the kingdom. Have you not had enough of this plague of the period—the thing which betrays its character by calling itself "*honest doubt*"? While you are your own guide, you will go astray; but when you will place your hand in that hand which bears the nail-print, you shall be safe and happy. "We which have believed do enter into rest," and the rest is not that of ignorance and agnosticism, but of clear knowledge, for we know and have believed the love which God hath towards us.

Let me give you one more picture. Tread softly, for the shadow of death is over yonder bed! Weakness will scarce bear the sound of your footfall. His pulse is faint and few, the man is dying! See how his tender wife wipes the death-sweat from his brow! Come hither, ye philosophers, and cheer his last hours with the joys of evolution! Come, ye advocates of a new theology, and cheer him with your criticisms! Poor heart, he sees no consolation in all that you can set before him. He turns himself to the Lord Jesus, and cries:

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

If he can but see "the sacred head once wounded," he will have rest. How sweet! how deep! how perfect that rest will be! Men die not when they breathe their last with the living Saviour near them. In unruffled calm the spirit takes its flight from earth, and that word is fulfilled, "Blessed are the dead which die in Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors."

Thus have I set before you who these people are; they are not those who merely talk of religion, but they have true faith in God. They do not hesitate and delay, but they have once for all believed, and are now walking by faith. They are not questioners, but they believe God with a simple, child-like confidence. These are they that enter into rest, and nobody else will ever do so. I wish some of you would take this decisive step, and end this wretched pretence of wisdom, this self-conceited trust in "culture:" for it will be your greatest gain in life to trust your God, and enter into rest.

II. Our second point is *the experience itself:* "we which have believed do enter into rest." I shall now speak of what I know of a surety, and of what many of you know also. We will propound no theory, and indulge no imagination, but keep to matters of fact.

Wherein Do We Rest?

Brethren, we rest where God rests: that is, in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. To the Father and to us He is the place of our common rest. How happy are we to find rest in a person! This is warm and substantial comfort. You cannot rest in the words of a doctrine as you can in the bosom of a person. Take a poor child that is lost in the street. Talk to it upon cheering themes. These ought to comfort it: but the little one goes on crying. Sing to it, and reason with it. It is all in vain. Run, fetch its mother! See how it smiles! It nestles in her bosom, and is at rest. A person yields the heart-comfort. So it is with our Lord Jesus Christ. In life, in death, it is a delightful thought that our salvation rests in the hands of a living, loving personality; we depend upon a divine and human person, an accessible helper, to whom we may come at all times.

Next, we rest in His work. That work I can only roughly outline to you. It was a life of perfect obedience, completed by a death of shame and agony. The life and the death were all for us: in our room and place He obeyed and suffered. "It pleased the Father to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief;" and because of that bruising and grief, it is written, "The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake; He will magnify the law, and make it honorable." Sinners are reconciled to God, and all offence is removed out of the way. Beloved, when you get a faith's view of the work of the Redeemer, do you not feel that all your fears and forebodings are sweetly laid to rest? The full Atonement, the perfect Righteousness, the glorious Victory, are not these resting-places?

I scarcely need to mention, as a separate item, the perpetual life of Christ. We have not a dead Saviour. Lift up your eyes, and see your Lord upon the throne! Behold Him risen from the dead, and know that

He is Coming Soon,

in all His glory, to receive you unto Himself. I ask you if you cannot find perfect rest in the

thought that He ever liveth, and is therefore able to save to the uttermost? Yes, preach Christ to the soul; He is true balm for its wounds. The love of Jesus is a pillow for every aching head. Let our Lord be near, and, like John, we find rest upon His bosom.

Do you ask me what is comprehended in this rest? I answer—all things. Here we lay every burden down. Personally I do at this moment rest in Jesus as to all the *past*. Whatever there has been of sin to grieve over, whatever of mistakes, folly, or wrong—all this is no more my load, for it was laid on

Jesus as My Soapegoat,

and he carried it away into the wilderness of forgetfulness. He has finished transgression, and made an end of sin. I also rest in Him in reference to the *present*. Whatever there may be of evil occurrent, or of need pressing, or of danger secret, or of slander foul, I leave all with Him in whom my soul reposes, who says to me, "Let not your heart be troubled." They say there is a skeleton in every house; I know of none in mine; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil. Concerning to-day we enter into rest. But there is the *future*! We can leave the future where we leave the past. He that believeth thus enters into rest as to the past, the present, and the future. We cast all our care on our Lord, for He careth for us.

What are the excellencies of this rest which comes by believing? I answer, they are very many. It is a wonderful source of strength. When the tree strikes deep root it gets vigor for fruitage. No man has any great power to work successfully while he is worried. The fulcrum must rest, or the lever will not work. Fret creates a great leakage in a man, and his force runs away uselessly; but when care is ended, and he enters into rest with Christ, then all the force and energy of his being turns to holy service for God and man. This rest also brightens life. When you enter into rest life is not a dull and dreary round, such as the blind horse finds at the mill. Life is not a chain, which we must drag behind us, but wings on which we soar into the joyous blue, and hold converse with the choristers of heaven.

What are the limits of this rest? We may place them where we will. "According to your faith, so be it unto you." "We which have believed, do enter into rest." It is an entrance, and no more, as yet. But when an Israelite had an entrance into Canaan, it was his own fault if he did not penetrate the interior, and traverse the land from Dan to Beersheba. "Ask, and ye shall receive." "All things are possible to him that believeth." If you are not perfectly restful, it is not the fault of the rest.

III. I must draw your attention to

The Personal Assertion

of this experience: "We which have believed, do enter into rest." I like the plain and positive speech of the apostle for himself and his friends. My opponent cries, "You are too dogmatical, and too positive." To which I reply, "I cannot help being dogmatic when I say that I see what I know I have seen, and declare that I feel what I know I am feeling." Would you have me doubt my own consciousness?

I do not invite any of you to say that faith gives you peace unless it does so. It must be a matter of fact. We want no empty profession. I remember hearing of a pious minister who was asked to speak one day upon the subject of joy in God. He stood up and said, "I am sorry that I have been requested to speak upon this topic; for the fact is, I am not walking in the light, but I am crying, 'Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.' I have grieved my heavenly Father, and I am in the dark." He sat down and sobbed; and so did all his brethren. This honest confession did far more good than if he had patched up a tale, and told of some stale experience years before. If you have not entered into rest, do not say that you have.

"Well," cries one, "we do not rest, we are hard at work for our Lord." And so am I;

but this is rest to me, now that I am at peace with God. The labor of love for Christ is only another word for rest. He says, "Take my yoke upon you: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Carry Christ's burden, and your shoulders shall have rest. We do not mean sleep or idleness when we speak of rest: that is

Not Rest, But Rust.

Our rest is found in the service of God. "Oh," says one, "I find a conflict going on within me." Do you? So do I. Who does not feel a struggle while pressing forward towards perfection? Can there be rest where there is conflict? I answer, Assuredly. He that is at rest in his heart is the man to fight. While he cries, "Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" he is able at once to add, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed." Our confidence in Christ is not shaken, though all confidence in ourselves is gone. The more we see of our wretchedness and wiliness by nature, the more we rest in Jesus. This declaration, that we have rest, should always be made with a holy purpose. We must not go about boasting of our peace. That is what little children do who know no better; they say, "Look at my new shoes." There are many silly children nowadays who cry

"Look, how Perfect I Am!"

Dear child, it will be better for you to be seen and not heard. When you bear witness to your own enjoyment of the rest of faith, let it be your purpose, first to glorify God, who has given you this rest, and next, that you may convince others that such a rest is possible. How can we hope to convince others that there is the rest of faith, unless we enjoy it ourselves?

Brethren, if you can say as much as this—"By believing, I have entered into rest," be thankful; for this privilege is a gift of love. It is a wonderful instance of sovereign grace that such unworthy ones as we are should enter into God's rest. But if you cannot say it, do not despair. Make it a point of question with yourself, "Why cannot I thus speak? Why have I not entered into rest? Is it because I have not believed?" Perhaps some fault of character may prevent your enjoying perfect rest. See where that flaw is. Are you living in any sin? If so the sun may have risen, but if there is a bandage over your eyes, you will still be in the dark. Get rid of that which blinds the eye. Or, are you trusting yourself as well as trusting in Christ? Are you relying on your experience? Then I do not wonder if you miss the rest of faith. Get rid of all that spoils the simplicity of your faith. Come to the Lord anew this morning. Possibly you are sickly in body, and this may cause you discomfort, for which you cannot otherwise account. Never mind, you may come just as you are, with all your sickness, weakness, or family trouble, and you may now rest in the Lord. Tell out your grief to Jesus, and He will breathe on you, and say, "Peace be unto you." We ought to be at rest: we err when we are not.

"Alas!" cries one, "I wish I had the rest you speak of, but I cannot find it, though I study much and work hard." Harken to

A Parable:

A little bird of the air found itself in a church. It was anxious to find its way into the open air, and so it flew aloft among the great timbers of the roof, where it was half buried, and almost blinded, by the dust which lay thick upon the beams. There were no seeds, nor fruits, nor waters in that dry and thirsty height. It then made a dash at a window, glorious with many colors; but it found no way of escape. It tried again and again, and at last dropped, stunned, upon the pavement of the aisle. When it recovered itself a little, it did not again fly aloft; but seeing the door open upon the level of the floor, it joyfully flew through it into the open country. You are that bird. Your pride makes you deal with high things up there in the roof. Among the lofty mysteries you are blinding

yourself: there is no escape for you there, nor rest, nor even life. You seek a way through the glory of your own painted righteousness; but this will be death to you, if you persevere. Drop down upon the floor of honest confession and lowly penitence. Come to the ground by self-humiliation. When you get lower ideas of yourself you will see just before you the open door, Christ Jesus. As soon as you see Him, use the wings of a simple faith, and you are at liberty, and no more a captive doomed to die. May God bring you down, that He may exalt you in due time, for Christ's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

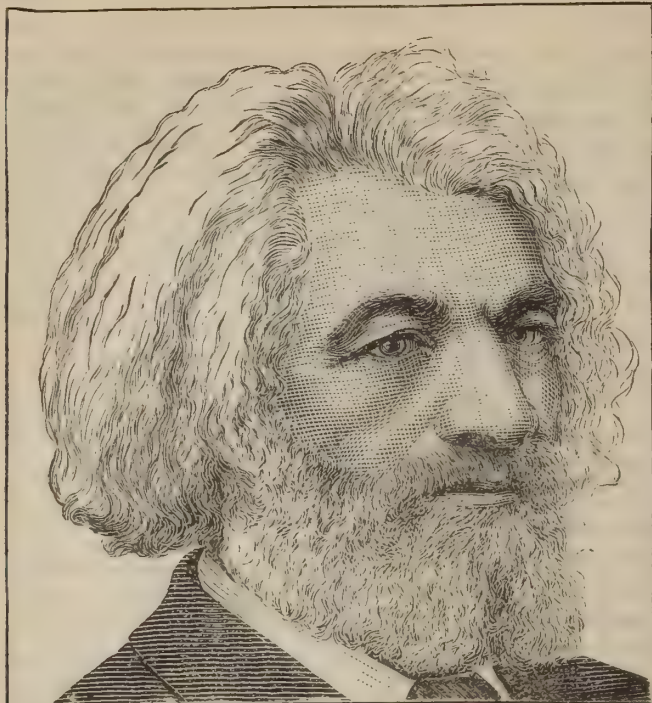
THE ARREST OF A HUGUENOT PASTOR.*

THE psalm ended, the old pastor reopened the Bible and announced his text, but scarcely had the first sentence fallen from his lips than he was suddenly interrupted. A trumpet without blew sharp and shrill. A strain of martial music followed. There was a faint cry from the old beadle, and then the temple doors were thrown open and a band of soldiers, armed to the teeth, marched in. For an instant the congregation stood paralyzed; then seeing that the eyes of the intruders were fixed upon the pulpit, where their aged minister stood, calm, but unable to make himself heard amid the uproar, they uttered a hoarse roar of indignation, and endeavored, with the desperation of love, to interpose between him and the threatened danger. In vain! The dragoons pushed steadily forward, forcing the people back at the point of the bayonet, and bearing, with stoical indifference, the threats hurled at them. They gained the pulpit and formed a cordon around it. Two of their number mounted to the reading-desk and secured the person of the pastor, while an officer stood upon the pulpit stairs and read aloud the royal warrant, of which the listeners gathered little more than that, for some imaginary cause of offence, their pastor was to be arrested and their temple closed. They had hushed their clamor long enough to hear it read, but at its conclusion they burst into another hoarse, indignant roar, which, instead of spending itself, seemed every instant to grow louder and more threatening.

The old minister, who had resigned himself unresistingly to his captors, now endeavored, with outstretched hands and streaming eyes, to induce them to do the same. But his voice was lost in the tumult, and the people, misunderstanding the gesture, and thinking he appealed to them for rescue, uttered fiercer threats and cries. Every moment the uproar became more appalling. At a signal from their captain, the soldiers brought their prisoner down and placed him in the centre of the squad. Cool and undismayed, they stood with sabres drawn and eyes fixed upon their leader, ready at his word to cut their way out. The incensed Huguenots far outnumbered them, but they were unarmed, and the war-worn veterans of Louis XIV. knew well what would be the result of so unequal a contest.

Maddened with grief, the people, however, would certainly have made the vain effort to stay their progress, and blood must have flowed had there not appeared on the scene at this moment an individual destined to turn the tide of events. He wore the plain dress of a citizen, but his frame was tall and powerfully built, his eyes piercing, and his speech had a strong southern accent. He sprang upon the pulpit steps, and turning his pale, set face toward the surging multitude, with a gesture commanded silence, . . . and poured out a rapid, passionate appeal for prudence and forbearance.

* From "How They Kept the Faith." A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc. By Grace Raymond. The story presents, in a vivid shape, the trials and dangers and sufferings of the French Protestants under Louis XIV. In these latitudinarian times it is well that people should know what Protestantism meant to men and women who knew that in professing it they ran the risk of prison, torture, and the scaffold. A book of this character does that with more force than is exerted by the bare historical narrative. Pp. 389. Price \$1.50. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



Hon. Frederick Douglass.



Lieut. Liebrecht on His Way to Court.

"Resist," he said, "and you give our persecutors the opportunity for which they long; submit, and you deprive them of the ground on which to accuse you. Attempt to rescue your pastor by force, and you not only fail, but rivet his chains. Suffer his arrest patiently, and you do for him all that man can do, by proving how sincere and unswerving is the loyalty he has taught you."

The people listened, disappointed, sullen, wavering, but they listened, and at length the speaker paused, satisfied apparently with the impression he had made. The fire died out of his face, his head dropped low upon his breast; he seemed to feel himself unworthy to utter the words which the people now needed. Bending low over the pulpit railing, he addressed the captive pastor in a voice of exceeding reverence and love: "My father, they will hear you now. Speak to them and the work is done."

The aged minister stepped forward and extended his arms in farewell and in blessing toward his smitten flock. "My little children," he said, "I address you not in my own words, but in the words of Him who endured much contradiction of sinners against Himself, and when He was reviled, reviled not again. 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.' 'Love your enemies, bless them which curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. So shall ye be the children of your Father which is in heaven.'" He ceased speaking, and through the building, which a few seconds before had echoed to the shouts of a raging mob, was now heard only the sound of sobs and murmured prayers.

The captain of the dragoons saw his opportunity, and seized it. A whisper to his men and they closed once more about their prisoner, and moved toward the door. The pastor crossed the threshold of the temple never to re-enter it; the people poured out after him; the doors were closed and sealed with the king's seal. Another shadow had fallen from the night now rapidly closing around the Huguenots of France.

A VISIT TO A KING IN AFRICA.

(See Illustration.)

AMONG the officers of the expedition which Mr. H. M. Stanley conducted for the formation of the Congo State was Lieut. Liebrechts, whose dignified bearing and elaborate courtesy made him exceedingly useful in conducting negotiations with the native chiefs. It is not easy to present an imposing appearance under some

conditions of African travel, but the Lieutenant never failed to be equal to the occasion. "I can see him now," says a writer, "setting out in response to a request from some dusky potentate. He would sit bolt upright on his litter, one leg hanging gracefully, while the other was stretched out easily before him. Four of our men in native dress supported the ends of the poles, while by the side of the litter marched the king's messenger, decked out in second-hand finery, part of which had been some European officer's uniform, a battered cocked hat with big feathers worn sideways, and a drawn sword carried horizontally. One must have a laugh at the queer procession, but the Lieutenant's face was severe and grave as if he were on guard at Friederichskrohn. Meanwhile the king is preparing to receive him. He is touching himself up before a score of looking-glasses hanging around the walls of his house, straightening a hair here and there, giving another dab of ochre on his cheek or forehead, a streak of yellow under one eye, and a line of white under the other. A loving tap to his chignon, a smooth of a crease in his red blanket, and he emerges and takes his seat on the fat crimson bolster which serves for a chair of state."

HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Appointed U. S. Minister to Hayti.

Frederick Douglass is seventy-two years of age, having been born in Talbot County, Maryland, in February, 1817. His mother was a slave, and the boy grew up in slavery. He had a variety of masters; of the kindness of some of them he still speaks, though he complains bitterly of the ill usage he received from colored overseers and from a white man to whom he was sent "to be broken in." In 1838, when he was twenty-one years old, he succeeded in making his escape to Massachusetts, and settled for a time in New Bedford, until an opportunity arose for going to England. He was assisted to get an education while he was on the other side the Atlantic, and he displayed so remarkable an aptitude for learning that an effort was made to purchase his freedom. This was successful, and having in his pocket a deed of manumission executed by his owner, Frederick Douglass, in 1846 returned to America. For some time he was a local preacher in Massachusetts, but eventually he had to take refuge in Canada. Though he opposed the John Brown movement at Harper's Ferry, his intimacy with Brown was proved by letters from Douglass found among the abolitionist's papers, and Douglass was advised to fly. With the outbreak of the war he returned, and became active in organizing colored regiments.

Since the war he has held several offices. Mr. Hayes made him Marshal of the District of Columbia, and President Garfield appointed him Recorder of Deeds. He now goes to Hayti as the accredited representative of the nation in which little more than half a century ago he was a slave.

MINNIE'S QUESTION.

(See Illustration on page 461.)

It was a more serious and arduous duty than she knew, that Agnes Willoughby undertook when she promised to be a mother to little Minnie, the four-year-old daughter of her dead sister. But Agnes gave her promise readily when her sister was dying, and would have given it even had she foreseen the trials and anxieties the task involved. She could not refuse, for Agnes loved her sister dearly. There were many years between them in age and a still greater difference in disposition, for Agnes was inclined to be light and frivolous, while her elder sister had always been grave and thoughtful. Little Minnie's future was the one disturbing thought of the dying bed. The dying mother prayed God to bless and guide her sister, and bring both her and the little Minnie to the heavenly home whither her own steps were fast tending, and that was the prayer on her lips when she passed away.

Agnes tried to do her duty conscientiously. It was difficult, however, for she was inexperienced and Minnie was not easily managed. It was not possible to be severe with the little motherless child, and Agnes was sadly conscious that there were times when severity would have been beneficial to Minnie if she could have brought herself to the point of exercising it. But on the whole the child was docile, and was evidently affected by the love and kindness of her foster-mother. It was the child's religious training that puzzled Agnes most. Theoretically she was conversant with gospel truth, but she knew that there was a great difference between her knowledge and her sister's experience.

"Where is mamma?" the child asked, one day. "In heaven, dear, with Jesus," Agnes answered.

"Will she never come back, Auntie? Shall we never see her again?"

"She will not come back, dear, but Minnie may go to her if she is good."

"And you too, Auntie? you will go too?"

"I hope so, dear."

"Aren't you sure, Auntie?"

Agnes could not answer; she feigned an errand to another room to break up the examination. She was not sure, and what could she

tell the child? How make her understand that she had not herself the faith and confidence she was trying to inculcate. That night, as usual, the child knelt at her knees to say her evening prayer before going to bed. Agnes listened as Minnie repeated the familiar words. Her thoughts went back to the time when she too—a child of Minnie's years—knelt at the knees of a godly mother and said the same words. But what was it the child was saying now? Agnes was roused from her reverie by an unfamiliar petition:

"Please, God, let Auntie and me come to heaven to see mamma. Auntie is very good, and I am trying to be, so we may come."

Agnes raised the child, kissed her good-night, and went to her own room. Why was it, she asked herself, that she could not tell the child that she expected to go to heaven? She knew the way of salvation; from a child she had understood how she might be saved, but she had never yielded herself up to Christ. Why had she not done so? The persistent little girl would be sure to ask her, and she knew not what she could say? Worse still, God would ask her when she appeared before Him and what would she say then? The thought appalled her. She sat thinking far into the night. At last she rose, and fell upon her knees. Probably that was the first real prayer she ever uttered. She poured out all her soul, and as she confessed her neglect and bewailed her perversity and begged for acceptance, light came. She rose with a heart relieved, and for the first time felt the joy and happiness of reconciliation with God. Before retiring to rest, she stepped lightly to Minnie's crib, and as she stooped and kissed her in her slumber, she thanked God for sending the little one whose simple questions led her to the point of decision.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 446.)

Old Friends Reappear.

Not long after I had received my endowments, my talkative friend, of whom I have already spoken, came to see me, and to offer her congratulations. She was quite enthusiastic upon the subject, spoke of the honor which had been conferred upon us, and promised to call frequently "to build me up." She was particularly anxious to learn whether I did not feel much better and happier now. On that point I could say little, for to have answered her truthfully would have provoked discussion, into which I did not care to enter. I knew, too, that anything I said to her would soon be known to everyone else. So I told her that I was feeling well enough. My talkative friend was a constant visitor to our house, and her strange views of life made her visits a diversion, so that she often banished from my mind thoughts which, if unchecked, would have made life unbearable.

Other friends, besides, I had, too numerous to mention; friends whom I had known in England, and dear Swiss friends not a few, who had come to Zion before us, and were now quite settled and at home. Two faces I longed to see, but of their owners I could at first get no tidings. Poor dear Madame Balif, my old Swiss

friend, who in days past had shown me so many kindnesses, and whom I had so tenderly loved, where was she? Somewhere, I knew, in Zion, but not in Salt Lake City; and to the chapter of accidents I felt that I must leave it, whether I ever saw her again or not.

And where, too, was Mary Burton, with all her sweet, winning ways, she whom I had known as a child; whose early womanhood had been darkened by apprehensions of that accursed polygamy; who had suffered that terrible journey over the Plains; who, for aught I knew, might at that very time need most my sympathy and sisterly love? Oh, where was she? Poor Mary! Might it not be that, worn out by the fearful sufferings she had endured, she had gone to that peaceful rest which she had so vainly sought on earth? I had asked everyone who came across my path, who was likely to know, whether they could give me any information as to where she was; but I could learn nothing more than that, not long after their arrival, she and her husband had left the city, and had gone to one of the settlements in Southern Utah. Therefore I had to wait in uncertainty for any chance which might accidentally bring us together again.

I was very glad the winter was over, for we had had rather a rough time during our first few months in Salt Lake City, and the various associations of our life had tended rather to strengthen than to relieve my apprehensions respecting the future. The ball season, which, of course, I cannot pass by in silence, had been a source of annoyance, and I may say antipathy, to me, I had seen so much that was unpleasant at those

balls; and although what I witnessed did not then affect me personally, yet it was painful to see others suffer, and to hear poor women, whose hearts were crushed and broken, tell to each other the sorrow which had blighted their existence.

Dancing was always very popular among the Saints, and the leading men among them have fostered a taste for it. When the people first went out to Utah, as may be supposed life was hard and amusements were few. The Mormons, as a body, are examples of industry and diligence; to them labor is one of the cardinal virtues; and like all other pioneers they found plenty of employment for their energies. Houses had to be built, land prepared for cultivation, the commonest necessities of life to be manufactured or raised; and busy hands were perpetually engaged in a thousand useful industries. But when the day was over, and the dust of toil was washed from the care-crowded brow, it was but natural that the need of a little recreation should be felt.

Brigham and the Elders knew that it would never do to leave the people without amusements of some kind, and thus the balls and social gatherings were originated. The idea of Apostles, Prophets, High Priests, and Patriarchs attending a ball, and joining in a dance, must appear grotesquely incongruous to the Gentile mind; but out among the Mormons it is quite the thing; and to the men these balls and parties seemed very pleasant. I do not think that many of the Mormon women enjoyed the ball season, and I knew that to some of them it was the most painful part of their lives.

It is a cruel thing for a woman to know, anywhere, that her husband's affections are divided, that she is not his only love, and that his heart is no longer all her own. But far worse is the lot of the wife in Utah. She has to see and be present when the love-making is going on. Such an outrage upon the holiest feelings of womanhood would not for a moment be tolerated in any civilized community; but amongst the Saints women are taught that this is but one part of the cross which we all have got to bear. Cross-bearing is all very well, and I do not doubt that sorrow and trial have a sanctifying influence upon the soul, but by all means let us have a fair division of the burden. It is not just that the heaviest end of the beam should be placed on poor, weak woman's shoulders, and that her "lord" should even find pleasure in that cross which weighs her to the dust, and crushes out from her weary soul the last sparks of love and happiness and hope! How sweetly did the men preach patience and submission to the will of Heaven! I wonder where their own patience and submission would have been had matters been reversed, and their wives had been taught that it was their privilege, and a religious duty, to court, to flirt with, and marry men younger and handsomer than their husbands! The brethren never forgot what Brigham once said about all Mormon men under 100 years of age being all boys, and they do not neglect their privilege.

Oh! how I loathe the very remembrance of those hateful ballrooms, where I have seen so many unhappy wives, and have heard so many tales of sorrow. For, while the wives would be sitting like "wall-flowers" along the sides of



Minnie's Petition.

the halls, after having danced the first dance with their husbands, as a matter of form, I have heard them many times telling each other about what they had seen their husbands doing during the evening; and how they had been compelled to pay attention to some simpering girl that their husbands chanced to admire; and how they had had to do it for peace' sake, and appear to be satisfied. All the stories that were ever told me never half came up to the truth; nor can I possibly myself give the reader any correct idea of the heartaches and sorrows which these scenes bring to the wives of Mormons.

The men should hear what their wives say about them in the ball-rooms, and the repulsion they feel for them. I have seen some women sitting quietly eyeing their husbands, as they danced or flirted with the younger ones, till their cup of indignation was full. Then they would make for the dressing-rooms, where their anger would burst upon the ears of a group of eager listeners, who were seemingly pleased to learn that some one else was suffering as well as themselves. A half-repressed threat, "I will be even with him!" has escaped the lips of those who, before that, had passed for being happily situated.

I met President Heber C. Kimball at one of these balls soon after my arrival. He said that he would introduce me to *his wife*. Every one liked Heber for his outspoken, honest bluntness. He took me up the hall and introduced me to five wives in succession! "Now," said he, "I think I'll quit; for I fancy you are not over strong in the faith."

I asked, "Are these all you have got?" "Oh dear, no!" he said; "I have a few more at home, and about fifty more scattered over the earth somewhere. I have never seen them since they were sealed to me in Nauvoo, and I hope I never shall again!" I thought this was terrible.

I shall never forget those ballroom scenes. Even to this day, when I chance to listen to tunes which I used to hear played in those times, they grate terribly upon my ear, and bring back so many sad recollections that I want to get away from the sound of them as quickly as possible, for they are more than I can endure. Bygone recollections are often recalled by such trifles as a well-remembered tune or strain of melody.

I may here anticipate my future narrative by remarking that, after I had openly withdrawn at a later period from the Mormon Church, I attended a ball in Salt Lake City. Of course it was got up by the "Liberal Party." I felt free and happy, for there was nothing to annoy or disturb me. Suddenly the band struck up a tune which I had heard while attending the Mormon balls. It sounded like the death-knell of all my pleasant feelings, and aroused memories of the past which were so intensely painful that I could not rally from the depression that I felt for the rest of the evening. I had heard that tune before, and many like it, and had even danced to it while my heart was breaking.

In very early days Brigham built a theatre, and a very fair amount of histrionic talent was developed among the Saints. The Social Hall, in which were held balls, public entertainments, and other amusements, was used for histrionic performances before the theatre was built. Brigham owned the theatre. Money was to be made out of it, and the chance of making money Brother Brigham never permitted to slip through his fingers. Brigham's eyes were sharp enough to see that a theatre would be to him a source of profit, but he did not look far enough. That theatre—under the immediate direction of the Prophet, with his own daughters acting in it, with the plays which were performed under his own censorship—has been one of the many causes which have perceptibly, although perhaps indirectly, shaken the hold which Mormonism had upon many a woman's mind.

A man would probably witness the performance of a play, and return from the theatre with

no other thought than the remembrance of an hour's amusement. But not so a woman. To her the play suggested something more, and her daughters would share her thoughts. Daily and hourly, it might be, the evil effects of plurality of wives would be brought under their notice as a matter affecting themselves personally. The observant instinct of their sex could never be wholly crushed. They would notice the neglect which Mormon wives endured even from good husbands; they would see a man leaving the wife of his youth, the mother of his children, and, careless of the cruel wrong he did her, leave her in lonely sorrow while he was spending his time in love-making with some young girl who might have been his daughter. They would see a wife crushing out from her heart the holiest impulses which God had implanted there, striving to destroy all affection for him whose dearest treasure that affection should have been, because, indeed, the evil system could not exist with love. They would see and know, and themselves personally feel, the degradation and misery of the "Celestial Order of Marriage;" and that to them would be the practical picture of life.

The Mormon women are not devoid of common sense, nor are they destitute of those quick perceptions which, under all circumstances, distinguish their sex. They see in the majority of plays acted on the stage, representations of the happiness attendant upon love and marriage such as God ordained, and such as finds a response in every heart; and they compare such pleasant pictures with what they know and have witnessed of Mormon marriage, and they draw painful inferences therefrom. Their faith may be proof against open apostasy from Mormonism, but the impression left upon their minds produces its effect notwithstanding.

The spring came on, and our prospects began to brighten. My husband not only found remunerative employment for his pen in Salt Lake City, but was also engaged as special correspondent to the *New York Herald* and several of the California papers. One morning, a countryman, roughly dressed, and looking the picture of care, called at our house and asked to see Mr. Stenhouse. I gazed at him for a moment, for I thought there was something familiar in the sound of his voice. He looked at me, and I at once recognized him; it was Monsieur Balif himself, in whose house we had lived in Switzerland. But oh, how changed he was! Once a refined, handsome, gentlemanly man; now a mere wreck of his former self, careworn, rough-looking, poorly clad. He and his family had been in Utah six years, and had suffered all the ills that poverty can inflict; the change which was wrought in him was so great that for some moments I was so overcome by my feelings that I could not utter a word. In the few short years which had elapsed since I saw him in his own bright and happy home, he had become quite an old man. I hardly dared to ask him about his wife, for I feared what his answer might be; but after a little while he told me that she had sent her love, and would like to see me whenever I could find an opportunity to call upon her. They lived some miles from the city, but I told him that I would not fail to visit them whenever it was possible for me to do so.

I talked a long while with Monsieur Balif, and was much interested in what he told me. He made no complaints; he had still firm faith in Mormonism, and said that if the brethren had not dealt fairly by him they would be answerable to God for what they had done. "Besides," he added, "I do not blame them so much, for they are Americans, and would not be happy if they did not get the advantage in some way."

I was anxious to ask him if he had been induced to take another wife, as he had been in Utah during the "Reformation," and I did not see how it was possible for him to have escaped; but while I was thinking how I might put the question delicately, he saved me the trouble by himself telling me that he had married the

young servant-girl whom his wife had taken from Switzerland with her.

This information was quite a shock to me, for I well knew the proud spirit of his wife, and I could realize what anguish this second marriage must have caused her; I did not, however, like to question him on the subject. So I turned the conversation into another channel, and when he went away I sent kind messages to Madame Balif, saying that I would seize the very first opportunity of hearing from her own lips the story of all they had gone through.

Here, again, I found the trail of the monster Polygamy; this time in the home of my dearest friend. From the moment when she and I had mingled our tears together in Switzerland, over that false doctrine, life had been to me one long, weary, sickening battle with my own heart. In moments of comparative self-control I had even tried, as a missionary's wife, to justify that to others which I myself hated, but only to witness an outburst of sorrow and anger, and to feel still more the weakness of my position. That had been my own experience: but how had the time passed with my dear old friend? She must, no doubt, have been as greatly disappointed as I was when she came to Zion and saw things as they really were, and not as they had been represented to us. My own eyes had certainly been opened not a little since my arrival. Instead of finding the people enjoying the comforts and blessings of life, which we had been taught were strewn around them in profuse abundance, we found among all but the leading families the greatest poverty and privation.

(To be Continued).

ISRAEL ASKING A KING.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 28, 1 Samuel 8:4-20, Golden Text, 1 Samuel 8:19.

Evanescent Results of Reform—Samuel's Sons Like those of Eli—Greedy and Corrupt—A National Council Called—General Desire for a Monarchy—A Virtual Abandonment of Theocracy—The Nation Weary of Abuses—Samuel's Displeasure—Appeals to God—Directed to Grant the National Desire—To Warn the People of the Consequences—Deliberate Preference of Despotism Over Anarchy—A Wish to Conform to the Customs of Other Nations.

EVERYTHING which is of man has a tendency to deteriorate. Samuel was indeed a reformer, and God did blessed work through him. Idols were put away, the worship of God was purified, the Philistines overthrown, the land freed from invaders and brought to rest, and order and judgment instituted. Oh, if it could only last! It is a disheartening thing to see how the greatest work of reformation or revival leaves permanent results only among the few. After a few months, or a year or two, the results are only visible to the eye which traces the hand of God in all things. Outward things may be changed, but the evil heart of unbelief, which entered man's nature in Eden, with its tendency to depart from the living God (Heb. 3:12), is always reappearing, even after the most glorious work of God. Since sin entered into our nature there has been in man no element of permanence; with sin, death and decay came in, and this principle of deterioration is only the working out of death, the witness of the curse which came with the fall. But, thank God,

Eternal Life Cannot Deteriorate.

In the life of Christ in us is no element of decay; Christ changes not, and thus, as we abide in Him and He in us, and in no other way, we are kept steadfast. In Samuel himself there was deterioration. As a little child, he had learned to know the voice of God, and as the boy-prophet "the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel by the word of the Lord;" but now that he was an old man, a long-established prophet and judge, he ventured to act without receiving direction from God, and "he made his sons judges over Israel." One step out of line with God always produces sad consequences, especially if it is the step of one who is in a position of authority. God would not bless the rule of

Samuel's worldly sons, and disorder crept in; "His sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment." It is a terrible mark of declension when the service of God is done for the sake of worldly gain; when money, instead of being the last consideration, becomes the first. "They that will be rich"—i. e., they who set riches before them as an object in life—"fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." (1 Tim. 6:9, 10.) Samuel was disinterested; he lived for the people; but his sons only served in their office to serve their own interests. Alas, this spirit has crept into our churches and missions! While there are some devoted souls whose joy it is to have nothing, and to depend upon God for all things, the larger number want to make sure of their income, and leave God no chance to show them how true a Shepherd He is to those who will trust Him fully. Those of us who have had the privilege of trusting Him for our Christian work, or for our own needs, know something of the precious liberty there is in trusting Him only, and telling no man of our needs.

Israel was in real trouble; the scandal of perverted judgment, and the reputation of Samuel's sons for financial greed was such that the elders of Israel appointed a general council where they unitedly represented to Samuel these great and bitter grievances. This was all right if it had stopped here, and if they had then urged the old prophet to inquire of the Lord His will for His own land and people. But the people had

Already Fixed Upon a Remedy,

and had set their hearts upon it. Thus they already began to ignore God as the immediate Ruler over them. It is this making of plans independently of God which so often brings in estrangement between Him and His people. The people said to Samuel, "Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways; now make us a king to judge us like all the nations." It was a bitter grief of heart to the prophet. The glory of Israel was God's immediate presence with His people: "Wherein shall it be known here," said Moses, "that I and Thy people have found grace in Thy sight? Is it not in that Thou goest with us? so shall we be separated, I and Thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth." (Ex. 33:16.) And they did not value this separation, but wanted now to break down the walls which divided them from other people! They wanted to come down from heavenly rule to earthly rule, from the guidance of an unseen God to the pageantry and uncertain government of an earthly court! "Ask now of the days that are past, which were before thee, since the day that God created man upon the earth, and ask, from the one side of heaven unto the other, whether there hath been any such thing as this great thing is, or hath been heard like it? Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire as thou hast heard, and live? Or hath God assayed to go and take Him a nation out of the midst of another nation, by temptations, by signs, and by wonders, and by war, and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched-out arm, and by great terrors, according to all that the Lord your God did for you in Egypt before your eyes? (Deut. 4:32-34.) This appeal was familiar to the children of Israel, but they were ready to sacrifice all this wondrous pre-eminence of relationship to God

For Appearance' Sake,

that they might be like the nations. How many a son of godly parents has shaken off the influences of a holy home that he might be like other young men! How many a young girl who has tasted the privilege of a home under the very shadow of the Almighty has turned aside with the idea, "I don't like to be peculiar, I must dress as other girls do, I must read the books which are read in society; it seems so

stupid not to know what people are talking about; I must do as others do!" But, alas, this is not only the case with the unconverted children of believers: there are too many of God's own children who shrink from too close and intimate a walk with God from the fear of what it may entail. There are so many of God's children who want to retain the prestige of being "like the nations," and so in their expenditure, their manner of life, their conversation, the government of their house and business, are of the earth, earthy, and the immediate control of God is discarded and rejected!

Infectious Lapses,

"The thing displeased Samuel." He had taken a wrong step, it is true, in making his sons judges, but the people had erred too. How often, where a leader makes a slip, those who are dependent upon or influenced by him are encouraged to a much greater departure from God! Let a Christian mother be irritable, oh how trying the children will be that day! let her have the smallest feeling of vexation with a servant, it will seem as though the servants that day were trying as she has never known them before. Departure from God is infectious; it influences all around us.

But Samuel, in his displeasure, went to God and prayed. It was an old habit with the prophet to take refuge in his God, and the answer came at once. "The Lord said unto Samuel, Harken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee, for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not reign over them." "We will not have this man to reign over us," say the enemies of Jesus. (Luke 19:14.) God's reign is a reign of holiness. He gives sin and self no quarter, and the natural heart, which is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17:9) cannot endure such a dominion, cannot tolerate the light of God which manifests and brings to light the secrets of the heart which it would fain keep covered. Samuel entered into fellowship with God. "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me." It is as though God would comfort His servant, and say, "Samuel, thou and I are in the same case." "It is enough for the disciple that He be as His Master, and the servant as his Lord." (Matt. 10:25.) "The world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not." (1 John 3:1.)

God Does Not Coerce,

But would God allow the rebellious people to have their way? Would this not encourage them in insubordination? God never forces Himself upon us. He will save every sinner who will let Him; will be a true Father to each one who will let Him; He will be a true Shepherd to all who will let Him lead them into green pastures, and by the still waters; He will rule every life which is yielded up to Him; but He never forces his salvation or His care, His guidance or His immediate government, upon unwilling hearts. And so He lets His unwilling children have their way, that they may taste the fruits of it. (Isa. 3:10.) He said to Samuel, "Harken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee; for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not reign over them. According to all the works which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt even unto this day, wherewith they have forsaken Me and served other gods, so do they also unto thee. Now, therefore, hearken unto their voice; howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them, and shew them the manner of the king that shall reign over them." In wrath He remembers mercy, and shews them, for their own sakes, the evil and folly of their ways.

But human nature will make

Great Sacrifices to Get its Own Way,

and all the representations of the Lord, through Samuel, fell upon minds already made up, and unwilling ears. They wanted a king to take a pride in; it could be no real gain to them; their sons and their daughters would have to serve their king; their freedom would be at an end;

taxes, which now they were free from, would be levied upon them to keep up the expenses of a court and a standing army; the people would be impoverished to supply his favorites; it was a sorry prospect, but the people saw only the one side of it. "We shall be like the nations. Now, we have no government to shew, we are the laughing-stock of the people, they have no respect for us; it is true God is very good to us, but we are in an anomalous position, and cannot take our place among the kingdoms of the world—we must be like the nations." And this was the people who had been brought out of Egypt, led so marvellously through the Red Sea, fed by a daily miracle, and given possession of the land in a marvellous manner by the hand of God! And this people, in their base ingratitude, were ashamed of their God, and were willing to rid themselves of His wondrous intervention, that they might be like the nations!

Nothing so stands in the way of a truly holy life as this desire to be like other people, and to stand well with man. "You must do as others do," say so many. Who says so? "Well, everybody does it." But what saith the Lord? Something very contrary. "Come out from among them, and

Be Ye Separate,

saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." (11 Cor. 6:17.) It is our wondrous privilege to live a life "hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3:3), but this life we can only live if we are separate, taking part with God, and perfectly willing to be "despised and rejected of men," as He was. Paul said, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me and I unto the world." (Gal. 6:14.) Crucified men, like Paul, "die daily." (1 Cor. 15:31.) If they are despised they accept the contempt for Christ's sake, and die to their own reputation; nay, they rejoice that they are "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." Acts 5:41.) "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation" or outward show (Luke 18:20); there is nothing for men to glory in, nothing which is like the nations, but, indeed, there is the reality of intercourse with God, which is the most ennobling thing possible for a human creature, which lifts us unto a glory which human "eye hath not seen nor ear heard; neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." But God hath revealed unto us by His spirit." (1 Cor. 2:9, 10.) "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world; and the world passeth away, and the lust thereof;" but he who hath God as his unseen but real king, "he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever." (1 John 2:16, 17.) Shall we live the Christ life, or shall we be like the nations?

It was a bitter moment for Samuel when the people continued to insist, "Nay, but we will have a king over us, that we may be like all the nations, and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles." Had the Lord then, fought so badly when He threw down the walls of Jericho, when He made the sun stand still in the heavens for His own people's sake; when but a few years previously he had discomfited the Philistines by thundering upon them from heaven? Again and again. He had promised to fight for them (Ex. 14:14; Deut. 1:30; 3:22; Josh. 10:14; 23:3, 10; etc.), but they turned away from Him and leaned to their own resources, and in many hundreds of years which followed they learned, to their sorrow, their mistake.

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TO-DAY.

"While it is said To-day if ye will hear His voice."—HEB. iii: 15.

"To-day if thou wilt hear His voice," O heart, Whom He hath called by name, He speaks to thee;

The manna gathered yester-morn could not To-morrow's needs supply, nor will the oil That fed thy lamp last night, give light this eve, Nor last year's fires keep out this winter's cold. 'Tis not enough that once His voice said "Seek!" And thou didst answer "Lord I seek Thy Face"

And rise up quickly—not enough that thou Hast followed far into the wilderness Beneath the cloud and through the sea, and drank Of heaven-born streams, and tasted angel's bread.

If thou wouldst see thy Maker's face in peace, And in the day of wrath be found in Him, Forget thy yesterday's of gain or loss, Boast not thyself of morrows yet to come, But choose each morn His gentle yoke afresh, Each evening prove His gracious promise sweet.

And do thy work by the unsetting sun That sees all other suns arise and fade. So shalt thou run with no uncertain feet, Nor fight as one that beats the air, but keep Thy hope unclouded, and thy pilgrim tent Pitched every sunset nearer to thy rest.

The past may know sad failures, sinful falls, His love makes all things new and saith "To-day"

His goodness is the same as yesterday—"If thou wilt love My statutes, keep My law, I am thy Father and thou art My child." The yet untravelled wilderness hath snares, And thorny slopes, and passes dark and wild, Take heart; each sunrise as He wakes thine ear With whispers far and sweet the Spirit saith, "To-day if thou wilt put thy hand in Mine And follow as I bid thee, thou art safe." And so the wastes are traversed, one by one, The fearful shadows melt from off the years, And heaven is reached while still He saith "To-day."

—A. R. S.

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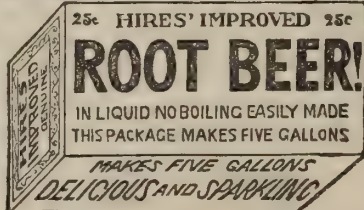
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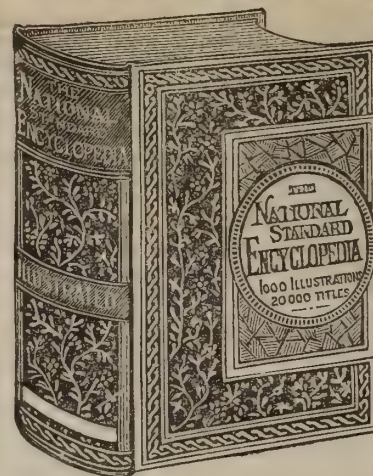
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XII., No. 28. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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THE NORWEGIAN EXPLORERS OF GREENLAND—A SLAUGHTERED POLAR BEAR AND CUBS.

DR. NANSEN AND HIS COMPANIONS,

The Explorers of Greenland.

Born in 1861—Reputation for Strength and Daring—Hair-breadth Escapes—Performs a Perilous Journey in 1886, Accompanied Only by his Dog—His Hardihood—Made Doctor in 1887—Frozen Up for Six Months—Meets a Bear and her Whelps—His Recent Expedition Across Greenland—Previous Expeditions by the Other Explorers—Start, Progress, and Experiences of Dr. Nansen and his Party—The Return Home.

ON January 23 a picture of the intrepid exploring party who had ventured on a journey across Greenland appeared in this journal. It was from a photograph taken just previous to their setting out on their perilous expedition. The statement was then made that they had succeeded in crossing the country, but had arrived on the eastern coast too late in the fall to catch a steamer to take them home. They had, therefore, to wait until summer. They have recently returned to Europe, and we this week give a picture of them, and of an incident in their extraordinary journey.

Dr. Frithiof Nansen is a native of Norway. He was born in 1861, and is, therefore, twenty-eight years of age. He is professionally connected, as a distinguished naturalist, with the Museum at Bergen, and is familiar with every part of his native land. Throughout its length and breadth he has long been recognized as a man of singular strength and daring. Marvelous stories are told of his

Hair-breadth Escapes.

In the winter of 1886 he crossed the mountains from Christiania to Bergen, an unprecedented feat, previously deemed impossible. He walked on Danish snow-shoes, or ski, accompanied only by his faithful dog, sleeping when he could in a deserted "soeter," or hut, but as often as not passing the night buried in a snow-drift, his dog clasped in his arms. On this occasion he narrowly escaped death as he descended the precipitous crags which surround Bergen harbor. Happily his fall resulted only in temporary injury; and the popular belief among his countrymen is that he has a charmed life. In the summer of 1887 Dr. Nansen was summoned by a deputation of peasants to Vossevangen, as bears had come down from the mountains and were carrying off the cattle. Superstition, combined with fear, prevented the peasants from attacking the bears, but they turned instinctively to Dr. Nansen as their protector.

A typical Norwegian in many respects, he is a true child of the mountains and the woods, and passed most of his early days in their seclusion. He travels for days together independent of baggage and great-coats, sleeping with the peasants in their wooden huts, or on the deck of a fiord steamer, while his English travelling companions, who occasionally visit him, crouch in the cabins bundled in rugs and great-coats. A personal friend of his in London says, "He is as agile as a gazelle: with one bound he leaps ashore, and jumps on the bare backs of the ponies he may chance to meet on his mountain rambles. He is generally known among his friends as 'the Viking'—indeed, he comes of true old Norse blood. Walking along the shores of the beautiful Sogne Fiord at Balholmen, by the Runic stone known as the tomb of the Thiuþ Bele, he would recite the ancient 'sagas' of love and war, and the gallant deeds of the seventh-century hero whose name he bears.

He is of Noble Birth,

but all aristocratic titles have been abolished in Norway by act of Parliament, and in his family the last title becomes extinct."

Dr. Nansen won his Doctor's degree in 1887, by a thesis in which he unfolded some original theories on nerve centres. It was written in excellent English, and was highly praised by several of the leading scientific journals of the day. He is also known in Norway as an active champion of woman's political emancipation. He speaks English, German, and French fluently, has considerable artistic talent, and a wide knowledge of literature and history. His little flat of chambers at Bergen is adorned with

numerous relics of his Italian no less than his Arctic travels. He is

The Curator of the Museum

at Bergen, which contains the finest collection of whales in the world. The entire work of collection and classification has been performed by Dr. Nansen himself; from the fœtus onward through all stages in the whale's career specimens are preserved. For six months he was frozen up with a company of whalers in the Northern seas, during which time he shot fourteen bears, and stowed their flesh in ice-mounds. However, before the ship's provisions were entirely exhausted, the ice giving way, the prisoners were set free. Before long they came across a fine white she-bear disporting herself with her two whelps upon the ice. On the approach of the party the mother-bear growled horribly, and gave unmistakable evidence of her intention to fight. As she moved towards the human intruders, and had got to within a few yards of them, Dr. Nansen levelled his rifle, and, with a well-aimed shot, killed her. As soon as she had fallen lifeless, her two whelps ran round about her, giving loud expression to their grief and terror, and at last seated themselves on the body of the prostrate animal, where they remained growling forth their defiance until they too became the easy prey of Dr. Nansen and his companions. (See illustration.)

The Exploration of Greenland

has long been a cherished project of geographers. So little is known of its bleak and inhospitable interior and its northern extremity is altogether unknown. Until recent times it was supposed to be connected on the northwest with our continent, but in 1876 Lieutenant Beaumont followed the line of the coast to 82° 54' north latitude, or about 520 miles from the North Pole, when the land began to trend southward, the logical inference of which is that Greenland is an island. Some conception of the severity of its climate may be realized from the fact that in only one month of the year—July—is the temperature above freezing point, and then only for a few days at a time.

In the last twenty or thirty years several attempts have been made to explore Greenland, and though many of them have failed, several have succeeded to a certain extent. A Danish naval officer, Captain Jenson, reached in 1878 some hitherto unknown *nunataks*—naked needles and peaks of the underlying mountains which rise above the masses of ice and snow—of a considerable size. Nordenskjöld, the famous leader of the *Vega* on her expedition through

The Northeastern Passage

round Siberia, in 1883, penetrated inland some eighty or one hundred miles, and a Lapp in his suite pretended to have been on his snow-shoes twice as far. The American explorer, Mr. Peary, accompanied by a Danish sailor Maigaard, made another excursion on the glaciers in 1886. Most of the attempts were made from the western shore, which offers by its numerous and well-appointed settlements the greatest facilities for the exploring parties; only Nordenskjöld's last exploration started from a bay on the inhospitable eastern coast, where, by a quite exceptionally favorable concurrence of circumstances, he had the good fortune to find an opening in the ice rim, permitting him to land on the beach itself. But none of all these parties had succeeded in crossing the entire breadth of the peninsula, and before that was done no absolute certainty as to the character of the interior could be obtained.

It struck Dr. Nansen, who some years ago had made a trip in a whaler along the ice-bound coasts, that the country might be

Explored on Foot

by a party of strong and experienced climbers skilful in the use of the Norwegian snow-shoe or "ski," and carrying sufficient provisions, utensils, and arms along with them in sledges. Instead of taking his start from the colonies on the west, he chose to land on the desert and almost uninhabited eastern shore, first, because that would reduce his voyage to a

single trip across; next, because he shrewdly calculated that the urgent necessity of reaching some settlement on the opposite coast would nerve his own and his partners' efforts. Hewas himself particularly fitted for undertaking the task, being not only a skilful naturalist, but at the same time a first-class sportsman, a skater and snow-shoe runner, and a crack shot; before he was sixteen years old he had taken all the medals obtainable for so young a man.

In the winter of 1887 he made a kind of

Rehearsal

by running on snow-shoes some of the highest mountains in Norway. The greatest and most practical difficulty, that of raising the pecuniary means for the expedition, was removed by the generous offer of a Danish merchant, Mr. Augustin Gamel, who takes a great interest in Arctic explorations, and who sent out some years ago, at his own cost, the *Dijmphna*, under Captain Hovgsard. When this point was settled, numerous volunteers offered their services, and from among them Dr. Nansen selected with the greatest care his three Norwegian followers already mentioned. To these, all first-class skirunners and experienced in mountaineering, were added two Lapps, Ralto and Ravna. The provisions and utensils were compressed into a minimum of space and of weight, and all implements were prepared with the utmost consideration of durability. When all was ready

The Party Set Out

for Copenhagen, where he was the object of no little admiration and pity, the last feeling being in marked contrast to his own frank and courageous belief in his ultimate success.

In May, 1888, Dr. Nansen and party left in the *Thyra* for Iceland via Granton, and on June 4 they embarked in the Norwegian whaler, the *Jason*, Captain Jacobsen, who had promised to take them to the eastern Greenland coast in Denmark Sound. Circumstances did not prove as favorable as had been expected, and the *Jason* had to try several places without being able to come near enough to the shore. At last a convenient point was found outside the Sermilik Fjord, in the locality of Cape Dan, and on July 17, at 7 P. M., the doctor and his five men, with their well-packed baggage, were landed on the ice rim. From Isafford, in Iceland, they had brought a little pony, whose assistance they had reckoned upon for drawing their heavy sledges over the first ice, and for then supplying them with some fresh meat, but fodder got short on board, and the pony had to be killed before leaving. The party had a light boat to help them over open spaces in the water, and their first advance, as seen from the *Jason*, appeared quite satisfactory. The last that was seen of them was some hours later, when, from a huge ice-block, they waved their adieu, and

Disappeared in the Fog.

Not less than twelve days were spent on the ice before they reached *terra firma*, and this part of the journey was the most trying and the most dangerous, several times being at the point of destruction. The landing was effected a month later than the time anticipated, and some 300 miles more to the south than originally intended, proving that strong southerly currents must have carried the ice-floes along the shore and away from it. How the party managed to climb the steep glacier walls in order to get upon the real inland ice we cannot imagine, but the actual journey across, beginning on August 15, at Umiavik, took forty-six days. The distance being about 400 miles, this gives a daily average of less than ten miles, but it appears that when the party had reached an altitude of some 7,500 feet, a northern snow-storm compelled them to deviate from their intended course, whereby the actual distance traversed was evidently much increased.

The Highest Altitude

registered was over 10,000 feet, and here they found a temperature of *eighty and ninety degrees below freezing point*, according to computation, both barometers and thermometers being unequal to registration. Another terrible snow-

storm delayed progress for three days. The sole sign of life seen on the whole journey was a snow sparrow on the plateau, which settled on the snow, chirped sadly, and flew northward—a curious direction.

The Expedition Met Two Camps of East Greenlanders along the coast, but they were unable to understand the few words of the west coast dialect known to its members. These people are described as entirely unlike the Eskimo, being tall and dark, almost swarthy in complexion, with black hair, and dark fiery eyes, and full of life and gestures. All the women were, with one exception, ugly; but this one—a young girl—would have eclipsed many a southern belle. Several families occupy one tent, their food being chiefly seal meat, often eaten raw. Naturally they are heathens, and very superstitious. They were, however, very friendly and good-natured. One camp possessed some Danish flags. The start inland was made with five sledges, and the party proceeded

On the Snow on Ski, i. e. snow-shoes consisting of long strips of elastic pine wood, five feet in length, four inches in width, and one inch in thickness, slightly pointed in front, being strapped to the feet of the ski-runner in the middle. In Scandinavia these are the chief means of locomotion on snow, and immense speed may be attained thereon. The whole party were excellent ski-runners, and the success of the expedition is wholly ascribed to the use of the ski, Canadian snow-shoes being found useless in wet snow.

At the end of December the descent, the last but not least dangerous portion of the trip, was made, not at the colony of Christianshaab, as first intended, but in a small bay not far from Godthaab. Dr. Nansen and Mr. Sverdrup there built a kind of boat or floating raft from their sleeping-bags and some drift timber, and, leaving behind the four others, managed to reach Godthaab. They were, however, too late to catch the last steamer for Europe; therefore, the expedition had to winter at that point, a sojourn which, we are told, passed so pleasantly that when the Danish steamer *Hvidbjørnen* arrived on April 15, 1889.

To Bring the Expedition Back, they were loth to leave. Godthaab, relatively speaking, is an important place, and therefore Dr. Hansen and his companions had every comfort that civilization and human company could afford, until they left in the steamer mentioned for home, where they received the reward of praise and admiration to which their courage and endurance so fully entitled them.

Dr. Nansen is unusually temperate both in eating and drinking: as a rule, he eschews both wine and tobacco, especially when hard physical or mental work is in view. A curious incident occurred just before starting for Greenland. Two bags made of undressed skins had been prepared for sleeping out in the snow. Into one of these Dr. Nansen and two of his Norwegian comrades crept, and so spent a night in the snow by way of experiment; the Lapps engaged for the expedition laid themselves down in the second. Then the mouths of the bags were closed, leaving only the sleepers' heads exposed. Next morning Dr. Nansen awoke early, feeling very cold, and, to his surprise, found the neighboring bag deserted. On looking round a corner, he espied the two Lapps fast asleep on the snow, and, on rousing them, they explained, "We were so hot in the bag we came out here, and have had a comfortable night."

Dr. Nansen's Brave Comrades.

Lieutenant Dietrichson was born in 1856, Captain Sverdrup in 1845, Kristiansen in 1865, and the two Lapps in 1842 and 1861, respectively. They are all abstainers from intoxicating drink. This fact is worthy of attention by persons who in very cold weather think it necessary to drink spirits to keep them warm. A distinguished post at an American University was offered to Dr. Nansen some time ago, but he was determined not to leave Europe until he had traversed "Greenland's icy mountains."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"The Years I Have Wasted."—A Minister says: "Time is more precious than rubies, yet many of us treat it as if it were worthless as clay. One of the most frivolous women died a short time ago of a disease that attacked her suddenly. The physician told her that she had only half an hour to live. She covered her face and was silent. 'You will suffer no pain,' he said. 'It is not that I am thinking of,' she replied; 'it is the years I have wasted!' Some day for each of us there will be left but a single half hour of life. How, then, shall we look back upon these years which are passing now?"

A Startling Evidence of Weakness.—Mr. Forbes observed: "Some people say that strong drink strengthens them, and that if they did not take their daily glass or two, they would not be able to perform their duty. One of the men of this class met a friend who had accepted Christ as his Saviour, and had given up his drinking habits. 'Hello, mate,' he cried, 'how do you get on now? Don't you feel done up after your day's work, and as if a glass of ale would do you good? Tell the truth, now, are you as strong as ever?' 'As strong as ever!' the other repeated; 'aye, and far stronger; why, while I was drinking I was so weak that I could not carry a nickel past a saloon, and now I can carry my whole week's wages past a dozen of them.' Men boast of the strength strong drink gives them, while it in reality weakens them bodily, mentally, and spiritually. They boast of their liberty to please themselves, and get drunk if they like, when all the time they are forging, link by link a chain which binds them in humanly unredeemable slavery."

A Millionaire's Dying Curses.—"A Millionaire lay dying in one of New York's palatial mansions. His wife and daughter were both dead. There was no one near his bed but friends who had been his companions in the gay life which he had led. Possessed of an immense fortune, of good social position and pleasing exterior, he had found all doors open to him; but now he was dying. The friends around him talked of his wealth, his pictures, and his position in society. For a time the dying man seemed scarcely to notice what was being said, but suddenly arousing himself, he exclaimed, almost with his last breath, 'My curse on the money; I have sold my soul for it! My curse on my social position; it never did me any good, and it cannot now! I am passing away; but where am I going? Oh, what use are these things for which I gave up my salvation?' And the dying man shuddered, and passed away. 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Yet how the pride of the world, and the love of the flesh distort our sight, and we gamble away our soul for that which gives pleasure but for a brief space, and brings an eternity of woe in its train."

Scene in a Lawyer's Office.—Dr. George F. Pentecost said: "When I was a young man in the far West of America, I learned to swear very much. I frequently resolved to give it up; but the habit, once contracted, stuck to me. I remember one night feeling a great desire to go to a Gospel-meeting that was in the city. I was at that time studying law, and was employed in the office attached to the court. I had a good deal of work to do that night, but somehow I felt I must go. I went, and stood to be prayed for; I wanted God to save me; and I knew he could. I went to the office next morning, and was hurrying to get the papers all ready for the court, when in came the old lawyer. As usual, he wanted certain papers. I handed them over; then he wanted more. In an impatient hurry I got up to search for what he wanted, when over went the ink-bottle upon the open pages of the court-book. Here was a case; the book had to go into court in a short time. I seized the blotting-paper, and with cheeks about as red as it, I was about to tell that lawyer in a few short words my opinion of him. The old habit of swearing was getting hold of me, when I re-

membered where I had been the night before. I did not swear. God gave me strength to overcome my besetting sin. I got the papers for the lawyer, then, sitting down, cut the two pages out of the book and rewrote them. The others in the office looked up in surprise, one of them remarking, 'Well, you do take that cool!' The old head-clerk pulled his spectacles down over his nose, and with a queer smile on his good-natured face said to the other clerks, 'I'll bet drinks for the crowd that Pentecost was at Pomona last night.' Pomona was where the Gospel-meetings were being held. Then God gave me strength to answer, 'Yes, gentlemen; I was at Pomona last night, and you who know me best know what need I had to go there.' Then that old man, an ex-judge he was, said, 'Young man, that is right; I wish I had had the strength to do as you have done when I was young.' God asks the sinner to come with all his imperfections to Him, and He will save him and keep him."

Crushed to Death in Cheapside.—An Aged minister was lately imploring a young man, whom he had known for years, to decide for Christ, when the young man answered him, "You have often told me I have only to say, 'Lord, save me,' and I shall be all right, but this I can do any day, at any time, so I shall not turn my thoughts to religion now." The minister was shocked by the daring temerity of the young man. He was taken aback by the very words which he had put into his young hearer's lips, for he had not fully warned his many hearers of what true repentance and faith really means. The young man went away with the lie in his heart, determined to enjoy the world up to the last, and stifling his thoughts of eternity by the false hope, "I can when I choose cry, 'Lord, save me!'" He was engaged in business in London, and not long after the interview related he had to hurry across Cheapside. The street was crowded with its daily carriage traffic, and the roadway being slippery his foot gave way upon the treacherous asphalt; in a moment he was under the horses' heads, and crushed beneath the wheels. Some standing by saw the accident and rushed to help. They heard his voice. He had only time to utter three short words; familiar words, often used, and frequently on the lips of many when thwarted or annoyed—three black, horrible words—"Devil take me!"—and the young man's life was crushed out of him.

A Boy's Farewell to His Arm.—Dr. George F. Pentecost said: "A little boy, who lived in Tennessee during the war, had his arm shattered by a shot. He was taken to the hospital, put under chloroform, and had his arm amputated at the elbow. When he awoke after the operation, he glanced at his side and began to cry, saying, 'Where is my arm?' 'I don't know,' said the steward. 'Where is my arm? I must see my arm!' persisted the poor little fellow. 'Now, just keep quiet, and don't fidget yourself into a fever. You cannot see your arm,' was the reply. But the child would not desist in his demand, and the doctor, seeing his patient was becoming excited, turned to the attendant and whispered, 'You had better bring his arm here or he will be in a fever. Wash it and make it as presentable as possible.' The amputated limb was brought; then the little boy, putting out his right hand, touched it tenderly, and, looking at the stump at his left side, he said, with a sigh, 'Take it away!' As it was being removed, he followed it with a wistful gaze, and calling out, 'Good-bye, old arm! good bye! I used you while I had you. I'll require to get along for a time without you, but I'll see you at the resurrection.' That boy was a Sunday-school scholar, and had realized the truth of the resurrection, and that truth enabled him to part with what was most dear to him, knowing that it was not forever."

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THE HOUSE ON THE HILLS.

Dr. Talmage's Vacation Sermon.
 "In my Father's house are many mansions." John 14: 2.
 The Glories of Heaven Symbolized—The Many-Roomed House—Uncongenial Companionship Avoided—A Statistician's Calculation—The Rooms of Palatial Proportions—I. The Reception-Room—Jesus Greeting a New Arrival—Glorified Kindred Waiting—Associations of the Room—II. The Throne-Room—The Right of Entrance—An Experience in Paris—The Throne-Room of Napoleon—Princes Incognito—III. The Music-Room—Dr. Fuller's Dying Words—Old Masters There—The Head-Quarters of Cadence—IV. The Family-Room—Meeting Parents Rejuvenated—Children Matured—Much to Tell, and Much to Hear—Letters of Invitation.

HERE is a bottle of medicine that is a cure-all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant, and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, *the translation of which is a little changed*, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In my Father's house are

Many Rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room. That is George's room. That is Henry's room. That is Flora's room. That is Mary's room. And the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world, and build their own homes; and the daughters are married, or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and seated by the evening stand, they say: "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate, and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and, perhaps, great-grandchildren, and again the house is full. Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven

A Great Homestead

for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after a while it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward, and left never to return. And many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about that many-roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see the place is

To be Apportioned off

into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets, and worship with them in the temple, and walk with them on the river-banks, but I am glad to say

that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one want an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be twelve thousand furlongs, and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion, 988 quintillion cubic feet; and then reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets, and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over five trillion rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read,

The Rooms will be Palatial.

and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is, that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uncramped room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James, or Winter Palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardsman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into

The Reception-Room

of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters, and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception-room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greeted all new-comers. He redeemed them, and He has the right to the first embrace on their arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about Him, or talked about Him, or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime, will it be, just for one second to see Him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival, or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio are a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception-room. At that moment when

You Confront Each Other,

Christ looking upon you, and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul. The soul and Jesus.

But now into that reception-room pour the glorified kinsfolk. Enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them! So radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name; they greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception-room of the old Homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling

all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant, though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say, "O my lost boy!" "O my lost companion!" "O my lost friend, are we here together?" What

Scenes in that Reception-Room

of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized; and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception-room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is

The Throne Room.

We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by governmental officials, who from my complexion judged me to be a German, and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanations in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel, and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more the throne room!

A Dazzling Place

is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throne room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles Emmanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy! But the throne room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms that ever saw sceptre wave, or crown glitter, or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." You see

We are Princes

and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam, or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure; but it will be found out after awhile who we are when we get into the throne room. Aye! we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this moment enter the throne room. O king, live forever! We touch the sceptre and prostrate ourselves at thy feet!

The crowns of the royal families of this world,

are tossed about from generation to generation, and from family to family. There are children four years old in Berlin who have seen the crown on three emperors. But wherever the coronets of this world rise or fall, they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south and east and west, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown, aye, all the crowns from under the great archivolt of heaven; and while I watch and wonder, they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Oh that throne room of Christ! "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is

The Music-Room,

St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords, and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven, I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller dying at Beaufort, S. C., said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the window!" In that music room of our Father's house, you will some day

Meet the Old Masters,

Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose; and James Montgomery, and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy; and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand;" and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light;" and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years; and side by side, Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns;" and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle; and many who were passionately fond of music but could make none themselves. The poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house will be

The Family Room.

It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our

dwellings! whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans, and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case, or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh no; everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth we would consider it a domestic disaster if they stayed children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house, we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured; while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If forty or forty-five or fifty years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the heavenly old age will retreat to that. When we join them in that family room we shall have

Much to Tell Them.

We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property, and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around us when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchs, story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of

What They Have Passed Through

since we parted. Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry! "Let me open a window," said a humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see any one: "you have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? Leave off weeping, and let me open a window." So to-day I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

How would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family room to-day? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than

In the Enraptured Circle

of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture-galleries penciled not with earthly art but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the

brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history. And there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms. Large rooms. majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us, if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it, it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way; and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door; and we must start in time; and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of

Letters Inviting You

all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying, yet immortal, child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysoprasus is nothing; illumined panels of sunrise and sunset, nothing; the aurora of the northern heavens, nothing—compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hill-tops the old family homestead?" "In my Father's house are many rooms."

A MUSSULMAN SAINT'S TOMB.

AN interesting Christian service was recently held in Persia at the grave of a venerated saint. The Rev. Lewis F. Esselstyn, Presbyterian missionary at Teheran, writing to *The Church*, says: We stopped at a Mussulman worshipping place called Emaum-Zawdeh-Hassan; that is, the tomb of Hassan, one of their saints. Of course it is a holy place, and no infidel should enter it. We entered the tea-house just at the doorway, and talked a few minutes with two or three mollahs who were there, and finally asked them if we could go inside. They said "No," and at once sent a boy to close the inner door, lest we should get a glimpse of the inside. We asked them if we could go to that door and just look in. They said "No," but, after a few minutes, consented to let us go into an adjoining room and view the inside of the place through a small door-like window. Having gained this much, we insisted that we wanted to go inside. They said if we believed in the great prophet we could go. We told them we did not accept their prophet or their religion, but we wanted to go in. Finally they sent for the chief mollah in charge, and as he came up we greeted him with bows and smiles and pleasant words; and when we made known our request, what was our great astonishment to hear him say, "In the name of God, enter."

We entered. It was a large open court, with the house containing the tomb in the centre. Crossing the court and leaving our shoes at the door, we entered this building of the tomb. Passing through an outer room, perhaps twenty feet square, we came directly to the tomb. It is covered by a huge block of masonry and surrounded by a grating of brass and pure silver. This grating is perhaps ten feet square and eight feet high, the whole standing in the middle of a room perhaps eighteen feet square. Here were people praying to the saint, kissing the silver grating and the stones of the floor. We returned to the tea-house, and sat a few minutes, until more than twenty people had gathered, when we read the Bible to them and talked to them about the way of eternal life. They were attentive listeners, and, when we came away, were loud in their exclamations of "Come again! come again!"

IDOLS TESTED.

THE question mentioned in the most ancient book of the Bible as being frequently asked in that day, "*What profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?*" (Job 21: 15) is, it appears, being asked in China in our day with respect to the idols. A practical test is also being made by some of the people, who appear to think that if they prosper just as well without prayer as with it the habit may as well be discontinued. Mr. Price, of Tai-ku, writing to the *Missionary Herald*, says: "The people say that their god of wealth has escaped to foreign lands. This is only one step, and the next will be taken when they admit and believe that their prayers to and service of this god are of no avail. If God spares me to a long service in China I confidently expect to see the destruction of these temples and idols of the god of wealth. An old man who has been in our service about a year reported a conversation which he and others had which illustrates the practical way in which they are led to deal with their idols. He said that they had talked the matter over among themselves, and had come to the conclusion that their idols were powerless, for he said: 'We have been in this house nearly a year, and during all that time we have not burned incense nor offered worship, and we have all been well and prosperous;' and he added, with emphasis, '*Our idols are no good!*'" The missionaries, doubtless, in dealing with such people will try to inculcate the duty of acting rightly and serving God without expectation of reward in this life. As we know only too well by sad experience, the religion of that man who makes a profession only for the sake of what he may get by it is not worth much.

THE WORK AMONG THE INDIANS.

A MOST depressing report of the spiritual condition of some Indian tribes is sent by Rev. W. F. Re Qua, who writes from among the Sac and Fox Indians. On June 8 he started out for a five days' journey from his home at McAlester, travelling all day and camping at night. It was a rough, lonely journey, and his tranquillity was not increased by learning, one night before camping, that a few nights previous a man had been murdered in that place. However, he reflected that as he was on the Lord's business, he was under His protection, and he lay down to sleep without fear.

Meetings were commenced on June 14. Chief Keokuk gave Mr. Re Qua a cordial welcome, and sent out messages to his people, urging them to come to the services. Keokuk says that they have no religious teaching. Almost the only whites who come among them come to gamble with the Indians and carry off their blankets and any other portable property. The immoralities of these whites are horrible, and the Indians suffer in all ways at their hands. There is no missionary living among the Sac and Fox tribes, and they earnestly begged of Mr. Re Qua to take up his residence among them. One man was converted some time ago, and he has been preaching as far as he could, but his success has been small. He was the most enthusiastic of all in welcoming Mr. Re Qua. He assisted in the services, and is full of joy over the blessing that followed.

Mr. Re Qua has found an excellent place for the orphanage he is confident God will yet enable him to establish. It is in the Pottawatamie Reservation near the United States Agency, and is a central position for the blanket tribes. Chief Keokuk offers ten or fifteen cows for such an institution, if it can be founded. He says that the condition of the orphans is truly pitiable. No provision is made for them, and they wander from hut to hut, learning nothing, and growing more and more degraded. Mr. Re Qua is making an effort to obtain a grant of land for the Home. It appears that some years ago the Government gave the Roman Catholics a very valuable site for a school, and some land around for cultivation. If he is successful Mr. Re Qua will at once put up four

or five log huts as a commencement. It will be a small affair, but he is anxious that something should be done at once, and he thinks that he can be sure of sufficient money to pay for help in building the huts, which will be the main expense. One of the huts might serve for a school-room, one for a sleeping-place for the boys, a third for the girls, and a fourth for a home for the teachers. The Indians have a strong dislike to letting the children go to homes in the States. They do not care for the orphans properly themselves, but they object to letting them leave the tribe. They would gladly let them go to an orphanage on the Reservation, and would willingly help in getting such a home.

Mr. Re Qua finds everywhere a desire to hear the Gospel, and the Indians are treating him kindly, and show a warm appreciation of his efforts on their behalf. His chief need—and it is the need of every gospel-work—is money. He thankfully acknowledges the receipt of about \$75 since the beginning of the year. It has enabled him to pay necessary home expenses, and take this missionary journey, during which God has permitted him to preach the Gospel to people who had never heard it before. It is a terrible fact, which Christians throughout the country should ponder, that right among us are men and women practicing pagan rites, who are ready to listen to the Gospel if only the money can be found to support the preacher. Mr. Re Qua's address is McAlester, Ind. Terr.

THE EFFECT OF A DREAM.

A YOUNG lady with perfectly white hair told the story of its strange appearance to a reporter of the *Minneapolis Tribune* recently, during a visit to that city. She is twenty years old, but though so young, her efforts in the service of Christ have been blessed to many. She is a native of Sweden, where she lived until she was fifteen years of age. About that time she had a dream one night. She thought she was taken by a guide, who was an old man, homely in appearance and hateful to her sight, to the very brink of hell. All was darkness more profound than she had ever known before, and there were sounds of the lost that filled her ears and frightened her so that she was dumb and ready to fall. It was as real as life to her. She could hear the moans and shrieks of the lost ones coming up from the bottomless pit. The noise was most terrifying, and as the dreamer thought she was about to be plunged down with the rest she shrieked. So vivid and terrifying was the dream, that when she rose in the morning her hair was perfectly white, and has remained so ever since. Her physician explained the phenomenon on physiological grounds, but the girl was less concerned about her hair than about escaping the fate she had seen in her dream. She found peace in Christ, and since that time has earnestly sought to bring others to Him. A similar experience is described in the book of Job, and the patriarch says, "All these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit." (Job 33: 29.)

A BUDDHIST'S QUESTION.

ONE of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission writes: "I had on one occasion been preaching in Ningpo the glad tidings of salvation through the finished work of Christ, when a middle-aged man stood up, and before his assembled countrymen gave the following testimony to the power of the Gospel; 'I have long sought for the truth—as did my father before me—but I have not found it. I have travelled far, but I have not found it. I have found no rest in Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism; but I do find rest in what I have heard to-night. Henceforth I believe in Jesus.' This man was one of the leading officers of a sect of Buddhists in Ningpo. A short time after this profession of faith in the Saviour, there was a meeting of the sect over which he had formerly presided. I accompanied him to that meeting, and there, to his former co-religionists, he testified of the peace which he had obtained in believing. Soon after, one of his former companions was con-

verted and baptised. The first of these two continued to preach to his countrymen the glad tidings of great joy. A few nights after his conversion, he asked how long these glad tidings had been known in England. He was told that we had had the Gospel for some hundreds of years. The man looked amazed. 'What!' said he, 'is it possible that for hundreds of years you have had the knowledge of these glad tidings in your possession, and yet have only now come to preach them to us? My father sought after the truth for more than twenty years, and died without finding it. Why did you not come sooner?'"

DIVINE HEALING IN ENGLAND.

AN extraordinary instance of Divine healing is reported by the *East Sussex News*, a secular journal published in the south of England. It says that seven months ago Mr. R. Rummery, of Lewes, was taken ill with chronic rheumatism and hysteria, which seemed to affect every nerve in his body. Prior to his illness his sight had been bad, and now he became totally blind in one eye, and gradually began to lose the power of vision in the other. He was brought back from Bath a helpless invalid, and for a month past, up to June 16, he was utterly prostrated, and never left his bed, nor could he well raise his body therein without assistance. On that day there came from London a minister who sometimes preaches in the chapel which the sick man was in the habit of attending. He had had it suggested to offer special prayer asking God to restore the sick man to health. Upon his arrival in Lewes a small party assembled in the chapel, and there prayed that the Giver of Life would restore their brother to health once more. The little party had a belief in the unending efficacy of the instructions set forth in James 5: 14, 15.

The minister and five others proceeded to the sick-chamber. Their friend lay so prostrate and ill that they scarcely dared to speak to him. Solemnly they "anointed" him by pouring a few drops of oil on his head and then laying their hands, in turn, upon him. Kneeling, then, by the bedside, prayer was once more offered, when within ten minutes of the arrival of the party Mr. Rummery, of his own accord, sat up in bed, a thing he had been unable to do for weeks. He took from his face the shade which for two months had covered his eyes, and at once exclaimed, "*I can see!*" At first his fingers appeared dimly to his vision, then his eyes gradually became stronger, and soon he recognized the friends around him. In a short time he looked from his window and described the view spread out in the evening light and backed by the Southdown hills. All pain had entirely left him. The onward progress did not stop here, for, to the amazement of all, he soon after got out of bed, dressed himself, and walked down-stairs unaided. He enjoyed then what had been long denied him—a night of perfect rest, free from pain. Next day he rose, dressed, walked down-stairs again unaided, and took a stroll in his garden.

A CONVERTED JEW BEATEN.

THE history of a young Jewish convert whom the Rev. J. M. Ginsburg baptized on his profession of faith, at Ortakey, on April 21, shows what it costs in many cases, even in these days, for a Jew to confess himself a believer in Jesus of Nazareth. Mr. Ginsburg says that the young man was the cherished and beloved son of a wealthy merchant until he reached the age of twenty-four years. At the school he attended, and at the university, he was brought in contact with Christians, and he studied the New Testament for himself, and sought the help of the missionary. Eventually he declared his faith and asked for baptism. No sooner did his father hear of the step he was about to take than he seized him, and with the aid of his men-servants dragged him to a secluded spot in his garden, and tied him to a tree. He took away from his son his watch and rings and all his money, and stripped his coat from his back.

Then he beat him until he himself was exhausted. He went to his office, leaving his son still tied to the tree. Presently a younger son crept cautiously around to the scene of torture and cut the victim's bonds. Without money or valuables, the young man knew not where to go. He had not even a change of clothing, and dare not enter his home to procure it. As he stood looking longingly at the house, a kind servant saw him and threw a travelling-bag, hastily packed with necessities, through the window to him. With this he set out to walk to a distant city to seek employment. It was a difficult undertaking, for the merchants and bankers had been notified by telegraph by his father that he had disgraced his family and had been cast out. Eventually a Christian banker gave him a clerkship, and on the following Sunday he was publicly baptized.

THE TEST OF PROPHETIC KNOWLEDGE.

By G. H. Pember, M. A.*

The Disclosures Given of God—Inexplicable Apathy Regarding Them—Its Depressing Effect Visible—A Warning from the Book—Neglect Leading to Apostasy—The Test Applied—Causes of Neglect—Isolated Interpretation Generally Erroneous—A Complete System Necessary—Important Clues—Prophetic Knowledge Saving Life—Objections Answered.

THE Supreme God has deigned to give revelations whereby He seeks to communicate His purposes to men, and thus, by a gentle process, to bend their minds to His mighty and irresistible will. Nevertheless, myriads of professing Christians are content to reach the end of life in total ignorance of these gracious disclosures, while accredited ministers of Christ are too frequently unable to expound them.

But, since God has thought fit to set them before us, are we not deliberately charging Him with folly while we neglect them? And is not the significance of our conduct much the same if we persist in perverting them from their proper meaning and use?—as, for instance, those do who can find little in the Apocalypse save events that had become history before it was written, and doctrines that are fully taught in other parts of Scripture; although the Lord Himself declares that

The Object of the Apocalypse

is "to show unto His servants the things that must shortly come to pass." And, again, may we not attribute much of the apathy of Christendom, the Laodicean spirit with which we are surrounded, and the worldliness of popular Christianity, to the fact that believers will not give themselves to those studies and contemplations which God has provided for them?

A passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews seems to force such a conclusion upon us. The inspired writer complains of the difficulty of communicating what he wishes to say concerning Melchisedec, because those to whom he is writing are dull of hearing and unskilful in the Word of Righteousness; and their condition draws from him a severe rebuke, followed by the exhortation: "Wherefore, leaving the word of the beginning of Christ, let us press on unto perfection; not laying again a foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of baptisms, of instruction, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of dead persons, and of eternal judgment." (Heb. 6:1.) We may observe that this list of foundations includes nearly all the doctrines ordinarily heard from our pulpits. And yet the Apostle compares those who are incessantly occupied with them to one who wastes labor and time by repeatedly laying down and taking up again the foundation of a building, when he ought to be raising the superstructure. He, therefore, solemnly urges the Hebrews to pass on from first principles to perfection, and presses his exhortation with words which leave us in no doubt as to the manner of persons who are in danger of the

lapse contemplated and the appalling judgment which must inevitably follow it.

Thus, throughout the whole Christian dispensation, spiritual apathy and

The Peril of Apostasy

have ever been threatening those who neglect to become acquainted, as accurately as they may, with the Divine utterances, whereby alone we are enabled to estimate earthly things aright, and are moved to look for the blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. What, then, shall we say of ourselves upon whom the end of the age has come, who seem to be living in times when the predictions of old are on the point of fulfilment? How far more cogent is the word of exhortation to us, who can see the Day approaching!

Isaac Taylor thought that God would ultimately divide between those who support and those who oppose the truth by means of the Book of the Revelation. And undoubtedly his general idea is correct; for a far higher and absolutely unimpeachable authority has said of the Old Testament Apocalypse: "The words are closed up and sealed until the time of the end. Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly. And none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." (Dan. 12: 9, 10). Such, then, will be

The Distinctive Mark

of God's elect in the world's last hour of trial; and to the wise of that generation, whether it be our own or another, the word of prophecy will seem no matter for slight or neglect, but a revelation of transcendent importance. Nor can we tell what mighty issues may be depending upon its reception even in the case of those who will not live to see it become history.

But the cause which most powerfully moves men to neglect God's revelations of the future, is the repugnance of the human mind to anything which is contrary, either to its experience, or to the aspirations of its fallen nature. There was a wondrous depth of truth in our Lord's rebuke when he said, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!"—not slow of heart to know, or to understand, but to believe. It was an instinctive aversion to the course of God's will which led the very disciples to misunderstand the predictions of the first advent; a similar feeling will cause many to be taken by surprise at the second.

Such an aversion is, however, rarely acknowledged; it is usual to assign its results to unreal causes, of which the most frequently urged is

The Diversity of Expositions.

But this perplexity is indefinitely increased by the careless recognition, as an interpreter, of almost any one who presents himself. In such circumstances what wonder that we hear of strange and wild interpretations! But if the Church would awake from her indifference, and be at the pains to apply proper tests, the mischief would be speedily checked and restricted. And two obvious tests are these:

No one may claim to be more than a tentative expounder of prophecy, unless he can formulate a complete and consistent scheme. With permission to manipulate selected passages at will, it would, of course, be possible to apply prophecy to any given event or events—just as almost every conceivable doctrine has been already taught from the Bible by a skilful, but frequently unscrupulous, use of isolated texts. And no system can be the true one, unless all the main prophecies of the Bible will fall easily and naturally into place in it. We are well aware that many object to the very mention of a system of prophecy; but surely it does not require much reflection to discover that such a sentiment is simply irrational. If the prophecies are all utterances of one and the selfsame Spirit, they must be capable of reduction to an orderly scheme, and certainly cannot be comprehended in any other way. And unless we find out what this scheme is, woe to us; for if, as nearly all Christians seem to agree, we are now on the borders of the last times, the knowledge of it

will soon become the distinguishing mark of those whom God has chosen. The most

Important Clues

for the formation of a system of interpretation are a recognition of the three distinct classes into which mankind are divided, a knowledge of the three prophetic periods, and an acquaintance with the simple principle upon which God computes the chronology of Jewish history. A clear apprehension of these points will, we believe, remove all difficulty and uncertainty in regard to general and systematic interpretation.

But when we enter into details, it is no longer possible to speak with the same confidence; for there are, doubtless, some predictions which will not be perfectly understood until their fulfilment is actually impending. None the less, however, must we study and firmly grasp them with our minds; and if we do so, that which is lacking to us will be revealed in the hour of need; and at the crisis perplexing to others, or, perhaps, altogether unperceived by them, we shall have full understanding of what is about to happen, and of what we ought to do.

The early disciples were probably unable to explain the Lord's command, that they should flee to the mountains as soon as they saw Jerusalem compassed with armies. How, they may have thought, can we flee in such circumstances? Surely, the very sign which He has promised will render obedience impossible. But in due time all became clear to them; and their hearts must, indeed, have overflowed with gratitude when they perceived that the Lord's gracious arrangements had given, not merely the signal, but also the opportunity for their flight, and had at the same time removed out of the way their bigoted countrymen who would have hindered it. Cestius, as Josephus tells us, unexpectedly retired after beginning the siege of the city. The Christians

Recognized the Sign

which the Lord had given them; they had seen Jerusalem compassed with armies. In ordinary circumstances the insurgents at Jerusalem would never have permitted the departure of a numerous body of Christians; but the retreat of Cestius so raised their courage, and inflamed them with such ardor, that they poured out of the gates of the city, and pursued their enemies vigorously for more than forty miles on the road to Cæsarea. While Jerusalem was thus emptied of its leading spirits, the Christians seemed to have quietly fled in the opposite direction, toward the Jordan, and so made their escape.

The fact that an event is, so far as we can see, improbable, is no reason whatever for refusing it a place in God's revelation of the future. We have been repeatedly asked what ground we have for inserting events between the sixty-ninth and the seventieth of Daniel's weeks. Simply that in so doing we follow the prophecy, which makes the cutting off of Messiah take place after the close of the sixty-ninth week, and then interposes the events in question before it proceeds to the seventieth.

Lastly, we are accused of Pessimism, and have no wish to deny the charge, but confess to have learnt that distrust in the power of fallen man to recover himself, which is inculcated in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation. But our Pessimism, derived from such a source, is not hopeless; though there be little help in ourselves, we look for the coming of One who is mighty to save. Be the sky never so dark, we know that the Sun is still shining in His strength behind it, and presently, when the tempestuous clouds of the Great Tribulation shall part asunder, His light and warmth will be revealed to the rejoicing earth.

The Great Crisis from 1889 to 1901. By Rev. M. Baxter. This is a 32-page pamphlet containing a résumé of his larger works, with diagrams and tables of prophetic dates. It has been specially prepared for distribution at meetings, lectures, etc., and is of a convenient size for sending in envelopes through the mails. Persons desiring to arouse the attention of their friends and the public to the momentous character of the period on which we are entering will find this a valuable means of assistance. Price Twenty Cents per dozen, including postage. Address Manager, 71 Bible House, New York.

* From his excellent work entitled, "The Great Prophecies Concerning the Gentiles, the Jews, and the Church of God," 458 pages, with colored diagram. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office, 71 Bible House, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Holding of Five Constitutional Conventions on one day will make the Fourth of July, 1889, memorable in our national history. There was a convention in each of the four new States; and Idaho, which aspires to statehood, held a convention at Boise City to frame a constitution in preparation for admission. Its claims will doubtless be submitted to the next Congress, but while there are so many Mormons in the Territory Congress will probably be reluctant to accede to any plea which would take the Territory from under Federal control. The South Dakota convention at Sioux Falls had a constitution ready-made, and only requiring ratification. The North Dakota convention at Bismarck, the Washington convention at Olympia, and the Montana convention at Helena all seemed anxious to improve on the pattern set by the older States. Among the articles it was proposed to embody in the Constitutions were: Government control of railroads, prohibition of the liquor traffic, election of United States Senators by popular vote, courts of arbitration, abolition of the contract system for public work, self-sustaining prisons, woman suffrage, and the Australian system of balloting. Some of these may be tried to advantage, and if they are adopted the older States will watch the experiment with interest.

A Legal Decision in Pennsylvania on the liquor question has startled some citizens who, though friends of temperance, voted against Prohibition the other day because they had confidence in high license. There is no question that up to date the high license law has reduced the number of saloons, though it may not have reduced the quantity of liquor consumed. Now, however, the powers of the license court are curtailed. It refused a license to a wholesale firm, whereupon the firm appealed to the Supreme Court. Chief-Justice Paxton now declares that while the judges of the license court are vested with a wide discretion in granting or refusing licenses to retail liquor dealers, they have no such discretion in the case of wholesalers and brewers, to whom a license must be given if they are citizens, temperate, and of good moral character. The immediate effect of this decision is expected to be a large increase in the number of such liquor men, thus partially undoing what good work the license court may have done.

The Appointment of Frederick Douglass to be Minister to Hayti was made on June 29. This is one of the most popular appointments the President has made, and men of both political parties speak of it with approval. Mr. Douglass is perhaps the best-known colored man in the United States. He was born a slave, in Maryland, in 1817, and when twenty-one years of age fled to the North. He soon became known as a fluent public speaker on anti-slavery topics, and lectured through the New England States, attracting large audiences. He also lectured on slavery in Great Britain. During the war he urged the enlistment of colored troops, and, when this measure was determined upon, actively engaged in recruiting colored troops for the army. Since the war he has held several responsible offices. His predecessor at Hayti, Mr. Thompson, is also a colored man. Mr. Douglass will have a delicate position at

Hayti. He is of course accredited to Légitime, who is the nominal ruler, but Hippolyte has far more power, and is believed to have the sympathy of the United States Government. If, as recent reports indicate, Hippolyte should succeed in capturing Port au Prince before Mr. Douglass arrives, he will present his letters to Hippolyte instead of Légitime. The situation is embarrassing, and it is therefore reassuring to know that the new Minister is a man of discretion and sound judgment.

The Death of Theodore Dwight Woolsey, ex-President of Yale University, took place on July 1. He was one of America's most famous scholars, and though he had quitted the field in which his laurels were won, his death is felt as a national loss. Dr. Woolsey was *eighty-eight years old*, having been born in New York City in 1801. He was a nephew of Timothy Dwight, the eminent author, and President of Yale. He entered Yale College at the age of fifteen, and he was more or less closely connected with it from that time until his death. He spent two years studying theology at Princeton, and three years at European universities, but after each absence he returned to Yale, once as Professor of Greek, and afterward as President. He reigned from 1846 until 1871, when he resigned, and Yale never had a more popular chief, nor one under whom her prosperity more rapidly developed. Since his resignation Dr. Woolsey has continued to live near his beloved university, and to the close of his life loved nothing better than to wander around its walls, and receive the visits of men, now distinguished in public life, who were once students under him.

A Terrible Railroad Disaster Occurred in Virginia on July 2. A passenger train on the Norfolk and Western road was approaching a place known as Flaxton's Switch, about thirty miles north of Lynchburg, at half past 2 in the morning, when it was utterly wrecked. Rain had been falling heavily and continuously for twenty-four hours, and the tracks were under water. No danger, however, was apprehended, as several trains had passed over the road safely during the night. But the water had been gradually undermining the road-bed, and when the train reached the place there was a washout eighty feet long and fifty wide, and the water was from eight to ten feet deep. The engine, running at thirty miles an hour, plunged into the chasm, carrying with it the tender and eight cars. As the engine struck bottom the rushing of the water into the locomotive exploded the boiler. The force of the explosion threw wreckage in every direction, injuring some of the persons on the train and scattering firebrands, which ignited the woodwork of the coaches. A survivor says that cries were heard from all parts of the wreck. Nothing, however, could be done for the sufferers. Scarcely one of those who had escaped was uninjured. Almost the whole train was consumed, with the passengers and the mail. It is believed that at least twenty-three persons were killed or burned to death and ninety-three were wounded.

An Unexpected Difficulty to the Nicaraguan canal project developed last week. The Republic of Costa Rica has declared its objections to the canal crossing its territory. This is the more surprising because a convention with Costa Rica was signed early in the history of the project, it being agreed that Costa Rica should be represented on the Board of Directors, and also receive a certain number of shares of stock in consideration of the canal running on the Costa Rica side of the river. Since then a change in the Government of Costa Rica has occurred. The peace party, with Apolinar Soto at its head, has made way for another party under the leadership of Don Ascension Esquivel. The new men repudiate the concession signed by Soto, and declare that any attempt to cut across the territory of Costa Rica will be resisted by force of arms. There is talk also of buying gunboats to protect the place where the canal is to run. The engineers who negotiated the concession with Soto regard the attitude of the

Costa Rica Government as merely an attempt to gain political capital for the elections which take place in December next. It may also be that there is the hope of wringing larger concessions from the canal company by resisting the scheme at this late stage. Meanwhile work on the canal, which was commenced June 3, is being pushed forward.

A Proposal is Made to Portugal to Submit the dispute with England on the Delagoa Bay question to arbitration. The Portuguese statement of the case is that the company has forfeited its charter by negligence. The charter was granted on condition that in a specified time the company had a line of railroad sixty miles long from Delagoa Bay to the frontier of the Transvaal. A part of the road is completed and is being operated, but the part over the Drakenbergs cannot be finished, at the present rate of progress, for years to come. Portugal insists that the company, having secured the concession and so acquired a monopoly, is taking its own time to fulfil its obligations. The Government has therefore seized the line, and is threatening to tear up the rails. On the other hand, the company contend that the progress is as rapid as the natural difficulties will allow, and that, it being to their own interest to get the line in operation throughout, the charge of purposely delaying it is ridiculous. They contend that Portugal is scheming to acquire possession of the line and cheat them out of their property.

The Parnell Commission had Michael Davitt on the stand last week. As he was the originator of the Land League, and has never been entirely in sympathy with the Parliamentary efforts on behalf of Ireland, his appearance has revived the interest in the protracted trial. Mr. Davitt's answers were extremely cautious, and produced a favorable impression. They have received general credence, and were apparently genuine expressions of his convictions. Mr. Davitt frankly said that he "disliked agitation, and would willingly abandon it to-morrow if he saw some justice done to Ireland. He could not abandon it otherwise." He also testified that, knowing of an intended murder, he took steps, at some personal risk, to prevent it. His most significant answer, however, referred to his relations with Mr. Parnell. Mr. Davitt said: "Mr. Parnell and I differ, because Mr. Parnell is opposed to complete separation; but if he got his measure through, I would loyally support it. If he was successful, the demand for separation would eventually die." He admitted that he was personally strongly in favor of a republican form of government.

A Second Royal Betrothal is Reported from England. On July 2 the Queen notified the House of Commons of the approaching marriage of Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and, after his father, the next heir to the throne, to the Princess Victoria of Prussia, and commending to the House the granting of a provision for them. The proposed marriage is not favorably regarded in England. The princess is the daughter of the Prince of Wales's sister, and therefore a first cousin of her intended husband. As the young prince is not remarkable for intellectual power, it is deemed unwise to marry him to a first cousin. The Queen's predilection for German matrimonial alliances is credited with having led to the project. It cannot be contended that it is a love match, as it is only a short time since the princess was said to be anxious to marry Prince Alexander of Battenberg. It is understood that the grant asked for is \$50,000 down, and an annual income of \$125,000. The Radical members of Parliament have given notice of their intention to oppose the grant, on the ground that the burden of supporting the Queen's numerous descendants in so lavish a manner is pressing too heavily on the people.

Any Subscriber Interested in this Journal, and desiring to promote its circulation, may have sample copies sent them postage-paid and free of charge, for distribution at camp-meetings or other places where such distribution will introduce the paper, and lead to increased sales. Send postal card stating number required to The Manager, 71 Bible House.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$12.80. They are from: Fairmount, Minn., \$4; Woodhaven, N. Y., \$3; East Shelburn, Mass., \$1.50; Norwich, Conn., \$1.30; New York, N. Y., \$1; Wilmington, Del., \$1; Orwigsburg, Pa., \$1. The minister of a church of *six hundred members* in South Carolina writes, asking us to thank the contributors to this fund in his name. He has been receiving the paper for some months, and has found in it so much help that he is anxious that all the colored ministers in the country should be similarly aided. He says: "God alone can fully reward you, dear friends, for your thoughtfulness in sending us just the journal that we need. It has helped me, and my people have benefited by it." Our friends who are supporting this fund will be glad to have this testimony. It is a matter for thankfulness that the opportunity exists for helping so large a number at so small a cost, and we wish, with our brother, we could similarly aid every colored congregation.

A Protest Against Worldliness in the church was made in New York on Sunday, June 30, by the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, a son of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, whose sermons are published every week in this journal. Mr. Spurgeon preached in the Baptist Church of the Epiphany, and in the course of his sermon he said: "We too often find a taste for the world and its pleasures in our homes that ought not to exist there. I would rather have the severity of the days of the Puritans than the looseness of the nineteenth century. We must keep our churches pure like our homes. Too many of our churches have come to be nothing better than a den of thieves. If Christ was on earth to-day He would have use for a scourge, as he did when he turned the money-changers out of the temple. The house of God is now frequently turned into something like a playhouse for the professed object of helping in religious work. Many ministers yield to the temptation of cutting and trimming the truth to suit the fashion of people. What we must do is, keep the Church pure."

The Ravages of Wolves in Southern Missouri have prompted the authorities to offer a bounty of three dollars for every wolf's head brought in. Before the war the settlers had the wolves in pretty good control, but during the six years of fighting all the men in the southern counties were in one army or the other, and during these years the wolves multiplied to such numbers that the sheep-raising industry of that section has never been restored. A million and a half of dollars has been paid out for wolf-heads since the war, and persons familiar with the section say that it will take more than another million and a half to exterminate the wolves. A similar result is chronicled in the history of the Church. While the denominations have been fighting each other, the forces of Satan have grown in power, and the sheep have been carried off. (Rom. 16: 17, 20.)

A Fatal Search for a Gold Mine is Reported by the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, Mo. It states that the bodies of two men who set out in 1886 to find the Lost Cabin Mine in Idaho were found and identified two weeks ago. It appears that a colored man appeared in St. Louis in 1886 seeking the help of some wealthy man. He said that he had been among the Indians and had been shown a gold mine of enormous value. It had originally been discovered many years ago by a prospector, who built a cabin and began to work it. The Indians admitted that they killed him. They could not work the mine themselves, but they found enough of gold-dust there to purchase their groceries and supplies. The colored man offered, for a sum down and an interest in the mine, to guide any one to the spot, where wealth beyond the dreams of avarice was waiting development. A man named Burnes accepted the offer, and the two set out. Nothing more was heard of them until two weeks ago, when their skeletons

were found in a dense forest, with their guns and baggage beside them. It is supposed that they lost their way and died of starvation, or that they were poisoned by eating deadly berries which grow in profusion about the place where the skeletons were found. In a similar way many men have lost their souls. Rejecting the offer of eternal riches which Christ makes to those who take Him as their guide, they put their faith in the promise of wealth and worldly pleasure which the tempter makes, and following him where there is poison on every hand, perish eternally. (Prov. 1: 13-15.)

The Renewed Activity of a Volcano in California, supposed to be extinct, is causing some alarm. A press dispatch from San Francisco states that a series of earthquake shocks have been felt at Susanville, a town in the Sierra Nevada mountain district. No damage has been done, but old settlers say that similar shocks about forty years ago were followed by a volcanic eruption. Susanville lies on a high mountain-walled valley directly east of Lassen Butte, a volcano 10,500 feet high. From its summit no less than forty craters can be seen. Two prospectors in 1850 visited Lake Salfatara, eight miles south of Cinder Cone, and found it a mass of boiling water and mud, from which vast columns of flame shot up at intervals. Within two years there has been a renewed activity in the internal fires, and the present shocks point to the possibility of another great volcanic outburst, which will find vent through some of the old craters. None of the Susanville people have moved away, and the majority are said to have become so used to the vibration of the earth that they pay no attention to it. That is the case with the signs of the times. Prophetic students point to them as a warning of the near approach of the great tribulation, but comparatively few heed the warning. (II Pet. 3: 4.)

A Venerable Bride and Bridegroom were united in marriage on June 29 at Port Jervis, N. Y. The former was seventy-four years of age, and the latter eighty-four. Their wooing had been done more than half a century ago. About the year 1833 the lady was the belle of Batavia, N. Y. Among the suitors for her hand, the most favored was a young man of many attractive qualities, but of very limited fortune. Though she gave him her affection, she was prevented marrying him by her parents, who believed he would never be able to support her in comfort. They were separated, and not long afterward the lady married a more eligible suitor. Her marriage put an end to the hopes of her former lover, and he too married. They saw no more of each other until, after the lapse of so many years, they met a few weeks ago at Port Jervis. The lady was then a widow and her former lover a widower. The old love revived, and they immediately went to a Methodist minister and were married. Two causes combine to render such a ceremony more than ordinarily interesting. It is seldom that persons so aged are the principals at a wedding, and still more seldom that pledges of affection are redeemed after the lapse of so many years. Unhappily it is so with union with Christ. Young people who pledge themselves to Him and are afterward drawn away by desire for wealth or worldly honor rarely give themselves to Him in after life. (Heb. 6: 4-6.)

Murder was Characterized as a Little Indiscretion by a physician in Charleston, S. C., last week. A reporter who called on Dr. McDow on June 29, after the jury had acquitted him of the murder of Captain Dawson, says that he found the doctor in excellent spirits, and confident that his practice as a physician would not suffer by what had occurred, as his patients would excuse his "little indiscretion." The nature of the crime was fully disclosed at the trial. The physician had endeavored to accomplish the ruin of a girl in the employ of Captain Dawson, the editor of the *News and Courier*. The captain, hearing of his dastardly conduct, went to the physician's office to expostulate with

him. Dr. McDow, testifying on his own behalf at his trial, said that he shot the captain and tried to conceal his body, but failing in that, he gave himself up to the police. The jury, having heard his story, pronounced him not guilty, and the verdict was received with cheers by the crowd in court. Local reports say that the doctor was overwhelmed with congratulations. Baskets of flowers were sent to his house, and when he went to the Lutheran Church the next Sunday, members of the congregation clustered around him and congratulated him. He is certainly fortunate in living in a community where such a foul crime could be committed with impunity; but it is strange that in a Christian church there could have been persons who thought him a fit subject for congratulation. Knowing what God has said concerning the inevitable doom of such creatures as he, they might well have pitied him if they could overcome the loathing which right-minded men have to struggle against when they think of the crime and the circumstances that led to it. (Rev. 21: 8.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Forty-five converts from heathenism were received in the Episcopal church at Cape Palmas recently.

The Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Home of Cincinnati has had a house of ten rooms placed at its disposal for hospital purposes.

One hundred colleges are represented at Mr. Moody's summer school. Princeton, Cornell, and Yale have the largest delegations.

The timekeepers of the Cambria Iron-Works agree with the physicians and officials in believing that fully ten thousand persons perished in the Johnstown disaster.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman is now in London on his way back from Jerusalem. He is delivering lectures there in aid of his work among the Jews of New York.

A memorial tablet to the late Rev. E. P. Roe is to be placed on the wall of the Presbyterian Church at Highland Falls, N. Y., of which he was ordained pastor twenty-four years ago.

A united effort is to be made by the evangelical denominations to induce Congress to provide more chapels and chaplains for the army. At present there are only 34 chaplains for 134 posts.

Dr. Justin D. Fulton, writing from Rome, Italy, complains of the large number of Protestant visitors to the city who go to Romish churches instead of encouraging the Protestant missionaries by their presence.

There are now Young Men's Christian Associations in thirty-nine countries. Among the latest founded is one at Tarsus, the birth-place of the apostle Paul. There is also one in Jerusalem, and another at Nazareth.

The Rev. E. A. Stafford, D. D., LL. B., of Toronto, Canada, will lecture before the Thirteenth School of Christian Philosophy, at Key East, N. J., on July 22, on "The Service of Free Thought to Christianity."

Miss Josephine R. Nicholls, of Indiana, has charge of the Women's Christian Temperance Union exhibit at the Paris Exposition. Many temperance leaflets, translated into French, are being distributed. Visitors of all nationalities accept them, and show interest in the work.

At the Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies, now in session in Philadelphia, it was stated that the number of societies now organized is 7,671, with a membership of over 470,000. They are attached to evangelical churches in twenty-two different denominations.

Dr. George F. Pentecost has been holding most interesting meetings in Edinburgh during the last six weeks. He has also given Bible-readings during the week in the afternoons, which have been attended by from 400 to 600 persons, mostly residing in the West End of Edinburgh.

President Harrison has issued an order prohibiting the sale of liquor on the camp-grounds of the District National Guards at their coming annual encampment at Fort Washington, on the Potomac River. It was intended to have a canteen, but at the request of the Women's Christian Temperance Union the President prohibited it.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Bible Conference meets at Ocean Grove, N. J., July 25, and continues six days. Among the pastors expected to help in the meetings are Drs. A. J. Gordon, James H. Brookes, W. J. Erdman, Arthur T. Pierson, Nathaniel West, and W. J. Moorehead. Three sessions will be held each day. The meetings last year resulted in a great blessing to many.

The Rev. William Henry Beecher, the eldest brother of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, died in Chicago on June 23. He was in his eighty-seventh year. He was ordained in 1830, and his first charge was at Newport, R. I. His best work was done in the west under the auspices of the American Home Mission Society. During the past nineteen years he had been afflicted with deafness, which involved his giving up regular preaching.

PROFITABLE MIXTURE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For unto us was the gospel preached as well as unto them; but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." Heb. 4:2.

A Lofty Destiny Missed—A Grave Instead of a Throne—I. Israel's Hearing of the Gospel—A Gospel of Rest for Slaves—Of Redemption—Of Separation—Of a Prepared Heritage—Of a Divine Calling—Of Help Assured—II. Israel's Failure to Profit by it—Clinging to Egypt—Setting up Idols—Despising the Promised Land—III. The Fatal Cause of the Calamity—Not in the Gospel—Not in the Preacher—In Lack of Faith—Therefore Could Learn Nothing—Appropriate Nothing—Could Not Enter the Land.

THE people that came out of Egypt were an interesting company, if we think of what God had done on their behalf, and of what He proposed to do for them. They had been lifted up from a state of slavery into one of freedom, and they were on their way to a country where they were to be settled each one upon his own portion of land, therein to become priests and kings unto God. What an unhappy circumstance that

The High Ideal

set before them was never realized by any of them save two lone men—Joshua and Caleb! You hear them singing at the Red Sea, in exultant joy, and they are on their way to Canaan, the land that floweth with milk and honey; loud are their songs, and high are their hopes. But mark those lines of graves—those innumerable hillocks which were formed wherever the camp was pitched in the desert! That is the end of the generation which came out of Egypt: "Their carcases fell in the wilderness." Instead of reaching Canaan and settling, every man under his own vine and fig-tree, they lie in dishonored graves outside of the land of promise.

Let us not follow in their track. We are far too much inclined to do so. They were men, and we are no better than they by nature. Oh for grace to walk after a higher rule! Let a holy dread seize upon us at this time, such as that which Paul expresses in the words: "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." Let us not find a tomb when we might gain a throne. Let us not go down into the pit when before us lies the way to heaven, and multitudes are beckoning us thither. May great grace be given that we may win where a whole nation failed!

I. First, then, let us consider the way of **Israel's Hearing**

of the Gospel. Whether you take it as our translators have put it in the Authorized Version, "Unto us was the gospel preached as well as unto them," or accept the Revised rendering, "Indeed, we have had good tidings preached unto us, even as also they," it comes to much the same meaning; for the message of Moses and the reports of the faithful spies were both typical of the gospel which was brought to us by our Lord and His apostles. Our gospel is more clear than theirs; yet they had the gospel also, in all the essential truths of it, and had they fully believed it, it would have been a saving gospel to them.

We shall notice, first, that the good news brought to Israel was a gospel of rest for slaves, a promise of deliverance for men who cried by reason of sore bondage. This was a fit emblem of that news which comes to us in the gospel of Jesus Christ. These men were made to labor to exhaustion. They had no rest from toil by day or night; and if they did not supply the full number of bricks, they were cruelly beaten by their taskmasters. Truly the tribes of Israel were in a very evil case. They groaned by reason of their bondage, and that promise was

A Wonderful Gospel

to them—"I will bring you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians." This is the kind of gospel which is preached to us to-day. Does not Jesus say, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and

ye shall find rest unto your souls"? Spiritual rest is even more precious than bodily rest. The great promise of the gospel is rest from the burden of guilt, the pressure of fear, the bondage of habit, the slavery of sin, the scourging of conscience, and the dread of wrath to come.

A Gospel of Redemption.

Note, next, that the good tidings to Israel was a gospel of redemption in order to their entering into the promised rest. They were slaves to Pharaoh; how could they become dwellers in Canaan? They might truthfully say, "We cannot break our bonds." The power of Egypt would hold Israel as with an iron hand. But with a high hand and an outstretched arm Jehovah their God determined to bring them out; and bring them out He did. Connected with that power of arm there was the price of sacrifice; for they were redeemed typically by the blood of the Passover Lamb. That blood sprinkled on the lintel and on the two side posts, preserved their houses when the destroying angel passed through the land of Egypt with his death-sword. This day I also preach to you rest through the divine omnipotence of the Holy Spirit, and through the sprinkling of the precious blood of the Lamb of God.

Furthermore, it was a gospel of separation. When you read the words of the Lord to His chosen ones, you are compelled to see that He means them to be a people set apart for His own purposes. He no sooner began with them than the first summons was to Pharaoh, "Let my people go, that they may serve me." Israel was in Egypt; but Israel was not a part of Egypt. No Israelite could become an Egyptian. As a distinct people they came into the land of Ham, and as a distinct people they went out of the land. Too much was Israel defiled by the customs of that heathen nation; but it was not absorbed in Egypt, nor did it cease to be a peculiar race. We are the Lord's portion, the lot of His inheritance. It is by means of this separation that we find rest. Our rest lies where God hath prepared it, and He cries, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Here we have no abiding city. Here we are "strangers and foreigners, as all our fathers were." Yet even here the Church is

Distinct From the World

and cannot be made one with it. This is the gospel of separation which leads on to rest. Until separated, there is no rest for us. Thus is it written, "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate; and I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." Thus you see that ours is a gospel of rest, a gospel of sacrifice, and a gospel of separation from the rest of mankind. Hear it with more earnest heed than Israel gave to it: "For unto us is the gospel preached, as well as unto them."

Still further, the gospel preached to the Israelites told them of a glorious heritage which was provided for them. It was the fairest of all countries, an epitome of the whole world; and it was to be theirs as a freehold for ever. Each tribe was to have its portion, each family its lot. This was good news to them; and all the more so because within the outward and temporal good news there was a spiritual gospel. Even so are you told that there is a heritage, even a heavenly one, to which God bringeth His believing people, and of which He gives them an earnest even now, in the possession of His Holy Spirit. This heritage is, in a measure, ours even in this life; but into the fullness of its delight we shall enter when the Lord shall come and receive us unto Himself. O my hearers, you have all heard this gospel of glory; have you all accepted it?

Once more: they had a gospel which promised them help to obtain all this. It is a poor gospel which sets heaven before us, but does not help us to enter it. To these Israelites journeying mercies and conquering aids were promised. The Lord said to them, "I will send my fear before thee, and will destroy all the people to whom thou shalt come, and I will

make all thine enemies turn their backs unto thee. And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite from before thee." The like help for the attainment of heavenly blessedness is provided in the Gospel which we preach. All helps for the winning of the fadeless crown are waiting for them that believe. We are encouraged to go forward and take possession of the promises, for the Lord hath said, "Certainly I will be with thee." My dear hearer, do you embrace this Gospel? Do you find in it strength for the journey of life? See to it that you miss not the blessing.

II. But now, secondly, I have the painful business of setting briefly before you

Israel's Failure

to profit by the Gospel which they heard. Though they heard it from many, they clung to Egypt. One would think they would have abhorred the land of the iron furnace, and the brick-kiln; but no; at the first they said, "Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians." The signs and wonders that God wrought in the field of Zoan were almost as much needed to separate Israel from Egypt, as to loosen the cruel grasp of Pharaoh. The nation had not long been quit of the land before they cried out, "Wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth out of Egypt? It had been better for us to serve the Egyptians than that we should die in the wilderness." Again and again they sighed for the leeks and the garlic and the onions of Egypt, whining for

The Coarse Food of Bondage,

despising the bread from heaven. They talked as if the Lord had done them a great injury by setting them free from their taskmasters. Ah me! The gospel which they heard did not profit them; for in their hearts they still tarried in the house of bondage.

Worse still, they provoked the Lord. By their murmurings, but chiefly by their idolatry, they vexed His Holy Spirit. Could you have believed it? after all the gods of Egypt had been smitten in detail by the plagues of Jehovah, yet the people remembered the idol god, the ox of Egypt, and they set up for their own worship what the Lord derisively called a "calf." They said, "These be thy gods, O Israel!" Truly the word preached had not profited them.

They went so far as to despise the promised land: they said, "It is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof." They would fain go back to Egypt rather than advance upon a scene of such great danger. They dared to speak as if death in Egypt had been preferable to the wilderness, for they would never be able to conquer the land. The spies whom they sent to spy out the land, ten of them flattered their humor and defamed the country. They could not deny that it flowed with milk and honey, for the fruits were before them, and the clusters of Eshcol were convincing evidence of its fertility; but they said it ate up its inhabitants, implying that it was a deadly place to dwell in.

The End of It

was, they died in the wilderness. Ah me! The whole generation died in the wilderness—these very men that stood by the Red Sea, and said, "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance." They sang, "Sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestine. All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away;" but, on the borders of the land they trembled, turned back into the wilderness, and died. To them the inspiring gospel of the promised rest was altogether unprofitable.

O my hearers, fear and tremble lest it be the same with you! Let me go over this story once more, with a personal application. Do you still cling to sin? Do you still love it? Would you be willing to go to heaven, but are you unwilling to part with sin? Is the flavor of the onion of sinful pleasure still pleasant to your palate? Do you despise the goodly land? Do you say in your heart, "Heaven and heavenly things

are too visionary for me; I have too much to do to earn my daily bread?" Are you sighing after flesh, after worldly wealth, and honor and pleasure? Do you loathe the manna of holy joy, and fellowship, and bliss, and life in Christ? Is it so? And are you fearing to-day that you never can do what you should do, and that you can never conquer your evil propensities? Do you sit down supinely, judging your passions to be too strong to be subdued, your habits too firmly fixed to be changed? Are the giants too strong for you to slay them? Have you no trust in God, and in His boundless grace? If so, O sirs, I fear me your carcasses will fall in the wilderness; your dying hour will come, and you will have no hope. A whole nation missed the rest of God; it will not be a wonder if you and I miss it, who are but one or two, unless we take earnest heed, and are filled with fear "lest, a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of us should seem to come short of it."

III. So now, thirdly, I am going to put my finger upon

The Fatal Cause

of this direful calamity. Why was it the gospel that they heard did not profit them? Assuredly, it was not the fault of the gospel which they heard. In itself it is calculated to profit all who receive it. It promised liberty, and this should have made them gratefully obedient. It promised an inheritance, and added to it a high and holy calling, and this should have aroused their loftiest aspiration. It promised every help to the getting of the promised blessings; and what could they have more? Concerning the gospel which I have preached to you, I can truly say that if you miss blessedness, it is not because you are straitened in the gospel, or are discouraged by the narrowness of the Lord's grace. Pardon of sin, justification of your persons, the salvation of your souls, and everlasting bliss; what more can be set before you? If this does not touch you, what will?

In their case it was not the fault of the preacher; for Moses spoke God's Word with great meekness and gentleness. He set before them the truth with all fidelity. With all my imperfection, I hope I can say, also, that if you die in the wilderness, I am clear of your blood; for I have warned you to escape, and I have bidden you seek, first, the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Well, then, what was the cause? We put our finger on it at once: "Not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." Where there is no faith in the gospel, no good consequence can possibly come of it. If it were preached to you by angels, yea, if one arose from the dead and proclaimed it to you, if you believed it not what could be the beneficial effect of hearing it? Men, why do you hear it if you do not mean to believe it? If you will be damned, why do you throng this place to hear about salvation? If you are resolved that you will not have the promise of God, why come and listen to His servant, who has nothing else to tell you? Are we set up to be as marionettes, or dancing dolls, for you to stare at? God forbid that we should ever accept the calling of actors in a play! If we do not win your hearts for Christ, and so save you, we have labored in vain, and spent our strength for nought. See the effect of absence of faith, and lament it.

Where there is no faith, men remain

Slaves to the Present.

If they did not believe in the milk and honey of Canaan, you see why they hankered for the cucumbers of Egypt. An onion is nothing comparable to an estate beyond Jordan; yet, as they think they cannot get the estate, they pine for the onions. When men do not believe in eternal life they naturally enough cry, "Give me bread and cheese! Let me have a fortune here!" They keep their nose to the grindstone, always thinking about this passing life, because they do not heartily believe in heaven and its glories. They are as "dumb-driven cattle," that see not into another state; this life

seems real to them, but the next life they suspect to be a dream. As long as there is no faith, this world is all, and the world to come is nothing at all.

If a man hears and has no faith, he learns nothing. What would be the use of your listening to lectures upon science if you disbelieved what the professor set forth? You are no pupil—you are a critic, and

You Cannot Learn.

Many professors have no faith, and, consequently, whoever may teach them, they will never come to a knowledge of the truth. Israel never saw through the almost transparent veil of the types because they did not believe. Want of faith means want of eye and want of perception.

A man that has no faith in what he hears does not appropriate it. There is gold! Eagerly one crieth, "Let me go and get it!" Unbelief restrains him, as it whispers, "There is no gold, or it is beyond reach." He does not go to get it, for he does not believe. Unbelief palsies the hand, and it appropriates nothing. That which is not appropriated can be of no use to you. Look at your food. How is it that it builds up your body? Because you take it into the mouth, and it descends into the stomach, and there it is mixed with certain fluids, and is digested, and ultimately is taken up into the system and becomes a life-sustaining force. Being properly mixed, it is taken up and assimilated. And so it is with heavenly truth: if it is taken into the heart, and then mixed with faith, it is digested, and becomes food to every part of the spiritual nature.

Lastly, these people could not enter in because they had no faith. They could go to the border of the land, but they must die even there. They could send their spies into the country, but they could not see the fertile valleys themselves. Without faith they could not enter Canaan. Shall it be so with us, that, for want of faith, we shall hear the gospel, know something about its power, and yet miss its glories, and never enter into possession of the life eternal which it reveals? Here is the point: "They could not enter in because of unbelief."

Still, *the great necessity is faith.* Instead of speaking upon that subject, let me beg you to

Do a Little Mixing at Once.

Don't mix philosophy with the gospel, but by the help of God's Spirit mix faith with it. Before us is the glorious Word made flesh, in the eternal Son of God in our nature! He lives for men; He dies to make atonement for sin. Even He cannot save you unless you now mix faith with all those truths about Him which the Scriptures teach you. Now mix faith with what you know concerning the Saviour, and say, "Lord, I believe that Thou Art the Son of God. I believe that Thou didst live a perfect life, which is our righteousness. I believe that Thou didst die a painful death, which brings us pardon. I believe that Thou ever livest to intercede. I trust my soul in Thy hands." That is mixing faith with the gospel, and you will in this fashion richly profit by the gospel. You will go your way a saved man.

Try what you can do with eternal life itself. Say, "Lord, I believe that there is a spiritual life which Thou dost breathe into believers. I believe that this grows from grace to glory. Thou givest to believers eternal life even here; death cannot kill it, and so they live on, and on, and on, throughout eternity, for ever blessed in Christ. I believe in the new creation. I appropriate it. I trust in Jesus for it. This heritage is mine! By faith I take it to myself." God will never take away what you can grasp by faith. Mix faith with every promise. Henceforth continue to practice the holy art of mixing faith with the revelations of Scripture. Compound them as the dispensers do. Here is a choice drug, but it wants mixing with its proper affinity; the promise must be mixed with faith if it is to be life-giving to the soul. Mix it, then, with faith, and be profited immediately and eternally. Be united to the truth, and it

will save you. Let it come into union with you, and you will never perish. The Lord help you to be joined unto His truth by faith, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A PRAYER FOR RAIN.*

A BRIGHT testimony to the power of prayer was witnessed here (Shoshong). Some time after Kama became chief there was a terrible year of drought, threatening the loss of all the crops. The enemies of Christ sneered at the helplessness of the Christians, and wondered what they would do without rain-doctors—important persons in Africa. As the knowledge of the true God had increased, they had been discarded. Kama now appointed a day of prayer to God, and all his people were invited to be present. The Christians at Shoshong sent messengers to the village of the Makalaka close by, inviting them to come to this all-day prayer-meeting. The Makalaka heathen, however, sneeringly retorted that they were not going to turn away their own rain-doctors, and refused to come. The Christians spent the day in humiliation and prayer, and toward evening heavy clouds arose, and a prolonged drenching shower of rain passed over the town. The gardens of the Shoshong Christians lay alongside those of the Makalaka in a plain in front of the town, and in the morning it was found that all the fields belonging to the people of Shoshong were well soaked with water, but those of the Makalaka were as dry and parched as on the day before. The news of this wonderful answer to the prayers of Kama and his people spread widely, and traders and others came to see for themselves.

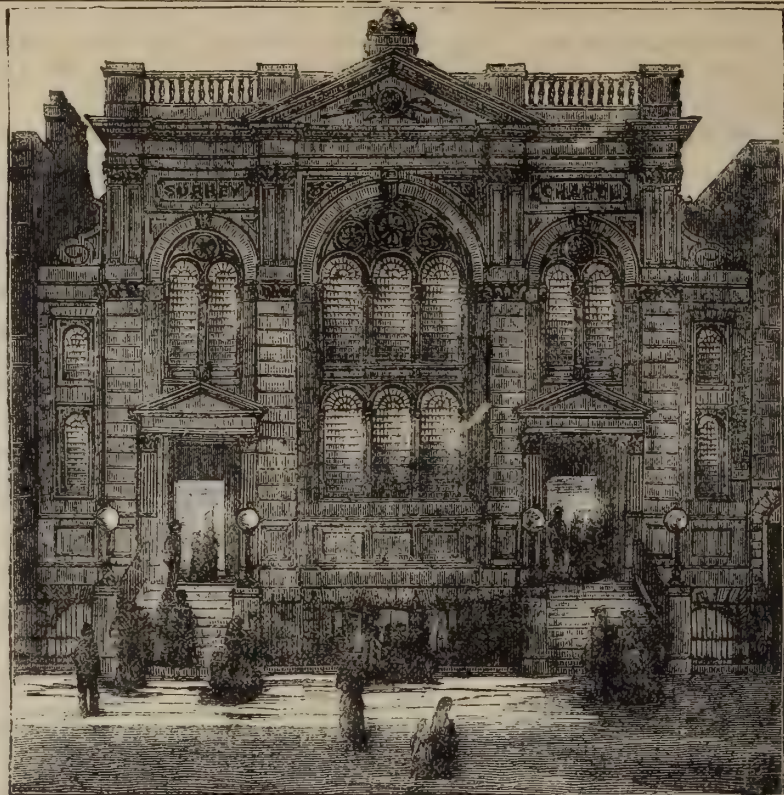
A Night on a Mountain.

On reaching the river I bargained with the old ferry-man to take my men and bundles across, leaving them to walk up to Mbova, and come back and take me up the river to that town in his boat. The man landed me on the north bank, that he might go to his hut to refresh himself with a smoke of tobacco. I lay on the bank of the river for some hours, and as he never returned, and was not likely to do so, I determined to start off on foot after my men and blankets. In my weak state and being quite alone, I wandered repeatedly from the path. At last night came on. The path lay over a sharp hill covered with large boulders, in the midst of which I completely lost my way, wandered about from right to left, then lay down between two boulders, where I found myself fairly comfortable, as the stones were still radiating heat. I had not lain long when I heard a footstep in the distance. On looking up and watching in the direction from which the sound came, I saw the figure of a man, with a gun over his shoulder, walking along slowly in the direction I had come from. I called, and he at once replied and came over to me, when I found that he was one of the Bushmen I hired at Leshuma, and that he was out in search of me. With his help I was able to reach Mbova shortly before midnight. The natives there provided me with a hut to sleep in, and brought food; but it was

* From Garenganze, or Seven Years' Pioneer Mission Work in Central Africa. By Fred. S. Arnot. With twenty illustrations and an original map. The portrait and biography of this devoted and intrepid missionary, recently published in this journal, will have prepared our readers to deeply enjoy the letters and diary which compose this book. His own story of his dangers, his hairbreadth escapes, and the faithfulness of God, in whom, when face to face with death, his confidence never wavered, is more fascinating than any work of fiction or travel that we know of. Mr. Arnot is a writer of fine dramatic power, and none can read his record of these seven years without being pleased and edified. 276 pages; price \$1.25; published by Fleming H. Revell, 12 Bible House, New York.



Rev. Benjamin Senior.



Mr. Senior's Church in Blackfriars Road, London.

fully ten days ere I recovered the use of my limbs.

Class Prejudice.

When I tried to explain to King Liwanika, of the Barotse, that a man's position in this world had nothing whatever to do with his place in the next; that God dealt with the hearts of men and not with their skins; that a poor *matlanka* (slave) might be seated in the palace of God, and a king or a chief shut out, he got very excited, forbade me ever to say such a thing again, or ever teach such things to his people. The native's pride of position is consummate, and for a chief or free man to come down to the level of a poor *matlanka* sinner is humanly impossible. "Unto the poor the gospel is preached," and most gladly would I give all my time among the many poor slaves of this country; but meanwhile I am not allowed. "Those are not *people*," they say; "they are our dogs." So it is only by stealth that I get among them.

REV. B. SENIOR, Pastor of New Surrey Chapel.

THE arrival here of the Rev. Benjamin Senior, of London, was mentioned in this journal last week. As many of our Methodist friends will probably listen to him during his visit, they will doubtless be glad to have his portrait, and to know something about him and his work on the other side the Atlantic.

Mr. Senior is forty-two years of age, having been born near Leeds on March 4, 1847. He was converted when he was seventeen years old, and eight years later he decided to enter the ministry of the Primitive Methodist Church. He went to the college of that church at Sunderland, and at the end of his course was received by the Conference. He was sent to Ramsgate, then to Kingston-on-Thames, and thence to Dartford. In each place he was successful in building up the cause; the membership and the congregation increased, and new spheres of Christian activity were occupied. While at Dartford he was called to London under peculiar circumstances.

In Blackfriars Road is a building hallowed by many blessed associations. It was built in 1782 for the famous Rowland Hill. There crowds gathered to hear the wonderful preacher whose wit and eloquence were the talk of the town. Many marvellous conversions took place. "His words," as one who listened to him said, "came

red-hot from the heart," and they were blessed to many on whom the more dignified and scholarly discourses of his brethren of the Established Church had produced no effect. Mr. Hill died in 1833, but his work went on. A few years ago, however, an unexpected obstacle was encountered. The church stood on ground held on lease, and the lease was near its expiration. The value of the land, which is in one of the busiest parts of the city, was more than quadruple what it was when the church was built a hundred years before. The owner wanted all it was worth, and the members of the church found that they could get the lease renewed only on terms that would cripple their resources. Dr. Newman Hall, the author of the famous little book, "Come to Jesus," was pastor of the church at the time, and it was not difficult for a man so eminent as he to secure funds for the erection of a new home for his people. Accordingly the new "Christ Church" was built, and was in every way a better and more convenient meeting-place for the society.

Surrey Chapel, the time-honored structure which had been the birth-place of so many souls, was unoccupied. The lease had still about two years to run, and the Primitive Methodists gained permission to turn those two years to account by holding services in the old building. Mr. Senior was selected as the best man for the work. He went, and commenced services. Soon out of the laboring classes of the neighborhood a large congregation was gathered, and by the end of the two years, so grand and beneficent a work was in progress that its discontinuance would have been felt a calamity by the district.

Wealthy and influential persons concerned for the spiritual welfare of the district in which their business offices were situated, and where their forefathers had lived, offered liberal sums toward a fund for the erection of a new church. In a short time Mr. Senior had \$40,000 in hand. A site was secured within forty yards of the old building, and the work of building was begun. On September 26, 1888, the new Surrey Chapel (a picture of which is here given) was opened, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preaching the dedication sermon. It has cost \$60,000, and is a commodious and well-built edifice, said to be the largest and most handsome in the Primitive Methodist denomination. It holds about a thousand persons, and is well filled at every service. The congregation is composed chiefly

of the poor and uneducated dwellers in the back streets and alleys of the city. To these Mr. Senior loves best to preach, and they are the class which most highly appreciates his labors.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE OVERLOOKED.

(See illustration on page 445.)

It was after midnight, and Maud Bathurst, having composed her mind after a distressing day by prayer and reading favorite passages of the Bible, was about retiring to rest when she heard a gentle tap on the door of her room. Her visitor was evidently afraid of being heard by any one but Maud; for the tap was so light that she was not sure that it was not her fancy. But she crossed the room and opened it. Her younger sister Ethel entered, closed the door, and flung herself into the nearest chair. A look of fixed determination sat on her fine features, and her eyes flashed.

"Maud," she said, "I am going away in the morning as soon as it is light. I wanted to kiss you, and tell you about it to-night, so that there may be no agitating scene in the morning."

"Going away! Where are you going? What do you mean, Ethel?"

"I mean just that," said Ethel; "I am going away. I don't know where. Anywhere—to New York first. After that I don't know. It is of no use trying to dissuade me; I have fully made up my mind."

"But I do not understand, Ethel. Are you crazy, or am I?"

"No, of course you do not understand. That is why I have come to you. I could not bear the thought of your putting a wrong construction on my going. When I am gone, there will be plenty of people to say uncharitable things about me. I don't care what *they* say, but I did not want that you should have any suspicions of evil. I wanted to put myself right with you first."

"But you don't, Ethel. You are terribly *wrong*; there can be no sufficient reason for your leaving home suddenly and secretly as you propose. Nothing you can say would make that right in my judgment."

"Oh, don't oppose me, Maud, or I shall wish I had not told you. I have thought it all out, and I have made up my mind. I cannot bear to live at home any longer. It is best for you and the girls, and mother, and me too, that I should go. I want to do right, and I have tried to do right, but I cannot here. I have resolved

over and over again that I will do as you do, and when mother gives her contradictory orders, and blames me without cause, and scolds and storms about trifles, and imputes evil motives to me that never entered my mind, I would bear it quietly. But I have not your mild temper. I *must* answer back and tell her she is unjust, and then I go farther and say that what she says is not true, and that always exasperates her. Ever since I came home from school I have been making good resolutions and breaking them. You know nearly all the disturbances we have come from something I have said or done. There will be more hope of peace if I am away. It will be better for all of you. And as for myself, I would rather live on dry bread and be free from the scolding. And it is not altogether because I am miserable, either. I am afraid of myself. I am becoming wicked. I have such dreadful thoughts sometimes. After mother has been scolding me and charging me with carelessness and perversity when all the time I have been trying my best to please her, there seems no good in life, and once—lowering her voice to a whisper—"I was tempted to drown myself."

"And what do you mean to do?" Maud asked, quietly.

"I mean to go to New York and try to get a position. I will apply for work either as a teacher, or in a store, or as a lady's maid, or anything. I don't care what I do. Anything will be better than this."

"My poor child!" said Maud, throwing an arm around her sister, "you will do nothing of the kind. You must not think of it. I know all you feel. I know how hard it is for you to bear, and I can understand your being anxious to get out of the trouble; but it is not right, Ethel, and God's blessing would not be with you."

"God does not care, Maud; do not speak of Him; I have asked Him to protect me, and He does not; He lets me be blamed unjustly, and He does not vindicate me."

"But I *must* speak of Him, my child. He is your only hope, here or elsewhere. It is He who has laid this cross on your shoulders, and He is looking down on you, and wishing that you would bear it patiently. You think that He has failed you because you have not been kept from injustice; because you have not been vindicated. That is your mistake. It was something very different that He promised you."

"Promised me, Maud! what do you mean? There is no promise for me, personally."

"Oh yes, there is, and direction, too. It is for you very clearly, and your circumstances are described as plainly as if they were foreseen when the words were written. See here," and Maud went to her desk and opened her New Testament. "Listen, 'For what glory is it if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.' Think of that, Ethel; think of the grandeur of it, the opportunity you have, 'acceptable with God!'" and Maud put her finger on the words as upon a title-deed to a crown, and looked triumphantly at her sister. Then she went on: "'For even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps; who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.' There is the direction and the reward."



Maud Points to the Message.

"Where is that, Maud? I never noticed it." "It is in the second chapter of Peter's first Epistle. Read it for yourself."

Ethel read the words that have been an impenetrable armor for many a tried child of God. She looked at them long and earnestly. Then she said, "Thank you, Maud; that is enough; I can bear anything now. 'Acceptable with God.' Yes, it does not matter about anyone else."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 430.)

The Endowments Received.

CERTAINLY we must have looked anything but handsome in our white garments, and with the oil trickling down our faces and into our eyes, making them smart and look red. There was nothing, however, for us to do but to submit quietly and make the best of it we could. Ashamed as I was, I thought I might venture to look at my husband; there could be no harm in that; but when I saw his demure-looking countenance and his efforts to keep his clothing in order, I thought I should be compelled to laugh outright, for I could see that his thoughts were more occupied about his personal appearance than with the solemnity of the occasion.

Clad after this interesting fashion, we sat opposite to each other for several minutes, and then my husband and myself were instructed to come forward and kneel at the altar, while all the rest remained standing. It is the custom thus to select two persons, and we were either picked out by chance, or it might be, as my husband was thought a great deal of by the authorities, that they considered he would feel honored by the preference.

Suddenly a voice was heard speaking to some one, who also replied. This voice from the unseen was supposed to be the voice of Elohim in conversation with Jehovah, and the words that were used were much the same as those contained in the first chapter of the book of Genesis describing the creation of the world. Finally, Jehovah and Elohim declare their intention to come down and visit the earth. This they do, and pronounce all that they behold very good; but they declare that it is necessary that one of a higher order of intelligence than the brute creation should be placed in the world to govern and control all else.

Michael the Archangel is now called, and he is placed upon the earth under the name of Adam, and power is given him over all the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea. Moreover, the fruits of the earth are all given to him for his sustenance and pleasure; but he is strictly charged, as in Bible story, not to eat of one particular tree which stands in the midst of the garden. This tree is represented by a small real evergreen, and a few bunches of dried raisins are hung upon it as fruit.

It is now discovered that it is not good for man to be alone; the supposed voices of Elohim and Jehovah are then heard speaking and determining to give a companion to Adam. They, therefore, cause a deep sleep to fall upon Michael—or Adam, as he is now called—and they prepare to operate upon him. Here we were all instructed to assume the attitude of deep sleep by dropping our heads upon our breasts. A rib is then supposed to be removed from the side of the sleeper, which said rib appears immediately upon the scene in the person of Eliza R. Snow.

And now the devil makes his appearance in the person of W. W. Phelps. Phelps used always to personate the devil in the Endowments, and the rôle suited him admirably. He is dead now, nor do I know who has succeeded him in his office. The devil wears a very tight-fitting suit of black muslin, with knee-breeches and black stockings and slippers. This dress had all the appearance of a theatrical costume, and the man looked as much like what one might imagine the devil would look as he possibly could.

He began by trying to scrape acquaintance with Eve, whom he meets while taking a walk in the garden. The innocent, unsuspecting woman is fascinated by his attentions. Father Adam—who seems to have had a touch of the Mormon about him—perhaps was not the most attentive of husbands; or he may have made the same mistake as that which so many of his sons have since made—neglecting to pay the same attentions after marriage as he was wont to before—and left his young wife to the mercy of the tempter. However that may be, Satan and Eve are soon discovered in conversation together, and Eve appears to be favorably impressed with Satan. At length he offers her some of the fruit of the forbidden tree, and after some little demur she accepts it and eats thereof.

Then the devil leaves her, Adam makes his appearance, and Eve persuades him also to eat of the fruit of the tree. After this they make a dumb show of perceiving their condition, and an apron of white linen is produced, on which are sewed pieces of green silk, in imitation of fig leaves, and in these they both attire themselves. Then all the brethren and sisters produce similar aprons, which they had brought with

them on purpose, and these they put on, as Adam and Eve had already done. The curse was now pronounced upon the serpent—the devil—who reappears upon his hands and knees, making a hissing noise as one might suppose a serpent would do. We were then all driven out of the Garden of Eden into another room which represented the world—and this ended the “first degree.”

We were now supposed to be out in the world, earning our daily bread by the sweat of our brows, and we were informed that although we had been driven out from the presence of the Lord, yet a plan of salvation would be devised for us, by which we should be enabled to return to our first estate. We were to wait patiently until this plan should be disclosed to us. Men representing the ancient prophets then entered, and gave instructions to the people to prepare themselves for the first coming of our Saviour upon earth.

In the Eleusinian mysteries, instead of a rehearsal of this kind the initiated had to undergo an ordeal of such a startling nature that in many instances the persons fainted with fright. Strange and amazing objects presented themselves to them. Sometimes the place they were in seemed to shake round them, sometimes appeared bright and resplendent with light and radiant fire, and then again covered with black darkness and horror; sometimes thunder and lightning; sometimes frightful noises and bellowing; sometimes terrible apparitions astonished the trembling spectators. The being present at these sights was called initiation.

It seems probable that in the early days of Mormonism there was in this particular a closer resemblance between their initiatory rites and these we have mentioned. Van Dusen, who was initiated in the Temple at Nauvoo, but who afterwards apostatized and published some startling revelations in 1847, says of this stage of the proceedings: “All is now silent for a time; the silence is at length broken by a rumbling noise from a distance; the noise terminates in a voice.”

At this stage of our rehearsal we were taught certain passwords and grips; then we were arranged in a circle. The women covered their faces with their veils, and we all knelt down, and, with our right hands uplifted towards heaven, we took the solemn oath of obedience and secrecy.* We vowed that by every means in our power we would seek to avenge the death of Joseph Smith, the prophet, upon the Gentiles who had caused his murder, and that we would teach our children to do so; we vowed that, without murmur or questioning, we would implicitly obey the commands of the priesthood in everything; we vowed that we would not commit adultery—which, with reference to the men, was explained to mean the taking of wives without the permission of the holy priesthood; and we vowed that we would never, under any circumstances, reveal that which transpired in the Endowment House.

The penalty for breaking the oath, which was worded in the most startling and impressive way, was then explained to us. The traitor’s intestines were—while he was yet living—to be torn from him, *his throat was to be cut from ear to ear*, and his heart and tongue were to be cut out. In the world to come, everlasting damnation would be his portion. Let not the reader think that this was merely an imaginary penalty, or that it was expressed merely for the purpose of frightening the weak-minded; for, as will be shown, punishments quite as horrible as that have been deliberately meted out to the Apostate, the Gentile, and the suspected Saint, by the Mormon priesthood. The innocent blood which cries for vengeance against Brigham Young and some of the leaders of the Church is sufficient to weigh the purest spirit which stands before the throne of God down to the nethermost abysses of hell.

*I myself made a movement with my hand—for I believed that my life was at stake, and I dared not do otherwise. The words of the oath I did not utter.

The vow we took differed from that given in the Nauvoo Temple and given by Van Dusen. We reproduce it here, that it may be seen that although Mormonism may change in some of its details, it is and always has been a system on which treason, revenge, and bloodshed are inculcated as duties, and as such are dangerous to the United States. We are required to kneel at the altar, where we have an oath administered to the effect that we will, henceforth and forever, use all our influence to destroy this nation (the United States), and teach it to our posterity. We are sworn by a solemn oath that we will never reveal to any person what we do and see in the temple. The oath is as follows: “You do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, His angels, and these witnesses (pointing to individuals in the room that have secret instructions to take life), that you will, from this time henceforth and for ever, begin and carry out hostilities against this nation, and teach it to your children; and to keep the same intent a profound secret now and for ever, so help you God.”

After these fearful oaths had been taken with due solemnity, we were instructed in the various signs representing those dreadful penalties; we were also given a “grip” peculiar to this degree.

We were next entertained by a long address from the Apostle, Heber C. Kimball. Never in my life—except from Brigham Young—have I listened to such offensive language, and I trust I never shall be compelled to listen to anything like it again. Brother Kimball always used to pride himself upon using “plain” language, but that day I think he surpassed himself; he seemed to take quite a pleasure in saying anything which could make us blush. The subject on which he discoursed was the married life in the “Celestial Order;” he also laid great stress upon the necessity of our keeping silence concerning all that we had witnessed in the Endowment House—even husbands to their wives, and wives to their husbands, were not to utter a single word. With the sermon our “Second Degree” ended.

We were now taken to another room for the purpose of passing through the “Third Degree” of the order of the Melchisedec Priesthood. When we were all arranged against the wall, a number of individuals entered who were supposed to represent the ministers of every denomination and religion upon the face of the earth. The devil also makes his appearance again. The ministers set forth the various claims of their respective creeds—each one striving to show that his is the purest and the best—but the devil sows division and hatred among them, and a deal of confusion ensues.

Then came in personages representing Peter, James, and John, the Apostles; and they commanded ministers, devil, and all to depart. They then appeared to organize a new Church, in which the true principles of the Gospel were to be taught; our temple robes were also all changed from the right shoulder to the left, indicating that we were now in the true Church, and that we were to be absolutely and in every way dependent upon the priesthood. Another grip was then given to us, and thus we received the “Third Degree” of the Order of Melchisedec Priesthood.

In that room was a division made of bleached muslin; in the division a door, and in the door a hole, with a lap of muslin over it, through which to pass the hand. Whoever was on the other side could see us, but we could not see them. The men first approached this door. A person representing the Apostle Peter appeared at the opening and demanded who was there. He was told that some one desired to enter. Hands came through the opening in the muslin curtains, and mysterious fingers cut a mark on the left breast of the men’s shirts—one mark also over other parts of the body—which marks the women religiously imitated upon their own garments when they got home. The applicant was then told to put his hand through the opening, and give the last grip belonging to the

“Third Degree,” and mention his new name. He was then permitted to enter. This was called “going behind the veil.” When the men were all admitted, the women were suffered to approach, and were passed through by their own husbands. When a woman has no husband she is passed through by one of the brethren, and to those who are not going to be married, or sealed for eternity, here the ceremonies end.

As I before stated, according to Mormon ideas, we had never before been legally married. It was, therefore, necessary that we should now pass through that ceremony. We accordingly were conducted to a desk, where our names were entered, and we were then passed into another room. In that room was a long, low altar covered with red velvet, and an arm-chair placed at one end of it, in which sat Brigham Young. My husband knelt at one side of the altar and I at the other, with our hands clasped above it in the last grip which had been given to us. Then the ordinary formula of marriage was gone through with, and we were informed that we were sealed for time and for eternity.

Thus we passed through the mysteries of the Endowment House, and at 3 o’clock in the afternoon we found ourselves at liberty to return home. The various ceremonies had occupied eight hours. When we reached home, my husband said, “Well, what do you think of the Endowments?” But I did not dare to answer him truthfully at that time. Had I done so, I should have told him that I was disappointed and ashamed. Never in all my life did I suffer such humiliation as I did that day; for the whole time I was under the impression that those who officiated looked upon us as a set of silly dupes, and I felt annoyed to think that I dared not tell them so. So I told my husband that I would rather not speak about it, and we never spoke about it to the day of his death. What his own feelings were about the matter, I do not know, for Mormon wives are taught never to pry into their husband’s feelings or meddle with their actions.

But notwithstanding all my feelings about the Endowment House ceremonies, when I afterwards heard the brethren and sisters talking about the happiness which they had experienced while going through, and saying how privileged we ought to feel at being in Zion (Salt Lake City) among the saints of God, secure in His kingdom, where we could bring up our children in the fear of the Lord, I began again to think that the fault was all in myself, and that it was I who was wrong and not the Endowments. I wondered how, with such a rebellious heart, I should ever get salvation, and I mourned to think that I had not accepted everything with the simplicity of a child.

Some time after our initiation I met the Apostle Heber C. Kimball, and he asked me how I felt upon the occasion. I frankly told him all; but added that I regretted feeling so. He said, “I shall see if you cannot go through again; it is not just the thing, and I shall try and make the opportunity.” Nothing more, however, was said about it. But that which troubled me most was the fact that while the oaths were being administered, I dropped my hand and inwardly vowed that I would never subscribe to such things, and at the same time my heart was filled with bitter opposition. This, although I did it involuntarily—my better nature rising within me, and overcoming my superstition—I thought at the time was sinful; I now, however, rejoice that such was the case; for not having actually vowed to keep secret those monstrous oaths, I can say, without any cavil or equivocation, that I have broken no promise and betrayed no trust by the revelations which I have made.

(To be Continued).

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SAMUEL THE REFORMER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 21, 1 Samuel 7:1-17;
Golden Text, Isa. 1:16, 17.

The Awe-struck Men of Beth-shemesh—Their Unholy Curiosity—How to Study God's Ways—Israel's Vain Regret—Lamentation Useless Without Reform—Samuel's Preaching—Insists on Separation from Idols—Deeds Required Rather than Words—Consecration to Precede Service—The Effect of Samuel's Appeal—A Convention of the People—The Typical Water—The Invasion by the Philistines—The People's Request to Samuel—The Enemy Discomfited—The Lord's Battle.

THE men of Beth-shemesh had taken advantage of the low estate of the ark of God to satisfy their own curiosity in looking therein. There is every difference between reverence and superstition. Superstition will invest things and persons with the awe and reverence which is due to God alone; reverence is that shrinking into nothingness before the presence of God which made Isaiah cry, "Woe is me, for I am undone," when he saw the Lord upon His throne (Isa. 6:5); which made Ezekiel, Daniel, and the apostle John fall upon their faces before His revealed presence; and which made Paul describe Him as dwelling in light which no man can approach unto. (1 Tim. 6:16.) When men set themselves to master the designs of God and to dissect His ways of working, making a kind of science or system by which they seek to bind Him to work, they are like the men of Beth-shemesh, who looked into the ark. They cannot but bring judgment upon themselves. Let us beware that we never come to our God to institute an investigation of His ways, but as little dependent children, to learn of Him. The men of Beth-shemesh said, "Who is able to stand before the holy Lord God?" They felt more at ease at a distance from Him. But, thank God, "we, who sometimes were far off, are

Made Nigh

by the blood of Christ" (Eph. 2:13); we have "a better hope, . . . by the which we draw nigh unto God." (Heb. 7:14.) Because we have an High Priest who "ever liveth to make intercession for us" (Heb. 7:25), and because He is ever in the presence of God to plead His own blood, we may "draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." (Heb. 10:22.)

The men of Beth-shemesh wanted to get rid of the ark of the covenant, and they sent messengers to the inhabitants of Kirjath-jearim, saying, "The Philistines have brought again the ark of the Lord; come ye down and fetch it up to you." The men of Kirjath-jearim were not afraid; they came forward with true loyalty to God, and brought the ark of the Lord into the house of Abinadab, probably one of the Levites, and sanctified Eleazar, his son, to keep the ark of the Lord.

Twenty years passed by; the presence of the Lord in the ark of the covenant was with His people, yet it was unrecognized; "all Israel

Lamented after the Lord."

Vain regrets are most unprofitable. There are thousands of Christians whose experience is marked by remorse for the past, and vain regrets for their coldness, their uselessness, their worldliness, their ignorance of the Word, their little love for prayer, and so forth, while all the time they fail to come to a definite point where they face the evil in the light of God, let Him judge them, and break with it forever. It is awful hypocrisy to express sorrow for sin and yet go on sinning. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification."

God's will is on our side to sanctify us, and we are not separated from sin and made holy, is simply because we are not really joining with the Lord in His will. Lamentations, without coming to a halt in our career, and finally breaking with the evil, only harden in the wrong course, because our deceitful

hearts will take comfort that we are sorry we do wrong, and suggest that this lamenting spirit is, at least, *something* in our favor. In lamentation which brings no reform we have plenty of company, but it is company from among the lost. Cain lamented without turning to God, and so did Pharaoh, Balaam, King Saul, Judas, and others.

But through all His judgments upon Israel in this time, God had been overruling events to bring about a reform. The prophet Samuel was being prepared, and in the twentieth year of the alienation of the ark of God from the tabernacle, the young prophet received a distinct message from the Lord, and became

The Reformer of Israel.

He arose on God's behalf, and the burden of his preaching, as he went from place to place, was that which we hear in true Consecration Conferences in our own day. "If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and the Ashtaroth (a wooden image of a Phœnician goddess) from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord and serve Him only. and He will deliver you from the hand of the Philistines." This is true consecration, deeds not words, a definite giving up of everything which holds the heart captive. Whether it be external, worldly things—the love of money, the love of dress, of amusement, of art, or any other external thing which fills the place of Jesus in our hearts; or whether it be in the region of the affections that we have set up idols in our hearts, whether it be pride of intellect, of birth, of learning, pride of talent, or of wealth, or family, or whether it be that subtle idolatry which makes the Word of God an idol to us, the spirit of God cries, "Return unto the Lord with *all* your hearts, and put away the strange gods."

It is only as we draw near to God that we see things in the right light. In His holy presence things take their right form and color. Thoughts and words which are so common that nobody would remark them, yet, in the presence of God, are seen to be unclean, unloving or unholy. The true soul invites God to make a tour of inspection through his whole life, and while he dare not trust himself to look into the dark caverns of his own heart, he prays, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (Ps. 139:23, 24.) "God is faithful;" He will always show us when we are out of joint with Him, if we are only willing to be taught. But He does not want us to dwell upon the past, but at once to turn away and "prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and

Serve Him Only."

When our God searches us with prophet's eye, He leads us to our great High Priest, who is entered with His own blood into the holy place to make atonement for us. Like the children of Israel in Egypt on the Passover night, there is no place for us outside the blood-sprinkled door, no safety but when sheltered by the blood. But there is safety, there is food, the very paschal Lamb, Jesus who is meat and drink, the very nourishment Himself of His own life within us, inside the shelter of His blood. And then there is service. The Israelites in Egypt must eat the Passover with their loins girded, their staves in their hand, their shoes on their feet, ready to serve their God. "Serve Him only." This is the end and result of all true consecration. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life," "Where I am, there shall also my servant be," *i. e.*, in the place of service, turned from idols "to serve the living and true God" (1 Thess. 1:10), and by love serving one another. A truly consecrated soul cannot live for himself; the life of Christ within Him cannot develop in an atmosphere of self; it can only expand where love reigns.

The Appeal of the Young Reformer

was not in vain; a consecration movement began in Israel, and throughout the land, from north

to south and east to west, there was a general putting away of idols, and a general turning to the Lord. The people were ripe now for a general gathering. Nothing is more painful than for a number of Christians to gather together where some are walking altogether with the Lord, and others are walking with a divided heart. The very atmosphere is heavy; prayer and praise seem to have lost wings, as though they could not rise. But when a company of God's people are of one heart and one soul, united in one solemn purpose to let God have His way, there God finds room to act, and He manifests Himself as He does not unto the world. The first act of the assembled company was a very significant one; they drew water, and poured it out before the Lord, to signify how all their hearts and wills and opinions and plans, all they were and had, was poured out before the Lord; and they fasted, and confessed, "We have sinned against the Lord." Hearts were tender and broken: no more resentment against God, no more complaint against Him; they saw themselves in the wrong, and

Owned Themselves Conquered.

The enemy of souls begins to fear when God's children are at one, and when they begin to let the Lord have His place. The Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together to Mizpeh. So long as they dwelt apart, and sighed and groaned in their vain laments, their enemies did not fear them; but unity is strength, and now the lords of the Philistines went up against Israel. It is not in our worst times, but in our best times, when we are nearest to God, that the enemy of souls rages against us. The children of Israel feared, but they had nothing to fear; God was with them. If the Lord is our Shepherd, we shall not want. They appealed to Samuel, "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that He will save us out of the hand of the Philistines." They were in another mind now from the time when they presumptuously carried the ark of God into the camp, as though to force their God to be with them. Samuel did what was more efficacious than continual preaching—he took a sucking lamb, a type of "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1:29.) The Lamb "without blemish and without spot" by whom we are redeemed. (1 Pet. 1:19.) And Samuel, with the offering of the Lamb, prayed for deliverance,

And the Lord Heard Him.

God was at no loss for means to destroy the enemies of His people. The mute appeal of the offered lamb was going up to heaven on the one side, the enemies of Israel pressed on from the other side, and then the answer of God came loud and strong in mighty thunder upon His enemies and Israel's, and they were discomfited. Now it was Israel's turn to pursue, and they drove them to Beth-car. After consecration, when faith accompanies it, there is always victory. Discouragements, lamentations, murmurs and complaints were hushed. It was another story now. And Samuel set up a stone of memorial which should be a testimony to coming generations, and he named it Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

"So the Philistines were subdued"—first, God's people were subdued to Him, then the Philistines were subdued to them, "and they came no more into the coast of Israel, and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel." Oh there is power in the knowledge that the hand of the Lord is against our enemies. If the battle is the Lord's, we may well be without fear—let us never forget that when He and we are one, when He has conquered us, it is no difficulty to Him to subdue our enemies and conquer our difficulties; in the very greatest of them, "we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." (Rom. 8:37.) Samuel now virtually ruled Israel, making the tour of the country annually, and when he returned home, it was always from the service of God to the worship of God, for he had an altar in his house

Mother's Bible, precious volume,
Doubly dear it seems to me,
God has given it to His children:
It is mother's gift to me.
"Holy Bible," how I love it!
Mother loved it long ago,
And she taught me in her closet,
How to love this Bible too.

Mother's Bible, Holy Bible,
'Twas her guide from day to day;
Here she found a cheering cordial
When her loved ones passed away.
'Twas her comfort when in trouble,
'Twas her joy when sorrows came;
Mother loved this precious Bible
More than worldly wealth and fame.

Mother's Bible, blessed Bible,
All its promises are true;
Mother saw them fully tested
Ere she bade this world adieu.
In the swelling of the river,
They sustained her even there;
"Christ, is with me," mother whispered,
"Soon I shall His glory share."

Holy Bible, precious Bible,
Blessed book so dear to me;
Here I read sweet words of cheering,
From my mother's legacy.
Mothers, teach your little children,
While their tender hearts are pure;
Teach them now to love the Bible—
They will bless you evermore.

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher: 77 Bible House, New York,
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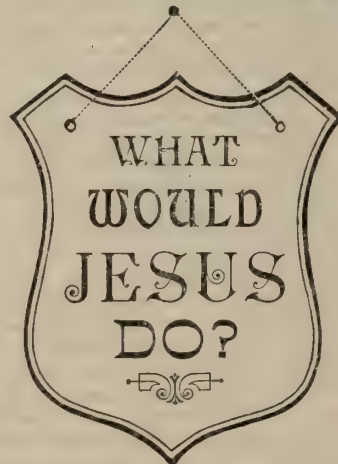
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Vol. XII., No. 27. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y. WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1889. Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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APT. HAMILTON MURRELL OF THE S. S. "MISSOURI"—TRANSFERRING THE "DANMARK'S" PASSENGERS—RECEPTION IN LONDON.

CAPTAIN MURRELL OF THE "MISSOURI."

The Peril of the "Danmark"—Twenty-Four Hours of Agonizing Suspense on Board—The "Missouri" Takes Off the 735 Imperilled Passengers and Crew—A Child Born—A Sorely Over-Taxed Larder—Safe Arrival at Philadelphia—Royal and Imperial Congratulations—Presentation to the Heroic Captain on May 25.

In all the annals of shipwreck the story of the *Danmark* affords the most remarkable example of the rescue of a large number of human beings who seemed almost inevitably doomed to death. The *Danmark*, a Danish vessel belonging to the Thingvalla line, on March 26 left Copenhagen for New York with 665 passengers, and a crew of 69; in all, including the captain, 735 lives on board. On April 4, when about 800 miles from Newfoundland, she broke her shaft, which thereupon whirled aimlessly round and round, and tore a terrible hole in the ship's bottom, causing such serious leakage that the captain perceived there was no chance of keeping her afloat. It was blowing hard, and a heavy sea running at the time, so that it was extremely doubtful, even if the boats had been lowered, whether they could live in such a sea, and in any case they could not have carried all the persons on board. It was decided, therefore, to wait for the chance of succor, though the vessel was evidently settling down. The poor creatures on board spent four-and-twenty hours of most agonizing suspense.

They Prayed, They Sang Hymns, they whispered together in groups, they scanned the horizon for the sight of a sail which might rescue them from the death which seemed almost inevitable. Their prayers were mercifully answered; on the afternoon of April 5 the British steamer *Missouri*, Captain Hamilton Murrell, bound from London to Philadelphia, seeing a vessel flying distress signals, bore down upon her. Captain Murrell agreed to tow the *Danmark*, but said he could take no passengers. A tow-rope was attached, but for some hours they made very slow progress against head wind and sea. Captain Murrell then determined to give up the hope of reaching the American coast, and the captain of the *Danmark* consenting, squared away for the Azores. Before long, however, it was found that the *Danmark* was rapidly sinking, and accordingly it was resolved to abandon her. She was fast settling down, and her master begged the captain of the *Missouri* to endeavor to take off her crew and passengers before she sank. Captain Murrell had room for only about twenty more people on board his own ship, and the weather was such as to make the service solicited of him one of the utmost difficulty and danger. He did not, however, hesitate for a moment, but made instant preparation to transport the whole of those on board the sinking steamer to his own vessel. Half his cargo was promptly thrown overboard to

Make Room for the New-Comers;

and in a tempestuous sea, which broke over them every minute, his boats were launched. Twelve times did they accomplish the perilous passage between the two vessels, and twelve times did they return laden, first with women and children, afterwards with the male passengers and crew of the *Danmark*, until at last every inmate of the sinking vessel was landed safe and sound on the deck of the *Missouri*. Not a soul was missing, not one was injured, but, on the contrary, one tiny life was added to their number in the person of a female infant, to which one of the rescued women gave birth. With these 735 additional mouths thrown upon the resources of his larder, Captain Murrell had enough to do to eke out the rations, and consequently made all haste to St. Michael's, the nearest port, and arriving there just after the consumption of his last biscuit, laid in a fresh stock of provisions, and proceeded on his voyage to Philadelphia.

His Reception

in Philadelphia was most enthusiastic. Long before noon, which was the hour fixed, the Maritime Exchange, and the still more spacious street in front of it, contained thousands of peo-

ple of all ages and of both sexes, who had in some instances travelled many miles to pay homage to the young captain.

District-Attorney George S. Graham stepped to the captain's side and presented him with the only gold medal ever given by the Pennsylvania Humane Society. "In all my public life," said the District-Attorney, "nothing has ever given me so much pleasure as to stand by the hero of the sea, a saviour of 700 lives." Then a firm of jewellers presented him with a handsome gold watch, with a suitable inscription.

Visitors To The "Missouri"

to the number of four thousand accepted Captain Murrell's invitation to a reception on board before she sailed from Philadelphia. For three hours a line of men, women, and children passed by the gallant Captain, who heartily grasped the hand of each. Captain Murrell had prepared something in the shape of "Remembrances" for the women and little girls who came to shake him by the hand. These were miniature bouquets, to which were attached cards bearing the words: "Compliments of Captain Hamilton Murrell, Atlantic Transportation Line S. S. *Missouri*, April 25, 1889." To every woman who shook him by the hand he gave one of those and a few pleasing words. By noon the Captain had shaken hands with nearly four thousand people, and, seizing his opportunity when the line thinned, descended to his cabin for needed rest and refreshment. Soon afterward Mrs. Bellange-Cox arrived with about twenty-five Indian girls from the Lincoln Institute, and Captain Murrell obligingly rose and greeted them. Mrs. Cox presented him with a bloodstone charm, a gift from the girls, and two pairs of moccasins made with their own hands. By this time the vessel had her cargo on board. The bell was rung, and the visitors quitted the ship. They waited on the dock to see her start on her voyage, and sent up a ringing cheer.

So splendid a display of seamanship, of

Nobly Unselfish Humanity,

of daring, of decision and resource, has well earned for its hero the universal applause with which his exploit has been acclaimed all over the world. Prince Bismarck has been moved by it to address the following letter of congratulation to Captain Murrell: "Berlin, May 8, 1889. Dear Sir: The safety of the passengers and crew of the *Danmark* is due to your noble resolution to rescue a vessel in peril at the sacrifice of your own interests, and to the brave and skillful manner in which it was carried out. Permit me to offer you my congratulations on the general recognition which your gallant conduct has received in the public opinion of all sea-faring nations. May your example spur others on to emulation, thus contributing, in similar circumstances, to mitigate the consequences of disasters at sea as it was in your power to do with regard to the Danish steamer. Accept assurance of my special consideration.—BISMARCK."

On May 25, to the sum of his rewards and honors there was added the presentation to him, in the presence of a large assemblage of leading English merchants and others, of a testimonial from the Chief Magistrate of London.

A Committee of Merchants

resolved to present a testimonial to Capt. Murrell, his officers and crew, and a thousand guineas (\$5,250) were soon subscribed. Out of this it was determined to give each of the crew of the *Missouri* two months' pay, each officer and the steward a gold watch and two months' pay, and that Captain Murrell should receive a silver salver and a purse containing the remainder of the money, about \$2,500. The salver has the following inscription: "Presented, with a purse of gold, at the Mansion House, on May 24, 1889, by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, on behalf of the citizens of London, to Capt. Hamilton Murrell, of the screw-steamer *Missouri*, in recognition of the British pluck and good seamanship displayed by him on April 6, 1889, when, in mid-Atlantic and in heavy weather, he was the means of saving, without cas-

ualty of any kind, the passengers and crew, 735 in all, of the sinking Danish emigrant screw-steamer *Danmark*." The presentation of these articles by the Lord Mayor was

The Occasion of the Demonstration

on May 25, which, his lordship said, was the greatest he had seen within the walls of the Mansion House. Among the audience were *Captain Murrell's father and mother, and also his grandmother*. On the platform in the vestibule were numbers of boys from the *Arethusa* and *Warspite* training-ships, whose bands played music at intervals. The captain and his officers, wearing their uniforms, received a great ovation, everybody rising and cheering for several minutes. Speeches laudatory of their heroism were made by Mr. Conolly (the hon. secretary of the committee), Sir Henry Peek, Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P., Mr. Sutherland, M.P., chairman of the P. and O. Shipping Company, M. de Falbe, the Danish Minister, General New, the American Consul-General, after which the Lord Mayor made the presentation in patriotic words, commending the calmness and skill of the captain, the bravery and determination of the crew. Their action, he said, was united, and faithfully carried out the lofty motto of the State after which his vessel was named, "*Salus populi suprema lex*" (the safety of the people is the supreme law), and had boldly disregarded the commercial law in throwing cargo overboard to save human life.

Captain Murrell Said in Reply:

"I am sure it is with a very lively sense of gratitude that I stand here to-day to thank you, on behalf of myself and officers, for the cordial manner in which we have been received in the Mansion House of the first city in the world. I am sure the gratitude of the people we were the means of saving was sufficient for us without any further recompense. Reference has been made to the cargo thrown overboard. I can assure you I felt the responsibility I was assuming in doing so, but, then, *what were bales of merchandise compared with human lives?* I am sure that if it had been necessary to empty the ship of all the cargo, we would have done so rather than have left one single soul on board the *Danmark*. While we are getting all the honor and glory, I think some meed of credit should be given to the captain and officers of the *Danmark*, for if it had not been for the gallant conduct and splendid discipline shown by them, little would have been the use of our efforts on board the *Missouri*. I am sure if you could only have seen the way in which they came across from the one ship to the other, you would join with me in thanking the captain, officers, and men of the *Danmark* for the grand manner in which they carried out their work.

There Was No Flurry, No Worry.

Everything was done quietly and calmly, and of course we had very little trouble on board the *Missouri* when they arrived there. I am sorry to say there was more difficulty with the men than with the women and children. Among the women there was only one who fainted, after she had been pulled up the ship's side, and you can imagine it was no small task getting them all up in this way, but up they had to come, whether they liked it or not. I may say that among the passengers there were sixty-five children under eleven years old, and twenty-two babies under eleven months. I wish here publicly to thank my officers and crew for the manner in which they worked. If they had not given me all the assistance they did—it would be unfair to name one more than another, for they all worked well—we could not have performed what we did. I am very pleased indeed to see the recognition to the officers and also to the steward, for I can assure you it was no light responsibility to get nearly 800 people thrown on one's larder without any previous warning. *We arrived at St. Michael's at half-past 9, and at 8 o'clock the same morning the last biscuit on board the ship had been given out.*"

Mr. Brooklyn presented the captain with a silver medal from Lloyd's Insurance Society,

and a special resolution passed by the committee of that body. General New handed him 2,500 dollars from the citizens of Philadelphia, to be divided *pro rata* among captain, officers, and crew, and intimated that medals were being prepared in the "City of Brotherly Love," which would be ready by the time the *Missouri* next crossed the Atlantic. Captain Holt also presented him with an address from the Shipmaster's Society, and a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor brought the very interesting proceedings to a termination.

A Gold Medal

was awarded to Captain Murrell by the New York Life Saving Benevolent Society at its first meeting after the rescue. Captain Murrell was on the other side the Atlantic when it was ready for presentation, but on Saturday June 22 he arrived at Baltimore from Swansea. He was met down the river by Mr. B. N. Baker, President of the Baltimore Storage and Lighterage Company, who presented Capt. Murrell with the handsome gold medal. First Officer Gates, Second Officer Forsyth, and Third Officer Lucas were similarly honored by the same association. On Monday, June 24, a party gathered on board the *Missouri* in her dock at Baltimore to confer more honors on the gallant captain. Mr. Harold Jackson, the Danish Consul at Baltimore, decorated Capt. Murrell with the insignia of

Danish Knighthood,

and said to him: "His Majesty the King of Denmark commands me to represent him on this occasion and present to you the insignia of knighthood of the Order of Dannebrog. His Majesty also desires me to convey to you his most gracious thanks for your heroic act."

A number of Danes, residents of Baltimore, Washington, and New York, were present, and as a tribute of their respect and admiration for Captain Murrell's heroism, presented to him an *immense oil-painting* of the world-famed scene of the transfer of the passengers and crew from the sinking steamer *Danmark*, which had been executed by Lewis Muller. On the deck of the *Missouri*, opposite the painting, was an engrossed copy of resolutions passed by the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and just sent to Captain Murrell. The resolutions honor and commend him for his heroic rescue.

The Picture on Our Front Page

gives a fair idea of what the brave Captain Frederick William Hamilton Murrell is like in outward appearance. The Lord Mayor is seen shaking hands with him after having presented him with the testimonial previously referred to. He is the son of Captain Frederick Murrell, who commanded the telegraph steamers *Great Northern* and *Hooper*, and received public recognition from the Great Northern Telegraph Company for his services in laying their cable in China eighteen years ago. The subject of this notice was born in Colchester, June 15, 1862, and is therefore twenty-seven years of age. In his boyhood it is stated he was a *diligent member of a Bible-class* conducted by Mr. D. Conolly, the hon. secretary of the Presentation Committee. After receiving a suitable general and technical education, he was afterwards apprenticed to Messrs. W. Gray and Co., the world-famed shipping house in West Hartlepool. He honorably passed all his examinations in London, and obtained his master's certificate before he was twenty-two. He commanded the steamers *Surrey* and *Swansea*, both of which were owned by Messrs. Hooper, Murrell, and Williams, and traded between London, Swansea, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. In January this year he took command of the s.s. *Missouri*, built by Messrs. W. Gray and Co., West Hartlepool, and owned by the Baltimore Storage Company, of Baltimore. The vessel was on her second voyage when the crew and passengers of the *Danmark* were rescued.

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Supplications for Showers.—Mr. McKeltrich, of the Congo Mission, says: "In 1884-85 we had reached January, the fourth month of the usually wet season, without having had a drop of rain. The people were crying to their idols, and imploring them to send rain, but there was no response. Then an old chief came to Mr. Richardson and said, 'We want you to pray to your God to send rain. There may be something in your God, and we are going to try Him.' It was arranged there should be a prayer-meeting next day. On the following day, some of us having been called away, there were only three of us. We met, and laying hold of God's promises, we prayed, and pleaded with Him for about an hour and a half, and our God heard us, for at 3 o'clock in the afternoon He sent down an abundant rain. That is how God works for His people; and I think it is in the foreign mission field that He shews most plainly His watchfulness over His people."

Throwing Away His Daughter.—A Christian lady relates: "A friend of mine was shipwrecked on his way home from India. The vessel hung on the rock on which she had struck, but the seas that broke over her were increasing in violence momentarily with the rising gale, and it was evident that she must soon go down. With great difficulty the boats were lowered, and after they were afloat they could not come within ten feet of the wreck. My friend threw his little four-year old daughter over the boiling chasm into a boat. Springing out of the arms of the sailor who had caught her, she stood up and cried out in an agony, 'Oh, papa, could you throw me away? Could you throw me away?' Similarly God's ways of caring for us may sometimes seem inscrutable, yet we have put ourselves into His hand for time and eternity, and we will not dishonor Him by a doubt as to his faithfulness and love, even if we have to say, 'Though he slay me, yet I will trust in Him.'"

Unhappy in a Big House.—Dr. Pentecost relates: "A friend of mine who lived in the city of Boston began life as a poor boy, and by his ability, intelligence, and perseverance rose to the front rank. He told me that his wife and he occupied two little rooms when he made up his mind to build a house of his own. He had waited for forty years, but now he had a house that was all that money could procure, or art and taste supply. One day he took me to his house to dine, see over it, and spend the night with him. I entered his mansion through the broad, hospitable doorway, into rooms covered with carpets soft as moss, into which the feet sunk noiselessly, and everywhere I went spoke of luxury, wealth, and taste. After I had made the tour of the house and was seated again with my friend, I could not but notice that he did not look very cheerful. He was polite, attentive, and evidently pleased at having given me pleasure, but at the back of it all there seemed a kind of weariness. 'Well,' I said to him, 'I should think that at last you are satisfied.' 'Brother Pentecost,' he replied, 'I have been in this house eight months, and I thought I was going to be happy here, but I tell you candidly I am tired of the whole thing. I am not so happy as I was in the little house in which I lived with my wife for twenty years.' That man could not be happy; he was trying to fill himself with what was too small for him, with mere animal and intellectual enjoyment. What he needed was Christ, who satisfies our being."

A Forgiving Husband.—A Gentleman in a good position married a French woman of a high-class family. He thought his wife all that could be desired, and gave to her the whole love of a warm heart and sensitive nature. After several happy years he found out to his great surprise and bitter sorrow, that his wife's name was mixed up with a firm in London in dishonest practices, and, worse still, that she had even gone so far as to forge his name to certain documents. After a prolonged trial, the

end of which was that his wife was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, he enlisted in the army and went abroad, unable to lift up his head. For years he continued absent, and his wife having found out from others that he had retired from the army and settled in Egypt, believed that in disgust he had abandoned her, and became reckless, the only redeeming feature in her case being that though she had been many times in gaol she had not yet given way to drink. One morning during one of her short terms of imprisonment, the chaplain received a letter from Egypt, telling how in a foreign land her husband had tried to forget his wife; but the feeling that he must see her again compelled him to sell off his newly acquired possessions and take passage to England. "Tell her," he added, "that I forgive her, and will take her back to my heart and home, and that when she receives this message I shall be on my way to England." When the prisoner heard these noble words from her husband, she was beside herself with joy; she could hardly walk back to her cell, and became a different creature in her manner of living; her chief anxiety was to quit the gaol before he returned and get into suitable apartments where they might meet. The chaplain did his utmost to assist her in her good intentions, and had the happiness of restoring the long separated ones to each other. Together they knelt, and the clergyman prayed for a divine forgiveness and benediction to fall upon them all, and that the heavenly peace, of which this human peace was but a faint type, might rest upon their hearts."

A Russian Countess's Vision of Christ.—Miss Bertha B. Williams says: "Being desirous of visiting Lord Radstock's converts in St. Petersburg, a lady of the Society of Friends started for the northern capital in the summer of 1887. On reaching her destination she found among the Christian workers in St. Petersburg many ladies of the highest social standing. One of them was the Princess L. Her work lay amongst some of the lowest parts of the city, where the dirt and destitution were so great that on her return from her round she used to go into the stable to change her dress, and leave it there, because it had become so covered with loathsomeness during her course of district visiting. The Quaker lady called on one who had been a great friend of the late Czarina, and whose husband was still holding a post in the Russian court. On hearing that she was very desirous to speak to the Emperor on a subject which lay near her heart, this gentleman promised to use his influence with the Czar to procure her an interview. The Czar hesitated and wavered for weeks, but at last said, 'No.' She found the Czarina a gentle, lovable creature. Shortly afterwards the Russian lady just referred to fell ill, and expressed a wish to see her English friend. She spoke English beautifully, as all ladies of the highest rank in St. Petersburg do. One who was present, said, 'I think I learnt more of Christian submission in the hour which I spent at the bedside of that dying Russian countess than in any week of my life before. There was such a look of sweet resignation to the will of God imprinted on her face.' She lay for a long time in a state of unconsciousness, and after twenty-four hours the dying woman slightly raised herself, and said distinctly, 'I see Him; I see Him; oh, I see Him!' and then fell back dead. The Czar was much distressed when he heard of her death, and sent to know particulars. He felt it the more because, as he said, 'She was one of my mother's dearest friends.'"

Holy Ghost Days. By Mrs. M. Baxter.—A volume containing 144 pages. Price, neatly bound in cloth, 35 cents, including postage. Address Manager CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 453 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 30, 1889.

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Prov. 18: 24.

The Art of Making Friends—A God-given Regulation—The Attacks of Enemies Develop Friends—An Ill-used Man Sure of Sympathy—Friends Not Made by Surface Geniality—Manfred's Treachery—Floating a Stranded Ship—Discounting Detrimental Stories—A Defective Maxim—An Insular Man—Grace Needed for Friendly Disposition—Next Appropriate Salutation—Cultivate Kind Thoughts—The Phonograph of Society—Why a Little Girl was Loved—A Self-Sacrificing Sailor—The Friendship of God—How to Attain It—Its Mighty Influence—The Tenderest of all Friendships.

ABOUT the sacred and divine art of making and keeping friends I speak—a subject on which I never heard of any one preaching—and yet God thought it of enough importance to put it in the middle of the Bible, these writings of Solomon, bounded on one side by the popular Psalms of David, and on the other by the writings of Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets. It seems all a matter of haphazard how many friends we have, or whether we have any friends at all, but there is nothing accidental about it. There is a law which governs the accretion and dispersion of friendships. They did not "just happen so" any more than the tides just happen to rise or fall, or the sun just happens to rise or set. It is a science, an art,

A God-given Regulation.

Tell me how friendly you are to others, and I will tell you how friendly others are to you. I do not say you will not have enemies; indeed, the best way to get ardent friends is to have ardent enemies, if you get their enmity in doing the right thing. Good men and women will always have enemies, because their goodness is a perpetual rebuke to evil; but this antagonism of foes will make more intense the love of your adherents. Your friends will gather closer around you because of the attacks of your assailants. The more your enemies abuse you the better your coadjutors will think of you. The best friends we ever had appeared at some juncture when we were especially bombarded. There have been times in my life when unjust assault multiplied my friends, as near as I could calculate, about fifty a minute. You are bound to some people by many cords that neither time nor eternity can break, and I will warrant that many of those cords were twisted by hands malevolent. Human nature was shipwrecked about fifty-nine centuries ago, the captain of that craft, one Adam, and his first mate, running the famous cargo aground on a snag in the River Hiddekel; but there was at least

One Good Trait

of human nature that waded safely ashore from that shipwreck, and that is the disposition to take the part of those unfairly dealt with. When it is thoroughly demonstrated that some one is being persecuted, although at the start slanderous tongues were busy enough, defenders finally gather around as thick as honey bees on a trelis of bruised honeysuckle. If, when set upon by the furies, you can have grace enough to keep your mouth shut, and preserve your equipoise, and let others fight your battles, you will find yourself after awhile with a whole cordon of allies. Had not the world given to Christ on His arrival at Palestine a very cold shoulder, there would not have been one-half as many angels chanting glory out of the hymn-books of the sky, bound in black lids of midnight. Had it not been for the heavy and jagged and torturous Cross, Christ would not have been the admired and loved of more people than any being who ever touched foot on either the eastern or western hemisphere. Instead, therefore, of giving up in despair because you have enemies, rejoice in the fact that they rally for you the most helpful and enthusiastic admirers. In other words, there is no virulence that can hinder my text from coming true: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

It is my ambition to project especially upon the young a thought which may benignly shape their destiny for the here and the hereafter. Before you show yourself friendly, you must be friendly. I do not recommend a

Dramatized Geniality.

There is such a thing as pretending to be *en rapport* with others, when we are their dire destructants, and talk against them, and wish them calamity. Judas covered up his treachery by a resounding kiss, and caresses may be demoniacal. Better the mythological Cerberus, the three-headed dog of hell, barking at us, than the wolf in sheep's clothing, its brindled hide covered up by deceptive wool, and its deathful howl cadenced into an innocent bleating. Disraeli writes of Lord Manfred, who, after committing many outrages upon the people, seemed suddenly to become friendly, and invited them to a banquet. After most of the courses of food had been served he blew a horn, which was in those times a signal for the servants to bring on the dessert, but in this case it was the signal for assassins to enter and slay the guests. His pretended friendliness was a cruel fraud; and there are now people whose smile is a falsehood. Before you begin to show yourself friendly

You Must be Friendly.

Get your heart right with God and man, and this grace will become easy. You may by your own resolution get your nature into a semblance of this virtue, but the grace of God can sublimely lift you into it. Sailing on the River Thames two vessels ran aground. The owners of one got one hundred horses, and pulled on the grounded ship, and pulled it to pieces. The owners of the other grounded vessel waited till the tides came in, and easily floated the ship out of all trouble. So, we may pull and haul at our grounded human nature, and try to get it into better condition; but there is nothing like the oceanic tides of God's uplifting grace to hoist us into this kindness I am eulogizing. If, when under the flash of the Holy Ghost, we see our own foibles and defects and depravities, we will be very lenient, and very easy with others. We will look into their characters for things commendatory, and not damnatory. If you would rub your own eye a little more vigorously you would find a mote in it, the extraction of which would keep you so busy you would not have much time to shoulder your broadaxe, and go forth to split up the beam in your neighbor's eye. In a Christian spirit keep on exploring the characters of those you meet, and I am sure you will find something in them fit for

A Foundation of Friendliness.

You invite me to come to your country-seat, and spend a few days. Thank you! I arrive about noon of a beautiful summer day. What do you do? As soon as I arrive you take me out under the shadow of the great elms. You take me down to the artificial lake, the spotted trout floating in and out among the white pillars of the pond-lilies. You take me to the stalls and kennels where you keep your fine stock, and here are the Durham cattle and the Gordon setters; and the high-stepping steeds, by pawing and neighing, the only language they can speak, asking for harness or saddle, and a short turn down the road. Then we go back to the house, and you get me in the right light, and show me the Kensetts and the Bierstadts on the wall, and take me into the music-room, and show me the bird-cages, the canaries in the bay-window answering the robins in the tree-tops. Thank you! I never enjoyed myself more in the same length of time. Now, why do we not do so with

The Characters of Others,

and show the bloom and the music and the bright fountains? No. We say, come along, and let me show you that man's character. Here is a green-scummed frog-pond, and there's a filthy cellar, and I guess under that hedge there must be a black snake. Come, and let us for an hour or two regale ourselves with the nuisances. Oh, my friends, better cover up the faults, and extol the virtues, and this habit once established of universal friendliness will become

as easy as it is this morning for a syringa to flood the air with sweetness, as easy as it will be further on in the season for a quail to whistle up from the grass. When we hear something bad about somebody whom we always supposed to be good, take out your lead-pencil, and say, "Let me see! Before I accept that baleful story against that man's character, I will take off from it twenty-five per cent. for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent. for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent. from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So I have taken off seventy-five per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining twenty-five per cent." Excuse me, sir, I don't believe a word of it.

But here comes in

A Defective Maxim,

so often quoted: "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire." Look at all the smoke for years around Jenner, the introducer of vaccination; and the smoke around Columbus, the discoverer, and the smoke around Martin Luther, and Savonarola, and Galileo, and Paul, and John, and Christ, and tell me where was the fire! That is one of the satanic arts to make smoke without fire. Slander, like the world, may be made out of nothing. If the Christian, fair minded, common-sensical spirit in regard to others predominated in the world we should have the millennium in about six weeks, for would not that be lamb and lion, cow and leopard lying down together? Nothing but the grace of God can ever put us into such a habit of mind and heart as that. The tendency is in the opposite direction. This is

The Way the World Talks:

I put my name on the back of a man's note, and I had to pay it, and I will never again put my name on the back of any man's note. I gave a beggar ten cents, and five minutes after I saw him entering a liquor store to spend it. I will never again give a cent to a beggar. I helped that young man start in business, and lo, after a while, he came and opened a store almost next door to me, and stole my customers. I will never again help a young man start in business. I trusted in what my neighbor promised to do, and he broke his word, and the Psalmist was right before he corrected himself, for "all men are liars." So men become suspicious and saturnine and selfish, and at every additional wrong done them they put another layer on the wall of their exclusiveness, and another bolt to the door that shuts them out from sympathy with the world. They get cheated out of a thousand dollars, or misinterpreted, or disappointed, or betrayed, and higher goes the wall, and faster goes another bolt, not realizing that while they lock others out, they lock themselves in; and some day they wake up to find themselves imprisoned in

A Dastardly Habit.

No friends to others, others are no friends to them. There's an island half-way between England, Scotland, and Ireland called the Isle of Man, and the seas dash against all sides of it, and I am told there is no more lovely place than that Isle of Man; but when a man becomes insular in his disposition, and cuts himself off from the main land of the world's sympathies, he is despicable, and all around him is an Atlantic ocean of selfishness. Behold that Isle of Man!

Now, supposing that you have, by a divine regeneration, got right toward God and humanity, and you start out to practice my text. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Fulfil this by all forms of

Appropriate Salutation.

Have you noticed that the head is so poised that the easiest thing on earth is to give a nod of recognition? To swing the head from side to side, as when it is wagged in derision, is unnatural and unpleasant; to throw it back, invites

vertigo; but to drop the chin in greeting is accompanied with so little exertion that all day long, and every day, you might practice it without the least semblance of fatigue. So, also, the structure of the hand indicates handshaking; the knuckles not made so that the fingers can turn out, but so made that the fingers can turn in, as in clasping hands; and the thumb divided from and set aloof from the fingers, so that while the fingers take your neighbor's hand on one side, the thumb takes it on the other, and, pressed together, all the faculties of the hand give emphasis to the salutation. Five sermons in every healthy hand urge us to handshaking.

Besides this, every day when you start out, load yourself up with

Kind Thoughts,

kind words, kind expressions, and kind greetings. When a man or woman does well, tell him so, tell her so. If you meet some one who is improved in health, and it is demonstrated in girth and color, say: "How well you look!" But if, on the other hand, under the wear and tear of life he appears pale and exhausted, do not introduce sanitary subjects, or say anything at all about physical condition. In the case of improved health, you have by your words given another impulse towards the robust and the jocund; while in the case of the failing health you have arrested the decline by your silence, by which he concludes: "If I were really so badly off he would have said something about it." We are all, especially those of a nervous temperament, susceptible to kind words and

Discouraging Words.

Form a conspiracy against us, and let ten men meet us at certain points on our way over to business, and let each one say "How sick you look!" though we should start out well, after meeting the first and hearing his depressing salute, we would begin to examine our symptoms. After meeting the second gloomy accosting, we would conclude we did not feel quite as well as usual. After meeting the third, our sensations would be dreadful, and after meeting the fourth, unless we suspected a conspiracy, we would go home and go to bed, and the other six pessimists would be a useless surplus of discouragement. My dear sir, my dear madam, what do you mean by going about this world with disheartenments? Is not the supply of gloom and trouble and misfortune enough to meet the demand without your running a factory of pins and spikes? Why should you plant black and blue in the world when God so seldom plants them? Plenty of scarlet colors, plenty of yellow, plenty of green, plenty of pink, but very seldom a plant black or blue. I never saw a black flower, and there's only here and there a blue-bell or a violet; but the blue is for the most part reserved for the sky, and we have to look up to see that, and when we look up, no color can do us harm. Why not plant along the paths of others the brightnesses instead of the glooms?

Do Not Prophesy Misfortune.

If you must be a prophet at all, be an Ezekiel, and not a Jeremiah. In ancient times prophets who foretold evil were doing right, for they were divinely directed; but the prophets of evil in our time are generally false prophets. Some of our weather-wise people are prophesying we shall have a summer of unparalleled scorch. It will not be that at all. I think we are going to have a summer of great harvest and universal health; at any rate I know as much about it as they do. Last fall all the weather prophets agreed in saying we should have a winter of extraordinary severity, blizzard on the heels of blizzard. It was the mildest winter I ever remember to have passed. Indeed, the autumn and the spring almost shoved winter out of the procession. Real troubles have no heralds running ahead of their sombre chariots, and no one has any authority in our time to announce their coming. Load yourself up with helpful words and deeds. The hymn once sung in our churches is unfit to be sung, for it says:

We should suspect some danger near,
Where we possess delight.

In other words, manage to keep miserable all the time. The old song sung at the pianos a quarter of a century ago was right: "Kind words can never die." Such kind words have their nests in kind hearts, and when they are hatched out and take wing, they circle round in flights that never cease, and sportman's gun cannot shoot them, and storms cannot ruffle their wings, and when they cease flight in these lower skies of earth they sweep around amid the higher altitudes of heaven.

At Baltimore a few days ago I talked into

A Phonograph.

The cylinder containing the words was sent on to Washington, and the next day that cylinder from another phonographic instrument, when turned, gave back to me the very words I had uttered the day before, and with the same intonations. Scold into a phonograph, and it will scold back. Pour mild words into a phonograph, and it will return the gentleness. Society and the world and the Church are phonographs. Give them acerbity, and rough treatment, and acerbity and rough treatment you will get back. Give them practical friendliness, and they will give back practical friendliness. A father asked his little daughter: "Mary, why is it that everybody loves you?" She answered: "I don't know, unless it is because I love everybody." "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." We want something like that spirit of

Sacrifice for Others

which was seen in the English Channel, where in the storm a boat containing three men was upset, and all three were in the water struggling for their lives. A boat came to their relief, and a rope was thrown to one of them, and he refused to take it, saying: "First fling it to Tom; he is just ready to go down. I can last some time longer." A man like that, be he sailor or landsman, be he in upper ranks of society or lower ranks, will always have plenty of friends. What is true manward is true Godward. We must be the friends of God if we want Him to be our friend. We cannot treat Christ badly all our lives and expect Him to treat us lovingly. I was reading of a sea fight, in which Lord Nelson captured a French officer, and when the French officer offered Lord Nelson his hand, Nelson replied, "First give me your sword, and then give me your hand." Surrender of our resistance to God must precede God's proffer of pardon to us. Repentance before forgiveness. You must give up your rebellious sword before you can get a grasp of the divine hand.

Oh, what a glorious state of things to have

The Friendship of God!

Why, we could afford to have all the world against us and all other worlds against us if we had God for us. He could in a minute blot out this universe, and in another minute make a better universe. I have no idea that God tried hard when He made all things. The most brilliant thing known to us is light, and for the creation of that He only used a word of command. As out of a flint a frontiersman strikes a spark, so out of one word God struck the noonday sun. For the making of the present universe I do not read that God lifted so much as a finger. The Bible frequently speaks of God's hand, and God's arm, and God's shoulder, and God's foot; then suppose He should put hand and arm and shoulder and foot to utmost tension, what could He not make? That God, of such demonstrated and undemonstrated strength, you may have for your present and everlasting friend, not a stately and reticent friend, hard to get at, but as approachable as a country mansion on a summer day when all the doors and windows are wide open. Christ said: "I am the door." And He is a wide door, a high door, a palace door, an always open door.

My four-year-old child got hurt and did not cry until hours after, when her mother came home, and then she burst into weeping, and some of the domestics, not understanding human nature, said to her: "Why did you not

cry before?" She answered: "There was no one to cry to." Now I have to tell you that while human sympathy may be absent, divine sympathy is always accessible. Give God your love, and get His love; your service, and secure His help; your repentance, and have His pardon. God a friend? Why, that means all your wounds medicated, all your sorrows soothed, and if some sudden catastrophe should hurl you out of earth it would only hurl you into heaven.

If God is Your Friend,

you cannot go out of the world too quickly or suddenly, so far as your own happiness is concerned. There were two Christians last Tuesday who entered heaven; the one was standing at a window in perfect health watching a shower, and the lightning instantly slew him; but the lightning did not flash down the sky as swiftly as his spirit flashed upward. The Christian man who died on the same day next door had been for a year or two failing in health, and for the last three months had suffered from a disease that made the nights sleepless and the days an anguish. Do you not really think that the case of the one who went instantly was more desirable than the one who entered the shining gate through a long lane of insomnia and congestion? In the one case it was like your standing wearily at a door, knocking and waiting, and wondering if it will ever open, and knocking and waiting again, while in the other case it was a swinging open of the door at the first touch of your knuckle. Give your friendship to God, and have God's friendship for you, and even the worst accident will be a victory.

How refreshing is human friendship; and true friends, what priceless treasures! When sickness comes, and trouble comes, and death comes, we send for our friends first of all, and their appearance in our doorway in any crisis is reinforcement, and when they have entered, we say: "Now it is all right!" Oh, what would we do without personal friends, business friends, family friends? But we want something

Mightier than Human Friendship

in the great exigencies. When Jonathan Edwards in his final hour had given the last goodbye to all his earthly friends, he turned on his pillow and closed his eyes, confidently saying: "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing friend?" Yes, I admire human friendship as seen in the case of David and Jonathan, of Paul and Onesiphorus, of Herder and Goethe, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Cowley and Harvey, of Erasmus and Thomas More, of Lessing and Mendelssohn, of Lady Churchill and Princess Anne, of Orestes and Pylades, each requesting that himself might take the point of the dagger, so the other might be spared; of Epaminondas and Pelopidas, who locked their shields in battle, determined to die together; but the grandest, the mightiest,

The Tenderest, Friendship

in all the universe is the friendship between Jesus Christ and a believing soul. Yet after all I have said I feel I have only done what James Marshall, the miner, did in 1848 in California, before its gold mines were known. He reached in and put upon the table of his employer, Capt. Sutton, a thimbleful of gold dust. "Where did you get that?" said his employer. The reply was: "I got it this morning from a mill race from which the water had been drawn off." But that gold dust, which could have been taken up between the finger and the thumb, was the prophecy and specimen that revealed California's wealth to all nations. And to-day I have only put before you a specimen of the value of divine friendship, only a thimbleful of mines inexhaustible and infinite, though all time and all eternity go on with the exploration.

Volume XL, of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887 are also for sale. We can also furnish complete volumes for 1884, 1885, and 1888, unbound, price \$1.50, including postage.

A WIDOW STRANGELY SAVED.

THE providential over-ruling of a widow's unnatural treatment of her son is described in a letter to the *Church* by the Rev. J. M. Goheen, a Presbyterian missionary at Panhala, India. He says: "One of our latest converts is a widow of the Marathi caste, with one son. During the famine, twelve years ago, she was reduced almost to starvation, when she sold this child, who was then about seven or eight years old, to a low-caste (the sweeper caste) woman. The boy soon ran away from his new owner and found his way to our house, a poor starved boy scarcely able to walk. We took him in and fed and clothed him. A few years ago he heard that his mother who had sold him was still alive, and he asked us if he might go and see whether she knew of Christ. He found her living in a village several miles from Kolhapur. He told her he was a Christian, so at first she would not let him come near her, lest she too would become defiled. After having made several visits, and telling her about Christ, she consented to come with him to see me. I had a long talk with her and tried to point her to Christ. This was shortly before we went to America. Soon after our return, Reuben, her son, was married. After his marriage he and his wife found his mother in a sad condition, and she consented to come and live with them even though they were defiled. She was paralyzed, so they carried her on their backs all the way home. This was about five months ago. She is now 'clothed and in her right mind,' sitting at the feet of Jesus, and, with the help of Reuben's wife, she was able to walk to the school-room, a distance of five or six hundred yards, and was baptized and received into the church last Sabbath. Reuben, like Joseph, though sold by his parent, became the humble instrument, in God's hand, of her salvation."

DIVINE HEALING IN SPAIN.

In a letter from Madrid, published in *Thy Healer*,* Mr. Armstrong relates the following: In Mr. Fenn's successful evangelistic mission in this city is a young married woman, who in the early part of this year accepted the gift of a New Testament. For eight years she had been a great sufferer from a painful female complaint, and had suffered at the hands of medical men, especially in the hospital, most painful operations. After receiving the Testament, her sickness increased on her, compelling her to take to her bed; and to pass away the time, she carried the book with her. Opening it by chance, as the world would say, at Mark 5, her eyes fell on verse 25. This arrested her. "I have been ill for eight years, and this woman was ill for twelve," she said to herself, and read on to the end. A strange feeling came over her as to her sins, and, all alone in her house, she began to weep, and so continued for two hours, when a sense of relief came to her; she believed her prayer to God for pardon had been heard, and that she was pardoned. Taking up the New Testament again, she read how the woman was healed, and began to pray, with many tears, for healing, and ended by praising God for it. "For," she said to herself, "as He healed that woman, He will also heal me." All the above took hours, and when a friend came in to see the once sick one, and saw she had been crying, she asked, "Are you worse?" At the end of three days, the woman got up, pardoned and healed, according to her own account. "Before," she said, "I knew when it was going to rain by the pains in my body; now, I only know it is raining when I see the rain. Before, I could scarcely eat anything; now, I can eat dry bread, and much of it."

But the blessing did not end with her. Her

husband was a bad man, according to his own account; he was given to wine and to blasphemy, and was practically an infidel. The wife never rested till she got him to the meetings. Later on, in another after-meeting, John was brought under conviction of sin, confessed his sins, and was pardoned and saved.

A GOD-DIRECTED JOURNEY.

AN incident related by Mr. Moody is thus reported by Mr. H. J. Latham in his excellent little work, "*God in Business*:" A short while ago I needed \$500 for a church purpose. I had no idea where I could get the money, but I felt confident that if the Lord wanted me to have that money He would send it to me. One morning I felt impressed to take a railroad journey. I boarded the train. The conductor came along and asked for my ticket. I told him I had none.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"No." I felt in my pocket, took out all the change I had, and said, "Take me as far as that money will carry me."

In an hour or so the train stopped at a little station, and the conductor told me this was as far as my money would take me. I alighted. It was a place where I had never been before. I stood on the platform wondering what I should do, when a gentleman came up to me and said, "Is this Mr. Moody?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I want you to take this money and use it for the Lord's work."

I counted the money. There was just \$500.

A DRUNKARD'S TREASURES.

A SADLY pathetic incident is used in *Times of Refreshing* for a temperance lecture. It appears that a ragged beggar who is a familiar object on the streets of Washington, D. C., succeeded one night recently in getting more money than usual, and, as he always does, took it to a saloon. He became helplessly drunk, and some men thought to play a joke on him by stealing his shirt, and proceeded to strip him. Underneath his shirt, and suspended by a string from his neck, was a small canvas bag, which the men opened, and found it contained his commission as brevet major-general, two congratulatory letters—one from General Grant, and one from President Lincoln; a photograph of a little girl, and a curl of hair—a "chestnut shadow" that doubtless one day crept over the brows of some loved one. When these things were discovered, even the half-drunk men who found them felt a respect for the man's former greatness, and pity for his fallen condition, and quietly returned the bag and contents to where they found them, and placed the sleeper's clothes upon him. When a reporter tried to interview the man, and endeavor to learn something of his life in the past few years, he declined to communicate anything. He cried like a child when told how his right name and former position were ascertained, and, with tears trickling down his cheeks, said: "For pity's sake, sir, don't publish my degradation, or my name at least, if you are determined to say something about it. It is enough that I know how low I have become. Will you promise that much? It will do no good, but will do my friends a great deal of harm, as, unfortunately, they think I died in South America, where I went at the close of the war."

A DOMESTIC QUARREL.

In the course of an article on the prayer of Jabez (1 Chron. 4:9, 10), the Rev. T. Vincent Tymms says: The wife of a workingman was recently touched with the love of Christ, and her whole character was suddenly transformed. She had inherited a passionate temper, and time had not improved it. Her scolding voice and rasping sarcasms had made home wretched to her husband, who answered railing with oaths, and sometimes, when defeated by her superior tongue, with blows. Now all this was changed. The shrew was tamed, and for some weeks a

great peace settled down upon the household. But one morning the old fire blazed up again under some great provocation, and hot words having once burst forth, the woman's anger with herself mingling with the shame of failure and disgrace, made passion more furious and ungovernable than it had ever been before. Hastening to escape, the man went out to work, muttering words of scorn about the religion which had thus speedily proved vain. But before going very far he found that in his excitement he had left his tools behind, and reluctantly turned back. Hoping to avoid notice, he opened the door softly and was creeping along the passage to an outhouse when he heard his wife's voice. She was evidently in distress, but to whom could she be talking? Standing silently in the doorway he looked into the room, and all was plain. The woman sat by the fire-side rocking herself to and fro, her apron drawn up over her face, with hands pressed against the bowed head, while she moaned with strong agony and tears, "O God, forgive me for speaking so to my dear husband! O God, I never thought to do it again! O Lord, I have lost his love for ever now, and I deserve that, but, O Christ, I have driven him away from Thee!" That simple prayer melted the listener's heart. He understood it all now. Visions of new life and tender joys flooded his mind. With a great lump in his throat which choked all words, he uncovered the tear-disfigured face, and the kiss which sealed his penitent forgiveness was a new marriage vow.

THE HIGH CASTES AND OUTCASTS.

AT Lake Lonar, in India, the waters of which are supposed to be efficacious in washing away sin, Mrs. L. W. Moore, the well-known missionary, recently found strangely assorted groups of bathers. In the course of a letter to the *Times of Refreshing*, describing her visit, she says: "Thousands of men, women, and children come to bathe in the holy (?) waters which flow without ceasing, night and day, out of what seems to be a solid rock, upon which is built a small shrine for the god Maha Dove. Into this rock a stone spout is inserted, the water flowing through it and falling into a tank. Stone steps—some twenty, I should say—lead down to this tank on three sides. On the fourth side is the temple. First, there is a sort of platform, and on this are built small rooms, used as dressing-rooms for those who come to bathe in the sacred waters. From this point we descend a flight of steps toward the lake, which lies 600 or 800 feet below, and we come to another bathing-place. We ask the motley group of bathers who they are, and why they bathe in such filthy water. They reply, 'We are mahars and mangs' (outcasts). In the tank which I have described, hundreds of the high-caste people bathe daily, and not only bathe, but wash all their soiled clothes; besides, persons with all sorts of skin diseases come and wash, looking for relief from their diseases. While we stood there, a mother brought her child, covered with most loathesome sores, to bathe in this tank. This foul water is conveyed thence by pipes through an embankment of earth to the lower platform, which I have described as the bathing-place of the outcasts. Is it any wonder that leprosy and nearly every other foul disease is so prevalent among the people of this land?"

"On the upper platform comes a Brahmin woman to bathe. She enters the little dressing-room, removes her sari, puts on a thin white or yellowish cloth, and descending the steps stands under the stone spout, while the water flows over her. Her bath finished, the old priest comes out, takes a small vessel, fills it with fresh water from the spout, and pours it upon the woman's head, while he repeats in the holy Sanscrit a mantra, which freely translated means, 'I was conceived and born in sin, my works are all sinful, my spirit is polluted with sin; O God, destroy my sins!' This over, the bather is pronounced clean, and goes to offer her gifts to Maha Dove.

* *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription, 50 cents, may be sent to Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York.

"Two other worshippers appear; they are aged Brahmin widows. They are not permitted to bathe from the upper platform like the Brahmin lady, but silently, painfully, descend the steps, for they are feeble, and their limbs stiff with age. No priest absolves them. Silently they bathe, wash their clothes, which are mere rags, stand until their clothes are dry, then, on a platform exposed to the cold wind, they remove the cloth they have on, and put on the one they have just washed, then they return to their homes to take up again the weary burden of their lives."

What a blessing it would be to these poor creatures to hear of that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, to which the poor and despised are specially invited, and to know Him who came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance!

THE PROPHECY OF UNIVERSAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

By Dr. Graham

A Prevalent Delusion—Not Taught in Scripture Passages Misconstrued—The Testimony of History—The Three Leavens Still Working—The Leaven of the Sadducee Now Prominent—The Teaching of the Parables—The Promises—The State of Europe—A Motive for Missions.

WE are often assured, from the pulpit and the press, that by the preaching of the Gospel Christianity shall triumph over all its enemies, and fill the world with righteousness and peace, as the waters fill the bosom of the deep. This, we are told, is the work of the Church, and especially the work of missions, and till this is accomplished we need not look for the coming of the Lord. This, indeed, was my own hereditary faith, and it was with many struggles I gave it up. But it cannot stand the test either of Scripture, reason, or experience. I ask, then, the question, "Is the ministry of the Gospel intended to produce universal righteousness?" And to answer the question, I submit the following facts for your consideration:

There is no such statement, either in the Old or the New Testament; for though many passages point us to the hopes of universal peace and prosperity upon the earth, yet they are all connected with the restoration of the Jews and the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ in His kingdom. (Isaiah 9:9; Habakkuk 2:14; Isaiah 2:1-4; 6:3; 24:23.) Read Isaiah 60 and 65, Daniel 7:26-28, and many similar passages which promise universal righteousness; but they are all

Witnesses for the Advent

of the Lord, and the glory which it brings; nor can they be applied to the present widowed and suffering condition of the Church without the greatest violence and distortion. The Lord's promise to the disciples (Mark 16:15; Matthew 2:19) goes not a hair's-breadth farther than saying, "The believer shall be saved, and the rejecter shall be condemned;" but it does not say that all the nations shall become disciples, nor that all the disciples shall be saved, much less that they are expected to fill the earth with righteousness as the waters cover the sea. Hence the beautiful saying of Chalmers, that the Gospel is to be universally preached, but it is not to be universally planted before the next coming of Christ.

History is against the belief. In no age or country has there been an example of Christianity becoming national. The flock has always been comparatively a little one; hitherto the gate has been strait and the way narrow; nor is there a hint of alteration while the dispensation lasts. On the contrary, it becomes worse toward the end. (Luke 18:8; 1 Timothy 4:1-3; 2 Timothy 3:1-6.) The solemn word is still the order of Divine Providence, "Many are called, but few are chosen" (Matthew 20:16), and election, and not universality, is the law of this dispensation.

Apostasy began early in the Church, as we learn from the Epistles and from the threatenings of the Lord; and the stream of corruption, in spite of the checks that have been

given it by the reformers and martyrs of the different ages, has become deeper and blacker until the present time.

The Three Leavens,

of Herod, of the Pharisee, and of the Sadducee, that is, tyranny, superstition, and infidelity, have from the beginning continued to leaven the churches and the nations, and they seem busier in the present day than ever. Infidelity especially seems to be gaining the mastery in the high places of the Church and of the world.

Perhaps we may recognize a historical as well as a synchronical development of these three leavens, and say the leaven of Herod refers to the tyranny of the old pagan empire with its ten persecutions, and the leaven of the Pharisee to the Papal times of ignorance, superstition, and blood, while the leaven of the Sadducee may be fairly applied to the present generation of the Church, in which the denial of angels and spirits, and a paternal God, and the atonement of the Cross, and a resurrection of the dead, is quite as common and as open as it was among the Jews in the days of the Lord and His apostles. This does not savor of righteousness.

Look at the parables, and what do you find? Sheep and goats, wheat and tares, wise and foolish virgins, mingling together till

The Time of the End.

Is this like universal righteousness? No: it is mixture, and nothing but mixture, until the final separation, when the Lord comes. The two kingdoms are in conflict; the Cains and Abels, the righteous and the wicked, continue in warfare during the whole dispensation. So that there is absolutely no place on earth for your universal righteousness till the dispensation is changed, and till the principle of election ceases to be its law.

Look at the promises which are given to a scattered, persecuted community travelling through the wilderness, surrounded with enemies, fed with manna, and seeking a city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. Is that like your universal righteousness? Look at the awful threatenings which, like a black cloud, are suspended over the heads of the persecutors till the very moment of the Lord's coming. (11 Thess. 1:6-10.) While these threatened foes of God and man prevail upon the earth there can be no universal righteousness.

And do you think Babylon is to fall by the preaching of the Gospel? Then all the

Judgments to be Poured Out

upon that great harlot, ending in her sudden and utter destruction, like a millstone cast into the sea, are to be interpreted of the operations of Divine grace, and not of consuming vengeance, at the coming of the Lord! Read Revelation 17 and 18, and say, with your hand on the Bible and your eye on God, "Is this possible?"

Again, the Scripture mentions other forms of Antichristianism, such as the Man of Sin, and Son of Perdition, the Beast and the False Prophet of the Apocalypse, and the apostates and mockers of the Epistles; and I demand some evidence that the preaching of the Gospel will ever either convert or silence them. No; Babylon is doomed to destruction, and your duty is to come out of her (Revelation 18:4), and to join with the apostles and prophets, and even heaven itself, in rejoicing over her fall. (Revelation 18:20.) The beast and the false prophet continue their wickedness up to the very end, and they are not to be converted by the preaching of the Gospel, but to be cast alive into the lake of fire. (Revelation 19:20.)

Is not Satan still the serpent, the dragon, and the roaring lion seeking whom he may devour? And does he not continue till Christ comes in flaming fire to bind him and cast him into the bottomless pit? And how can there be peace and prosperity and the conversion of the world and universal righteousness in this world of ours while Satan, Antichrist, and the Beast of the Apocalypse are doing their deadly work among us? The thing is impossible. It has no foundation in the Word of God.

Cast your eye over the nations called Chris-

tian, and tell me if their present condition gives any proof of the conversion of the world by the preaching of the Gospel? Survey

The State of Europe

from Russia to the isles of Greece, and from the isles of Greece to the rock of Lisbon, and what do you find? You find apostasy from the faith and holiness of the Gospel everywhere; abundance of superstition and infidelity; the large cities overflowing with masses of ignorant, turbulent, and licentious men, who have no regard either for God or man. After wars bloodier than either of Napoleon's, you find the nations armed to the teeth, jealous, suspicious, hateful, and hating one another, just waiting to see who will strike the first blow. This does not look like peace, or the reign of peace, which you expect by the preaching of the Gospel. Old Adam is stronger than young Melancthon still; and iron rams, and rifled cannon, and six-barreled revolvers, and armed nations are proof that if the reign of peace and righteousness is to come by the Gospel, we are far from it.

But you will say, if the world is not to be converted by the ministry of the Gospel what motive have I for preaching? This opinion, you say, strikes at the root of missions, and damps my ardor before I reach the heathen shore. It tells me at the outset that my efforts shall be in vain. Hear me, my brother, and take heed how you hear. If your ardor be a false fire, and your expectations unscriptural, it is right and proper that they should be damped. You have

The High Commission

of the Lord: "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." And that is a sufficient motive, though He does not say that all will believe your message. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" and that is another motive. "Labor, watch, preach to the heathen; pray over them night and day, with many tears." (Acts 20:19-21; 11 Cor. 2:4.) Magnify your office, provoke them to emulation, as St. Paul did; and if only some of them are saved, let that motive content you, and be thankful; but do not doubt your commission if many reject it. Yea, hold fast to the command of your Master, though, like St. Paul, you may be scourged and imprisoned, or buffeted and crucified, as your Master was. Your loyalty does not depend on the largeness or number of your victories, but on the commands of your King. Many of His most faithful ministers have had but little success; and His own mission seemed a failure, for one of His apostles betrayed Him, another denied Him, and all forsook Him in the hour of danger.

God does, indeed, in almost all cases, encourage the faithful minister or missionary with more or less success, as we see in the preaching of the Gospel both at home and in the heathen lands. In China, in India, in the South Seas, and in barbarous Africa, infant congregations are being born to the Lord by the Word of His testimony; and for this let us render Him our thanks.

These are some of my reasons for believing that the modern expectation of converting the world is a delusion. I may sum them up in a concluding sentence. I have shown that it is not stated in the Scripture; that it is not promised in the Lord's commission; that all past history is against it; that the apostasy of the churches is against it; that the parable prophecies and promises are against it; that the doom of Babylon, the Beast, and the False Prophet at the coming of the Lord is against it; that the presence of Satan, tempting and devouring, up to the end of the dispensation, is against it; and finally, that the present condition of the Christian nations is utterly opposed to any prospect of universal righteousness and peace.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Explanation of the Repeal of Prohibition in Rhode Island, which is sufficient to account for the remarkable change of sentiment which has taken place in three years, is furnished by a reporter of the *Voice*, who was in Providence on the day of voting. He says that it is the custom in that State at elections to have three tables in the voting-rooms. A well-known representative of the Republican party sits at one table, a Democrat at a second, and a Prohibitionist at the third, and the voters are thus able to get a straight ticket on which they can rely, of either kind. This year, though there were no officers to be elected, the tables were occupied as usual, and by the same men. At both the Republican and Democratic tables *repeal tickets only* were distributed. Thus the voter understood that his party ticket, in either case, was repeal; and when men are more anxious to vote with their party than they are to vote right, such an arrangement must exercise a mighty influence.

A Complete Reorganization of the Navy Department has been ordered by Secretary Tracy. On Thursday last he issued a notice which has caused a general rearrangement of duties, which appears likely to promote the efficiency of the navy and remove causes of friction between the various bureaus. It appears that when General Tracy took charge of the Department he found that the organization of the bureaus was so defective that there was constant loss of time, material, and effort in conducting business. Duties which had no connection were combined, while those naturally associated were divorced. The control of the electric lighting of the ships was claimed by the bureaus of Construction, of Equipment, and of Steam Engineering. There was also a division of the training service. The control of the personnel of the navy had also been divided. The new order enlarges the duties of some of the bureaus, notably those of the Bureau of Equipment, to which is assigned nearly all the duties of supply, heretofore belonging to the Bureau of Navigation. To the Constructing, Manufacturing, and Purchasing bureaus are assigned other duties, grouping them systematically and appropriately. Each bureau exercises control of its shops, labor, superintendence, requisitions, accounts, and appropriations. This difficult and delicate undertaking has long been needed.

The Vacant Position of Minister to Germany was filled on June 26 by the appointment of the Hon. William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey. He has but just returned from Berlin, where he was the head of the United States delegation to the Samoan Conference. It is significant that after President Harrison had studied the treaty negotiated at the conference he immediately appointed Mr. Phelps Minister to Germany. The only inference that can be drawn from the fact is that the treaty was thoroughly satisfactory to the President. It must be noted, too, that the English commissioners to the same conference describe the result as a triumph for the United States. When it is remembered that Mr. Phelps was opposed at the conference to Prince Bismarck, the wildest and most astute statesman in Europe, and to the representatives sent by Lord Salisbury, who is notoriously allied to Bismarck, the fact of the issue of the con-

ference being an American triumph argues considerable diplomatic skill on his part. There is reason, therefore, to hope that our interests will be safe in his hands. He is fifty years of age. He is descended from William Phelps, whose brother John was *secretary to Oliver Cromwell*.

Several Abuses and Anomalies in our Immigration system were brought to the notice of Secretary Windom last week, by Mr. Edmund Stephenson, of the New York Board of Immigration, who went to Washington for the purpose. In spite of his long experience of official ways he thinks matters may be improved, and, in any case, he wished to do his duty in reporting the evils. Among other anomalies presented was the privileges enjoyed by the Mormons over all other classes. Mr. Stephenson said that the Board of Immigration orders the Superintendent of the Landing Bureau to detain all minor children under the age of sixteen years, not accompanied by relatives or duly accredited guardians, until evidence is presented that the minor child will be properly cared for and not become a public charge. The guarantee of the elders of the Mormon Church is satisfactory to a majority of the Board, thus recognizing that Church by national authority. More than two thousand of this class land at New York every year without let or hindrance, and only because they are Mormons. Only two weeks ago the steamer *Wyoming* brought 350 immigrants, all of whom were proselytes to the Mormon faith, in charge of the elders of that Church. Many of them were *young girls enticed from their parents*, their transportation paid by the elders; they were not accompanied by any relatives or legal guardians. They were permitted to land, with no guarantee except that of a lawless community living in violation of the laws of God and man. This is only one of many abuses needing removal, but it is the most flagrant.

The Death of Simon Cameron, which Occurred on June 26, closes one of the most remarkable lives in our history. He was over ninety years of age, having been born in March, 1799, and during the greater part of it he had been in the front rank of political life. Washington was still living when he was born, and he lived to see Harrison inaugurated. He was sixty years of age when Lincoln appointed him Secretary of War, and he did not retire from the scene of his struggles and triumphs in the United States Senate until he was on the verge of his eightieth year. Probably no man in this country ever wielded a power so remarkable as his. It was not acquired by force, or by descent, or by office, but by exquisite tact and strength of will. His friends loved him and were faithful to him, and his political enemies respected him and were not seldom his personal friends. In his own State of Pennsylvania his influence was unlimited. Four times it chose him for Senator, and he might have been elected again had he not chosen to make way for his son. He was a printer in the beginning, and then became an editor, a man of business, a canal builder, a banker, a railroad man, a politician, and a statesman. It was an extraordinary life, and his passing away takes from among us a most interesting personality.

The Revocation of a Railroad Concession in Africa has raised an International European dispute of considerable magnitude, and provoked dangerous race prejudices. The Delagoa Bay Railroad Company, composed mainly of English and American capitalists, held a permission from Portugal to cut a railroad across the strip of territory which Portugal claims in Africa. The company has clearly violated the terms on which the concession was granted, by failing to complete the work within the time specified. Its defence is that the difficulties it has met with in construction were well known to the Portuguese Government, and the time was limited with the express purpose of cancelling the agreement when the inevitable failure occurred. The company asks for an extension of time, and has received the support of the British Government for the demand. Portugal,

probably incited by France and Germany, refuses. All three nations are jealous of the growth and extension northward of British influence from the Cape of Good Hope, which the construction of the railroad would naturally develop. The attitude of Portugal has consequently reopened the question of her rights in Africa. She has settlements on the east and west coasts, and she claims the strip of country stretching between them across the continent. This claim has never been definitely conceded by the other nations, and as Portugal has notoriously encouraged the slave trade, the public feeling in Europe against her claim has been strong. Beside this, she owes to England her national existence, which she could never have maintained but for the help, moral and material, which England has given to her in several crises. This fact entitles England to her gratitude, and her conduct in this instance consequently excites indignation against her. Lord Salisbury, however, demands arbitration, and appears to have espoused the cause of the railroad company with vigor. He has the sympathy of the United States Government, to whom the extension of the English-speaking settlements is commercially advantageous.

A Peaceful Solution of the Eastern Question is being strenuously sought by Austria, and Count Kalnoky last week expressed a hope that it would be successful in spite of Russian machinations in Serbia. He admitted that Austria was bound to guard against subversive measures in Serbia, but said that the discontent of a few nations at the balance of power in Europe caused a feeling of insecurity; and, in view of the immense dimensions that wars now assumed, all sovereigns and all governments were firmly resolved to maintain peace. In no case would Austria be responsible in the event of peace being threatened. The allies would do everything possible to maintain peace. Austria's unselfish, treaty-observing policy was the best refutation of the imputation of aggrandizement. He was ardently desirous of deferring war as long as possible—better, by far, barren military expenditures. He deprecated hasty interference in minor Balkan episodes as prejudicial to greater interests.

An Interesting Royal Betrothal was Announced last week. It was that of Princess Louise, the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, to the Earl of Fife. The Princess, during the short time she has been in court life has won a popularity only equalled by that of her estimable mother, and the English people are therefore glad to have her remain among them instead of going abroad as the wife of some German princelet. The Earl of Fife is a popular nobleman, and is a close friend of the Prince of Wales. He is reported to be very wealthy, which, in the present condition of affairs, is a decided advantage, as, if the Princess were married to an impecunious German, according to the custom of the family, the Parliament would have to be called upon to make provision for the young couple.

An Exciting Scene Occurred in the French Chamber of Deputies on June 25. A member desired to have a private matter discussed before the Chamber voted the usual appropriations. The ministry, who were eager to have the money voted, objected, but consented to leave the decision with the chamber. An acrimonious discussion followed, in the course of which bitter words and insulting epithets were used. One member characterized the deputies as blackguards. The word increased the excitement. There was a general scuffle, the combatants using their fists freely and tearing one another's hair, until separated by the ushers. One member was seen to produce a revolver. The whole house joined in the uproar.

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Contributions to the Fund for the Relief of the Johnstown sufferers have been received to the amount of \$27.25, which has been sent through Col. E. Shepard to the treasurer of the fund at Johnstown. The amounts are as follows: Mrs. B. F. Severance, East Shelburne, Mass., \$2; Hiram F. Clark, Bridgton, Me., \$1; Leesburg Baptist Church, Leesburg, Fla., \$2.50; Dwight Lincoln, Westford, Conn., \$1; Frank Hornby, Sheffield, Ill., \$1; J. R. Conway, Volga, Ind., \$1; T. Bauer, Sandusky, O., \$3; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Ware, Madison, Ga., \$5; G. W. Waterbury, Baraboo, Wis., \$5; J. W. Wood, Baraboo, Wis., \$4.25; A. A. Wilson, Belmont, N. C., .50c; D. S. Baker, Davidson College, N. C., \$1.

The Rev. Benjamin Senior, Pastor of Surrey Chapel, London, has arrived in this country on a two months' visit. He is receiving a very cordial welcome, not only as a successor of the famous Rowland Hill, but on account of his own character and abilities. On Friday, June 28, he lectured for Dr. Lyman Abbott in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. On Sunday morning he preached for Rev. John H. Acornley, in the First Primitive Methodist Church, New York, and on Sunday evening for Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. He purposes attending Mr. Moody's Conference at Northfield, Mass., after which he will visit Boston, Chicago, and other cities. We hope to publish his portrait and life in an early number.

An Engineer's Race with Death is Described in a press dispatch from Dubuque, Iowa. The man was on an engine on the Wabash road, when he felt the premonitory symptoms of a paralytic seizure. He knew exactly what they were and what they meant, for he had lost many relatives in that way, and believing that his end would be like theirs, he had studied the signs of its approach. Knowing that he would become helpless soon, his anxiety became intense. If, when the train reached Sparta, Mo., he had not sufficient consciousness or strength to stop his engine, the train would dash past the station and might collide with something in the way, and cause the destruction of many lives. He looked at his watch, and calculated that it might be possible to get there while he retained his power. He put on all the speed he could, and told the fireman what to do in the event of death beating him in the race. As the train flew on, his concern increased, for he felt the lifelessness creeping through his limbs. At last the station came in sight, and the engineer, with a sigh of relief, seized the lever with his left hand, which alone was capable of motion, and shut off the steam. It was his last act. When the train stopped at Sparta he was lifted from the cab, and died in a few minutes. It was a pathetic effort, with which every man who realizes his responsibility can sympathize. The thought that death may come upon him before he has done all his duty is an incentive to diligence in the Master's service. (John 9:4.)

An Heiress was Found at the Washtub in Tennessee recently. About a year ago a woman and her eighteen-year-old daughter settled at Gainsboro, in Jackson county. The woman was a divorced wife, and she married again down there, but she did not prosper. Her daughter, a bright, industrious girl, went out washing for twenty-five cents a day. She became engaged to a young farmer who admired her industry and cheerfulness, and regarded those qualities as more desirable than the fortune he might have obtained by marrying elsewhere. They were to be married on June 22, but before that day a Massachusetts lawyer arrived and made inquiries for the girl. He was directed to the house where she was washing that day, and there he found her. He informed her of the death of her father, from whom her mother was divorced, and that she was his sole heiress. After the divorce he had gone into business in Massachusetts and had accumulated a fortune of \$110,000, which he had left absolutely to his daughter, with instructions that search should be made for her, as he had not seen her since she was two years old. The girl hurried back

with the lawyer, secured the estate, and returned in time to marry her lover on the day fixed. He is a happy man. His wife brings him not only the qualities which won his love, but the money which he did not expect, but which he will doubtless find useful. Many men who have chosen Christ for their portion have had a similar experience. Seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness all these things have been added to them. (Matt. 6:3.)

A Derelict of Great Value was Towed into Boston Harbor on June 24. The big ocean tug *Argus*, which was recently sent out by a Boston firm to hunt for the dangerous derelict lumber-laden Norwegian bark *Ottawa*, found her several days ago, and brought her into port in triumph. She makes a good prize, her hull and cargo being worth many times the expense of finding her. The *Ottawa* left Pensacola on May 2 for Buenos Ayres. A hurricane dismasted her, and her crew abandoned her. They were picked up by a tramp steamship, and landed at Greenock, Scotland. Since then the abandoned vessel has been floating about right in the track of navigation for over a month. The captains of several steamships, recognizing her as a rich prize, tried to tow her into port. They were compelled to give up the attempt because of stress of weather. The *Argus*, however, which went out expressly to seek her has won the prize. There are many human derelicts wandering about our cities who have been abandoned. Servants of Christ, who in obedience to their Master's command go out to seek them will find that their efforts will be rewarded (James 5:20.)

A Child With a Rattlesnake in Her Lap caused her mother a spasm of terror in Texas recently. On June 21 a little girl about six years old left the farm-house near Dennison, where her parents lived, to gather blackberries in an adjacent lot. Shortly afterward her mother followed her, and as the child was not in sight, called her several times. No answer came, and her mother searched among the bushes. In a few minutes she saw her seated near a spring. To her horror, she saw in her lap a large rattlesnake. The child was gazing intently on the snake, whose head was slightly elevated and moving to and fro. Sometimes the snake's head would almost touch the lips of the child, who pushed it away without appearing to anger the snake. The child was so completely under its spell that she paid no attention to the mother, who screamed so loudly that her husband heard her and hurried to the scene. On his approach the snake reared itself and struck the child slightly. The father killed the snake with a stone, and having sucked the wound, carried the child to the city for treatment. It is thought her life will be saved, but it was a narrow escape. Still more dreadful is it to godly parents to see their children fascinated by the wiles of Satan, whom the Bible typifies as a serpent. Like the little girl, they are often unconscious of danger, and are so completely under the spell that they do not heed the warning cry. (11 Cor. 11:14.)

A Tree of Death Has Been Discovered in Mexico by a botanist. In a letter to the *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis, Mo., from Chihuahua, he says that while making a collection of the mountain flora of Mexico he noticed a strange tree growing on an inaccessible rock on a spur of the Sierra Madre Mountains. As examined through a field glass its trunk appeared thick and scaly, and about twenty feet high. A few feet from the ground branches resembling those of the weeping-willow shot out, but the long, drooping, whip-like limbs had the power of erecting and coiling themselves with a motion like sentient life. The botanist's curiosity was intensely excited, and after a day's search he discovered a passage through the rocks, through which he crawled and came out near the tree. As he looked at it, a bird alighted upon it. The branches instantly twisted like snakes around the bird and drew it down until he lost sight of it. In a short time the flattened carcass—only feathers and bones—dropped to the ground.

He saw other birds alight, and in each case the branches held them until they were crushed and drained of blood. At last he ventured to touch a branch with his finger. It was seized instantly and held so tightly that in withdrawing the finger it was stripped of skin. Looking closely at the branches he found that they were covered with small suckers like those of the devil-fish, some of which were stained with the blood of the birds. Professor Wordenhaupt, of Heidelberg University, to whom the botanist sent a description of the tree, says it is the *Arbor Diaboli*, or devil-tree, of which only two other specimens are known—one on a peak of the Himalayas, and the other on the island of Sumatra. It is well that trees so weird and destructive as this devil-tree are so rare, and it is much to be wished that the Satanic traps of which it is a type were similarly scarce. Unhappily they are to be found everywhere, and their prey is the souls of men. (Eph. 6:11-13.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A million and a half of dollars changed hands in bets on the recent Suburban horse-race.

Managers of various railroads have decided to close twenty-five ticket offices in Chicago on Sunday.

The loss of property by the recent floods is estimated by *Bradstreet's* at the enormous sum of \$44,250,000.

Sing Sing Camp Meeting opens August 6. It will be in charge of Rev. Thomas Harrison. It will continue ten days.

The Rev. A. J. Behrends, of Brooklyn, and Geo. W. Cable, the novelist, are to be the Lyman Beecher lecturers at Yale Theological Seminary next year.

Mr. Moody's Conference at Northfield commenced last Saturday, and closes next Wednesday. It will be followed by a general conference of Christian workers.

The Old Orchard Convention on Holiness and Divine Healing will be held from July 27 to August 5. Applications for board, etc., should be made to Rev. I. Luce, Old Orchard Beach, Me.

Mr. J. D. Rocketteller's offer of \$600,000 to found a Baptist University in Chicago on condition of other subscriptions to the amount of \$400,000 being raised will be accepted. The greater part is already promised.

Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, is to open the Thirteenth Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy at Key East, N. J., on the 18th of July. His subject will be "Christian Pantheism."

The Rev. A. B. Simpson's New Gospel Tabernacle on Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street, New York, was dedicated on June 30. The building is spacious, plain, and adapted to the various departments of the work.

An eleven-year-old boy died in Brooklyn on June 26 from alcoholism. He had been sent on several journeys to a saloon for beer by laborers working on a canal, and had drunk from the can each time. He became intoxicated and died the same night.

Major George A. Hilton, the famous Gospel Temperance evangelist, expects to visit New York for evangelistic work about July 18. Churches or missions desiring to avail themselves of his services may apply to him at 919 East Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.

The Ocean Grove (N. J.) Camp Meeting season commenced on June 30, when Dr. Thomas Hanlon, of Pennington Seminary preached the opening sermon in the large auditorium. Mrs. Palmer began her helping-hand, and Rev. C. H. Yatman his Young People's Meetings.

The New York Sunday-school Association has amalgamated with the American Tract Society in the conduct of the agency at 304 Fourth Avenue, New York. The arrangement will, it is believed, be of mutual advantage and will promote the sale of religious literature.

Mr. H. W. Brown, of Chicago, has been holding very successful services at Lowell, Mass. A deep interest was aroused, and a large number of persons made profession of faith. Mr. Brown went thence to Littleton, N. H., but the meetings at Lowell were so greatly blessed that it was decided to continue them, and Mr. George S. Avery was invited to take charge.

The Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C., is doing a grand work in the city. It is one of the most active and best-managed missions in the country. On June 16 the gospel wagon sent out by the mission was in charge of a band of earnest speakers, every one of whom was converted at the mission. Among them were some who three years ago were drunkards and gamblers.

Mr. Ben Hogan arrived in New York last week from a long and successful tour. He has had good meetings in Jamestown, N. Y., Butler Pa., Classon, Pa., and Wheeling, W. Va. He is setting out for a tour in Europe this week. He expects to spend some time in Berlin, where his familiarity with the German language will be serviceable. He expects also to hold meetings in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

PROFESSION WITHOUT POWER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." 1 Timothy 3:5.

The World to Grow Worse, Not Better—The Second Advent the Only Hope for the Church—Surely to Come Before the Millennium—Interlopers to be Found in the Church—I. The Men—What they Had—A Form of Godliness—Attention to the Ordinances—Attendance at Church—Godly Conversation—Religious Activity—The Form Sometimes Hereditary—The Result of Courtship—Of Natural Disposition—Of Desire for Respect—Or Gain—What they Did not Have—The Power—II. The Folly of It—Degrades the Name of Christ—No Value in it—No Comfort—Has no Constancy—A Shameful Thing.

PAUL warns us of certain characters which will appear in the last times. It is a very terrible list. The like have appeared in other days, but we are led by his warning to apprehend that they will appear in greater numbers in the last days than in any previous age. We are nearing that period at this very time. That these people would, some of them, be within the Church is the most painful part of it; but they will be so, for they are comprehended in this last clause of the black catalogue, which we have taken for our text—"Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

No Millennium till Jesus Comes.

Paul does not paint the future with rose-color; he is no smooth-tongued prophet of a golden age, into which this dull earth may be imagined to be glowing. There are sanguine brethren who are looking forward to everything growing better and better and better, until, at last, this present age ripens into a millennium. They will not be able to sustain their hopes, for Scripture gives them no solid basis to rest upon. We who believe that there will be no millennial reign without the King, and who expect no rule of righteousness except from the appearing of the righteous Lord, are nearer the mark. Apart from the second Advent of our Lord, the world is more likely to sink into a pandemonium than to rise into a millennium. A divine interposition seems to me the hope set before us in Scripture, and, indeed, to be the only hope adequate to the occasion.

With this cloud upon our spirit, we come to the text itself. Let us consider it carefully, and may the Holy Spirit help us! True religion is a spiritual thing, but it necessarily embodies itself in a form. Man is a spiritual creature, but the human spirit needs a body in which to enshrine itself; and thus, by this need, we become allied to materialism; and if not

"Half Dust, Half Deity,"

as one has said, we are certainly both matter and soul. In each of us there is the form or body, and the soul or power. It is so with religion: it is essentially a spiritual thing, but it requires a form in which to embody and manifest itself. If you get both the form, as modelled in the Word of God, and the power, as bestowed by the Spirit of God, you do well, and are living Christians. If you get the power alone, without the ordained form, you somewhat maim yourself; but if you get the form without the power, then you dwell in spiritual death. The raw material of a devil is an angel bereft of holiness. You cannot make a Judas except out of an apostle. The eminently good in outward form, when without inward life, decays into the foulest thing under heaven.

I. First, let us talk awhile of

The Men.

They had the form of godliness, but denied the power thereof. Note *what they had*, and then observe *what they had not*. They had a form of godliness. What is the form of godliness? It is, first of all, attention to the ordinances of religion. These, so far as they are Scriptural, are few and simple. There is baptism, wherein, in figure, the believer is buried with Christ, that he may rise into newness of life; and there is the Lord's Supper, wherein, in type and emblem, he feeds upon Christ, and sustains the life which came to him by fellowship with Christ's

death. Those who have obeyed the Lord in these two ordinances have exhibited in their own persons the form of godliness.

The form of godliness involves attendance with the assemblies of God's people. Those who have professed Christ are accustomed to come together at certain times for worship, and, in their assemblies, they join in common prayer and common praise. They listen to the testimony of God by His servants whom He calls to preach His Word with power. They also associate together in church fellowship for purposes of mutual help and discipline. This is a very proper form, full of blessing both to the church and to the world, when it does not die down into mere form.

Some go further than worship, for they use

A Great Deal of Religious Talk.

They freely speak of the things of God in Christian company. They can defend the doctrines of Scripture, they can plead for its precepts, and they can narrate the experience of a believer. They are fondest of talking of what is doing in the church: the tattle of the streets of Jerusalem is very pleasant to them. They flavor their speech with godly phrases when they are in company that will relish it. I do not censure them; on the contrary, I wish there were more of holy talk among professors. But there may be a savor of religion about a man's conversation, and yet it may be a borrowed flavor, like *hot sauces* used to disguise the staleness of ancient meat.

More than this, some have a form of godliness upheld and published by religious activity. It is possible to be intensely active in the outside work of the church, and yet to know nothing of spiritual power. One may be an excellent Sunday-school teacher after a fashion, and yet have need to be taught what it is to be born again. One may be an eloquent preacher, or a diligent officer in the Church of God, and yet know nothing of the mysterious power of the Spirit of truth upon the heart. Brethren, I speak to myself and to each one of you in solemn earnestness; if much speaking, generous giving, and constant occupation could win heaven, we might easily make sure of it; but more is needful.

Why They Hold it.

I need not enlarge further. You all know what a form of godliness is, and most of us who are here present hold fast that form; may we never dishonor it! But now, as these people had not the power of godliness, how did they come to hold the form of it? Some come by the form of godliness in an hereditary way. Their ancestors were always godly people, and they almost naturally take up with the profession of their fathers. This is common, and where it is honest, it is most commendable. Yet the idea of birthright membership is an evil one, and is as perilous as it is unscriptural.

So have I seen the form of godliness taken up on account of friendships. Many a time

Courtship and Marriage

have led to a formal religiousness, lacking heart. The future husband is induced to make a profession of religion for the sake of gaining one who was a sincere Christian, and would not have broken her Lord's command to be unequally yoked together with an unbeliever. Godliness should never be put on in order that we may put a wedding ring upon the finger; this is a sad abuse of religious profession. Other kinds of friendship, also, have led men and women to profess a faith they never had, and to unite themselves visibly with the church, while they were never truly a part of it.

Certain persons assume the form of godliness from a natural religious disposition. Do not suppose that all unconverted people are without religion. Much religiousness is found in the heathen, and there are races which have naturally more of reverence than others. The German, with his profound philosophy, is often free, not only from superstition, but from reverence, while the Russian is by race naturally religious, not to say superstitious. We perceive like differences among our own acquaint-

ances; one man is readily fooled by sceptics, while another is ready, with open mouth, to believe every word. One is naturally an infidel, another is as naturally credulous. I mean, then, that to some the form of godliness commends itself, because they have a leaning that way.

I do not doubt that in these silken days many have a form of godliness because of

The Respect it Brings

them. Time was, when to be a Christian was to be reviled, if not to be imprisoned, and perhaps burned at the stake. Hypocrites were fewer in those days, for a profession cost too much; yet, strange to say, there were some who played the Judas even in those times. To-day religion walks forth in her velvet slippers; and in certain classes and ranks, if men did not make some profession of religion they would be looked upon with suspicion, and therefore men will take the name of Christian upon them, and wear religion as a part of dress.

From the days of Iscariot until now, some have taken up the form of godliness, to gain thereby. To make gain of godliness is to imitate the son of perdition. This is a perilous road, and yet many risk their souls for the lucre which they find therein. Apparent zeal for God may really be zeal for gold. The Emperor Maximilian showed great zeal against idolatry, and published a decree that images of gold and silver should be melted down. He was extremely zealous about this. The images were all to be melted down, and the metal forfeited to the Emperor. It was shrewdly suspected that this great iconoclast was not altogether swayed by unselfish motives. When a business brings grist to the mill, it is not hard to keep to it. Some love Christ because they carry His bag for Him. Beware of that kind of godliness which makes a man hesitate until he sees whether a duty will pay or not, and then makes him eager because he sees it will answer his purpose.

Once more: I do not doubt that a form of godliness has come to many because it brings them ease of conscience, and they are able, like the Pharisee, to thank God that they are not as other men are. Have they not been to church? Have they not paid for their pew? They can now go about their daily business without those stings of conscience which would come of neglecting the requirements of religion. These people profess to have been converted, and they are numbered with believers; but, alas! they are not of them. Of all people, these are the hardest to reach, and the least likely to be saved.

Let us now remember

What They Did Not Have.

They had "the form" of godliness, but they denied "the power." *What is that power?* God Himself is the power of godliness. The Holy Spirit is the life and force of it. Godliness is the power which brings a man to God, and binds him to Him. Godliness is that which creates repentance toward God, and faith in Him. Godliness is the result of a great change of heart in reference to God and His character. Godliness looks toward God, and mourns its distance from Him; godliness hastens to draw nigh, and rests not till it is at home with God. Godliness makes a man like God. Godliness leads a man to love God, and to serve God; it brings the fear of God before his eyes, and the love of God into his heart. Godliness leads to consecration, to sanctification, to concentration. Many who have the form of godliness are strangers to this power, and so are in religion worldly, in prayer mechanical, in public one thing, and in private another. True godliness lies in spiritual power, and as they are without this, they are dead while they live.

What is the general history of those who have not this power? Well, dear friends, their course usually runs thus: they do not begin with denying the power, but they begin by trying to do without it. They would like to become members of the church, and as they fear that they are not fit for it, they look about for something which looks like conversion and the new birth. They try to persuade themselves

that they have been changed; they accept emotion as regeneration, and a belief of doctrine for belief in Christ. It is rather hard at first to reckon brass as gold, but it grows easier as it is persisted in.

The next step is easy; *they deceive themselves*, and come to believe that they are surely saved. All is now right for eternity, so they fancy; and they fold their arms in calm security. Thus they deceive others, and help to strengthen themselves in their false hope. They use the choice phrases of earnest Christians. Mixing with them, they pick up their particular expressions, and pronounce Shibboleth in the most approved fashion.

At last they take

The Daring Step

of denying the power. Being without it themselves, they conceive that others are without it also. Judging from their own case, they conclude that it is all an affair of words. *They* get on very well without any supernatural power, and others, no doubt, do the same; only they add a little cant to it to please the godly folk.

By and by, in some cases, these people profanely deny the divine power of our holy faith, and then they become the greatest enemies of the cross of Christ. Look at the Church of the present day; the advanced school, I mean. In its midst we see preachers who have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. They talk of the Lord Jesus, but they deny His Godhead, which is His power; they speak of the Holy Spirit, but deny His personality, wherein lies His very existence. They take away the substance and power from all the doctrines of revelation, though they pretend still to believe them. They talk of redemption, but they deny substitution, which is the essence of it; they extol the Scriptures, but deny their infallibility, wherein lies their value; they use the phrases of orthodoxy, and believe nothing in common with the orthodox. I know not which to loathe the most, their teachings or their spirit: surely they are worthy of each other. They burn the kernel and preserve the husk. "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. It is the sin of the age—the sin which is ruining the churches of our land.

II. In the second place, we are to observe

The Wicked Folly

of this hypocritical conduct. First, they degrade the very name of Christ. Brethren, if there is no spiritual power in godliness, it is worth nothing. We want no clouds without rain. Of shams and mere pretences we have more than enough. Those who have not the power of godliness show us a very damaging picture of religion. They make out our Lord's religion to be comparable to a show at a country fair, with fine pictures and loud drumming on the outside, and nothing within worth a moment's consideration. The best of the show is on the outside; or if there be anything within, it is a masquerade where all act borrowed parts, but no one is what he seems to be.

The folly of this is illustrated by the fact that there is no value in such a dead form. The form of godliness without the power is not worthy the trouble it takes to put it together and keep it together. Imitation jewels are pretty and brilliant; but if you take them to the jeweler he will give you nothing for them. There must be a pure heart as well as a clean life; the power of godliness must work within, or else God will not accept our offering. Moreover, there is no comfort in it. The form without the power has nothing in it to warm the heart, to raise the spirits, or to strengthen the mind against the day of sickness or in the hour of death. Oh God, if my religion has been a mere form, what shall I do in the swelling of Jordan? My fine profession will all disappear, and nothing will come of it wherewith I may face the last enemy. Are some of you possessors of a religion which never yields you a drop of comfort? Is it a bondage to you? Do you follow Christ as a slave follows his master? Away with such a religion!

To have the form of godliness without the power of it, is to lack constancy in your religion. You never saw

The Mirage,

but those who have travelled in the East, when they come home are sure to tell you about it. It is a very hot and thirsty day, and you are riding on a camel. Suddenly there rises before you a beautiful scene. Just a little from you are brooks of water, flowing between beds of osiers and banks of reeds and rushes. Yonder are palm-trees and orange groves. Yes, and a city rises on a hill, crowned with minarets and towers. You are rejoiced, and ask your guide to lead you nearer to the water which glistens in the sun. He grimly answers, "Take no notice: it is the mirage. There is nothing yonder but the burning sand." You can scarce believe him, it seems so real; but lo! it is all gone, like a dream of night. So unsubstantial is the hope which is built upon the form of godliness without the power.

This nominal godliness, which is devoid of power, is a shameful thing. I close with that. It is a shameful thing for this life, for the Lord Jesus loathes it. When He passed by the fig-tree, which was so early with its leaves, but so empty of fruit, He saw therein the likeness of the vainglorious professor who has no real holiness, and He said, "Henceforth let no fruit grow on thee for ever." His word withered it at once: it stood a terrible emblem of the end of a false profession. How shameful will be

A Lifeless Professor in Eternity,

when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed! What shame and everlasting contempt will await him when his falsehood shall be detected, and his baseness shall fill all holy minds with horror! What will be the hell of the false professor!

I have done when I have added a few words of instruction. The form of godliness is most precious; let those who feel the power of godliness honor it and use it. Do not despise it because others have damaged it. Come forth, and make an open profession of religion; but see that you have the power of it. Do cry to God that you may never wear a sleeve which is longer than your arm; I mean, may never go beyond what is really and truly your own. It will be better for you to go to God as a lost soul, and cry for mercy, than to profess yourself saved when you are not. Yet do confess Christ without fail or fear.

My next is a word of discrimination. Those to whom my text has nothing to say will be the first to take it home to themselves. When I discharge my heart with a faithful sermon, certain trembling souls whom I would fain comfort are sure to think that I mean *them*.

A Poor Woman,

in deep distress, comes to me, crying, "Sir, I have no feeling." Dear heart, she has ten times too much feeling. Another moans out, "I am sure I am a hypocrite!" I never met with a hypocrite who thought himself one; and I never shall. "Oh!" said another, "I feel condemned." He that feels himself condemned may hope for pardon. If you are afraid of yourselves I am not afraid of you. If the Spirit of God leads you to weep in secret for sin, and to pray in secret for grace; if it leads you to seek after holiness; if it leads you to trust alone in Jesus—then you know the power of godliness, and you have never denied it.

Let me give you a word of admonition. Learn from the text that there is something in godliness worth the having. The "form" of godliness is not all; there is a blessed "power." The Holy Ghost is that power, and He can work in you to will and to do of God's good pleasure. Come you to Jesus Christ, dear souls. Do not come to the minister, nor to the church, in the first place, but come to Jesus. Come, and lay yourselves at His feet and say, "Lord, I will not be comforted unless thou comfort me." Come, and take everything at first hand from your crucified Lord. Then shall you know the power of godliness. Beware of

second-hand religion: it is never worth the carrying home. Get your godliness direct from heaven by the personal dealing of your own soul with your Saviour. The Lord bless these words and apply them to each one in His own way by His Holy Spirit! You can make either a blister of them, or a plaster of them, as conscience shall direct. God guide you, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

HAZING A QUAKER BOY.*

AMONG the school-mates of Eli Jones were James N. Buffum, since ex-mayor of Lynn, Mass., and Peter Neal, who is also an ex-mayor of that city. The latter relates that Eli Jones received the christening always given new boys in those days, and his remark on that occasion was characteristic of him. The old students were put in line at night in the play-ground, and among them stood the new-comer. A "dummy" with swollen cheeks came to each boy in turn, and was answered by all, "Um," until he reached Eli who, as instructed beforehand, said, "Squirt," when suddenly his face was bespattered with water. Instead of the retaliatory attack which the boys expected, Eli quietly remarked, "*That was cleverly done.*" Peter Neal remarks that if he had been known as he was a month later, he would have received no christening. . . . Afterward they respected his message, for his life was pure.

An Answer to a Suitor.

When Eli visited Sybil Jones with the purpose of asking her to become his life-companion, the latter, suspecting his weighty mission, took down the Bible to read a chapter, as was always customary in those days before visitors returned home. On this occasion Sybil opened to the twentieth Psalm, beginning, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee, send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion, remember all thy offerings, and accept all thy burnt sacrifices; grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel." Eli knew that his mission was accomplished successfully, and for forty years their lives were linked together by the bonds of deep and pure love, while their aims, longings, and desires were merged into the one purpose of showing the world that there is a love which transcends all earthly affection, and that God's love is an unbroken canopy.

Lost at Night in a Forest.

Sybil Jones thus describes an adventure in a forest in Canada while she and her husband were making their way to Truro to hold meetings: "Coming to two roads about noon, we inquired of an innkeeper the direct road to our destination. We followed his directions, found excellent roads, but being through a thick forest it was very lonely. The weather being cloudy, night came on early, without discovering any opening in the dense forest that encompassed us. The thought did not occur that we might be on the wrong road until the horses began to wade very deep in mud. My husband sprang out of the carriage, and went to their heads to lead them. After proceeding a few steps, the mire growing deeper, he ordered the carriage stopped, and after travelling around some time in the dark he exclaimed that we were on the wrong road, that we had come to the end of a road. Our feelings can better be imagined than described. Strangers in a strange land, in a vast wilderness at the end of our road, and the night being without even starlight, I shall never forget my feelings. We found our carriage was fast in the mire. After unharnessing the horses, which, with some difficulty, stepped out on hard ground, the men pried the carriage out, and harnessed to return, while I stood on a dry spot, where my dear husband

* From "Life and Work of Eli and Sybil Jones." By Rufus M. Jones, M. A. The life of these truly Christ-like members of the Society of Friends, and the story of their labors for the Master at home and in other lands, will richly repay perusal. Long and deeply interesting extracts from their diaries give insight into the purity and simplicity of their personal character. 316 pages, with portraits; price \$1.50; published by Porter & Coates, 900 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



The Late Mrs. Hayes.



Missionaries in Peril.

had placed me." I was afraid that we had been directed thither for a wicked purpose, when these words came to me: 'Judah's lion guards the way, and guides the traveller home.' After going back about fifty rods we discovered a light, and going to it we found that it proceeded from a little hut. The people in it were very kind, and one of them went with us to put us on the right road. We arrived safe, happy, and thankful." Some years later they went over the same ground. As they were driving through the wood they met a *huge bear* which stood its ground for some time, but finally retreated, and allowed their friends to go on their mission.

A Novel Military Order.

When Eli Jones was in the Maine Legislature some of his friends, as a joke partly upon him as a Quaker, and partly on the State militia, put him in nomination for the office of major-general. The next morning the news had spread that the Quaker would speak in regard to his appointment, and the Representatives' Hall was crowded. After referring to the honor done him, Eli proceeded to say: "It is generally understood that I hold peculiar views in respect to the policy of war. If, however, I am an exponent of the views of the Legislature on this subject, I will cheerfully undertake to serve the State in the capacity indicated. With much pleasure I should stand before the militia and give such orders as I think best. The first would be, 'Ground arms!' The second would be, 'Right about, face!' Beat your swords into ploughshares and your spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more!" And I should then dismiss every man to his farm and his merchandise, with an admonition to read daily at his fireside the New Testament, and ponder upon its tidings of 'Peace on earth and good-will to men.' If, on the other hand, it should be determined that my election is a little in advance of the times, I am willing to decline the position tendered me by the House."

MISSIONARIES IN PERIL.

(See Illustration.)

AN adventure which might have resulted in the loss of the lives of two useful missionaries is reported by Mr. Henry Soltan, of the China Inland Mission. In journeying from Burmah to China, in company with Mr. Stevenson, he reached a lofty plateau, which is inhabited by the tribe of *La-hums*. Until this time the natives accompanying the missionaries had been friendly, but now two or three of the party showed a hostile spirit. On dismounting to seek a good camping-place for the night, Mr.

Soltan noticed that while the riding-ponies were led in one direction, the mules with the baggage were led in another. "Suspecting," he says, "that all was not right, I rushed up to my pony, 'Jet,' and seized his bridle, saying to the Kah-ch'en, 'Wait a little; don't be in a hurry.' He at once began to pull violently at the reins, and on my pulling in the opposite direction, became very angry. With eyes flashing with rage, and teeth clenched, he drew his sword, flourished it over my head, his face looking quite fiendish. Five or six companions came to his aid, all of whom drew their frightful-looking sword-knives, and flourished them over my head as if to cut me down.

"The Lord kept me perfectly calm, and I never felt the least fear. Just then a party of our friends, Cowries and La-hums, rushed up, and drawing their 'dahs' (sword-knives), rushed upon our assailants, and after a hard fight saved our lives and our property. It appears that the men who attacked belonged to the La-hums, on whose land we were, and counted on obtaining the assistance of their friends in their efforts to rob and murder us. But God mercifully watched over us."

THE LATE LUCY W. HAYES.

THE death of Mrs. Hayes, which took place on Tuesday, June 25, removes one of the most earnest and devoted friends of temperance in the whole Union. The moral courage she displayed in banishing intoxicating liquor from the table of the White House when her husband entered it as President of the United States will give distinction to her name in our national history. It was natural that those who had been habitués of the executive mansion during President Grant's term should be discontented with the entertainments over which Mrs. Hayes presided, but her conduct won for her the applause of the temperance men and women of the whole country.

Lucy Webb Hayes was born Aug. 28, 1831; she was therefore nearly fifty-eight years old when she died. She was a daughter of Dr. James Webb, a popular physician of Chillicothe, Ohio. She studied at the Wesleyan Female Seminary at Cincinnati, from which she graduated in 1852. On Dec. 30 of that year she married Rutherford B. Hayes, who held the office of President from 1877 to 1881. During the war she took a deep interest in the hospital service, and after her husband recovered of the wound he received at South Mountain she devoted herself to aiding in nursing other sick soldiers. She was in her usual health until

June 21, when she suffered an apoplectic seizure. She never spoke or regained consciousness, but gradually sank until June 25, when she died.

CICELY'S CONTUMACY.

(See Illustration on page 429.)

"O TOM! do be careful; you'll surely break the captain's window."

"I might if I were a girl," Tom answered, contemptuously, picking up Cicely's ball and throwing it again in dangerous proximity to the neighbor's windows; "you think I can't aim any better than you. You'd be sure to hit anywhere but where you meant, but I've played base-ball too much to miss. See me hit that peach-blossom," indicating a blossom which waved a few inches from the window.

"Don't try, Tom; there'd be such a row if you did break the window! Captain Wren would tell papa, and then you know what you would get."

For answer Tom threw the ball. A crash of glass told that he had missed his mark and the dreaded catastrophe had happened. Like a dart Tom scudded across the garden in which he and his sister were playing, ran to the side of the house, climbed a tree, and stepped nimbly on a projecting ledge of the house, and through a window into his own bedroom. Cicely had no way of escape. She sat down on the grass and began to cry. How silly Tom was, and how obstinate! Now he would be punished. He was her idol, and she could not bear to think of what he must suffer. She remembered hearing his cries the last time his father beat him. And now he would be punished again, and Cicely cried in anticipation.

"Tom, Tom!" called the mother's voice from a window looking into the garden. Tom answered from his bedroom, and came down looking innocent and unconcerned, while his mother, looking for him in the garden, caught sight of Cicely sitting weeping on the lawn. The mother beckoned to her and led her into the hall, where Captain Wren stood waiting. Tom had seen him, too, but he passed him carelessly, and went out whistling as if he had no suspicion of the captain's errand.

"I am afraid it must have been my little girl, captain," said Mrs. Marsland. "Tom was up in his bedroom."

"I feel sure I heard Tom's voice in the garden just before the window was broken," said the captain.

"Ah! you must have been mistaken. He was in his bedroom when I called him, and he has only just come down. Yes, that is Cicely's

ball," she added, as Captain Wren produced the missile that had done the mischief.

The captain looked at the tear-stained little face and felt sorry that he had come to complain.

"What have you to say, Cicely?" asked Mrs. Marsland. "How came you to break Captain Wren's window?"

Cicely's eyes were fixed on the floor. Must she tell? It was very hard, but Cicely had a girl's pride in her unblemished character. She could not bear to have her mother and the captain think she was so careless and mischievous. But it would be worse to tell and cause Tom to be punished.

"Don't be sulky," said Mrs. Marsland. "How came you to do it? Why don't you speak?"

"It must have been an accident," put in the captain, as Cicely continued silent. "You did not mean to do it, did you Cicely? and you are sorry now?"

Not a word did the child answer. She could not say anything that implied confession, for she had a good girl's repugnance to anything that partook of falsehood. If she answered, the truth would come out somehow, and Cicely had made up her mind that she would not get Tom into trouble.

Mrs. Marsland grew angry. She took the child by the shoulder and shook her. "I am sorry to see her so, captain," she said apologetically. "I never knew Cicely to be so sulky and obstinate before. Tell the captain how it happened, Cicely. Are you not sorry for breaking his window? It is very wicked of you to act so."

Cicely's tears were dry now. She rejoiced that she was going to save Tom from punishment, and the glory she felt in doing it gave a firm, proud look to her face that was far enough from that of contrition, and which both her examiners naturally mistook for effrontery. Even Captain Wren's sympathy faded.

"I shall have to punish you severely," said Mrs. Marsland. "You do not seem a bit sorry."

"Do not do that, madam," said the captain. "I would not have complained if I had suspected that my little friend was the culprit. Master Tom is such an expert at mischief, and he has practiced his tricks on me so often, that I thought this too was his doing, and it was time to stop it."

"If Cicely were not so stubborn, and would explain, I would forgive her," said Mrs. Marsland. "I have no doubt it was an accident; but as she will not explain, she must be punished. I do not like obstinacy in a child." A few more words of apology and regret to the captain, and then he took his leave, and Mrs. Marsland said, ominously, "Come with me, Cicely."

When Tom came home to supper, Cicely was not at the table. He looked around inquiringly, and was about to go to look for her, when his mother, divining his intention, stopped him. "Cicely has been a very naughty girl; I have had to punish her. She will not come to supper, and you must leave her alone, Tom."

He had not the moral courage to confess; and, besides, he thought, what good could it do now? He would only be punished himself,



Cicely's Contumacy.

and that could do Cicely no good. But that night he crept quietly to her room and kissed her. The child had cried herself to sleep, but at the touch of her brother's lips she woke and threw an arm around his neck. Tom's caresses were very rare, and this one was so sweet, because he meant it.

"Did it hurt much, Cicely?" he whispered.

"I don't mind it a bit now, Tom, if you love me," said Cicely.

"I do," said Tom, "and I always will. My! you're brave."

The incident was not forgotten by either of them. They thought of it, and understood, when afterward they heard the story of Him who suffered for the sins of the world, and, "as a sheep before the shearers, was dumb."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 414.)

In the Endowment House.

I KNEW well that no marriage was considered binding unless it had been celebrated in that place. I knew that the Saints, however long they might have been wedded, were under the necessity of being reunited there before they could be considered lawfully married, and their children legitimate. According to the highest Mormon authority, no marriage is valid unless the ceremony is performed in the Temple. The Temple in Salt Lake City is not yet built, and as Joseph, the prophet, said, "No fellow can be doomed for doing the best he knows how," the Saints, meanwhile, do "the next best thing," and are married in the Endowment House. I knew that there and then the faithful were said to be "endowed" with their heavenly inheritance. I saw how *absolutely needful* it was that

my husband and myself should become partakers of those mysteries; but I was influenced by the strange stories which I had heard, and consequently I feared to enter in.

Persons of both sexes and all ages were also initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries. Nor was it a thing indifferent whether they be so or not, for the neglect of it was looked upon as a crime of a very heinous nature. All persons initiated were thought to live in a state of greater happiness and security than other men, being under the more immediate care and protection of the goddess Ceres; nor did the benefit of it extend only to this life, but after death, too, they enjoyed (as was believed) far greater degrees of felicity than others, and were honored with the first place in the Elysian shades; whereas others were forced to wallow in perpetual mud and unsavory odors.

It was no fear of any personal violence, or any painful disclosures in that respect, that made me reluctant to receive my endowments, for at that time I was, by profession, apparently a good Mormon; if I had my irrepressible doubts and misgivings, I had them in common with nine-tenths of the Mormon women, and had, therefore, nothing to fear. The true cause of my reluctance was

of a more personal nature. I had been informed that, if I refused to go, my husband could not go alone: he would be compelled to take another wife, and go with her.

This was not all. I found that it was quite common for the elders to take a second wife when they took their first endowments. Moreover, I had heard of men who feared to introduce a second wife into their households presenting her to their former wife while going through the ceremony at the Endowment House, feeling sure that the wife would not dare to make a scene before the Assembly. How could I know that my husband also had not such an idea in his mind? True, I trusted him implicitly, and did not believe it possible that he could deceive me. But had not men who were universally known among the Mormons for their integrity and honor acted in the same way to *their* wives? and with so many evidences of the best and most honest natures being corrupted by the unrighteous teachings of their religion, could I be blamed for doubting him whom I loved best?

There was also another reason why I particularly objected to passing through the Endowment House. I had been told many strange stories about the ceremonies which were there performed, for it was said that in the Nauvoo Temple the most objectionable things were done. About what was done at Nauvoo I can say nothing, as it was before my time, but of the Endowments in Utah I can, of course, speak more positively, as I myself passed through them; and I wish to say most distinctly that, although the initiation of the Saints into "The Kingdom" appears now to my mind as a piece of the most ridiculous absurdity conceivable, there was, however, nothing in it indelicate, of which the reader himself shall presently be the judge.

It is an invariable rule among the Mormons for every man or woman to mind his or her own business, and nothing else. Thus it was that, until I myself went through the Endowments, I was totally ignorant of what they were, although of course many people with whom I had daily intercourse could easily have enlightened me if they had been thus minded. Besides this, every Mormon's mouth was closed by the oath of that same Endowment House—the penalty of which was death, a penalty which no one doubted would be sternly enforced in the event of violation.

Before we left England, when speaking of these ceremonies, my husband told me that they were simply a privilege and a matter of choice. But what a choice! I might go or refuse to go; but if I refused, he must, if he went through it all, take another wife in my place, and, as I knew there would be no difficulty in finding one, I should in consequence be known as a rebellious woman, annoyance and indignity would be heaped upon me; while within my own home I should be compelled to occupy the position of second wife—as the one who is married first in the Endowment House is considered the first wife, and has the control of everything. My husband told me that now he was most anxious to go; he had already been notified three times that such was his privilege, and there were, he said, good reasons why we ought gladly to accept the opportunity. It was an honor for which many had waited for years.

My husband reminded me that we had been married by a Gentile, and while living among Gentiles, and that, according to Mormonism, our marriage was not valid, our children were not legitimate. Only those children of ours who were born after the ceremony in the Endowment House would be legitimate; the others were outcasts from the "Kingdom" unless we adopted them after our initiation, and thus made them heirs. In any case, poor children, they could never be considered the real heirs, they could only be heirs by adoption. So I agreed to go, trying to persuade myself that it was a sacred duty; for although my faith in Mormonism had been shaken I still believed that its origin was divine.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the day appointed we presented ourselves at the door of the Endowment House, and were admitted by Brother Lyon, the Mormon poet. Everything within was faultlessly neat and clean, and a solemn silence pervaded the whole place. The only sound that could be heard was the splashing of water, but whence the sound had proceeded we could not see. In spite of myself a feeling of dread and uncertainty respecting what I had to go through would steal over my mind, and I earnestly wished that the ceremonies of the day were over.

All good Mormons, after they have received their first Endowments, get whole suits of Temple robes made on purpose for them, so that they may be ready for use at any time when they are needed. All marriages in the Endowment House are performed in these robes, and in them all Saints who have received their Endowments are buried at their death. Besides our robes, we were instructed not to forget to take with us a bottle of the best olive oil.

The temple robe, which is a long, loose, flowing garment, made of white linen or bleached muslin and reaching to the ankle, had been placed upon us just before we took the oaths. It was gathered to a band about twelve inches long, which rested on the right shoulder, passed across the breast, and came together under the left arm, and was then fastened by a linen belt. This leaves the left arm entirely free. The veil consists of a large square of Swiss muslin, gathered in one corner, so as to form a sort of cap to fit the head; the remainder falls down as a veil. The men wear the same kind of under garment as the women and their robes are the same, but their head-dress is a round piece of linen drawn up with a string, and a bow in front, something like a Scotch cap.

We waited patiently for a little while, and presently a man entered and seated himself at a table placed there for that purpose, upon which was a large book. He opened the book, and then calling each person in turn, he took their names and ages and the names of their father and mother, and carefully entered each particular in the book. Our bottles of oil were then taken from us by attendants, and we were supposed to be ready for the ceremony.

All the preliminaries for receiving our "Endowments" being complied with, we were told to take off our shoes and leave them in the ante-room, and then to take up our bundles, and pass into another room beyond. This was a large bathroom, which was divided down the middle by a curtain of heavy material placed there for the purpose of separating the men from the women. Here my husband left me—he going to the men's, and I to the women's division. In the bathroom were two or three large bathing-tubs supplied by streams of hot and cold water. We were as much concealed from the men as if we had been in an entirely separate room, and everything was very quiet and most orderly.

Miss Eliza R. Snow, the poetess, and a Mrs. Whitney were the officiating attendants on that occasion. The former conducted me to one of the bathing-tubs, and placing me in it she proceeded to wash me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. As she did this she repeated various formulas to the effect that I was now washed clean from the blood of this generation, and should never, if I remained faithful, be partaker in the plagues and miseries which were about to come upon the earth. When I had thus been washed, she wiped me dry, and then taking a large horn filled with the olive oil which we had brought, she anointed me. The horn was said to be the horn of plenty, which, like the widow's cruse of oil, would never fail as long as the ordinance should continue to be administered. In addition to the crown of my head, my eyes, ears, and mouth were anointed; my eyes that they might be quick to see, my ears that they might be apt at hearing, and my mouth that I might with wisdom speak the words of eternal life. She also anointed my feet, that they might be swift to run in the ways of the Lord.

After the washings and anointing above mentioned, I had a certain garment given me to put on. Now this garment is one peculiar to the Mormon people. It is made so as to envelop the whole body, and it is worn night and day. I was told that after having once put it on, I must never wholly take it off before putting on another, but that I should change one half at a time, and that if I did so I should be protected from disease, and even from death itself; for the bullet of an enemy would not penetrate that garment, and that from it even the dagger's point should be turned aside. It has been said that the Prophet Joseph carelessly left off this peculiar garment on the day of his death, and that, had he not done so, the rifles of his assassins would have been harmless.

Such washings and anointing always formed an important item in the old heathen initiatory rites, and there was no exception to this in the Eleusinian mysteries. Of these we read: "As they entered the temple they purified themselves by washing their hands in holy-water, and received for admonition that they were to come with a mind pure and undefiled, without which the cleanness of the body would be unacceptable. After this the holy mysteries were read to them out of a book. Then the priest that initiated proposed certain questions, as, whether they were fasting? &c., to which they returned answers in a set form. On the second day they were commanded to purify themselves by bathing in the sea. . . . The Hierophantes, the revealer of sacred things, anointed his body with the juice of hemlock."

In the Eleusinian mysteries, the garments in which the favored ones were initiated were held sacred, and of no less efficacy to avert evils than

charms and incantations. From this circumstance, therefore, they were never left off before they were totally unfit for wear, after which they were appropriated for children, or dedicated to the goddess Ceres. The initiated were then supposed to be under the particular care of the deities. In the Dionysia, previously referred to, they wore white-striped garments.

When thus arrayed, I proceeded to put on a white dress and skirt, stockings, and white linen shoes. A new name was then whispered into my ear, which I was told I must never mention to any living soul except my husband in the Endowment House. This name was taken from the Bible, and I was given to understand that it would be the name whereby I should be admitted into the celestial kingdom. This was, of course, very gratifying. A circumstance, however, occurred which took from me all the pride which might have been mine in the possession of a new name. There was among our number a deaf woman; Mrs. Whitney had to tell her her name once or twice over, loud enough for me to hear, and thus I found that her new name, as well as mine, was Sarah. To make the matter worse, another sister whispered "Why, that is my name too!" This entirely dispelled any enthusiasm which otherwise I might have felt. I could well understand that I might yet become a Sarah in Israel, but if we all were Sarahs there would not be much distinction or honor in being called by that particular name. As a matter of course, I supposed that the men would all become Abrahams. Our washing and anointing being now over, we were ready for the formal initiation—there were about fifteen couples in all.

A voice from behind the curtain asked Miss Snow if we were ready, and was answered in the affirmative. We were then arranged in a row, the curtain was drawn aside, and we stood face to face with the men, who had, of course, on their side of the curtain, been put through a similar ordeal. I felt dreadfully nervous, for I did not know what was coming next, and I could not quite dismiss from my mind the stories that I had heard about these mysteries. But in spite of my nervousness curiosity was strong in me at that moment, as it was, I suppose, in the others, for as soon as the curtain was drawn aside we all cast our eyes in the direction of the men. They, as might be expected, were looking in our direction, and when I beheld them I must say that my sympathies were drawn out towards the poor creatures.

However little vanity or personal pride they possessed, they must have felt it unpleasant to have to appear in the presence of ladies in such a dress; and notwithstanding the solemn meaning of the ceremony, there was just the ghost of a smile upon our faces as we looked at each other, and dropped our eyes again. To any one who did not feel as we did the religious nature of the initiation, the scene must have appeared perfectly ludicrous. In fact, some of us actually felt it so. One sister, just as the curtain was drawn up and we came in full view of our lords, cried out, "Oh dear, oh dear! where shall I go? What shall I do?" This, as may be supposed, caused a laugh, which was, of course, immediately suppressed.*

(To be Continued).

*[What an impious travesty of the holy anointing of God, and the clothing of penitent and believing sinners who trust in the merits of Christ alone for salvation, and are clothed in His perfect righteousness, and enriched with the "new name which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it!" (Rev. 2.)]

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

THE DEATH OF ELI.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 14, 1 Samuel 4: 1-18 Golden Text, 1 Samuel, 3: 13.

The People Still Alienated from God—Astonished that the Philistines Defeated them—Did not Inquire of God the Cause—The Plan of Unbelief—Making the Ark a Fetish—Why it Was Bereft of Its Power—Two Rebukes Administered to Eli—His Time of Agonizing Suspense—The Messenger's Tidings—Each Clause Worse than its Predecessor—The Last a Fatal Blow—The Ark in Dagon's Temple—Similar Irreverence in Modern Times—Enemies of God Who Have to Do with His Covenant Must Suffer—Wise Counsel from Pagan Priests.

WHEN the word of the Lord can have free course (or run) in a land, and be glorified (1 Thess. 3: 1), something is sure to happen. "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" (Jer. 23: 29.) There will be both burning and breaking when God's word can have way, although it be through a child like Samuel. It is impossible but that the enemies of God's people shall arise, and conflicts occur between them and their enemies. But though the Lord revealed Himself again in Shiloh, the people were not won back to Him, and their enemies were stronger than they, and four thousand of them fell before the Philistines; the people were disappointed, and could not understand their defeat. Surely they were in the right, they thought, to fight against the Philistines, and they bitterly inquired, "Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us to-day before the Philistines?" But they did not inquire of the Lord, and thus He left them to their own counsels, and they fell back on

The Usual Plan of Unbelief.

which seeks to bring a pressure to bear on God. "Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, that, when it cometh among us, it may save us out of the hand of our enemies." It is easy, at this distance of time, to discern the idolatry of heart which led to such an idea. But are there none in the present day who do something of the same kind? Are there none who, in times of trial or perplexity, of sickness, or the approaching death of relatives, work themselves up to conquer God by earnest supplication, by days of fasting, with a view to obtain something, by arraying a force of praying people to help them, with the idea that ultimately God will yield to the pressure, and they shall obtain their desire? Is not this very like bringing the ark into the camp? God had ordered that the ark should go before them "to search out a resting-place." (Num. 10: 33; Deut. 1: 33.) They were to follow the ark. But now they go before, and drag the ark of God behind them. It is impossible for God to give victory in such a battle. In order to be victorious, we must know on which side God is before the conflict commences, and be, like Jehoshaphat, ready to praise God before one stroke is struck (11 Chron. 20). We may enter into work which is in itself most good and laudable, but if God has not gone before us, no amount of fervency can constrain God to serve our purpose.

The children of Israel succeeded in bringing the ark into the camp, but where was the pillar of cloud and of fire? Jericho had fallen truly when the ark was carried round its walls. (Josh. 6: 13, 20.) Jordan and the Red Sea were divided before the ark of the covenant, but this was when God had ordered that it should lead the march of Israel. It was quite another thing now, when they would constrain God to come in as second, to conquer the foes which they had not prevailed to conquer. We have not to conquer God, but

To Be Conquered By God.

The people shouted when the ark of God was brought into the camp: they felt sure of victory, this expedient could not fail: it had always answered before. Yes; when God was leading; but it was another thing now: the people were acting as God's masters. But in the camp of the Philistines there was dismay. From afar

they had heard of the power of the God of Israel, and they cried. "God is come into the camp. . . . Woe unto us; there hath not been such a thing heretofore. Woe unto us; who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty gods? These are the gods that smote the Egyptians with all manner of plagues in the wilderness." And they exhorted their soldiers to fight like men for their liberty. These heathen were more true in their apprehension of God than were the children of Israel; these latter expected everything from the ark; the Philistines dreaded a mighty God.

The times of ignorance God winked at, but when His word is abroad, He "commandeth men everywhere to repent." (Acts 17: 30.) There was among them a prophet whom God could trust, but the elders of Israel

Did Not Ask God's Counsel

at the mouth of Samuel, and they must take the consequences. Israel was smitten, the guilty sons of Eli were slain, and the ark of God, on which they had depended in the place of God Himself, passed over into their enemies' hands! It looked as though the cause of God and His people were a complete failure; but the sequel shows that our faithful God was working to His own ends for deeper blessing, and preparing the way to lead back the hearts of His people, which had gone astray.

The old priest Eli had been rebuked of God for his son's defection. Once directly, and a second time through the child-prophet, God had foretold His coming judgment on his family; and those were awful hours for Eli when he knew the battle was raging, and, with his eyes dim from age, he sat beside the gate, listening intently for any sound which might confirm or allay his fears for those erring sons. Oh how heavily the hours must have passed by! how awful must have been the suspense! At last, sounds of footsteps were heard; it was a messenger from the battle-field, and Eli asked his last question upon earth, "How went the matter, my son?" The old man was, in some measure, prepared for coming trouble, but not for the overwhelming tidings which were poured into his ear. Israel had fled before the Philistines, there was a great slaughter, his two sons were slain, and the ark of God was taken. Blow after blow fell on the old man's heart, and it failed him. "It came to pass when the messenger made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off his seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy." This was not the only member of the family who died under the burden of these tidings—the wife of Phinehas gave birth to a child prematurely born, and named him Ichabod, "No Glory." It may be this woman had had the cause of God at heart, as her unhappy husband had not, for her last word was.

"The Glory is Departed"

from Israel: for the ark of God is taken." This was a deeper sorrow than her widowhood even at such an hour, and she died.

But the Philistines had something to learn; God would not leave Himself without a witness, and His enemies must know that they had not triumphed over Him. The ark, which they had so feared at a distance, was treated by them with contempt when they became familiar with its appearance, and they placed it in the house of Dagon their god, as though to say that the God of Israel and their god were rival gods. A fearful irreverence for God is creeping over this generation; the gospel has been preached until many look upon it as an old song, and there are many who do not hesitate to compare Christianity with Buddhism and Mahometanism to the disparagement of the first. But in the darkness of the night, when no eye saw, the hand of God cast down the idol Dagon, and His impious worshippers entered the temple to find their god prostrate before the ark of the Lord. This was God's first appeal to these idolaters, but, inflated with victory, they did not heed it, and after such a sign they had the daring to set

the image of Dagon again its place. Anxiety to know the fate of their god woke them early on each morning, and this second day they found their idol not only prostrate, but with head and hands cut off, before the ark of the Lord.

It is a fearful thing to trifle with God. At first, His hand was only upon the idol, but now it was heavy upon the Philistines, and painful sores broke out upon their bodies, and the land was infested with mice. There was no question among the people as to what the cause of these judgments was; they recognized the hand of God in their afflictions. Surely these heathen people had more of the fear of God before their eyes than many of the so-called Christian peoples of the earth in these days, who quite laugh at the idea, as superstitious, that any calamity which takes place can be traced directly to the hand of God. The people of Ashdod sent the ark to Gath, but with the ark came the judgments; they had to know that they could not have to do with the ark of God's covenant, while they remained His enemies, without suffering judgment at His hands. The inhabitants of Gath sent on the ark to Ekron. But the Ekronites would not receive the dreaded witness of the power and presence of the God of Israel, and a general council of all the lords of the Philistines was called, to consider what should be done with the ark of God. The lords could come to no conclusion, and they called the priests and diviners, and the hand of God was wonderfully with them, for He overruled them in such a way that

Their Own Priests

bore witness of Him as a mighty and a righteous God. They gave counsel that golden images of their tumors, and of the mice, should be made to offer to the God of Israel as a trespass offering. This was an acknowledgment that He had afflicted them; "The beginning of wisdom" which is "the fear of God" was in this action of theirs, "And ye shall give glory to the God of Israel." These were wondrous words from heathen priests, "Peradventure He will lighten His hand from off you, and from off your gods, and from off your land. Wherefore, then, do ye harden your hearts, as the Egyptians and Pharaoh hardened their hearts? When He had wrought wonderfully among them, did they not let the people go, and they departed?" And then these heathen priests gave their own people a sign by which they should recognize that the God of Israel had smitten them. They should put the ark in a new cart, drawn by milch kine which had never before been under the yoke, and the calves of which should be shut up at home—everything so ordered as to make it difficult for them to draw the cart aright. If they took the road to Bethshemesh, the nearest point of the frontier of Israel, then they were to recognize that God had smitten them, but if, on the contrary, the kine turned homeward to their calves, as would be natural, they would know it was "a chance that happened to them." It was a wonderful dealing of God, and the Philistines could no longer be in ignorance that the God of Israel was indeed the true and living God, when they saw the kine, without guide or driver, take the direct road to Bethshemesh.

Once more the ark of God was in His own land, and the men of Bethshemesh began well, and received the ark of God with joy, and "they offered burnt offerings and sacrifices unto the Lord." But the same lack of reverence which had made it possible for them to bring the ark of God into the camp, led them to look into the ark. According to the law of Moses, no eye was to see it but that of the high priest, and then not without blood. When irreverent curiosity intrudes into the holiest, it cannot but bring judgment. True, in these blessed gospel days we may draw near with faith, and enter into the holiest, yet only with the blood of Christ. No uncleaned foot may tread the Holy of holies. Fifty thousand and seventy men were smitten for thus tampering with the holy ark of God. Let us take heed how we draw nigh to God, that we may not come unbidden.

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With its fair glory beckons thee along.
Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love - it is not yet too late.
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That cup of everlasting love is free
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Then the last, low, long cry - "No room, no room!"

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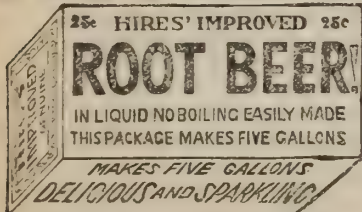
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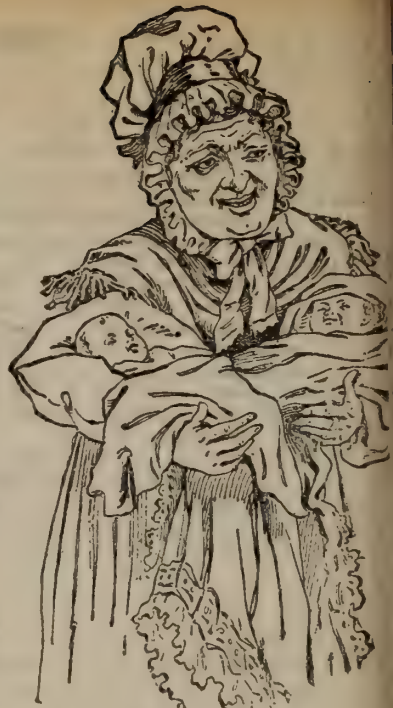
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XII., No. 26. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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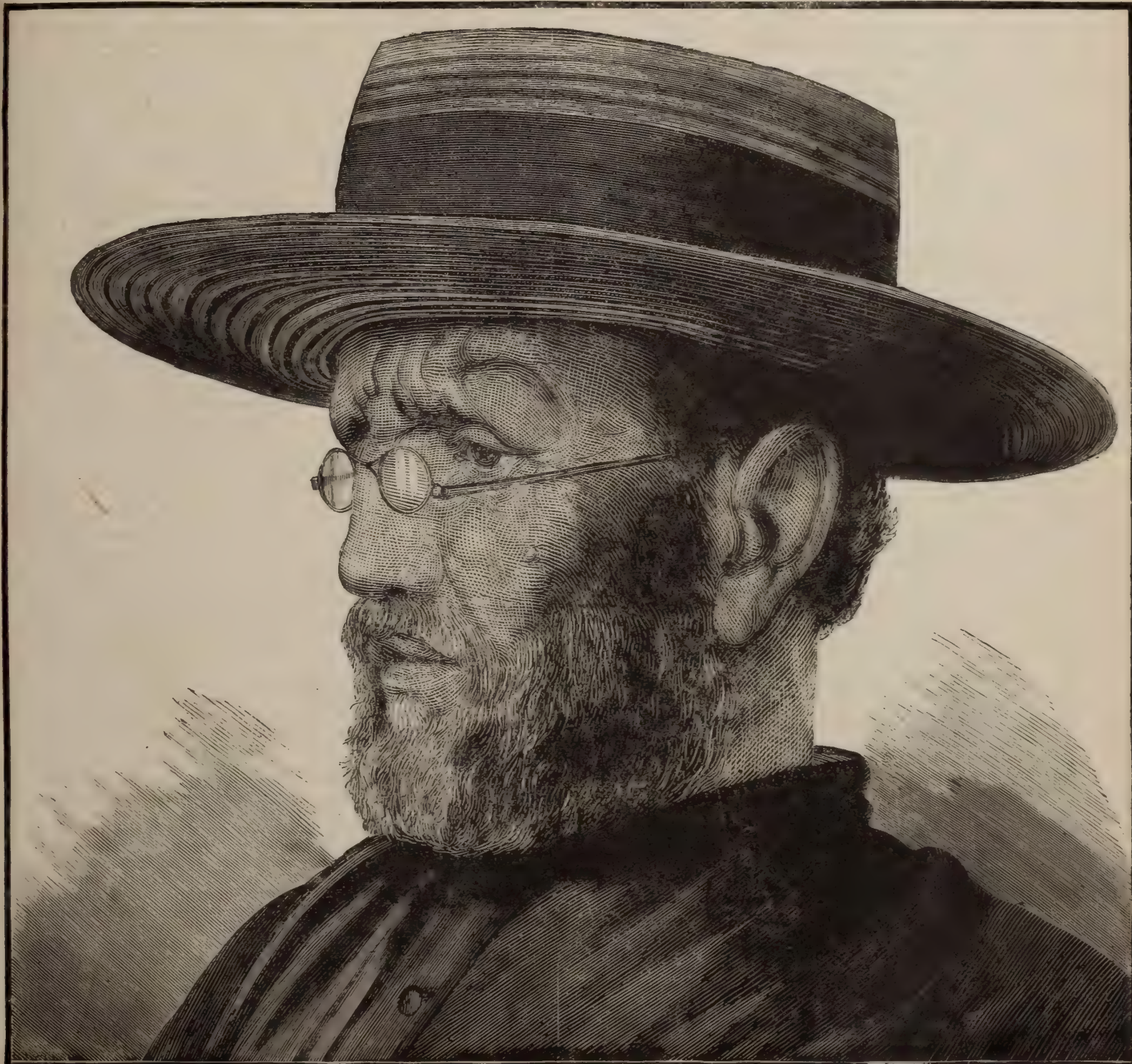
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The Late Father Damien, the Heroic Friend of the Lepers of Hawaii—Died April 15, 1889.

THE LATE FATHER DAMIEN,

The Heroic Friend of the Lepers.

The Portrait Criticised by the Priest—Damien's Early Life—How he went to Hawaii—The Leper Colony Established in 1865—A Scene of Vice and Despair—The Orgies of the Dying Lepers—The Island Prison—Damien's Arrival—First Efforts—Discouragements—Signs of Success—His Own Story—Fatal Symptoms—A Successor Volunteers—The Last Picture of his Sickness—A Protestant Lazar House.

IN the news columns of this journal on May 15 it was briefly announced that Father Damien was dead. A life so noble, so Christ-like in its devotion and self-sacrifice, deserves more than passing mention, and it claims a tribute of homage and recognition of its grandeur, especially from those of a different faith. We, therefore, tell here the pathetic story of his voluntary self-abnegation, his heroic labors, and his triumphant death. Would that the people of his creed, who are naturally proud that their Church produced so noble a man, could see the qualities they admire in Father Damien manifested in infinitely higher plenitude in Christ, and casting off all trust in the creature, rest only on Him who quitted His high estate and lived and died among men that He might redeem them from their sins!

The Portrait

on the preceding page was taken recently by an artist who visited Father Damien in his island home. It is alone a striking evidence of the horrible character of the disease to which the heroic man knew he must sooner or later fall a victim when he cast in his lot with the lepers. "He is," said the artist, "a thick-set, strongly built man, with black, curly hair and short beard, turning gray. His face must have been rather handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth, and a short, straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is knotted, and the ears are greatly enlarged. His hands and body also show many signs of the disease." How little thought he had given to himself and his own sufferings may be inferred from the surprise he manifested when he saw his picture on the artist's canvas. "What an ugly face!" he said; "I did not know the disease had made such progress."

The Early Consecration

of the man was of a character that might be inferred from his later years. Joseph Damien was born on Jan. 3, 1841, near Louvain, in Belgium. When he was nineteen years old he paid a visit to his brother, who was preparing for the priesthood, and during that visit he resolved to devote himself to the same work. It was expected that he would return home with his father, who had accompanied him, but the young man urged that it would be less painful to his mother if he remained there than rather than go home for a formal leave-taking. The father reluctantly yielded, and returned alone. The brother had determined to go to Hawaii as a missionary, but just at the last he was stricken down with fever, and the physicians pronounced him permanently unfitted for mission work. He was grievously disappointed, but it was a relief to him when his younger brother proposed to go in his stead to the Hawaiian field of labor. His offer was accepted, and in 1864 Joseph Damien landed in Honolulu. He was then twenty-three years old, and was esteemed as a man of indomitable energy and brilliant abilities. He had been laboring in Hawaii for nine years, when one day he heard his bishop express a wish that some priest would volunteer to go to Molokai and labor among the lepers. It was an appalling undertaking, but Damien was attracted by it. He took a week to consider, and then offered himself for the work. He was accepted, and in 1873 he was placed on the island.

The Leper Colony

in Molokai was formed in 1865. Leprosy had existed in Hawaii for many years, but not extensively. In 1860, however, it began to spread

rapidly. The sufferers, before they were known, and sometimes before they knew themselves that they had the disease, infected men with whom they worked, their own families, and men whom they met in public gatherings. Clearly it was necessary for the public safety that they be sent away to live by themselves. The question was agitated for some years, and finally it was decided to send all lepers to Molokai, and forbid their leaving the island. The decision was carried out. Parents were separated from their children, husbands from their wives, and brothers and sisters from each other. The friends and relatives of those infected with the disease in many instances secreted the sufferers, and the officers charged with enforcing the "law of segregation" often had to capture their victims by stealth.

The Leper Island

of Molokai might well inspire the dread of the sufferers. It is an island of the Hawaiian group, and Kalawao, a village on the island, was the lepers' home. As is well known, the settlement is simply a prison hospital, none of the people living there being permitted to depart. A prison in name, Kalawao is a prison in reality. So far as isolation is concerned, no better place for the leper settlement could have been imagined. Kalawao is simply a tongue of land, washed on three sides by the ocean, and thrust out there from a line of cliffs four thousand feet high. *No one has ever escaped from Kalawao.* The little peninsula is three miles long and a mile wide. *It is treeless* and exposed, naked, to the full force of the northeast trade wind. During the winter months the climate of Kalawao is bleak, cold, and rainy. In the summer-time the sun beats down fiercely. The mountains hang over the peninsula like giants.

Misery, Vice, Despair,

reigned supreme in the island. The lepers—eight hundred and sixteen in number—had no houses but flimsy huts, no decent clothing, no medical attendance worthy of the name, and but the poorest kind of food. The oldest of the miserable creatures sank into a kind of apathy, and lay down and died. Among the youngest, after the first few years had killed hope in their hearts, began what may only be termed the orgies of despair. They abandoned themselves to excesses. They made native alcohol and ki-root beer. The outrageous hula dances were matters of continual occurrence. The Hawaiian Government paid no attention to them. On the arrival of a new number of lepers, the old ones were soon at work to impress them with the erroneous axiom, "*Aole kanawai ma keia wahi*"—"in this place there is no law." "Not only in private conversation," said Father Damien, "but in public meetings, I myself heard this doctrine proclaimed; and for a long time, indeed, I was obliged to fight against its application being made to the Divine law as well as to human law."

Damien's Arrival

in the colony in 1873 inaugurated a change. He was not allowed to cherish any hope when he went there. He was warned that if he went to Molokai he must not only stay there forever, but must, in all human probability, die a leper's death. He had no money, or means of providing for himself. He had to trust entirely to the kind-hearted ones among the lepers. The horrible scenes he met with at first appalled him. There were so many people in the last agonies, and Damien spent so much time with them, that for a time he was not able to build himself a hut, and he had to sleep at night under a rock. The Hawaiian Government treated him with sternness. He was not allowed to leave the island for any object, and the sheriff at Molokai had orders to put the priest in jail if he stirred off the peninsula on which the lepers were.

Damien speedily saw that he could do little for their spiritual welfare until they were better off temporally. In their miserable, hopeless condition they jeered at God and man, and rioted in a frenzied attempt to drown the thoughts of their end. Damien immediately

began to write letters to the Government, detailing the horrible state of affairs on Molokai. He sent letter after letter unceasingly. Finally committees of the Board of Health and of the Hawaiian Legislature appeared on Molokai. The devoted priest, his eyes filled with tears, pointed out to the officials what was needed. Medical men in Hawaii began to pay a great deal of attention to the study of leprosy, and the leper settlement at Molokai was much discussed. One by one the bad things at Molokai were measurably remedied. He did not relax with little benefits given the settlement, but pushed ahead zealously, continually demanding governmental aid. He finally had the pleasure of seeing most of the evils entirely removed.

His Work.

Damien became at Kalawao, as he wrote himself, "physician of the soul and body, magistrate, school teacher, carpenter, joiner, painter, gardener, housekeeper, cook, and often undertaker and grave-digger." The poor lepers came to look upon him as their friend and assistant in every possible way. He moved among them and lived with them as one of themselves. His influence became unbounded. He was the arbiter of all disputes, the resource in every trouble.

Damien's heroism became known all over the world. The King of Hawaii made him a Knight Commander of the Order of Kalakaua I., but the priest never wore the glittering decoration of the order. He said that it would shame his worn and patched cassock. In England, Henry Labouchère started a subscription for Damien in his paper, which came to \$1,500. This amount was forwarded to Damien by Cardinal Manning. Shortly afterward, the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, London, forwarded to Father Damien a draft for \$5,000, the contribution of himself and some of his parishioners.

His Own Story

of his labors came out in a report which Father Damien sent to the Hawaiian Government suggesting various improvements. After describing the condition of the colony when he first arrived, and dwelling especially on the horrible intoxicating liquor that they made and drank, he said: "For a long time, under the influence of this pernicious liquor, they would neglect everything else except the hula, vicious orgies, and drinking. As they had no spiritual adviser, they would hasten along the road of complete ruin. A good many of the sick and prostrated were left lying there to take care of themselves, and several of them died for want of assistance, while those who should have given a helping hand were going around seeking enjoyment of the most pernicious and immoral kind. As there were so many dying people, my priestly duty toward them often gave me the opportunity to visit them at their domiciles, and although my exhortations were especially addressed to the prostrated, often they would fall upon the ears of public sinners, who, little by little, became conscious of the consequences of their wicked lives and began to reform, and thus, with the hope in the Saviour, gave up their bad habits."

"Kindness to all, charity to the needy, a sympathizing hand to the sufferers and the dying, in conjunction with religious instruction to my listeners, have been my constant means to introduce moral habits among the lepers. I am happy to say that, assisted by the local administration, my labors here, which seemed to be almost in vain at the beginning, have, thanks to a kind Providence, been greatly crowned with success, as at present there are very little, if any at all, of the above-mentioned evils committed."

Fatal Symptoms

appeared in Father Damien himself in 1884. He was with the lepers, of course, daily and hourly. He was in contact with lepers of all grades, including the most severe cases. He had some knowledge of medicine, and before the advent of the physicians was medical adviser to half the settlement. Until 1884 he felt fairly well. In that year pains in the left foot troubled him.

These continued to get worse, and, in the absence of any other signs, were attributed to rheumatism. But he did not deceive himself. "He told me," says a gentleman who visited him in the latter part of last year, "that he had always expected that he should sooner or later become a leper, though exactly how he caught it he does not know. But it was not likely that he would escape, as he was constantly living in a polluted atmosphere, dressing the sufferers' sores, washing their bodies, visiting their death-beds, and even digging their graves. He knew the risk he ran, and did not fail to recognize the symptoms which he had seen in others. One day he asked Dr. Arning to give him a thorough examination. 'I cannot bear to tell you,' said the doctor, 'but what you say is true.'

"It is no shock to me," said Damien, with fortitude, "for I have long felt sure of it."

"And he worked on with the same cheerful, sturdy courage, accepting the will of God with readiness. He said to me, with quiet resolution, 'I would not be cured if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work.'"

A lady wrote him, "You have given up all earthly things to serve God, to help others, and I believe that you must have now that joy that nothing can take from you, and a great reward hereafter." "Tell her," said he, "that this is true; I do have that joy now."

In May, 1885, the doctors, after a careful examination, found no signs that the disease was breaching in Damien; but in August of that year leprosy plainly manifested themselves in his face, and poor Damien knew that his doom was sealed. But the heroic priest did not relinquish his work. He still walked and talked with the lepers, ministering to the sick, teaching the children, and living the same old life of poverty and hardship.

Help Arrives.

In the spring of 1886 arrived an assistant to Father Damien—Father Conrardi, a native of the region, and a young man in full health. Father Conrardi, like Damien, volunteered to go among the lepers, and hastened his departure when he learned that Damien had been stricken with the leprosy. Father Damien willingly received Conrardi, knowing that he himself would soon be too sick to work, and that he must have a successor. In a few months there also arrived seven Sisters of the Franciscan Order to serve as nurses in the leper hospitals. Two of them came from Syracuse, N. Y.

The Last Picture

We have of the devoted man is that sent by his assistant, Conrardi, shortly before the brief notice of his death. He said: "I am going to give you a few lines about the dear Father Damien, who will soon be no more, as he is falling a victim to his charity. In England and America they call him the hero-martyr. It is my privilege to be near him, to live with him. Leprosy has done its work in his ears, his eyes, nose, throat, his hands, and his lungs. The poor Father has suffered dreadfully. He is completely disfigured. His voice is almost extinct. If you could only see him as he lies in his bed of suffering, tears would come to your eyes at the sight of that man who has done so much for thousands of lepers, now himself reduced to so terrible a condition, with so little that can be done for him." Sixteen years had passed since, in May, 1873, he commenced his work in the island, and he did not quit it until April 15, 1889, when he breathed his last.

A Protestant Work

of a similar character to that of Father Damien has recently come to light. A contemporary referring to the subject of this sketch says that outside of the walls of Jerusalem is a lepers' hospital, tended by deaconesses from the German religious houses. Year after year these heroic women, without pretentiousness, without any appeal for aid or sympathy, almost unknown to the world, have waited upon lepers, while themselves literally dying by inches. Their courage has only come to light by the casual notice of travellers.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Wealthy Man's Folly.—Dr. Pentecost said: "A very wealthy man died who had heard often that no matter how rich a man might be he would require to leave all his wealth when he passed away from the world. Heresolved, therefore, to show the people their mistake, and made his will bequeathing his property to his nephew, on condition that part of his money and jewels should be buried with him. The sorrowful heir buried his uncle, and with him the money and jewels as required. He mourned for the old man, and even wept for him; but that did not keep him from going to the grave the following day and digging up the treasure. The will of the dead man had been kept to the letter, but he lost his riches all the same. In spite of his will he lay penniless in his grave. Let us lay up treasure in heaven, that we may be rich to all eternity."

Wise Words of the Dying Socrates.—"When the Athenian Senate condemned Socrates to death by drinking a cup of hemlock, the disciples of that most remarkable man gathered around him to hear the last words of wisdom that might fall from his lips, and carry out his dying behest. As they sat at his feet one of them said, 'Good master, after you have drunk that cup of hemlock, where shall we bury you?' 'Ah,' replied the sage, with a smile, 'you can bury me where you please, if you can catch me.' He talked of himself, the real invisible Socrates, whom he knew could never die, and upon whom the deadly poison would have no effect, while they talked of his body, the temporary dwelling-place of the spirit. If we, who have never seen our neighbor's spirit, believe that it is, how can we deny the existence of God, the Great Spirit, because we have never seen Him? A faith which we manifest every day toward our fellow-men, we sometimes deny to our God."

A Chief Gives Up His Idols for Christ.—"Mr. Richardson, who had been zealously preaching the Gospel, went to a village about three miles from his headquarters on the Congo. There he began to preach, and gave out that well-known hymn, 'Come, oh come to Me.' They had scarcely finished the first verse, when the chief of the village came out of the crowd and said, 'White man, here are my idols and charms; do with them as you please; I can stand against your God no longer.' That was the beginning of a most wonderful awakening. Some time afterwards, when I again passed through that part of the country, I found flourishing there a church with over 200 members. These people had tasted of Christ and found His worth. They were not going selfishly to keep that knowledge to themselves. They took two of their people and sent them to preach Christ to their brothers, and they sustained them. That is the kind of converts we have in Africa, who, when they accept Christ, accept Him wholly and simply, prepared to follow the teaching of His Word. Would that all professing Christians in civilized nations were the same!"

Insulting the Federal Flag.—Dr. Pentecost said: "A man in New Orleans said to me, 'Dr. Pentecost, do you believe that story about Eve eating the apple in the Garden of Eden, and Adam and she being driven out in consequence, and that act entailing sin upon all their descendants?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I do.' 'Well, I do not,' he hotly rejoined; 'the thing is monstrous—cruel.' And the man turned on his heel and walked off. New Orleans at that time had just been occupied by the Federal troops, and the general had just hoisted the Stars and Stripes in place of the Confederate flag. The first night it was hoisted, some one under the cover of the darkness had slipped up to the flag-staff and cut the cord, and the next morning that proud ensign lay trampled in the dust. It was again hoisted, but for three consecutive nights the same thing occurred. When it was reported to General Dix, he answered curtly, 'If any man tries to haul down the flag shoot him on the spot.' Shortly afterwards I met that friend who

had been condemning God's alleged cruelty to our first parents, and I remarked to him, 'Did you hear that affair about the flag? Don't you think it was a monstrous deed of General Dix to condemn a man to be shot for such a trivial offence as the mere cutting of a cord? What a cruel, blood-thirsty man he must be!' 'No, indeed,' he replied warmly; 'serve the miscreant right. It was not the mere cutting of a cord, it was the act intended to show contempt for the nation which that flag represents.' 'And,' I said, 'It was not the mere eating of an apple for which God condemned Adam and Eve, but the act of disobedience, and the showing contempt to the command of God.'"

A Missionary Mother's Brave Farewell.—Mr. Scroggie says: "The wife of an American missionary to the South Africans, and herself a most zealous worker among the native women, had been in that burning country for a considerable time. The climate was telling upon their health, but especially upon that of their three little children. After much anxious attention it was evident that the only thing to save their lives was to return to America. A council was held, and the missionary insisted that his wife and children should at once set out for home. But his wife saw that she could be spared even less than her husband. She thought of how much God had done for her, and resolved, even at the risk of her life, and the pain of separation from her children, to remain at her post. In vain her husband tried to persuade her to go. She was determined, and having engaged a governess to take care of the children, she secured a passage for them in the first steamer. The fond mother accompanied them on board, and stayed with them until the last moment. Then, when the bell rang for non-passengers to leave the ship, she knelt down, and, clasping her children to her bosom, commended them to God, and hastened away. She knew that God could tend her children when away from her, as well as when by her side. It was the last time she ever saw her children. She died, and was buried in Africa's burning sands, committing her children to God's care."

Christian Skippers of Fishing Smacks.—A converted skipper recently had sailing with him an ungodly crew, and used to read the Bible to them; then he induced them to sign the pledge, and now he had come on shore to purchase a Bible for each of his men, and said he wanted to lead them to Jesus. Three nights after the conversion of its skipper a smack passed astern of us. We heard hymn-singing on board, and afterwards learned he had meetings with his crew; he too, wished to lead them to Jesus. Another example is that of a man who had the reputation of being one of the wickedest men afloat. He was instrumental in rescuing a part of the crew of a vessel that was lost. When standing in for the Knoll, he fell in with a boat containing thirteen men belonging to a steamer that had gone ashore on the Hasborough sands. They were promptly taken on board the smack, and amongst those rescued was the captain, who said that another boat had just put off from the ill-fated craft, having in it the remainder of his crew. A man was at once sent aloft to look out for the missing boat, and then the skipper took them into the cabin, and when he had made them as comfortable as circumstances permitted, he said, "I fear God; may I ask you and your men, captain, to join with me in thanks to the Almighty for having spared your lives?" and there, in his little cabin, he pleaded with God for the salvation of their souls as well as their bodies. On rising from their knees the captain said: "Skipper, in my ship I lose quite \$1,000; but, thank God, I feel that I have to-day found something of far greater value."

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

CAPTURED WEAPONS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday,
June 23, 1889.

"There is none like that; give it me." 1 Sam. 21: 9.
David in Need of a Sword—Is Offered that of His
Old Enemy—The Philistines' Weapons in the
Gospel Armory—The Weapon of Scientific Ex-
ploration—Worldly Philosophy Supplying Weapons—
A Christian Explanation of Joshua's
Miracle—Corrupting Influences of Travel—Loco-
motive Facilities Used to Disseminate the Truth—
Learning and Eloquence—The Painter's Pen-
cil Captured—Business Acumen in the Church—
An Optimistic Influence.

DAVID fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David, and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest, and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him: but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath formerly used—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this was the sword that

Was Used Against Himself

when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hand off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword, and says: "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword that has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ, and of His glorious Church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward the blade of the Philistine, and cry, "There is none like that; give it me."

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to

Scientific Exploration.

You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory, and said: "Now we will prove, by the very structure of the earth and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie, and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden-jars, the electric batteries—all in the hands of the Philistines! But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth, and cried out, "There is none like that; give it me!" And Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Isaac Newton came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth and heaven, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran and Shaster and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the towers of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

Worldly Philosophy

said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made; and if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then who started it? and so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said: "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old

Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous! There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait!" said

Christian Philosophy;

and in 1868, in the southwestern part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locust. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locust like an army; and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went with straighter flight than the locusts come—not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop, and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible right every time; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said: "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old-time worldly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries, and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal."

The Bible Right Again;

philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that illusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundations." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundations" may be better translated "sockets." So, now, see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still! If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making it stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe, Joshua right, and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that

Christians Need Not be Scared

at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hands in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig, and the higher up astronomy can soar, all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-night, from the observatories of Albany and Washington, stretches out its hand towards the opposing scientific weapon, crying, "There is none like that; give it me!" I was reading this afternoon of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful that he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens, and the Lord God has, through some swinging world, flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

Again, I remark that the travelling disposition of the world, which was averse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amidst

thieves was a type of a great many travel. There is many a man who is very honest at home who, when he is abroad, has his honesty filched, and his good habits stolen. There but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering-place has damned many a man. In the olden times God forbade the travelling of men for the purposes of trade, because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now

Cannot Stand Transition

from one place to another. Some men seem to be very consistent at home in the observance of keeping the Sabbath, when they get to Spain, on the Lord's day always go out to the bull-fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles, lest it be tempted to commerce. But this travelling disposition of the world, which was adverse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These rail-trains, why, they are to take the place of Bibles; these steamships, they are to transport our missionaries; these sailors rushing from city to city all around the world, are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson and Thompson and Burckhardt have come back, and talked to us about Siloam and Capernaum and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached; the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked; the fords at which Jordan was passed; the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel, I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked at the idea of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. If we cannot afford to pay for muleteers now, perhaps when the rail-train goes we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so get to see the Holy Land. The

Let Christians Travel!

God speed the rail-trains, and guide the steamships this day panting across the deep in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of Him who from wave cliff to wave cliff trod the stormy Tiberias! The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization, and examine our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep that empire rocking until Jesus reigns

where'er the sun

Does his successive journeys run.

And the fire-arms with which the infidel traveller brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert have been surrendered to the Church, and we reach forth our hands, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!"

So it has also been with the

Learning and Eloquence

of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music; Canova and Angelo in sculpture; Raphael and Reynolds in painting; Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine; Cowper and Scott in poetry; Croft and Burke in statesmanship; Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy; Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with Scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech and through essayists' discourse Sinai thunders and Calvary pleads, and Siloam sparkles.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the courtroom and in the senate chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton. Commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was consuming Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American Revolution, but on that day when, in the famous Girard will case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that

been on the other side came over to our side. Where is Gibbon's historical pen? Where Robespierre's sword? Captured for God! or, also, has it been with the picture-making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing-press and the platform on the side of Christianity; but we overlook the graver's knife and

The Painter's Pencil.

The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured stones, or examines the chiselled pillars of Thebes and Nineveh and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art; and it is a fact, now, that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amidst those ruins are not fit to be looked at, and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt when, standing amidst those impurities and stared on him from the walls and the pavements and the bazars of Corinth, he preached the pure and holy Jesus! The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime.

In later days the palaces of kings were adorned with pictures. But what to unclean Henry VIII. was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffrey, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment"? What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world on the side of superstition and death. But what is being changed now.

The Christian Artist

As he goes across the water, looks at the pictures, and brings back to his American studio much of the power of those old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ," and comes back to his American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of "The Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel, and prays God for preparation for that day when,

Shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.

Our Sunday-school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the Cross. Oh that we might in our families think more of the power of Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Ghirlandajo's crayon? Captured for the truth! "There is none like that; give it me."

So, I remark, it is with

Business Acumen

and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed Him, for the most part, had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one—Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one! When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange, or in the bazars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of His followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities to-day are the Christian merchants and the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow, at the Board of Trade, any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus, he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers to-day are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side.

There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed, and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing-presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when, in commercial circles, the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents, and the Queen of Sheba her glory, and the wise men of the East their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cities and rejoice at the prospect that their tact and ingenuity and talent will, after a while, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that; give it me."

Now, if what I have said be true,

Away With All Downheartedness!

If science is to be on the right side, and the travelling disposition of the world on the right side, and the learning of the world on the right side, and the picture-making on the right side, and the business acumen and tact of the world on the right side—thine, O Lord, is the kingdom! Oh, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander, and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said is true, then Christ is going to gather up for Himself out of this world everything that is worth anything, and there will be nothing but the scum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying, "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your sins may have been, "whosoever will, let him come." Oh that I could marshal all this audience on the side of Christ! He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind, He is so lovely, so sympathetic! I cannot see how you can stay away from Him. Come now, and accept His mercy. Behold Him as He stretches out the arms of His salvation, saying: "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final choice now. You will either be willows planted by the water-courses, or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

A VISIT TO THE SIOUX.

MEN who still hold to the barbarous opinion that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian" would do well to read an article which George Louis Curtis has sent to the *Interior* describing a recent visit to the Standing Rock Agency, which shows what kindness and tact have done for the savage tribe located there. In the course of his narrative he says:

We gained the summit of the bluff, and the vesper breeze gave temporary relief from our assailants by the side of the small, shapless boulder, the sacred stone of the Sioux, which gives name to the agency. There is nothing in its rough, unhewn sides, besmeared with blue and red paint, to suggest the lines of feminine beauty, or the fanciful legend of the Standing Rock. But in the firm belief of these nature-worshippers this is all that now remains of an *Indian Bride*, who, torn from her home by a band of Ree invaders, refused to follow her captors, and preferring death to dishonor, was changed into stone by the Great Spirit in rescue and reward. The Standing Rock was long a rolling stone; but its wanderings terminated with its erection by the agent upon the present rude pedestal in 1886, when it was dedicated with solemn ceremonies in the presence of thousands of devout Dakotas.

The controlling influence at Standing Rock lies not with the military, but with the civic resident. Victories of peace more lasting than those in the field, have been here won during the administration of Agent James McLaughlin, and the extraordinary change in sentiment and life among the old "hostiles" during the past eight

years is a tribute alike to the genius of the agent and the character of his savage subjects. Nearly three thousand wretched, vanquished creatures were transferred hither by the army in 1881, the last pitiful remnant of the outlaws who had left an invaded reservation, inflicted terrible vengeance at the Little Big Horn, and had been finally starved into submission and surrender with Sitting Bull. Humiliated and broken in spirit, they were eager to grasp the outstretched hand; and the transformation from warriors to wards, under the tutelage of the best Indian agent in the service, has been no less remarkable than that of their kindred which followed the Minnesota massacre of 1862. "McLaughlin holds his Indians with a wreath of roses," is the saying at Bismarck, yet in his hands it proves a firm rein. Indian judges hear complaints and try all criminal cases before they are submitted to the agent; and the corps of Indian police, officered from their own number, would doubtless attempt the arrest of the commander of the post, should the order be given.

An incident that occurred just before our visit gave striking proof of present control and social security. The transfer of the Eleventh United States Infantry from the posts along the Missouri to New York State was ordered before the arrival of the Twelfth Regiment, that was to relieve it, and some anxiety was felt at Washington as to the safety of leaving the agency thus slenderly protected. "You may inform the Department," was the reply of Agent McLaughlin, "that it is safe to remove not only the infantry but also the cavalry from Fort Yates; and, furthermore, that if they so desire, I am ready to receipt for the property and assume all responsibility for the post for the next three months, garrisoned solely by my Indians." Such has been the effect of a few short years of civilizing policy, and the moral result of a helping hand.

Indian Womanhood,

as studied by Mr. Curtis at the Standing Rock Agency, is certainly picturesque and hopeful. "I listened," he says, "to the salutatory at the Agency school delivered by the pretty little daughter of Old Goose, a prominent member of the Blackfeet band. There was a momentary hesitation as she neared a formidable obstacle of five syllables, a tiny gasp of the throat accustomed to smoother Siouan sounds. Then with a flush of color and a flash of the eye she successfully cleared it, amid the enthusiasm of the painted audience, and to the shy delight of the squaw at the window, whose face, shrouded in her blanket, peered in curiously but proudly upon her child. 'The intelligent, decent Indian girl is a problem,' was the report in 1881 of one who had initiated effort for her emancipation from the hoe, and her elevation to the plane of white womanhood. 'Teaching would do much for her, if schools were provided.' The statement seemed a prophecy as I grasped the gloved hand of the graceful, full-blooded daughter of a Hunkpapa chief, dressed as neatly and tastefully as any New England 'school-marm,' who taught the day-school nearest the agency. The pretty broken English which she imparted to the sturdy little brown Dakotas was not the most valuable or the most striking acquisition of her Hampton school days. A sight of her manner, and her methods in the class-room, drew forth from a visiting Congressman the hearty encomium, 'This solves the Indian problem.'

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 523 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

THE DEACON'S EXPERIMENT.

AN incident showing how God cares for the temporal needs of those who trust Him is related by a New England pastor. He says that among the officers of his church was Deacon C—. The deacon disposed of all his income every year, giving to God the greater part. He was considered imprudent in not laying up a provision for sickness or old age. The young men in his Bible class asked him, "Would you advise us to go on in your style, spending or giving every dollar, and never taking the future into account?" "Why," he would answer, "according to your faith be it unto you, Can you enjoy this kind of life? That is the question. Can you rest on God, with nothing else on which to rest, as you would on \$50,000 worth of bonds? Can you believe, clear down to the bottom of your soul, and without a quiver of doubt, that the Lord will take care of you? If you can, then do it, and God will bless you in it. But if you are going into this way of living as you would into a lion's cage, trembling all over; if you see nothing but starvation at the end of it; then I advise you not to make the venture."

And there were few or none who did make the venture. The question often went from mouth to mouth, "How will the deacon come out with his experiment? How will it strike him when too old to work?"

I removed from the town while Deacon C— was in the prime of his powers.

Years passed on, and I heard nothing of him or his fortunes. But at last, shortly after his death, came a letter from an excellent lady, in the same church, which read substantially as follows:

"By the way, it will interest you to know how Deacon C— came out at last with his life of faith. Some two years before his death he was struck with paralysis and rendered helpless. The E— Company (a large corporation in whose service he was) esteemed him so highly that for a year they continued his salary. Then it fell off to half-pay for about the same period. At last his income ceased altogether. But his cheerfulness never abated; his confidence, that God would provide for him never seemed clouded. He was brought finally to his last hundred dollars, when the time arrived for his annual contribution to the American Board. Without hesitation he divided the amount with the Lord, giving \$50 to the cause of missions. So matters stood when an aged aunt of his, who had died suddenly, was found to have left him \$11,000, which provided for him through the remainder of his life."

A VISIT TO MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

IN a recently published work on Tropical Africa, Professor Drummond thus describes a visit which he paid to the grave of the wife of the great explorer and the daughter of Dr. Robert Moffat: "Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low ruined hut 100 yards from the river's bank, with a broad veranda shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long dark room, its mud-floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betraying its latest occupants. Turning to the right, we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Morumballa Mountains, filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening, twenty years ago, when in this same bedroom, at this same hour, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife, and witnessed the great sunset of his life. Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—is Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass, and trodden by the beasts of the forest; and as I looked

at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which had brought her to a spot like this might be not less worthy of immortality.

"The day will come when that now 'forsaken mound' will be sacred to African Christianity. The cause for which the daughter of Robert Moffat and the wife of David Livingstone lived and died will triumph gloriously. Africa will be redeemed."

THREE FRENCH CONVERTS.

IN the recently issued report of the McAll Mission in France the following significant incidents are reported: More than a year ago an elderly gentleman took a back seat one evening in one of the mission rooms, being led to attend by receiving an invitation paper in the street. After some weeks' attendance, he said to the missionary: "Sir, I have made a discovery; without knowing it, I am already of your religion." "What religion is that?" "I was sick in the hospital, and one of the fathers urged me to the confessional. I said, 'I respect you, my father, and will listen to you; but I cannot confess to a man.' Since coming here, I find that I am of your religion, the religion of God—of Jesus Christ." "Have you read the New Testament?" "The New Testament—what is that?" "The Book that teaches our religion." "No, I never heard of it." The Book was, for the first time in his life, put into his hand, and thenceforward he became a diligent student of the Bible. After listening to a sermon on "Only believe," light dawned upon him, and he exercised the power of faith. Since then he has been "another man," and is now a member of the Reformed Church.

Another man, who had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, heard words of hope in a mission-hall, and, by the grace of God, has been enabled to show by outward change how real is the inward transformation which has been wrought. This is not the only man who, after such an experience, has boldly come forward and acknowledged a debt of gratitude to the Mission, which God has honored to both present and eternal salvation.

The case of many French working men is represented by the remark of one of their class at a meeting at Versailles, lately. This man listened eagerly to the Gospel message, then heard for the first time, and when asked afterwards whether he liked what had been said, he replied: "Sir, if it could be true, if I could believe it, how happy I should be!" Thus it is clear that the workers have to show the people that the Gospel has its foundation in truth, for the multitudes have been led away by the conflicting errors of superstition and scepticism. It cannot be said that they have rejected the truth, for they have never known it.

TORTURE IN INDIA.

WHAT heathenism is capable of in the way of inhumanity may be realized from an incident reported in the *Indian Witness* of May 11. It says: In a small village in the Chennar taluka, in the Nizam's dominions, were several shepherds who for some unknown, or at any rate unstated, reason were looked upon by the natives with a suspicious eye. It was held that there was something uncanny about them, and a *bachcha* falling sick after being "looked at" by one of the unhappy Strephons, it began to be whispered that the man had dealings in witchcraft. Like most isolated villagers, the people were superstitious to a degree, and when an outbreak of cholera took place, they naturally attributed the epidemic to the evil influence of the shepherds. The people murmured at them when they met, and threatened them with sticks, and eventually, when the cholera had carried off fifteen or sixteen of their number, the survivors assembled in a body and went out to seize the evil ones. They were successful in finding only two of them, and these they brought down to the village well, where they were solemnly tried by a *punchayet* for witchcraft. They were

found guilty, of course, and sentenced to death by torture. They were first carried to an open space on the outskirts of the village, and there in the presence of all the people who had escaped the epidemic, their teeth were drawn with pincers and their heads shaved. "Water in which leather had been well soaked" was then given them, and they were compelled to drink liberally of it. While all this was going on, two narrow pits were being dug in the sandy soil, and when these were ready, the miserable victims of superstition—alive but in desperate agony—were buried in them up to their necks. Then, as a crowning horror, wood was piled round the living heads, a fire was lighted, and the skulls of the unhappy men were roasted into powder. It is a melancholy kind of satisfaction to learn that some twenty-eight or thirty of the villagers who took part in this ghastly tragedy have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from seven to fourteen years, and we understand that Colonel Ludlow is moving to have this punishment increased. There is evidently a great field for missionary effort in the Nizam's territory.

A MOTHER'S MEETING IN CHINA.

IN a new book, descriptive of her work in China, Miss Geraldine Guinness thus describes a mother's meeting at which she was present in which *smoking was allowed*:

When I went in, the room, to my surprise, was full of smoke. Nobody seemed concerned, however, so, though I could not see the source from whence the smoke proceeded, I suppose it must be all right, and take my place at the back of the room, from whence I can see all that is going on. One dear woman just in front of me listens as indeed to a new story; she has never come before, and never heard the gospel message until to-day! She is elderly, and very poor, but evidently drinks in the meaning of the words lovingly addressed to her by our sisters. Her face is very kindly and intelligent, though all wrinkled and seamed with age and care. It is quite a conversational meeting, this. The friends put in remarks with perfect freedom, and in loud tones that must be almost confusing, I should think, to the chief speakers.

The two grand *T'ai T'ai* (ladies) in the front row seem very interested and intelligent; and one of them appears to interpret to the rest, and both respond at every few words with loud and consenting exclamations.

Such gay, wonderful figures these ladies make in their black *ruar-tsi* (or outer garment) trimmed with broad bands of color and bright *lan-kan* (or many-hued ribbon border), their shining black hair garnished with wonderful, countless ornaments of trembling filigree or polished brilliant stones, their long and heavy ear-rings reaching to their shoulders, and their massive golden chains and bracelets! One of them holds in her hand a thin cane, fully four feet in length, the upper end of which is richly mounted in silver. I think it must be—yes, it is—actually a *pipe*! The servant is even now stooping to light it, and the mysterious smoke is explained. The maid produces tobacco (I suppose) and matches, and bending down to the floor on which the bowl of the long pipe rests, kindles the flame, while her young mistress puffs away the smoke from the further end quite complacently, and almost without interrupting her running commentary on what is being said. Wonderful spectacle! The little hand, with its heavy gold rings and long, carefully preserved nails, holding the richly engraved silver head of the long, thin pipe; the olive-tinted Chinese face, shining black hair, carefully dressed and gay with green, amber, and golden pins and many-colored artificial flowers, and all wreathed in clouds of softly tinted smoke puffed from the placid lips of the lady. The strange sight, however, produces no disturbing effect upon the meeting, which goes quietly on as if nothing unusual were happening. One poor woman in front follows her grander sister's example, and lights her more humble pipe, at which she is

now contentedly puffing away, her eyes all the time fixed on the bright face of the dear speaker.

The various short addresses over, the meeting breaks up into small groups for conversation; our friends seem unwilling to go just yet, though they have been here over an hour. The poor woman, who had never heard the glad tidings before, listens with deep interest as the Gospel story is fully and patiently explained to her by one of our sisters.

ANTICHRIST: HIS PERSON AND RELATIONS.

By Rev. A. R. Fausset.

The Latent and Patent Apostasy—The Distinction Defined by Jesus—By John—Paul's Adversary Identified with Antichrist—His Coming Preceded by a Falling Away—The Unclean Spirits—His Coming Near at Hand—His Relation to the Jews—A Persecutor Cut Off—His Relation to the Church—His Destruction.

MANY believe that Antichrist has already come, and that the Romish apostasy realizes all the foretold features. But we must distinguish between the Antichristianity that is latent in the long ages of apostatizing Christendom and the patent antagonism to God of the last Antichrist. That latent Antichristianity answers to "the harlot;" this patent antagonism to Christ answers to the second "beast," ministering to the first beast of Rev. 13. Jesus foretells the former (Matt. 24:5), "Many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ." But he emphatically distinguishes these

Many Coming in Christ's Name

from the last Antichrist, who shall come in his own name. John 5:23. "If another shall come in His own name, Him ye will receive." It is the apostle John who alone uses the name "Antichrist." His definition decides the question. 1 John 2:22: "He that denieth that Jesus is the Christ; he is Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son." Like his Master, John distinguishes the many Antichrists of the Church from the one Antichrist of the last age. "For many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an Antichrist." An Antichrist has come in many past ages; as Cerinthus and the Gnostics in John's time, and Mahomet subsequently denying Jesus' Messiahship and Divinity. But these are not the Antichrist to come.

The Adversary,

in Paul's 11 Thess. 2:1-12 is John's *Antichristos*. He, too, "opposeth all that is called God, or that is worshipped. So that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." The Pope as God does sit in God's temple, claiming God's exclusive prerogative of infallibility: but it is in God's name he does it, and not as "opposing all that is called God." "The mystery of lawlessness" was working in Paul's days (11 Thess. 2:7, 8), and has been for 1,800 years; but the "revelation" of "the lawless one," "the man of sin," "the son of perdition" (the designation given only to the two persons, Judas and Antichrist), is reserved for the last short days which precede the Lord's "destroying him with the brightness of His coming."

The "falling away first" (11 Thess. 2:3, 9) precedes the revelation of the man of sin, "whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, signs, and lying wonders." The mediæval apostasy of Rome and the Greek churches answers to the "lawless in mystery." But Holy Writ plainly indicates that just before the Son of man shall come to take His great power, and bring under law the disordered world, there shall be

A Wide-Spread Conspiracy

of the people and their rulers "against the Lord and against His Anointed." Our Lord Himself foretells the same lawlessness; and that its result will be that waning of love which is to be characteristic of the Laodicean or last age of the Church. "Because lawlessness shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." (Matt. 24:12.)

The culmination of this rebellion against law, and God the Lawgiver, shall be under Antichrist fully revealed, after the elect Church shall be translated. (Luke 18:8): "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" This plainly implies that the close of this dispensation, like that of the Jewish dispensation, shall be unbelief.

Similarly in 1 Tim. 4, the earlier stage of lawlessness, namely, while it is in mystery, is depicted: "The Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing demons, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving." Here the mediæval apostasy is plainly indicted. But in the later Epistle, 11 Tim. 3, mark the change from "latter" to "last," and from "times" to "days." "In the last days perilous times shall come." The features here are no longer those of lawlessness in mystery, but of lawlessness

On the Verge of Being Openly Revealed.

In a word, the last days will be a relapse from God to *paganism*, from Christianity to Antichristianity. The unclean spirit of pagan idolatry and sorcery, cast out once by early Christianity, and again at the Reformation, shall return with seven-fold more wicked spirits, and the last state shall be worse than the first.

The second beast is identified in Rev. 19:20 with "the false prophet," who did miracles before the first beast to deceive men into worshipping the image of the first beast, (13:13, 14.) Our Lord foretells (Matt. 24:24), "False Christs and false prophets shall show great signs, inasmuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the elect." St. Paul said (11 Thess. 2:9), that "the lawless one's coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders." And St. John (Rev. 16:13, 14) said that "three unclean spirits came out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet; for they are the spirits of demons, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the war of that great day of God Almighty."

The Unclean Spirits.

Infidelity is the unclean spirit from the dragon Satan, lawlessness from the beast, and false spiritualism from the false prophet. (Rev. 19:20; 22:15.) When the apostate church is cast off by the beast or world—as men cannot do without some spiritual worship, however untrue—the false prophet, the last Antichrist, meets their want, and takes the place of the discarded apostate church. (Rev. 13.) As "patience" was the believer's need to overcome the long-continuing first beast, so "wisdom is our need against the second beast. World-principles generally culminate in a person; so the world-conforming principles of apostate Judaism issued in the Old Testament Antichrist, Antiochus Epiphanes, who set up the idol Jupiter in the temple of Jehovah at Jerusalem, and persecuted all who would not conform to idolatry.

The signs of our times warn us that the last Antichrist's manifestation

Cannot be Far Off.

Never was infidelity, the dragon's lie, so rampant. Evolution without the Divine Evolver; matter alleged to be the potential mother of life and mind; God denied alike in nature and in revelation; the higher criticism undermining the authority of Holy Scripture within the Church, and the world-philosophers from without utterly repudiating it; the Lord's coming in the past, and in the future ignored by multitudes. Then Nihilism, Communism, Postivism, Dynamitism, and mobocracy indicate the growing antipathy to all law, while Spiritualism already alleges its necromantic miracles, which seem ominous of some coming false prophet's lying signs.

His Relation to the Jews.

But what is the relation of Antichrist to the Jews? Besides the little horn of the fourth

kingdom, which answers to the first beast rider, upon by the harlot, and which is mentioned in Dan. 7, there is the little horn of the third kingdom (Dan. 8), which is associated especially with the Jews: indeed, it is significant that Dan. 2 and 7 are in Chaldee, the language of the Gentiles, but 8, 11, and 12 in Hebrew, the language of the Jews. Antiochus Epiphanes, the Old Testament Antichrist, is portrayed in Dan. 11 in minute detail. But language is there used which shows that the final and exhaustive fulfilment is yet future, for the coming king is to corrupt by flatteries such as do wickedly against the covenant, and to do according to his will, and, like the lawless one of 11 Thess. 2, to "exalt himself above every god, and speak marvellous things against the God of gods." In Dan. 9:27, also, a "prince" is mentioned who "shall confirm the covenant with many for one week, and in the midst of the week cause the sacrifice to cease."

Blessed be God, the oppression of Israel by Antichrist, though terrible, shall be brief; the ten kings whom Antichrist seduces receive power only for one mystical hour with the beast (Rev. 17:12). From the first he is doomed to perdition, and therefore called "the son of perdition" (Rev. 17). "He shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him." (Dan. 11:45.) "Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it; it is even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it." (Jer. 30:7.)

His Relation to the Church.

What is Antichrist's relation to the Church, and to the world, and to the Lord's second coming? Already the beast or world-power is more and more throwing off the apostate church which has ridden upon it, in those once priest-ridden countries, Austria, France, Spain, and even Rome itself. In Protestant countries, also, governments and peoples are less and less under the authority of the external Church. When the world has completely got rid of its sham profession of Christianity, then will Antichrist be revealed. The pure Church, the Lamb's Bride, known to God amid hollow professors, will then be ready for her translation. She may suffer, or not, in the early part of Antichrist's persecutions of the elect Jews. But she shall be caught up to her Lord directly after Antichrist's "gathering his hosts to the war of that great day of the Lord," and before his gathering them together to Armageddon.

His Destruction.

Yes, believing brethren, ye who "watch and pray always" shall be "counted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man." When Antichrist gathers the kings of the earth and their armies, the Lord Christ gathers His saints; "they that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful" (Rev. 17:14); with them He inflicts the blow which decides that the beast, the false prophet, and then Satan himself, are to cease oppressing this earth. "The Lord shall destroy Antichrist with the brightness of His coming." (11 Thess. 2:8.) "I will encamp about mine house (the restored temple) because of the army"—that of Antichrist usurping God's place in God's temple (Zech. 9:8), and slaying Christ's two witnesses then at Jerusalem (Rev. 11). He whose right it is shall take the kingdom as His own. With Him shall reign His saints over the world, just because they gained "the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." (1 John 5:4.) Believers would not accept the world kingdom at Satan's hands; therefore they shall have it at Jesus' hands. Having such glorious hopes, and seeing that the predicted signs are "beginning to come to pass, lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." (Luke 21:28.)

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Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Measures for the Relief of the Johnstown sufferers are being actively pushed forward. Dynamite has been used on the gorge at the bridge, all other means having failed to break it up. Even now the passage is not quite clear of obstructing beams and logs. The number of men now at work on the ruins is 5,500. The relief committee intends to erect 100 portable houses for the survivors. The houses will be 12 by 26 feet, and each will be large enough to accommodate six persons. They will be furnished with a stove and utensils, chairs, beds and bedclothes, and other household necessities. The object is to start the town on a rise from the ruins. If the houses give satisfaction the committee will buy 1,000 of them and build up the city. Gen. Hastings has purchased an immense quantity of lumber, and will begin building shanty stores for those who will resume business. More than one hundred have already made application.

Two Overwhelming Disasters Befell the prohibition cause last week. On Tuesday, Pennsylvania voted on the amendment, and rejected it by the enormous majority of 185,173. On Thursday, Rhode Island, which has had the amendment in her constitution for three years, voted its repeal by a majority of 18,596. In the latter case the prohibition vote was 9,853. In 1886, when the amendment was added to the constitution, it was 15,113. The liquor vote, which in 1886 was 9,230, has risen to 28,449. The result may have been due to some extent to the example of Pennsylvania two days before, but unprejudiced observers say that it was chiefly due to the lax enforcement of prohibition during the past three years. They believe that many voted for repeal, not because they had become friendly to liquor-selling, but because they found prohibition was not enforced, and preferred, if liquor must be sold, to have it sold openly under the regulation of the authorities. In Pennsylvania the prohibitionists complain loudly of treachery. They say that the machine of both political parties was used unscrupulously to roll up the enormous majority. Chairman Palmer, of the prohibitionist committee, is most bitter against Senator Quay, who professed to be in favor of the amendment, while his heelers, who are completely under his influence, were the most active workers against it. He was, however, careful to say that his accusation of treachery did not apply to Gov. Beaver, Gen. Hastings, or James McManus, "who were honestly for the amendment." Happily, the prohibitionists are not the kind of men who easily lose heart, or the series of defeats they have sustained in the last two years would crush them.

President Harrison Gave a Pledge to a party of New Yorkers who waited upon him on Thursday last, which it may be hoped he will withdraw on further consideration. At the last election a man named Crowley was nominated by the Republicans of his district for the Assembly. He was defeated, because many Republicans quietly scratched his name from the ticket, and others openly worked against his election. The assistance of the President has now been invoked to secure the punishment of these bolters. There was a possibility, it appears, that one of them would be appointed a collector, and another a postmaster, and a

deputation was sent to the President to protest against the appointments. The President is reported to have said: "No man who is a traitor to his party, or to any solemn obligation, can be appointed to office with my permission." We are sorry to hear of this determination, because, if maintained, it will exclude from office many men who would be efficient employees, whose appointment would do credit to the Administration. Unhappily the conventions sometimes nominate men of immoral character, or men mentally incapable of performing the duties of the office to which they are nominated. Then citizens are placed in a dilemma. They must either vote for the candidate of their party, and so be traitors to their conscience, or vote against him, and so be traitors to their party. Men who choose the latter alternative are more likely to be honest and trustworthy office-holders than those who choose the former. It will be very unfortunate if they are ineligible for office.

Mr. Roosevelt's Determination to Enforce Civil Service Reform so far as he and his fellow commissioners have the power to do so, was emphatically stated in an interview with a *Herald* correspondent on June 18. Referring to the Western trip on which the commissioners are starting, Mr. Roosevelt said: "We are going to try our best, both in the course of this trip and at all other times, to impress both public officials and the public itself with the fact that these examinations are going to be conducted absolutely on the square; that the law is to be administered without the least flinching and without the least favor; that every man who comes forward will be examined, marked, and certified purely on his merits, and absolutely without regard to his politics; and that the slightest attempt at evading the law, on the part of any postmaster or other public official, will be punished instantly to the extent of our powers. If enough men come forward at an examination, and the eligible lists are kept full, it is entirely impossible for an appointing officer to discriminate in favor of party friends." Mr. Roosevelt has been long enough in public life to know the obstacles that lie in his way. We may, therefore, conclude that he will not be discouraged when he encounters them. Comparatively few men desire to see the law honestly enforced, and those few are not in high office.

The Weldon Bill Making Canada an Unsafe refuge for fraudulent citizens of the United States having passed the Dominion Parliament and received the assent of the Governor-General, has been transmitted to England for the consideration of the Imperial Government. Its importance will be realized when it is known that on going into effect the United States can secure the extradition of men charged with larceny, embezzlement, obtaining money by false pretences, fraud committed in public office, or by a trustee or banker, and many other charges not now included in the list of extraditable offences. It is unusual to enlarge the list by legislative enactment, it is usually done by treaty, but Canada is so willing to rid herself of these criminals that she has not waited to negotiate for reciprocal favors. She has been led to enact the law by the fact that in many Canadian cities and towns are to be found United States fugitives from justice, who exert a vicious influence upon the Canadian population.

The Samoan Treaty was Signed in Berlin on Friday, June 13, and the plenipotentiaries immediately separated. A cable dispatch containing 5,000 words was sent to the State Department in Washington, but the definite terms of the agreement have not been disclosed, except to the respective Governments. The English newspapers, however, profess to have general knowledge of its provisions. The *London Standard* says that it secures an autonomous administration of the Samoan Islands under the joint control of Germany and the United States, Great Britain acting as arbitrator in the event of any difference arising. The Samoans will, under the new treaty, elect their own king and viceroy, and will be represented by a Senate

composed of the principal chiefs, and a Chamber elected by the people. Samoa will have the right of levying duties of every description, and the treaty also stipulates that the Germans shall receive a money indemnity for their losses."

A Russian Proposal to Serbia for a Military convention confirmed last week the apprehensions of trouble in Serbia produced by the Czar's effusive speech. It is believed that it is a preliminary step for thrusting aside Queen Natalie and her son, and placing Prince Nikolo, of Montenegro, on the throne. The Regents told the Russian Minister that they were much gratified by the proposal, and had no doubt that they would be able to accept it. "The ratification of such a treaty of martial alliance," says the European correspondent of the *New York Times*, "will be accepted everywhere as a declaration of war against Austrian influence in the Balkans, and against the existence of Austrian rule in Bosnia and Herzegovina." The Austrian official journal, speaking for the Foreign Office, explicitly warned the Servians that Austria, Germany, and Italy would not remain idle lookers-on if any overt act of sympathy with Russia occurred.

Turkey is Reported to be Dreading a Renewal of Russian hostilities. During the past week the Russian Government has called the Sultan's attention to the condition of one of his provinces. This is the way in which the Russian attacks on Turkey have always been prefaced. The Sultan received a peremptory note from the Russian Ambassador, calling attention to the condition of Armenia, and demanding that the promises of reform and improvement made in Article 61 of the Treaty of Berlin be immediately fulfilled. If Russia was intent upon war, experience shows that this is precisely the sort of prefatory demand she would make upon the Porte.

An Innovation in Naturalization Law Has been made by the French Chamber of Deputies. It has passed a bill providing that children born in France of foreign parents and domiciled in France, at their majority shall be considered French citizens, unless they formally decline such citizenship; it also provides that children born in France of foreigners who were themselves born in France shall be regarded as citizens, but without the right of protest. The summary of the act cabled to this country says nothing about conscription. That is the most important aspect of the question. If there is no immunity from conscription for children of foreign parents born in France, it will be dangerous for such persons to visit France when they reach their manhood.

A Railway in Africa is to be Built to Open up the Congo country. It is stated that the King of the Belgians has agreed to furnish two million dollars toward the cost of constructing a railroad between the Falls of the Congo and Stanley Pool, a distance of 262 miles. The same amount is to be subscribed by Belgian stockholders, another million by Mr. McKinnon, the Scottish shipowner, and half a million by Mr. C. P. Huntington, the President of the Southern Pacific Railroad. There is also a rumor that an English syndicate has arranged to build a railroad from Zanzibar, on the east coast, to the Victoria Nyanza, a distance of about 400 miles. There is reason to hope that these railroads will be the means of breaking up the slave trade. At present Arab traders buy or steal slaves to carry the ivory they purchase in the interior to the coast, and on their arrival there sell the ivory and the slaves together. Conveying the ivory by rail will be safer and more speedy, and the traders will naturally avail themselves of the opportunity, and thus have less temptation to traffic in human flesh.

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The American Delegates to the International Sunday-School Convention in London sailed from New York on Wednesday last. The Cunard steamer *Bothnia*, was specially chartered to convey them. There were delegates from every State and Territory in the Union, and from each Province of Canada. There were over three hundred in all. The party were under the management of Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, who will look after their interests while abroad. If not prevented by bad weather, religious services will be held each morning and afternoon on the deck of the steamer. The steamer is expected to arrive in Liverpool on June 29, and special trains over the Midland Railway will take the company to London, where they will be quartered at the Midland Grand Hotel. On Monday evening, July 1, the delegates will be entertained at a special reception at the Mansion House, London, given in their honor by the Lord Mayor. The following day the opening exercises of the great Convention will be held in Memorial Hall, the spacious building erected by the Congregationalists for the meetings of their ministers. The sessions will continue until July 6, when the delegates will go to Willesden as guests of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, who have made extensive preparations for their entertainment.

Workmen's Dimes in a Ship's Bell have imparted to it a tone of extraordinary melody. Secretary Tracy, of the Navy, recently sent an inquiry about the bell of the new cruiser *Charleston* to the firm of contractors at San Francisco who built the ship. The head of the firm last week sent him a reply explaining the cause of the wonderful sweetness of the bell's sound. He said that a few days before the casting of the bell, the pattern-maker at the works suggested that it would be a pity to use ordinary metal, and suggested that each of the workmen on the steamer contribute ten cents in silver to enrich the composition and give a superior ring to it. The entire force of over a thousand responded to a man, the sum realized being nearly \$150, almost all in ten-cent pieces, which was placed in the crucible and mixed with the other metal of the bell before casting. To a thoughtful man who hears the bell on that ship in after years, its dulcet note will be all the more impressive because its sweetness comes from the gifts of men of patriotic spirit. Infinitely more tender and impressive is the sound of the gospel bell. The Christian hearing its inviting sound knows that the secret of its power and value is that Christ gave His life that its sound might reverberate around the whole world. (Acts. 13: 38.)

A Little Child's Prayer furnished decisive evidence in a suit in a Court at Fresno, Cal., on June 7. A man had deserted his wife and his two children, and had been found in Fresno. His wife and her brother had an interview with him and endeavored to induce him to return. He refused, and when the law was invoked he defended his conduct in Court. He testified that his wife was a wicked woman, with whom he could not live, and that by word and example she corrupted her children. "Don't believe him, Judge," said the wife; "I have done my best with my home and the children, and I have reared them as they should be." The man still persisted, and between so much cross-swearing the Judge was puzzled. At last he asked if the children were in Court. A little girl three years old came forward, and the Judge questioned her. One or two questions were answered intelligently, and then the Judge said, "Could you say your prayers?" Without a moment's hesitation the little girl knelt in the Court-room, closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and in a reverential voice began, "Our Father who art in heaven." Before she reached the end of the prayer, tears stood in the eyes of the Judge, and the deep silence of the Court-room was broken by sobs from more than one rough fellow to whom the words recalled childhood's memories. There was no doubt in the mind of any one as to the justice in the case when the

girl added to the Lord's Prayer an earnest petition for her father, which she had evidently been in the habit of putting up night and morning during his shameful absence from his family. The Judge would hear no more evidence, and in a voice broken with emotion, he gave his decision against the father. The mother could have had no idea when she so trained her child, that the result would be so valuable to her in the crisis of her life, but she did her duty, and her child enabled her "to answer him that reproached" her. (Prov. 27: 11.)

An Offer of \$500 to Any One Willing to be bitten by a rabid dog was made in a joke recently by a physician at Sedalia, Mo. It was promptly accepted by a man who came on from Arkansas to submit to the experiment. The doctor explained to him that he did not intend the offer seriously, but only to show that the persons who professed faith in divers nostrums as an infallible cure for hydrophobia did not really believe in them. He thought no one believed in them so thoroughly as to risk their life on the efficacy of the remedy. The Arkansas man thought the doctor was trying to avoid paying the money, and was determined to win it. He had a madstone with him in which he had absolute confidence. He gained access to the place where the rabid dog was, boldly bared his arm, and exposed it to the dog. The animal immediately bit a piece of flesh out of it. The dog died in convulsions fifteen minutes later. The man applied his madstone to the wound, and on June 19 was still alive and well, but apprehensions are felt of his future condition. A better illustration of what faith is could not easily be found. He who trusts in Christ to save him from perdition as fully as that man trusted in his madstone to save him from hydrophobia, exercises saving faith. (11 Tim. 1: 12.)

The Strange History of a Ring Was Related at a fishing resort last week, and the story was investigated by a reporter of the New York *Sun*. It appears that in 1874 General Grant visited Greenwood Lake to fish. One afternoon he was fishing for pickerel, when he hooked a large eel. The slimy creature knotted itself with the leader, and in removing it a beautiful horseshoe ring slipped from the General's finger, and fell overboard. Banker J. Rhinelander Dillon visited the lake some weeks afterward, and killed a large pickerel. The idea occurred to him that he would like to taste a fish just out of the water, so his guide cleaned it, and they were about to row to shore to cook it when the guide picked up the entrails, preparing to throw them overboard. To his surprise he discovered a ring, which proved to be the very ring which General Grant had lost some weeks before. So many apocryphal fishing stories are told, that the reporter called upon Mr. Dillon to inquire about this one. Mr. Dillon was wearing the ring, and confirmed the story. He said that when he found that the ring had belonged to General Grant, he wrote to the family about it. Colonel Fred. Grant had replied that the family wished him to keep the ring he had so strangely found. Sometimes a preacher is discouraged by thinking that the pearl of gospel truth falling from his lips is as hopelessly lost as was that ring; yet in after years multitudes are enriched for all eternity when some one into whose soul it entered is holding it forth to the world. (Eccles. 11: 1, 6.)

A Fatal Flight From Danger was Taken by a terrified woman at Elmwood, Mass., during a recent thunder-storm. When the storm broke, a woman about sixty years of age was sitting alone in her house. She had always been afraid of the lightning, and on this occasion flash succeeded flash so rapidly, and the thunder peals were so deafening, that she was almost beside herself with terror. At length, during a lull of the storm, she summoned all her courage and ran to the house of a neighbor for company. She told how much she was afraid, and asked to be allowed to remain until the storm passed. She was welcomed, and sat down in an inner room. Scarcely had she seated herself

when the storm broke with redoubled fury. One blinding flash struck the house, and the woman was seen to fall from her chair to the floor. At first it was thought that she had fainted in her fright, but on raising her it was found that she had been struck by the lightning and killed. Marks on her hair and her dress showed where the fatal bolt passed over her. It was a sad, strange result of the natural craving of a constitutionally timid person for human companionship in a time of terror. She did not go to them for safety, but for relief from her own distress. That is the course awakened sinners sometimes pursue. They go into society, to the theatre, or to other diverting scenes, not because they hope to gain there safety from the lightnings of Sinai, but that they may forget their fears. It is a foolish course, and the end of it is often far more awful than that of the poor creature who lost her life by the lightning. (Jonah 2: 7, 8.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A Woman's Christian Temperance Union is about to be organized in Oklahoma.

At a special meeting of the Montreal Presbytery, Messrs. MacVicar, MacKensie and MacDougall were ordained missionaries to China.

The University College of Toronto supports a missionary in Korea—the Rev. James S. Gale. He writes that the people are poor and down-trodden.

Mr. William Noble, the Temperance evangelist, has experienced another relapse, and is ordered to rest for six months. The doctors hope that he will then be fully restored and prepared for work.

Major Whittle has been holding very successful meetings in Stirling and Inverness, Scotland. Like his meetings in Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen, they were the means of a large number of conversions.

Mr. Yatman's meetings in Toledo, O., were blessed to the conversion of over four hundred persons. In spite of the excessively hot weather the largest auditorium in the city was crowded twice a day.

The Congregational church of Brunswick, Me., celebrated its 150th birthday on June 9. The Rev. W. P. Fisher delivered a historical sermon, and addresses were made by Professor Egbert Smyth and others.

A few gentlemen in Toronto have engaged what they call a "Cottage-Meeting Wagon," which they use for travelling through the city and outlying districts, from which they will hold religious meetings in the open air.

At the invitation of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon between 700 and 800 ministers and deacons belonging to various evangelical denominations in London met at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on May 30, to consider how best to deepen the spiritual life of the churches.

Lord Adelbert P. Cecil, the English evangelist, was drowned on June 13, in the Bay of Quinte, near Adolphus-town, about six miles east of Picton, Ont. Lord Cecil was a son of the second Marquis of Exeter, and was born in 1841. He was formerly a lieutenant in the Army.

The Rev. J. H. Lish, whose portrait appeared in this journal on March 6, has just graduated from the Allegheny Theological Seminary and received his license to preach. He would be glad to engage in evangelistic work or to supply a vacant pulpit. His address is 17 St. Mark's Place, New York.

The valuable work of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York, of establishing a sea-side cottage for girls in need of rest and change of air, is now in operation. The cottage is called the Leslie, and stands on the border of the lake close to the ocean. The cost of a two weeks' stay at the Leslie, including railroad fare to and from New York, is only \$9.

The annual session of the Southern Baptist Convention was held lately in Memphis, Tenn. The delegated representation covered the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. The District of Columbia and the Indian Territory were also represented.

At the coming International Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies in Philadelphia, July 9, 10, and 11, at least six thousand young people are expected to attend from all parts of the United States and Canada. The Convention will meet on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 9, in the Armory Hall of the First Regiment on Broad Street, where the principal sessions will be held.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Atchison, Kans., are attended with a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. On June 12 the huge tent was crowded with over fifteen hundred people both afternoon and evening. It is remarkable that at the afternoon meeting so large a number of business men are present; it is a notable testimony to the influence of the services. Prof. and Mrs. Lowe's singing has a very marked effect.

TAKING POSSESSION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses." Josh. 1: 2, 3.

Unsatisfactory Wanderings—Near the Inheritance, but Not in It—I. A Survey of the Inheritance—Exceeding Broad—The Limitation Self-Imposed—The Possessions Attainable—Assurance—Sonship—Holiness Communion—A Desirable Land—Full of Variety—II. The Title Deeds—A Valid Covenant—Gracious—Righteous—Sure—III. A Move Toward Possession—Going Over Jordan—How Possession is Taken—The Bargain of Penn and the Indians—How Sin is Driven Out—Reasons Why Possession is not Taken—A Hungry Man at a Free Meal.

UNDER the leadership of Moses the children of Israel had been journeying toward the land of promise. Owing to their waywardness, what might have been done in less than a month occupied many years. They wandered up and down in the wilderness, sometimes close on the border of their inheritance, and anon lost in the great desert. Alas! many of God's people are still in this unsatisfactory condition: they have come out of Egypt, the depths have swallowed up their adversaries, and they are on the way to the promised heritage: but they have not yet entered into rest. They will, we trust, ultimately reach the peace of God which passeth all understanding, for they have faith sufficient to prove them to be God's people, and, therefore, the Lord will surely bring them in; but, assuredly, they make a great deal of marching for very small progress. For lack of faith they go about, when with a step they might possess

The Promised Canaan.

Our friends have come as far as that first verse of our Lord's invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and they have a measure of that rest which comes of pardoned sin and confidence in Jesus. The pity is that they have not advanced to His next word of exhortation, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." This is a rest discovered and enjoyed through willing service; "Ye shall find rest unto your souls." Many people are saved in one sense, but in another sense they are seeking salvation. Oh that we may come to be saved in every sense! May salvation be ours in the broadest, widest, deepest, highest meaning of that blessed word! May we not only be saved *from*, but saved *to*! Saved *from* sin, that makes us safe. Saved *to* holiness, that makes us happy. May we realize our completeness in Christ this day, and cease from the wanderings of fear! It is time that we took possession of that goodly heritage which the Lord has made our own, for in Christ Jesus "we have obtained an inheritance."

I. First, let us take

A Survey of the Inheritance.

I would say of the inheritance which God has prepared for His saints, and has given to them, that it is exceeding broad. We read here in this Book of Joshua, "From the wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast." These people did not conquer all the country, but were content with the narrow bounds of Canaan. They began their enterprise bravely, but soon showed a contracted spirit. Moses, in the thirty-fourth of Numbers, which is well worthy of a careful reading, gave them a little map, or ordnance survey, of the inner country, which they were commanded to conquer, and out of which they were to drive the inhabitants with the sword.

The various races of Canaanites had brought upon themselves the curse of a righteous God. Their existence upon the face of God's earth had become a calamity to mankind by reason of their horrible vices. They were doomed to utter extinction by the justice of God, as

other races have been whose story profane history records. The Israelites were appointed to be their executioners. They did not accomplish their task; after a little while they began to make treaties and marriages with the doomed people, and they became thorns in their sides. Outside of these Canaanitish nations were greater territories, which stretched right away from the Lebanon ranges down to the border of Egypt as far east as the great river Euphrates, from whose banks their fathers came. This large domain was never altogether conquered by Israel, although David possessed a large portion of it, and Solomon still more. The people of these wide regions were not so far gone in evil as the degraded tribes of Canaan; and so they were to be spared, if they submitted to the sway of Israel. Even the inner kingdom Israel did not wholly subdue, and the wider region it left for centuries untouched.

Beloved, this is a sadly correct picture of what happens to numbers of God's people nowadays. The inheritance that God has given us to enjoy in Christ Jesus is exceeding broad; but

We Limit Ourselves.

All that we can think or desire is ours in the covenant of grace. There are immeasurable breadths and lengths, but we confine ourselves to close quarters. Truly "there is very much land yet to be possessed!" Some graces you must have, or you are not saved; some sins must at once be driven out of your life at the sword's point, or you are not the Lord's. As for the choicer graces, you are foolish indeed if you think of doing without them; and as for the less violent sins, you err greatly if you spare one of them. The deep knowledge, the spiritual experience, the high joy, the extreme delight, and the heavenly communion, which fall to the lot of certain of the saints, should be enjoyed by us all. There is no reason why one should miss them; for if they have but faith enough to grasp all that God gives, they have full permission to do so.

Just let me show what I mean. When we at first come to Christ by faith,

We Begin to Enter

into our inheritance, for we obtain the pardon of sin. Some believers are not even sure that they have a present and perfect remission; but some of us know that we are, once for all, "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and therefore we are whiter than snow. This we know; but beyond that lies "acceptance in the Beloved," which possibly we have not dared to claim. Hosts of professors are satisfied to be washed, but have not yet asked to be clothed with the righteousness of Christ.

Think of another great blessing, namely, that of sonship. But sonship is not all—"If children, then heirs, heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Adoption you must have, heirship you ought to have. How rich you are, since God Himself is yours—"heirs of God"! Yes, God Himself is as truly yours as He is Christ's—"joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Why are we naked and poor and miserable, when we are heirs of a kingdom by reason of our adoption of the Lord? Let us take the good the Lord provides us.

Consider now the matter of regeneration. When we come to Christ by faith, we are born again, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus; this must be. But, brethren, when we are born again we perceive that the new birth begets

A New Life,

and that new life develops itself in the beauty of holiness. Holiness is the fruit of regeneration; yet some imagine that they cannot be holy, at least not to any great extent. They believe that they can be saved from certain grosser evils, but they cannot ascend to those glorious heights of consecration and sanctification without which the believer can never attain to the stature of a man in Christ Jesus. My message to you is, "Arise, go over this Jordan, and take possession of the larger inheritance. Aspire to the utmost God can give.

Again, as soon as a man has believed in Jesus

he is safe. If thou believest that Jesus is the Christ, thou art born of God; and, being born of God, thou comest

Under the Divine Wing,

and the Lord shall preserve thee from evil. Many are satisfied that this is true, but they do not, therefore, enter into peace as they should. That undisturbed serenity which springs from a sense of perfect safety in Christ Jesus is a glorious domain into which they do not enter. This must not go on. We must have faith; but we may have, and we ought to have, the full assurance of faith.

Once more: when we come to Christ by faith we have communion with God; and this is a land that floweth with milk and honey. Out of communion comes usefulness, and there are certain who fancy that they can never be very useful. The Lord cannot do many mighty works through them, because of their unbelief. They have to be fed with a spoon, like invalid children. If they had but faith enough to receive power from on high by fuller communion with God, they might become as David. There is no limit to the possibilities of usefulness in any man or woman when perfectly consecrated.

Next, it is exceedingly desirable. The country into which Israel entered was of a choice kind. Travellers in Palestine tell us that it is

The World Condensed.

Within that narrow strip of territory you get plains and hills, frosts of winter and heats of summer, with products both of the semi-tropical and temperate zones. Palestine is the whole earth in miniature, and all the advantages of all lands are gathered into it. It was, in Joshua's days, a place of extreme fertility: "a land that floweth with milk and honey." Nor was this all; while it was fertile on the surface it was rich underneath. The useful metals were near at hand, and every other convenience. All things were waiting for the true heirs of the land. Beloved, when faith gets her heritage in Christ, she is brought into a wealthy place. When sin is driven out, and we come to live in God's own land, then we find precious treasure; we dig, and we are enriched. Why do we not take possession of that He has prepared for us?

This heritage upon which we are now looking down from the summit of our faith is full of variety. In Palestine there were fertile plains and rich valleys between rising hills and towering mountains. It was a land of brooks and rivers, a land which the Lord God thought upon. It was, in those days, the joy of all the earth; it was as the garden of the Lord for exceeding excellency. Beloved, if you come to Christ, you shall never need to go away from Him to find variety of joys. In His teaching you shall find Lebanons of sublime doctrine, and Sharons of pleasant precept. Here are Hermons of experience, Tabors of communion, Jabboks of prevailing prayer, and Cheriths of Divine Providence. The revelation of God is a blessed country, full of all manner of delights. All that is in Christ is meant for all believers, and, therefore, all believers may have all that is in Christ, who is all in all. We should not be content with pence when He endows us with pounds.

II. I beg you, in the next place, to glance at

The Title Deeds

of our inheritance. We shall not require a lawyer, to assist us in our examination; but if there should be here a legal critic who would like to overhaul our papers, he is welcome to do so. I would not mind exhibiting our title before the bench of judges, for it has no flaw in it, and will stand in the highest court—yea, even in the last judgment. I have pleaded this incomparable title in several courts already, and it has been found to convey to me a valid gift. Here is the title deed, "The land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel." It is repeated further on, "Every place that the soul of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you." This is an abstract of our title.

First, notice its covenant character: "I have given it to you." The Lord had given it to

them from of old when He promised it to their father Abraham. Thus they came into possession by an ancient deed of gift which entailed it upon them from generation to generation. I am glad that our tenure of the kingdom of grace is ancient and well established, and that it is not so much with us, directly, as with One infinitely greater, with whom it stands fast for ever. Observe, next, that

This Deed of Gift

is notable for its graciousness. How does it run? Which I do sell to them? Ah, no! It is no sale, but a free gift. Does it say, "Which I do offer to them if they will earn it"? No, no! it is a present, unconditional grant of sovereign love. Nothing is freer than a gift: "The gift of God is eternal life." He has given us all things for nothing, that we might behold the exceeding riches of His grace.

Note well the righteousness of our title—"Which I do give them." The Lord God has a right to give what He pleases, for "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein." Of His own has He given unto us. Do not fail to see its sureness. He not only says, "I have given it," and in some other places, "I will give it," but He declares, "I do give it." God gives Christ and His grace to us every day. The highest privileges of the covenant of grace are not the monopoly of advanced saints, but they are the common property of all believers. Well, then, being yourselves favored and chosen, why do you not take hold upon the glorious estate which belongs to the chosen family? Come, brethren, bestir yourselves and claim your heirship. Take possession of the whole territory of grace which the Lord has dedicated to your use.

III. Now I have brought you to the third point—let us make

A Move Toward Our Possessions.

There is your land, but Jordan rolls between. The first thing to do in this matter is to go over this Jordan. What do we mean? Out in the wilderness, as a seeker whose faith does not enter in, you are like a sheep which wanders from the fold, and you find little rest. You are apt to be numbered with the Bedouin of the desert, and not with the people of the Lord. Come out from the world, and be separate. The land of gracious experience is meant for you to dwell in, so that you may be recognized as the Lord's peculiar people, separated unto the Most High. Are you ready to come right out, to be settled in Immanuel's land, to break every link with "the world which lieth in wickedness"? It is required of you, in order to your full entrance into the grace state, that you take up a decided stand on the Lord's side. On the other side of Jordan is your portion, and not in the wilderness of Sin.

Having decided for the Lord, you are next to take possession by an act of simple faith. The Lord says to you, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you." This is an easy way of taking land: to put your foot down upon it. You will remember that the red Indians agreed to sell to William Penn as much land as a man could walk round in a day; and I do not wonder that at the end of the day they complained that the white brother had made a big walk. I think I should have put my best leg foremost if whatever I could put my foot upon would be mine; would not you? Why, then, do you not hurry up in spiritual matters? Many of the Lord's poor and unlearned ones obtain more from the promise than the more cultured ever do. The learned man lifts his head up, but the simple put their foot down; and this last is the way to the inheritance. By criticism you may put your foot in it, but by faith you

Put Your Foot on it.

Strangers cavil, children claim. He that can trust his Lord may say, "In the name of the living God this blessing is mine." Come, then, brother, if there be more holiness, put your foot on it; if there be more happiness, put your foot on it; if there be more usefulness, put your foot

on it. Lay your claim to all that is put within your reach in Scripture; this is the victory that overcometh the world, and conquereth Canaan, even our faith.

But the Canaanite was there! Yes, I know it; but you see he had no right there; the Lord had outlawed him. The land was Israel's by the Lord's gift, and they had a right to fight for the possession of their own estates. God's people are in conflict with sin, and they carry out this war vigorously when they have first seen their right to the blessings of grace, as given them of the living God. In spiritual things,

Waive No Spiritual Right.

Say to sin, that now mars your peace, "Peace is mine; clear out!" Say to sin, that stops your usefulness, "That usefulness is mine. I claim it; clear out!" Hivite, Jebusite, Gergashite, whatever sort of fellow you are, clear out of my heart and life, for holiness is mine! God, the sovereign possessor of all things, has given us our redeemed nature, to have and to hold for His glory, and we mean to have it!

I long to encourage you, my friends, to carry on this sacred crusade. I would have you grasp all which the hand of love holds out to you. Need I urge you? If there be such need, you are in a sorry way. I do not believe that if I should read from this pulpit that my friend John Smith over there had been left five thousand acres of land, I should require to follow him home to persuade him to go and look at it. If my sister yonder received a notification that a very nice little estate had been left her in the country, I do not believe I need beg her to look after it. She would take an early train to-morrow morning to go and look over her farm. Brethren, here is an inheritance so broad and wide and lasting; why do you not hasten to take it? There is holiness, do you not want it? There is serenity, do you not desire it? There is joy unspeakable and full of glory, do you not wish for it? There is usefulness, do you not hunger for it? This is the reason

Why Some are Indifferent.

They are ignorant; they do not even know that these choice blessings are to be had. But all that any child of God was, you may be; all the joy and bliss and holiness ever enjoyed on earth, you may enjoy. The land is before you; go in to possess it. Many do not possess the land because of *unbelief*. You are empty, but Jesus fills you. You are in prison, but Jesus sets you at liberty. Why not rejoice in that liberty? The Lord deliver us from unbelief, for it is enough to shut any man out of the inheritance. Many are *indolent*. Oh the laziness of some of God's people! I will not enlarge upon this matter, probably you know something about it yourselves. Lastly, the *indecision* of a great many is another cause why they do not possess the land. There is a hesitancy to go up and seize it. They mean to be better Christians before they die. I wonder how many Christians here would like to finish their lives to-day! Set your house in order at once, my brother. Give away a full portion of your substance immediately. Begin to work for Jesus at once. Why should you hesitate? You blame the sinner when he delays; surely the saint is to be blamed, too, when he also lingers.

A Free Meal.

I have done when I have said to any soul here that is seeking the Lord, if you to-day come in, and accept the blessings of the covenant, you may have them and welcome. Do not say to yourself, "It will be a presumptuous thing for me to believe in Jesus." It will be a kind of presumption which has no sin in it. If a rich man in one of the famine-stricken districts of China were to say to his servant, "Provide a great feast, and set it out in the street," and he were then to put up a notice to hungry Chinamen, "Whosoever will may come," I do not think that, if I were a hungry Chinaman, I should stop away from the dinner from fear of presumption. I should fall to, and ask no questions, for my stomach's sake, if for nothing else. O poor, doubting sinner, you had better do the

same. Feed freely, and fear not. Come, let us sing together that little ditty:

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free."

This will be a blessed morning for you, if you can not only sing it, but carry it out at once, by a simple faith in our living, risen, reigning Saviour. God bless you for Christ's sake!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A CHILD'S STRANGE PITY.*

A FEW months ago a child of some five or six years of age had said her prayers one evening, and was lying in her bed between sleeping and waking, her mother sitting by her side till she fell asleep. As she lay there in her drowsy mood she was overheard saying under her breath, "Poor God! Poor God!" "But why do you pity Him, Alice?" asked her mother. "Because," said the child, "because He has to sit up all night to take care of little children." That was very pretty of her, was it not? And I think it must have been as pretty to God Himself as it appears to us: for if I know anything of our Father in heaven, He must have been more pleased with the gentle pity and thoughtfulness of that simple and kindly heart than with many a solemn function of public worship. But what a treasure such a thought must have been to little Alice herself! What terror could the darkness hold for her when she was so sure that God, her kind Father in heaven, was sitting up all night to take care of her and of all little children? She had taken shelter in the harbor of a simple trust in God, and knew that she was safe, let the winds rave and blow as they would. And you will find safety and rest from all you fear, whatever it may be, if only you are sure that God is your Father in heaven, and loves you as much better than your earthly father, or even your mother, as the heavens are high above the earth. For God is all-wise, and knows what is best for you; all-good, and will give you what is best; all-powerful, and can give you what it is best for you to have. No one of you is too little, or too weak, to love Him and put your trust in Him; to believe, with little Alice, that He watches all day and sits up all night to take care of little children. And if He is taking care of you by night and by day, of what need you be afraid?

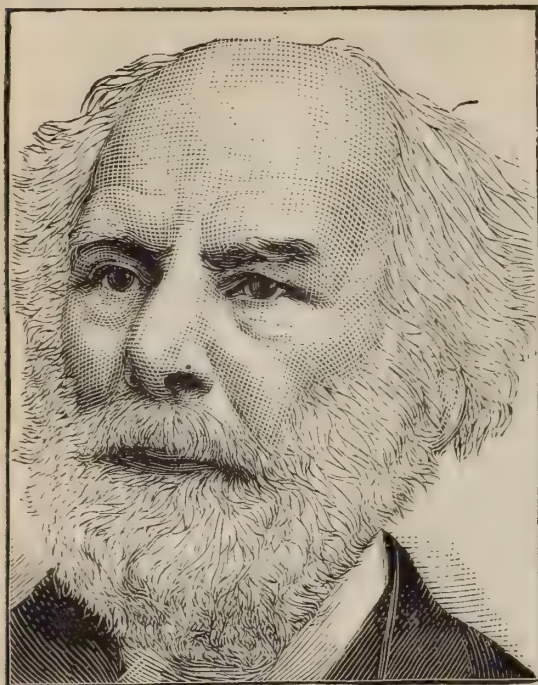
The Uses of the Rod,

Were we swift to hear, there would be no need of the rod. In this life at least God is training us for wisdom and goodness, in order that by and by we may serve Him with a perfect heart. He is seeking to make us partakers of His own righteousness, that we may be partakers of His own peace and blessedness. And were we, while at school, to learn the lessons He sets us, with diligence, and mind our manners and do our duty, He who does not willingly afflict the children of men would not have recourse to the rod. It is we who by our own indolence, our undutifulness, our self-will, or our open and flagrant disobedience to His commands, compel Him to chastise and correct us.

A Roman Process of Law.

It was quite common for a Roman citizen, if he were childless, to adopt a son; and not infrequently he selected a well-born or an accomplished slave, who had assisted him in his studies or had managed his household affairs. The legal process of adoption was complicated and tedious. First, the lad or man was taken before the civil magistrate and released from the bonds and disabilities of his servile con-

* "The House and Its Builder." A book for the doubtful. By Samuel Cox, D. D. A series of discourses showing that even those who accept all that sceptical scientists contend for must logically acknowledge the existence of a Being entitled to reverence, gratitude, and love. Any young man who has drifted from the anchorage of his fathers would find in this work brotherly counsel and guidance, which are the more valuable because they start from his level and proceed on lines which he is accustomed to follow. Pp. 195; price \$1; published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bie House, New York.



Dr. F. J. Falding.



Tahitians Welcoming John Williams.

dition by a formal instrument. Then for a period he had to enter on a state of probation, during which, without a son's rights or claims, he had to discharge the duties of a son and occupy a son's place. If he showed a filial temper and stood his probation well, he was once more taken before the magistrate and formally arrayed in the *toga virilis*, the robe of free Roman manhood, declared to be the son of his former master, and instated in all the rights, immunities, and privileges both of citizenship and sonship. This final ceremony was called "the adoption." It is to this ceremonial act that the apostle seems to refer when describing the future glory of the redeemed. (Rom. 8:23.) Once in bondage to vanity and corruption, they have even now already been raised from their abject condition. They are no longer slaves. They are being proved and trained. Remnants of their past servile condition and habits still cling to them, some danger of falling away from, of proving unfit for, "the adoption." But when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, then they will be openly avowed to be the sons of God, amid the splendors of the heavenly court, be clothed upon with the new robe of a free and glorious humanity, admitted to all the rights, honors, and privileges of Divine sonship, and enter on the inheritance.

A WELCOME TO A MISSIONARY.

(See Illustration.)

SEVENTY-THREE years ago nine young men were ordained at one solemn service as missionaries to the heathen. Among them were two whose names the Church will never forget. They were John Williams and Robert Moffat. One year later, John Williams and his young wife, Mary Chauner, landed and commenced their work in Tahiti. The story of their difficulties, their hardships, their unwavering faith, has often been told. How they went from Tahiti to Raiatea and from island to island preaching to peoples who had never heard the word of God before, is a matter of history. Seventeen years they worked there, and they had the joy of receiving into communion men who not long before were half-naked savages, whose highest enjoyment was in massacre and bloodshed, and who were familiar with the taste of human flesh. Never since the Apostolic days was so wonderful a change in a whole people witnessed as under the labors of John Williams and his devoted wife. But at the end of the seventeen years the glorious work had to be suspended for a time, Mrs. Williams was prostrated with illness, and Mr. Williams was enfeebled by protracted labor. They paid a

visit to their native land for rest and recuperation. Four years later Mr. and Mrs. Williams returned, carrying with them five thousand New Testaments in the Raratonga language. Their reception was a striking testimony to the value of their work. Canoes filled with rejoicing natives put off for the ship in which they were, and competed for the honor of carrying their white friends ashore. Shouts of joyous welcome rent the air; the men waved their paddles above their heads, and manifested, by every means they could think of, their gladness at the return of their beloved teachers. It is a matter for thankfulness now that John Williams had the pleasure which that welcome must have given him. Just a year later his earthly labors closed forever. On the beach at Erromanga, whither in spite of warnings of the ferocity of its people he went to plant the gospel, he fell beneath the cruel blows of the men to whom he was carrying the glad tidings of eternal life.

REV. F. J. FALDING, D. D.,

Chairman of the English Congregational Union.

THE much-coveted honor of presiding over the Union of the Congregational ministers of England and Wales has fallen for this year to Dr. Falding, the principal of the college now known as the United Yorkshire College, which is a union of Airedale and Rotherham colleges. The Union had elected as its chairman the Rev. Griffith John, the eminent missionary in China, but Mr. John felt himself compelled to decline the honor, the work in China having, as he said, so completely absorbed his thoughts and affections that everything else appeared to him insignificant in comparison. The council of the Union thereupon invited Dr. Falding to occupy the chair, and he accepted.

Frederick J. Falding is seventy-one years of age. He was born at Lounside, near Sheffield, in 1818. Happily for him, he had the advantage not only of a pious home, but of a school the principal of which was an earnest Congregational minister. As a boy he was remarkable for his studious disposition, and when he left school he was able to take a position as teacher in a school in Leeds. There he formed the acquaintance of the Rev. John Ely, by whose advice he devoted himself to the ministry. He was admitted to Rotherham College in 1839, but in 1843 he secured a scholarship in Glasgow University. He graduated from that institution with the degree of M. A. His first charge was at Wellington, in Shropshire, but subsequently removed to Bury, in Lancashire, where he combined his ministerial duties with a Professorship at Rotherham College. In 1850 he was elected

principal of the college, which position he held until its union with Airedale, when he became President of the united college. Though past the threescore years and ten of the Psalmist's allotted period of life, Dr. Falding is hale and vigorous, and shows no diminution of the energy that has characterized his early manhood.

IN THE TOILS.

(See Illustration on page 413.)

FEW men were more popular in his own city than Harold Grey. The best of good fellows, the brightest of companions, and the most generous of friends, he was voted by all his circle. It was not very welcome news when it was announced that he was going to be married. Not a few deplored the change in his condition, and prophesied that the bachelors' parties would be dull without him.

He was married, and after spending a year in Europe, he and his wife returned. Not many days afterward a party was given in their honor by one of Grey's oldest friends. Mrs. Grey was a stranger to most of the guests, but she could not fail to see how highly esteemed her husband was by them all. It was a pleasant party, full of good-humor and merriment. At last the ladies rose, and Harold Grey held the door open for them to pass out.

"Do not stay long over the wine, Harold," Mrs. Grey said, in an undertone, as she passed him. "I shall be dull without you among so many strangers."

"No, dear," he said, "only half an hour."

The door closed, Grey returned to the table, and droll stories and witty sallies made the time pass quickly. Grey wished he had not been quite so definite in his promise to his wife; but he rose punctually and begged his friends to excuse him.

"No," said one of them, "we cannot spare you yet. Sit down a few minutes, and then we will all go. It is early days for you to surrender your liberty. You have a charming wife, but she must not monopolize you."

So urged, Harold resumed his seat, and the wine passed freely and the talk grew more animated. Grey was amazed when, looking at his watch, he saw that it was nearly two hours since he had made that promise to his wife. He was vexed and sorry, and immediately arose and claimed the fulfilment of his friends' promise to accompany him to the drawing-room.

"Yes," said the one who had urged him to remain, "and if you think you will have a curtain lecture, I will help you make peace."

Meanwhile Mrs. Grey was sitting among the ladies listening to feminine gossip without paying much attention to it. It was not so

much that she was hurt by her husband's failure to keep the promise he had made to her, as that there was, deep down in her heart, a vague dread which she had held down and would not admit even to herself. The husband she loved, almost idolized, was a weaker man than she had thought him. Since their marriage she had observed him more closely than she had opportunity of doing before, and probably he too had relaxed some of the devotion of the lover, and was less upon his guard than when he had not secured his prize. More than once during their tour in Europe he had entered her room with his face flushed and with an unnatural gaiety that had been inexplicable to her at first. Afterward, however, it dawned upon her that the occasions on which she had noticed this alteration in his appearance and manner were those succeeding an absence with other gentlemen. Was it possible, she asked herself, that the man to whom she had given herself was a slave to the wine cup? It could not be, for he was so strong, so affectionate, so devoted to her. Yet there was sufficient in what she had seen to give her cause for uneasiness when he was away from her.

The young man who had volunteered to save Harold Grey from a curtain lecture soon found that his services were not needed. Mrs. Grey was not the lady to permit any young man to talk to her about her husband, and very quickly ended any overtures on that subject. Nor was there at any time any danger of curtain lectures for her husband. She had too much sense and too much delicacy to lower herself into the querulous, complaining manner by which some wives wear away their husbands' patience and love. Very delicately she endeavored to attract him to her side, and to win him away from the society in which his danger lay.

It was a struggle that covered many years, in which the influence of the wife was pitted against the influence of the husband's enemies, whom he called his friends. Who can tell what the wife suffered in that struggle! With what helpless indignation she saw men of honor, men professing Christianity, luring her husband into scenes in which he always lost his self-control! They praised his wit, delighted in his songs, called him excellent company, but they never thought or seemed to care that they were aiding in his degradation. And all the time, the wife, ever careful of her husband's good name, could not bring herself to say, "My husband is weak; do not tempt him."

And, after all, she failed. Harold Grey, cursing his weakness, hating himself for his outrages on his wife's love, sank steadily downward. Not one word of reproach did he hear from her, but he noted the anxious look, and the pallid cheek, and the glance of horror with which she now refused to touch intoxicating liquor. He resolved again and again to break off his evil habit for her sake, but even love for her, the most potent force in his nature, was defeated, and there came a time when the night seldom found him quite sober.

Happily for both, however, a deliverance was at hand. Harold Grey was found one night, by a young clergyman who knew him, helplessly intoxicated on the street. He took him to his home, and then for the first time Beatrice Grey opened her heart. Mr. Leigh listened in silence, then prayed with her, and, asking per-



A Wife's Appeal.

mission to call again in the morning, left. The next day he had a long talk with Harold Grey. His sympathy and manly frankness won from Harold his whole story of broken resolutions, and vain attempts to overcome for his wife's sake, ending with a despairing statement that he had now no hope. But Mr. Leigh had seen more desperate cases cured among his people, who, though with less culture and more brutality, had been rescued. To this man of culture and sensibility he preached the same remedy, and pointed him to a Saviour able to save to the uttermost. What self-respect and wifely love could not do was done by the almighty power of Jesus. Harold Grey was delivered, and both he and his wife never cease to bless the day when they first heard of the mighty power of a Saviour's love to snap asunder the chains of sinful indulgence.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 398.)

Working for Brigham Young

ALMOST the first visitors who called to see me were a lady and her daughter. I talked freely to her and answered her inquiries, and she told me that she herself had had some experience in the business. "In Salt Lake City," she said, "I think you will not be able to sell those goods; they are too fashionable for the people here, and there is no encouragement given to any one in this business. I am afraid you will be disappointed."

I believed every word she said, and felt all my airy, hopeful castles begin to crumble away. Before she left, however, she very kindly offered to purchase all my goods at a low figure, and thus relieve me of the anxiety and trouble of selling them. But I had had a little experience in the world—although probably I appeared to her somewhat innocent—and I thought that if she could sell them, there was a chance at least that I also might be able to do so. At any rate, I resolved to try, and I told her so, when she left me with many kind wishes for my success. But what she had said during her visit had chilled my enthusiasm, and I pictured all my pretty new-made articles becoming soiled and faded, with no one to buy them; while the little ones, barefooted—like so many children in Utah then—were running about crying for bread. I felt

sad, and, if I must confess it, I sat down and had a good cry. Just at that moment I heard a knock at the door, and hastily drying my eyes, I opened it, and there stood my talkative friend.

"Stop crying!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter, my dear? Oh, do stop crying. I don't like crying women; we see so many of them among the saints of God here that it is really a shame and a disgrace. Tell me, what is the matter?"

Question after question was uttered in a breath, and without the possibility of my putting in a word by way of reply or remonstrance. At last I told her that I had just had a visit from one of the sisters and her daughter, whom I described.

"I know," she said; "I met her as I was coming here. Do you know who she is?" "No," I replied; "I do not think she told me her name; she simply came to look at the goods."

"And did she tell you that they would sell well, and that they are the best investment that you could have made?" she inquired, with a smile.

"Quite the contrary," I said; "she discouraged me so much that I could not help shedding tears."

"Well, now," she answered, "that was Mrs. C., one of our milliners here; and you suppose she was going to encourage you to set up an opposition establishment, do you? If you do, why, you've got something yet to learn." Indeed, I felt that I had got a great deal to learn.

"Now I have come to tell you quite a different story," she said. "This very afternoon you will have at least a dozen ladies here; and ladies, too, who have got the money to pay for what they have, and who won't pay you in salt chips and whetstones."

"Do they ever pay in such things?" I inquired.

"Why, certainly they do; that is the kind of pay the good Saints generally expect their poor brethren and sisters to be satisfied with, and to feed their hungry children upon. But I say that this is wrong. Not that I want to set myself up as a judge, or that I should criticise the actions of the brethren—God forbid! But when I see the rich brethren grinding the faces of the poor in that way, why, I say that it is wrong. You must not take such pay as that. You may not always get money, but you can get flour, potatoes, and molasses. Now, I tell you that you are going to sell every article you have, and I shall take pleasure in recommending you and talking about it. Why, I've been to about two score people already; but there! I see your husband coming, and I must go!"

My husband, indeed, was there. He was not very fond of my talkative friend, and passed her by with a polite salutation only; but when he saw what I had been doing, the light dawned upon his mind; he no longer wondered what had become of the dollars in New York, and astonished at my success, he congratulated me upon the good use to which I had put them.

After the interview with my talkative friend I felt quite encouraged, and I very soon found that her predictions were correct. I had no difficulty in selling the millinery I had made, and very soon I had created quite a little business, although we lived a considerable distance from Main Street. And what with my efforts, and some employment which my husband obtained, we contrived to get through our first winter in Salt Lake City. But I anticipate.

One day my husband informed me that there was a house about to be vacated shortly, and that Brigham Young had told him we had better take it. It was pleasantly situated near the Tabernacle, and, as houses then were, it was quite a desirable residence. We had it thoroughly cleaned, and then moved in. When I arrived in the evening I found that Mr. Stenhouse, with the assistance of our faithful Swiss girl, had arranged everything as the goods arrived from the other house; and the place looked so clean, and there was such a bright fire burning, that I felt that we now had really something like a home, and my heart was filled with gratitude to God.

Soon after our establishment in our new home, Brigham sent for me and asked me to make a handsome bonnet for his then favorite wife Emmeline. He left it entirely to my taste; I was to make just what I pleased, so that it suited her and gave satisfaction. I made the bonnet; and when I presented it, Brigham Young was so pleased that he immediately gave me an order to make one for each of his wives. I was very much pleased at this, for we needed furniture and many other necessities, and I thought that this would enable me to get them.

I expected that my account would be paid in money, for I did not suppose that the Mormon Prophet would offer me chips or whetstones; he could afford to pay cash, and, of course, would do so. He had furnished me with some material for the bonnets out of his own store—for Brigham Young had a dry-goods and grocery store of his own—and I was to furnish the remainder. It was very little that he supplied, and therefore my account was likely to amount to a considerable sum, for almost every wife had at least one bonnet which she wished made over again with new trimmings, besides the new one.

I worked constantly for three weeks, with the assistance of two girls, to each of whom I paid six dollars a week, besides board. This was a difficult thing for me to do at that time in Utah, for money was seldom seen there then; but I was rejoicing in the prospect of the comfortable new furniture which I should have when it was all done. Furniture at that time was very expensive; there was nothing better than white-pine-wood articles, stained or painted. The commonest kind of wooden rocking-chair cost fifteen dollars, and common painted wooden chairs were six dollars a piece, with everything else in proportion. This being our first winter, we had not been able to get much, and I thought I would devote the proceeds of the work I was doing for Brigham Young to fitting up the house a little; and, what with I earned from my other customers, I contrived to pay my maid, so as to have all the rest clear.

All was completed, and great satisfaction expressed at the result of my labors. So I asked my husband to present my account, and, if possible, get it settled; it amounted to about 275 dollars although I had dealt liberally with the Prophet, and had charged for the goods but little more than they cost me. When my husband returned, I hastened to meet him, for I had partly selected the furniture, and wanted to go and purchase it. But I was like poor Perrette, the milkmaid, who counted her chickens a little too soon; for Mr. Stenhouse told me that Brother Brigham had given orders that the amount should be credited to us *for tithing!* What a shock this was to me; for that sum, small as it may appear, was my whole fortune at the time, and it was gone at one sweep! "Can it be possible," I said, "that he can be so mean as that? Where can his conscience be, or hasn't he any, to deprive me of my hard earnings in this way? He shall not do it—I will make him pay me."

My indignation was so great that I did not reflect how imprudent I was to talk thus of one who was called the Prophet of the Lord! but my husband said, "What can you do? You cannot help yourself. You can do nothing but submit. Let us try to forget it; or, if not, it will perhaps be a lesson to us." But I did not for-

get it, and never could, although I tried very hard; and when many months had passed, and I no longer suffered from the effects of my loss, I still remembered it, and I always *shall* remember the way in which Brigham Young paid for his wives' bonnets.

The grasping, avaricious spirit which induced Brigham to settle his account in this way is generally acknowledged by others. W. F. Rae said of him in 1870: "Avarice and lust are the vices which master him to the exclusion of all others, and his arrangements are admirably adapted for keeping the majority of his followers obedient to his will. So long as they can neither buy nor sell, but must supply their wants through the primitive agency of barter, it is hard for them to become strong enough to challenge his claims. The payments he makes are calculated in dollars; but instead of paying his creditors in cash, he hands them orders on the Tithing-office, where grain, firewood, flour and other necessities of life can be had at the option of the holders. Some payments are made in Salt Lake notes, which are current in the Territory only. Men who nominally receive so much a day for their labor have told me that the very sight of United States money is a rare one to them. They get wherewith to sustain life, but they cannot lay up that store against a rainy day which the thrifty laborer loves to accumulate.

"These persons are virtual prisoners in Utah Territory. Without money they cannot escape from the home of bondage, and of money they are almost bereft. Now and then one of the dissatisfied class does that which leads to his excommunication, and the practical confiscation of his property. As soon as he is cast out of the Church, or voluntarily secedes, the whole power of the Church is exerted to crush him. Good Mormons are forbidden to give him shelter, to associate with him, to trade with him. The great object is to expel him from Utah. Should this end be attained, then the outcast is obliged to begin life again, after his hopes have been blighted, with his labor expended in vain, and his experience gained to no good purpose.

"The despotism of Mormonism, as it was practiced by Brigham Young, was temporal as well as spiritual. Nothing is left to the free will of the people. Everything is done in obedience to a decree. The phrase, 'Thus saith the Lord,' is always uttered by the leaders when they desire to impose their decisions on their credulous followers. President Young tolerated no differences of opinion between himself and his flock. He had been elected by them, and he considered it his prerogative to govern them with a rod of iron. Universal suffrage, exercised by the ignorant, had placed him where he was, and he interpreted universal suffrage as others have done in Europe, to mean the prerogative to act without scruple in pursuance of personal ends.*"

Mrs. Dickenson, a recent writer on Mormonism has also remarked: "Brigham Young's two most conspicuous qualities were his selfishness and his imposture. No mortal can estimate the dreadful influence of his thirty-three years' rule upon the Mormons. He set them examples of robbery, perjury, open murder, and secret assassination." As an example of how the people copied and obeyed their leader in these matters, she quotes the following from an army officer, who was familiar with Mormon habits.

"In 1865 the Mormons began, and persistently followed up, the practice of arresting soldiers who were in Salt Lake City from Camp Douglas, and fining them for nominal offences which they induced them to commit, such as giving them spirits, and then arresting them and fining them under special orders. No Mormon would swear in their behalf, and the officers had no remedy. On one occasion troops were sent to rescue the imprisoned men, and a serious conflict was imminent, when Brigham, to escape

[*It is singular that Antichrist is, according to Revelation 13 and 17, to be elected European Emperor by universal suffrage, and is also to practice boycotting.]

the dilemma, disavowed the action of his officers acting under his orders.

"The Indians of Arizona, Montana, Wyoming, and Dakota found ready market with Mormon agents for Government horses which they had stolen, so that at one time thirty branded horses, fully recognized, were found in Salt Lake City, in Mormon stables, within two weeks after they had been stolen by Indians. The same was true of clothing and other supplies, which, instead of being carried to their own tribes by the plunderers, were sold to the Mormons by systematic arrangement. This was one powerful reason why the Mormons themselves were rarely disturbed by Indians. By systematic false swearing they protected the Indians, and by presents and supplies of arms and powder they fomented Indian hostility against the United States."

Not many weeks after our arrival in Salt Lake City my husband told me that we might now enjoy the privilege of going through the Endowment House. This was intended as a great favor to us, on the part of the authorities, for most people have to wait a long while before receiving their Endowments; but my husband's influence and position in the Church was the reason why we were admitted so soon.

Now I had heard so much of the Endowments and the Endowment House that I quite dreaded to pass through this ordeal. The idea of the whole ceremony was that thereby we should receive the special grace of God; be united, man and woman making one perfect creature; receive our inheritance as children of God; and, in fact, be made partakers of the plenitude of every blessing.

The similarity of the initiatory rites of the Endowment House, and the ancient mysteries known as the Eleusinia and the Dionysia or Bacchanalia, has been frequently remarked.

The Eleusinia was a festival observed every fourth year by the Cretans, Lacedæmonians, and others: but more particularly by the people of Athens every fifth year at Eleusis in Attica, where it was introduced by Eumolpus B. C. 1356. It was the most celebrated of all the religious ceremonies of Greece, whence it is often called by the way of pre-eminence *the mysteries*. The Dionysia were introduced into Greece from Egypt, and were probably the same as the festivals celebrated in honor of Isis. The Eleusinian mysteries were performed in a temple that was specially built for their celebration. Thus we read, "The candidates, crowned with myrtle, were admitted by night into a place called the *mystical temple*, a vast and stupendous building."

In this Joseph Smith attempted to imitate his heathen forerunners, since he commenced building a massive temple in Nauvoo, having, as he said, received a special revelation to do so. In 1841 he issued a proclamation to all his followers, "that God commanded them through him to build Him a house, wherein He, the Lord, might reveal through His prophet Joseph *ordinances essential to their salvation*, which had been hidden from the Church from the foundation of the world." Smith was killed during the erection of the building, after which it was continued by his followers, but was destroyed after the exodus from that place, and the mysteries are carried on at the Endowment House.

(To be Continued.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for June:

The Future Ten Kingdoms and Antichrist's Week. Stars and Prophecy. By W. Appleford. Historical Fulfilment of the Fourth Trumpet. Overpopulation, One of the Darkest Clouds in the Future. By D. T. Taylor. Order of the Events of the Revelation. By the late Lieut.-Col. White. Spiritualism Unveiled. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Phayre. The 144,000. By the late Rev. R. A. Purdon. Antichrist's Future Acting; Described in Dan. II: 21-45. What the Jewish Papers are Saying. Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

SAMUEL CALLED OF GOD.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 7, 1 Samuel 3:4-14.
Golden Text, 1 Samuel 3:10.

Anarchy in Israel—Every Man His Own Law-giver—The Child of Prayer—The Little Neophyte—In an Atmosphere of Hypocrisy—Kept Uncontaminated—Familiarized with the Ritual—The Call in the Night—The Child's Natural Inference—Eli's Disclaimer—His Wise Direction to One Called of God—Christians Uncertain About Their Call to Service—The Way Closed by Family Ties—Duty in Doubtful Circumstances—Ambition Not a Call—God Reveals Himself to the Child-like.

It was in the time of the judges; self-will ruled the people. "In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes." (Judges 21:25.) The almost universal departure from God was as apparent among the priests as the people; the two sons of Eli, the high priest, were notoriously profligate. The condition of things was much like that described by Hosea: "There is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land." (Hos. 4:1.) The word of God was precious (or rare) in those days; there was no open vision, no continual communion with God. God had no "friend" among His people from whom He could not hide what He was about to do, as in Abraham's time, before the destruction of Sodom. (Gen. 19:17-21.) But it is always in such times that God raises up

His True Prophets,

His prepared instruments, to be the recipients of His thoughts, to enter into His purposes, and to be the exponents of His will to other men. It was in such a time that Samuel was born in an atmosphere of prayer. His very existence was an answered prayer, and the strain of praise which fell from his mother's lips, when her prayer was heard, and God had given her the son whom she gladly and joyfully yielded up to His service, would lead us to suppose that because of God lay very near her heart. It may be that the godlessness which surrounded her was a true burden of the Lord upon her, and that her prayer for a son was really a prayer that he might be the mother of a prophet who should bring Israel back to the God whom they had forsaken. She dealt too closely with God when she prayed in the temple for a son, to resent Eli's imputation of drunkenness, and her resentment of her child when so young for the service of the Lord also showed how completely God took the leading place in her heart and life.

What kind of son should Samuel be as the child of such a mother? Hannah brought him to the temple as soon as he could walk and talk. Samuel should be acquainted with the worship of God as the one purpose of his life. Samuel ministered unto the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod." (1 Sam. 2:1.) His priesthood was an exception; he was neither of the tribe of Levi, the priestly tribe, nor yet was he of the age, "thirty years," when the priests were first admitted to the service of the tabernacle. (Num. 4:3, 35, 39.) But Samuel's service had been on his part a simple obedience to his mother and to Eli. No doubt that mother's prayers had followed him, and he had trusted her God to keep her child pure from the baneful influence of the sons of Eli, and to make Eli, who did not restrain his own sins, exercise nevertheless a due restraint upon hers. And it is evident these prayers were heard, and that Samuel was indeed preserved from the contamination of the sin which surrounded him. But as yet

He Did Not "Know the Lord,"

neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed to him. He had done his duty as far as he knew, had respected God, worshipped Him as an unconverted child can, had obeyed Eli, and been what is generally called "a good child." But he was not really acquainted with God. His prayers were not consciously answered; the altar, the sacrifices, the laver, the words of prayer, these were all better known to him than the God who was worshipped by all

these. There needed something from the other side, something direct from God to his own soul, in order that Samuel should know the Lord. It is the same with the conversion of a child as with an older person: the touch of God does the work. No human power can bring about the revelation of God to a human soul, but He has promised that "they that seek shall find, and to them that knock it shall be opened."

It was night when God called Samuel—a deeper night in Israel's relations with God than that which lay over the face of nature. Eli, whose eyes were beginning to fail him with age, was gone to rest, and the golden candlestick, "the lamp of God," was burning with a flickering light, only too typical of the state of Israel's piety. It was a statute forever in their generations that this lamp was to burn always (Ex. 27:20, 21), signifying unbroken communion with God. Samuel was laid down to sleep, the sweet sleep of a child, when the Lord called, "Samuel!"

The Habit of Obedience

had been formed, and the child instantly rose and went to Eli, saying, "Here I am, for thou calledst me." It was a call heard, but not understood. The boy did not argue the point, but obeyed the command, "Lie down again." A second time the same clear, unmistakable voice called, "Samuel!" and again the child, knowing no one else was at hand, and having no former experience of the voice of God, ran to Eli and said, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." But even now, when Eli disclaimed the voice as his, Samuel did not argue; but, whatever he may have thought in his own mind, he said nothing. Whether he slept again we know not. Probably not. A third time the Lord called him; but now, when he went to Eli, the old priest, whose spiritual perceptions were growing rusty from disuse, "perceived that the Lord had called the child." There was still left him the knowledge of how to direct a soul to whom God is speaking.

Eli gave good counsel. It would be well if every one who deals with souls would follow it. He directed the lad to go back, and if God should call him again, he was to say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Our part in the direction of anxious souls is to bring them into contact with Jesus, and then leave Him to speak to them; we cannot speak peace to a soul. We may tell him what God says in His Word, but He must speak it into the heart. A fourth time came that now well-known voice, "Samuel! Samuel!" and the lad trustingly said, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." And now, for the first time in his experience, it was not Samuel speaking prayers to God, in a hope mingled with awe and fear that some way God would hear, but it was God taking the initiative; and the wondering child knew that the mighty God who created heaven and earth was now talking to him! Such was Samuel's call.

Am I Called

into the Lord's work? is a question which is stirring thousands of souls at the present time. The wave of evangelistic and missionary interest which is abroad very naturally suggests it. There are many classes of Christians who ask this question. There are some who have been given to the work by a father's or a mother's prayers, like Samuel, whose whole education has led that way; and who, when a distinct call comes to them, can do no other thing than go, joyful and grateful that God condescends to use them. There are others on whom the burden of souls lies, who are keenly alive to the interests of eternity, and yet who are bound by the care of a family, and find the struggle at times a very hard and difficult one between what seems to be two opposing duties. But surely God knows the position of things; surely if He wants such an one to leave all for Him, He can make the way, although everything may seem impossible; and most surely it is the duty of such an one to care for his family until the way is made plain for him. He may do much in praying for others; he may do much in winning souls within his reach; he may encourage and cheer on

many who are not bound by such ties as he has. There is another class, composed of those whose hearts burn within them with a conscious call of God, and yet their education is so small, their manners are so rough, and their means are so limited, that they see no way before them. But if the call is really from God, let them not be disheartened; the God who called Samuel, who was only a child, unformed, uneducated, unsophisticated, can use them too. But let them not push forward, but wait first for the Lord to speak to them, and to open their way.

There is another and a very numerous class, composed largely of young ladies who are converted, but who have never been converted from their self-life. In their hearts they say, "I would like to be a missionary, but I should like all my friends to understand me, and to think well of me, and I should like to have some home comforts, and to be able to return home sometimes, etc., etc." Of precisely the same class are many young servants, who think, "I should like to be an evangelist or a missionary, I should be more thought of, and more noticed than I am now. Besides, I like talking to people in the meetings, it is such interesting work." And of the same class are those who feel, "I would rather work for God than go on with my trade," or, "I would rather work for God than stay at home and help my mother." Now, in all such cases there is no real call from God.

"I Should Like,"

or "I would rather" is not God speaking, but self speaking, and all such should beware how they put their hands to the work of God. It is such evangelists as these who damage God's reputation, and lower the standard of Christianity. It is such as these who get up bazaars, entertainments, etc., etc., and who, if they do win souls, turn them out as selfish and as unlike Christ as themselves. A real call to the work of God leaves no place for "I should like" in the heart. It is so crushing and humbling to think that such a God can come down to use such an one as I am! What can I say but, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth"? One who is really called of God obeys at once, and makes no stipulations, seeks no special provisions, like Amos when he said, "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son . . . but the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, go, prophesy unto my people Israel;" like Paul when he said, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel;" they go

Impelled by the Holy Ghost.

God communicated to Samuel, little Samuel, as the only heart free enough and pure enough to understand Him, His designs of judgment upon the house of Eli. Man would have said, "How unwise to harrow so young and tender a heart with such sorrow!" But God knows how to fit the heart for all it is called to pass through; and one whose attitude always is, "Speak, Lord, only speak thou, I can understand thee, thy servant, living only for thy service, hears thee," does not misinterpret God. Eli was dear to Samuel, but God made the reformation of Israel dearer still. The morning broke, and with it came the old priest to the young prophet to know what God had said to him. It was a crucial moment. Could Samuel be true to God, and tell all? He feared to show Eli the vision. But with the moment of decision came the present help of God, "and Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him." The old loyalty to God awoke in the aged priest, and though it meant the loss for ever of his two sons, he said, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good;" poor, poor Eli!

Samuel was yet a child; God is at large with the child-like. "Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground." Samuel's words were all messages, and he but the messenger of God. All Israel was alive now to the fact that God was speaking through Samuel. And "the Lord appeared again," and "the Lord revealed Himself" again because He had found one empty, child-like spirit in Israel.

"For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little."—Is. 28: 10.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

—Josephine Pollard.

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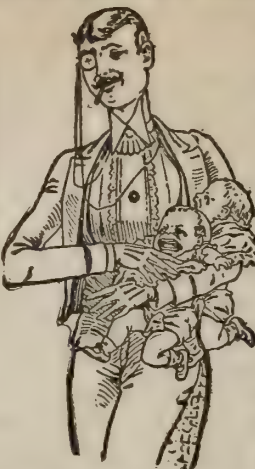
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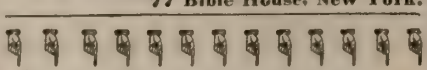
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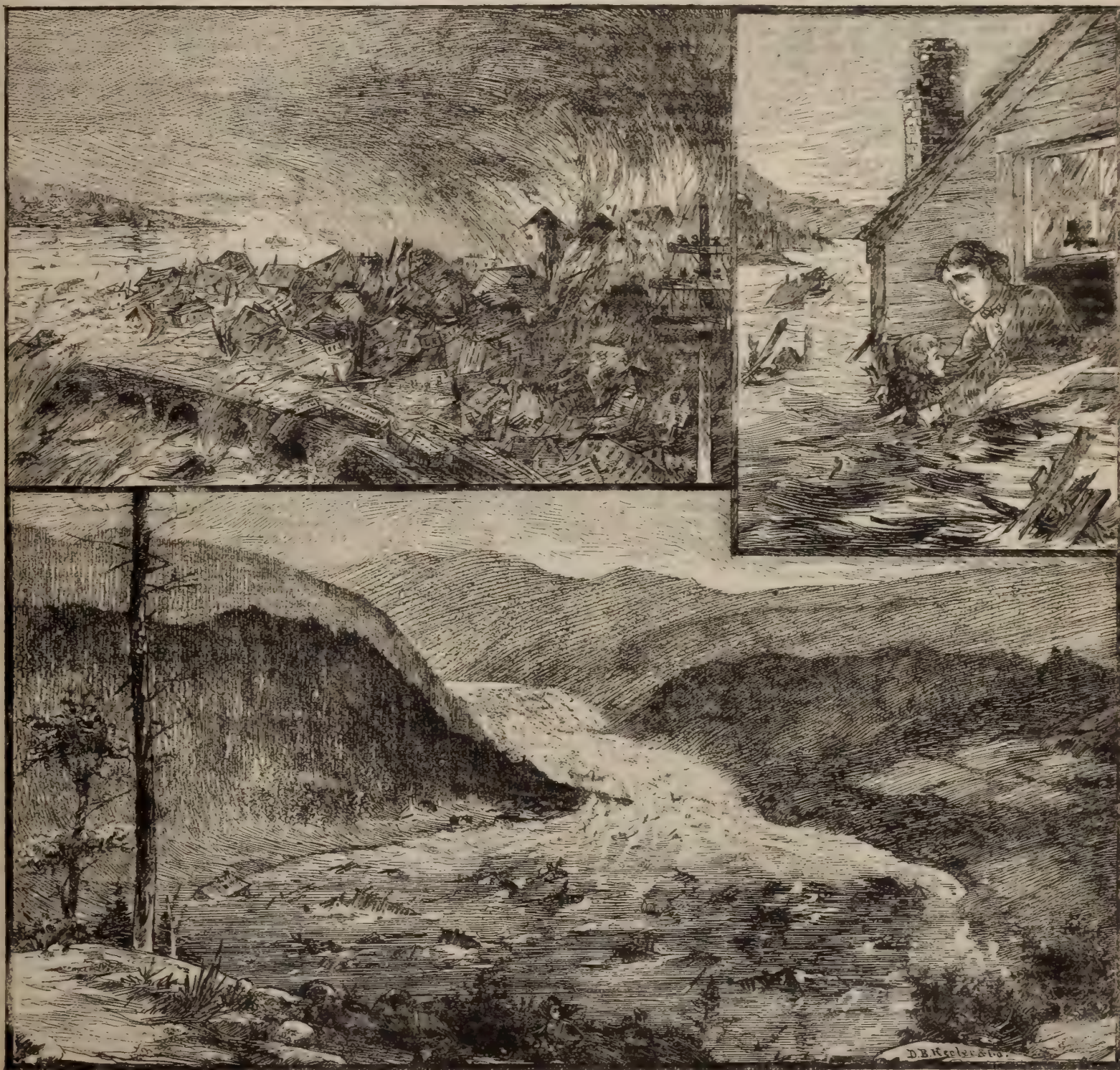
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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PICTURE OF SCENES IN THE CATASTROPHE AT JOHNSTOWN. with Narratives of Survivors.
PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOST THEIR WAY. Dr. Talmage's Sermon last Sunday Morning.
 The Work in the Indian Territory—Dr. George Post's Labors at Beirut—Christ's Patients and Physicians' Patients—Bishop Taylor's Palaver with a King, etc.

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The Catastrophe at Johnstown: The Holocaust at the Bridge—A Mother Trying to Save Her Child—The Torrent from the Gap.

THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER.

Johnstown as it Was—The Mountain Stream—The Pleasure-Seekers' Dam—The Story of an Eye-Witness—The Awful Holocaust at the Bridge—A Mother's Pathetic Story—Two Heroines in the Telegraph Office—Some Remarkable Escapes—A Providential Opening in a Roof—A Golden-Haired Praying Child—A Boy Rescued from a Roof—Mrs. Little's Thrilling Story—A Brave Little Newsboy—The Wrecked Churches—The Fate of the Pastors.

FURTHER details of the appalling disaster at Johnstown, as they have come in from day to day since the calamity, have in nowise diminished the gravity of the catastrophe, though, to the relief of a sympathetic public, they have not confirmed the fears which were at one time entertained. By actual figures, about two thousand bodies have been recovered, and allowing for those that were burned, those still under the mud and wreckage, and those carried by the torrent into undiscovered places, it would appear that the estimate of five to six thousand, arrived at from other data, may be accepted as the true proportions of the loss of life. Even that figure is appalling, and may well sadden our hearts and awaken our sympathies. It is gratifying to observe how liberal has been the help sent to the ruined and bereaved survivors from all quarters, and how nobly Miss Clara Barton and her helpers of the Red Cross Society, ministers, physicians, and others, are laboring to relieve suffering and alleviate sorrow. Amid so much that is distressing this effect of the calamity is a bright and pleasant feature.

Johnstown As It Was.

The wrecked city was in the southwest part of Cambria County, Pennsylvania. A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, who was well acquainted with the district, says that the city stood at the place where Stony Creek and Conemaugh Creek form the Conemaugh River. It was on the Pennsylvania Railroad, thirty-nine miles southwest of Altoona and seventy-eight miles east of Pittsburgh. The people of the town were the employees of the Cambria Iron and Steel Company, their families, and small storekeepers. Three-quarters of the 28,000 people lived in small frame tenement houses on the flats by the river around the works of the Cambria Company. The creeks become the Conemaugh River right at the end of the town, near where the big stone Pennsylvania Railroad bridge crosses the river.

The Villages.

The borough of Johnstown was on the south bank of Conemaugh Creek and the east bank of Stony Creek, right in the fork. It had only about a third of the population of the place. It had Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, and Catholic churches. It had several daily and weekly papers. The chief were the *Tribune*, the *Democrat*, and the *Freie Presse*. Several villages lay in a string along Conemaugh Creek, which flows from the reservoir, or Conemaugh Lake. The first from the reservoir was South Fork. It was ten miles above Johnstown borough, and on the flats made by the junction of a small creek with Conemaugh Creek. This village was occupied entirely by workingmen who lived on the flats in tenements. It had a population of about 1,400. Three miles below South Fork was Mineral Point, a cluster of workingmen's houses about half the size. Neither of these towns was municipally incorporated with Johnstown.

Conemaugh was the largest village on the creek between the river and Johnstown. The streets of the two towns ran into each other, and the space between the two stations is well built up along the creek. Part of the Cambria Iron and Steel Company's works are at Conemaugh, and five or six thousand of the workingmen and their families lived there. The business was done in Johnstown borough. Further down, below the junction of the two creeks, along both banks of the Conemaugh River, were about four thousand employees of the Cambria Company and their families. The place where

they lived was called Cambria, or Cambria City. All these villages and boroughs made up what is known as the city of Johnstown.

The River.

In normal times, is but a few hundred feet wide. The bottom is stony. The current is so fast that there is little deposit along the bank. It is navigable at no time except for a light canoe in the winter, and a boy in rubber boots could wade across it in the summer. Below Johnstown, after Stony Creek has joined the Conemaugh Creek, the volume of water increases, and runs down into the Kiskiminitas River, and into the Allegheny River, and then on to Pittsburgh. About fifteen miles above the town, at the source of the South Fork, lies the Conemaugh Lake and Reservoir, whose pent-up waters, breaking loose, have made of the long valley one long stretch of desolation, ruin, and death. The lake was originally a small one, but many years ago the gap in the hills, from which its outlet flowed, was dammed by a stupendous structure 1,000 feet wide, about 110 feet high, and narrowing from 300 to 35 feet in thickness. By it the lake became a body of water three miles long, over half a mile wide, and having a depth of 80 feet in ordinary times.

The Fatal Dam.

The dam was built many years ago to create a reservoir for use as a feeder to the Pennsylvania Canal. It had huge sluice-gates worked by machinery in a tower in the centre of the reservoir. When the Canal was abandoned the dam became useless, and was neglected. The tower in which the machinery for managing the waste gates was located is said to have fallen into ruin. The lake was leased by the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club in 1879. A high retaining wall had been built across the lower end of the basin, and the water from a number of small streams soon filled it up. Around the edges of this lake a number of Pittsburghers built cottages, where they spent the summer with their families. A large hotel was also erected, and during the warm season it accommodates a number of tourists. The association set out to improve and strengthen the wall; but either because the waste gates were so damaged that to repair them would have been an expensive job, or for fear that the fish would escape by the waste gates, every one who lives near says the gates were permanently stopped up. Besides this, the dam, say these witnesses, was built of clay, and on May 31, the fatal day when the water flowed over the top, it washed away its outer face, and weakened it so much that the pressure from within made a huge break. The break occurred at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and *within one hour the lake was dry*. All that immense volume of water had poured into the valley below, sweeping all before it. Trees that stood fully seventy-five feet in height and four feet through were snapped off like pipe-stems. "Just think of it," says

A Witness of the Disaster.

"Thousands of people—men, women, and children—struggling and weeping and wailing as they were being carried suddenly away in the raging current. Houses were picked up as if they were but a feather, and their inmates were all carried away with them, while cries of 'God help me!' 'Save me!' 'I am drowning!' 'My child!' and the like were heard on all sides. Those who were able to escape went to the mountains, and there they beheld the poor unfortunates being crushed among the debris to death without any chance of being rescued. The water seemed to leap, hardly touching the ground. It bounded down the valley, crashing and roaring, carrying everything before it. For a mile its front seemed like a solid wall twenty feet high. At first it looked like dust. That must have been the spray. I could see houses going down before it like a child's play blocks set on edge in a row. As it came nearer I could see houses totter for a moment, then rise, and the next moment be crushed like egg-shells against each other. In the gap above Johnstown the water picked up a four-track railroad covered with

trains, freight, and passengers, and with machine shops, a round-house, and other heavy buildings with heavy contents, and it tore the track to pieces, twisted, turned, and crossed it as fire never could. It tossed huge freight locomotives about like barrels, and cars like packing-boxes, tore them to pieces, and scattered them over miles of territory."

The Holocaust

at the bridge was, however, the most awful scene. Just where the low stone arches of the railroad bridge span the river the floating houses struck, and were jammed together. (See *Illustration on the first page*.) A correspondent of the New York *Herald* says: The stone-arch bridge acted as a dam to the flood, and five towns were crushing each other against it. A thousand houses came down on the great wave of water, and were held there a solid mass in the jaws of a Cyclopean vise. A kitchen stove upset. The mass took fire. Hundreds of people were imprisoned in these houses. A thousand more were on the roofs. For most of them there was no escape. The fire swept on from house to house. The prisoners saw it coming, and shrieked and screamed with terror, and ran up and down their narrow quarters in an agony of fear. Thousands of people stood upon the river-bank and saw and heard it all, and still were powerless to help. They saw people kneeling in the flames and praying. They saw families gathered together with their arms around each other, and waiting for death. Some saw their friends, and some their wives and children, perishing before them.

Powerless Spectators.

All that night and all the next day and far into the morning of Monday these dreadful shrieks resounded from that place of doom. The fire burned on, aided by the water underneath, added to by fresh fuel coming down the river. All that time the people stood helpless on the bank and heard those heartrending sounds. What could they do? They could not fight the fire. Every fire engine in the town lay in that mass of rubbish smashed to bits. For hours they had to wait until they could get telegraph word to surrounding towns, and hours more until the fire engines arrived at noon on Monday. The shrieks ceased early in the morning. Men had begun to search the ruins and had taken out the few that still lived. The fire engines began to play on the still smouldering fire. Other workmen began to remove the bodies. The fire had swept over the whole mass from shore to shore, and burned it to the water.

Shocking Fragments.

In this tangled heap and crush of matter were the twisted wrecks of five iron bridges, smashed locomotives, splintered dwellings and all their contents, human beings and domestic animals, hay and factory machinery, the rich contents of stores, and brick walls ground to powder—all the products of human industry, all the elements of human interests, twisted, turned, broken in a mighty mill and all thrown together. I walked over this extraordinary mass and saw the fragments of thousands of articles. In one place the roofs of forty frame houses were packed in together just as you would place forty banded cards one on top of another. The iron rods of a bridge were twisted into a perfect spiral six times around one of the girders. Just beneath it was a woman's trunk, broken up and half filled with sand, with silk dresses and a veil streaming out of it. From under the trunk men were lifting the body of its owner perhaps, so burned, so horribly mutilated, so torn limb from limb, that even the workmen, who have seen so many of these frightful sights that they have begun to get used to them, turned away sick at heart. In another place was a halter, with part of a horse's head tied to a bit of a manger, and a mass of hay and straw about, but no other signs of the stable in which the horse was burned.

A Mother's Story.

told to the reporters, gives one of the most thrilling and pathetic lights on the disaster. She and her husband had a prosperous little home

Johnstown, and their seven children were all well brought up, nicely dressed, and were being educated. On the afternoon of the flood the husband went to the butcher's, and was swept away with the torrent in the streets. The wife, knowing nothing of his death, gathered her children together and encouraged them to be brave. She took them to the highest story of the house and knelt there with them and besought God's protection. Soon the water was above the floor. It was clear that they would be drowned if they stayed, while floating on the wreckage outside there might be hope of being saved. The mother fought her own and her children's way to the window and opened it. She caught a piece of plank, and on it put the eldest child, with a hasty kiss and a "God bless you!" Then she let it float away into the darkness and the roar of the waves. Six times were these frail barks freighted with precious cargoes. Now came the turn of the last child, Bessie the four-year-old. One can fancy what it meant—the last and dearest. There was scarce breathing space in the room now, and if haste was not used, death would come there at once. To a road plank Bessie was fastened securely, and as blessed as had been the others. (See Illustration on first page.)

"I loved all, oh, I loved them all," said the mother; "but I had two kisses for Bessie, for he was Tom's favorite and was such a good child. She put her arms about my neck and said: 'You know you said God would take care of me always, mamma; will He take care of me now?' I told her He would and she need not fear, and then she was carried away. 'I'm not afraid, mamma,' she called out, and I heard her, although I could not see her; and that's all, except that the roof was torn off and I floated off in it, and some Italians saved me at Kernville, sixteen miles from here. We found two of the children dead—Bessie and George—and there was not a mark on Bessie's face. They're all gone—every one."

Two Heroines

These were the employees of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Johnstown. "This is my last message," was the telegram which Mrs. H. I. Ogle, manager of the Johnstown telegraph office, sent just before she was swallowed up in the flood. Long after the danger was imminent, and longer after death was almost certain, Mrs. Ogle sat in the Johnstown telegraph office, over which she had presided for nearly a quarter of a century, and sent warning telegrams down the great valley to the towns and villages below. The warnings were little noticed, but Mrs. Ogle did her duty to the last. Mrs. Ogle was the widow of a soldier who was killed in the war of the rebellion, and her daughter was her assistant. Both could have escaped, had she selfishly minded the first warnings that came over the wire, but she ordered that no one leave the office until the valley was warned. In the last message received from her, she said that the flood had driven them all from their office on the ground-floor, and that she had removed the instruments to the top floor of the building. The four operators and the three messengers were with her. This was the last authentic word received from Mrs. Ogle. Before her dispatch was fairly received in Pittsburgh, it is thought, the telegraph office went on the crest of the flood, and mother and daughter, faithful to the last, perished together.

Remarkable Escapes.

Mr. Fulton, the manager of the Cambria Iron Works, speaking at a Methodist service on June 9, referring to the experiences of his own family, said that they, with several visitors, were in their house when the wave came. "They had reached the third story beneath the mansard roof, and crept up on the roof as the house was swept away. On the roof they drifted against Elmer Hall, and climbed upon the roof of that. The last one had not left the roof a second when it swung away, and was dashed to pieces. A little girl who was visiting us had been cared for by my little daughter Nannie. They told

the child to climb upon the roof, but she drew back, and said, 'I won't go until Nannie Fulton has gone.' She would have died rather than have left Nannie behind. Talk about miracles! Why, we had them right here. There was one of our elders. He and a number of others were imprisoned beneath a mansard roof in which there was no opening. Another building washed against it, and it cracked open. They crept out, and the next moment something else came along and crashed into the roofing, closing the crack again, but they were all safe."

A Praying Child.

Among the miraculous escapes to be recorded in connection with the great disaster is that of Geo. J. Leas and his family. He resided on Iron Street. When the rush of water came there were eight people on the roof. The little house swung around off its moorings and floated about for nearly half an hour before it came up against the bank of drift above the stone bridge. A three-year-old girl with sunny golden hair and dimpled cheeks *prayed all the while* that God would save them, and it seemed that God really answered the prayer of this innocent little girl and directed the house against the drift, enabling every one of the eight to get off. Mrs. Leas carried the little girl in her arms, and how she got off she doesn't know. Every house around them, she said, was crushed, and the people either killed or drowned.

A boy who was saved gives this account of his escape: Shortly after 5 o'clock there was a noise of roaring waters and screams of people. We looked out the door and saw persons running. My father told us to never mind, as the waters would not rise further. But soon we saw houses swept by, and then we ran up to the floor above. The house was three stories, and we were at last forced to the top one. In my fright I jumped on the bed. It was an old-fashioned one, with heavy posts. The water kept rising, and my bed was soon afloat. Gradually it was lifted up. The air in the room grew close, and the house was moving. Still the bed kept rising and pressed the ceiling. At last the posts pushed the plaster. It yielded, and a section of the roof gave way. Then I suddenly found myself on the roof, and was being carried down-stream. After a little this roof commenced to part, and I was afraid I was going to be drowned, but just then another house with a shingle roof floated by, and I managed to crawl on it and floated down until nearly dead with cold, when I was saved.

Miss Lizzie Little tells

A Thrilling Story

of escape from death. In the house with her were her father, mother, Francis Murphy's son, Robert S. Murphy and wife, Mrs. S. H. McClay, and two domestics. The water came up before they had time to get out. With a noise like thunder the chimney fell, making a big hole in the roof, and just missing them. They stood in the room with the water up to their shoulders. Finally they got up through the hole on to the roof. There was a quiver and a whirl, and the house was swept down-stream. The house passed down the street, but was caught in the return current and swept back up to Kernsville, nearly a mile, and lodged in a jam with other houses. A rope was passed to shore, and those in the other houses fought to get to shore by it, but the family was finally saved, though all their possessions were gone. Just before the water had risen high enough to take the house away, a Jew threw two babies into the door, pleading with them to take care of them until he found his wife. The babes were saved, but of the father and mother nothing is known.

Joe the Newsboy.

A little newsboy, a few days before the flood, purchased a news-stand of his own for \$1.50, and thought his fortune already made. A stout friend picked him up and carried him to a place of safety when the wave swept over the town. From where he stood he could see his \$1.50 business going up into the air, stock and all.

His father was drowned, his mother badly injured, and all that the family owned was destroyed. Their sole dependence now is upon little Joe, who is already trudging about peddling papers as contentedly as though he had never tasted the sweets of being an independent proprietor. He is actively at work, however, disputing for a share of the business with the only firm of regular newsdealers that survived the flood, and expects to be ready to set up a store of his own as soon as the town is rebuilt. He is short and stout, wears knickerbockers yet, looks about twelve years old, and talks business with the dignity and ease of a man of mature years. He laughs about the way his \$1.50 flew up in the air when the water struck it, but adds, more soberly: "I've got to fix it, somehow, to do more business than I used to—father being dead and they all depending on me, you know."

The Churches

are nearly all swept away. Of the Episcopal Church not a vestige remains. Where it once stood there is now a placid lake. The parsonage is swept away, and the rector of the church, the Rev. Mr. Dillon, was drowned. The church was one of the first buildings to fall. It carried with it several of the surrounding houses. Many of them were occupied. The victims were swept into the comparatively still waters at the bridge, and there met death either by fire or water. The Rev. William Chapman's Methodist Church was one of the most prosperous in the city. Its building was a fine stone structure in the centre of the town, beautifully finished inside. There were one thousand active members. The walls and roof of the building still stand, and they protected the parsonage beside them, but the interior of the church is a complete wreck—the floors torn to pieces, the walls ruined, and the whole place heaped with all manner of debris. The wreck of the congregation is even more complete than that of the building. Of the 1,000 members not 500 remain.

The Pastors.

The plight of the other churches can be imagined. Many are completely wiped out, pastors and officers lost, buildings destroyed, even the sites obliterated, and of the members only a handful left alive. Among the pastors who went down were the Rev. Mr. Jones of the Welsh Congregational Church, and the Rev. Mr. Lichtenberg of the German Reformed Church. Mr. Lichtenberg was a new pastor, having just moved here. He had preached his first sermon the Sunday before the flood. Himself and all his family went down. Of all the churches in Johnstown, the only ones whose sites can now be discovered by a stranger are, besides the Methodist, the Roman Catholic, which was burned and wrecked at the same time, the German Catholic, which has a hole in its wall as though a freight car end up had smashed into it, and which is totally ruined inside, and two others, a Presbyterian and Baptist, both of which are badly damaged, if not ruined. The Rev. David Beale, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, is one of the hardest-working men in the town, and his mud-spattered clothes, although they appear unlike the garb of a clergyman, are never considered where a word of spiritual comfort is needed. He is now chairman of the Committee on Morgues, and is one of the few men whom the entire community have confidence in, regardless of color or creed.

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PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOST THEIR WAY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, June 16, 1889.

"And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink." Gen. 21: 19.

Trouble in the Beer-sheba Household—Hagar and her Son Expelled—Their Journey in the Desert—The Dying Boy—Intervention from the Skies—Lessons of the Incident—I. Trouble the Offspring of Ambition—A Place for Every One—God-Appointed—Honor for the Lowly—Misplaced People—An Injury to Themselves and the World—II. Sympathy for Woman—The Woman Conscript in the Battle for Bread—III. The Momentous Destinies that Women Guide—The Nation that Sprang from Ishmael—What Kitto Did—A Look into Futurity—IV. No Wilderness Without a Well—The Search for the Elixir of Life—A New Astrology—Death of a Converted Hindu.

MORNING breaks upon Beer-sheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brisk lad of sixteen years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard, and says that they will have to leave. They are packing up now. Abraham knowing that

The Journey

before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham as he gave the lunch to Hagar, and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey. Ishmael, the boy, I suppose bounded away in the morning light. Boys always like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart—young Ishmael.

The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain, and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat; for mothers can endure anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert, how wearily and slowly the miles slip. A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night drops upon the desert, and the travelers are pillowless. Ishmael, very weary, I suppose, instantly falls asleep. Hagar, as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other—Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are

In the Desert.

A star looks out, and every falling tear it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth and lifts the locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half awakes her son by crying out in her sleep, "Ishmael! Ishmael!" And so they go on, day after day, and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands, no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour, the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a stunted shrub of the arid plain, she sees the blood-shot eye, and feels the hot hand, and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shriek in the desert of Beer-sheba: "We shall die! we shall die!"

Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey, even smiled upon him when he felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that

she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart; but as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst, and struggle in distortion, and beg his mother to slay him, she cannot endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub and goes off a bow-shot, and begins to weep, until all the desert seems sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens; and an angel of God comes out on a cloud and looks down upon the appalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what aileth thee?" She looks up and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God!

I learn from this Oriental scene, in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place, and get

Too Proud For Their Business.

Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son, Ishmael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness and threw Sarah into a great fret; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world to-day comes from the fact that people do not know their place; or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world, there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you, and a place for me.

Our First Duty

is to find our sphere; our second is to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sextus V. was born on the low ground, and was a swineherd; God called him up to wave a sceptre. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after the sheep; God called him up to look after stars, and be a shepherd watching the flocks of light on the hillsides of heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewter pots; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoemaker's bench held Bloomfield for a little while; but God called him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and Christian scholar. The soap boiler of London could not keep his son in that business, for God had decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England.

On the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle, and play in a costly conservatory, and feed high-bred pointers, and angle for gold fish in artificial ponds, and be familiar with princes; yet God may have fitted us for a carpenter's shop, or a dentist's forceps, or a weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's forge. The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intended us, and then to occupy that sphere, and occupy it forever. Here is man God fashioned to make a plough. There is a man God fashioned to make a constitution. The man who makes the plough is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution, provided he makes the plough as well as the other man makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made to fashion a robe, and yonder is one intended to be a queen and wear it. It seems to me that in the one case as in the other

God Appoints the Sphere,

and the needle is just as respectable in His sight as the sceptre. I do not know but that the world would long ago have been saved if some of the men out of the ministry were in it, and some of those who are in it were out of it. I really think that one-half of the world may be divided into two quarters—those who have not found their sphere, and those who, having found it, are not willing to stay there. How many are struggling for a position a little higher than that for which God intended them. The bondswoman wants to be mistress. Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The small wheel of a watch, which beautifully went treading its golden pathway, wants to be the balance-wheel, and the

sparrow, with chagrin, drops into the brook, cause it cannot, like the eagle, cut a circle der the sun. In the Lord's army we all want be brigadier-generals. The sloop says: "More mast; more tonnage; more canvas. Oh! we were a topsail schooner, or a full-rigged brig, a Cunard steamer!" And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, because we are

Not Willing to Stay

in the place where God put us, and intended to be. My friends, be not too proud to do a thing God tells you to do. For the lack of right disposition in this respect the world strewn with wandering Hagars and Ishmaels. God has given each one of us a work to do. You carry a scuttle of coal up that dark alley. You distribute that Christian tract. You give ten thousand dollars to the missionary cause. You, for fifteen years, sit with chronic rheumatism, displaying the beauty of Christian submission. Whatever God calls you to, whether win hissing or huzzas; whether to walk under triumphal arch or lift the sot out of the ditch, whether it be to preach on a Pentecost, or to some wanderer of the street of the mercy of the Christ of Mary Magdalene; whether it be to weave a garland for a laughing child on a spring morning, and call her a May queen, or to comb out the tangled locks of a waif of the street, or cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary—do it, and do it right away. Whether it be a crown or a yoke, do not fidget. Everlasting honors upon those who do the work, and do their whole work, and are contented in the sphere in which God has put them; while there is only wandering and exile and desolation and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ishmael.

Again: I find in this scene a lesson of

Sympathy With Woman

when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great change it was for this Hagar. There was the tent, and all the surroundings of Abraham's house, beautiful and luxurious, no doubt. Now she is going out into the hot sand of the desert. Oh what a change it was! And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had everything possible to administer to her happiness. Plenty at the table. Music in the drawing-room. Welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who cannot appreciate her. A dissipated soul comes, and takes her out in the desert. Iniquities blot out all the lights of the home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shone out over the marriage altar while the ring was being set, and the vows given, and the benediction pronounced, have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to-day, broken-hearted, thinking of past joy and present desolation and coming anguish. Hagar in the wilderness! Here is

A Beautiful Home.

You cannot think of anything that can be added to it. For years there has not been the suggestion of a single trouble. Bright and happy children fill the house with laughter and song. Books to read. Pictures to look at. Lounges to rest on. Cup of domestic joy full, and running over. Dark night drops. Pillow hot. Pulses flutter. Eyes close. And the foot whose well-known steps on the door-sill brought the whole household out at eventide, crying: "Father's coming!" will never sound on the door-sill again. A long, deep grief ploughed through all that lightness of domestic life. Paradise lost! Hagar in the wilderness!

How often it is we see the weak arm of woman conscripted for this battle with the rough world! Who is she, going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with exhausting work, not half slept out with the slumbers of last night, tragedies of suffering written all over her face, her lustreless eyes looking far ahead, as though for the coming of some other trouble? Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes on the day when they held her up to the font, and the Christian minister sprinkled on

infant's face the washings of a holy baptism. The name is changed now. I hear it in the rattle of the worn-out shoes. I see it in the creases of the faded calico. I find it in the lineaments of the woe-begone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her loneliness, and may the great heart of Divine sympathy inclose her forever.

Again: I find in this Oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth tremendous desires. You say: "That isn't an unusual scene,

A Mother Leading Her Child

the hand." Who is it that she is leading? Ishmael, you say. Who is Ishmael? A great nation is to be founded; a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria under against it; but in vain. Gaulus brings his army, and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts, and dies. For a long while that nation monopolizes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother, as she passes along the street, and sees pass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake by their influence.

Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Plymouth, England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime, until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass, and he lifts it, bleeding and in pain? That wound in the foot decides that he be sedentary in his life, decides that he be a student, that he shall be John Kitto, who will provide the best religious encyclopædia the world has ever had provided, and, with his own writings as well, throwing a light upon the word of God such as has come from no other man in this century. O mother, mother! that little hand that wanders over your face may yet be lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war, or drop benedictions. That little voice may blaspheme in the grog shop, or cry: "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts, as they go out for their last victory. My mind to-day leaps

Thirty Years Ahead,

I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into the harbor. He is mighty in all the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits to-day before you in the Tabernacle. My mind leaps thirty years forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in the crowd who seems to have the confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for counsel and for her prayers. Who is she? To-day you will find her in the Sabbath-school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and healed the sick. My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle; and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradiated with the glad tidings of joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you ever hear his voice in the first song of the service? My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself looking through the wickets of prison. I see a face scarred with every crime. A chain on his open palm, his elbow on his knee—a picture of despair. As I open the door, he starts, and I hear his chain clank. The jail keeper tells me that he has been in there now three times. First for theft, then for murder, now for murder. He steps upon the trap, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plank falls, his body swings into the air, his soul swings off into eternity. Who is he, and where is he? To-day playing kite on the city commons. Mother, you are to-day hoisting a throne of forging a chain—you are kindling a star or kindling a dungeon.

A good many years ago a Christian mother sat teaching lessons of religion to her child, and he drank in those lessons. She never knew that Lanphier would come forth and establish the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and by one meeting revolutionize the devotions of the whole earth, and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence. Lanphier said it was

His Mother Brought Him

to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leading forth such destinies. But oh, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on towards destruction, garlanded for the sacrifice with unseemly mirth and godlessness, gaily tripping on down to ruin, taking her children in the same direction, I cannot help but say: "There they go, there they go—Hagar and Ishmael!" I tell you there are *wilder deserts than Beer-sheba* in many of the domestic circles of this day. Dissipated parents leading dissipated children. Avaricious parents leading avaricious children. Prayerless parents leading prayerless children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every cellar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmael! and while I pronounce their names it seems like the moaning of the death wind—Hagar and Ishmael!

I learn one more lesson from this Oriental scene, and that is, that

Every Wilderness Has a Well

in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as she heard her child crying: "Water! water! water!" "Ah," she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's angel said from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar?" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it—fountains for all these thirsty souls to-day. "On that last day, on that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried: If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink." All these other fountains you find are mere mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his time in trying to find out the elixir of life—a liquid which, if taken, would keep one perpetually young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course he was disappointed—he found not the elixir. But here I tell you to-day of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the "Rock of Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never get old, and you will never be sick, and you will never die. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Ah, here is a man who says: "I have been looking for that fountain a great while, but can't find it." And here is some one else who says: "I believe all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness, and

Can't Find the Fountain.

Do you know the reason? I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. "Oh," you say, "I have looked everywhere. I have looked north, south, east, and west, and I haven't found the fountain." Why, you are not looking in the right direction at all. Look up, where Hagar looked. She never would have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the voice of the angel she looked up, and she saw the finger pointing to the supply. And, oh soul, if to-day, with one earnest, intense, prayer you would only look up to Christ, He would point you down to the supply in the wilderness. "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none else." Look! look! as Hagar did.

Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over the audience to-day, I notice signs of mourning. Have you found consolation? Oh man bereft, oh woman bereft, have you found consolation? Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses, ourselves soon to be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulchre of some buried joy. But sing ye

to God, every wilderness has a well in it; and I come to that well to-day, and I begin to draw water from that well. If you have lived in the country, you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well-sweep, and you know how the bucket came up dripping with bright, cool water. And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy to-day, and I begin to draw on

That Gospel Well-Sweep,

and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul! here is one bucket of life! come and drink of it: "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." I pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up. It is this promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again, and I pull away with all my strength, and the bucket comes up bright and beautiful and cool. Here is the promise: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, that would be a prophecy of evil; if a cluster of stars stood in another relation, that would be a prophecy of good. Superstition! But here is

A New Astrology,

in which I put all my faith. By looking up to the Star of Jacob, the morning-star of the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy in regard to those who put their trust in God: "All things work together for good to those who love God." I read it out on the sky. I read it out in the Bible. I read it out in all things: "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love Him? Have you seen the Nye-tanthes? It is a beautiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then it pours its richness on the air. And this grace of the Gospel that I commend to you this day, while it may be very sweet during the day of prosperity, it pours forth its richest aroma after sundown, and it will be sundown with you and me after a while. When you come to go out of this world, will it be a desert march, or will it be a fountain for your soul?

A Christian Hindoo

was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology, but he waved his hand, as much as to say: "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest, and he said: "If you will only recite the Numtra it will deliver you." He waved his hand, as much as to say: "I don't want to hear that." Then they said: "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head, as much as to say: "I can't do that." Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of that god." He shook his head again, as much as to say: "No, no, no." They then bent down to his pillow, and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies: "Jesus." Oh come to-day to the fountain—the fountain open for sin and uncleanness. I will tell you the whole story in two or three sentences: Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Light for all darkness. And every wilderness has a well in it.

Volume XI., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887 are also for sale. We can also furnish complete volumes for 1884, 1885, and 1888, unbound, price \$1.00, including postage.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE WORK IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

EFFORTS to make the best use of the better weather for gospel work have prevented the Rev. W. F. Re Qua writing a report of his labors for some time, but last week a letter reached us from him and we now lay it before our readers. As this work is mainly supported by the subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD they will be pleased to learn how God is owning and blessing it. Mr. Re Qua says:

My absence from home on mission work at a distance from any post office is the reason I have not written you for so long a time. One meeting I attended a short time since was a blessed one; some professed faith in our Lord and Saviour, and now we are to have a monthly appointment for preaching out there: it is about fifty miles west of here, *where no meetings had been held before*. One man came to me and wanted me to go out to his settlement, saying: "We have heard of you, and want you to come and preach for us, and start a school among us." Two nights the *meeting held all night*, and many were blessed of the Lord. I expect to furnish them a teacher this fall.

I was among the Muscogee Indians last Sunday, to *dedicate a neat little chapel 35 x 20*; all that were in attendance could not get in; about 350 were present, I should think. The Lord was with us. The Muscogeas, or Creeks, are one of the five tribes, and are doing good work for Christ among themselves. I start this week for another long journey, to be gone four or five weeks if health admits, out among the Blanket Indians, and will write you while out mailing at Gov. posts. "In due time we shall reap if we faint not." We have been permitted to reap some, for which we are thankful. I expect to find a number of orphan children among the *wild tribes*, that we can take and care for and educate, as the Lord may open the way. Oh how rejoiced we would be if we could have a *good, comfortable home* by fall! Well, God's promises are true, and He will fulfil. God bless all the friends who have been led of the Lord to minister to us in temporal things while we have tried to minister in spiritual things to others. Indeed the dear Lord will reward them all. This is the Master's work, and He will care for us.

DR. POST'S WORK AT BEIRUT.

AN excellent work is being done by our devoted fellow-countryman, Dr. George E. Post, in the hospital established by the Knights of St. John at Beirut, Syria. In a recent letter he thus describes his patients, and the results of his labors: "What do you see?" he asks. "Who are the patients? A young Jew who has forgotten his fear of uncanonical food in his eagerness for healing. A lineal descendant of Saladin, who still remembers how his ancestor defeated ours on the plains of Palestine—and did they not deserve to be conquered when they carried the Cross of Christ behind the sword? He came blind, and now he sees. His ears have been opened too, and he listens eagerly to the wonderful words of life. On the opposite side of the room, with one eye covered with her veil, is a Druse woman. What brings her here? Warming her hands at a fire in the centre of her chimneyless, windowless house, part of the roof suddenly fell in and pinioned her on the top of the fire, where her hands were burned crisp, and both had to be amputated, 'Go home,' said her husband; and with those customary words of divorce the poor creature was cast maimed and homeless upon the world. There again, denoted by his green turban, is a descendant of Mohammed, the bigoted guardian of the cave of Machpelah, who, forgetting his former hatred, now gratefully kisses the Christian doctor's hand, for, says he, 'You have given me my eyes.' Near by is an Armenian priest in his conical hat, proud of the antiquity of a religion derived, he tells you, not from apostles, but through the letter to the King of Abgarus from Christ Himself.

"And these are not all. There are men from the Soudan and the Sahara, from Cyprus and the Hauran, and moving quietly are the sweet

Kaiserswerth deaconesses, while an English pastor and American doctor proclaim the Gospel to attentive hearers. Do you wonder that they listen? Healing has prepared the way, and if we present the Gospel as Jesus gave it, it will be sure to go home to every heart. We never talk about the false prophet if we can help it; we preach Christ."

"Sometimes the medical missionary is called further afield. In 1865 he was suddenly summoned from a brief rest in the mountain sanitarium to a city some days north, by the message, 'The cholera is here, and the devil is with us too, for there are quarrels among us.' And he hastened away with his native helper. They paused one night not far from the cholera-smitten town. 'Will you think me cowardly,' asked the helper, 'if I confess that I am afraid to go on without spending the night in prayer?' I was not afraid, said the missionary, so I slept, for I needed it, and when morning came my helper's face shone like an angel's, as with firm step he accompanied me to the town. The cholera was stayed, the quarrels were settled, the church was left rejoicing. What are these but further miracles of the grace of God?"

CHRIST'S PATIENTS AND PHYSICIANS' PATIENTS.

IN the course of a testimony recently given at Bethshan, and published in *Thy Healer*,* Miss Thornley Smith drew a distinction worthy of notice between those sufferers whom physicians could sometimes heal, and those whom they could not. She said: It is two years ago since I came here to be anointed, because I was out of health at the time. I thought I had taken the Lord as my Healer, but it was more an intellectual belief than anything else. I did not come into direct contact with Him, or I would have been healed long ago. It was not I waiting for Him, but He waiting for me. He was willing to heal me then, but I had to learn a lesson, and for two years I have been learning it. I have been suffering from *rush of blood to the head, hysteria*, and other things. I have not been able to do my work in school, and have suffered very much. I have consulted four doctors, and have tried all kinds of remedies; but the Lord wanted to heal me Himself, and so He would not let any one else do it, because He wanted *me*—He wanted me to come to Him, not only for healing, but for sanctification as well.

Oh, Jesus would have done long ago what He has done now if I had let Him, but I would not be obedient and follow the Holy Spirit's teaching. He taught me lessons two years ago, but I did not obey Him, and so I thought it was all a hoax, and told others the people at Bethshan had made a mistake, and went too far. I thought a lot about my ideas of things. I went to doctors again, but *the Lord did not let them do the work. He does let them when His people do not know Him*, but He did not let them heal me. But I have come here to day to testify that He has healed me.

AN AFRICAN REVOLUTION.

THE primitive method of conducting a dynastic revolution in Africa is described by Mr. Fay, a missionary of the American Board in West Central Africa, in a letter to the *Missionary Herald*. The good missionary is evidently deeply concerned about the result of the plot which may embarrass him in his work. The fact, however, that God controls all political movements as well in savage as in civilized countries keeps him in peace.

It appears that on the death of Ciponge, the *osoma*, or King of Bihe, his successor, was an elderly man, and did not give satisfaction to the younger men of the nation, who wanted Cik-

unyu, a young man, to be their king. As is not uncommon, there as in civilized lands, the *osoma* desired of the people was not unwilling to gratify them. Had he been an American he would have made speeches, and prompted his friends on the press to write editorials, and made another effort in four years' time Cikunyu used a more direct method. He proposed to wait on the new king to swear allegiance, and to take with him so many of his friends that he could overpower the king and seize the throne. The new king, however, suspecting his intention, called his friends around him, and when the aspirant presented himself he found his party outnumbered. He therefore tendered his allegiance and withdrew. Another and more wily plot was then laid. The nation had decided on a war over beyond the Kuanza River. According to custom, the king should start out first, and sit in the camp gathering. This would be some miles from the ombala, and in such a direction that the aspirant to the throne would pass near the ombala on coming to the war-camp. Instead of going to the camp he was to enter and hold the ombala, when all the headmen in the plot would leave the *osoma* and come to the new man. It was nicely planned, but the king refused to follow the old custom, and would not leave the ombala. The war was delayed more than a month to persuade him to go out. At last they gave up this plot and all the chiefs and old men met at the ombala and told the king he must leave or they would kill him. It seemed that this move was a surprise, for few or none of his friends were about him, so he was compelled to leave. But instead of returning to his old village, he went over to his friends across the Kuito. Mr. Fay fears there will be a civil war, or the nation will split in two, and there will be two rival kings where only one reigned.

BISHOP TAYLOR'S PALAVER WITH A KING.

IN the course of an interesting letter which Bishop William Taylor wrote from Sas Town in West Central Africa, on March 19, which is printed in the *African News*, is the following account of a palaver with the King:

"Sas Town is the largest native town on the Kroo coast, about fifty miles northwest of Cap Palmas. We landed there on February 21, 1889, and anchored our boat on the beach. A large number of the people shook hands with us, and escorted us through the town, and accompanied us to our mission house, a mile north of Sas Town. It is an iron building, 22 x 36 feet, with the addition of a veranda fronting the Atlantic with an open sea view of many miles.

"A messenger from the king came to say that he and the chiefs would come up for a 'palaver' to-morrow morning. Friday, 22d, at 9 A.M. the king and chiefs and old men arrived, numbering, all told, about forty. Bro. Gunnison glued up our dozen chairs and a big rocker last evening; so we furnished sittings for a portion of them, and the others spread the goat-skins which they carry for the purpose, and seated themselves on the floor.

"The interpreter was a tall, fine-looking fellow and very fluent in speech. We had none of the screaming, shouting, and clamorous debating that we had here twenty-two moons ago, when I negotiated for the founding of Sas Town Mission. This house has stood here empty and silent for a year and a half, and a manifest change for the better has come over this people. When the palaver was set, I expressed my pleasure in being permitted, by the kindness of our God and King, to visit them again, and after so long a delay, had brought them two missionaries. I had no changes to propose in our articles of agreement, but to refresh their memory of what we had written at the beginning, and bow far on each side they had been carried into effect, and the work now demanding our immediate and constant attention. One of the first things in order was to build a Sas Town church down near the big town—a house larger than this, and suitable for school through the week

* *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription, 50 cents, may be sent to Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 71 Bible House, New York.

and the worship of God on Sunday. By our articles of agreement, they were bound to build it themselves, without pay, but, to secure a better house than they could build, I now proposed to build the walls and put in doors and windows, and have them put on the roof of thatch and make the floor of cement and gravel. The king and chiefs agreed to all my proposals. The two missionaries were formally presented to the king, who received them, and pledged the protection and co-operation of the government, and after a general shaking of hands, the king and his party retired.

Contributions toward the support of Bishop Taylor's grand work in Africa may be sent to Mr. Richard Grant, 181 Hudson Street, N. Y.

A PROPHETIC BOOK RECOMMENDED BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

IN his monthly magazine, *The Sword and Trowel*, Mr. Spurgeon, reviewing a new book, "Comments on the Book of the Prophet Daniel," says of it: "In this book we have come across many passages containing excellent teaching. The book is well condensed in its historic portions, and useful lessons are drawn from the prophet, which thoughtful men and devout students of the sacred Word will know how to estimate. We commend to our readers the prayerful study of Daniel's own book, together with all the other prophetic books, each of which exhibits some special side of the truth which the Holy Spirit has revealed for our benefit. All Scripture is given for our instruction, and therefore all should be studied. We should not neglect any part of the Divine Word."

This prophetic book explains on its pages 184 to 187 that the Seventy Weeks of years in Daniel 9: 24, 25 commenced with "the going forth of the command to rebuild Jerusalem," given by Artaxerxes, as recorded in Nehemiah 2, and sixty-nine of the weeks ended with the cutting off or crucifixion of Christ. Then after a long intervallum, or break, the future Antichrist will ratify a covenant with the many in Jerusalem, for the final seven years of this Age—the remaining week of those Seventy Weeks. This explanation agrees with that of 150 other expositors. As regards the 2,300 days in Daniel 8: 14, the book says: "Antichrist will not rise (as a political sovereign) until after the ten kingdoms of the Roman earth shall be formed and consolidated. Then he will rise as a petty chieftain over some part of the four kingdoms ruled by Alexander the Great's successors—Greece, Egypt, Syria, or Thrace. He will announce himself as the Messiah of a glorious humanity, and will be accepted by statesmen, economists, socialists, 'leaders of thought.'"

"Daniel 8: 13 states that, while one saint was speaking, another said unto him, 'For how long does the vision apply to the daily sacrifice and to the desolating transgression? to give the sanctuary and the host to be trodden upon?'"

"The reply was numerically definite: 'Unto 2,300 days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.' As is stated in the next chapter, the Antichrist will ratify a seven years' treaty with the Hebrews at Jerusalem. The general scope of the treaty or covenant will be to vouchsafe unto them an autonomy—a separate municipal status of their own, that will accord with their customs and hopes; hopes based on their blindness and unbelief, and on his flattery and falsehoods."

"A few months after the seven years' treaty, when, that is, the last two thousand three hundred days of the seven years begin, the Jews are permitted to offer a daily sacrifice unto Jehovah. This the Antichrist allows to go on until the last half of the seven years begins. Then he ignores the covenant, magnifies himself even unto the prince of the host, causes the daily burnt-offerings to cease, pulls down the place or altar whereon it hath hitherto been offered, casts all revealed truth to the ground, practices, and prospers. He can now do all this because the iniquity that abounds is not only able to bear it, but to approve and support the destroyer (verse 12). Thus the period of time dur-

ing which a daily sacrifice is offered, and then the sanctuary and host are trodden under foot, will begin and end with the two thousand three hundred days. The last three and a half years—forty-two months—or twelve hundred and sixty days are the last portion of the two thousand three hundred days. Then, it is written, shall the sanctuary be cleansed."

"The events seen in the vision recorded in the seventh chapter clearly reveal Antichrist's practice and policy among the *Gentiles*, and especially in accord with the ten confederate kings of the Roman world. Among them also he speaks great words against the Most High, wears out the saints of the Most High, and thinks to change times and laws; all shall be given into his hands for three years and a half, or exactly forty-two months. All these things are done and continue until the Ancient of Days sits in judgment on the Man of Sin, and on the general apostasy that shall prevail among all nations, peoples, and languages within the regions that once constituted the undivided, but now divided, Roman empire. All will willingly rejoice in buying and selling by means of a mark or circulating medium bearing his image; without which no commercial transaction will be done; nor the necessities of life procurable."

"The 1,290 days mentioned in Daniel 12: 11 extend thirty days beyond the forty-two months or 1,260 days. The 1,335 days in Daniel 12: 12 reach seventy-five days beyond the forty-two months, and during these seventy-five days there will be a thorough refining, testing, and trying of the remaining Jews, but they shall finally rejoice and exclaim, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' (Matt. 23: 39.) And blessed indeed, then, shall he be who, having waited, shall have come to the End of the 1,335 days—when Christ will descend on the earth."

THE SIGN OF EXPECTATION.

AMONG the signs of the times one of the most notable, and one often overlooked, is the increasing expectation of our Lord's speedy second advent. As compared with the last century, or even with the middle of this century, the number of preachers and evangelists who are looking forward confidently to Christ's speedy coming, and seeking, like Daniel, "to understand by books the number of the years whereof the Lord spake unto the prophets" (Daniel 9: 2), is now immensely increased. Moody, Munhall, Pentecost, Whipple, Needham, C. H. Spurgeon, A. J. Gordon, and almost every man whom God is using pre-eminently to bring in large numbers of souls into His kingdom, are avowing their expectation of the speedy coming of Christ to reign personally over the earth. Other clergymen of eminence, too, like Dr. Lyman Abbott, whose frank confession of a change of views was published in this journal on May 8, are discovering that the literal interpretation of the prophecies is the only consistent one. There has never been a time when the Bible has been more earnestly and prayerfully studied by so large a number of men, learned and unlearned, as this, and the result is the conviction that the day of the Lord draweth nigh.

In itself this is a significant sign. History shows that before every great and momentous event, religious and secular, there have been some who have been impressed with an expectation of its coming. Sensitive natures, men of keen mental vision, have been aware that change was coming, and how much more likely is this prescience to occur when the Holy Spirit's guidance and enlightenment is being earnestly sought by God's servants!

Before the French Revolution, when to ordinary minds the power of despotic government was never so firmly fixed, more than one statesman predicted the gigantic upheaval that came a few years later. But especially was this phenomenon noticeable near the close of the fifteenth century. It was a time of thick darkness—a very spiritual midnight; yet there were men of God and of faith who were convinced that a great awakening was at hand. They were

not surprised when, a few years later, Luther arose, and, by the power of God, shook all Christendom. A writer in the *Watchword* calls attention to the resemblance between the spiritual atmosphere of the two periods. She says: When Archbishop Crayn, in 1482, endeavored to assemble a council in Basle, he was thrown into prison, and the inquisitor, Henry Institores, uttered these words, "All the world cries out and demands a council, but there is no human power that can reform the Church by a council. The Most High will find other means that are at present unknown to us, although they may be at our very doors, to bring back the Church to its pristine condition." And these words were uttered about the time of Luther's birth. It was as when the high priest prophesied (John 11: 49) that one man should die for the people—a prophecy not his own.

"The Church," says D'Aubigné, "already had a presentiment that the hour of combat was approaching." Andrew Proles, Provincial of the Augustines, in his convent of Himmelspforte, used to say, "Oh my brethren, Christianity needs a bold and great reformation and I think I see it approaching." Then would the monks cry out, "Why do you not begin this reform yourself and oppose such a cloud of errors?" But the aged Provincial replied: "I am bent with years, and I have not the learning, ability, and eloquence that such an undertaking requires; but God will raise up a hero, who by his age, strength, and talents shall hold the foremost place. He will oppose error, and God will give him boldness to resist the mighty ones of the earth."

Such are the utterances recorded before the dawn of the Reformation, and now in the present time what are we looking for—faithful men in the Church—Christians who are exercised as were Andrew Proles and Crayn and Huss, and may we not say, as were Simeon and Anna? What are such hearts looking for, as those of old looked for a work of God—is it not clearly the second coming of the Lord and the rapture of the Church?

It is familiar to many that those whom God has specially used in the present century to lead the way in separation from the corruptions of the Church, and to continue patiently in well-doing have discarded the expectation of a general reformation. What they have had laid upon their hearts has been the patient waiting for Christ—content to be few and little accounted of—looking for deliverance out of a scene where the Church has sadly failed to continue in the goodness of God.

This has characterized the yearning of the heart and the teaching of many devoted men in the last half-century, however little it may have been responded to and reflected in the daily life of those who have enjoyed such a ministry.

If the expectation of the Reformation was answered, let at least the hope now as taught of God give increased power and brightness to the hope of His coming. If the Church sank lower and lower till all was darkness, has not the Lord in mercy by degrees brought back a few to the light, bringing out by one and another recovered truth, until the proper hope of the Church is preached far and wide?

What if His coming is near? It should make the heart leap. May such be our attitude. It is the one we should never forsake. May all we think and do be consistent with the word, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Concern for the Safety of the People of Johnstown has at length resulted in radical measures being adopted to break up the sickening drift by the bridge. The lumber was so saturated with water, and so firmly cemented together by the decomposing animal and vegetable matter, that it resisted all efforts to break it up. General Hastings on June 13 ordered oil to be poured over it, and the whole to be set on fire. The flames burned fiercely, but it is feared that even this will not suffice to remove the drift. Plans are now being devised to run pipes of natural gas into the centre of it, and so float it in sections. There was at first strong objection to burning the mass, as hundreds of bodies are believed to be in, and beneath it. There are, however, four cases of the most malignant type of diphtheria and two of typhoid fever in the town, and the authorities therefore realize that heroic measures must be taken without delay, or there will be an epidemic. The State Board of Health is urging the people to quit the damp houses, especially those of which the cellars have not yet been cleared of mud and refuse. If they have nowhere to go or no means of travelling, the Board advises them to live in tents on the hills until the city has been cleared.

The Work of Relief in Johnstown Now Proceeds satisfactorily, according to the reports. At a meeting called by General Hastings on June 13, he urged the merchants to set about the task of restoring the business section immediately. He said that several lumbermen down East had undertaken to send all the lumber needed, and he proposed to wire them to send it on at once, if the merchants would open stores for the necessities of life. The response was prompt and spirited, and the order was sent. Sad scenes are witnessed at the places where clothing and food are distributed. One young lady, the daughter of a leading lawyer, applied to the Red Cross Society for a cast-off dress. Her father, who is sick in hospital, was worth \$200,000 in real estate before the catastrophe, and his daughter was noted for her benevolence and for her kindly sympathy with the poor. The ladies of the Red Cross found on Friday last that the family of Dr. Conway, one of the most active physicians of the town, were in sore need, though they had made no application for

help. Money was offered to the good doctor, but he declined it. "You are very kind," he said, "but others are needing it more than I. All I need is some clothing to cover my children." Contributions to the Relief Fund flow in liberally. On Friday the fund in New York, Brooklyn, and the neighborhood was \$798,000, and it is expected to reach a million. About three million dollars in all had been contributed by the country generally by the end of last week. In other lands, too, the story of the calamity and the suffering has met with a response. On June 10 Queen Victoria cabled a message expressing her "deep sympathy with the sufferers." The Lord Mayor of Dublin cabled \$5,000 for them.

The New Commissioner of Indian Affairs is Colonel Thomas J. Morgan, of Rhode Island. The President nominated him on June 10. His reasons are, Colonel Morgan's ability as an organizer and administrator as shown during the war, and of his wide indorsement by organizations for the advancement of the Indians. He is between fifty and fifty-five years of age, and is said to be a man of ability and culture. When the war broke out he resigned his chair as a professor in Franklin College, near Indianapolis, and was made First Lieutenant of the Seventieth Indiana Volunteers, General Harrison's old regiment. When it was decided to organize colored troops in separate regiments he was made colonel of the Fourteenth United States colored regiment, which became one of the crack colored commands. He was subsequently made a brevet brigadier-general, and commanded a brigade of colored troops. Soon after the war he became President of the State Normal School at Providence, R. I. He was indorsed for office by the Indian Rights Association.

News of an Indian Outbreak and the Massacre of seven white men comes from Mora, Minn. This time the trouble is with the Mille Lacs, of the Chippewa nation. It is easy to infer, from the brief dispatches sent, that the Indians had a substantial grievance, and apprehended a still more serious one. The whites have been encroaching on the reservation, and for some time past the Indians have been showing signs of resentment. Recently the settlers gave a contract to a firm at St. Paul to cut a ditch from Mille Lacs Lake to a point on Smoke River, near Mora. It was for irrigation purposes, but the Indians thought it was to drain the lake and destroy their fishing. On June 13 the contractors set to work with a force of three hundred men. The Indians warned them that if they persisted in the work they would be put to death, but the workmen paid no heed. Suddenly, about noon, over four hundred Indians, in full war paint, and armed with Winchesters, descended on the gang. There was a general stampede, but the Indians killed seven men and scalped them. It appears that three commissioners had been appointed by the President to negotiate with the Chippewas. If the settlers had postponed the digging of the irrigating ditch until after the negotiations, this sad fatality might not have occurred.

Further News of Mr. H. M. Stanley was received by telegram from Zanzibar last week. The latest news we had of him prior to this telegram was that on Sept. 1 he was about setting out from the Aruwimi River with his stores, to rejoin Emin. This telegram says that a letter dated December 2, 1888, had arrived at Zanzibar, stating that Stanley had reached Usuri, had stayed there for a short time, and then returned to Victoria Nyanza. He left behind him fifty-six men, owing to sickness, and forty-six rifles. Most of the sick eventually died. A short time after, Mr. Mitchell arrived there and took away the rifles. It was shortly after reported that Mr. Stanley had sustained a heavy loss of men, owing to sickness and the lack of provisions. Finally Mr. Stanley arrived and said that Emin Pacha is at Unyara, fifteen days distant. Mr. Stanley took away everything and returned to Emin Pacha, giving the writer a letter to take personally to the agent, Gen-

eral Sir Francis de Winton. The date of this letter is believed to be incorrect. Stanley could not have crossed from the Aruwimi to the Victoria Nyanza and travelled thence southward as far as Usuri by December 2, and if he could have done so the news would have reached us long before this. It is thought that the date must be February. From this telegram it would appear that Emin has abandoned his province.

News of an Appalling Fire was received from China last week. The steamer *City of Sydney*, which arrived at San Francisco on June 12, brought the intelligence. It appears that the Shanghai *Mercury* had received, on what it considers good authority, news that three-fourths of Suchow were destroyed by fire April 8, and that the town burned for two days. *Over ten thousand people perished*, and the survivors are in destitution. The news came to Chun King May 8. The *Mercury*, commenting on the news, says: "In case this startling news is true it is a remarkable fact that it has not reached Shanghai before now, as it is just a month since the fire was reported to have occurred. Still, this is not conclusive proof that a great disaster has not happened, as a month is not too long a time for a letter to reach Chun King. We met a gentleman in Shanghai to-day who was in Penang less than a month ago, and he informed us that a mandarin was a fellow-passenger with him as far as Hankow, and told him about the fire, mentioning that three-fourths of the people of Suchow had been destroyed."

A Distressing Railroad Catastrophe is Reported from Ireland. A large excursion party of Methodist Sunday-school children, teachers, and friends, to the number of 1,200, left Armagh on June 12 for Warren Point, a watering-place in County Down. The excursionists filled two trains. As they were ascending a steep grade fifty feet high the weight of the second train proved too great for the engine. Several cars were detached, and the wheels blocked with stones to prevent them going down the hill. But the stones failed to hold, and the cars ran back toward the level track, but before they reached it they came in collision with an ordinary train from Armagh, which was proceeding at a good rate of speed. The excursion cars were completely wrecked. The scene which ensued was heartrending. Seventy-two of the excursionists—among them twelve children—were killed outright, and over a hundred were dangerously injured.

The Apprehension of Trouble in Servia Increases. The ominous remark of the Czar, that the Prince of Montenegro, who aspires to the Servian throne, is the only sincere friend he has, is still causing discussion both in Germany and Austria. It is accepted as an intimation that the Czar proposes to espouse his friend's cause, and other movements confirm the opinion. The Austrian official journal goes so far as to say that the repetition of such a speech "would banish all hope of maintaining peace, and points to the continued strengthening of the Russian armaments on the western frontier as an indication of Russia's hostile intentions." An American journalist, now in Europe, cables, "I believe, as a matter of fact, that there will be trouble in the Danubian principalities before the summer is over, and that Europe is within measurable distance of that fight for which everybody has been preparing these eighteen years. The approach of this tremendous conflict has been speculated upon so long, and been so often anticipated and so often postponed, that such feelings have taken root among the threatened peoples as to make them accustomed to danger, just as the poor Johnstown citizens were; but the danger is real, all the same, and just now the huge dam which holds back Europe's war flood is daily leaking in new and most perilous spots."

Any Subscriber Interested in this Journal, and desiring to promote its circulation, may have sample copies sent them postage-paid and free of charge, for distribution at camp-meetings or other places where such distribution will introduce the paper, and lead to increased sales. Send postal card stating number required to The Manager, 71 Bible House, New York.

The Famous Dr. P. Waldenstrom, of Gefle, Sweden, is on a visit to this country. He is the eminent theological professor of the State College, and is also a member of the Swedish Parliament. By express permission of King Oscar, he is come to America to study the church and school system here. On June 9 he preached in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, and on the following day at the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association. At both places there were large congregations of Scandinavians, attracted by the fame of the distinguished preacher, about whom so much has been said of late years. Among the visitors who met and welcomed him were Professor K. Erixon, pastor of the Swedish Evangelical Bethesda Church in New York; Rev. C. R. Jork, of Chicago, President of the Swedish Mission Association; and Mr. O. A. Sjostrom. Dr. Waldenstrom brings a considerable sum of money for the Swedish Immigrants' Mission home in New York, which he has collected.

An Effort to Extend the Facilities of Hampton Institute, Va., is being made. The Institute already boards and educates six hundred Indian and colored children, and it could do more with better accommodation. There is no limit to the number who would be glad to enjoy its advantages. It has an annual income of \$8,000, but as each child costs nearly \$150 a year, the chief dependence of the institution is on voluntary contributions. To the same source the institution looks for the realization of its new plans. The pressing need is for a new building in addition to the one now in use, to contain a large room for the teaching of natural science, recitation-rooms, and more dormitories. A prominent feature of it, if it can be realized, will be a theological class, of which Vice-Principal Frissell will have charge, and which he hopes to make useful as a preparation for such of the children and young men who may show capacity and predilection for ministerial work among their respective races. The plans for such a building as the institute needs have been drawn, and it is hoped that the necessary funds will soon be contributed. Wealthy Christian men concerned for the improvement and development of the races which make up so large a proportion of our population, could find no better use for their money than in helping Hampton to the building she needs.

Robbing the Pillars in a Coal Mine at Plymouth, Penn., caused the death of three miners on June 10. The men had been sent into a portion of the mine which is about worked out to rob the pillars—that is, to cut coal from the pillars formerly left to support the roof. The gang were at work loosening the coal by blasting, when a mass of top rock and coal weighing fully ten tons fell on them without the slightest warning, killing three instantly, and mangle their bodies in a terrible manner. So extensively has this practice of robbing the pillars been carried on, especially under Wilkesbarre, that in some parts of the city huge cracks have appeared in the streets, and there are grave fears of a large cave-in. The practice shows a lamentable carelessness of the safety of others. It has its parallel in the spiritual world. Learned men, some of whom profess to be Christians, by their criticism of the Bible are weakening the foundations of faith, and imperiling the eternal safety of multitudes. (1 Cor. 8: 11.)

A Child's Adventures in the Mountain Woods of Connecticut have amazed a whole community. In the heart of the dense forest on Salisbury Mountain a party of charcoal-burners are encamped. On June 6 a little boy three years old was missed from one of the huts. The parents left their work immediately and went in search of him. They were unsuccessful, and by nightfall the anxiety about his fate extended to the whole party, and nearly a hundred men with flaming torches were scouring the woods looking for the little waif. No sign could be found, and the search was continued all the next day. A second night fell, and still the boy was missing. The searchers were about

giving up looking, in despair, when shortly after midnight a loud shout proclaimed that the boy was found. He was sleeping soundly, worn out with fatigue and fasting, in a little sheltered hollow in a glen. He was unhurt, though nearly every shred of clothing had been torn from his body in creeping through the undergrowth. When all the men were returned to camp, the rough fellows were so interested in the child that the whole camp held festival. It ranged itself in line, and the child having been fed, was passed along the line to be kissed and admired for the stamina that had undergone thirty-six hours' exposure and lived. Christ tells us that the recovery of one sinner from his wandering produces similar emotions in Heaven. "There is joy among the angels" over his rescue. (Luke 15: 10.)

A Wrecked Ship, Still Floating, was Towed into New York Harbor last week. She was the schooner *Arabella*, freighted with lumber. During her voyage from Chincoteague, Va., to New York she struck on a sunken reef and stove a hole in her keel. The vessel filled with water, and the captain and crew, believing that she would sink in a few moments, took to their only boat, and after a few hours were picked up by a passing ship. The next day they saw from their refuge their wrecked vessel, her deck level with the water, and the waves washing clear over her. Still, she was floating, and on their arrival in New York, they hired a tug and went in search of her. She was still in the condition in which they last saw her. The tug was attached by a stout line, and the wrecked vessel was towed into port, where she has been docked for repairs. The safety of the vessel is due to the buoyancy of her cargo. Had she carried anything heavier than lumber, she must have gone to the bottom. The usual conditions were thus reversed; the cargo saved the ship when the ship could not save the cargo. That is often so in the voyage of life. The body may be so marred and crippled that a life of misery seems inevitable; but through the buoyancy of spirit that faith in Jesus imparts, the sufferer's days are full of patience, peace, and joy. (Ps. 145: 14.)

A Contract of Matrimonial Peace was Produced in an Iowa court last week by a wife, who sued for the recovery of money under its provisions. It appears that four years ago, for reasons which it is not difficult to infer, a husband and wife drew up and signed a contract, promising each other that "All past subjects and causes of dispute, disagreement, and complaints of whatever kind, shall be absolutely ignored and buried, and no allusion thereto, by word or talk to each other, or any one else, shall ever be made. Each party agrees to refrain from scolding, fault-finding, and anger in so far as relates to the future, and to use every means within their power to promote peace and harmony. They agree that each shall behave respectfully and fairly to the other; the wife to keep the home and family in comfortable condition, and the husband to provide the necessary expenses." The husband further undertook to pay the wife \$200 a year for her personal use so long as she observed the terms of the contract. He has ceased to pay the \$200, and the wife sued him for it in the Des Moines court. The court declared the contract void as against public policy, as it merely bound them to do what the marriage contract called for, and such contracts involving litigation would be productive of evil. The judge appeared to think that love, not law, should govern the home, and that it would do all and more than all that the law could enforce. That was the essence of Christ's legislation, and He wished it not to be limited to the home. (Mark 12: 33.)

A Dispute About a Lady's Letter Caused much amusement in a hotel of an Ohio town recently. Two Connecticut business men were among the guests. They were total strangers to each other, yet each had the same surname and initials. One represented an electric company of Birmingham, and the other

a varnish firm of Bridgeport. Both happened to be at the clerk's desk when he handed out a lady's letter, the address on which was common to them both. Each claimed it as coming from his wife, and declared he knew the writing. The postmark was indistinct. Only the letter B showed clearly; as that might be for Birmingham or Bridgeport, it did not furnish means of identity. At last it was agreed to open the letter and refer to the date. This was done, but the writer had simply put at the head of the letter the day of the month and not her address. She had written to her "dear husband." Reference to the signature afforded no clue, for it was signed "Mary," and that was the name of the wife of each gentleman. Then they agreed to read it together, feeling sure that the contents of the letter would settle the ownership. But the writer had not mentioned any names or written about any local affairs that could identify her. It was simply an affectionate letter, such as any wife might write to her absent husband. The dispute grew amusing, and finally, on the suggestion of a bystander, it was agreed to leave the letter in the clerk's hands until each gentleman has ascertained from his wife if she was the writer. The difficulty is often reversed in the case of God's communication to men. Awakened sinners will admit that they know the Author of the gracious promises of the Bible, but will not claim them nor believe that they are intended for them. (Acts 2: 39.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society voted on June 10 to appropriate \$500 to aid in repairing the damage done to Baptist churches in Johnstown.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Davies, for twenty-one years pastor of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, has been elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Michigan.

A temperance temple has been built in San Diego County, Cal., at an expense of \$6,000. Saloons within three miles of the building have been prohibited by the City Council.

The Congregational Ministers' Meeting in Boston recently discussed the Christian Endeavor Society, and every speaker most heartily and enthusiastically endorsed the movement.

During Rev. C. H. Yatman's four weeks' services in Lockport, N. Y., over seven hundred persons made profession of faith, and among them several young men, who have offered themselves for the Foreign Mission field.

The physicians who performed the autopsy on the body of Washington Irving Bishop, and the physician who ordered it, were arraigned before Judge Cowing last week for unlawful dissection of a human body. They were held in bail to answer.

The bill recently passed by the New York Legislature, and signed by the Governor, that no day-laborer in State employ shall receive less than two dollars a day for eight hours' work, will increase the expenditure in digging the canal extensions by \$300,000.

A Deaconess Convention will be held at Ocean Grove, N. J., August 7 and 8, at which different phases of the work, past, present, and future, will be presented by able speakers. All in any way interested in "the Deaconess movement" are earnestly invited to attend.

The annual convention of the New York Sunday-school Association was held in Albany, N. Y., on June 11. About 500 delegates were present. A large map hung from the choir gallery, and on it were painted the following figures: 7,195 Sunday-schools; 108,272 teachers and officers; 949,415 scholars.

A constitutional Prohibition organization for South Dakota has been formed. An earnest appeal for funds to aid in putting a prohibition plank in the Constitution has been issued. Pastors who sympathize with the movement are asked to take up collections in their churches on June 30, and forward the proceeds to Mr. F. H. Hagerty, treasurer, Aberdeen, Dak.

A noble charity commenced operations in New York on June 10. The Summer Home for Poor Children, at Bath, Long Island, presented by Mr. A. B. Stone to the Children's Aid Society, was filled with 234 little girls out of the tenement districts. They stayed for a week, and on June 17 another company went for a week. These relays will be continued for three months.

Nearly 65,000 children took part in the Brooklyn Sunday-school parade on June 5. They were divided into ten bodies of from 1,300 to 14,000 in number, and, after appropriate exercises in the churches appointed as their several places of meeting, marched to the various parks and avenues assigned. This number does not include the schools of the Eastern District, which paraded the next day.

THE DOWN GRADE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her."
Isa. 66: 10.

The Highest Style of Mourner—A Call to Joy—I. Who the Mourners with Zion are—Numerous Causes for Present Depression—The Absence of the Gospel from the Pulpit—The Common Errors of the Day—The Latter-Day Pantheism—The Beclouded Holiness of the Church—Church-Fair Gambling—Abandoned Prayer-Meetings—Sabbath Desecration—Unconcerned About the Unsaved II. Some Reasons for Rejoicing with Zion—God has not Changed—He will Appear—The Church Will be Aroused—Men Raised Up for the Work—III. Personal Examination.

A MOURNER is always an interesting person. We pass by joyful people without a thought; but when we see the ensigns of woe we pause, and sympathize even if we dare not inquire. The new-made widow, the fatherless child, the bereaved husband, these have a history in which our common humanity is interested. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and when that natural touch comes from the hand of sorrow, kinship is quick to show itself.

The highest style of mourner is one whose griefs are neither selfish nor grovelling. He who bears spiritual sorrow on account of others is of a nobler order than the man who laments his personal woes. This man has not only bowed his shoulder to the inevitable load of personal trouble, but he is obeying the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." The most excellent style of mourner is the mourner *in* Zion, the mourner *for* Zion, the mourner *with* Zion. If you love the Church of God, you will share her joys; but when she passes through the dark defiles of persecution, or the rushing waters of discord, you will mourn with her. Whenever the ways of God languish, and we languish also, it is a mark that grace is in active exercise. Those who have learned this heavenly mourning are called to rejoice: "Rejoice with her, all ye that mourn for her."

I. Who are those that mourn with Jerusalem? Those that love the Church of God, and desire her prosperity; and when they do not see that prosperity, they are depressed in spirit. At this present time the

Causes for Depression

are exceedingly numerous. Nothing can make the heart of the people of God more heavy than to think that the gospel glory of the Church is declining. There was a time when the gospel of the free grace of God sounded forth from our pulpits as from a trumpet; but that time is past.

In former times good men differed, as they always will, as to the form of their doctrinal system; but with regard to fundamental points, they were at one: it is not so now. The Deity of our Lord and His great atoning sacrifice, His resurrection, and His judgment of the wicked, never were moot points in the Church; but they are questioned at this time. The work of the Holy Spirit may be honored in words; but what faith can be placed in those to whom He is not a person, but a mere influence? God Himself is by some made into an impersonal being, or the soul of all things, which is much the same as nothing. *Pantheism is*

Atheism in a Mask.

The plenary inspiration of Holy Scripture, as we have understood it from our childhood, is assailed in a thousand insidious ways. The fall of Adam is treated as a fable; and original sin and imputed righteousness are both denounced. As for the doctrines of grace, they are ridiculed as altogether out of vogue.

For many a year, by the grand old truths of the gospel, sinners were converted, and saints were edified, and the world was made to know that there is a God in Israel; but these are too antiquated for the present cultured race of superior beings. They are going to regenerate the world by democratic socialism, and set up a kingdom for Christ without the new birth or the pardon of sin. In fact, men are not now to be saved by faith, but by doubt. Those who

love the Church of God feel heavy at heart, because the teachers of the people cause them to err. Even from a national point of view, men of foresight see cause for grave concern. Cowper sang, in his day, words worthy to be remembered now:—

"When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins:
The priest, whose office is, with zeal sincere,
To watch the fountain, and preserve it clear,
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
While others poison what the flock must drink.
His unsuspecting sheep believe it pure,
And, tainted by the very means of cure,
Catch from each other a contagious spot,
The foul forerunner of a general rot.
Then Truth is hushed, that Heresy may preach,
And all is trash that Reason cannot reach."

The old motto of the city of Glasgow was, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." Our country has flourished by the preaching of the Word; and, under God, she has been raised to eminence, because of her Protestant Christianity; and when she departs from this, the reason for maintaining her greatness will have ceased. This makes us mourn.

Another cause of mourning is when we see the holiness of the visible Church beclouded. I trust I am not given to finding fault where fault there is not; but I cannot open my eyes without seeing things done in our churches which thirty years ago were not so much as dreamed of. In the matter of amusements, professors have gone far in

The Way of Laxity.

What is worse, the churches have now conceived the idea that it is their duty to amuse the people. Christians who used to protest against going to the theatre, now cause the theatre to come to them. Ought not many school-rooms to be licensed for stage-plays? If some one were to see to the rigid carrying out of the law, would they not be required to take out a license for theatricals? I dare not touch upon what has been done at bazaars and fancy fairs. Think of those who enjoy communion with God playing the fool in costume! They talk of wrestling with the Lord in secret prayer, but they juggle with the world in unconcealed gambling. Can this be right? Have right and wrong shifted places? Ah, sirs! there may have been a time when Christians were too precise, but it has not been in my day. There may have been such a dreadful thing as Puritanic rigidity, but I have never seen it. We are quite free from that evil now, if it ever existed. We have gone from liberty to libertinism. We have passed beyond the dubious into the dangerous, and none can prophesy where we shall stop.

Moreover, we see in the Church that her sacred ardor is cooling. There is still fervor in certain believers, and fervor of the best kind, for the divine Spirit has not utterly departed from us. We have around us Christian men and women who will do and dare anything for Jesus, and bear witness for Him in the open street. Thank God for such! They are a standing protest against

A Lukewarm Age.

And we have still our gracious young men who will give their lives to bear the name of Christ among the heathen, amid the fevers of the Congo River. Still, things are not in Israel as we could desire. Very seldom are believers nowadays charged with being fanatical, nor even with being too enthusiastic; and this is a sign that we are below the right heat. There is cause to grieve over many churches and individuals, that they are neither cold nor hot. Let us be personal and practical, and see whether we have not cause to grieve over ourselves in that respect.

There is grave cause for mourning in Zion, because the services of God's house are neglected. In certain large places of worship which once were crowded to the door, I hear that there are more pews than people. Where the gospel is gone from the pulpit, listeners soon go from the pews. "I do not know where to send my converts with the hope that they will hear the gospel," said a soul-winner to me, the other

day, concerning a certain London district. cannot conceal from myself the gloomy fact that the habit of going to a place of worship is being altogether lost in this city. There are streets upon streets where only one or two persons are in the habit of attending the house of God. Alas! time was when it was thought to be a duty to observe the Sabbath; but it is now a day for lying late in bed, loafing about in shirt-sleeves, or mending rabbit-hutches and pigeon-houses! Do not think that I am exaggerating. I am speaking in sober seriousness the sad truth, which has been reported to me by city missionaries, district visitors, and working men who live among it. This is lamentable! How has it come about? I fear that it is very much the case, because if the people did go to many places of worship they could not understand what they would hear; and, what is worse, if they did understand it, it would not be of much use to them. The

Criticisms of Modern Thought

are of no value to the workingman. If the old gospel is brought to the front in all its simplicity, and preached with fervor, we may hope to see the people back again to hear it; but the task of calling them back is not a easy one. Coincident with the prevalence of a questioning theology comes this religious indifference. Under the prevailing form of doctrine, our city is becoming more *heathenish than Christian*. Between the childishness of superstitious sacramentarianism and the wilful wickedness of doubt, the masses are sliding into an utter disregard of holy things. Reverence is dying out; and as surely as it dies we shall see a fierce attempt at anarchy.

The evil over which I now mourn is not only prevalent among the outlying masses, but taints Christians themselves. Look at you half-Sunday professors, content with only one service, and weary of that! How is it with many Christian people, as to meetings for prayer? Prayer-meetings are the very soul of Church work, and they bring down the blessing upon all our spiritual agencies; yet they are despised by our high-fliers. This is not only bad in itself, but it is a sign of something worse. Men who can pray to edification are in some directions becoming rare. One pastor told me the other day, that out of a considerable congregation he found it hard to make up a prayer meeting at all, because he had so

Few Praying Men.

It is a dreadful impeachment against the churches, but faithfulness compels me to state it, before things grow still worse. You can get a crowd to a concert, but hardly a dozen to prayer! If there had been a magic-lantern, a penny reading, or a recitation with comic songs, the pious people would have strained point to be there; but to pray is much too dull for novel-reading, theatre-haunting professors.

Another very great and grave cause for mourning to all true Christians, is the multitude of sinners that remain unsaved. We do not dispute the fact, neither do we feel its sadness. Look at the many round about us who are living in open evil, going after their lusts, plunging deeper and deeper into what must be their destruction. Look at the many that are blind though they have eyes; that hear not, though they have ears; that feel not, though they are rational beings! How can we bear it? How can we bear it, that there should be any among us who know not God, who love not the Lord Jesus Christ, who are yet in their sins? An unsaved soul is a sight that might well transform us into Niobes, and cause us to weep perpetual showers of pitying grief, until the arm of mercy should interpose to work salvation.

The darkest thought for a true heart is that while souls are lost even now, the evil does not end here; but they are passing away into that hopeless state in the next world which our Lord speaks of as the place of the worm which dieth not, and the fire which is not quenched. They are going from this place, where mercy is proclaimed, to that dread tribunal where the voice

of judgment cries, "Depart, ye cursed." They are hastening away to appear before the great white throne, unsaved, unrenewed, unforgiven! He who can see a soul lost, and yet is not distressed, how dwelleth the love of God in him? We ought to be filled with sorrow when men perish wilfully under the gospel.

Reasons for Joy.

II. I have, at least, shown you that we are not without overflowing fountains of grief; but I say, in the second place, that we may yet rejoice with Jerusalem. Why may we do so amid such reasons for mourning?

We may rejoice with the chosen of the Lord when we remember, first of all, that God has not changed, either in nature, or in love to His people, or in the purpose of His grace. When His church was faithful, His divine decree was carried out; and if His church be unfaithful, He is still omnipotent, and can, therefore, work out His great designs. He has not changed His system of working. He intends still to bless the world through the Church: He means to use His saved ones for the saving of others.

A further joy is this—we may expect the Lord to appear. In the Middle Ages the darkness deepened into seven-fold night; but, as in a moment, God said "Let there be light," and Luther, and Calvin, and Zwingle, and other stars shone forth in the midnight sky, and made the gloom to disappear right speedily. Our glorious God can do so at this present crisis. Oh for a word from the throne! The battle is not ours, but the Lord's. God knows no difficulty. Omnipotence has servants everywhere, and power to create as many more agents of its purpose as there are sands on the sea-shore. Sitting in the chimney-side, to-night, a young Luther is preparing, as he looks in the fire, to burn the bulls of the philosophic hierarchy.

When the Lord shall put on strength, then shall His Church be aroused. I hope to see

A Revived Church

holding truthful doctrine, agonizing over lost souls, and blessed with hosts of converts. Glory be to the name of the Lord! where all is as a desert He can make a garden. Once more He will shake, not only earth, but also heaven. Wherefore let us rest in the Lord, and sing with joyful confidence, since no good thing will He withhold from His Church, and no evil thing will He long permit to do her damage.

Oh that the days of refreshing were come! Then shall the Church have many converts, proving her power, and increasing her influence. Thousands shall turn to Jesus at the expected Pentecost. Then shall she nourish them well, and feed them with knowledge and understanding. I fear that if, in certain churches, there were to be many converts, they would not know what to do with them; but when the Holy Spirit comes into her midst, then the Church shall be a nursing mother. I pray that it may be so among us. We have added to us, during the last two months, first seventy, and then ninety, fresh members, for which I thank God. It is a little church in itself; but unless you all look after them, and try to help them on, we shall be embarrassed by such large additions to our number. Oh that this church may carefully see to all the children that the Lord gives her; and if so, we shall indeed have the fullest reason for rejoicing with her!

Nor is this all: God will raise up men fitted to do His work. Read the twenty-first verse: "I will also take of them for priests, and for Levites, saith the Lord." When the Holy Spirit visits a church, He is sure to bestow special gifts, and give special calls. As the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them," so will He say in our churches, to our great delight. When God sent

Pastor Harms

to Hermansberg, it was a mere heath, and there were few on that heath that knew the Lord: but under his zealous preaching the whole village was turned into a missionary society. Oh that we could do anything like it! Farmers

and laborers, men and women, became missionaries for Christ to Africa; and a large proportion of the population went abroad, either to preach the gospel, or to form little colonies to work with the missionary and support him. They sold house and land and everything, and thus made Hermansberg the starting-place of a great evangelizing enterprise. My beloved people, I hardly dare be so ambitious as to hope that you will ever reach such consecration! See how it was among the Moravians; every man becoming a member of their Church became himself a teacher of the Word: every man, woman, and child among them sought to bring souls to Christ. Would God that the power of the Lord would come in that way upon all our Churches! And we may expect it, if it be the true gospel which we preach, if it be the gospel which we love, if it be in the power of the gospel that we live.

The Personal Question.

III. But now my time has nearly gone, and so I must finish by asking, Why should we personally be of the number that mourn with the Church, and that rejoice with her? Perhaps some of you do not belong to that honorable company. I pray the Holy Spirit to make you of that host at once.

For, first, there is our own sin and ruin to mourn over. I spoke, just now, of *how* we ought to feel for a lost soul; but how ought that lost soul to feel for itself? Poor soul, if we ought to mourn for you, how much more should you mourn for yourself! If you should be lost, if I have been faithful to you, I shall be no loser. What if you go down to hell, your mother's pleadings being in vain? your mother will not be robbed of her glory because you refuse the Saviour. It is your soul, your own soul, your only soul, that is in jeopardy. The Lord have mercy upon you! The Lord make you at once a mourner in the church of God, that you may, ere long, rejoice in her Saviour!

Next, I may be speaking to some one who has been a backslider, and is a backslider even now. By your wretched wandering you have disgraced the name of Christ, and you have dishonored the cause which you professed to love. You have made the enemy blaspheme, and you cannot wonder that your rest is broken. If anybody ought to be a mourner, you should be. You should take front rank among those who lament for the Church of Christ, seeing that you have done her so much damage that you will never be able to undo it even by a long life of usefulness.

Brethren, do you not think that we

Might All Become Mourners

when we think of *our own want of zeal*, and want of care for the souls of others? The preacher would smite upon his breast; and he invites you to do the same. Who among us spends half the thought that he should spend upon the conversion of his fellow-men? We all think of them a little; I hope the most of you are doing something for Jesus and His cause.

May we not add to this our own failures in the matter of holiness? It is easy enough to drag the whole Church up, as I did just now, and scourge her as she well deserves; but it is not so easy for each guilty person to flagellate himself. Yet this is what is needed. Ask—Have I been as holy I should be? Has my house been ordered aright? Is there family prayer observed, not as a matter of form, but in life and power? Am I towards my children, towards my husband, towards my wife, towards my servants, as I ought to be? Are we as upright and generous as we should be in our business, and in our connection with common daily life? O sirs, we may each of us become mourners with the Church of God if we examine ourselves with care!

Let me add that we have all a great concern in this matter, and we ought, therefore, to join with the Church in all her griefs. If the ministry of our pastors be not successful, we shall lose by its want of power. None of us will be able to escape scot-free from the terrible

damage which evil is working all around. When false doctrine breaks forth like the water floods, it will surge around all our houses. Let us, therefore, cry mightily unto God, not for ourselves only, but for the one great universal Church, and for this great city, and for this wicked world. O Lord our God, arise for Thy cause and crown! Take hold on sword and buckler, and plead Thine own case, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS. A GOVERNOR TURNED BISHOP.*

AMBROSE, Bishop of Milan, sprang from a prominent Roman family, and was Governor of Milan. After the death of Auxentius, in A. D. 374, violent quarrels broke out over the choice of a successor. Then a child is said to have cried from the midst of the crowd, "Ambrose is Bishop!" and all the people, Arians as well as Catholics, agreed. All objection was vain. Up to this time Ambrose was only a catechumen, now he received baptism, distributed his property among the poor, and, eight days after, mounted the episcopal chair. His new office he administered with truly apostolic zeal, a father of the poor, a protector of the oppressed, an unweariedly active pastor, and a powerful opponent of heresy and heathenism. His eloquence, which had won him a high reputation in the forum, was yet more conspicuous in the service of the Church. To ransom prisoners, he did not spare even the church furniture. To a peculiar winning friendliness and gentleness he added great strength of character, which prevented him being checked in his course by any respect of persons, or by any threatening or danger. He so decidedly opposed the intrigues of the Empress Justina during the minority of her son Valentinian II., that she, powerless to execute her wrath, was obliged to desist from her endeavors. All his writings are distinguished by their noble, powerful, and popular eloquence.

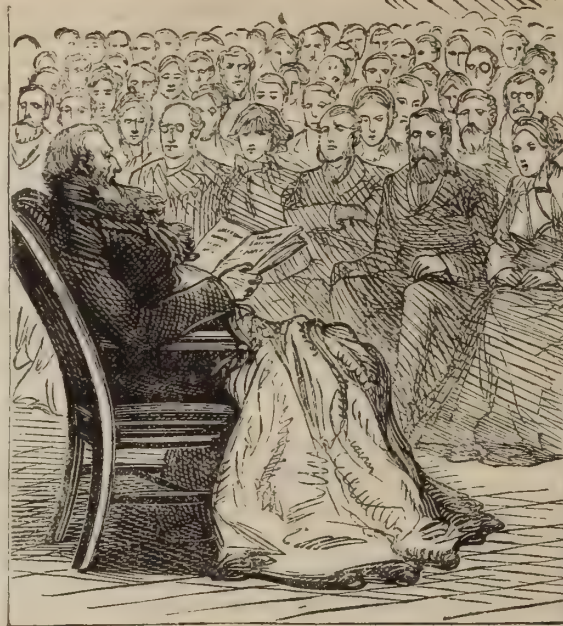
The Ascetic Jerome.

Jerome received his classical training under the grammarian Donatus, in Rome. In A. D. 360 he was baptized by Bishop Liberius, but afterward fell into sensual excesses, for which he condemned himself to atone by penitential pilgrimages in the catacombs. During a journey through Gaul and the provinces of the Rhine and Moselle, he seems to have formed the fixed resolve to devote himself to theology and an ascetic life. Then for more than a year he stayed at Aquileia, A. D. 372, where he formed an intimate friendship with Rufinus. He next undertook a journey to the East. At Antioch, in a vision, during a violent fever, placed before the throne of the Judge of all, having answered the question, "Who art thou?" by the confession that he was a Christian, he heard the words distinctly uttered, "Thou liest! thou art a Ciceronian, and no Christian!" He then sentenced himself to severe castigation, and promised with an oath to give up the reading of the heathen classics, which he had so much enjoyed. He afterward, indeed, excused himself from the fulfilment of this obligation; but this had sealed his devotion to an ascetic life; and the desert of Chalcis, the Syrian Thebaid, became for him during many years the school of ascetic discipline. Worn out with privations, penances, and sensual temptations, he returned in A. D. 379 to Antioch, where he was ordained presbyter, but without any official district being assigned to him. He returned to the East, visited all the holy places in Palestine, and made an excursion to Alexandria, where he stayed for four weeks in the school of the blind Didymus. His style is pure, flowing, and elegant, but in polemic, often reckless and coarse, even to vulgarity. In

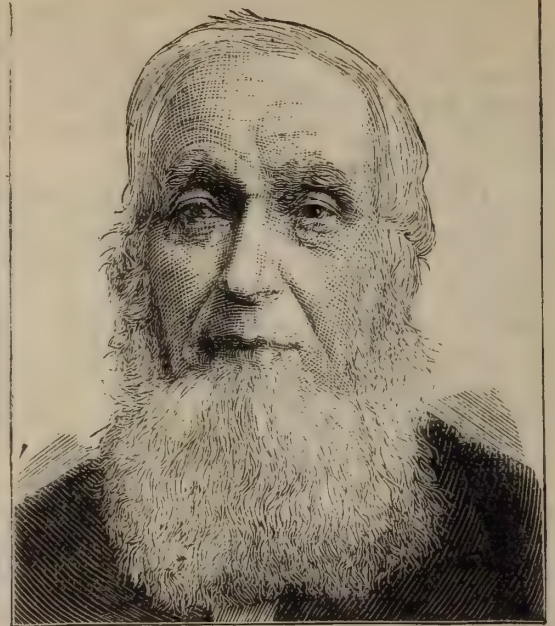
* From "Church History." By Professor Kurtz. Translated from the German, with the author's approval, by Rev. John MacPherson, A. M. This work has had an enormous circulation in Germany, where it has run through nine editions, and is accepted as a standard work. The translation has been done accurately and gracefully, and it is likely to become as popular here as in Germany. It is in three volumes, of which the first is now issued. Pp. 574. Price \$3 per vol. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.



Miss Clara Barton.



Dr. Mahan's Invalid Services.



The Late Dr. Asa Mahan.

the department of exegesis the first place belongs to his translation of the Bible,

The Famous Augustine.

Augustine was born in A. D. 354, at Tagaste, in Numidia. From his pious mother Monica he early received Christian religious impressions, which, however, were again in great measure effaced by his pagan father, the Decurio Patricius. While he studied in Carthage he gave way to sensuality and worldly pleasure. Cicero's Hortensius first again awakened within him a longing after higher things. He now began diligently to search the Scriptures. At last the hour arrived of his complete renewal of heart and life. After an earnest conversation with his friend Alypius, he hastened into the solitude of his garden. While agonizing in prayer he heard the words thrice repeated: "*Tolle, lege!*" [Take, read.] He took up the Scriptures, and his eye fell upon the passage, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." (Rom. 13:14.) This utterance of stern Christian morality seemed as if written for himself alone, and from that moment he received into his wounded spirit a peace such as he had never known before.

MISS CLARA BARTON.

No news is more encouraging to the sympathizers with the poor afflicted people at Johnstown, than the fact announced last week that Clara Barton, with her corps of Red Cross workers, had arrived there, and meant to stay. Sickness, sorrow, and destitution, in the proportions existing there, can be alleviated only by systematic, well-organized effort; and this is precisely what Miss Barton's experience fits her to supply. Her courage, her patience, and her skill have been developed in many a heart-rending scene, and in Johnstown there is sorrowful need of their exercise.

Clara Barton is fifty-one years of age—having been born at Oxford, Mass., in 1838. She had a thorough education in the public schools of that city, supplemented by a course of study at Clinton, N. Y. For some time she was a teacher in the public schools of Oxford, and subsequently was principal of the first public school at Bordentown, N. J. A painful affection of the throat incapacitated her for this occupation, and she was glad to accept an offer of a clerkship in the Patent Office at Washington, D. C. She was engaged there in 1861, when the outbreak of the war introduced her to the work that has made her name famous in all lands.

A company of wounded soldiers from her own native town arrived in Washington, and Miss Barton applied for permission to go to the hospital and nurse them. Her services were so thoroughly appreciated by the surgeons, that

she was solicited to remain permanently, and she consented. Resigning her position in the Patent Office, she devoted herself exclusively to hospital work. As the need increased, she hired a vehicle and went to the scenes of slaughter—Culpepper Court House being her first destination. She was on the battle-fields of Cedar Mountain, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, Falmouth, and at the siege of Charleston. How many lives were saved in those scenes of slaughter through her prompt ministrations none can estimate. With her band of trained nurses, she did noble service, and continued in it to the end of the war.

With a frame exhausted by continuous labor, she went, by the advice of her physicians, to Europe to recuperate. She was there when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and she immediately offered her services. At Metz, in Paris, and in other scenes of conflict, she ministered to the wounded and comforted the dying. The Emperor of Germany acknowledged her services by the presentation of the Order of the Iron Cross, and other distinguished personages gave her tangible proofs of grateful esteem.

Since then, as President of the American Red Cross Society, she has rendered beneficent service in the Ohio floods, the Michigan fires, the Charleston earthquake, and the Mount Vernon tornado. Now she has gone to Johnstown to relieve the sufferers there, and she proposes to stay until the danger of an epidemic, which menaces the afflicted district, has passed.

THE LATE DR. ASA MAHAN.

The distinguished American preacher whose portrait is given on this page died in April last while visiting England. *He was in his ninety-fourth year.* He was converted at the age of seventeen, and, while teaching school for some years afterward, he used every opportunity for Christian work among the pupils. Friends who witnessed the success of his labors urged him to enter the ministry. After a course of study, he was appointed pastor of a church at Cincinnati, O. After a period of service there, he removed to Pittsford, N. Y., where he was successful in arousing a widespread revival of religion. Subsequently he became President of Oberlin College, where he first promulgated the doctrines now known as those of "the Higher Life," with which his name has since that time been most closely identified. He afterward became President of Adrian College, Mich., which position he occupied for fifteen years. After the infirmities of age came upon him, he spent much of his time in England, but contributed extensively to the press of his native country during his absence. To the last, however, he availed himself of every opportunity for preaching, and when unable to stand to declare the message of sal-

vation, he would sit in his chair, a wrap over his knees, and read and expound the Bible to the friends who crowded his room. (See Illustration.) His best-known works are, "Christian Perfection," "The Hidden Life Made Manifest," and "Baptism of the Holy Ghost."

THE CLERGYMAN'S TREASURES.

(See Illustration on page 397.)

Two young men, whose garb denoted a recent bereavement, sat one evening in a small cottage. The place was completely hidden from view from the roadway by dense masses of foliage. It had evidently been the abode of a retiring, cultured person. Choice pictures hung upon the walls, and the dwarf book-cases around the room were filled with beautifully bound books in many languages.

"Seems strange to be sitting here at our ease," said one of the young men; "almost like sacrilege. I never entered this room without a feeling of awe, even after I grew up."

"Nor I," said the other. "Grandfather always kept it sacred. I doubt if I ever was in it more than two or three times. Father used to say it was a solemn place to him, too. The old gentleman used it as a studio before his sight failed him. He was quite a famous artist in his youth, you know; and even after he became a clergyman he used to paint for some years in his intervals of labor. They were few and brief of late years, and when his eyes grew dim he laid the palette aside altogether."

"What a good, gentle old man he was! I could not imagine his committing a sin. He surely began his heavenly life here. I wonder what his early life was! Even father never knew anything of that."

"No, I remember father saying he thought some dreadful sorrow had crushed him, most probably the death of his wife. She died when father was born, did she not?"

"Yes, and that is very likely the explanation of grandfather's silence about the past, and his special interest in all whom death had robbed of dear ones. Well, perhaps we shall get some light on his story now. I scarcely like to turn over his papers, but we must do that, now that he is gone."

"Nor I; it seems almost like opening a grave."

The elder of the young men took from a drawer a bunch of keys, and he and his brother drew their chairs to an ebony cabinet, beautifully inlaid with silver, which stood in a recess. They unlocked it, and as they reverently opened its doors both uttered an exclamation of pleased surprise. In the back of the cabinet was an exquisite picture of a lady standing on a hill-side, the light of the new moon throwing her graceful figure into strong relief against ground and sky. The lady was young and very beau-

tiful, with a sweet, pensive expression on her face, as she gazed into the valley below. The young men looked at it long in admiration.

"That is grandfather's own work," said one of them. "See, there are his initials in the corner."

On each side of the picture was a row of pigeon-holes full of papers, tied and labelled methodically. The inscriptions showed that many of them related to the dead clergyman's church-work. Others were records of transactions connected with duties he had undertaken as the guardian of widows and orphans, which must have involved infinite anxiety and trouble. Beneath the picture, laid carefully by themselves, were a number of letters all in one handwriting. They were evidently some peculiarly treasured relics, and these the young men examined first. They were dated more than fifty years back, and revealed the story which the old man could never bear to speak of. They were signed "Alice," and it was not difficult to see that more than ordinary love subsisted between the writer and the person to whom they were addressed.

Almost the first letter the young men read told the story of the picture. "So you have been painting another picture of me," said the writer; "were you not satisfied with the one I sat for? And why did you choose that particular scene? I must have looked like an elfin-sprite in my white dress in the moonlight watching you climb the hill. You say I seemed your good angel, calling you to leave the world for the higher life. That is what I want to be. I do not wish to discourage your love of art; but it is not the highest life possible to you. There is so much sorrow and sin and misery in the world that I can imagine no higher work for you than that of spending your life in trying to alleviate it." Then the girl passed on to describe her life since parting with her lover—visits to the sick, news of friends, and other matters of common interest.

Another letter reverted to the subject that was evidently the ruling principle of her life. "You *can* conquer," she wrote. "I do not underestimate the difficulty. I have seen the signs of the fierce anger you speak of in your nature, and they have terrified me. I know that what you say of other faults is true. I have studied you since I began to love you, and I am aware of your weaknesses; but I know, too, what Christ can do with such a nature. Give yourself wholly to Him, dear, and He will transform your nature into His likeness. You need not abandon your art, but I think you may choose to do so as you aspire to higher service. For there is a higher. When you are pointing the weary and heavy-laden to the Saviour; when you are showing them the way out of sin and degradation, as one day I hope to see you doing, you will experience a joy far beyond any other this world can give. Your life will be blessed, and a blessing."

"That is just what it was," said one of the young men, as they read the letter yellow and faded with age. "If she was permitted to look down from heaven, and could see that angelic



The Treasured Picture.

old man-whom she had loved and helped in his youth going about his Master's business right up to the verge of the grave, her heaven must have been the happier for the sight."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 382.)

Woman's Place in Mormonism.

BRIGHAM YOUNG usually dined in the Lion House at 3 in the afternoon. Mrs. Twiss Young acted the part of housekeeper. Each mother had her children around her. Brigham sat at the head of the table, with his favorite—when at home—*vis-à-vis*, or on his left, and if a visitor was present he sat at the Prophet's right hand. This was the first time he saw his family. In the evening at 7 o'clock the bell again rang. When all the members of the family were assembled, the door was closed. All knelt down and the Prophet prayed, invoking special blessings upon Zion and "the kingdom."

With his family, Brother Brigham is said to have been kind; but it was supposed to be more the awe which his position as Prophet inspired than the love which they bore him as a man which rendered him successful in managing them. At the same time, the sweet familiarity was destroyed which should exist between husband and wife, father and children. With such a number of wives, he could not possibly wait upon them in visiting. With the exception of his reigning favorite, whoever for the time she may have happened to be, no one expected his attentions. At the theatre a full number of seats were reserved, and his wives attended or remained at home, as they pleased. They sat in the body of the parquet, among the rest of the people; but one of the two proce-

nium boxes was reserved for him, and beside him was a chair for the favorite Amelia.

When he went to the ball, the same special attention was shown. He danced first with the favorite, and, if half-a-dozen more of his wives accompanied them, he would dance with each of them once in the course of the evening; but with the favorite he danced as frequently as any youth with his first maiden love. The Apostles and leading men of the community who bestowed attendance on him and desired his favor were sure to seek the pleasure of her hand and place her in the same cotillon with Brigham, who was thus able all the evening to favor her with his company.

I feel it desirable to mention these particulars to show the true nature and history of the great delusion of Mormonism, which even now is ensnaring a certain number of English and other European people in its meshes, by inveigling them to emigrate to Utah. Even now the Mormon leaders are said to be proposing to purchase a large tract of land in Mexico, so as to establish their polygamous institutions afresh in a country beyond the prohibitive control of the United States Government.

When I arrived in Utah I found that nearly all the elders with whom I had formerly been acquainted had more than one wife there. Many of these brethren called to see me, and kindly insisted that I should visit their families; but this I felt was most uncongenial.

My whole nature rebelled at the thought of visiting where there were several wives; for, in defiance of all the teaching that I had listened to, and the tyranny to which we had submitted, human nature would assert itself, and my womanly instincts revolted against the system. I could not endure the thought of visiting those families in company with my husband. I thought that perhaps sometimes I might venture *alone*, but not with him. It was bad enough and humiliating enough for me to witness by myself the degradation of my sex; but to do so in the presence of my husband was more than I could calmly contemplate. I knew that I should not be able to control myself, and might probably say some very unpleasant things; for I so thoroughly loathed even the idea of plurality of wives at that time that I was filled with a desire to let everyone know and understand just what my feelings were on that subject.

I had left New York against my will, although I had not openly rebelled. I had never reproached my husband about it, for I felt that his lot was irrevocably cast with the Mormons; I knew that when I married him, and it was of no use now for me to repine. I must go on to the end—there was no help for me. The journey across the Plains, and all the discoveries which I had made, had not tended to soothe my rebellious heart, and I am not quite sure that I did not sow by the way a little discontent among the sisters. The idea, however, that such was the case did not fill me with much repentance. To my husband I had said very little, but I think he would bear me witness that what I did say was

said effectively. Now when I was brought face to face with the Mormon institutions and could observe them in their most repulsive phases, I hated them more than ever.

One day, not long after our arrival, as we were taking a walk together, I saw across the road a man gesticulating after an eccentric fashion, and beckoning to us. Mr. Stenhouse gravely said, "That is Brother Heber C. Kimball;" and I looked again with interest to see what that celebrated Apostle was like. I had both heard and read a great deal about Heber Kimball, and what I had learned was not at all of a character to impress me favorably—he had been so severe in his denunciation of every woman who dared to oppose the doctrine of the plurality of wives. On the present occasion his gesticulations were, I thought, grotesque and uncouth; and when we crossed the road to him—which on account of his position in the Church, next to Brigham himself, we, of course, were compelled to do—my face must have betrayed my feelings, I am sure, for almost his first words after shaking hands were, "Have you got the blues?"

My answer was ready in a moment, "I have had nothing else ever since I came here."

"Well," he replied, "it is time that you should get rid of them, and I am going to talk to you some day soon, for I like your looks."

I did not like *his* looks much, however, nor was I at all pleased with his manner. I do not say that I was altogether without blame in feeling thus, for I was prejudiced. From the first moment when I heard fully of the doctrines of the Church, I was predisposed to be dissatisfied with everything; I was henceforth not myself, for the terrible apprehension of my own fate in the "Celestial Order" had changed my whole nature, and that change of itself was a great source of relief to me. I keenly realized that I was no longer the light-hearted, pleasant companion to my husband that I had been, and many a time and oft I wished for his sake that I could die, for I felt that I never could be happy in Mormonism.

How many times have I knelt by my husband's couch when he was unconscious of it, and have wept bitter tears of sorrow, earnestly praying to the Lord to subdue my rebellious heart, and, if it were necessary, rather than I should be a continual annoyance to my husband, whom I loved with all my soul, that every particle of love in my heart should be withered, so that I might perchance, if without love, be able at least to do my duty. I fully realized that in the Mormon social system there could be no real love; and while my affections were still placed upon my husband, it was torture to live in a community where I was compelled to listen to the "counsels" which were given to him, day after day regardless of my presence, to take another wife. I was too proud to notice any ordinary allusion that was made to the subject before me; but when the conversation was turned in that direction by those who professed to be sincere friends, and to entertain a kindly interest in my welfare, I was compelled to listen and reply.

In my unhappy condition I thought that perhaps I might derive some consolation from the sermons in the Tabernacle—something that might shed a softer light upon my rugged pathway. But instead of obtaining consolation, I heard that which aroused every feeling of my soul to rebellion, and kindled again within me the indignation which I had been so long struggling to conquer. I there heard a woman described as an inferior being, designed by the Lord for the special glory and exaltation of man; that she was a creature that should feel herself honored if he would only make her the mother of his children—a creature who, if very obedient and faithful through all the trials and tribulations in life, might some day be rewarded by becoming one of her husband's queens, but would even then shine only by virtue of the reflected light derived from the glory of her spouse and lord.

He was to be her "saviour," for he was all in

all to her; and it was through him alone, and at his will, that she could obtain salvation. We were informed that man was the crowning glory of creation, for whom all things—women included—were brought into being, and that the chief object of women's existence was to help man to his great destiny. The great object of marriage, we were told, was the increase of children. Those diviner objects—the companionship of soul, the devotion of a refined and pure affection, the indissoluble union of two existences—were never presented to the yearning hearts of those poor women who listened to the miserable harangues of the Tabernacle. Neither did we hear the Apostolic doctrine of St. Paul in Galatians 3:28: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

Seldom, indeed, were the women of Utah taught anything better, but frequently much that was worse. If nature, asserting its right to a full return of love, should manifest itself, and inspire some of these poor wives to rebel against the lives which they were compelled to lead, then it would be said, in the language of the Tabernacle, that the women were "filled with the devil," and that unless they repented speedily, they would "apostatize and go to hell;" an assurance which was scarcely necessary, for many of those poor souls were already enduring it to some extent.

I found, therefore, that the sermons in the Tabernacle were not calculated to help me much spiritually. I had neither friend nor counsellor on earth to whom I could turn for help—my God alone remained to me. But, ah, how different were my ideas of God then, from those which I entertained before and since. Once I could look upon the beauties of nature and the varied experiences of human life, and while my soul was lifted up with devotion and gratitude, I could see the loving hand of my Heavenly Father in everything around me. Now there was neither light nor beauty before my eyes—all was dark and dreary; there was nothing to draw away my heart from such sad thoughts as these. It was painfully clear to my understanding, then as now, that in Mormonism woman was to lose her personal identity. All that Christianity had done to elevate her was to be ruthlessly set aside and trampled under foot, and she was instantly to return to the position which she occupied in the darkest ages of the world's existence.

I had at that time the daily and hourly cares of a family devolving upon me, and had not therefore much leisure to spend in visiting my friends even if I had desired to do so. Notwithstanding that, however, I had abundant opportunities of observation; and thus my experience of Mormonism in Utah is much the same as that of any Mormon woman of ordinary sense.

During the winter, although I visited very little, I attended a good many parties at the Social Hall; but I did so more from a wish to be agreeable to my husband than from any pleasure that they afforded me, for life had long since been losing almost all its charms for me. How many times have I gazed wistfully at those lofty mountains which surround the city, and felt they were my prison walls. How bitterly have I realized that I should never be able to go beyond them. But in a new country, with a family to provide for, a mother has not much time for pining, even for liberty itself.

As my husband had been on mission for so many years, and had spent all his time in the service of the Church with the exception of a few brief months before we left New York—when he was engaged on the staff of the *New York Herald*—I naturally enough thought that when we reached Salt Lake City his occupation would be gone. There would be no need of preaching to the Saints—on the contrary, they would be able to teach us; and we should have to find out what we could do in this new country to support ourselves and our children. In this I was not mistaken.

Now among the "absolutely necessary" things which I had brought with me from New York were about \$300 worth of millinery goods, which I had secreted among our other properties, thinking that they would very probably come in useful to the fair daughters of the Mormon city—notwithstanding that the elders had told me of fiery sermons, delivered by the Prophet himself, condemning all feminine display, and that the sisters would scorn to wear Gentile fashions. I knew my own sex too well to believe that all this was strictly true, and I felt certain that I should find, even among the Saints, some weak sisters who would appreciate my thoughtfulness in bringing such articles for their use. I had also noticed that the American elders themselves would frequently inquire where they could buy the best gloves and the prettiest ribbons and laces, and that looked a little suspicious.

Quite a number of such articles, therefore, found their way into my list of "absolute necessities," and I know that my husband was quite at a loss to know what had become of a certain sum of money which he was aware I had obtained from the sale of some of our things in New York, but my foresight was very useful to us when we arrived in Salt Lake City. One day when Mr. Stenhouse was absent seeking employment, I thought I would make a display of my treasures and surprise him on his return. Accordingly, with the assistance of our faithful domestic, whom I had brought with me across the Plains, and who had also lived with me in Switzerland, we contrived to place two or three planks in such a way as to make a rough table on which to display the goods. I had been secretly at work for about two weeks, trimming the bonnets and hats, and making a number of head-dresses, such as were worn in New York when we left; and, although we had been three months on the Plains, and quite a month in Utah, yet those bonnets and head-dresses were of the very latest style to the ladies of Salt Lake.

My Swiss girl was quite a carpenter, and when my temporary table was arranged, I placed a pretty-looking cloth over it to hide its defects, and then began to arrange the various articles. I found that I had a much finer assortment than I had imagined, for I had bought them at different times, and had packed them away hurriedly, lest Mr. Stenhouse or some of the other elders—for there were generally one or two in the house—should object to my taking them. When my table was filled, and I found that I had still more to display, I was very much pleased, for I saw in my hats and bonnets, flour, meat, and potatoes for my children, and I felt hopeful, for one of the sisters had assured me that I should be certain to sell them.

The next thing to do was to advertise my stock. After some reflection I remembered another of the sisters, who was quite a good talker, and who felt very kindly toward me. I had known her in England—she had been in Utah about three years. This good sister, besides being an excellent talker, had really nothing else to do except visiting her neighbors. So I made her a present of a new bonnet, as I knew that then in two days my goods would be quite sufficiently advertised; and in this I was not mistaken.

(To be Continued).

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for June:

- The Future Ten Kingdoms and Antichrist's Week. Stars and Prophecy. By W. Appleford.
- Historical Fulfilment of the Fourth Trumpet.
- Overpopulation, One of the Darkest Clouds in the Future. By D. T. Taylor.
- Order of the Events of the Revelation. By the late Lieut.-Col. White.
- Spiritualism Unveiled. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Phayre.
- The 144,000. By the late Rev. R. A. Purdon.
- Antichrist's Future Acting; Described in Dan. 11:21-45.
- What the Jewish Papers are Saying.
- Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

GOD'S WILL IN SANCTIFICATION.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification." 1 Thess. 4:3.

The Wrong Way of Praying for Holiness—A Fact Overlooked—God Working With the Aspirant—What God Wants For—The Inspiring Consideration—Enemies Overmatched—How Impatience May be Overcome—The Young Ruler's Mistake—The One Thing Lacking—Christ's Throne in the Self-Empty Heart—A Work of a Lifetime.

"THIS is the will of God, even your sanctification;" not only *your* will, but God's will before it ever became yours. It is not uncommon to meet with Christians who say: "I do long to be holy, to have a true spirit of prayer, to be free from impatience and vanity, pride and jealousy, bad temper, unkind thoughts and words, heartburning and bitterness, and all which grieves God." And these dear people pray for sanctification in a despairing voice, which, in itself, says to all who hear it, "I stand every little chance of getting what I ask." They seek God to make them holy, but seem to think He will not. They have done so hundreds of times before; but it is heartless and hopeless work; nothing happens, and they come to the conclusion that it is impossible for them to be different; their case is unlike any other, and because they get no answer to their prayer they get discouraged, and feel very much like giving up in despair.

Let us look at the other side for a moment.

You want to be holy;

What Does God Want?

Can He desire that you should be unholy? *You* want to be patient; does He want you to continue impatient? *You* want to be humble; can God desire to keep you proud? "Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." (Eph. 4:17.) What is the will of the Lord? "This is the will of God; even your sanctification."

What! God wants me to be holy, patient, humble, prayerful? God, who made the world, is on my side! Then "who can be against me?" What power in earth or hell can stand against God? Surely it is victory before the battle, if the Almighty is on my side, practically prayed against the foes which trouble me. But are you sure it is so? Do you, from your heart, believe that the Almighty God, who has all resources at His command to make you holy, is really on your side? Then why your anxiety?

You answer, "I do not find any real change in myself. I pray, and try, and agonize, but nothing happens." Dear friend, do you not really at heart believe that *you* are more in earnest about it than God is: that *you* are thirsting for holiness, but that you have to urge and persuade God to undertake your case; and that, because your prayer is not heard, He is indifferent to it? Are you not thinking, "I am working hard, Satan is against me, the world is against me, and my own natural disposition too, and I am not certain which side God takes: I feel as though He ought to have rewarded me for all my earnest efforts and struggles"? But don't you see that this very thought is a proof that you are not really dealing with God at all? You are expecting a great deal from your own fervency and earnestness, and while you do so,

God is Obligated to Wait

until your expectation is only from Him, apart from what you are, what you do, and what you feel. If ever He makes you holy, it will not be as a reward for your earnestness, but because He has chosen you in Christ before the foundation of the world, that you should be holy and without blame before Him. (Eph. 1:4.) It is of His grace and because He wills it; and not of *your* works and because you will it. And therefore when you pray, do not bring to bear upon

God *your* great desire to be holy, but unite your will to the will of God, which is your sanctification. "Hallowed be *Thy* name" in making me holy, "*Thy* kingdom come" in me, "*Thy* will be done" in me.

"The Lord is on my side." (Psalm 118:6.) This is the inspiring fact which gives faith to prayer. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8:31.) Let the enemy be strong against me, let circumstances, constitutional temperament, the experience of the past, added to all the powers of hell, be against me, yet if the Lord is on my side, He is more than a match for them. Suppose impatience, for instance, has become such a settled habit that I have never been able to count on my patience in any moment of my life, yet if God is for me against my impatience, can I expect anything else than victory? I read it thus, "This is the will of God, even your patience," and He who created all the host of heaven by the breath of His mouth (Ps. 33:6) will create patience in me because it is His will, and I trust His will. Satan can make us pray agonizing prayers when we look at the hopelessness of all our struggles and efforts, but this brings no progress at all. Prayer in the name of our need, or in the name of our fervency, or in the name of our perseverance, will not prevail; but only prayer in the name of Jesus. It is

By His Will we are Sanctified,

not by *ours* (Heb. 10:10); it is by *His* intercession we prevail, not *ours*; it is *His* holiness which makes us holy, not some superiority of *ours* to other men. He of God is made *unto* us sanctification (1 Cor. 1:30), and then Christ in us, dwelling in us, fulfils the righteousness of the law, and thus makes us holy like Himself.

But if God of His own will sanctifies us, will He not do it in spite of us, whether we will or no? God forbid! Just as "of His own will begat He us with the word of truth," but everyone of us must nevertheless of our own will come to Him and believe on Him, so is it in sanctification. Our will must be on God's side, but He must do the work. We co-operate with Him only as we trust and obey Him: thus no credit can accrue to us, and "boasting is excluded," for sanctification as for justification. (Rom 3:27.)

In order that God may make us holy we must be entirely given up to God, so completely that we do not possess ourselves to give again, and we are no longer in a position to bestow anything whatsoever. "Good Master," said the young ruler, "what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" (Mark 10:17.) What shall I do? He thought it lay in his power to do a great deal of good. He was rich; he might build a synagogue, endow schools, give largely to the poor; in fact he may have thought that he was in a position to put God and His people under an obligation to him. How many speak and pray in the same spirit! "Lord, I am ready to do anything for Thee, go anywhere for Thee, suffer anything for Thy sake, renounce all that costs me most dear," and they feel their hearts glow with a conscious devotion. But, after all, anything we can give is His already. "Of Thine own have we given Thee." (1 Chron. 29:14), and it is *grace* in God to accept His own at our hands. We are

Never God's Benefactors,

but He *ours*, and the obligation is always on our side. Tested by the commandments of the second table, his duty to man, the young ruler said, with conscious integrity, "Master, all these have I observed from my youth." Jesus did not examine him as to his duty to God, but looking upon him, loved him, and said, "One thing thou lackest." Oh friends who are seeking after holiness, Jesus loves you while you lack. God's will is your sanctification while you are lacking. What was the one thing? It included everything—all that made the young man what he was, all that put it in his power to do good in his own way, "Go thy way, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and

come and follow me." God wanted the man, not his riches; they would do for the poor, but were no object to Jesus. He must have himself or nothing. Many testify, "I have given up *all* for God—the drink, my cigar, my amusements, my worldly dress, my gay friends—I have renounced them all," as though to claim the admiration of others. But if we have given *ourselves*, all these things are simply included, and are nothing more than a proof that we are wholly the Lord's; this deserves no credit, we are new creatures and have new tastes. "Old things have passed away, all things are become new." (11 Cor. 5:16.) So long as we claim any credit, it is evident that we lack the "one thing." God cuts the ground from under our feet. Don't be afraid if He makes you feel ashamed of yourself. He gives in a divine manner when He gives Himself, and nothing less than our whole selves is a consistent or reasonable gift for us to give to God.

When we have given all, and have nothing left to give, we can do

Nothing but Receive.

This Jesus did when on earth. "He emptied Himself and took on Him the form of a servant." (Phil. 2:5.) He received of His Father all which He gave to us. "The words which I speak, I speak not of myself;" "the Father that dwelleth within me, He doeth the works." Thus He never took glory to Himself, but always glorified His Father.

It is into a self-empty heart that Jesus comes to dwell and carry out His own will, by making it holy with His presence. He comes in on the ruins of what we are, not to bargain with us, but to supersede us, and live His own life out in us. His blood cleanseth us from all sin as we trust Him, in order that Christ may dwell in us. Thus He conforms us to Himself, and changes our whole life, conforming it to His will, which is our sanctification. Then when we pray, it is not a prayer which we give to God, but one which God by His spirit gives to us. If we love God, it is not a love which is indigenous in our hearts, and which we give out of our hearts to God, but it is

Christ in Us,

shedding abroad the love of God in our hearts. If we are patient, it is of His grace received, "Christ in us," who is patient. And thus we can take no glory to ourselves. We cease to be God's benefactors, and become simple recipients; willing, loving, adoring channels of His grace, receiving that we may give.

Are you willing to be so empty as to give up to God, once for all, yourself and all you are and have? The young ruler thought the sacrifice too great, and yet it was but reasonable. Jesus only asked for a fair exchange. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice . . . which is your *reasonable* service;" anything less would be unreasonable. Should Christ give all, and man give only part? We can never be in a position to give God more than what is simply reasonable.

And when this is a settled matter, and we have signed ourselves over absolutely to the Lord, and hold the ownership and have the care of ourselves no more—then is the time to look away from ourselves to Him who understands the work of our sanctification, which is not simply purifying us from sin, but at the same time conforming us to the image of our Lord, for to be holy is to be like God. He utilizes every event of life to empty us, and wean us from our self-life that He may fill us with His life and so turn us, in the circumstances as they arise, as well as in the whole bent of our mind and heart, from self to God. It may take but a moment to make the surrender of our wills and selves to God, but it takes a lifetime for Him to work out fully His will in us which is our sanctification. As He does so the opaqueness of our own nature, which manifests ourselves, gives way before the transparency of a life which manifests Jesus dwelling in us. Let us give up our self-made plans of holiness and yield ourselves to Him, the Holy One, who can make us holy as He makes us will with Him.

* This article has been sent by Mrs. Baxter instead of her usual article on the Sunday-school lesson. We suppose she thought that June 30 being the thirteenth Sunday of the quarter the choice of a subject was optional with teachers. The lesson appointed for the day is "Foreign Missions," Acts 13:46-48; Golden Text, Mark 16:15.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

Strange matchless love, past all our comprehension,
Deeper and higher than the sea and sky.
Broader than all the boundless space around us,
Stronger than death, long as eternity.

We ne'er can measure with our finite senses,
A grace so infinite. We only know
That with a love surpassing understanding,
Christ watches o'er His children's steps below.

We know He holds us in His tender keeping,
And giveth His beloved rest and sleep,
And daily showers upon us countless blessings,
Gives joy for sadness, balm for eyes that weep.

No place so dark but He can walk beside us,
No path so rough but He can smooth the way,
No cross too heavy that He bids us carry,
No heart so troubled that it cannot pray.

And when we come to that strange shadowy valley,
Through which the river flows that chills the heart,
Then will His love be more than earthly lover's,
No change can serve Him and His own apart.

And when beyond all fear and pain forever,
We scan the past illumed with sudden light,
We then shall recognize His loving leading,
And humbly say we have been led aright.

And ever through the calm, long, glorious ages,
We still shall hold this gift of love unpriced,
And ne'er shall find among Heaven's countless
wonders,
So great a wonder as the love of Christ.

—Lillian Grey.

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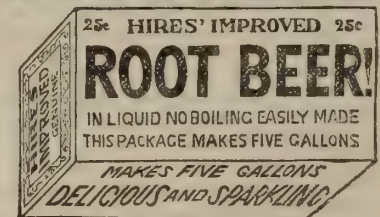
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used the word, that so it may mean to us
means to Him. I have sought to trace it
through the most important passages of He-
ture where it occurs, there to learn what Go-
ness is, what ours is to be, and what the way
we attain it. I have been specially anxious
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make up true holiness as the Divine expressi-
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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.



DR. W. C. ROBERTS.

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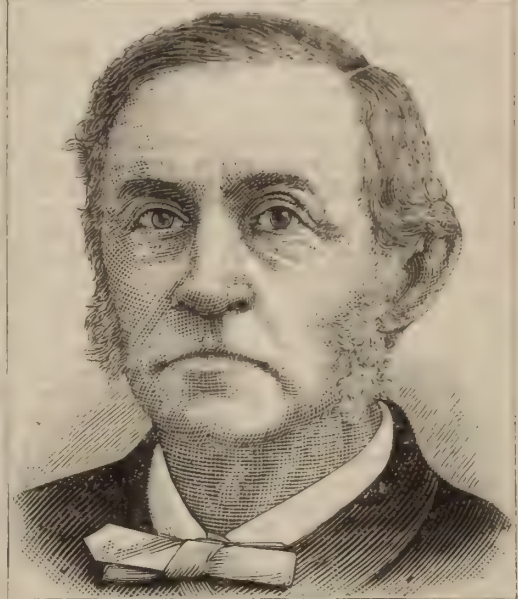
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The Moderators of the Presbyterian General Assemblies—The Fourth Avenue Church, New York.

REV. WILLIAM C. ROBERTS, D. D., LL. D.
Moderator of the General Assembly of the
Presbyterian Church (North).

BRIEF mention has been made in our news columns from week to week of the most important proceedings of the Northern General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, recently in session in New York. We now publish a portrait of its Moderator, a picture of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in which its sessions were held, a portrait of the pastor of the church, Dr. Howard Crosby (on page 380), and a portrait of the Moderator of the Southern General Assembly, which held its sessions at the same time at Chattanooga, Tenn.

A Strange History

is that of Dr. William C. Roberts, upon whom his church has conferred its highest honor. He is a Welshman, and it is a singular coincidence that this is the ninth time that the Presbyterian Assembly, which might have been expected to have had a predilection for Scotchmen, has chosen a moderator either born in Wales or of Welsh extraction. He is in his fifty-seventh year, having been born at Galltmai, near Aberystwith, in Cardiganshire, South Wales, on September 23, 1832. When he was fifteen years of age, and was preparing to enter college, his father came to this country, having secured the contract to build the Erie Railroad, the famous "broad-gauge" running from Piermont on the Hudson to Buffalo. His family followed him. It consisted of the mother and six children, of whom William was the eldest.

A Series of Bereavements

so sudden that they would have paralyzed the energies of most lads of his age fell upon the boy a few days after his landing in New York. Speaking on May 24 last, at a meeting of Welshmen in New York, held to congratulate Dr. Roberts on his election to the chair of the Assembly, he said: "Forty years ago this week I sailed up the Narrows in the *Guy Mannering*—then the marvel of shipbuilding. I was fifteen years old, the eldest of six children, and when we reached the shore my mother saw the spire of Trinity Church, and said to me: '*The God of your father is worshipped here,*' and bade me kneel down and pray. Almost at that moment she was stricken with cholera—it was on a Friday, just forty years ago this night—and she died in a week. She was followed by my father, sister, and brother, all of whom were buried within a few days. My father had left me some money, and with this I managed to support the others. In the fall my uncle sent a ship for me to take me home to Wales, but I had made many friends here, and I decided to remain. I thought it was to be the greatest cross of my life to come to America, where I thought there were no educational institutions. It was only at the solicitation of my mother that I came at all. But I learned that it was well.

"I studied and went to college and worked my way through without help from anybody. Then I studied law, and Judge Patten, with whom I studied, said *I was the biggest fool he ever saw.* I then studied for the ministry, and twenty-five years after, when I was established in a church, the old Judge admitted that he had been wrong in his judgment. I have been in the Presbytery twenty-three years, and have now the pleasure to preside over a grand university. And it now affords me much pleasure to have the honor to preside over the highest court of the Presbyterian denomination."

The Ministry

was scarcely the issue which one would have expected from a young man so circumstanced. The Moderator touched lightly upon his trials, but they must have been very heavy ones. It is difficult to imagine a position of graver responsibility than that of the boy fifteen years old, in a strange land, undertaking to bring up three orphan children. He must have possessed a degree of courage and devotion far beyond his years, and the little incident he mentions of his mother causing him to kneel down on board ship, suggests whence they were derived.

It was in 1855, when he was twenty-three years old, that the future Moderator graduated from Princeton College, and three years later that he graduated from the Theological Seminary. There is abundant evidence that even then Judge Patten's uncomplimentary estimate of him had been proved incorrect. His first occupation was of a temporary character. He became instructor in Greek in Delaware College, Newark, Del., but that was for one session only. In 1859 he received and accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, Del., and was ordained and installed pastor by the Presbytery of New Castle in 1859. While at Wilmington he was appointed by the Synod of Philadelphia a trustee in Lafayette College. In 1861 he accepted a unanimous call to the First Presbyterian Church of Columbus, Ohio. While there he acted as chaplain of the State Senate, and was a member of the Committee of Synod to found a State College, which later became Wooster University. In 1864 he was elected Moderator of the Synod of Ohio. In 1864 he became a co-pastor with the Rev. Dr. Magie, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, N. J., and when the new church colonized from the Second Church and became the Westminster Church, he became pastor of the new enterprise.

Several Honorable Offices

have before this fallen to Dr. Roberts. He was appointed by the First General Assembly of the reunited church one of the original members of the Board of Home Missions in May, 1869; chairman of the deputation sent to the Free Church of Scotland for the year 1874; a member of the Assembly's Committee to consider the propriety of holding a general Presbyterian council; the Moderator of the Synod of New Jersey; a member of the First Pan-Presbyterian Council that met in Edinburgh, in 1877; and was appointed corresponding secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in June, 1881. He is now the president of the Lake Forest University, near Chicago.

Dr. Roberts has long been recognized as a faithful and conscientious worker. His sympathy with young men desiring an education, with weak churches needing help, and with destitute places needing the Gospel is widely known. When his name was first mentioned it was generally felt that, besides being eminently fitted for the position, he would be, if elected, receiving a just recognition of his many years of hard work for the church.

An Interesting Gavel

was handed to the moderator on his assuming office. Its associations were sketched, in presenting it, by Elder Van Norden, who said: "Mr. Moderator: I hold in my hand a little mallet of oak. If it could talk it would utter sentiments worthy of its noble history. It has had an illustrious past, and it aspires to a yet more illustrious future. This was a part of the old Middle Dutch Church of this city. Associated with the whole history of Presbyterianism, it now aspires to be the exponent of the Assembly and the instrument of order in this high judicatory of Presbyterianism of to-day. On behalf of the committee on arrangements, Mr. Moderator, we beg to present you with this venerable gavel, merely asking you that it may be used in the suppression of ecclesiastical tumult and the maintenance of sound doctrine."

In the course of his address accepting the office Dr. Roberts said: "Fathers and Brethren: No words will adequately express the appreciation I have for this honor which you have conferred upon me. When any distinction comes down by heredity, it gives but little satisfaction; but when it can be looked upon in the sense as the acknowledgment of a service or faithfulness, then it is very pleasing. I have not the vanity to think that this honor is conferred upon me exclusively as an acknowledgment for any service or faithfulness on my part; in fact, I know it cannot be so, and that it is due to a chain of fortuitous circumstances. As I am not a born Moderator, like some of my prede-

cessors, I hope you will all deal kindly with me, and I shall ever earnestly pray that Almighty God may give me that wisdom which cometh from above alone."

A Practical Man

is Dr. Roberts, as was shown on more than one occasion during the sessions of the Assembly, when he adroitly guided the meeting away from disputes about the higher criticism and abstruse doctrinal questions to matters of action. Early in the proceedings he related a story which delicately intimated his intentions in that matter. He said: When I was in Washington Territory, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the Territory, a good Methodist, said: "We want a little Calvinism in our Church." I said, "I am surprised at your saying that." "Oh, yes," he said, "we want Calvinism. We have flexibility enough out in this country, and we want a little Presbyterian stiffening," and then he told me a story. He said when he was holding court somewhere in his circuit he was asked to decide on the qualifications of a candidate for the pulpit in a new church, and they were going to have the different evangelical denominations preach, and they would select one from those who were to address them. The first man that preached made a great many apologies for Moses' ignorance, and said it was not strange he should not know much. The people asked the judge what he thought of him. "I hold my decision in abeyance," said he. The next man said he could not swallow Jonah, and that the whale had not swallowed Jonah, and could not do anything of the kind, and then he doubted some of the miracles of our Lord. "What do you think of him?" they said: and the judge made the same answer. And the next man came along and told them there were questions here for everybody, and still they reached no decision. And yet another came and said God said so and so, and you have it now in your own consciences. And you could not know what He was doing when he said this and did it for our guidance. "Now," he said, "I have nothing to say about it. Now we will go and get some truths for you, and then hold you to them." That was a Presbyterian, and him they chose.

"You should go out to the gulches of the Rocky Mountains and see these different evangelical denominations engaged in pushing forward the work of spreading the Gospel. In the light of Christ, of righteousness, and of the Cross of Calvary, denominational lines all disappear."

For some time past the Board of Home Missions has desired the return of Dr. Roberts, a third secretary being needed. This is certainly very complimentary to Dr. Roberts, but it is understood that he is pledged to

Lake Forest University,

in case its authorities are able to make good their plans for the endowment of that institution, and the prospect just now is that they will do so. The report is that the round sum of \$500,000 is now pledged by responsible persons. When Dr. Roberts accepted the Presidency of the University three years ago, it was on condition that the resources of the institution be increased by the sum of \$1,000,000, to be paid in five equal annual installments. The first payment of \$200,000 was made in 1887. The two payments due since that time were not paid in promptly, and President Roberts informed the trustees recently that if they were longer delayed he would resign. The \$400,000 just raised not only meets the conditions pledged when he came, but secures an additional sum of \$100,000 offered to the university by a wealthy citizen of Chicago, on condition that \$400,000 be previously obtained. Thus in less than three years this university has secured \$700,000, the largest amount of money ever subscribed for any educational enterprise in Chicago in the same length of time.

Lake Forest University was founded in 1857, but made little progress till within the last three years. It now comprises two departments—the

philosophical, at Lake Forest, Ill., twenty-eight miles north of Chicago, and the medical department, in that city. The philosophical department includes four schools—Lake Forest College; Ferry College, for young ladies; Lake Forest Academy, a preparatory school for boys; and Ferry Hall Seminary, for girls. The medical department includes Rush Medical College and the Northwestern College of Dental Surgery. The catalogue enrolls 700 students.

REV. HALBERT G. HILL, D. D.,

Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (South).

THE election of a Moderator by the Southern Branch of the Church, which met on May 16 at Chattanooga, Tenn., was an anxious and trying time. The friends of Dr. Woodrow, Ex-President of the Columbia Theological Institute, had determined to put his name in nomination. It was not a wise thing to do, because, apart from the merits of the question with which Dr. Woodrow's name is identified, the nomination could not fail to produce discord at the very commencement of the proceedings. Whatever may be the issue of the controversy in which Dr. Woodrow is prominent, it is certain that at the present time his opponents are numerous and powerful. If, as the believers in the doctrine which Dr. Woodrow advocates tell us, the doctrine will soon be taught by every educated clergyman, then Dr. Woodrow, having toiled and suffered as a pioneer, will be heartily and enthusiastically elected; but now, while it is opposed by men who conscientiously believe it to be contrary to Scripture, the proposal to make its most prominent advocate Moderator of the Assembly was necessarily the signal for battle. Dr. Woodrow himself perceived this, and at his suggestion his name was withdrawn, and the election of Dr. Hill was accomplished.

Dr. Halbert G. Hill is in his fifty-eighth year, having been born at Raleigh, N. C., in November, 1831. He studied at Hampden Sidney College, where he graduated in 1857. Thence he went to Union Seminary, Va., graduating in 1860. The disorganized condition of the country in that unhappy time prevented a speedy settlement, but in 1864 he was solemnly ordained at Hillsborough. Subsequently he became President of a Female Seminary at Oxford, N. C., and there he preached regularly to a large and intelligent congregation. In March, 1868, he received and accepted a call from the church at Fayetteville, N. C. Dr. Hill has done valuable service by his pen as well as in the pulpit. For some time he was editor of the *North Carolina Presbyterian*, and has been a frequent contributor to the periodical press.

A notable feature of this assembly, and one that will make it memorable in the history of the Church, is the closer relation established at it between it and the Northern Assembly. The time for organic union has not yet arrived, but the two assemblies, having agreed to co-operate in foreign mission work, have now found a basis for co-operation in aggressive home work, which was the great and apparently insuperable obstacle. The suggestion of the Conference Committee appointed to arrange this delicate business was: "(1) That the relation of the colored people in the two churches be allowed to remain *in statu quo*, the work among them to proceed on the same lines as heretofore; (2) That all proper aid, comfort, and encouragement in a spirit of kindly Christian sympathy, brotherhood, and confidence shall be extended by each church to the educational and evangelizing efforts of the other for the colored race, with a view to the encouragement of every laudable effort to this end on both sides." The detailed report of the committee was adopted by the Southern Church, but the Northern made a few changes, to bring it into accord with its view of the historical facts. The changes were telegraphed to Chattanooga, and examined by a committee, which advised their acceptance. The Assembly thereupon unanimously voted for concurrence, and notified the North Assembly.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Gallant Rescue of Drowning Seamen.—Mr. S. Burrowes, of the Sailors' Rest, Naples, says: "Now and again in the Port of Naples the combined efforts of landsharks and boatmen induce the simplest of the seamen to drink freely. For several weeks lately unusual disorder prevailed among the shipping: drink was provided easily in the harbor. One ship was detained from going to sea for several days through the foolishness of the men. On Saturday, February 2, a number of men were very tipsy; two of them fought in a small boat and fell into the water. James Nichol, a seaman on the *S. S. Rossini*, who was in bed at the time, came to the rescue, and with others saved the drowning men. On Sunday evening several tipsy men came to the Sailors' Rest and were present at the Gospel service. These men were much impressed, and requested another religious meeting on Monday night. The two men who were saved from drowning came to this meeting, and one of them asked to take the pledge, and said he would never drink again. To see these men on Sunday so stupid and vicious, and on the next homely, courteous, and serious, was most gratifying.

An Unusual Marriage Settlement.—A gentleman engaged in Christian work narrates that a friend of his, happy in the possession of a large family, prosperous in circumstances, a highly placed official in a public company, commenced his married life with an agreement between himself and his wife and their God, "that their future income should be divided into three equal parts; one-third should be saved; one-third they would live upon, and the remaining third should be devoted to the cause of God." This resolution, made more than thirty years ago, has been faithfully kept, with the happiest results. Heaven's smile has rested upon him and his. With a present income of not less than \$15,000 they have stuck to the one-third. A friend of his did the same until a large legacy was left, and he did not know what to do. He consulted his friend, who recommended a continuance of the rule, and he gave away one-third of the capital sum thus received. It is testified on all hands that those who adopt the plan of systematic and proportionate giving, especially in early life, find it "more blessed to give than to receive."

Unexpectedly Included in the Will.—Mr. J. H. McEwen relates: "A young man left his father's house, that, unchecked by paternal restraint or wholesome advice, he might indulge in a life of dissipation and sin. For some time he lived in the whirling excitement of pleasurable wickedness, but the day of reckoning came, and he found, like the prodigal of old, that he had wasted his substance, and now that he was in want, no man would aid him. He heard his father was dying. His sinful conduct now appeared in its true light; he saw how he had sinned against that saintly old man, and resolved to hasten to his bedside and implore his forgiveness. With all haste he set out, and arrived only to find that already his father had passed away. He attended the funeral, and returned with the others to hear the will read. He never doubted but that his father had disinherited him; but as he sat there, moody and silent, he was surprised to hear his name mentioned. His father had not disinherited him, but left him his full share. So it was with man; he did not deserve God's bounty; he had wandered far from Him. Is there pardon for him? There is. Hear the will of our Saviour, who calls on all who labor and are heavy laden to come to Him, and share his inheritance.

A French Child's Faith.—Mr. Greig, of the M'All Mission in Paris, stated the following fact at a recent meeting of the Sunday-school Association: "Having heard of the Petit Montrouge as one of the suburbs most in need of the gospel, I resolved to open a Sunday-school there if I could hire a suitable place at a moderate price. I had looked in vain for some months. At last discouraged, I was about to

give up all hope, when on my way homeward I was stopped by a poor little hump-backed girl, who said to me: 'Oh, Mr. Greig, have a Sunday-school here! We had such a nice one in Faubourg St. Antoine! I was so sorry to leave it, but my parents left Paris to come here, and I had to come with them.' 'My little girl, there is not a place to be had in Montrouge,' I said. 'I have been several months looking for one without success.' 'Oh, but you will find one,' she replied, 'for I have asked God for it.' Mr. Greig smiled and said: 'May it be so, my child; continue to pray.' Returning to Paris, I thought much on the faith of the little girl. Two days after, I was informed that the owner of a drinking-shop had failed, and that the place was offered at a low rental. I returned to Montrouge, found it was so, hired the shop, and opened a Sunday-school. The prayerful little girl was one of our first scholars. The second Sunday she brought eight other children."

The Infidel Graduate's Mother.—D. George F. Pentecost said: "Why are you not a Christian?" I asked of a young man at an inquiry meeting. The young fellow replied by openly avowing himself an infidel, and sweepingly asserting that all Christians were either hypocrites or fools. 'Is your mother a Christian?' I inquired. He winced at the question, then said, 'Sir, you have nothing to do with my mother. You have no right to ask me such a question.' 'But you said that Christians were either all hypocrites or fools. Is your mother a fool?' 'No,' was the warm response, 'there is not a cleverer woman in all Boston.' 'I have no doubt of it,' I replied. 'Then is she a hypocrite? Is her religion all pretence?' 'Sir,' said the young man, becoming indignant, 'I will not allow you to speak of my mother thus: she is a true Christian.' The young fellow, a graduate in one of our colleges, sat quiet for some time nervously twisting his cane to and fro, and at last said very slowly, 'If my mother be a real Christian why did she never speak to me about Christ?' His mother, who would let him want for no comfort or luxury she could obtain for him, was letting him drift down to a lost eternity, and her silence proved the great stumbling-block to her son's salvation. Let us see that we are not by any means, whether positive or negative, keeping others from coming to Christ."

A Clerk Ruined by Cards.—A Business Man lately abandoned card-playing, and gave his reasons for so doing: "I was made a witness to an incident one night that made me forswear the game for ever. Before that I had been a most enthusiastic player, and I spent the better part of my nights at the game. There was a certain clerk who used to sit with us occasionally. He was a nice fellow, gentlemanly, well educated, and a good story-teller, but his unsuccess was proverbial. He lost every time that he sat down at the table. One night, when his losses were heavier than usual, and all the cheerfulness and affability had deserted him, he became so deeply involved that all his cash was swept away; but instead of leaving the place, he turned to the keeper of the room and requested the loan of \$50 on a handsome diamond ring which he wore on a finger of his left hand. The money was handed over to him, and he resumed playing, but he again lost all. 'By heavens! that's the last of it!' he exclaimed, excitedly striking the table with his clenched hands, and then getting up from his chair he dashed out of the room. The next day I was startled to read that he had destroyed himself. In the same account it was stated that his account with his employers was unsatisfactory, in other words, that he was a defaulter. I made up my mind then that I never would indulge in an amusement that would drive men to such straits that would impel them to commit self-murder. That is why I quit playing cards."

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

CHRIST THE VILLAGE LAD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached Last Sunday Morning, June 9, 1889.

"And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him." Luke 2: 40.

The Boyhood of Christ an Unknown Period—Materials for Inference—The Brief Bible Account—Temperament the Same in Boyhood as in Manhood—An Apocryphal Gospel—Christ's Mountain Home—Boyhood Scenes Inferred from Similes in His Sermons—Christ Hurt when a Boy is Hurt—Boys Who Made Famous Men—Had to Support His Mother—His Toil in the Carpenter's Shop—The Boy in the Temple—The Search for Him—Found Among the Doctors—A Wonderful Discussion—What Theology Most Wants—Soporific Sermons—A Creed Proposed for All Churches—The Three Essential Articles.

ABOUT Christ as a village lad I speak. There is for the most part a silence more than eighteen centuries long about Christ between infancy and manhood. What kind of a boy was he? Was he a genuine boy at all, or did there settle upon Him from the start all the intensities of martyrdom? We have on this subject only a little guessing, a few surmises, and here and there an unimportant "perhaps." Concerning what bounded that boyhood on both sides we have whole libraries of books and whole galleries of canvas and sculpture. Before the infant Christ in Mary's arms, or taking His first sleep in the rough outhouse, all the painters bow, and we have Paul Veronese's "Holy Family," and Perugino's "Nativity," and Angelico da Fiesole's "Infant Christ," and Rubens's "Adoration of the Magi," and Tintoretto's "Adoration of the Magi," and Chirlandajo's "Adoration of the Magi," and Raphael's "Madonna," and Orcagna's "Madonna," and Murillo's "Madonna," and Madonnas by all the schools of painting, in all lights and shades, and with all styles of attractive feature and impressive surroundings, but pen and pencil and chisel have with few exceptions passed by Christ the village lad. Yet by three conjoined evidences I think we can come to as accurate an idea of what Christ was as a boy as of what Christ was as a man.

First, we have the brief Bible account. Then we have the prolonged account of what Christ was at thirty years of age. Now you have only to minify that account somewhat and you find

What He Was At Ten Years of Age.

Temperaments never change. A sanguine temperament never becomes a phlegmatic temperament. A nervous temperament never becomes a lymphatic temperament. Religion changes one's affections and ambitions, but it is the same old temperament acting in a different direction. As Christ had no religious change, He was as a lad what He was as a man, only on not so large a scale. When all tradition and all art and all history represent Him as a blonde I know He was in boyhood a blonde.

We have, besides, an uninspired book that was for the first three or four centuries after Christ's appearance received by many as inspired, and which gives a prolonged account of Christ's boyhood. Some of it may be true, most of it may be true, none of it may be true. It may be partly built on facts, or, by the passage of the ages, some real facts may have been distorted. But because a book is not divinely inspired we are not therefore to conclude that there are not true things in it. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was not inspired, but we believe it although it may contain mistakes. Macaulay's "History of England" was not inspired, but we believe it although it may have been marred with many errors.

The So-Called Apocryphal Gospel

in which the boyhood of Christ is dwelt upon I do not believe to be divinely inspired, and yet it may present facts worthy of consideration. Because it represents the boy Christ as performing miracles some have overthrown that whole apocryphal book. But what right have you to say that Christ did not perform miracles at ten years of age as well as at thirty? He was in boyhood as certainly divine as in manhood.

Then while a lad He must have had the power to work miracles, whether He did or did not work them. When, having reached manhood, Christ turned water into wine, that was said to be the beginning of miracles. But that may mean that it was the beginning of that series of manhood miracles. In a word, I think that the New Testament is only a small transcript of what Jesus did and said. Indeed, the Bible declares that if all Christ did and said were written the world would not contain the books.

His Mountain Home.

Our Lord's boyhood was passed in a neighborhood twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by mountains five or six hundred feet still higher. Before it could shine on the village where this boy slept, the sun had to climb far enough up to look over hills that held their heads far aloft. From yonder height His eye at one sweep took in the mighty scoop of the valleys, and with another sweep took in the Mediterranean Sea; and you hear the grandeur of the cliffs and the surge of the great waters in His matchless sermonology. One day I see that divine boy, the wind flurrying His hair over His sun-browned forehead, standing on a hill-top looking off upon Lake Tiberias, on which at one time, according to profane history, are four thousand ships. Authors have taken pains to say that Christ was not affected by these surroundings, and that He from within lived outward and independent of circumstances. So far from that being true, He was the most sensitive being that ever walked the earth, and if a pale invalid's weak finger could not touch His robe without strength going out from Him, these mountains and seas could not have touched His eye without irradiating His entire nature with their magnificence. I warrant that He had mounted and explored all the fifteen hills around Nazareth, among them Hermon, with its crystal coronet of perpetual snow, and Carmel and Tabor and Gilboa, and they all had their sublime echo in after time from

The Olivetic Pulpit.

Through studying the sky between the hills, Christ had noticed the weather signs, and that a crimson sky at night meant dry weather next day, and that a crimson sky in the morning meant wet weather before night. And how beautifully He made use of it in after years as He drove down upon the pestiferous Pharisee and Sadducee, by crying out: "When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red, and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" By day, as every boy has done, He watched the barnyard fowl, at sight of over-swinging hawk, cluck her chickens under wing, and in after years He said: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing!" By night He had noticed His mother by the plain candle-light, which, as ever and anon it was snuffed and the removed wick put down on the candlestick, beamed brightly through all the family sitting-room, as His mother was mending His garments, that had been torn during the day's wanderings among the rocks or bushes, and years afterward

It Came Out in the Simile

of the greatest sermon ever preached: "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but in a candlestick, and it giveth light to all who are in the house. Let your light so shine." Some time, when His mother in the autumn took out the clothes that had been put away for the summer, he noticed how the moth miller flew out and the coat dropped apart, ruined and useless, and so, twenty years after, he enjoined: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt." His boyhood spent among birds and flowers, they all caroled and bloomed again fifteen years after, as He cries out: "Behold the fowls of the air." "Consider the lilies."

A great storm one day, during Christ's boy-

hood, blackened the heavens and angered the rivers. Perhaps, standing in the door of the carpenter's shop, He watched it gathering louder and wilder, until two cyclones, one sweeping down from Mount Tabor and the other from Mount Carmel, met in the valley of Esdraelon, and two houses are caught in the fury, and crash goes the one and triumphant stands the other, and He noticed that one had shifting sand for a foundation and the other an eternal rock for basis; and twenty years after, He built the whole scene into a peroration of flood and whirlwind, that seized His audience and lifted them into the heights of sublimity with the two great arms of pathos and terror.

Yes, from the naturalness, the simplicity, the freshness of his parables and similes and metaphors in discourse, I know that he had been

A Boy of the Fields

and had bathed in the streams, and heard the nightingale's call, and broken through the flowery hedge, and looked out of the embrasures of the fortress, and drank from the wells, and chased the butterflies, which travelers say have always been one of the flitting beauties of that landscape, and talked with the strange people from Damascus and Egypt and Sapphoris and Syria, who in caravans or on foot passed through his neighborhood, the dogs barking at their approach at sundown. As afterward He was a perfect man, in the time of which I speak He was a perfect boy, with the spring of a boy's foot, the sparkle of a boy's eye, the rebound of a boy's life, and just the opposite of those juveniles who sit around morbid and unelastic, old men at ten. I want no further inspired or uninspired information to persuade me that He was a splendid boy, a radiant boy, the grandest, holiest, mightiest boy of all the ages. Hence I commend Him as a boy's Christ. What multitudes between ten and fifteen years have found Him out as the one just suited by His own personal experience to help any boy!

Let the world look out how it treads on a boy, for that very moment

It Treads on Christ.

You strike a boy, you strike Christ; you insult a boy, you insult Christ; you cheat a boy, you cheat Christ. It is an awful and infinite mistake to come as far as manhood without a Christ when here is a boy Christ. That was one reason, I suppose, that Jonathan Edwards, afterwards the greatest American logician and preacher of his time, became a Christian at seven years of age; and Robert Hall, who afterwards shook Christendom with his sacred eloquence, became a Christian at twelve years of age; and Isaac Watts, who divided with Charles Wesley the dominion of holy song, became a Christian at nine years of age; and if in any large religious assemblage it were asked that all the men and women who learned to love Christ before they were fifteen years of age would please lift their right hand, there would be enough hands lifted to wave a coronation. What is true in a religious sense is

True in a Secular Sense.

Themistocles amazed his school-fellows with talents which in after years made the world stare. Isaac Newton, the boy, by driving pegs in the side of a house to mark the decline of the sun, evidenced a disposition towards the experiments which afterwards showed the nations how the worlds swing. Robert Stephenson, the boy, with his kite on the commons experimented with electric currents and prophesied work which should yet make him immortal. "Get out of my way!" said a rough man to a boy, "get out of my way! what are you good for, anyhow?" The boy answered: "They make men out of such things as we are." Hear it, fathers, mothers! hear it, philanthropists and patriots: hear it, all the young! The temporal and eternal destiny of the most of the inhabitants of this earth is decided before fourteen years of age. Behold the Nazareth Christ, the country Christ, the boy Christ.

But having shown you the divine lad in the

fields, I must show you Him in the mechanic's shop. Joseph, His father, died very early, immediately after the famous trip to the Temple, and this lad had not only to support Himself, but support His mother, and what that is some of you know. There is

A Royal Race of Boys

on earth now doing the same thing. They wear no crown. They have no purple robe adroop from their shoulders. The plain chair on which they sit is as much unlike a throne as anything you can imagine. But God knows what they are doing and through what sacrifices they go, and through all eternity God will keep paying them for their filial behavior. They shall get full measure of reward, the measure pressed down, shaken together and running over. They have their example in this boy Christ taking care of His mother. He had been taught the carpenter's trade by His father. Fortunate was it that the boy had learned the trade, for, when the head of the family dies, it is a grand thing to have the child able to take care of himself and help take care of others. Now that Joseph, His father, is dead and the responsibility of family support comes down on this boy, I hear from morning to night His hammer pounding, His saw vacillating, His axe descending, His gimlets boring, and standing

Amid the Dust and Debris

of the shop I find the perspiration gathering on His temples and notice the fatigue of His arms, and as He stops a moment to rest I see Him panting, His hand on His side, from the exhaustion. Now He goes forth in the morning loaded with implements of work heavier than any modern kit of tools. Under the tropical sun He swelters. Lifting, pulling, adjusting, cleaving, splitting, all day long! At nightfall He goes home to the plain supper provided by His mother, and sits down too tired to talk. Work! work! work! You cannot tell Christ anything new about blistered hands or aching ankles or bruised fingers or stiff joints or rising in the morning as tired as when you lay down. While yet a boy He knew it all, He felt it all, He suffered it all. The boy carpenter! The boy wagon maker! The boy house builder! O Christ, we have seen Thee when full grown, in Pilate's police-court room, we have seen Thee when full grown Thou wert assassinated on Golgotha, but, O Christ, let all the weary artisans and mechanics of the earth see Thee while yet undersized, and arms not yet muscularized, and with the undeveloped strength of juvenescence trying to take Thy father's place in gaining the livelihood for the family.

The Boy In The Temple.

But, having seen Christ the boy of the fields and the boy in the mechanic's shop, I show you a more marvelous scene, Christ the smooth-browed lad among the long-bearded, white-haired, high-foreheaded ecclesiastics of the Temple. Hundreds of thousands of strangers had come to Jerusalem to keep a great religious festival. After the hospitable homes were crowded with visitors, the tents were spread all around the city to shelter immense throngs of strangers. It was very easy, among the vast throngs coming and going, to lose a child. More than two million people have been known to gather at Jerusalem for that national feast. You must not think of those regions as sparsely settled. The ancient historian Josephus says there were in Galilee two hundred cities, the smallest of them containing fifteen thousand people. No wonder that amid the crowds at the time spoken of the boy

Jesus Was Lost!

His parents, knowing that He was mature enough and agile enough to take care of Himself, are on their way home without any anxiety, supposing that their boy is coming with some of the groups. But after a while they suspect He is lost, and with flushed cheek and a terrorized look they rush this way and that, saying: "Have you seen anything of my boy? He is twelve years of age, of fair complexion, and has blue eyes and auburn hair. Have you seen Him

since we left the city?" Back they go in hot haste, in and out the streets, in and out the private houses, and among the surrounding hills. For three days they search and inquire, wondering if He has been trampled under foot of some of the throngs, or has ventured on the cliffs, or fallen off a precipice. Send through all the streets and lanes of the city and among all the surrounding hills that most dismal sound, "A lost child! A lost child!"

And lo, after three days they discover Him in the great Temple, seated among the mightiest religionists of all the world. The walls of no other building ever looked down on such a scene. A child twelve years old surrounded by septuagenarians, He asking His own questions and answering theirs. Let me introduce you to some of these ecclesiastics. This is the great Rabbin Simeon! This is the venerable Hillel! This is the famous Shammai! These are the sons of the distinguished Betirah. What can this twelve-year lad teach them or what questions can He ask worthy their cogitation? Ah, the first time in all their lives these religionists have found their match, and more than their match. Though so young, He knew all about that Temple under whose roof they held

That Most Wonderful Discussion

of all history. He knew the meaning of every altar, of every sacrifice, of every golden candlestick, of every embroidered curtain, of every crumb of shew bread, of every drop of oil in that sacred edifice. He knew all about God. He knew all about man. He knew all about heaven, for He came from it. He knew all about this world, for He made it. He knew all worlds, for they were only the sparkling morning dewdrops on the lawn in front of His heavenly palace. Put these seven Bible words in a wreath of emphasis: "Both hearing them and asking them questions."

I am not so much interested in the questions they asked Him as in the questions He asked them. He asked the questions not to get information from the doctors, for He knew it already, but to humble them by showing them the height and depth and length and breadth of their own ignorance. The radiant boy with any one of a hundred questions about theology, about philosophy, about astronomy, about time, about eternity, may have balked them, disconcerted them. Behold the boy

Christ Asking Questions.

and listen when your child asks questions. He has the right to ask them. The more He asks the better. Alas for the stupidity of the child without inquisitiveness! It is Christ-like to ask questions. Answer them if you can. Do not say: "I can't be bothered now." It is your place to be bothered with questions. If you are not able to answer, surrender and confess your incapacity, as I have no doubt did Rabbin Simeon, and Hillel, and Shammai, and the sons of Betirah when that splendid boy, sitting or standing there, with a garment reaching from neck to ankle, and girdled at the waist, put them to their very wits' end. It is no disgrace to say, "I don't know." The only being in the universe who never needs to say, "I do not know," is the Lord Almighty. The fact that they did not know sent Keppler, and Cuvier, and Columbus, and Humboldt, and Herschel, and Morse, and Sir William Hamilton, and all the other of the world's mightiest natures into their life-long explorations. Telescope and microscope and stethoscope, and electric battery, and all the scientific apparatus of all the ages, are only questions asked at the door of mystery. Behold this Nazarene lad asking questions, giving dignity to earnest interrogation.

But while I see the old theologians standing around the boy Christ I am impressed as never before with the fact that

What Theology Most Wants

is more of childish simplicity. The world and the Church have built up immense systems of theology. Half of them try to tell what God thought, what God planned, what God did five hundred million years before the small star on

which we live was created. I have had many a sound sleep under sermons about the decrees of God and the eternal generation of the Son, and discourses showing who Melchisedec wasn't, and I give a fair warning that if any minister ever begins a sermon on such a subject in my presence I will put my head down on the pew in front, and go into the deepest slumber I can reach. Wicked waste of time, this trying to scale the unscalable and fathom the unfathomable while the nations want the bread of life, and to be told how they can get rid of their sins and their sorrows. Why should you and I perplex ourselves about the decrees of God? Mind your own business, and God will take care of His. In the conduct of the universe I think He will somehow manage to get along without us. If you want to love and serve God, and be good and useful and get to heaven, I warrant that nothing which occurred eight hundred quintillion of years ago will hinder you a minute. It is not the decrees of God that do us any harm, it is our own decrees of sin and folly.

You need not go any further back in history than about 1,856 years. Something occurred on that day under an eclipsed sun, that sets us all forever free if with our whole heart and life we accept the tremendous proffer. Do not let the Presbyterian Church or the Methodist Church or the Lutheran Church or the Baptist Church or any of the other evangelical Churches spend any time in

Trying to Fix Up Old Creeds,

all of them imperfect, as everything man does is imperfect. *I move a new creed* for all the evangelical Churches of Christendom, only three articles in the creed, and no need of any more. If I had all the consecrated people of all denominations of the earth on one great plain, and I had voice loud enough to put it to a vote, that creed of three articles would be adopted with a unanimous vote. This is the creed I propose for all Christendom:

Article First—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Article Second—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief."

Article Third—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

But you go to tinkering up your old creeds, and patching and splicing and interlining and annexing and subtracting and adding and explaining, and you will lose time and make yourself a target for earth and hell to shoot at. Let us have creeds not fashioned out of human ingenuities but out of scriptural phraseology, and all the guns of bombardment blazing from all the port-holes of infidelity and perdition will not in a thousand years knock off the church of God a splinter as big as a cambric needle.

What is Most Needed Now

is that we gather all our theologies around the boy in the Temple, the elaborations around the simplicities, and the profundities around the clarities, the octogenarian of scholastic research around the unwrinkled cheek of twelve-year juvenescence. "Except you become as a little child you can in no wise enter the kingdom;" and except you become as a little child you cannot understand the Christian religion. The best thing that Rabbin Simeon and Hillel and Shammai and the sons of Betirah ever did was, in the Temple, to bend over the lad who, first made ruddy of cheek by the breath of the Judean hills and on his way to the mechanic's shop where he was soon to be the support of his bereaved mother, stopped long enough to grapple with the venerable dialecticians of the Orient "both hearing them and asking them questions." Some referring to Christ have exclaimed, Ecce Deus! Behold the God. Others have exclaimed, Ecce homo! Behold the man. But to-day in conclusion of my subject I cry, Ecce adolescens! Behold the Boy.

THE JOHNSTOWN HORROR.

Incidents of the Inundation.

As stated in part of our edition last week, the destruction of life by the bursting of the reservoir above Johnstown, Penn., on May 31, was far in excess of the estimate contained in the first reports. It is now feared that not less than six thousand persons perished, and it is possible that the awful calamity may have cost ten thousand lives. Next week we hope to publish a full account of the terrible catastrophe, with pictures which our artist has promised to send us, and in the meantime the following characteristic incidents will enable our readers to form some idea of the nature and extent of the appalling visitation.

The Warning

given to the doomed town was brief, but had it been heeded it was in time to save many lives. Early on Friday morning Mr. Parke, who is a young Philadelphian, and an excellent civil engineer, discovered that the fast-increasing waters of the lake would either have to have an additional outlet immediately, or that the dam proper would give way. Hastily securing a force of thirty Italians, he set to work to prepare another sluice. In half an hour his purpose had been accomplished, but still the water continued to rise. Up and up it came, at the rate of six, seven, eight, and ten inches an hour. Something had to be done, and that quickly too. Giving orders to his men to cut another outlet, Mr. Parke jumped on his horse and started at a breakneck speed toward the village below. As he rode he warned the people on every hand of their danger. Soon hundreds of families were fleeing to the hills for safety. Reaching South Fork Station, he telegraphed the warning to Johnstown. Two men there started out on horseback through the city crying: "*The dam! the dam is about to burst! flee for your lives!*" Some heeded the warning; others laughed at it and said they had heard it before.

The Sudden Deluge,

says the correspondent of the New York Sun, passes all power of description. It is impossible to describe briefly the suddenness with which the disaster came. A warning sound was heard at Conemaugh a few minutes before the rush of water came, but it was attributed to some meteorological disturbance, and no trouble was borrowed because of the thing unseen. As the low, rumbling noise increased in volume, however, and came nearer, a suspicion of danger began to force itself even upon the bravest, which was increased to a certainty a few minutes later, when, with a rush, the mighty stream spread out in width, and when there was no time to do anything to save themselves. Many of the unfortunates were whirled into the middle of the stream before they could turn around; men, women, and children were struggling in the streets. The stream of human beings that was swept before the angry flood was something most pitiful to behold. Men, women, and children were carried along frantically shrieking for help, but their cries availed them nothing. Rescue was impossible. Husbands were swept past their wives, and children were borne rapidly along at a terrible speed, to certain death, before the eyes of their terrorized and frantic parents. Houses, outbuildings, trees, and barns were carried on the angry flood of waters as so much chaff. The railroad tracks converging on the town were washed out, and wires in all directions were prostrated.

Heroism and Death.

An eyewitness at Bolivar Block station tells a story of heroism which occurred at the lower bridge which crosses the Conemaugh at that point. A young man and two women were seen coming down the river on part of a floor. At the upper bridge a rope was thrown down to them. This they all failed to catch. Between the two bridges he was noticed to point toward the elder woman, who, it is supposed, was his mother. He was then seen to instruct the women how to catch the rope which was being lowered from the other bridge. Down came the raft with a rush.

The brave man stood with his arms around the two women. As they swept under the bridge he reached up and seized the rope. He was jerked violently away from the two women, who failed to get a hold on the rope. Seeing that they would not be rescued he dropped the rope, and fell back on the raft, which floated on down the river. The current washed their frail craft in toward the bank. The young man was enabled to seize hold of a branch of a tree. He aided the two women to get up into the tree. He held on with his hands, and rested his feet on a pile of driftwood. A piece of floating debris struck the drift, sweeping it away. The man hung with his body immersed in the water. A pile of drift soon collected, and he was enabled to get another insecure footing. Up the river there was a sudden crash, and a section of the bridge was swept away and floated down the stream, striking the tree and washing it away. All three were thrown into the water, and were drowned before the eyes of the horrified spectators, just opposite the town of Bolivar.

The Story of a Rescued Man.

At Lockport, about eighteen miles from Johnstown, Eliel Benson, an old man, Mrs. Boyle, Paddy Madden, and two Hungarians were rescued. Mr. Benson said:

"I live in Cambria City. I think that not less than 1,500 people were lost. In the house with me, on Chestnut Street, were ten persons besides myself, and I feel sure they were all lost. Up to 4 o'clock the water, which was about seven feet deep in the streets, remained stationary. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the great rush came. In fifteen minutes the water rose fully ten feet, and in five minutes more I am sure fifty houses came floating down the streets. There were people in every one of them, and God only knows how many were lost. As they were carried off, the houses were jammed together and against the houses still standing, and in a very few minutes they were all battered to pieces before they had been carried very far. The house I was in was soon smashed to pieces, and I managed to jump on to a cellar door. In a few minutes I was pushed off into the flood, and when I looked back where Cambria City stood there was nothing but a great lake of water. It looked to me as if every house had been razed or covered over. The vast sheet of water was full of floating timbers, roofs of houses, rafts, and other articles. The scene was indescribable. The cries of the men, women, and children were fearful.

Piteous Sight From a Signal Tower.

Just before reaching Sang Hollow, the end of the mail line on the Pennsylvania Railroad, is "S. O." signal tower, and the men in it told piteous stories of what they saw.

A beautiful girl came down on the roof of a building which was swung in near the tower. She screamed to the operators to save her, and one big, brawny, brave fellow walked as far into the river as he could and shouted to her to guide herself in to shore with a bit of plank. She was a plucky girl, full of nerve and energy, and stood upon her frail support in evident obedience to the command of the operator. She made two or three bold strokes, and actually stopped the course of the raft for an instant. Then it swerved and went out from under her. She tried to swim ashore, but in a few seconds she was lost in the swirling water. Something hit her, for she lay quietly on her back with face pallid and expressionless.

Men and women, in dozens and pairs and singly, children, boys, big and little, and wee babies, were there among the awful confusion of water, drowning, gasping, struggling, and fighting desperately for life. Two men on a tiny raft shot into the swiftest part of the current. They crouched stolidly, looking at the shores, while between them dressed in white and kneeling with her face turned heavenward, was a girl six or seven years old. She seemed stricken with paralysis until she came opposite the tower, and then she turned her face to the operator. She was so close they could see big

tears on her cheeks, and her pallor was as death. The helpless men on shore shouted to her keep up her courage, and she resumed her devout attitude and disappeared under the tree of a projecting point a short distance below. "We couldn't see her come out again," said the operator, "and that was all of it."

The Town Annihilated.

"I have visited Johnstown a dozen times year for a long time," said a business man on Saturday, June 1, "and I know it thoroughly, but I haven't the least idea now of what part of it this is. I can't even tell the direction the streets used to run." We came on a flat a clean of debris and wreckage as though there had never been a building on it. In reality was the central and busiest part of Johnstown. Buildings, both dwellings and stores, covered thickly. Its streets were paved, and its sidewalks of substantial stone. It had street-car lines, gas and electric lights, and all the other improvements of a substantial city of 15,000 or 20,000 inhabitants. Iron bridges spanned the streams, and the buildings were of substantial character. Not a brick remains, not a stone nor a stick of timber, in all this territory. There are not even hummocks and mounds to show where wreckage might be covered with a layer of mud. They are not there, they are gone—every building, every street, every sidewalk and pavement, the street railways and everything else that covered the surface of the earth has vanished as utterly as though it had never been there. The ground was swept as clean as though some mighty scraper had been dragged over it again and again. Not even the lines of the streets can be even remotely traced.

A CONTRAST.

A DEEPLY interesting account of a convocation among the Indians at the Pine Ridge Agency is published in the *Spirit of Mission* by the Rev. John J. Gravatt, of Hampton, Va. He says: "About noon Bishop Hare, at the head of a train of more than a hundred wagon filled with delegates and friends, arrived. It was a scene never to be forgotten, reminding one of the journeys of the Israelites from the land of bondage through the wilderness to the land of promise. A large booth had been built, and tables arranged with plates for 600 or more guests, by the Indians of Pine Ridge, who are not a wealthy but a poor people. As one saw the well-ordered meal, with the blessing asked before breaking bread, the civilities extended the after-dinner speeches, he could but contrast this with customs of former years, and yet existing to a great extent about them.

"After strengthening and refreshing the natural man, the convocation assembled in the church for religious services, and for the transaction of business. I shall never cease to be thankful my eyes saw what they saw, and my ears heard what they heard. It was the most inspiring, soul-lifting occasion ever vouchsafed me. Better-conducted services I have never seen anywhere. More hearty responses to the services are nowhere to be found outside of a theological seminary. The people seemed to speak as with one voice; there with one accord they offered up their common supplications, and did the early Christians.

"The clergyman in charge of the mission at Pine Ridge is the Rev. C. S. Cook, an Indian who was taken when fourteen years of age by the Rev. J. W. Cook into his home, trained and taught, sent to St. Paul's School, thence to Trinity College, and thence to Faribault, Minnesota, to study for the sacred ministry. I would seem, in saving and shaping a life for so much good as he can do among his people, the Rev. J. W. Cook has done enough for one man. Contrast the picture of this Christian convocation with the scene of eighteen or twenty years ago. Then it would have been dangerous for the missionary to stand there. The Indians were wild, covered with paint, indulging in all manner of heathen customs. Now the paint the long hair, the blanket, and the tomahawk

are disappearing, and citizen's dress, Bibles and Prayer-Books are taking their places. Instead of councils of war, councils in the Name of the 'Prince of Peace' to promote 'peace, goodwill toward all men.' Surely we are ready to say with praise, 'What hath God wrought!'

IDOLS PUNISHED FOR INCAPACITY.

IN a letter from Mr. Hinder, of Santhalistan, India, he gives the following account of a native's vengeance on his idols who had not answered his prayers: "A native came to our mission station for medical treatment; he was a barber by trade. We spoke to him of Jesus, who died to save sinners, and asked him to forsake his heathenism. He told us he had not worshipped idols for several years, and gave the following interesting account why he renounced them. He once had seven gods in his house; these he worshipped and sacrificed to. One of his children became ill, and he besought the idols on his knees to have mercy on the poor child and spare him; he also sacrificed goats and sheep to the idols to appease their wrath, but the child grew worse and died. He was much grieved, but still continued a heathen. A few years afterward another child fell ill. Again he besought the idols to have pity; but this child also grew worse. He sacrificed many goats and sheep, and implored the idols to spare the child. Poor fellow, he knew not God's Word, which says, 'They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths. They that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them.' His pleadings and sacrifices were in vain, for this child also died. The man was so disgusted he took a hammer and smashed all seven gods to atoms, gathered up the fragments and threw them into a ditch. Since then he has abandoned idols entirely, and he is not far from the kingdom of God."

THE SKELETON OF MILES STANDISH.

A DISCOVERY interesting to antiquarians was made recently, and has been practically verified. A short time ago a manuscript describing the last resting-place of Captain Miles Standish, the brave leader of the *Mayflower* pilgrims, whose love-making by deputy Longfellow immortalized, was found in an old book. It was written by a resident of Duxbury, in his ninety-fifth year, whose father attended the funeral of Miles Standish and afterward pointed out the grave to his son, then a boy ten years old. The memorandum said that the grave was in the old graveyard at South Duxbury, and was marked by two three-cornered stones. The grave thus described was easily found, and permission was obtained to open it. This was done recently by a committee, of which Professor F. B. Knapp, formerly of Harvard University, was chairman. The grave was found to contain a number of bones much decayed, but with the skull perfect. Long hair coiled in a knot at the back showed that the remains were those of a woman who might be from thirty-five to fifty years of age. The excavation was extended, and another grave was found five feet distant. This contained the bones of a man much older than the woman. Only one tooth remained in the skull and that was much worn. The hair had been light but was nearly white when he was buried and was very small in quantity. A rough measurement showed that the height was five feet seven. There is no doubt that those bones were all that remains on earth of the valiant Captain. He was buried in October, 1656, and his will directed that he should be laid "as near as conveniently may be, to my two deare daughters, Lora Standish my daughter, and Mary Standish my daughter-in-law." It is interesting to know the exact spot where so venerated a man was interred, and a monument to his memory will doubtless be raised upon it. That will be a right thing to do, for he deserved all the honor we can pay him. The monument, however, that he would have

preferred would be that the doctrines and principles which governed the lives of him, and the colony he led and defended, might guide the nation which has sprung from that little Puritan band. (Luke 6:46.)

THE FUTURE TEN KINGDOMS.

By the Rev. Henry Sturt.

THE fourth monarchy of the four represented by the Great Image in Daniel 2 was the Roman Empire. This monarchy is represented in two stages, by the iron legs in the first, and by the clay-iron feet and toes in its second stage. Its first division was into East and West, corresponding to the two legs of the image. But its final division will be into ten kingdoms—

The Clay-Iron Toes.

"And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men." "The seed of men" must mean the common people, and here we have the blending of the popular voice with the kingly or ruling power to constitute the governmental character of the last stage of the image. In other words, it is a democratic form of government, which is here represented by the *clay-iron*.

If you take a map of the Roman Empire you will see how it embraces all the countries around the Mediterranean Sea, and stretches from the Euphrates in the East to Britain in the West. According to Daniel 2:42, this will finally fall into ten kingdoms, with

Democratic Forms of Government.

Historically, the growth of the image is from the head downward, beginning with absolutism, and ending with democratic monarchies. At this stage the stone strikes the image and grinds it to powder. The stone then takes the place of the image, but far exceeds its dominion, and "fills the whole earth." The forty-fourth verse explains: "In the days of these kings shall the God of Heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed." The kings here mentioned are not the representatives of the four monarchies, for they were successive, and one passed away to give place to another. "These kings" must be the ten kings of the future ten kingdoms denoted by the ten toes, with their clay-iron form of government, and they will be contemporaneous.

The tenfold division of the fourth empire, represented by the ten toes of the Image, is again clearly shown in Daniel 7:24, where the ten horns of the wild beast are said to be "ten kings that shall arise" out of the fourth kingdom. No commentator, living or dead, has yet been able to show the past accomplishment of this tenfold division of the Roman Empire, taking in the whole extent of it in its eastern and western divisions. Several attempts have been made to find them in one half, the western, as if the other half had never existed.

Probably such kingdoms as England, France, Austria, Italy, and Spain will remain much as they are until the tenfold division is complete. A further enlargement of Greece may be expected, and the complete independence of Egypt. There will also doubtless be a separation of Syria from the rest of Turkey, and other changes in the provinces recently separated from the Turkish Empire by the Russo-Turkish War and in the Rhenish provinces now held by Germany.

The chief addition to our information which Daniel's seventh chapter contains is the rise and history of

The Eleventh Horn.

which springs out of one of the ten, and subdues three others, and then, after a career of lawlessness and rebellion against the Most High, and persecution of the saints for three years and a half, as shown in Dan. 7:25, is brought under the judgment of the Ancient of Days, as described in verses 9-11. In verse 26 we see that the career of this evil power runs on to the end, that is, to the close of "the times of the Gentiles," to which the vision of the image reaches. This power, which lifts itself in lawlessness against God, is the great anti-Christian development,

which the Scriptures in so many places distinctly show will mark the end of the age.

The Great Horn on the He-Goat in Daniel 8:8, 9, was Alexander the Great. When that horn was broken, four came up in its place to represent the fourfold division of his empire, which took place at his death among his four generals. Ptolemy took Egypt, Cyrene, Coele-Syria, and some of the southern parts of Asia Minor; Cassander took Macedon and Greece; Lysimachus took Thrace, Western Bithynia, Lesser Phrygia-Mysia, and Lydia; Seleucus took all the rest, commonly called Syria.

But here again our attention is drawn to

A Little Horn

springing out of one of the four. It stretches its power "toward the south and east, and toward the pleasant land"—*i. e.*, Palestine. It becomes a great persecutor of the saints, represented in the tenth verse by "the stars and the host of heaven." It destroys the sacrificial worship, and "casts down the truth to the ground." (Verse 12.)

The four kingdoms into which Alexander's empire fell were swallowed up in the Roman Empire. But this prophecy shows they will reappear in the latter days, which will be "the latter time of their kingdom." In a word, they will be four of the ten into which the Roman Empire will then fall. The little horn is the same in Daniel 7 and 8, rising within the same territory, at the same period, and having the same marks of evil. But this vision shows that this evil power will rise somewhere in the eastern part of the Roman Empire, which has been so strangely overlooked by those who have tried to find the fulfillment in the western half, as if the eastern had never existed.

We see, therefore, that the four divisions of Alexander's Empire will reappear as the "time of the end" draws near. Greece has already done so, though it has not yet attained its full dimensions. Egypt is just on the borders of independence. When in the impending

Rupture of the Turkish Empire

Syria is taken away from it, then the four will once more exist (the remaining portion of Turkey, around Constantinople, being the fourth), and "the latter time of their kingdom" will have come when the "fierce king" will stand up and run a brief career of fearful rebellion against "the Prince of princes." Then will follow the session of "the Ancient of Days," and the judgment, "because of the great words which the horn spake." And then the Son of man will be invested with the sovereignty of the earth, and all the nations shall be ruled and blessed by Him.

In Dan. 9:27 is the history of the last of the 70 heptads, or seven-year periods. It is the history of "a prince that shall come," after the Messiah had been cut off. The "people of this prince" were to "destroy the city." So that in some way he must be a Roman prince. When he comes he is to make a covenant with the Jews for that one remaining heptad. In "the midst" of it, *i. e.*, after three years and a half, he will abolish their worship, and upon the wing, or "pinnacle of abominations, will be that which causeth desolation."

Until the Consummation.

i. e., the close of the remaining half of the heptad. Then "that which is determined will be poured upon the desolator" himself.

This wicked prince is represented by the "little horn with eyes, and a mouth speaking great things," among the ten horns on the head of the Roman beast. Hence he will be a Roman prince; that is clear; and the Book of Revelation shows that he will ultimately become the head of a confederation of the ten kingdoms, into which the Roman Empire will then have fallen.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfillment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICES, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the last Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by M. Mrs. Baxter.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Overwhelming Calamity at Johnstown, Pa., has been the all-absorbing topic of public interest during the past week. Not since the war has any such destruction of human life occurred in one day in this land. Every day the army of workmen engaged in clearing away the debris of wrecked buildings exhumed more corpses, and many more undoubtedly lie under the stones and mud left by the death-dealing stream. How many actually perished by fire, by drowning, and by being crushed under falling buildings will probably never be known. Some authorities place the number as high as twenty thousand. A registry of the living has been opened, and up to the close of last week the number who had given in their names there, when deducted from the estimated population, shows a loss of twelve thousand. These may not all be lost, as some on the ground have failed to register, and others left the wrecked towns immediately after the disaster without recording their names. On page 374 we publish a number of incidents extracted from the reports of correspondents on the spot, and next week we expect to give pictures of the scene, and further details.

The Homeless Inhabitants of the Valley are now encamped on the mountains in tents kindly furnished by Governor Beaver. They are dependent entirely on the charitable gifts of the country. Public subscriptions have been opened in most of our large cities, collections have been made in the churches and public schools, and money has been given liberally in all sections. There is dire need that the stream of generosity should continue. *Fifteen thousand persons have to be fed daily*, and a large portion of them need clothing also. Many are utterly ruined, and many widows and children will need support for a long time to come. Every one should contribute to this work of humanity. If any of our readers live in a neighborhood in which no fund has been opened, they may send their money to this office, and we will see that it is duly acknowledged, and promptly forwarded to the committee organized to feed the homeless and starving sufferers.

The Question of the Behring Sea Fisheries promises to prove an embarrassing one for the State Department if it persists in the claim made in the President's proclamation. The contention that the United States acquired control over the whole sea when Alaska was purchased has already evoked a protest in Canada, which England will doubtless support, and which will be approved by other European Powers. How the Department proposes to substantiate the claim does not appear. All the rights our Government possesses were those we acquired from Russia, and before the transfer our Government strenuously insisted that Russia had no right over the whole sea, but only over the league of coast water. If Russia, by our own showing, had not the right to declare

the sea a closed sea, she could not transfer the right to us. Another obstacle to the claim is the fact that under the last Administration the State Department suggested to European courts an international agreement for the protection of the seal fisheries in Behring Sea, which was an admission that our Government did not then claim exclusive jurisdiction there. In the light of these facts, to insist on the control of the whole sea is to take a position, which cannot be defended on righteous principles.

The Decision of the Courts as to the Application of the Contract Labor Law to clergymen and professors in the case of the Rector of Holy Trinity Church, New York, is to be maintained. The attorney of a Roman Catholic University in the District of Columbia applied last week for permission to engage several learned European professors for the college, but General Hepburn, the Solicitor of the Treasury, gives the opinion that the immigration of the foreign professors under any contract, express or implied, would be clearly a violation of the Alien Contract Labor law. He referred to the classes excepted from the provisions of that law, viz., "professional actors, artists, lecturers or singers, and persons employed strictly as personal or domestic servants," and gave it as his opinion that the professors in question did not come within any of the classes named, adding that they could hardly be considered as lecturers under the common acceptance of that term.

A Disastrous Conflagration Ravaged the City of Seattle W. T., on June 6. Property to the amount of twenty million dollars is reported to have been destroyed. The fire started in the basement of a two-story frame building by the ignition of some turpentine. The fire department was promptly on the spot, but the block was all frame buildings, and the fire quickly spread from one to the other until all were blazing. Telegrams were sent to Tacoma and Portland, Ore., for help, and the Seattle fire department worked manfully to subdue the fire. Giant powder was used to blow up buildings to cut off its progress, but, in spite of all efforts, sixty-four acres of valuable property were burned over. Every newspaper office, hotel, telegraph office, railroad depot, and wharf in the city was totally destroyed. The entire water front, including all wharves and docks, coal bunkers and railway tracks, the wholesale quarter, and everything south of Union street and west of Second street, and reaching around to the gas works, and above Fourth street on Jackson, was completely burned. It is feared that some lives must have been lost in the fire.

An Earthquake Shock Alarmed the Citizens of Brest, in France, on June 7. It is described as a sharp perturbation, but no damage was reported. This is the second shock in that part of the world in a week. The former one was on May 30. It was most severely felt in Jersey and Guernsey, and in the Isle of Wight. The disturbances were also experienced in many towns on the mainland of both England and France. Among the places included were Portsmouth, Havant, Cherbourg, Havre, Rouen, Paris and its suburbs, Granville and Caen. No damage was done anywhere.

Ireland is to Have a New Lord-Lieutenant, the project of vesting the Executive in a Board or Committee with that of sending a royal prince to Dublin having lapsed for the time. The new Viceroy is the Earl of Zetland, the head of the Dundas family, which a prominent English journalist characterizes as "the most voracious set of tax eaters in modern times." He gives a long list of offices and pensions which are enjoyed by various members of the family. It shows that whatever appetite they may have had for public money, they have had no reason to complain of starvation. The motto borne by the crest of the family is, "I have done what I could." The salary the Earl will receive as Lord-Lieutenant is \$100,000 a year, and he is allowed in addition an annual sum of \$37,000 for the hire of secretaries, gentlemen-in-waiting, chaplains, etc. The Earl is

not prominent in politics, and it is expected that he will content himself with the ornamental functions of his office, and leave the duties of government to Mr. Balfour, the Secretary for Ireland in the Cabinet.

The French Response to the English Friendly memorial is thoroughly cordial. The memorial, as was mentioned in these columns last week, was signed by 263 members of Parliament and expressed their regret at the slight to the French Government involved in Lord Lytton's absence from the inaugural ceremony of the Exhibition. A response signed by two hundred and fifty members of the Chamber of Deputies has been sent, which expresses gratitude for the assurance of sympathy for France which the memorial contained, and utters the hope that those who signed it will join in an international parliamentary conference on June 29, at which authorized representatives of public opinion may unite to chase away the threats darkening the political horizon. This hint probably refers to the Egyptian difficulty, which has again reared its head. If "authorized representatives of public opinion" were to get into the habit of meeting to amicably discuss international questions, brawling monarchs and diplomatists would soon have less power to make mischief.

The Samoan Conference in Berlin appears to have practically concluded its labors, though the last formalities have not yet been performed. A press dispatch from Berlin describes the result as a triumph for the United States. It says that the German and English Governments have definitely accepted the Washington proposals limiting the German indemnity, and Samoan rights to levy import duties, and some of the American amendments to the clauses relating to the internal Samoan policy. The Washington Government's aiming at the utmost possible independence of the Samoans has not the sympathy of the German official mind, which better comprehends measures to protect European interests, and to extend European influence; but, after a slight hesitation, the German Commissioners have invariably yielded whatever concessions America asked in the direction of Samoan autonomy.

An Explanation of a Suez Canal Mystery was made at a meeting of the shareholders in that enterprise in Paris on June 5. It was never clearly understood before why the French allowed England to obtain control over the Canal. The question was raised at the meeting by a protest against the admission of English directors to the Board. M. Charles de Lesseps, in reply, said that after six years he was able to explain that the London agreement was made in order to save the company from being ruined through the Khedive's granting a concession for a new canal. It thus appears that England, who uses the waterway more than any other nation, would have built a canal herself if she could not have acquired control of the one already in existence. The shareholders would have small, if any, dividends if they lost the tolls paid by English ships.

A Significant Remark by the Czar of Russia led to a flurry in the European money markets last week. His majesty was at a breakfast held to celebrate the betrothal of his cousin to a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro. In proposing the health of the Prince, the Czar described him as "the sole sincere and faithful friend of Russia." As if to emphasize his words, and show that they were not uttered hastily in the excitement of the moment, he had them printed in his official journal the next day. Considering the recent visit of the Emperor of Germany to the Czar, and the ostensibly friendly relations of the Russian potentate with other monarchs, the words had an ominous ring which made the financiers anxious about investments which would be affected by war. The Prince of Montenegro who was thus honored is said to be ambitious of becoming King of Servia.

Subscribers whom we were Unable to Supply with Nos. 1, 7, 8, 9, and 10 of this year, can now obtain them on application to this office, 71 Bible House, New York.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$16.95. They are from: Concord, Mo., \$3; Seaward, Me., \$2; Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; Morganville, N. Y., \$5.50; Cincinnati, Ohio, \$1; Williamsport, Pa., 45c. We are glad to learn from the colored preachers who have received THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through this fund, that its reading has been blessed to them and that their congregations have been blessed through them. The applications recently received have been filed, and the new names will be added to our list as the fund increases.

The Possibility of Appalling Physical Disturbances is announced in a lengthy communication to a New York journal by the Canadian astronomer, Prof. Wiggins. Referring to the convulsions in remote antiquity, which he believes caused widespread destruction and the death of ninety-nine hundredths of the animal race, he raises the question whether such destruction can again occur, and says: It is possible, for, as I pointed out in 1864, the short-period comet Encke, which travels far within the orbit of Jupiter, is constantly decreasing its orbit's eccentricity, thus forming it more and more toward the circle, and should it at any time run near the earth nothing could be more certain than that it will fall about our sphere and become another satellite. Of course, there are many chances to one that this will not occur, and yet that one chance may become a certainty. Should it run within the moon's orbit, like the great comet of 1770, which passed through the satellite system of Jupiter, it would certainly cause the extinction of the greater portion of the animal creation, while it would usher in an æon of storm and earthquake that would be appalling and destructive.

An Act of Inhumanity was Punished by a judge in Connecticut recently. Two young men were rowing on the Housatonic, and not being acquainted with the river, did not know that they were drifting toward the rapids. The swiftness of the current at length surprised them, and looking ahead, they saw that in a very few minutes they would be carried over and drowned. They put forth all their strength in backing water, but were afraid to turn the boat lest the strong current should capsize it. They were able to keep the boat stationary, but saw no way of getting to land. At last they made an effort to row the boat obliquely, and after struggling as men only struggle when it is for life, they reached the shore, and thankfully stepped out on dry land. In a moment the owner of the property on which they stood was upon them. He warned them that they were trespassing, and ordered them off. The men explained that they dare not risk their lives again, but he was obdurate, and as they would not go, he set a savage dog upon them. They were severely bitten before the farmer relented and allowed them to pass over his land to the public highway. They summoned him for the assault, and the judge, saying that it was an outrageous act of inhumanity, inflicted the heaviest punishment allowed by the law. The farmer had a legal right to resist trespass, but he forgot that in civilized society legal rights must be subordinated at times to the duties of common humanity. In Christian society, if it were what Christ meant it to be, he would find the still higher law of brotherhood enjoining active service for others. (Matt. 25: 45, 46.)

Seventy-Five Dollars for a Bible was offered by advertisement in the New York daily journals on June 5. A reporter, whose curiosity was excited by the offer of so large a sum for one book, made inquiries, and learned why it was so valuable to the owner. It belongs to a lady who is claiming a share of her grandfather's estate. She was born in California, and her father and mother are dead. Her father died in poverty, but he told her that his father was a wealthy citizen of New York, who had disowned him because of his marriage. He bade her go, after his death, to her grandfather, and ask him

to keep her. She did so, but the old gentleman would not acknowledge her. His daughter, however, took compassion on her brother's child and befriended her. The child, however, soon lost her kind aunt by death. Her grandfather also died, making no provision for her. She put in a claim for a share of his estate, but it was disputed, as she had no proof of her father's marriage. It had been a secret one, and the clergyman who officiated was dead. She had the old family Bible which her aunt had bequeathed her, and on looking it over she found that her aunt had secretly recorded the marriage among the family records on a blank page. That evidence was very valuable to her, but a few weeks ago the Bible mysteriously disappeared, and she suspects that it was stolen by interested parties. She has now lost the best proof she had of the validity of her title to her inheritance. It is not surprising, therefore, that she offers a large reward for its recovery, and laments that it was not better guarded. Strong efforts are now being made to steal the Christian's Bible from him by disputing its authenticity. They must be strenuously resisted, for in that Book is the evidence of the title Christ purchased for him, by His blood, to his heavenly inheritance. (1 Peter 1: 3, 4.)

A Magnificent Mansion for the Dead is to be erected in New York shortly, if the project receives necessary financial support. On June 3 the Rev. Charles R. Treat explained the plan in a lecture at the Academy of Medicine, and it was enthusiastically received. It is proposed to erect in or near one of our cemeteries a beautiful building, three hundred feet wide and one hundred deep, composed entirely of concrete. It is to have wide halls, corridors, and staircases. Instead of rooms, there are to be cavities in the walls, each large enough to hold one casket. When a burial takes place the casket is to be inserted. The small space at the extremity is to be then closed with a sheet of strong plate glass and hermetically sealed. The glass may be covered, if desired, by an ornamental bronze door. A furnace is to be placed in the basement, from which hot air is to be forced through pipes into each cavity, which will gradually desiccate the body and so prevent putrefaction by carrying off all its moisture. It is claimed that by this method a body will retain its form and features for an indefinite time; it will give forth no effluvia, and can never injure the living; it can never be stolen; and there can be no danger of premature burial; and friends will be able to visit it and see through the glass the casket containing the remains of the beloved one. The project has the support of eminent sanitary authorities, and its many advantages will probably lead to its early adoption. Every one who has seen the body of a beloved relative buried in the cold ground will appreciate the sentimental advantages of this dry, warm mausoleum; but to the truly wise man anticipating his own death, these advantages are trivial compared with the importance of securing through Christ an entrance for the soul into that mansion which is eternal in the heavens. (II Cor. 5: 1.)

A Startling Embrace in a Car on the Elevated Railroad in New York astonished the passengers on June 4. A well-dressed middle-aged man entered the car at Forty-second Street, and, taking one of the cross seats, pulled a newspaper from his pocket and began to read. At the next station a lady entered and sat on the seat opposite him. He looked at her over the top of his paper indifferently, and then more earnestly. After studying her countenance, somewhat to her embarrassment, for some moments, he dropped his paper, and taking her face between both hands, he imprinted two resounding kisses on her lips. The lady screamed, and jumped to her feet in indignation, whereupon the gentleman said, "Don't you know me, Mary?" Then it was her turn to stare. She evidently recognized him, for she gave him her hand, and her face beamed with pleasure. To a reporter in the car the man explained the meeting. Mary was his sister, whom

he had not seen since, thirty-three years ago, he, then a boy fifteen years of age, ran away to Montana from their home in Dayton, O. He had loved her dearly, but as the family removed from Dayton to New York shortly after his departure, he had been unable to communicate with her in all that time. "I suppose," he said, "it was an improper thing to do in a public car, but I was so full of joy that I am afraid I should have kissed her just the same if it had been in church. I'll take care we are never separated again." It was a sufficient excuse for his breach of decorum. When a man is suddenly filled with unexpected joy he is apt to forget conventionality. It is so with the man who, under deep conviction of sin, and almost despairing, suddenly perceives the simplicity of salvation by faith. His ecstasy is often condemned or ridiculed by men who have not experienced it. (Acts 2: 13-17.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The order of the King's Daughters now numbers 97,000 active members.

Next Tuesday, June 18, Pennsylvania votes on the constitutional amendment of Prohibition.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker says there shall be no more saloon-keepers in post-offices and no more post-offices in saloons.

Miss Frances E. Willard has been addressing large audiences in the Gulf States. She declared unequivocally for prohibition.

A most interesting revival of religion is in progress in the village of Markham, Ont., Canada, under the labors of the Rev. N. Hill.

The Rev. A. J. Hayner has recently held daily evangelistic services at Palmyra, Wis., which have led to a large number of conversions.

Rev. Thomas Harrison commenced a four days' camp-meeting on Saturday last at the South Third Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, E. D.

A meeting was recently held in Agnes Street Church, Toronto, to bid farewell to Miss Crosshwaite, who has gone to China to join the China Inland Mission.

The latest Mormon party to arrive from Europe numbered 132. One thousand in all are expected this summer. The missionaries complain of their lack of success.

The Boston Park Commissioners have again declined the petition of the Evangelical Alliance, asking that preaching be allowed in the public parks, as it would not "be consistent with the proper use of the parks."

The will of a deceased San Francisco policeman bequeaths his property to his widow for her life, and directs that after her death it shall be divided among his children, providing that none of them is at that time addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor.

The Medical Missionary Society's income last year was \$9,829, all of which was expended in its work. Dr. B. C. Atterbury, the President of the Society, attended to upward of 18,000 cases in Peking, China, during 1888, and in every case took the opportunity to deliver the gospel message.

Rev. Sam Jones had audiences of six thousand persons, chiefly men, at his San Francisco meetings. On one occasion, when the doors were closed after every seat was occupied, the crowd burst them open and filled the aisles and every place where it was possible to stand, and remained patiently until the close.

The Illinois Young Men's Christian Association has organized an excellent work at Camp Lincoln, Springfield. It has erected tents near the camp of instruction of the National Guard, and is providing a free reading-room, and conducting religious work among the young men who are there for their annual drill.

Mr. G. H. Bradt has been holding revival services at Petoskey, Mich. Nearly two hundred persons have made a profession of faith since they commenced. The pastor and members of the M. E. Church, in which the meetings were held, speak very highly of the earnestness and devotion which have characterized his labors.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Atchison, Kas., are held in a tent capable of holding five thousand persons. From the first it has been crowded. No such audience, says a local journal, was ever gathered to hear sermons in Atchison before. There is Bible reading at 3 p. m., and preaching at 8 p. m. each day. Prof. J. J. Lowe and Mrs. Lowe lead the musical part of the service. All the evangelical churches are aiding in the work.

The Thirteenth Summer School of Christian Philosophy is to be held at Key East, N. J., beginning Thursday, July 18, and closing Friday, the 26th. Among those who are to deliver addresses or contribute papers, are the Right Rev. Bishop Fallows, of Chicago; George Sexton, LL.D., of London; Dr. Stafford, of Toronto, Canada; the Rev. John Quincy Adams, of San Francisco; President Deems, of the Institute of Christian Philosophy; and Joseph Cook, of Boston.

THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The light of the glorious gospel of Christ." II Cor. 4:4.

Paul's Perception of the Glory of the Gospel—The One Thing Worth Living for—What Prevents Men Seeing It—I. Paul's Name for the Gospel—A Gospel of the Glory of Christ—Of His Person—Of His Love—Of His Incarnation—Of His Sacrifice—Of His Resurrection—Of His Second Coming—II. The Light of the Gospel—A Light Unveiled—Divine—Revealing—Photographic—Joy—Imparting—III. What to Do with the Light—Look Towards It—See All Things by It—Value It—Keep Christ Always in the Front.

SHINING in the centre of the verse, like a pearl in its setting, you find these words. Literally and accurately translated, they run thus: "The light of the gospel of the glory of Christ." This is the form given to my text in the Revised Version, and I shall follow it, because it, word for word, follows the original.

Paul was a man of one idea. The gospel of Christ had saturated his soul, as the dew saturated Gideon's fleece. He could think of nothing else, and speak of nothing else, but the glory of Christ crucified. Important events in politics transpired in the apostle's day, but I cannot remember an allusion to them. Great social problems were to be solved, but his one and only solution was the preaching of that great Saviour who is to cleanse the Augean stables of the world. For Paul there was

But One Thing Worth Living For, and that one thing was worth dying for. He saw most clearly the glory of his Lord, and that precious gospel which is built up thereon, and he marvelled that others could not see it also. Considering their case with care, he sorrowfully perceived that they must first have shut their eyes by wilful unbelief, and that, therefore, Satan had exercised his evil power, and had utterly blinded them. The blaze of the gospel is so bright that, even with their eyes averted, some measure of light must have entered their minds, unless some special evil power had operated to hold them in darkness. The devil himself must have blinded them, and even he found it a great task to shut out the glorious light, and to accomplish it he had to assume all his power as "the god of this world."

I wonder whether there are any here at this time who have long been willing unbelievers, and have at last come to be quite unable to perceive any glory in the gospel of our Lord Jesus. When they hear it faithfully preached, they flippantly criticise the style of the speaker; but the matter of which he speaks appears to them to be of small consequence. They pass by the cross itself, and the sorrow of the Lord is nothing to them. These may be very intelligent men and women in other matters, and yet have no perception of spiritual truth. I pray that while I am speaking of the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, that light may penetrate their minds.

I. At the outset, let us consider

Paul's Name for the Gospel:

"the gospel of the glory of Christ." It is very evident that the apostle felt that the gospel was solely and altogether of Christ. The Anointed was, in his view, the one subject of the glad tidings, from beginning to end. When He was born, the angels proclaimed good tidings of great joy to the sons of men; and after His death, His human messengers went forth to all nations with messages of love. His death is the birth of our hope; His resurrection is the rising of our buried joy; His session at the right hand of God is the prophecy of our eternal bliss. Christ is the author of the gospel, the subject of the gospel, and the end of the gospel. His hand is seen in every letter of that wonderful epistle of divine love called the New Testament, or New Covenant. He, Himself, is glad tidings to us in every point, and the gospel is from Him in every sense. That is not gospel which does not relate to Jesus.

The glory of the gospel, then, lies very much

in the glory of our Lord's person. This is the gospel—that the Son of God Himself gloriously undertook the salvation of men, and therefore was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory. If we had here

A Vast Hospital

full of sick folk, it would be the best of news for those languishing therein if I could tell them that a great physician had devoted himself to their healing; and the more I could extol the physician who had come to visit them, the more would there be of good news for them. If I could say to them, "The physician who is coming to succor you is possessed of infallible wisdom and unerring skill, and in him are united loving tenderness and infinite power," how they would smile upon their beds! Why, the very news would half restore them! Should it not be much more so with desponding and despairing souls when they hear that He who has come to save is none other than the glorious Christ of God?

The glory of Christ lies not only in His person, but in His love. Remember this, and see the gospel which lies in it. Herein to us is His glory. He loved us so, that heaven could not hold Him; He loved us so, that He descended to redeem us; and having come among us amid our sin and shame, He loves us still. "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Love, thou hast reached thine utmost glory in the heart of the divine Saviour! And the glory of this love, which is without beginning, boundary, change, or close, is the very life-blood of the gospel. The love of Jesus is the glad tidings of joy.

This being so, beloved, we next see the glory of His incarnation. To us it was the glory of Christ that He was born at Bethlehem, and dwelt at Nazareth. It looks like dishonor that He should be the carpenter's son; but throughout all ages this shall be the glory of the Mediator, that He deigned to be partaker of our flesh and blood. There is

Glory in His Poverty

and shame; glory in His having nowhere to lay His head; glory in His weariness and hunger. Surpassing glory springs from Gethsemane and the bloody sweat, from Calvary and the death of the cross. All heaven could not yield Him such renown as that which comes from the spitting and the scourging, the nailing and the piercing. A glory of grace and tenderness surrounds the incarnate God; and this, to those convinced of sin, is the gospel.

The glory of Christ is further seen in His atoning sacrifice. But you stop me and say, "That was His humiliation and His shame." Yes, it is true, and therefore it is His glory. Is not the Christ to every loving heart most of all glorious in the death of the cross? What garment doth so well become our Beloved as the vesture dipped in His own blood? He is altogether lovely, let Him be arrayed as He may; but when our believing hearts behold Him covered with the bloody sweat, we gaze upon Him with adoring amazement and rapturous love. His flowing crimson bedecks Him with a robe more glorious than the imperial purple. We fall at His feet with seven-fold reverence when we behold the marks of His passion. Is He not most of all illustrious as

Our Dying Substitute?

We will now travel a little further, to His resurrection, wherein His glory is more palpable to us. He could not be holden by the bonds of death. He was dead: His holy body could die, but it could not see corruption; so, having slept a little while within the chamber of the tomb, he arose and came forth to light and liberty—the living Christ glorified by His resurrection. Who shall tell the glory of the risen Lord? Consider it deeply, meditate upon it earnestly; and, as you do so, hear the clear sound of glad tidings of great joy. For our greatest consolation we do not look to this precept or to that promise, so much as to Jesus Himself, who has by His rising from the dead given us the surest pledge and guarantee of our deliverance from

the prison of guilt, the dungeon of despair, and the sepulchre of death.

Once more, lift up your eyes a little higher and note the glory of His enthronement and of

His Second Coming.

He sits at the right hand of God. He that one was hung up upon the tree of shame now sitteth on the throne of universal dominion. Instead of the nail, behold the sceptre of all worlds in His most blessed hand. All things are put under His feet. His second coming, for which we daily look, is our divinest hope. Mayhap before we fall asleep the Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the trump of the archangel and the voice of God; and then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Then will our weary days be ended: the strife of tongues, the struggle against sin, the stratagems of error, all will be finished, and truth and holiness shall reign supreme.

Mark this: the less you make of Christ, the less gospel you have to trust in. If you get rid of Christ from your creed, you have at the same time destroyed all its good news. The more gospel we would preach, the more of Christ we must proclaim. If you lift up Christ, you lift up the gospel. If you dream of preaching the gospel without exalting Christ in it, you will give the people husks instead of true bread. In proportion as the Lord Jesus is set up on a glorious high throne, He becomes salvation to the sons of men. A little Christ means a little gospel; but the true gospel is the glory of Christ.

II. Secondly, let us consider

The Light of the Gospel.

Our apostle speaks of "the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ." That light is, first of all, unveiled. Whatever light there was in the law—and there was much—it was latent light. The veil on the face of Moses was typical of the way in which the ceremonials of the law were hidden from the sight of men. We forget that a great majority of those things whereof we read in the law were never seen by the Israelites as a people. Do not suppose that any Israelite ever looked within the veil; none but the high priest ever entered there. Even the holy place outside the veil was reserved for the priests. The most of the sacrificial types were as much matters of faith to the Israelites as the meaning is a matter of faith to us. They did not see even the patterns of the heavenly things; they had to be told of them; and in the hearing they had to exercise faith, as we also do. But my brethren, our gospel is one, not of the veil which hides, but of the lamp which shines. The gospel of the blessed God is intended to be conspicuous as the lighthouse on the rock which is seen afar. It is so illuminating that everyone in the house may see by it. The gospel which is not known is of no value; it is as much intended to be understood as light is meant to be seen.

This light, in the next place, is all its own. You cannot illuminate the gospel; it is itself an illumination. Not by rhetoric and reasoning do men perceive the light of the gospel. There is a self-manifesting and

Self-Evidencing Power

in the gospel. It runs on its own feet, and needs no crutches. If men would read the Bibles they would, as a rule, believe the Bibles; but they will not read them. In itself the gospel has such a wonderful power of making itself felt, that, if men did not resist its influence, it would reveal divine things to them. I wish I could induce unbelievers here to read the story of the crucifixion every morning, and to keep on reading it and studying it; for I am persuaded that the light which streams from the cross would, by the blessing of God, open their eyes, and enter their souls savingly.

For, mark you, the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ is divine light. The true power of the gospel of Christ lies not in its natural reasonableness, nor in its adaptation to human needs, nor in its moral beauty, but in the attendant power of the Spirit of God. God is in the

gospel, and therefore it is mighty. We may preach to you for a thousand years together, and never a soul of you will receive Christ, unless the same Spirit that spake light into the primeval dark shall say, "Let there be light." Salvation is a supernatural process. God himself must come upon the scene before the eyes of a man born blind will see. This light is

A Revealing Light.

Whenever the light of the glory of Christ comes streaming into the heart, it reveals the hidden things of darkness. When the glory of Christ is seen, then we see our own shame and sinfulness. Did it need God Himself to redeem us? then we must have been in dire bondage. Did it need that the incarnate God should die? then sin must be exceeding sinful. That is a deep pit which needs that God should come from heaven to lift us out of it. What a revelation it is when the light shines into the secret chambers of imagery, and the idol gods are made manifest in all their hideousness! May God send this light to many, that their ruin, their doom, their remedy, and their way of obtaining it, may be plainly perceived.

The light of the gospel also enlivens. No other light will give life to the dead. You may make the strongest light in the world flash frequently upon a corpse, but there will be neither breath nor pulse. But the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ brings life with it. "The life was the light of men." "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Darkness is death, but the light of God is life. Let but this Sun of Righteousness arise, and He not only brings healing, but life.

This light is photographic—you get that in the neighborhood of the text, in the last verse of the third chapter. See the Revised Version: "But we all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit." The light of the gospel of the glory of Christ

Imprints Christ's Image

upon the character of every believer. We see Him, and, seeing His love, we learn to love; seeing His life, we learn to live; seeing His full atonement, we hate evil; seeing His resurrection, we rise to newness of life. By the power of the Spirit working from day to day, we are quietly transformed from our old likeness, and conformed to the likeness of Christ, till our deformity is lost in blessed comeliness of conformity to Him. If we saw Him more clearly and more constantly, we should grow into his likeness more rapidly.

No sanctification is worth having but that which comes of communion with the holy Lord through the power of the Holy Ghost. You may read the biographies of good men, and you may copy them in all simplicity, and yet in the end you may become a *caricature of perfection*, and not the very image thereof. The perfect character of Jesus is yet

The Most Easy to Imitate.

It is safe to copy Jesus; for in Him is no excess or defect; and, strange to say, that character which is in some aspects imitable is in others the most imitable of all. I have often been depressed in view of the high character of certain saints whom I honor, because I have felt that I could never be like them, under any circumstances. I know one who is full of faith and of all goodness; but he is always solemn, and constantly absorbed "in meditations high." I never could grow exactly like him; for there are certain mirthful elements in my constitution; and if they were taken away, I should not be the same man. When I look at my Lord, I see much in Him that is supernatural, but nothing that is unnatural. We see in Him humanity in perfection; but the perfection never conceals the humanity. He is so holy as to be a perfect model; so human as to be a model available for poor creatures such as we are.

Yet, further, it creates peace and joy. This light brings delight. I cannot imagine a man

unhappy who clearly perceives the light of the glory of Christ. Is Christ glorious? Then it does not much matter what becomes of me. Have you never heard of dying and wounded soldiers in Napoleon's wars who still clung to their emperor with an idolatrous love in the hour of death? Lifting himself upon his elbow, the soldier of the Old Guard gave one more cheer for the great captain. If the dying warrior saw Napoleon riding over the field, he would with his last gasp cry, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and then expire. Infinitely more commendable is the loyalty of the believer to the Lord Christ. Surely there is a gospel in the glory of Christ to our sad hearts. That gospel lifts us out of the damps of doubt and fear into the clear blue of heavenly fellowship. God grant that we may feel this uplifting more and more! Thus have I tried to describe the qualities of this light; but you must see it for yourselves.

III. And now let us consider

What We Shall Do With It.

Do with it! Look towards it. Let us first indulge ourselves with a long and steady gaze upon it. No man can look long at the sun, for it would blind him; but you may look at Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, as long as you please, and your eyes will grow stronger the longer you gaze on His perfections. I beseech you, beloved in the Lord, to get alone, and give yourself to meditate upon the glory of the once-despised Jesus. Track Him from the cradle to the cross, from the cross to the crown. I cannot suggest to you any subject more instructive, more comforting, more ennobling, than this. Look at this light: for it is a pleasant thing to behold this sun. Have you never heard how the Laplanders climb the hills when the sun is at last about to appear after the weary winter months? How they rejoice in the first beams of the rising sun! So let us rise to lofty meditation, and look to our Lord and Master, till we perceive His mediatorial glory, and are blessed thereby. Have you no time? Give up your newspaper for a week that you may sanctify the time to the noble end of considering the glory of your Lord; and I will warrant that you shall get a thousand times more out of such thought than from skimming the daily journal. Look unto Jesus, and the light will grow like the glory of heaven.

Next, if you say that a man cannot always stand looking at the sun, I admit the statement, and change the advice. See all things by this light. How differently things look in sunlight to what they do by gas-light or candle-light! Let us regard all things by their appearance in the light of the glory of Christ. In this light you see things truly. Many of the wise men of the period ought to be treated as Diogenes treated Alexander. The conqueror of the world said to the man in the tub, "What can I do for you?" He thought he could do everything for the poor philosopher. Diogenes only replied, "Get out of the sunlight." These wise people cannot do us a greater favor than to remove their learned selves from standing between us and the sunlight of the ever-blessed gospel of the glory of Christ.

Beloved, when asked what we should do with this light, I answer again, value it. Esteem the glorious gospel of Christ more than all besides. Let us also hold it out with great confidence.

This Light Must Win

in the long run. Preach Christ, and away goes the God of this world. Exalt Christ, and down goes the devil. Beloved, let us persuade men to let this light shine around them. They cannot see it because of unbelief; but if it shines around them, it may bring them eyes. God the Holy Spirit blessing it, light will beget sight. Induce your friends to hear the gospel and read the Word of God, and who can tell but they will be saved?

And, lastly, let all who try to preach and teach keep Christ always in the front. The gospel must have Christ as its centre and its circumference; in fact, as its all in all. The gospel is not the gospel without Christ. The gospel will have no dominant idea in it but Christ. Let us sing

with the Blessed Virgin, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." This is a gospel sonnet; this is a song which our Well-Beloved deserves of us. O ye preachers and teachers, lift up Christ! He is as the serpent on the pole, and all who look to Him shall live forever. Look to Him all ye that are dying of serpent-bites; for looking, ye shall live. God bless these words in which I have desired to glorify my Lord! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

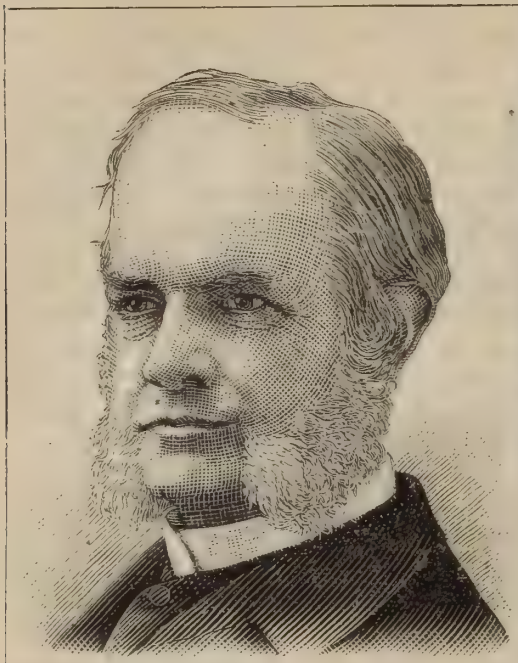
MISDIRECTED ENVELOPES.*

JAMES JERROLD was out of work. He was a young married man. The dissolution of a firm threw him out of employment. Repeated failures to obtain work nearly disheartened him. But his good wife kept him hopeful, and daily prayer preserved his strength and courage, for James Jerrold believed in God. One evening the mail brought him two letters. One was from Slater & Bunce, offering him a situation at a good salary. The other was from Wallace & Co., offering him a situation at a smaller salary. He did as others would have done. He wrote to Slater & Bunce, accepting their offer, and another to Wallace & Co., declining. The next day he received answers to his letters. Slater & Bunce wrote their regrets that he had declined their offer, and Wallace & Co. named the time when he should report for duty. James had carelessly changed the envelopes in replying, and each firm had received the letter intended for the other. He hurried to the city to rectify his mistake; but he was too late. The vacancy in Slater & Bunce's had been filled. Then James could only accept the inevitable. He went to his new work and small salary with a heavy heart. Wallace & Co., however, were pleased with him. One day James was startled by a piece of news. He hurried home to tell his wife. Slater & Bunce had failed! James Jerrold's mistake proved a blessing in disguise.

A Mission Rescued.

Professor Eben Tourgée says: I am reminded of an experience in the early history of the mission in the North End, Boston, Mass., which established my own confidence in a Providential guidance in business affairs. I became deeply interested in the mission at a time when its income was very small, and when its opportunities for usefulness were almost boundless. A few earnest men stood by it, and much good was accomplished; but, in spite of our efforts, we were running behind, and it became a very serious question as to how the necessary expense of about \$500 a month could be met. There came a day about this time when some money must be paid, and the matter lay heavily on my heart, and became the subject of earnest prayer. In going out that day I met a friend to whom I unbosomed my great interest in the matter, and he suggested the name of a gentleman whom I did not know, but who, he said, might be willing to help us. I immediately proposed that we visit the gentleman, which we accordingly did. I was introduced to him in his office, and proceeded to state the case, appealing to his kindly interest in the name of the good work begun, and the large possibilities of usefulness in the future. I could not forecast the good purpose of his heart as it was moved at that moment, as I felt, by the Spirit of God. I certainly should have been delighted with \$50; but, to my overwhelming joy, he walked to his safe and took out \$500, which he placed in my hand, saying at the same time that I might come again in a month and get \$500 more, and at the end of another month for as

* From "God in Business." By H. J. Latham. Published by the American News Company, Chambers Street, N. Y.



Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D.



Carrying a Wounded Officer Over a Stream in Burmah.

much more, and so on for twelve months. His sole provision in the gift was that I should not mention his name. This is but one of numerous incidents in my own experience in which I have met with unqualified assurance that God does not leave us alone in financial matters.

Old Debts Collected.

Mr. William F. Hills, of Lowell, Mass., says: When a boy, a few months after my conversion, I was sent to collect a bill of several hundred dollars. I realized that my youth and lack of experience would give me no advantage over my fellow-clerks, who had failed in attempting to collect it, so I laid the matter before the Lord. I found the man in his stable, and asked him to settle the account. He said, "Yes, come in the house and I will pay you." Among other bills collected, was one of about twenty dollars. The account was several years old. After asking the Lord for help, I presented the bill, and the man said, "Well, I might as well pay it, I suppose." My employer was astonished to see the money.

REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D. D.

THE Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, where the recent General Assembly held its meetings, of which a picture appears on the first page, is privileged in having for its pastor the eloquent preacher and profound scholar whose portrait appears on this page. Dr. Howard Crosby is known and honored in all the churches of the land, and his literary labors have won him laurels on the other side the Atlantic. Probably the first preacher of his denomination that the travelling Presbyterian of education desires to hear when he sets foot in this country is Dr. Crosby, and it is safe to affirm that, however high his expectations may have been, they are never disappointed. The light that his studies and travels enable him to throw on the Bible is always valuable, and is appreciated in a denomination noted for its love and reverence for God's Word.

Howard Crosby was born in New York, February 27, 1826. He is, therefore, now sixty-three years of age. He graduated from New York University in 1844, and at once entered on a course of theological study. For some years he was Professor of Greek in New York University, and subsequently in Rutgers College, New Brunswick. In 1863 the Fourth Avenue Church was anxiously looking for a pastor fit to succeed Dr. Joel Parker, and God guided it to Dr. Crosby. Since that time he and the church have been inseparable. Dr. Crosby has travelled extensively in Bible-lands, and has written several admirable books of travel. His best-known and most valued work, how-

ever, is his Commentary on the New Testament, which has had an enormous circulation here and in other lands.

AMBULANCE SERVICE IN BURMAH.

(See Illustration.)

THE British attempt to replace the anarchy with which Burmah was so long cursed under the drunken, imbecile King Thebaw with order and just government has proved a difficult task. They have been embarrassed by attacks from the Dacoits from beyond the Yaw-Chin frontier on the northwest of Burmah. The Dacoits made frequent raids for purposes of plunder, and, latterly, finding them profitable, they have become better organized and more extensive. At last, in December of last year, they included wholesale massacre of the helpless villagers and the burning of towns. A British expedition was accordingly dispatched to meet them and drive them out of the country. This has been successfully accomplished, but not until there had been severe fighting. An artist who accompanied the expedition sends the accompanying sketch of the conveyance which did duty for an ambulance after the battle. A wounded officer, stretched on his mattress and protected from the mosquitoes by a curtain, was carried over the mountains and across the rivers by native bearers, who supported him on their shoulders by a pole.

MRS. SPAULDING'S CHARGE.

(See Illustration on page 381.)

"WELL, Eli, the girls are gone, and won't be back for two weeks. Seems like old times, don't it, you and I sitting down alone together for supper, like we used to at Slackville, when we were first married?"

"Rather a different set out, though, from the little pine table and four chairs," said Eli Spaulding, looking around at the costly furniture of the spacious room in which he and his wife sat at their evening meal.

"Yes, you've got on since then, Eli, but they were happy days. I don't know as we're any happier now with all the money. There's responsibility in it, and I ain't sure we're living up to it."

"Well, what do you want we should do? You subscribe to a lot of charities, and you're always giving money to the churches, but you can have more money if you want it; there's plenty." Eli leaned back in his chair and looked at his wife with a smile of complacency in which there was the natural pride of a man who has been successful in life.

"You're always good about that, Eli, but seems to me we can't clear ourselves by giving

the money away. It's so easy, now we don't miss it. It was different when we had to pinch for a week to give a dollar to the minister."

"I don't know what you mean about clearing ourselves, Dorcas. We ain't under any obligation. Every dollar I've got I've made honestly. It's ours."

"We'll have to give account, Eli. When folks are struggling and starving, it don't seem right we should have more than we want."

"Oh, that's nonsense, Dorcas. There's no one now hard-up belonging to us. Since we set your brother Jonas on his feet, there's none of our kin we ought to help."

"I wish we knew where your sister Lydia is."

"Oh, she!"—Eli made a gesture of impatience—"Lydia ain't any claim on us. She made her own bed, and she must lie on it. I was ready to keep her well, but I told her, when she married that good-for-nothing loafer, I wouldn't do anything to help keep *him*. Besides, we don't know where she is. It's more than sixteen years since we heard anything of her, and she was all right then."

"Ah! that was when she was first married; you know he wasn't the man to support her."

"Well, then, she shouldn't have married him. I warned her."

"She *was* foolish. There ain't any question of that, Eli, but if she was in trouble you'd be glad to help her now. She's the only relation you've got. You'd help her, Eli, if her husband is a bad un. I know you."

Eli looked down; He was too old to blush, but his look did duty for a blush in the eyes of his wife, who knew how to interpret it. "Maybe I should," he said. "Sometimes I think I was a bit hard with her. That can't be mended now, though."

"Well, I want we should do something to help somebody."

"So you are. You ask those churches and hospitals! There ain't many who give so much as you do. Look at the lists; our name's always among the first."

"Yes, but that's *only giving*, Eli. I want to do something—something that's a trouble, something that costs."

"I can't understand you, Dorcas, but I'm willing you should do anything you want. What's set you off?"

"Oh, it's been on my mind a long time. But you're right; something did set me off."

"Thought so," said Eli, going on with his supper, "What was it?"

"Well, when I came back from seeing the girls off I went by the park. Just by the gate there was a boy sweeping. He'd no coat or

waistcoat on, and he was barefoot. There was a dreadful wistful look in his face that went to my heart. He stopped sweeping to look at a school of boys going by. He looked so thin and miserable, and they so bright and happy. I guess he couldn't understand why there was such a great difference, and I couldn't."

"No more can I," said her husband. "But we ain't responsible for that. I suppose you gave him something."

"Yes, and it was that set me thinking. I gave him a dollar. He was as thankful as he could be, but that was not what he was wanting. It didn't help to set things right."

"Oh, well, you can't set things right. I guess you made him happy for one day."

"That wasn't much, though."

Mrs. Spaulding sighed over the difficult problem, but said no more, for Eli, having finished his meal, took up the evening paper. After they had retired for the night, however, she lay awake a long time thinking. "You awake, Eli?" she said at last.

"Yes; your talk set me dreaming about Lydia, and I can't get to sleep again."

"Eli, I'd like to give that boy a chance."

"What boy?"

"The barefoot boy I told you about."

"All right, you may, but you'll have some trouble, I guess. You don't know but what he's a young thief; most of those street lads are hard cases. What do you want to do with him?"

"Well, put some decent clothes on him first, and send him to school. Maybe you could use him in the business afterward, Eli, if he turns out well."

"Oh! I've got all the boys I want, and well-brought up boys too, with respectable parents. I don't want any street boys around."

"I'd like to give him a start, anyhow, Eli. His eyes seem to pierce my heart. I can see them now in the dark. You can afford it, Eli. Let us help him."

"Oh, I can afford it. It's a queer idea, but you can try it, if it eases your conscience."

Mrs. Spaulding did "try it." The boy was washed and clothed and sent to a good school. Eli took little interest in his wife's strange experiment, but he paid freely, as he would have done for any other fancy of hers. But one day, about two months later, there was a change. He was coming home from his office, when he overtook his wife, who had been to the school to see her charge.

"How's he getting on?" he asked.

Mrs. Spaulding had her veil down, and Eli could not see her face; but from the inarticulate reply she made, he knew that she was weeping.

"Turned out bad," was Eli's comment to himself. "I expected as much. Ungrateful young dog! I wish she'd never seen him."

When they reached home Mrs. Spaulding sat down in the nearest chair and had her cry out, her husband's indignation growing as he saw



Mrs. Spaulding's Protege.

her suffering. "Oh, Eli," she gasped at last, "who do you think he is? He's Lydia's only child. She's dead, and her husband too, and he was starving when we took him up."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 305.)

Brigham Young's Household.

JOSEPH SMITH endeavored, in organizing his newly invented religion, to make it resemble as much as was possible both the old and new dispensations of Christianity, and among other things he appointed "Twelve Apostles," who were to assist in governing the Church. He associated with himself his elder brother Hyrum, and also Sidney Rigdon, who had so greatly assisted in every way to establish the new faith and define its principles. This Rigdon is the same who has been suspected of the authorship of the Book of Mormon, though it must be admitted that nothing more than circumstantial evidence can be adduced in support of this statement. However that might be, the two Smiths, Joseph and Hyrum, and Sidney Rigdon formed what was called the "First Presidency"—in other words they were "the Church."

The "Twelve Apostles" were first appointed according to a plan of Joseph's own—Lyman Johnson was placed first, Brigham Young came next, and the others followed. Not long after,

however, Joseph made a new arrangement, and placed the twelve according to their age, and this plan was always followed subsequently. Thomas B. Marsh now stood first, and next to him came David Patten, and then Young.

When Joseph was murdered in Carthage Jail, with his brother Hyrum, Sidney Rigdon alone remained of the First Presidency. At that time Thomas B. Marsh, the first of the Apostles had apostatized; David Patten had been killed in a fight with the mob; and consequently Brigham Young was now President of the Twelve—he being the next in age. Thus it will be seen that even had he been (which he was not) the most stupid and least fitted of all the Apostles to preside over the Church, his years would nevertheless have given him the leadership.

Up to this time there is no evidence that any idea of becoming head of the Church had ever entered into Brigham's mind. Indeed, it is reported that Joseph on one occasion, reproving him, said ironically that if ever the Church had the misfortune to be led by Brother Brigham he would lead it to ruin. But Joseph was now dead, and Rigdon alone remained between the Apostle Young and the headship of the Church.

In accomplishing the removal of Rigdon, Rigdon himself was Brigham's best assistant. A man of prudence, or even of common sense, might have safely held his position against all the Brigham's in the world, but prudence and commonsense were qualities unknown to

Rigdon. He began to have wonderful visions and revelations, announcing the immediate ending of the world, and stated that he would forthwith lead out the armies of the Lord to the battle of Armageddon. In addition to all this nonsense, he ordained some of his particular friends to be prophets, priests, and kings, and otherwise showed that he intended to carry matters with a high hand.

Brigham watched his chance, and when he considered that matters were ripe for a change, by dint of secret manœuvring he caused Rigdon to be tried before the "High Council" at Nauvoo. Rigdon sent word that he was very ill, and could not come, but the trial went on, and, of course, it could have but one possible ending. The result was—as the Mormon papers at that time reported—that "Elder Young arose, and delivered Sydney Rigdon over to the buffetings of Satan, for a thousand years, in the name of the Lord; and all the people said, Amen." Poor Rigdon! He tried to set up a Church for himself, and a good many people followed him, but the attempt was a failure.

Brigham's next step was to declare that the government of the Church was now vested in the Twelve, of whom he was the head. Later still he contrived, by selecting a time when nearly all the Apostles would be promoted, or, in some way, be gratified by a change in the organization of the Church, to get himself elected president of the Church, in the place of Joseph Smith, with the two Apostles next under

him as his associates, under the name of "counsellors," and they together formed the First Presidency. Thus Brigham Young became the official head of the Mormon Church.

Brigham Young was an uneducated man. For that, of course, he was not deserving of blame, but his opposition to education in others and to all that is intellectual and elevating did him little credit. Only a very few years ago he, with his two "counsellors," Heber C. Kimball and Jedediah M. Grant, who were both spoken of as model Saints—held forth in the Tabernacle in the most unmeasured language against schools and scholastic acquirements of every description. They were all three untaught men, and like all persons of small mind who have not themselves received any education, they hated and affected to despise those who had.

Thoughtful men, although they may never have enjoyed the advantages of literary culture, never fail to see the great power that it is, either for good or evil; and in most cases they try to secure for their children the blessing of which they themselves have been denied. But the Mormon leaders, while they ridiculed and affected to despise men of education, were shrewd enough to see that if schools were established, and the children of the Saints permitted to attend them, the bonds of superstition would be shaken, and the fabric of Mormonism undermined. They consequently discouraged every attempt at self-improvement, and taught the people to aspire to nothing higher for their children than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic for the boys, and a knowledge of household, dairy, and farm work for the girls.

Before the "Reformation" a few young men anxious to improve their minds, organized what they called the "Literary and Musical Society." They gave pleasant social entertainments to their friends, at which they gave recitations, read essays, poems, and other literary productions, varying the programme with selections of music. The authorities looked upon the whole proceedings with disfavor, and soon broke up the society. Not content with this, and in order to show their contempt they humiliated the members in every possible way, even publicly pointing them out to ridicule, and appointing a good many of them to be doorkeepers in the Tabernacle. Brigham Young, who, it is said, never in his life read a book, could not understand that they could find any pleasure in intellectual amusements, and accused them of pride, conceit, and even wickedness. Among the Church leaders it is even now common to speak disparagingly of anyone who has any literary acquirements as "having the big head," and "being" next door to apostasy.

Recently greater efforts to obtain a good education for their children have been made by the more intelligent among the Saints, and the Gentiles in Utah have established some very excellent schools. A library and reading-room have also been opened, and the latter has been well attended by the young men, both Mormons and Gentiles. Brigham himself, with his usual inconsistency, even went so far as to give to his own children those advantages which somewhat earlier he selfishly denied to his poorer brethren.

Of the Prophet's moral character, the less said the better. He was remorseless and cruel in his enmities, and he connived at and even suggested, if nothing more, some of the most atrocious crimes that have ever been perpetrated on the face of the earth. In business matters, in the payment of money—to use a popular phrase—his word was as good as his bond, but in the accumulation of wealth he evinced an amount of dishonesty which can scarcely be credited. Brigham always met his obligations, and paid his debts, and got a lawful receipt—his peculiar business could not otherwise be carried on; but the way in which he obtained his wealth would put to the blush the most dishonest member of any "ring" in New York or elsewhere. When he attended his first Conference, he said he had to borrow certain

masculine garments and a pair of boots before he could put in an appearance. But when he died he left property worth more than two million dollars. He took up large tracts of land all over the Territory, he had the uncontrolled and unquestioned command of all the tithing and contributions of the Saints, and from gifts and confiscations, and innumerable other sources, his revenue poured in. It was once rumored that he had eighteen or twenty millions of dollars in the Bank of England; but Brigham said that the report was not true. "The Church," he added, had a little money invested abroad. The difference between "The Church" and the individual Brigham Young was never determined.

In the year 1852 the "Prophet of the Lord" found that he had borrowed an inconveniently large sum from the funds of the Church. He was "Trustee in Trust," and, of course, legally responsible; but he never rendered an account of his stewardship, and no one ever asked him for it. His sense of honesty was, however, so strong that he resolved to have his account balanced, and he went down to the Tithing-office for that purpose. There he found that his indebtedness amounted to two hundred thousand dollars, and he proceeded to pay it after his own fashion; the clerk was instructed to place to his credit the same amount "for services rendered."

In 1867 he owed *very nearly one million dollars*, which he had borrowed from the same fund, and he balanced his account in the same way. His contract for the Pacific Railroad is said to have yielded him a quarter of a million, and his other contracts and mining speculations, purchases and thefts of lands, houses, &c., have been very profitable. The expenses of such a family as Brother Brigham's must have been something enormous, but the contributions which he levied have been so large that he must have been one of the wealthiest men in the Territory.

Brigham was not a generous man. He gave occasionally, as, for instance, at the time of the Chicago fire, when he presented a thousand dollars for the sufferers, but even then his motive was evident—the affairs of "Deseret" were under discussion in Congress. Without the certainty of a profitable return, Brigham never gave a cent. The story of his sordid avarice and his contemptible meanness in the accumulation of money would fill a volume.

Morally and physically the Prophet was a *great coward*. When he and other Church leaders were once arrested, charged with the gravest crimes, the effect upon the Prophet was most distressing. He had solemnly sworn in the Tabernacle that he would shoot the man who attempted to arrest him; but when Judge McKean opened court and placed him under arrest, he swallowed his threats and played the coward's part. Before this the world has seen individuals who were notorious for their cruelty and tyranny, and who were also remarkable for their cowardice. For many years he imitated royalty, and had a strong body-guard to keep watch and ward around his person every night. No man had less cause to apprehend personal violence than Brother Brigham, but the voice of conscience, which, as the poet says, makes cowards of us all, suggested his torturing fears.

President Brigham Young had nineteen wives. Of these nineteen, Amelia Folsom Young was the favorite, and she continued to be so, for at last Brigham found a woman of whom he stood in dread. It is doubtful whether he loved her, but nobody in Utah doubted that he feared her. It is said that the Prophet confided so many of his secrets to Amelia that he was obliged to submit to her tyranny, for fear of her leaving him, and exposing some of his ways which would not bear the light. Be that as it may, it is generally believed that after all his matrimonial alliances he at last found his *master* in the person of Amelia. Even good Saints—friends of the Prophet—secretly enjoyed the idea of him being at last brought under petticoat government, for it is believed that Brigham

used unfair means to obtain her, and that at last he only gained his object by deluding her into the belief that Heaven had revealed to him that it was her duty to become his wife.

One thing is very certain—he was as crazy over her as a silly boy over his first love, much to the disgust of his more sober brethren, who felt rather ashamed of the folly of their leader. At the theatre a seat was reserved for her at his side, and in the ball-room the same special attention was shown to her. He would open the ball, and, after dancing with each of his other wives who might be present—simply for appearance' sake—the remainder of the evening was devoted to her. For all that, his inconstant heart could not remain faithful to her, and old habits and feelings, to all appearance, came over him again, and he went astray.

Julia Dean, the actress, was the first to draw him from Amelia's side, and it would have been a sorry day for Amelia if Julia had for a moment favored the prophet's suit. Then the charms of Mary Van Cott touched his sensitive heart, to say nothing of Eliza Ann, his last but yet not his best-beloved.

With all this experience, and the constant evidences of the fickleness of Brigham's heart before her eyes, there is no wonder that Amelia felt compelled to hold tight the reins, when they were in her own hands, for it was a great deal to be known as his favorite wife.

In his habits and mode of living, Brigham was very simple. When I first knew him he dressed in plain homespun, home-made, and every article about his person and his houses was as plain and unostentatious as possible. But the importation of Gentiles and Gentile goods since the opening of the railway worked a great change. His wives, who once carried simplicity of dress almost to the verge of dowdiness, acquired a taste for Eastern fashions.

The Prophet's first home in Utah was a little cottage which is now known as the *White House*,—the same house, I believe, which was valued at 60,000 dollars, and which Brother Tenant supposed he bought, but which Brigham retained possession of after pocketing Brother Tenant's purchase-money for it.

The *Bee-Hive House* was the official residence of Brigham. There he used to reign supreme as "Governor" Young; and thence he issued secular and ecclesiastical edicts to all who acknowledged his sway. There was one lady resident in this house—Mrs. Lucy Decker Young, his first wife—and no one else was permitted to intrude upon its privacy. Here the prophet had his own private bedroom, and here he breakfasted when at home.

The *Lion House* was what ought to have been the home of the prophet, for here nearly all his wives resided. (He had, however, many other houses in the city.) On the basement floor are the dining-room, kitchen, pantry, and other general offices. The first floor is divided by a long passage with doors on each side. On the right hand, about half-a-dozen wives with small families found accommodation. On the left, at the entrance, is the parlor, and the other rooms on that side were occupied by mothers with larger families, and ladies who have a little more than ordinary attention. The upper floor is divided into twenty square bedrooms. There was no extravagance in the furniture or apparel of these wives, but they were comfortable and were kept neat and clean.

(To be Continued).

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

JESUS RISEN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. Lesson for June 23, Mark 16:1-13; Golden Text, 1 Cor. 15:20.

Friends Standing Afar Off—Joseph of Arimathea Begs for Christ's Body—The Resurrection Clearly Predicted—Only One Woman Understanding It—Her Waiting Rewarded—A Strange Mistake—The Death and Resurrection Repeated in Christian Experience—The Paralyzed Faith of the Disciples—Their Own Conceptions of Christ's Mission Falsified—The Commission Issued—A Command to All—The Signs that Were to Follow—The Demons Exorcised in this Day—Instances of the Other Signs.

THERE were many friends of Jesus who stood far off on Calvary: near enough when He multiplied the loaves, near enough when He healed them of their infirmities, but in the hour of His shame and suffering for them they were far off. There are many who will patonize any work of God when it is popular, but when it is understood only by the few, many of those who see the hand of God in it yet stand afar off, lest they should be involved in what will bring on them disrepute and shame. It was an honor to be recognized as friends of the great Physician, the Prophet of Nazareth in Galilee, but it cost too much to be closely recognized as the followers of the condemned supposed criminal who hung upon the cross: like Peter, they had failed Him at the last. We never can count upon any man's devotion until it is put to the test.

The evening came. Jesus was dead; He had finished the work which His Father gave Him to do. It was no longer dangerous, as during His lifetime, to avow friendship for Jesus. Thus "Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counselor, which also waited for the kingdom of God," and had in a negative sense, made use of his office to serve the King of that kingdom, by not consenting to the counsel and deed of those who condemned Jesus (Luke 23:51), "went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus." Thus it came to pass that "He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death." (Isa. 53:7.) Wrapped in fine linen, and laid in a lordly sepulchre, was the body of Jesus, and the two women who cared for Him more than for their own safety "beheld where He was laid."

The next day, the Sabbath of the Jews, passed by, in which no work might be done, and now

The Resurrection Day

was about to dawn. Five times Jesus had declared to His disciples that on the third day He would rise again; but only one, and that a woman, seemed to have any definite expectation that He would do so. Mary Magdalene came early, "when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre." (John 20:1.) And this statement is corroborated in this very chapter: "Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils." She first made the discovery that the stone was rolled away and the sepulchre empty, and she became the first messenger of the Resurrection to the apostles Peter and John, who, after they had seen the empty grave, went away. But Mary, who had understood that He was to die, appears to have had some vague expectation of something happening. Did she connect the empty grave with His promise that He would rise again? Peter and John as yet

"Knew not the Scriptures,

that He must rise again from the dead." (John 20:9.) But Mary, did she know these Scriptures? Had she some conviction that He who had conquered death in Jairus's daughter, in the young man of Nain, and in Lazarus, would also conquer the bands of death in His own person, and that she should see Him living again? In any case, Mary clung to all of Jesus which was left to her—the empty grave was to her the most homelike place on earth, for there she had seen last all that was left of Jesus; and Mary was not disappointed. "Mary," "Rabboni," and the watcher for Jesus' resurrection was rewarded, and went to tell of her risen Lord.

It was probably on her return from the sepulchre that she met with the mother of James, and Salome, who were coming with sweet spices to anoint, perhaps embalm, the dead body of Jesus. It was

A Strange Mistake.

They thought of Jesus as dead. A difficulty suggested itself to them as they neared the place: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" A barrier lay between them and the dead Jesus, a stone which men had placed there. "And when they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away." No human hand had done it. Divine agency had been at work, and they saw a heavenly being in the vacated tomb—life in the place of death—"a young man with a long white garment." It was so unexpected that they were afraid. But he spoke to them, and reassured them, saying, "Be not affrighted. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen: He is not here: behold the place where they laid Him." It was a wonderful revelation to them: with His death it seemed to them that His cause had failed. True, Lazarus was alive, witnesses of His power and love were plentiful, but, then, if all His power had not sufficed to save Himself from condemnation and death as a common criminal, how could they continue to believe that He was, indeed, the Christ, the Son of the living God? But now if He was risen, and by His own power, this was more marvellous than if He had accepted the impious challenge of the chief priests to save Himself and had come down from the Cross.

But is it not thus sometimes with the experience of Christians? Does not all our faith and knowledge of God pass through judgment, shame, death, and resurrection? Are there not times when everything external seems to give the lie to our faith, and it seems in some dark hour as though God had forsaken us. And then comes the resurrection, the dying and burying of the human and sensuous, that which depends on feelings and on external help, on circumstances, on meetings, or on certain teachers; and then comes a glorious resurrection, when that which we have lost in feeling we find again in fact; when that which used to be a glorying in ourselves is now become, instead, an opportunity of glorifying God.

"But go your way," said the angel; "tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you." It was such a complete revulsion of feeling, that the women were filled with; but it was mingled with "great joy" (Matt. 28:8), and they said nothing to any man until they met Jesus Himself, and they "held Him by the feet and worshipped Him." Now they understood the angel. Jesus was not lost. He was still the Christ, the Holy One, the Mighty One; their faith had not been misplaced, and with full hearts they went to tell the remainder of the disciples, but they only

Met with Unbelief.

Jesus appeared also to two disciples who were walking to Emmaus, and they bore their testimony to His resurrection, but the majority of disciples still *would not believe*, until Jesus Himself appeared to the eleven, and "upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen Him after He had risen." They had clung to their own views of things to the last, had still held to the hope that Jesus would in some way deliver the Jews from the yoke of Rome, and His shameful death was such a blow to all their hopes, it was difficult to exercise again the faith which had been paralyzed by disappointment.

But oh, His tender love! After upbraiding them for their unbelief, He trusts them with a commission not given to the angels, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Clear, precise direction, but oh, how little obeyed! "Go ye," is said to every disciple; "Ye are witnesses of these things" (Luke 24:48) was said not to the eleven only, but to "them that were with them," i. e., the

hundred and twenty believers on whom the Holy Ghost came at Pentecost. (Luke 24:33; Acts 1:45.) It was when the disciples, filled with the Holy Ghost, "began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance," and spoke so that "every creature" within hearing heard from their lips "the wonderful works of God," that such a wonderful ingathering of souls took place—three thousand garnered in one day! It was when those who were scattered abroad, on account of persecution in Jerusalem, went everywhere preaching the Gospel, that we hear of whole cities converted to God. (Acts 8:4-8; 9:35.) "He that believeth and is baptized," he that, having believed, is willing to confess Christ "shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." And

These Signs

shall follow them that believe; in My name shall they cast out devils." There is far more of the possession of the devil in the present day than men are aware of. In the case of lunatics, when such as have never heard oaths, blasphemies, or obscene language are yet made to utter these things, it is very clear that a power contrary to their very nature and surroundings possesses them. What is delirium tremens but possession? What is the lying spirit and the loss of self-respect which characterize the slaves of opium but a possession? God has left in His church the power to cast out devils, and according to our faith it is unto us. Some thirty or forty years ago few men had the temerity to acknowledge that they believed a drunkard could be saved, but, praise God, His witnesses now, wherever the Gospel is faithfully preached, believe that God is stronger than the demon of drink, and thousands of prayers have been answered in the conversion of drunkards, both men and women. But many there are who cannot exercise the same faith for lunatics, and according to their unbelief it is unto them. The power is in the Church, never withdrawn by the hand of God, but oh how little exercised by His believing people. "They shall speak with new tongues." Thank God, we find, here as else where, it is unto us as we have believed. We know of several missionaries who have been enabled to speak a foreign language with comparatively little study, when the exigencies of the work demanded it; and, no doubt, if there were more real faith in God exercised in this matter, we should see more of God's power.

"They shall take up serpents." Miss L. Sisson, of Bassim, India, was one day

Bitten by a Cobra.

In a few minutes her arm was fearfully swollen, and her life was in danger; but she gathered her orphan children around her, and they prayed in faith. As they prayed, they saw the swelling go down, and the fatal bite was cured. "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." Mrs. Osborne, once missionary in India, tells of a missionary whose native servant, in revenge for some reproof, put poison into his food. The missionary, knowing nothing, asked in faith God's blessing, and commenced his repast, and, being hungry, finished the dish. The servant looked on expecting his master to fall down in agony, but he was unhurt, and the servant then confessed what he had done: but the missionary had no fear, he clung to the promise of the Master, and was delivered. "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." The thousands of cases whom God has healed of late without doctors or remedies, of cancer, paralysis, spinal disease, skin diseases, consumption, erysipelas, tumor, blindness, deafness, lameness, insanity, etc., are sufficient evidence that this promise of Christ holds good, and that these signs still do follow them that believe, and in the proportion in which they do believe.

Jesus ascended into heaven. But they who had received this charge went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following." (Acts 2:43; 3:6, 7; 5:12-16; 6:8; 8:6; 9:17, 18, 33-40; 12:6-10; 14:3, 8-10, 19, 20; 16:16-18; 19:11, 12; 20:9, 10; 28:8, 9.)

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

If washed in Jesus' blood,
Then bear His likeness too,
And as you onward press,
Ask—"What would Jesus do?"

With willing heart and hand,
Your daily task pursue;
Work! for the day wears on;
Ask—"What would Jesus do?"

Be gentle, e'en when wronged,—
Revenge and pride subdue;
When to forgive seems hard,
Ask—"What would Jesus do?"

Be brave to do the right,
And scorn to be untrue;
When fear would whisper "Yield,"
Ask—"What would Jesus do?"

Give with a full free hand,—
God freely gives to you;
And check each selfish thought,
With—"What would Jesus do?"

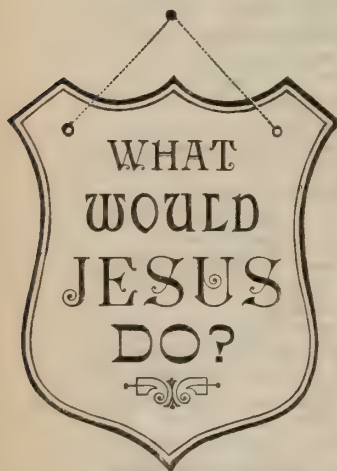
Then let the golden thread,
Woven your life-work through,
Reflecting heaven's own light,
Be—"What would Jesus do?"

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WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

OR,
THE TEXT UPON THE WALL.



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Vol. XII., No. 23. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1889. Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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 SPEAKERS AND PREACHERS AT THE MAY MEETINGS IN LONDON.

PREACHERS AND SPEAKERS AT THE MAY MEETINGS IN LONDON.

It has long been the custom in England for the missionary and other religious societies to hold public meetings in London during the month of May every year. This year the "May Meetings" commenced before April had run half its course, and will continue until the month of June has come and gone, so multifarious and important are the various societies and organizations that are now working in the different departments of Christian effort. This week we publish a group of portraits of some of the leading speakers who have already taken part in the meetings.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

The first of the group is the Right Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter, who presided on April 29 at the anniversary of the Home and Colonial School Society. He was born at Islington, London, on January 25, 1825, so that he is now sixty-four years old. He is the only son of the late Rev. E. Bickersteth, the well-known voluminous prophetic author and expositor. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1847, he took his B. A. degree with honors. In 1848 Mr. Bickersteth was ordained by the late Bishop Stanley, of Norwich, and

Began His Ministerial Career

the same year as curate of Banningham. In 1852 he was appointed curate of Christ Church, Tunbridge Wells, and Rector of Hinton Martell, Dorsetshire, the same year. In 1855 he became the Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, a northern suburb of London, where he labored for thirty years. On the translation of Dr. Temple to the See of London, Dr. Bickersteth was appointed Bishop of Exeter, and was consecrated to the episcopal office in 1885.

As an author the Bishop has gained a high and honorable niche in the gallery of fame. His better known works are, "The Rock of Ages," "A Practical and Explanatory Commentary on the New Testament," "The Spirit of Life; or, Scripture Testimony to the Divine Person and Work of the Holy Ghost," "The Lord's Table," besides "Poems," "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever," "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer," which, in its revised and enlarged form, with tunes, appeared in 1876, and is now in use in more than two thousand churches in England, Canada, Australia, etc.

THE REV. CANON FLEMING.

Few clergymen are held in higher esteem by all denominations than the Rev. James Fleming, Vicar of St. Michael's, London, and Canon of York. He was born at Strabane, Ireland, on July 26, 1830, and is therefore now fifty-nine years of age. His father was the late Patrick Fleming, Esq., M. D., a "beloved physician." The Canon was educated at Shrewsbury School, proceeding thence to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he graduated B. A. in 1853, M. A. in 1857, and B. D. in 1865. Before, however, these academic honors were acquired, he was heartily engaging in the work of the gospel ministry, to which he had devoted himself. He was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich in 1853, and after a year's labor as curate at Ipswich, he removed in 1854 to a second curacy at Bath. After ten years of most successful service in that city, he was called to the metropolis, to become the successor of the eloquent Henry Melvill, and of Daniel Moore, as minister of Camden Church. Here the fame of the preacher grew, and the congregation increased. It was no doubt his increasing popularity that led, after seven years of work at Camberwell, to his being preferred to the important vicarage of St. Michael's, in succession to the late Rev. Rowley Hill, where he ministers to a crowded congregation, largely consisting of persons eminent in professional and intellectual, as well as social life. In 1877 the late Lord Beaconsfield nominated him as Canon-Residentary of York.

Canon Fleming has always taken a deep and practical interest in the principles and work of

Temperance. Upon leaving Camberwell in 1874 he had a splendid opportunity given him by the committee of the National Temperance League to advocate the cause by desiring him to preach the annual sermon in Westminster Abbey. The ancient building was crowded, and the canon made good use of his opportunity.

Canon Fleming's deep interest in the workmen led him to be an early promoter and conductor of *penny readings*. During his short term of service at Ipswich, he became acquainted with this method of getting hold of the working-people on week evenings, the idea having not long before been originated by the editor of one of the local newspapers. Mr. Fleming took up the idea, and wrought it out in striking form, and when he removed to Bath he took it with him, and introduced what was then a novelty into that and many of the towns of the west.

As a *preacher* Canon Fleming is vigorous, impressive, and eloquent. As a *reader* he has few equals; but his proper and commanding sphere is the pulpit. Every text is well handled; every sermon is carefully studied; while to ripeness of scholarship and richness of illustration there are added the charm and grace of a finished elocution. Lord Beaconsfield remarked that "he (Canon Fleming) is one of the most eloquent preachers I ever heard," a testimony, which, coming from such a critic, meant much.

The popular Vicar of St. Michael's is one of the honorary secretaries of the Religious Tract Society, a vice-president of the Band of Hope Union, and also of the National Temperance League. The Sunday-school also has his deepest and warmest sympathy.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

It would be rather startling to hear of a Mayor of New York presiding at a missionary meeting, but in London the chief magistrate is generally a man of a different type from those elected here. The Lord Mayor of London, in spite of his numerous official duties, is sufficiently interested in Christian work to take the chair at many of the May meetings. He is now fifty-five years old. He entered the Bradford woolen and cloth trade when he was quite young, and going to London in 1860, continued in the business, in which he was remarkably successful until 1881, when he retired. In 1882 he was elected an Alderman of the city. He is an extensive traveller, having visited most of the countries of Europe, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, and the scattered British possessions. He is an ardent educationalist, more especially in regard to technical, agricultural, and higher commercial education.

On March 29, this year, he presided at a meeting of teetotal mayors at the Mansion House, the event being spoken of by some as a living embodiment of the great change that has come over the civic life of the country. The popular notion of civic life has hitherto been festivity to an almost unlimited extent, coupled with a free use of the "flowing bowl." Of late years, however, a marked improvement has set in, and now a corporation is coming to be regarded as a body that exists not merely to preserve ancient privileges and charters, but to benefit the community in which it is established. A meeting like that of March 29 will tend to dispel the first notion and to emphasize the second. A quarter of a century ago a meeting of teetotal mayors would have been impossible, because the class, except as rare specimens, did not exist—in fact, a teetotal mayor was then regarded as an anachronism. A mayor and no "loving cup" would have been looked upon like a watch without a movement; but the teetotalers, adopting the French proverb, may say, "We have changed all that."

On November 9, which is Inauguration Day, it has been the custom for the new Lord Mayor to spend large sums in pageantry, but Lord Mayor Whitehead ruthlessly cut down the expenditure, and spent the money so saved in feeding the starving poor at the East End. Speaking recently at a Temperance meeting, he said: "I think there probably has never been a

period in the history of the world—certainly not in the history of this country—when there has been such a deep-rooted determination to elevate and add to the happiness of the masses. That, to my mind, is one of the most pleasing features at the present day. Now, so far as temperance is concerned, there is much ground for encouragement. The cause is gaining ground and taking deeper root every day. Within the short period of my mayoralty, only about four months, we have had several meetings, including one in connection with the Young Abstinents' Union, and another in connection with the British Women's Temperance League, and I should be perfectly within the bounds of truth if I were to say those two were the finest gatherings that have ever taken place within this hall. You are endeavoring to get rid of what is sapping the health and the strength of the nation. You probably will not win what you are aiming at [Total Prohibition] for some years to come. But you may rest assured that you will have as your reward, not only an increased prosperity of the nation, but you will have the consciousness of feeling that you have done something to mitigate the sufferings, and to increase the thinking power as well as the happiness of the people."

THE HON. AND REV. E. CARR-GLYN.

EDWARD CARR-GLYN, the Vicar of Kensington, a suburb of London, is the ninth and youngest son of the late Lord Wolverton. He was born in 1843, and is therefore forty-six years of age. Having gained distinction at the great public school at Harrow, he proceeded to University College, Oxford. At the termination of his curriculum in 1868, he was ordained by the Archbishop of York, and having acted for a time as curate at Doncaster, under Dr. Vaughan, he became in 1871 domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of York, who appointed him to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Beverley, in 1873. It was spoken of as a notable fact, that when, three years later, he bade adieu to this parish, four hundred of his attached congregation remained to receive the Holy Communion after his farewell service.

In January, 1876, he became Vicar of Doncaster, where, though the work was less arduous than at Beverley, he found plenty of scope for his powers, and his assistance to the Church of England Temperance Society is gratefully remembered to this day. In 1878 he succeeded Bishop MacLagan as Vicar of Kensington, one of the highest trusts which the Church of England has to bestow, and since his appointment to it he has gained for himself much fame as an eloquent, earnest preacher, and zealous and amiable worker in all that pertains to the social and moral advancement of his great and important parish.

In July, 1882, he married Lady Mary Campbell, sixth daughter of the Duke of Argyll, and the wedding ceremony created considerable interest in Kensington and the neighborhood. Sufficient tickets were issued for admission to the parish church of St. Mary Abbott's to fill that spacious edifice to its utmost limits; but so overwhelming were the applications for admission that over 3,000 persons were sent away unable to gain their purpose. The company included the Princess Mary and her children. Nearly \$3,500 was subscribed, without canvassing, towards the cost of the "parishioners' present," which consisted of two fine oil portraits of Mr. Glyn and his bride; but besides this, the Vicar, who is deservedly popular with all classes, received a prodigious number of gifts of every description. For instance, the police employed in Kensington, in whose welfare Mr. Glyn has always taken great interest, presented him with a handsome silver inkstand. The honeymoon was spent in Scotland, during which the bridegroom conducted service in the ruins of Iona Cathedral, when the whole of the inhabitants of the island, and many from the mainland of Mull, attended, and the occasion was felt to be one of great solemnity and much spiritual profit.

the Bible or a sermon. I announced the hymn, "What a friend we have in Jesus," and raised a tune myself, asking all to sing, but not a voice joined me, and I did the best I could on a solo, and the audience looked on their books and patiently heard me. Thus I sung four solos in the course of the service. I read the Scripture, and preached to a quiet and attentive audience, and at the close they all voted for me to come to Comfort again. I was told by a guest at the hotel that my landlord said that he would give \$50 to help build a church. People here who know the reputation of Comfort are astonished, and I am both astonished and grateful.

THE PROPHECY OF THE FALLING STARS.

By W. Appleford.*

To Accompany Earthquakes—Scientific Observation of the Two Phenomena—The Meteoric Shower of 1866—The Origin of Shooting Stars—Fragments of Meteors that Do Strike the Earth—Specimens of Meteorites in our Museums—Where they Come From—The Pulverizing of Biela's Comet in 1867—The Effect of a Large Comet's Disintegration.

IN Rev. 6 we have an account of the opening of the first six seals, the first four of which are accompanied with the going forth of a conqueror, terrible wars, famine, and pestilence. At the opening of the fifth seal there is a cry for vengeance from some martyrs, who evidently have but recently been slain; while the accompaniment of the sixth seal is given in these words: "There was a great earthquake, and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood, and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind." If we compare this with Matt. 24 and Mark 13, we find a wonderful similarity in the order of events. After warning the disciples against being deceived, our Lord foretells wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes, after which follows the Great Tribulation corresponding to the fifth seal, and then in verse 29 we read, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken."

It has frequently been contended that these prophecies cannot be taken literally, since it would be utterly impossible for

The Stars to Fall to the Earth.

seeing that each of them is much larger than our globe. If these prophecies had reference to the fixed stars we should entirely agree with this argument; but it is well known that those fiery meteors, which may be seen on any clear starlight night, are, and always have been, called stars; while these descriptions so accurately describe the meteoric or star showers, which are now not so very uncommon, that were they found in any other book than the Bible, there would be a unanimous agreement that they are descriptive of them. A further proof, as we take it, that there are literal descriptions of meteoric star-showers, is found in the fact that both the darkening of the sun and moon, and the occurrence of an unusual number of meteors, is by no means an uncommon

Accompaniment of Earthquakes.

even as they are represented in the Revelation. Thus Mr. Mallet says: "A near connection may be supposed to exist between earthquakes and meteors. These bodies belong to a class of phenomena proportionately seldom displayed by the atmosphere: yet they have been tolerably frequently observed to occur at the same time with earthquakes. To this class belong the so-called 'globes of fire,' and other extraordinary lights and illuminations in the regions of the air, which cannot be considered as belonging to the ordinary methods of electrical discharge." In a list of earthquakes and some phenomena attending them, I find the occurrence of meteors and shooting-stars mentioned thirteen

times in those that occurred between January, 1838, and December, 1842. We therefore think that the joint occurrence of earthquakes and falling-stars in the prophecies is a further proof that they are descriptive of literal phenomena.

A Grand Display of Falling Stars

occurred on the morning of November 14, 1866. A few stars were seen to fall shortly after 12.0 midnight, and from that time they rapidly increased in number till about 1:45, after which their number decreased. A writer in the *Edinburgh Quarterly Review* (January, 1876, p. 255) thus describes it: "On resuming our watch at ten minutes past one, it would be difficult to say what the appearance of the shower might be compared to, unless it was to the course of arrows. Straight and parallel was the direction, and swift and uniform the speed of this 'vastly extended system of bodies, moving with entire harmony and concert.' Meteors, for the most part as bright as the principal fixed stars, and many brighter—a large proportion comparable to Sirius, and some to Jupiter—sped through the firmament right and left, in a stream so fast and copious that, like drops of water upon a standing pool, to count them all might well have tasked the mind."

These descriptions show how appropriate are the figures employed by the prophets; "the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind;" and "As the leaf falleth off from the vine." Had the prophets been describing an actual star-shower which they had witnessed they could not have used more appropriate language, either to describe the phenomenon, or the terror it caused the beholders.

Have we, then, any reason, by analogy with known facts, for supposing that these falling stars will reach the earth?

We have. The better to understand this part of our subject, it will be necessary to say a few words on

The Origin of These Bodies.

It is now pretty generally admitted that the shooting-stars and the meteoric bodies that reach our earth are all of the same family. They are supposed to consist of solid substances that have been travelling in regular orbits in space at an enormous velocity, estimated by Sir R. S. Ball at twenty miles per second, or 100 times the velocity of a bullet when fired from a rifle. In the course of time they come in contact with our atmosphere, and on account of the high speed they travel, the resistance they meet with in their progress through the air generates so much heat that at a height of from eighty to forty miles above the earth's surface they reach a white heat, and from that melt, and then pass away as a vapor, which, as it cools and condenses, is deposited on the earth as a fine dust, and as such can be gathered from the snows of high mountains. As these bodies are hard, solid substances, it is evident that were they not thus destroyed we should be in constant danger from their fall, especially in those years when the November star-showers are due.

Some, however, either through travelling at a slower speed, or from being composed of more refractory substances, are not burnt out, but

Fall on Our Earth,

and in the case of those composed of iron, are invariably covered with a crust or varnish, showing that they have been subjected to great heat in their journey through the air. Although their speed is so great when they first impinge upon our atmosphere, the resistance they meet with when they reach the denser region of the air so far reduces that speed that when they strike the earth they travel at a comparatively slow rate. The meteorites that reach the earth vary in size from a grain to many tons. In the Natural History Museum there is one weighing over 3 tons 13 cwt; but even this falls into insignificance before one found in Brazil, which weighs 14 tons, while another, the largest known, on the west coast of Greenland, weighs 22½ tons. In number, probably several thousand reach our earth every year, the large

majority of which either fall into the sea, or in places unobserved by men.

Destruction of Biela's Comet.

On February 27, 1826, an Austrian officer named Biela discovered a "planetary" comet, which was also seen ten days later by a French astronomer. Both observers computed that it was the one seen in 1772 and in 1805, and which they calculated would complete its revolution in between six and seven years. It had no tail, and was so small that it had not been seen with the naked eye previous to 1805. The return of this body in 1845-46, was marked by an extraordinary circumstance. When first seen, on November 28, it wore its usual aspect, but on December 19 it was noticed that its shape had become distorted, and ten days later it had divided into two separate objects. This divided comet was seen by many astronomers from this date to April 16, 1846, when they were estimated to be 157,250 miles from each other. Signs of internal agitation were not wanting, for each fragment threw out a tail, and each developed a bright nucleus, although the original comet had exhibited neither of these signs. Once more, in August, 1852, the double comet returned to the neighborhood of the sun, when the distance between the two had increased to a million and a quarter miles. Both vanished shortly after, and have never since been seen, notwithstanding the eager watch kept for them and the accurate knowledge of their track that had been obtained. We can therefore scarcely doubt that as comets they have ceased to exist.

But there is every reason to believe that it has appeared in another form. On November 30, 1867, the annual meteoric shower was more than usually abundant, and it was conjectured that this might be due to

Fragments of Biela's Comet

adding to the number. The missing comet was next due at perihelion in the year 1872, and the probability was contemplated of its being replaced by a somewhat dense drift of falling stars. The precise date of the occurrence was not easily determinable, but Galle thought the chances favorable for November 28. The event proved that he had miscalculated it by twenty-four hours only. In western Europe, almost as soon as the sun had set, the meteors came in large numbers from the constellation of the Chained Lady. Their number was so great that at times they baffled all attempts to keep a reckoning, and at 8 o'clock they were described as a "real rain of fire." A similar display was expected in 1885, and the observers were not disappointed, for they were both larger and more numerous than in 1872.

We thus have it as a well-established fact, that these star showers of 1867, 1872, and 1885 were, at least in very great measure, due to the pulverized portions of Biela's comet, but what is more singular, these fragments had in 1885 been scattered over more than 300 million miles of its orbit; yet Professor Newton considers that all must have formed one compact group with Biela at the time of its close approach to Jupiter about the middle of 1841.

If the Destruction of a Small Comet

like this produces so many meteorites or shooting-stars, who can tell what would happen if we came into close quarters with the body of a large one? Is it not possible that "the stars falling from heaven" might reach the earth?

We thus believe that in the meteorites, as in the fixed stars, we have an intimation that the great day is approaching. To those who are unwilling to take these as preliminary signs, we would simply remark that, while we differ from them, the object of these remarks is not so much to prove this, as to show by a comparison of Scripture with Scripture, and with the well-known phenomena of the present day, that by interpreting the prophecies literally we get a straightforward, sensible, and even accurate scientific description of events that are yet coming on the earth; while by treating them as symbols we get into a maze of confusion, from which we seek in vain for one to extricate us.

*From his article in the *Prophetic News* for May. Price, including postage, six cents, from this office, 71 Bible House.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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We are changing our system of mailing the paper to subscribers for the purpose of insuring greater safety in transit through the mails, and thus, if possible, prevent its loss. Heretofore, when more than one subscriber was receiving the paper at the same office, all the papers were enclosed in one wrapper, which is the way almost all papers are mailed. This necessitated the papers being taken out of the wrappers at the post-office for distribution, and, we are convinced, caused delay and loss of papers. To prevent this, we are placing every paper in its own separate wrapper, with the FULL address printed on it. Part of our list has already been changed, and the remainder is being done as rapidly as possible.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Extra Session of Congress is Expected. Prominent politicians and the leading Republican newspapers predict that Congress will be called together for October 7. There are anticipations of a strong and bitter fight over the organization of the House, which may easily occupy the two months before the regular session. The Republican majority is stated to be only three, and it will therefore be a close division to secure the organization. Besides this, a strenuous effort is to be made to re-enact the rules of procedure adopted in the last House. These were so favorable to minorities that a small, compact group of members could force a deadlock, and sixty members could absolutely prevent the passage of any measure to which they objected. The Republicans want to make new rules, so that a struggle that may be memorable is likely to ensue. If, as is probable, Mr. Randall will be the acknowledged Democratic leader, the contest will be a protracted one. His skill as a parliamentary tactician is unquestioned.

A Revival of the Old Question of our Rights in Behring Sea has been accompanied by sensational reports of approaching trouble between this country and England. Complaints have been made for some time past that unauthorized seal-catching by foreign vessels was being carried on. It was stated that the young seals were being killed so recklessly that there would soon be a scarcity. President Harrison, under an act of Congress of March 2, issued a proclamation warning all unauthorized persons against entering Behring Sea within the dominion of the United States for the purpose of taking fur seal or salmon, and the two revenue cutters were charged with the duty of seeing that the order is carried out. He maintains that we have exclusive dominion over all that portion of the Pacific Ocean known as Behring Sea, excepting such as lies east of the treaty line, bordering on the Siberian coast. This was the contention of Russia before our Government acquired Alaska, and all Russia's vested rights in the territory. England claimed that Behring Sea was a part of the Pacific Ocean, and therefore could not be closed. She has, however, shown a disposition to negotiate or submit to arbitration, and in any case will respect the three-mile limit which she expects our fishermen to respect in the Canadian waters. Seal catchers caught at work within that limit are little likely to have English protection if they are seized. As the vessels engaged in the trade are generally better armed than our revenue cutters, the *Bear*, *Thetis*, *Adams*, and *Iroquois* have been sent to patrol the waters. A sensational rumor that England had sent three of her powerful warships to pro-

tect the sealers was circulated early in the week, but was authoritatively denied on May 30 in the House of Commons.

The Appalling Disaster in Pennsylvania on Friday last has sent a thrill of horror throughout the country. A whole village appears, from the accounts received, to have been devastated by sudden flood. A sudden freshet of the North Fork River caused the bursting of a reservoir, and the vast volume of water poured down the valley in a torrent, sweeping everything before it. Johnstown, a town of some 12,000 inhabitants, lay directly in its way, and it was completely devastated. Only two houses remained standing, and a flood thirty feet deep flowed over what a few hours before was a thriving, prosperous town. As a climax of horror about forty houses which were floating down the stream were jammed against the massive viaduct of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the fires which were burning in the houses were scattered by the shock, and set fire to the heap. Shrieks and cries for help rose from the poor creatures imprisoned in their overturned dwellings, but nothing could be done for them, and it is feared that hundreds of them were burned to death. The number of the drowned it is impossible to estimate. The calamity was so sudden that but few escaped. Persons on the spot believe that five thousand persons at least, and probably many more, must have perished. In addition to these deaths, some railroad passengers—it is not yet known how many—lost their lives. The day express from Chicago to New York was halted at Conemaugh when the depth of the flood rendered it unsafe to proceed farther. The train was caught by the sudden influx of the torrent and in the panic that ensued many were drowned, but a large number were rescued and taken to Altoona. It is an awful catastrophe, the worst of the kind on record in this country, and is only paralleled by the inundations in China.

A Mormon Settlement in Canada is Being made. A press dispatch from Ottawa says that Mormons are flocking into Alberta from Idaho and Utah. They have purchased large tracts of land from the Alberta Railway and Coal Company. Mr. A. M. Stenhouse, the British Columbia legislator, who left his province to join the Mormon colony in Alberta, insists that his associates will practice polygamy if they like, and that the Dominion cannot prevent them doing so. Conditions and restraints might be imposed upon the Mormons if they purchased their lands from the Government, but they are buying from subsidized railway companies. Leading newspapers say that if the Mormons continue to flock into the Northwest the Federal Government will soon have a serious problem to settle.

The Famous Secret Society of Clan-na-Gael, composed of Irishmen living in America, is under a cloud of suspicion. It is charged that Dr. Cronin, who was recently murdered in Chicago, was killed by agents appointed by this society. It appears that some years ago Dr. Cronin asserted that nearly \$100,000 of the money contributed for the Irish cause had been misappropriated. He did not conceal his opinion as to who were the guilty persons, and his determination to bring them to justice aroused bitter animosity against him. During the sitting of the Parnell Commission the informer, Le Caron, gave evidence. He had been intrusted with important secrets by the Irish party here, which he regularly betrayed to the British Government. He stated that the Government had four other spies still at work in the confidence of the Irish societies. He refused to mention their names publicly, on the ground that if he did so they would be murdered. The statement was cabled here, and the Irish societies were at once in a fever of suspicion. They held meetings and commenced a rigid hunt for the four spies. The enemies Dr. Cronin had made did not miss the opportunity to direct suspicion to him. He was murdered, and the Clan-na-Gael is suspected of having ordered his removal. Officers high in the society emphatically deny

this, but admit that the murder may have been done by some members of the order who were impelled by personal grudges, or in revenge for the treachery of which Dr. Cronin was suspected. Three Irishmen have been arrested on suspicion, but the Clan-na-Gael is so powerful in Chicago that there is little hope of the guilty parties being punished if they are members of the society.

The Samoan Conference in Berlin is Drawing near the close of its labors. It is stated that the main lines of a treaty have been drawn and the only minor details await settlement. The commission has completed a draft of a protocol containing clauses relating to the municipal government of Apia, the coaling ports held by the Powers, the land commission, and the autonomy of the Samoan Government, the text of which has already been cabled to Washington and approved by the State Department. The remaining clauses, defining the tariff of Samoa, the Constitution of the native Government, and the limitation of the German claims for indemnity from the natives, have been framed in consonance with instructions from Washington.

A Protest from English Members of Parliament has been made against the absence of Lord Lytton, the English Ambassador in France, from the opening of the exhibition. A memorial has been drawn up and signed by 26 members for presentation to President Carnot, expressing regret that the Minister was not present. Mr. Gladstone has also publicly charged the Cabinet with an error of judgment in the matter, and expressed his opinion that Lord Lytton should have been there. An effort was made to formally censure the Government in the House of Commons, on the ground that they had acted in concert with other powers to inflict a slight on a Republican government. It failed, however, and the representative of the Cabinet assured the House that Lord Lytton's absence was not due to a prearranged understanding among European Governments. It was the opinion of the Cabinet that the country ought not to have anything to do with the celebration of a revolution regarding which political parties in France remained bitterly divided. When a nation was unanimous in its rejoicing on the centenary of a great historic event, there could be no impropriety in the Queen's representative being present at the ceremonies commemorating such event, as was done when the British Minister at Washington took part in the ceremonies that attended the centenary of American independence.

Mr. Parnell's Lieutenants who have Followed him on the witness-stand before the commission have not improved the case for the League. Their evidence shows that, however strongly Mr. Parnell personally was opposed to violent measures, they looked leniently, if they did not connive, at outrage and murder. Mr. Joseph Biggar, member of Parliament for West Cavan, told the commission on May 29 that there was no part of the League's duty to recommend the shooting of landlords, but that it was its duty to defend anybody charged with shooting landlords or their agents. He said this because no confidence was placed in the administration of the law, and he held that the League ought to defend prisoners whose crimes were the outcome of bad laws. Maurice Healy, the member for Cork, admitted that the Cork branch of the League had received applications from other branches for lists of merchants who were members of the League, in order that other merchants might be boycotted. Mr. Healy held that it was legitimate to place such a pressure upon shopkeepers. It is to be regretted that President Harrison's name has been dragged into the inquiry. On Thursday, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, in giving evidence, said that while he was in Indianapolis last year General Harrison, now President of the United States, declared that every honest man and lover of liberty would rather share the company of Mr. William O'Brien in Tullamore Jail than that of the Viceroy in Dublin Castle.

The Presbyterian General Assembly Closed its sessions on May 28. In the last days' meetings the most prominent topic of discussion was Temperance. The difficulty in discussing this subject is easily realized when it is remembered that among the commissioners were many ardent Prohibitionists on the one hand, and Dr. Howard Crosby on the other. The report of the standing committee recommended the endorsement of all means that would tend to the suppression of the liquor traffic. For this latter recommendation it was moved that a minority report be substituted, recommending in terms the endorsement of the constitutional prohibition amendment. To this resolution Dr. Semple, of the Black Hills, offered a substitute, which said: "While we indorse no political party, we favor constitutional prohibition." Dr. Crosby strongly opposed the amendment, declaring that Prohibition in New York would result in free rum. The Assembly voted down the amendments, and passed the resolution recommended by the committee. At the next session, however, the ex-moderator, Dr. Thompson, said that the vote of the Assembly would be regarded as a blow at Prohibition, and offered a resolution which earnestly recommended all ministers and congregations "to persevere in vigorous efforts until laws shall be enacted in every State and Territory of our beloved country prohibiting entirely the traffic which is the principal cause of drunkenness and its pauperism and crime." Dr. Crosby vigorously protested, but the resolution was carried by a vote of 193 to 82. At the concluding session Dr. Crosby again raised the question, and succeeded in getting a resolution passed declaring that "the deliverances of this Assembly on the subject of Prohibition are not to be considered as the advocacy of any particular party."

Five Weeks on a Burning Ship were Spent by a captain and crew recently. News comes from Rio de Janeiro of the arrival of the steamer *Parkhurst* from London. Six days after leaving that port it was discovered that fire had started in the cargo, and in a short time it had such hold of the vessel that the captain believed she was doomed to destruction, and had the life-boats got out and provisioned. Everything that could be done to extinguish the fire was done; but, despite the best efforts of the crew, the fire spread through the cargo, and soon the sides of the vessel above the water became red-hot, and the decks could only be walked on by spreading wet sails on them, and keeping them continually saturated. Several times the crew thought they would be driven to abandon the vessel; but, encouraged by the commander, who was foremost in fighting the flames, they managed to stand by the ship, and succeeded in taking her into Rio de Janeiro, the cargo being then still in flames. The captain and seven of the crew were badly burned and almost blinded, and it is believed that most of the 3,000 tons of cargo was destroyed by fire and water. There are men whose whole life is spent in an analogous conflict. The flames of passion and evil propensities consume them, and they are often tempted to abandon the struggle. Blessed are they who then, having Jesus for their commander, are encouraged to fight on until they reach heaven in safety. (Rom. 7:18-25.)

An Attempt to Overturn a Lighthouse failed last week in New York. Since the destruction of the rocks at Hell Gate has been effected, there has been no need for the great lighthouse, 265 feet high, which stands on the Astoria shore. Accordingly it has been decided to remove it. On May 25 the work was commenced. The broad base supports were taken out, and the tower then rested on four comparatively slender iron pillars, which run through from the concrete foundation to the summit of the tower. It was thought that by fastening wire cables to the top it would be possible to pull it over. The tower weighs over a hundred and fifty tons, so the cables were made proportionately strong. They were attached, and pulled taut by machinery. A strain of twenty tons was applied, but

the tower stood firm. The strain was increased, but it had no effect except to break the chief cable, and then work had to be suspended. The engineers consulted, and decided to use hydraulic pumps under one side of the tower, and when that was lifted some few feet, to apply the cables again. Evidently the men who built the lighthouse at *Hell Gate* knew how to build. It is more strongly constructed and more firmly fixed on its foundation than the engineers who are trying to overturn it supposed. That is the case with another kind of lighthouse which has long stood to warn men who were going to the *gate of hell*. In spite of all the efforts to overthrow the Bible that have been made for many years, it still stands and sheds its warning light. (Ps. 119: 152.)

Large Payments to Remove a Reproach from a father's name were paid last week in New York, and Newark, N. J. In 1881 a shoe manufacturer in the latter city failed for \$50,000 and compromised with his creditors for twenty cents on the dollar. He was an honest man, and was deeply concerned about the unpaid debts. He commenced business again, and worked hard and lived economically in the hope of paying the balance. He succeeded in working up a good business, but his health failed, and he died before realizing enough to achieve the object he had at heart. He left his business to his daughter, who fully sympathized with her father in his aim. The business has prospered under her management, and last week she had the satisfaction of paying the last of the \$40,000 left unpaid at the failure eight years ago. The creditors, knowing they had no legal claim on the money, were astonished at receiving it, but the daughter said it was her father's dying wish, and she was glad to obey it. There are few daughters who would voluntarily part with so large a sum to fulfil a dead father's wish. It is unhappily still more rare for Christians to feel that their heavenly Father's wishes as to the disposal of their property must be carried out. (Deut. 15: 7, 8.)

The Display of a Flag Caused a Disturbance in New York on May 26. A citizen living in a flat, up-town, had been entertaining some relatives during the previous week. He is an American by birth, though of English descent, and his relatives are English subjects. To please them he hung a British flag out of his window on Friday, that day being Queen Victoria's birthday. He was taken sick the next day, and was not able to take the flag down, and it remained flying all that day and on Sunday. There is a Roman Catholic church on the other side the way, which has large numbers of Irish people in its congregation. The sight of the flag exasperated them, and they collected around the house and threw sticks and stones at it. An Irishwoman who lives in the flat above threw up her window and flung dirty water on the flag. The owner, aroused by the disturbance, rose from his sick-bed and went to his window to see what the trouble was, and was ordered by the mob to take the flag in. He protested, but not wishing to have a disturbance on Sunday, hauled in the flag and the mob separated. He acted wisely, but was much chagrined at having to obey the dictates of an Irish mob. In his case, being an American citizen, no patriotic principle was involved. It is a very different case with those who, owing allegiance to Christ, are afraid to show their colors, lest by doing so they suffer loss. They forfeit much more than their self-respect. (Mark 8: 38.)

An Amusing Deception Has Been Practiced on an artist at Louisville, Ky. During a recent voyage from Europe he made the acquaintance of a fellow-passenger, who was very friendly and confidential. He told the artist that he was on his way to America to take possession of an estate worth \$100,000, which had been bequeathed to him and his sister in equal shares. As they grew more intimate he showed the artist the photograph of a beautiful lady, who, he said, was the sister in question. The artist admired the picture excessively, and de-

clared himself in love with the lady represented. His acquaintance professed to be pleased with the announcement, and said he should be delighted to have the artist for his brother-in-law. He willingly took charge of several handsome presents which the infatuated lover desired to be sent to the sister, and after landing in America he accepted a loan of \$2,000 from the artist to pay his expenses in settling up the estate. Later, he telegraphed to the artist that his sister had arrived, but \$7,000 more were needed. The artist, who had grown more enamored every day with the lady whom he had never seen, sent the money, and hinted his desire to see her. He was told that she and her brother were at Columbus, O., and the brother urged him to come right on, and marry her at once. The artist gladly complied, but, on arriving at Columbus found no trace of the lady or her brother. Becoming suspicious, he made inquiries there and at Louisville, and soon satisfied himself that he had been duped. The portrait was that of an actress purchased in a store, and the estate also was a fiction. He is a bitterly disappointed man, and declares that he grieves more over the violence done to his affections than over the loss of his money. His credulity is astonishing in these days. Preachers of the gospel who are authorized by God Himself to proclaim infinitely greater blessings to those who believe, rarely find such faith and such readiness to love One whom they have not seen. (Rom. 10: 15, 16.)

BRIEF NOTES.

There were 120 new Christian Endeavor Societies reported in a single week recently, at the headquarters.

The First Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., while awaiting the completion of its house of worship, is worshipping in a Hebrew synagogue.

The Methodist Episcopal church at Rousville, Pa., was struck by lightning on May 19, and burned to the ground. There were no services at the time.

During the Rev. B. Fay Mills's services at Bridgeton, N. J., there were several very remarkable conversions in the jail, where Mr. Mills went to preach during his visit.

The Rev. Sam Jones, on May 26, closed a series of revival meetings in Danville, Va. Nearly one thousand persons professed conversion as a result of the meetings.

The Annual Assembly of the Society of Friends was held in the Meeting-House in East Fifteenth Street, New York, last week. About three hundred brethren and sisters were present.

Thirteen young men connected with the Arkansas City Y. M. C. Association, went to Oklahoma with the first "boomers," and arranged to start evening prayer-meetings in Guthrie in the open air.

The remains of the late Miss Mary Whately, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on April 3, have been interred at Cairo, among the people whom she loved, and to whose welfare she devoted her life.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker is making wholesale removals of postmasters. On Thursday of last week, 244 were removed. During the week ending May 25 there were 985 changes. A previous week's record was 1,016.

Mr. C. W. Sawyer and Rev. Arthur Chester, who have been carrying on evangelistic services for several months in the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., have secured the hall of Warner Institute, Broadway, for the summer months.

At the fifteenth annual convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Newark, N. J., held last week, Bishop Starkey referred with warm commendation to Bishop Potter's sermon at the Washington Centennial. He said that the Episcopal Church had spoken by the Bishop.

Dr. John E. Cookman, the eminent Methodist minister, resigned from the Methodist ministry on May 30, and will enter the Protestant Episcopal Church. His eloquence and zeal will be missed in the communion he leaves and will be very welcome in that to which he goes.

The Rev. J. C. Meyers, of State Line, Ind., while conducting services for the Rev. M. Steele in the New Liberty Christian Church on May 26, was struck by lightning. He fell out of the pulpit and was taken up in an unconscious condition. In half an hour he recovered consciousness, but he is much injured.

The Rev. Edward Beecher, who was injured in a railway accident, and had his leg amputated at the knee, preached in his church at Parkville on May 26. To a friend he said, in reference to what he had passed through: "Some of the time I almost felt as if I was in heaven. I commend that kind of religion to you, and take it as a lesson to myself—that kind of faith that keeps a man eighty-six years of age without depression under such circumstances."

ONE LOST SHEEP.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray." Matt. 18: 12, 13.

Individual Conversions the only Way to Evangelize the World—No Person to be Despised—Even of Evil Character—One Strayed Soul of Value—I. The Lord's Interest in One Lost Soul—For the Sake of the Lost He Assumes a Special Character—Makes a Wonderful Descent—Seeks While They are Still Straying—II. His Special Exertions to Save One Soul—Seeking with Persevering Diligence—III. His Rejoicing Over One Soul Recovered—IV. A Striking Example—The Wreck of the "Danmark."

THIS passage occurs in a discourse of our Saviour against despising one of those little ones that believe in Him. He foretells a dreadful doom for those who, in their contempt for the little ones, cause them to stumble; and He forbids that contempt by a variety of forcible arguments, upon which we cannot now dwell. There is a tendency, apparent at this present time, to think little of the conversion of individuals, and to look upon the work of the Holy Spirit upon each separate person as much too slow a business for this progressive age. We hear grand theories of a theocracy of a kind unknown to Holy Scripture; a semi-political dominion of the Lord over masses wherein the individuals are unregenerate. We listen to great swelling words about the uplifting of nations and the advancement of the race; but these lofty ideas do not produce facts, nor have they any moral power. Our "cultured" teachers weary of the humdrum work of

Bringing Individual Souls

into light; they pine to do it wholesale, by a far more rapid process than that of personal salvation. They are tired of the units, their great minds dwell upon "the solidarity of the race." I am bold to assert that if ever we despise the method of individual conversion, we shall get into an unsound order of business altogether, and find ourselves wrecked upon the rocks of hypocrisy. Even in those right glorious times when the gospel shall have the freest course, and shall run the most quickly, and be the most extensively glorified, its progress will still be after the former manner of the conviction, conversion, and sanctification of individuals, who shall each one believe and be baptized according to the Word of the Lord.

Our text warns us that we are not to despise one person, even on account of evil character. The first temptation is to despise *one*, because only one; the next is to despise *one*, because that one is so little; the next, and perhaps the most dangerous, form of the temptation is to despise *one* because that

One Has Gone Astray.

The individual is not in the right path, not obeying law, nor reflecting credit on the Church, but doing much that vexes the spiritual and grieves the holy; yet we are not, therefore, to despise him. Read the eleventh verse: "The Son of man is come to save that which was lost." In the Greek, the word "lost" is a very strong word: we may read it, "that which is destroyed." It does not mean, "that which is non-existent," as you will clearly see; but that which is destroyed as to usefulness to the shepherd, as to happiness to itself, and as to working out the intent for which it was created. If any are so effectually destroyed by sin that their existence is a greater calamity than their non-existence would have been; if they are now dead in trespasses and sins, and even offensive in character, yet must we not despise them. The Son of man did not despise such, since "He has come to seek and to save that which was lost." Many a soul that has been so destroyed as to be lost to itself, lost to God, lost to His people, lost to anything like hope and holiness, the Lord Jesus Christ has saved by His gracious

power. *He values each one*; this is the lesson which I would teach this morning.

I. First, then, in the words before us, our Saviour shows peculiar

Interest in One Lost Soul.

Note, in the commencement, that for the sake of those lost ones our Lord assumes a special character. The eleventh verse puts it, "The Son of man is come to save that which was lost." He was not originally known as "the Son of man," but as "the Son of God." Before all worlds, He dwelt in the bosom of the Father, and "thought it not robbery to be equal with God." But in order to redeem men, the Son of the Highest became "the Son of man." He was born of the Virgin, and by birth inherited the innocent infirmities of our nature, and bore the sufferings incident to those infirmities. Then did He also take upon Himself our sin and its penalty, and therefore died upon the cross. He was in all points made like unto His brethren. He could not be the shepherd of men without becoming like to them, and therefore the Word condescended to be made flesh.

Next to this, to show how Jesus values one lost soul, he makes

A Very Wonderful Descent.

"The Son of man is come." He was always known as "The Coming One;" but as to the salvation of the lost He has actually come. For judgment He is "the Coming One" still; but for salvation we rejoice that our Saviour has already come. Quitting the assemblies of the perfect, He has been here as the Friend of publicans and sinners. From being the Lord of angels, He has stooped to be "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Yes, He has come; and not in vain. Those who preached the coming Saviour had such a joyous message to deliver that their feet were beautiful upon the mountains, and their voices were as heavenly music; but as for us who preach that He has come, and, coming, has finished the work which He undertook to perform—surely ours is the choicest of messages.

Note, here, that He does this for those that are still straying. I have marked, in looking at the Greek text, that it is written, "He seeketh that which goeth astray." The Shepherd

Seeks While the Sheep Strays:

seeks it because it strays, and needs seeking. Full many of the Lord's redeemed are even now going astray, and even now is the Shepherd going after them. The Saviour seeks those who are even now sinning. That He should have a love to those who are repenting I can well understand; but that He should care for those who are going astray is far more gracious.

The Shepherd takes a peculiar interest in the lost, not only as now straying, but as having already gone very far away. Carefully consider these words—"If so be that He find it." That "if" tells its own tale. The sheep had become so terribly lost that it was not likely to be found again: it had wandered into so dense a thicket, or strayed into so wild a region, that it seemed scarcely within the bounds of hope that it would ever be discovered and brought back. We do not often meet with an "if" in reference to the work of Christ; but here is one—"If so be that He find it." This does not show weakness in the Shepherd, but

The Desperate Danger

of the sheep. Herein is love that He should go after those whose finding is by no means a certainty, nor even a probability! Very improbable, almost impossible, is the task He undertakes! Yet in such He takes a deep interest.

Dear friends, since Jesus takes such an interest even in one stray soul, you must not think it little that you should be called to care for a single soul. Do not think that a little congregation of forty or fifty is too few to be worthy of your best efforts. Should your class, through various circumstances, get down to a very small number, do not, therefore, give it up. No, no. Value one soul more than a world's purchase. The full company of the redeemed is far from being made up as yet, and the Lord hath much people in this city not yet brought

to His feet; therefore, never dream of ceasing your labors.

II. Secondly, may the Spirit of God help me while I remind you that our Lord put forth

Special Exertion to Save One

solitary individual. Observe in the parable—for it is a parable—that we see the Shepherd leaving happier cares. Yes, He leaves those in whom He could take pleasure, to seek one that gave Him pain. I will not dwell upon how He left the paradise above, and all the joy of His Father's house, and came to this bleak world; but I pray you remember that He did so. It was a wonderful descent when He came from beyond the stars to dwell on this beclouded globe, to redeem the sons of men. But, remember, He still continually comes by His Spirit. His errands of mercy are perpetual. The Spirit of God moves His ministers, who are Christ's representatives, to forego the feeding of the gathered flock, and to seek, in their discourses, the salvation of the wandering ones.

According to the text, the Shepherd goes into the mountains, among difficulties and dangers. He will do and dare for the saving of the lost; no hardships can daunt His mighty love. You know through what dark ravines He passed in saving men. You have heard what climbing He had after proud souls, and what condescensions for despairing ones. A sheep in the East is more light of foot than our sheep; it will leap like a gazelle, and climb the mountains like a chamois; and so are sinners very swift in transgression, and very daring in presumption. They leap in their iniquities where the children of God would shudder to follow them even in thought. They make nothing of leaps of profanity which would curdle the blood of him that has been taught the fear of God at the feet of Jesus Christ. Yet the Lord Jesus went

After these Desperadoes.

To show His exertion for the lost, our Lord describes Himself as seeking with persevering diligence. He looks this way, but sees nothing. Where can it be? He travels on with swift foot, for He does not know what may become of His sheep while He delays. He has neither seen nor heard it these long hours; but He will continue seeking till He finds it. The concentrated omniscience of Christ is set upon a soul that goes astray, looking after it in all its evil desires and evil emotions; watching the growth of anything that looks like repentance; and observing with sorrow the hardening of its heart.

At the last He saves—completely saves. He has not come to make the salvation of His people possible; but to save them. He has not come to put them in the way of saving themselves, but to save them. When my Lord comes forth in the majesty of His sovereign grace to save a soul, He achieves His purpose, despite sin and death and hell. The wolf may grind his teeth, but the Shepherd is the wolf's master. The sheep itself may for a long time have wandered, and at the last may struggle against Him; but He grips its feet, and throws the creature on His shoulders, and bears it home; for He is resolved to save it. The sheep is glad to be so borne, for with a touch the Shepherd moulds its will to His perfect will.

III. I am compelled to pass onward somewhat hurriedly. Notice, in the third place, that our Lord feels a special

Rejoicing at the Recovery

of a wandering sheep. Do not make a mistake here. Do not suppose that our Lord loves more the one soul that has wandered than the ninety and nine who have been preserved by His grace from going astray. But you will see the meaning of the passage by an illustration from your own experience. You have a family, and you love all your children alike. But little Johnny is very ill: he has a fever, and is like to die; now you think more of him than of all the rest. He recovers, and you bring him downstairs in your arms, and just then he is the dearest child of the whole company. Not that he is more valued than his brothers and sisters, but the fact that he has been so ill, and was likely

to die, has brought him more before your mind, and caused you more anxiety, and therefore you have more joy in him because of his recovery. The great deeps of Christ's love are the same to all His flock, but on the surface there is sometimes a holy storm of joy when any one of them has been newly restored after wandering.

Learn the occasion of this demonstrative joy. The wandering one

Has Caused Great Sorrow.

We were all grieved that our brother should become a gross backslider, that such an earnest Christian as he seemed to be should disgrace his profession. Our Lord is still more grieved than we are. When the erring one comes back, we feel a new joy in him. In proportion to the sorrow felt over the wanderer, is the joy manifested when he is restored.

Moreover, great apprehensions were aroused; we feared that he was not the Lord's, and that he would go back unto perdition. We trembled for him. That black dread is all over now; the sheep is safe, the doubtful one is saved and restored to the fold. In proportion to the weight of the apprehension is the intensity of the relief. The Shepherd had exercised also great labor over the lost one. He went up among the mountains to find his sheep; but now His labor is fully rewarded, for He has found His lost sheep. He remembereth no more His travel and travail, for joy that the sheep is safe.

IV. Now we come to the tug-of-war, that is, to look upon our divine Shepherd as he sets us **A Striking Example.**

We may view this text as our personal missionary warrant. To-day we are called upon to think of missions; and as I think it idle to preach about missions in the big high-flying style, I have purposed to say something common-place, but practical. Brethren, we are all of us to be missionaries for Christ, and the text presents a warrant for each one to work earnestly as a soul-winner.

What shall we do, then, to imitate our Lord? The answer is—Let us go after one soul. I cannot make a selection for you this morning, but I do entreat all who are workers together with God to *go after the ones*. There is a kind of knack in speaking to individuals—everybody does not possess it; but every believer should labor to acquire it. Seek the souls of men one by one. It is far easier work to me to speak to you all than it would be to take each one apart and speak to him personally of his soul; and yet such speaking to you one by one might be more successful than this sermon to you in the mass. I entreat you, as the great Shepherd goes after one, do not think you will demean yourself by going after one poor man or woman.

"I have a class and a work," says one. Yes, I want you, for a little, to

Leave the Ninety and Nine.

I pray that you may feel called to look after some one greatly depraved person, or some utterly neglected child. Keep up your ninety and nine class, if you possibly can, but, at all hazards, go after the one. Make an unusual effort; go out of your way; let ordinary service be placed second for the time being. It will be a healthy change for you, and, perhaps, a great relief. Peradventure, you will come back and do more good with the ninety and nine, after you have been away a little while with the straying one. You are getting a little mouldy; and you are just a wee tired of the monotony of your work. Every Sunday the same girls, or the same boys, and the same form of lesson. Well, cut the whole concern for a little, and go after the one sheep that has gone astray. "You are giving us odd advice, Mr. Spurgeon." If it is not in my text, then do not follow it; but if it is in our dear Master's words, I trust you will carry it out bravely.

Here is one thing to cheer you. If you should win such a soul as that, you will have more joy, a great deal, than in saving those for whom you regularly labor—more joy over that lost one than over the ninety and nine hopeful ones. It will be such a support to your faith, such a fillip

for your joy, such a bright light to your labor, to have won such a specially guilty one. I should not wonder but what you will talk about it for many a day, and it will be a source of strength to you when things are not quite as you would desire. Such converts are our crown of rejoicing. May I specially recommend that you make a trial of this extra sheep-seeking?

I would remind you that under the old law you would be bound to do this thing. Turn to the twenty-second of Deuteronomy, the fourth verse: "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again." How easy it is to *hide ourselves*! that is the expression used by Moses, "thou shalt not hide thyself from them." When you know that people are very wicked, the usual plan is to wish them well, but keep out of their way. Prudence makes you hide yourself from them. The whole street may swarm with harlots, but then you have gone to bed, and the door is shut. What has their sin to do with you? There are many drunken men about, but you do not drink to excess; what has their drinking to do with you? That is what is meant by hiding ourselves from them. How easily that can be done! Take an illustration which is worth the telling. A vessel, the other day, was crossing the Atlantic, and it fell in with that disabled emigrant ship,

The "Danmark."

Suppose the captain had kept on his course! He might have looked another way, and resolved not to be detained. He might have argued, "I am bound to do the best for my owners. It will hinder me greatly if I go pottering about after this vessel. I had better go by, and not see it; or make haste to port and send out help." It could have been done, and nobody would have been the wiser; for the ship would have gone down soon. The captain of that vessel was a man of a nobler breed. He did not hide himself, nor turn the blind eye towards the vessel in distress. But what did the captain do? All honor to him, he came near, and took the ship in tow. This was not all; he found that she could not keep afloat, and he resolved to take those hundreds of emigrants on board his own ship. But he could not carry them and his cargo too. What then? The decision was greatly to his honor. Overboard goes the cargo! God's blessing rest on the man! Into the sea went the freight, and the passengers were taken on board, and carried to the nearest port.

He could have easily hidden himself, could he not? So can you, you Christian people, as you call yourselves. Can you go through this world and always have a blind eye to the case of lost sinners? Can you come in and out of this Tabernacle and never speak to the strangers who throng these aisles? Will you let them go to hell unwarned and uninstructed? Can you hide yourselves from them! How dare you call yourselves Christians?

How Will You Answer

for it at last? Brothers, sisters, let us shake off this inhuman indifference, and deny ourselves rest, ease, credit, that we may save poor sinking souls. Overboard with cargo cheerfully, that you may, in the power of the Holy Ghost, save souls from death.

Next, notice that we ought never to be moved by the supposed superiority of a race. I have heard it said that it would be far better to try and convert the superior races than to consider the more degraded. Is it not better to bring in the educated Brahmins than the wild hill-tribes? "What a fine sort of people these are, these philosophical Hindoos! If we could win them, they would be worth converting!" That is not at all according to the mind of Christ. The shepherd sought a lost sheep, and when he had found it, it was no great spoil for him, for it was so worn out as to be nothing but a destroyed sheep. Yet he went after that one poor animal. Let us feel that the degraded Africans, the dwarfs of the woods, the cannibals of New Guinea, and all such, are to be

sought quite as much as more advanced races. They are men; that is enough. Where you seem least likely to succeed, there go at once, for there you will find room for faith; and where there is room for faith, and faith fills the room, God will send a blessing. The Lord bless you! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

LIFE IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE condition of the poor at the beginning of the century was deplorable. In the narrow, undrained, and unlighted lanes, both of city and of village, they herded together without regard to decency or to cleanliness. Their home—if the wood and clay built hovel, which barely kept out the rain, could be called home—consisted of one small, dark, low-roofed, and unventilated room. The floor was the ground itself, covered with straw or rushes, which, from dampness, trampling, and refuse, became matted and foul, breeding diseases now uncommon. Furniture was scarce. On the floor slept the members of the family; by their side, a dog or a goat; and on a pole across a corner, a few fowls. The food was coarse and scanty—a dietary rarely extending beyond rye or barley bread, ground by hand and baked in the ashes; beets, and onions, wild berries, porridge, salt beef, small beer, once in a while a fish or a bird, caught at the risk of the stocks or the lock-up, and an occasional bacon-bone or swan-picking from the abbey or the castle. They used wooden bowls, and spoons of the same material; even in good society forks were unknown. At the table of the rich, instead of on a trencher the meat was served on a thick slice of black bread; and when done with, what remained of the bread was thrown into a basket, with other scraps, which were given to the motley crowd of paupers, dogs, and swine at the gate.

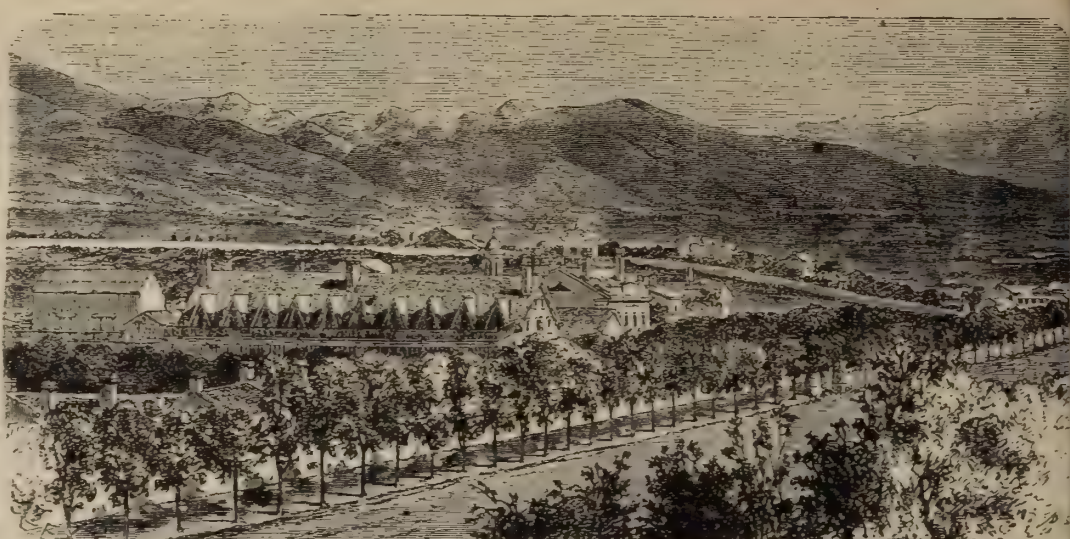
Francis of Assisi.

In the year 1182, at Assisi, was born one whose life-work was given to the poor. His father was a trader, and of a kindly disposition; his mother thoughtful and pious. Francis grew up a merry-hearted lad, bright, pure, and true, fonder of play than of books, but giving rare promise of a brilliant career. He had the gift of a beautiful and luxuriant imagination. A serious illness at the age of twenty-five gave that change to his life which led him to hold in contempt that which hitherto he had held in admiration and love. Instead of gaiety, amusement, and courtliness, he saw lying at the gate the leper, the woeful misery of the neglected, the hungry, and the naked, and there came upon him the consuming spirit of self-sacrifice. Could nothing be done for such as these? In gentlest sympathy he went among them, tending the afflicted, washing their wounds, and helping them to food and raiment. Now was poverty his bride, and the afflicted his peculiar care. His father, greatly irritated at this apparent waste of energies, prospects, and riches, first abused, then imprisoned, and finally repudiated him. The young man went out to live the life of those to whom he would minister, saying, "I have but one father now—my Father in heaven." Before long his enthusiasm attracted other earnest souls to him. He formed them into a society, which, having no property or endowment of any sort, should reproduce the Divine life and service and sacrifice. His charge was, "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor; then thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Into the foul slums of the city the brethren went, making their home with the poorest of the poor, with them eating the same coarse food, suffering the same privations, and enduring the same reproach, glad, indeed, that they might be as He who had no place to lay His head, so that

* From "Readings in Church History" By the Rev. James S. Stone, D. D., Rector of Grace Church, Philadelphia. A volume describing in fascinating style prominent periods of ecclesiastical history, with descriptions of the men who initiated the greater movements in religious life. The view taken is that of the Protestant Episcopal Church, though with more tolerance toward the Puritans than is sometimes shown there. Pp. 584; price \$1.50. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.



Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D. D. (See page 357.)



The Late Brigham Young's Residence in Salt Lake City.

they might bring the weary and heavy laden to the Giver of rest. "Go," said Francis to his companions—"go, preach peace and patience, tend the wounded, relieve the distressed, reclaim the erring, bless them which persecute you, and pray for them that despitely use you." Far and wide the brotherhood extended; the spirit of Francis was like a live fire, spreading and consuming everywhere.

The Death of Cranmer.

Naturally timid, the indignities he had suffered, the loneliness of his position, and the horrors of his prison-life had their effect upon him; so that he learned to dread the death by fire. There was none of Latimer's dauntless spirit, nor yet of Bradford's exultant joy; and when life was offered him, he grasped eagerly for this last hope. The price offered was life, but Spanish malice and Romish malignity could not spare such as he; and so, in spite of their promises and of his recantation, they proceeded in February, 1556, to degrade him from his episcopal dignity and his ministerial office. He was condemned to die, and March 21 was appointed the day of his execution. On the morning of that day—it was a foul and rainy day, says Foxe—the archbishop, clad in a bare and ragged gown, with an old square cap, was led through a great assembly of spectators to St. Mary's Church, there to hear a sermon. In was expected that he would confirm his recantations, and, therefore, he was suffered to address the congregation; but to the astonishment of all, and the confusion of many, he boldly, clearly, and unequivocally declared his repudiation of Rome and the Pope, and his adherence to the principles of the Reformation. "I renounce and refuse," said he, "all things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death, and to save my life, if it might be." . . . There was no more flinching, no more fear. From amid the darkening smoke and the lurid flames, above the crackling of the fagots and the tumult of the crowd, men heard him cry again and again, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Ere long a heap of ashes, a charred stake, and a chain alone remained. The streets were deserted, the rain fell, a painful silence prevailed.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HOUSE.

THE installment of Mrs. Stenhouse's narrative published in this number contains the account of a visit to Brigham Young. Her readers will be interested in the picture here given of the mansion in which he lived. When in 1847 the Mormon immigrants from Nauvoo settled in the great basin where now stands Salt Lake City, the land was divided up among the company. The site was surveyed, and divided into ten-acre blocks by wide avenues and streets, run true to the points of the compass and intersecting at right angles. Each ten-acre block was divided again into eight household lots,

which were allotted to the pioneers, half of whom thus had corner lots, and every man had an acre and a quarter for himself and family. Since then, of course, there has been a subdivision to suit individual necessities, and the result has been very curious and picturesque. Young took possession of a whole block near the site of the Temple for himself. On this he erected his house and the offices for administrative business. On the end nearest the Temple were the storehouses for the reception of the tithings, the judicial courts, and the church offices. At the other end were the houses for living in, chief of which were the Lion and Bee-hive houses, where Young lived with his wives and numerous progeny. The avaricious and unscrupulous man managed this property so shrewdly, and took such good care of the vast sums which flowed into his hands from his dupes, that when he died, on August 29, 1877, he was worth over two million dollars, which he distributed among his seventeen wives and fifty-six children.

LOUISE HOBART'S SERVICE.

(See Illustration on page 365.)

"A LETTER for Miss Hobart," said a childish voice, as the owner of it, a girl of some ten years, entered the room that was used as a school-room in Squire Harding's mansion. Louise Hobart looked up from the lesson she was teaching the girl's sisters and brother, and took the letter. A shade of disappointment crossed her face as she looked at the weak, almost illegible writing, and saw the letter was from a lady. She expected to see the firm, manly caligraphy which was borne by the only letters that came to her. A letter from Herbert Lacy meant sympathy, encouragement, hope. They were almost the only cheering things that came into her dreary life. He did not write often, for he was studying hard in a theological seminary, and had to support himself by extra work in the hours that the other students gave to recreation; but when he did write, Louise fed on his letters for weeks. She had promised to be his wife some day; but that was in the far distant future. They were both so poor, both orphans, and comparatively friendless.

Louise thrust the letter into her pocket and went on with her teaching. Since it was not from Herbert it could wait, and besides, her employers were exacting, and expected constant devotion to her duties in return for the small salary and board that they gave her for teaching their five children the rudiments of learning. What Mrs. Harding would say if she came into the school-room and found her reading a letter made Louise's cheek pale to think of. But at night, when the children had all gone to bed, and she sat beside the large open fire-place all alone, Louise opened and read her letter.

It was from an aunt from whom she had not heard for more than seven years. Indeed, Louise never remembered to have received a letter from her. Twelve years before, when Louise,

was left an orphan, Miss Hobart, her father's sister, had taken the poor, homeless child, and cared for her in her New England home. It was Spartan training that she received there. Miss Hobart's conscience would not let her leave the child to charity, but she considered the charge of her as a burden, and often, Louise's hearing, made caustic remarks about the heedlessness of men who married and had children without being able to leave enough property for their support. However, Miss Hobart did her duty, brought up the child strictly, and educated her well, but Louise could not remember in all the five years she lived with her a single caress or a word of love. At the end of those five years Miss Hobart, to the surprise of all who knew her, married, and sent Louise to finish her education at a boarding-school, reminding her that then she would have to support herself. Louise heard no more from her. Her school-bills were duly paid by remittances from Europe, whither her aunt went with her husband, and when she passed her last examination, she counted herself fortunate in securing the position of private teacher in Squire Harding's children.

"I am now a widow," wrote her aunt, "and an invalid. I have had a stroke of paralysis which deprives me of the use of my left side. It is absolutely necessary that I have some reliable person to be with me constantly to attend to my wants. I know of no such person and if I did, I could not afford to pay the what they would ask. I think I have some claim on you. I befriended you when you needed a friend, and, now that I need help, it will be only common justice that you try to repay me in some measure what I did for you. I leave to your conscience. If you decide to come, let it be quickly, for I am alone and helpless."

"Hard as ever," was Louise's comment, she finished reading the letter. "Not a word of kindness or affection!"

She sat for a long time, with the letter still in her hand, lost in thought. Her memory reproduced the stern woman before whose face she had quailed as a child. The years that had passed since then had evidently softened her, but not a whit. It was not an attractive prospect for the girl to go and wait on that hard old woman. Her aunt evidently intended to give her nothing. Perhaps if no religious teaching but that of her aunt had reached Louise, she would have decided at once not to go. But she had learned of Christ, and knew something of the love that constraineth. Even duty was on a lower grade to that, except as love to Him imposed duties that did not seem duties, but pleasure when He called. And this was His call. There could be no doubt of that. Yes, Louise decided that she would go. It was a ministry to one of His children, though a child who sadly misunderstood Him who is love.

It was well that Louise was prepared for

gloomy, cheerless life. Her aunt's nature had grown colder, more austere and loveless, with age and sickness. Louise could not detect a spark of natural affection in her manner, nor any sign of gratitude for the services so cheerfully rendered. "For His sake; in His name;" that was the only support she had for many months. Day and night her services were called for at any moment by the capricious invalid, and a severe reproof was sure to be administered if through fatigue she was involuntarily remiss. Louise grew thin and pale with her labor.

But at length there was a change. "How is it you are always so cheerful?" her aunt asked her one day. "What secret of happiness do you possess, child, that makes this dull life bright to you?"

"I live above it, Aunt, in the sunlight," said Louise. "Jesus makes all bright while I try to please Him."

"I have served Him these forty years," said her aunt, "but I know nothing of that. I expect happiness in heaven, but I have known none here."

Louise spoke of the joy that comes from constant realization of Christ's presence, of the sweet peace and confidence of being consciously led. Her aunt was thoughtful, but said nothing. After that, there was a softened air in the sick-room. The sufferer was less exacting, more patient, and Louise thought there was the beginning of love. There was an effort, too, to grasp the secret of joy that Louise had, and there were many talks about divine things, that drew the two nearer together.

It was some six months after Louise first noticed the change that a strange stillness of unusual continuance caused her to rise from the window where she had seated herself when her aunt fell asleep, and to go to her bedside. She was terrified. Her aunt was dead! Dead with a smile on her face—the first Louise had ever seen there. At last she had passed into the peace and light and joy of which she had enjoyed no foretaste until she had been led to it by Louise.

The problem of self-support again presented itself to the young girl for solution now. Her former position was doubtless filled up, and after considering the matter for some time, she decided to consult her aunt's physician and lawyer, both of whom had been friendly to her. The latter was the first to call, and Louise laid her difficulty before him.

"It is not necessary," he said. "Do you not know that you are your aunt's sole heiress?"

"No, I did not," said Louise. "But I understood she was very poor."

The lawyer smiled. "She was very penurious, but not poor by any means. She left a considerable property, and now it is all yours. I have a copy of her will here, dated only three months ago. See, she dictated this sentence: 'In gratitude for devoted service and for spiritual blessings which the said Louise Hobart was the means of my receiving.' She said you would understand."



Louise Hobart's Reverie.

"Yes, yes, I know; but I did not expect this." "No, I suppose not, but I trust it will make you happy."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 350.)

A Call on Brigham Young.

THERE was a wretched family I knew in Utah—a man and his wife and four children, all living together in a miserable, poverty-stricken hut. I had heard that the man was paying attentions to a young girl with a view of making her his second wife, and I frequently watched the first wife as she went in and out, and wondered how she felt about it. The poverty of the man, of course, was of no consequence; living in the primitive style in which necessity then compelled the Saints to live, one or even half a dozen extra wives made very little difference, and Brigham and the leading elders have always represented it as a meritorious act, for the young especially, to "build up the kingdom," without regard to consequences, or the misery of bringing up a family in a destitute condition.

I never can see children without loving them, and in this case it was not long before I contrived to make acquaintance with the little ones. One day, while I was talking to them, the mother came out. She was a woman who was likely to preserve a painful place in the memory of anyone who once saw her. Her face was pale as death, and her jet-black eyes glistened with an unearthly lustre; it was easy to perceive that she was very unhappy, although she tried hard to exhibit a cheerful disposition, and when our conversation turned to that subject which to women here is all-absorbing, the nervous twitching of her pale face showed how deeply painful such thoughts were to her.

She told me that her husband was soon to be married to a young girl about fourteen years of age. "Do you see," she said, "that he is build-

ing for her?" And sure enough he was, at odd hours, adding another hut to the miserable hovel in which they already lived; and thither, when it was finished, he intended to take his bride. As I looked at the poor wife, I felt little doubt that ere that time came her troubles on earth would have ended and her little ones be motherless.

The Mormon women, as well as the Mormon men, are noted for attending to their own business—they do not care to tell their sorrows and trials to strangers or to people who are not of their own faith. In this way visitors to Salt Lake who have gone there with the intention of "writing up" the Saints in the newspapers or in a book have generally been misled. My own experience as a Mormon woman leads me to form anything but a flattering opinion of the Mormon stories told by Gentile pens.

The following instance will show that the sisters are not quite so free in giving their experience as some writers would suggest.

One day, while passing through the city, I saw a young woman running across the road with a little child in her arms. The child was crying piteously, for the water was running from its clothing, and I saw in a moment that it had fallen into the stream which ran in front of the house. I followed, to see if I could be of any assistance, but fortunately found that the little creature was not seriously hurt, but would soon recover from the fright and cold. I helped the mother to change its clothing, and while she was lulling her baby to sleep we entered into conversation.

At first she appeared to be very shy of me, and avoided speaking of anything in the slightest degree personal; but growing more interested, she said at last, "Are you a real Mormon?" "Certainly," I answered; "but why do you ask me?" "Because," she said, "we have had one or two Gentile women among us, and they go round among our people and question the women, and get them to tell their troubles, which God knows are heavy enough; and then they go and write about it, and Brigham Young finds it out, and their husbands are called to account for allowing their wives to speak to the Gentiles. You are sure you are a true Mormon?" she added, "you are not deceiving me?"

"I'm sorry you should think such a thing," I said; "but if you suppose I would deceive you, I will not trouble you with my company." And I rose up to leave.

"Do not go yet," she said; "and pray forgive me if I have wounded your feelings; it is simply the fear I have of getting into trouble. Brigham Young and the Elders have frequently told us to have nothing to do with the Gentiles, for they are enemies to the kingdom of God, and are seeking our overthrow—and I suppose it is true."

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Over two years," she replied; "and it seems almost twenty—time has passed so slowly. I left father and mother, sisters and brother, for the gospel's sake, and I do not regret it, be-

cause it is right; but it was a great sacrifice to make. Yet I believe that God blesses us for the sacrifices we make, and I shall get my reward."

"You have it already," I said, "in that pretty child on your knee; and your husband, I hope, is a good man and kind to you."

"Yes," she answered, "my child is a very great source of happiness to me, and I love my husband very much; but—" (hesitatingly) "are you involved in the heresy of plurality of wives?"

"No, not yet; but I do not know how soon my husband may act upon it," I answered.

Just then the husband made his appearance, and put an end to the conversation. He was a tall, dark-looking man, with gray hair, old enough to be her father. He appeared to be well educated, and to have seen better days, though everything about their home indicated poverty—the room in which we were sitting had no carpet on the floor; there was a plain white-pine table in the middle, a small sheet-iron stove, four wooden chairs, a small looking-glass, and some cheap pictures. This was the sitting-room for the whole family—three wives, eleven children, one husband.

He asked me if I had seen the rest of the family. I replied negatively, and he said he would see if any of them were about. Presently he returned, accompanied by an elderly woman, whom he introduced as Mrs. Simpson; then came another, not quite as good-looking as the first, but a great deal younger; and he introduced her as "My wife Ellen. And this one," he said, turning to the one with whom I had been conversing, "is my wife Sarah."

Then, after a pause, he added, "And they are just as good as they are good-looking—good, obedient wives. I have no trouble with them; my wishes are law in this house. We are not rich in worldly goods, as you see, but we are laying up treasure in heaven. We all live in this little home of four rooms. My wife Ellen, here, has given up her room for a parlor, for us all to meet together in, and *she sleeps in a wagon-box*; it is not the most comfortable, but she never grumbles. Then here is our Sarah; we are obliged to humor her a little, and give her a room all to herself. She is young and inexperienced, and doesn't like to put up with inconveniences that the Saints have to bear with; while old mother here has half a dozen children in her room, but she never complains."

"Why did you not wait," I said, "until you had a larger house?"

"Then where would my kingdom be?" he answered. "Young men may wait, but old men must improve their time."

There came in now a troop of children of all ages. They had been playing in the field near the house, were miserably clad, bare-footed, and some looked gaunt and hungry—manners to match. "These," he said, with all a father's fondness—"these constitute my kingdom, and I am proud of them."

I felt thankful that I was not destined to be queen over such a kingdom, wished them good-bye, and, with a sad heart, went home to my own darling little ones, not knowing what might be their fate.

Another illustration, showing the misery which Mormon teaching entails upon the women, is furnished by Mrs. Joseph Cook, in her "Face to Face with Mormonism." She writes:

"A few years ago an educated, intelligent gentleman, a journalist, came here from Europe, bringing his young wife with him. How such people came to be entangled in the meshes of Mormonism was a marvel; but both appeared to be sincere believers in the Latter-Day gospel. Soon a strong pressure was brought to bear upon the husband to induce him to contract a second marriage. The wife finding opposition in vain, at length gave her consent, and the bride was brought home. A few months afterward the first gave birth to a child. The poor babe, doomed to bear the sins of others, never smiled, and never cried aloud; but always, night and day, it wept silently. Even in sleep great tears forced themselves from beneath its closed

eyelids, and rolled over its cheeks, while its face bore the expression, not of infantile grief, but of the terrible anguish the mother had endured in secret. After a few weeks it began to pine away, and at length, without any visible ailment, sank into its grave. 'My baby died of a broken heart,' said its wretched mother. 'Every hour of its little life it shed the tears that I repressed before its birth, and the agony that I hid in my heart killed it at last.'

Shortly after our arrival in Salt Lake City we visited President Brigham Young, who received us very graciously, and appointed an early day for us to dine with him. On that occasion he invited some of the Apostles and leading men to meet us at his table, and we passed an exceedingly pleasant evening. The prophet made himself very affable; talked with us about our missionary life, and other subjects of personal and general interest; and expressed a high opinion of the energy and ability which my husband had displayed. His wives, too—whom I found, as far as I could judge from such a casual acquaintance, to be amiable and kind-hearted—made every effort to render our visit agreeable.

I was at first sight favorably impressed with the manner of Brigham Young, and felt greatly reassured; for he did not seem to me like a man who would preach and practice such things as I had heard of him while I was in London. This I was glad to see, for it encouraged me to think that perhaps, after all, matters might not be so bad as I had anticipated. We were, in fact, very kindly received in Salt Lake City by everyone with whom we came in contact; for having been missionaries for so many years, we were, of course, well known by name, and had a wide circle of acquaintances among the chief Elders and emigrants.

Years, of course, worked a great change in the appearance of Brigham Young; but when he was nearly seventy-three years of age he was still a portly-looking, I might almost say handsome, man. His good looks were not of the poetic or romantic kind at all; he was very commonplace and practical in his appearance, but long and habitual exercise of despotical authority had stamped itself upon his features, and was seen even in the way he carried himself; he might easily have been mistaken for a sea captain.

When I first knew him, in appearance he was little over fifty years of age, was of medium height, well built, upright, and, as I just stated, had the air of one accustomed to be obeyed. His hair was light—sandy, I suppose I ought to call it—with eyes to match; and the expression of his countenance was pleasant and polite. I, of course, regarded him from a woman's standpoint; but there were others who were accustomed to study physiognomy, and they detected—or thought they detected—in the cold expression of his eye, and the stern, hard lines of his lips, evidences of cruelty, selfishness, and dogged determination, which, it is only fair to say, I myself never saw.

The lines on his face deepened of late years, as what little of gentleness his heart ever knew died out within him; but to the last he presented the appearance of a man who would afford a deep study to the observer of human nature. In early life he had to work hard for a living, and, according to his own statement, he had a rough time of it. He was by trade a painter and glazier, and frequently said in public that in those times he was glad to work for "six bits" a day, and to keep his hands busy from morning to night to get even that. Whether or not the privations of early years fostered in him that avaricious and grasping spirit which of late years was so conspicuous in him, I cannot say, but it is certain that it cropped out very early in his career as a Saint.

An old Nauvoo missionary—a Mormon of the Mormons once, but now a "vile apostate," as Brigham would politely call him—once told me that when the Prophet Joseph Smith sent the Apostle Young on a Mission, a good deal of discontent was shown that the said Apostle did not account properly for the collections and

tithings which passed through his hands. Brother Joseph, who was then "the Church" suggested in a pleasant way—for the Prophet Smith was a big, jovial fellow, six feet two or three inches in height, and withal somewhat of a humorist—that the said Apostle Brigham would appear in his eyes a better Saint if he displayed a little less love for filthy lucre. Thereupon the Apostle, like somebody else who shall be nameless, quoted Scripture, and reminded the Prophet that Moses had said, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." "True, Brother Brigham," said Joseph, "but Moses did not say the ox was to eat up *all* the corn." Brother Brigham made no reply, but is said to have "sulked" for two or three days.

I have not the slightest doubt that, but for Mormonism, Brigham Young would have remained all his life a journeyman painter, and his "sweetness," as the poet says, would have been "wasted on the air." But he was born just at a peculiar time, and he fitted into a peculiar groove; and thus while the original Prophet of the new faith—Joseph Smith—a man of ten times the intellect of his successor, a man ignorant and deluded, it is true, but at the same time a man in whom was the material for one of those natural giants who from age to age have left the impress of their individuality upon the history of the world—while, I say, this man's name and doings have ceased to interest any but persons of studious minds—Brigham Young, whose narrow soul could never look beyond the little circle in which he lived, whose selfishness and heartlessness have been only equalled by his cruelty and avarice, by the force of circumstances alone, obtained a place in the recognition of the world, to which by nature or by grace he had not the shadow of a claim.

I have often heard intelligent Gentiles remark, "Well, Brigham Young may be a wicked man and an impostor, but there *must* be a great deal of talent in him, to manage those people for so many years." From this opinion I altogether dissent; and those who know Brigham best think with me, though many of them would not dare to say so.

I do not think Brigham Young was at first an impostor in the sense in which those words are ordinarily used; but experience, and a careful study of his life and doings, have convinced me that he was certainly not a great man, or a man of genius in *any* sense of the word. There can be no possible doubt that he has been guilty of many and great crimes, but I believe that in the early part of his career he was so blinded by fanaticism that those crimes appeared to him actually virtues—the force of habit and the daily associations of his life so completely took from him all sense of right and wrong; while the devotion of his people has made the idea that *he* could possibly do the slightest wrong so utterly inconceivable to him and to them, that his perceptions of justice, truth, honor, honesty, and upright dealing were as utterly perverted as they ever were in the mind of the wildest savage who prowled among the cliffs and cañons of the Rocky Mountains.

People think that Brigham Young attained to his position by the exercise of ability, such as has been displayed, only on a greater scale, by all those men who, not being born to power, nor having it thrust upon them, have by their genius seized it and held it—unlawfully it might be, but, nevertheless, with talent and moral energy. Nothing could be more untrue. The fact that he was of a certain age at a certain time, and only that, was the cause of Brigham Young's first step up the ladder of ambition.

(To be Continued).

NOTICE TO READERS OF THY HEALER.

On January 1 the size of *Thy Healer* was reduced to 20 pp, and the price changed from 75 cents to 50 cents. Those whose subscriptions run into 1889 will have their time extended, to credit for the difference in size and price. It is hoped that by reducing the price the circulation will be extended, otherwise it will be a considerable loss. Will not those who have found blessing through its pages recommend it to others?

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for June 16: Mark 15: 21-39. Golden Text. Phil. 2: 8.

The Lord of Life Obedient to Death—Consequent on His Assuming Human Nature—Bearing the Penalty of Sin—Original not Actual—The Divine and the Human Aspects of His Death—Came to it Weakened by Mental Anguish—The Denominational Struggle for His Garments—His Royal Throne—Fealty and Obedience Due Him Always—His Divine Magnanimity—A Taunt Pathetically True—The Midnight of His Soul—The Strength Coming from Communion with the Father Withdrawn—The Last Momentous Cries.

"OBEDIENT unto death, even the death of the cross." And Jesus "the Prince of life!" "In Him was life." (John 1: 4.) "As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself." (John 5: 26.) "The last Adam was made a quickening Spirit" (1 Cor. 15: 45); and He was "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Death was unnatural to Jesus; and only sin made it natural to the world which He had made. Death would never have found entrance into God's creation, but by sin. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. 5: 12.) But here was a man, the Son of man, who "knew no sin," in whom was no element of corruption, on whom death could have no grip.

How Could He Die?

Only by adopting our sins, and thus being "made sin for us," as the party who made Himself personally responsible for us all. He appeared at the great bar of God, not only as our Advocate, to plead our cause; that He does now, for "He ever liveth to make intercession for us;" but when He suffered He stood arraigned as the accused of all the sins of men, and out of love to us, He never pleaded "Not guilty," but "answered not a word."

Jesus was condemned. On man's side, it was through the envy of the chief priests and elders, who could not brook the supernatural power and holiness which they saw in Him; through political cowardice of Pilate, who, knowing He was innocent, yet, for personal considerations, condemned Him; and then, through the changeableness of the populace that He was condemned. On God's side, it was another thing. "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him, He hath put Him to grief (or let Him be sick): when thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see his seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hands. He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied; by His knowledge shall My righteous Servant justify many, for He shall bear their iniquities." (Isa. 53: 10, 11.) And this was **Not By Compulsion.**

Jesus says, "The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." (John 6: 51.) Jesus was spent in His awful Gethsemane struggle, and when His cross was laid upon Him, it needed another to bear it. They found one Simon, a Cyrenian, and compelled him to bear the cross, and they bring Jesus to a place called Golgotha, that is, the place of a skull, the place where criminals were executed, and their bones left to whiten in the sun, that they might be a warning to other evil doers. And this was where the Holy One was to die. There they laid the cross down, and nailed the Saviour to it, and then planted it in the earth with its precious burden.

But the greed of man was manifest. Within sight of the crucified Lord, they parted His garments, and cast lots upon His vesture. It is but what men are doing every day. In the unseemly denominational jealousies, which are only too common in every land, is there not something very like this parting of Jesus' garments, instead of entering into the spirit of Him who hangs there, giving "His life a ransom for many"? He prayed, "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." Wherever various denomi-

nations come together and unite in prayer and efforts, there God always blesses, and an outpouring of the Spirit always results.

As though to add to the indignity which they heaped on Jesus, two thieves were crucified with Him; the sinful and the sinless side by side. "He was numbered with the transgressors." But He made it an opportunity to show His power and love to the very last. "Sitting down," His enemies "watched Him there," but it was with the same eyes of enmity with which they had watched Him before. It was necessary that His accusation should be published, so they wrote an inscription, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." When He comes again, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, then how proud the Jews will be to own this Son of David. But then they scorned Him, as though all He had done in His teaching, and in His works of healing, had been done only in order to seize the throne of Judea, and make Himself a King! Anyone who knew Him was aware how unlike this was to the tenor of His life. But He is

The King as Well as the Saviour;

it is our ruling King, to whom we owe obedience, who died for us. And if we are saved by His death, it is only in order that we may be free from our sins to serve Him with all our hearts, and all the time. No man is thoroughly converted who does not yield himself a servant and a subject to Jesus.

"And they that passed by railed on Him, wagging their heads, and saying, Ah, thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself, and come down from the cross." But sneers woke in the heart of Jesus nothing but compassion. He did not reply to them, but, turning to His Father, "He cried, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Luke 23: 34.) Oh, how many there are, even of Christians, who cannot tolerate sneers and insinuations such as this, even in moments when they are in bodily health and in comfortable circumstances. Had they been placed as the same position as Jesus, they would have come down from the cross to show their enemies they could do it. But Jesus ignored all the taunts which were heaped on Him. "He reviled not again." He did not defend Himself, He was not even angry, but He had compassion on them, and prayed for them, and so, in His own death, shews us how to love our enemies. The chief priests, forsaking the dignity due to their office, joined with the "roughs" in mocking Jesus, and said, "He saved others, Himself He Cannot Save."

They spoke more truly than they knew. No; Jesus could not, would not, save Himself in any way. How is it with us? We know a case of family poverty, where a mother, to save herself, has sacrificed her daughter in loveless, mercenary marriage; she saved herself. How often we have heard of business failures, where one man has managed to secure himself, while his creditors have suffered bitter wrongs. "He saves himself" is true of most worldly or half-converted Christians. But oh how seldom can it be said of a man, "Himself he cannot save; himself is the last consideration with him." This was said of Jesus as a reproach; but a higher commendation of Him could not have been spoken. But they went yet farther, and challenged Him to come down from the cross, "Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe," and one of the thieves "railed on Him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." (Luke 23: 39.) Oh, if Jesus had been goaded by these revilings, and had come down from the cross, without fulfilling His mission and dying for us, who could have been saved? But He bore it all for us, to save us, and to teach us at the same time the divine way of bearing indignities. No thought of retaliation entered His heart. He looked above man, and saw His Father suffering Him to endure the shame which sin merited, and these men were only instruments, and this their scorn was by God's permission.

He had, in the midst of His sufferings, com-

mended His mother and His beloved disciple the one to the other, and now man had seen enough; no human eye must witness the last hour, or look upon Him when His Father, for the time, forsook Him. Oh what a relief to the Lord must it have been to be no longer exposed to those vulgar, malicious eyes. It was the sixth hour; mid-day with man,

Midnight With Jesus,

and for three long hours He was comparatively alone with His Father, and then a deeper darkness still came upon His soul, and He tasted the deepest suffering which a once saved soul can ever know; His communion with His Father was suspended, and He cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" Thirty-three years He had walked as Man in humiliation, in poverty, hunger, fatigue, loneliness; but all throughout, His communion with His Father was bright and constant. He could say, "I do always those things which please Him." His vocation was not to do His own will, but the will of the Father who had sent Him. (John 6: 38.) He had spent long hours in the night and in the early morning communing with Him, and He drew all His strength, all His directions, all His sympathy, from His Father. Now this was gone, and He was at sea! Just in the moment when the sins of all generations, like another Noah's flood, flowed over His soul, just when death, the consequence of sin, was beginning to lay hold on Him, He needed, as never before, His communion uninterrupted. But He would never have borne our sins and all their consequences in any other way. He must drink the cup of wrath to the very dregs, and He did so. And thus He purchased redemption.

No doubt His cry fell upon almost silence among the multitude. When the darkness came over the land, no doubt they were awed and stilled by it, and few were the whispered words spoken during that last three hours. But even on the cross He stretched out His hand to save, and said to the believing thief, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." (Luke 23: 43.)

Only Two,

Mary, who anointed Him for His burial, and the thief upon the cross, understood the meaning of His death! Oh what meaning must that fact have had for the thief, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin!" There were some who thought Jesus cried for Elias, and in their blind ignorance imagined that He sent for Elias to come and save Him who was now dying for that very Elijah as well as every other sinner! And one filled a sponge with vinegar and gave Him to drink. But Jesus would not receive any amelioration of His sufferings; He thirsted, but it was for souls; and vinegar could not slake His thirst.

The last hour was come, He had one last message for the world: "It is finished," redemption is accomplished, now the lost can be saved. And He had one last word to God. The darkness was gone, the light shone again upon His soul. "Father, into Thy hand I commend My spirit." And then, for three days, soul and body parted! "He gave up the ghost." He had power to lay His life down, and He did it. But at that instant, the beautiful veil of the temple—type of His flesh—was torn from the top to the bottom, from God's side downward. And one more soul was won. The Roman centurion who was in charge of His execution cried out and said, "Truly this was the Son of God." Thus Jesus died: thus Jesus died for you!

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

THE OPEN DOOR.

"I am the door."—JOHN 10:9.

The mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I come to the open door.

I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray,
But I'm coming as He has bidden,
And He will not say me "Nay."

My mistakes His love will cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter,
Shall walk through the gates of day.

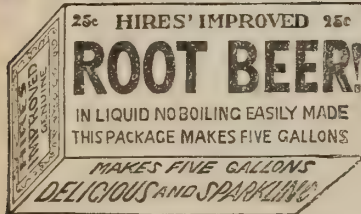
If I turn not from His whisper,
If I let not go His hand,
I shall see Him in His beauty,
The King in the far-off land.

The mistakes of my life are many,
And my soul is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Lord will let me in.

—Mrs. Ranyard

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher: 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. A Sample Packet of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike) will be sent, post-paid, for 10 cts., or 100 for 20 cts. Postage stamps taken.

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THE STORY OF A BOX.

In Seven Chapters.

CHAPTER I.—FORTY-EIGHT BOXES.

In the new and wonderful dictionary which Dr. Murray, of England, is preparing, there are forty-eight distinct headings, under which the word box appears. There is a box on the ear and a Christmas-box, a hunting-box, and a jack-in-the-box, and ever so many other boxes. But the subject of this sketch is a box of a peculiar nature, and one which needs a little more than the ordinary dictionary explanation.

FORTY-EIGHT BOXES.

CHAPTER II.—NAUGHTY PANDORA.

You have heard of Pandora's Box; of course you have. According to classical writers, Pandora was the name of the first woman on earth. Pandora means "all-gifted," because the gods each gave her some power by which she was to work the ruin of man. The accounts differ, but one of them says that Pandora brought with her from heaven a box containing all human ills, upon opening which, all escaped and spread over the earth, Hope alone remaining. At a still later period, the box is said to have contained all the blessings of the gods, which would have been preserved for the human race had not Pandora opened the case, so that the winged blessings escaped.

Alas, for the Men!

The Blessings Escaped.

CHAPTER III.—THE BUFFALO BOX.

So much for the story of an ancient box. Now for the story of a box better than Pandora's. Her's was a myth. This is a reality. It hails from Buffalo. You can have it by sending a postal card; it will be sent you freight paid. It is put up by J. D. Larkin & Co., 659 to 667 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y. It will contain one hundred large cakes of "Sweet Home" Family Soap, a full year's supply for the average family.

A Good Deal Better Box.

CHAPTER IV.—SOMETHING MORE: QUITE A STORE.

Besides these one hundred cakes, the box contains five varieties of exquisite toilet soap, three cakes of each; six packages of Boraxine—and there was never seen for making clothes clean anything like

All Thrown In.

it; also a shaving stick, perfumery, tooth powder, etc.; sundry articles, useful and amusing, for older folks and babies—in short, presents for every one in a family of seventeen, including the hired man. A Yale professor writes us that it is more fun to open a Great Bargain Box than to hang up one's stocking at Christmas.

CHAPTER V.—LIST OF PRESENTS.

This list will give you a slight idea of the many handsome presents that are packed in the Great Bargain Box:

Just to Give You an Idea.

One fine silver-plated Sugar Shell.
One fine silver-plated Child's Spoon.
One fine silver-plated Butter Knife.
One fine silver-plated Individual Butter Plate.
Five boxes of fine Toilet Soap.

Our Toilet Soaps are made by the French milling process. Quality very fine, perfume exquisite.

One box, 1/4 dozen, Elite Toilet Soap.
One box, 1/4 dozen, Creme Toilet Soap.
One bottle Modjeska Tooth Powder.
One bottle Modjeska Perfume.
One Napoleon Shaving Stick.
One box, 1/4 dozen, Modjeska Complexion Soap.

An exquisite beautifier. Producing that peculiar, delicate transparency and imparting a velvety softness to the skin which is so greatly admired. It removes all roughness, redness, blotches, pimples and imperfections from the hands and face. For all toilet purposes, it is the luxury of luxuries.

Six Packages Boraxine.

Boraxine saves half the labor of washing, is a thorough disinfectant, and is a blessing to every housekeeper who uses it. Boraxine is nothing but a fine quality of soap and borax pulverized together.

One box, 1/4 dozen, Artistic Toilet Soap.
One box, 1/4 dozen, Ocean Bath Soap.
One extra fine long Button Hook.
One Lady's Celluloid Pen Holder (very best).
One Arabesque Mat.
One Turkish Towel (genuine).
One Wash Cloth.
One Glove Buttoner.
One Package Pins.
One Spool Black Silk Thread.
One Japanese Silk Handkerchief.
One Gentleman's Handkerchief (large).
One Lady's Handkerchief.
One Child's Lettered Handkerchief.
One Biscuit Cutter.
One Cake Cutter.
One Doughnut Cutter.
One handsome Scrap Book or Portfolio.
One Package Assorted Scrap Pictures.
Two Celluloid Collar Buttons (patented).
Twenty-two Photo-Engraved Pictures of the Presidents of the United States.

Twenty-four Pictures

Many of which are copper plate engravings, suitable for framing, and are handsome decorations for the parlor.

CHAPTER VI.—A POSTAL CARD DOES IT.

The price of this box is \$6.00, freight prepaid. But you need not remit in advance, nor run any risk nor take any chances. The manufacturers only ask permission to deliver you a Great Bargain Box, and if, after a thirty days' trial, you are fully convinced that

No Money Wanted.

the soap is all they claim, and the extras all they advertise, you can then pay the bill. But if you are not satisfied in every way, no charge will be made for what you have used, and the box will be taken away. What could be fairer? Think—no you can not think of a butcher who would let you take a beefsteak on trial, eat it, and decide whether it was satisfactory or not, and pay or not accordingly. Yet this is what the Buffalo firm proposes to do.

The Butcher don't do it

CHAPTER VII.—EXPLANATION OF THE SITUATION.

The Reasons Why.

Would you know the reasons why this offer is made? For three reasons:

1. It is to introduce "Sweet Home" Soap into every neighborhood where this advertisement is read. It is the very best Soap made, and any person once using it will always use it, and be come a steady customer.

An Introduction Desired.

2. We propose a new departure in the Soap Trade, and shall sell direct from the factory to consumer, spending the money allowed for expenses of traveling and wholesale and retail grocers' profits, in handsome presents to those who order at once a case of "Sweet Home" Soap.

3. Our "Sweet Home" Soap is made for the select family trade only. It will not be sold to grocers. It is perfectly pure, thoroughly seasoned, and gives perfect satisfaction; and to induce people to try it, we accompany each case with various articles and household necessities. "Sweet Home" is the perfection of family soaps.

No Grocers nor Agents Need Apply

Important. Do Not Delay. The manufacturers of the "Sweet Home" Soap have been induced to make the above offer to subscribers of this paper. Your order must be directed as follows:

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York City.

I am a subscriber to *The Christian Herald* and you may notify J. D. Larkin & Co. that I am willing to accept a Great Bargain Box (with extras, etc., etc., as promised), on thirty days' trial.

Name, _____

P. O., _____

State, _____

Write your name and address very plainly, cut this order out and send to us, or if you prefer not to mutilate your paper, write same on postal card and send to our address.

The Advertising Manager of this paper has used the "SWEET HOME" Soap in his household for over a year, and does not hesitate to pronounce the goods first-class. There is no "catch" about the above advertisement, and subscribers to *The Christian Herald* will do well to accept the offer AT ONCE.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1889, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XII., No. 22. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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THE RETURN OF THE JEWS.
 Two Years' Penance—Why a House was not Rented—The Gospel in a Japanese Prison—A Tailor Teaching an Empress—The Church in Mexico.



THE GATE WIDE OPEN. A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Gems from New Books: A Business Man's Deliverances—A Change of Investments, Etc.

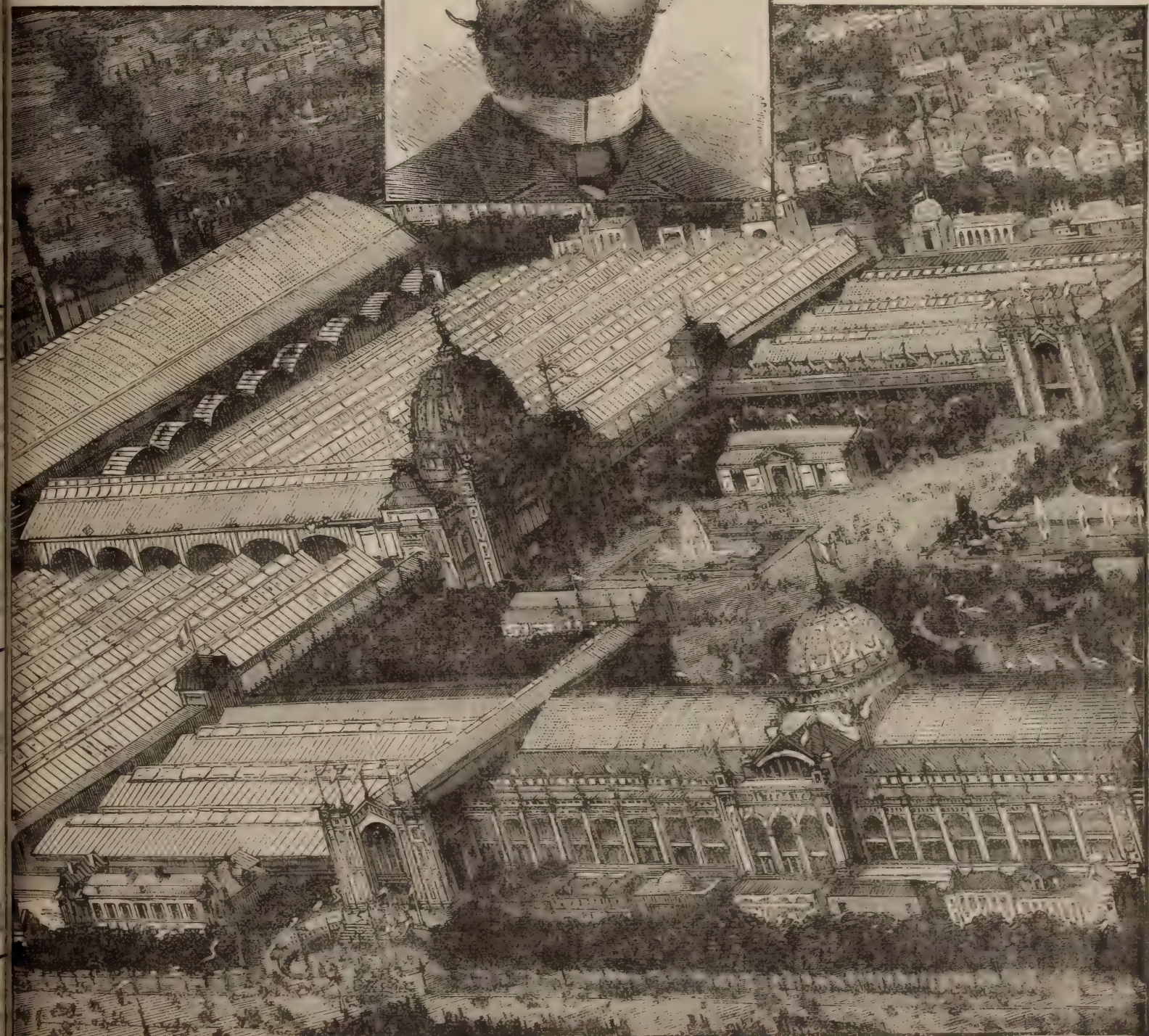
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JESUS BEFORE PILATE. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



Mons. Carnot, President of the French Republic—View of the Paris Exhibition from the Eiffel Tower.

Mons. M. F. S. CARNOT.

President of the French Republic.

Birth and Education—Services as Legislator and Administrator—His Unimpeachable Integrity—The Character that Tells—His Election to the Presidency—His Administration—His Famous Father—His Grandfather's Career—The Colleague of Robespierre—A Momentous Secret Discovered at a Dinner-Party.

WITH the picture of the great exhibition in Paris, which appears on the first page, is the portrait of M. Marie Francois Sadi Carnot, the President of the French Republic, who formally opened the exhibition on May 6. M. Carnot is in his fifty-second year, having been born at Limoges, on August 11, 1837. He has been the chief executive in France since December 3, 1887, when he was elected to fill the office which M. Grévy had resigned. By profession M. Carnot is a civil engineer, but he has from his youth been interested in politics and has won laurels as

A Legislator and Administrator.

His education was a thorough one. He studied at the Ecole Polytechnique, where he graduated fifth in his class in 1857, and in the School of Bridges and Railroads he reached the head of his class at his graduation in 1863. He was appointed Government engineer in various provincial districts in the Annecy district, and continued to act in that capacity until 1870. During that time, he superintended the construction of many important public works, including the great Collonge bridge over the Rhone, near the Swiss frontier, where he adopted a new system of tubular foundation. On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he was placed in charge of the construction of the forts, etc., for the defence of Normandy, being made a Commissary Extraordinary of the Lower Seine, Eure, and Calvados, and Prefect of the Lower Seine. He held this position until the close of the war.

His first appearance in the Legislative Chamber was in 1872, when he was elected to the National Assembly by the district of Côte d'Or. He took his seat with the Republican Left, and was appointed Secretary of that section. In 1876 the District of Beaume elected him to the Legislature. He continued to sit with the same group, and his practical experience enabled him to render efficient service on committees of public works and industrial matters. He was also placed on the Finance Committee, in which he unexpectedly developed remarkable financial abilities. He became

Minister of Public Works

on the advent of M. Ferry to the Premiership in 1880, having previously served as Under Secretary under De Freycinet. In this office his duties were more arduous than those which usually attach to the office in other countries, as in France the Government controls the chief lines of railroad. The construction of ports, canals, bridges, etc., involved labor to which M. Carnot brought natural ability, long and careful training, and years of experience. He had in his Department seventy-two chief engineers, 240 ordinary engineers, and 1,500 assistant engineers. In 1885, on the resignation of the Secretary of the Treasury, M. Carnot was invited to succeed him, and he carried into his new Department the energy which had distinguished him in that of Public Works. His record in office is one of

Unimpeachable Integrity,

and a conspicuous illustration of it was dramatically cited in the chambers. When M. Rouvier, the late Premier, was trying to defend the then President, M. Grévy, and his son-in-law, M. Wilson, from the charge of misapplying public funds, the question was raised whether certain sums which had been paid into the National Treasury for stamps and registering duties by the Dreyfus firm, in which M. Wilson is interested, had not been returned to them, M. Rouvier said that an application had been made for the return of the money while M. Carnot was in office, but that he had refused it. It also appeared that this refusal was the cause of M. Carnot leaving office, as it brought upon him

the hostility of the President and his wretched son-in-law. When these facts were disclosed, the whole chamber rose, and turning to the ex-Secretary, cheered him vociferously. He sat pale and with bowed head, evidently touched by this recognition of his integrity.

His Election to the Presidency

on December 3, 1887, was another of those significant facts from which young men may learn a valuable lesson. It proved that in the race of life *it is character that tells*. When men are needed for responsible positions, when a great trust is to be confided to some one man, the man who commands public confidence is usually less remarkable for brilliant talents than for unstained character. M. Grévy sent in his resignation on December 2, 1887, and on the following day the Senate and the Chamber went to Versailles to elect a President. M. Grévy resigned before the close of his term of office, but, according to the French Constitution, his successor was elected, not to finish M. Grévy's term, but for the full term of seven years. The prize was one of great magnificence. To be ruler of all France for seven years, with a salary of \$120,000 a year, a free residence in the Palace of the Elysée, and an allowance of \$60,000 a year for household expenses, render it one to satisfy the most ambitious citizen of France. The election lay with the eight hundred and fifty members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and the votes were taken by ballot. On the second ballot M. Carnot was elected.

Since that time he has governed France with moderation and skill.

His Administration

has not been brilliant, but it has been safe and respectable, and that has been better for the country than a brilliant administration. It has been no easy task, and M. Carnot's difficulties have tested his calibre. The statesmen from whom alone he could select his advisers and chiefs of departments are men of small talents in whom the people have little confidence, while the man who is popular with the people, and who has the reputation for ability, is General Boulanger, who with good reason is suspected of being a traitor to the Government. How to deal with Boulanger has probably been one of the most difficult problems the President has had to solve, and it is not solved yet; for the prosecution which scared the General into exile seems to have increased his popularity.

The Family of Carnot

has been famous in French history. The father of the President, M. Lazare Hippolyte Carnot, took a prominent part in the Revolution of 1848. He was born in 1801, and in early life identified himself with the Simonians, and became their advocate in the press. He entered the political field, and in 1839 was elected deputy to the Legislature. He connected himself with the Republican section, and acted and voted with them until the Revolution. He was rewarded with the office of Minister of Public Instruction. After the overthrow of the Republic, by Louis Napoleon, in December 1851, M. Carnot was among the proscribed deputies. He was elected by the city of Paris to the Legislature, his colleague being General Cavaignac. Both men, however, having refused to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III., were unable to take their seats, and retired into private life. After the fall of the Empire in 1870, he was honored by being made Senator for life.

The Grandfather of the President

was still more famous in his day. He was the Captain Hippolyte Carnot of whom Carlyle says, in describing the leaders of the Revolution of 1789, he was "the highest faculty of them all." He was War Minister in the famous Committee of Public Safety—a position of terrific responsibility in the days when France, torn and distracted within, stood at bay before united Europe. It was he that organized the army, and made the victories of Napoleon Bonaparte a possibility. It was Carnot, too, a little later, who was prominent among the men who hurled the dreaded Robespierre from power. At the

hour when the tyrant could by a word send best and noblest in France to the guillotine, men trembled, not knowing who might next be doomed by the fiendish creature, Carnot made a discovery which united together the band men who finally crushed the tyrant. There was a bachelor dinner-party one night during the Reign of Terror at the house of Barrere. Carnot and Robespierre were among the guests. In some turn of the conversation Carnot needed a blank sheet of paper. The night was high and the guests had laid aside their coats. Carnot went to the room where the garments were hanging and locking into this and that pocket for paper came upon a sheet in the pocket of Robespierre's coat. But it was not blank. Its contents made his cheek blanch. There was his own name, and that of thirty-nine others, associates, in Robespierre's writing. It was evidently the list of the next band of men who Robespierre meant to send to the guillotine. That detected treachery sealed Robespierre's doom, and Carnot organized the attack which delivered France from the hated tyrant. When Napoleon established the Empire, Carnot disappeared from public view, and when the Bonapartes were restored, Carnot was honored by being formally proscribed by name, and he died in seclusion. It is from such a stock that a man comes who is now the President of the French Republic.

OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION

It was not to be expected that the year 1889 would be allowed to pass in France without national celebration. It is the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of the great revolution the world has ever seen. In the year 1789 the people of France, driven mad by oppression, exactions, and tyranny, rose in the might and overturned the social fabric. They were like demons in their frenzy, and there were no elements in their midst to restrain the fury. The Huguenots, who might have exerted some restraining influence, had been massacred or banished, and the descendants of the king and nobles who had eliminated them from the nation were left face to face with a society destitute of religious principle. The result was massacre of King, Queen, and aristocracy, and a carnival of blood unparalleled in history. After marvellous vicissitudes, at the end of the century France is once more a Republic, and she naturally celebrates the awful time in which the principles of Republican government in France had their birth. One form of the celebration is the great exhibition, which attracts to Paris visitors from other nations, and which was formally opened on May 6.

Early on the morning of that day Parisians began trooping towards the Champ de Mars. Not the least conspicuous were the number of the poorer classes from the outlying quarters who brought their provisions with them, and who were bent on enjoying the inauguration from outside. The weather was delightful. Shortly after 1 o'clock the President's escort drew up in a square in front of the Elysée. The crowd as soon as it caught sight of President Carnot raised hearty cheers. The open carriage in which M. Carnot sat was drawn by four light bays, adorned with Tricolor rosettes. The procession proceeded at a walking pace from the Elysée to the Champ de Mars, where the Exhibition is, and the President was greeted with an uninterrupted series of ovations.

The President drove between two lines of soldiers, behind which stood dense masses of people, who repeatedly cheered him. At 2 o'clock he alighted in front of the Central dome, where he was formally received by M. Tirard and the other Ministers.

A Bird's-eye View

of the Exhibition and the adjacent grounds appears in the illustration on the first page. The building is on the left bank of the Seine, at the Pont d'Iéna, occupying the Quai d'Orsay, the Esplanade des Invalides, and the Champ de Mars; the principal structure being erected in

the Champ de Mars, around three sides of a central space laid out as a garden, and approached by the arch under the Eiffel Tower. On the opposite bank of the river is the palace of the Trocadéro, which was built for the Exhibition of 1878.

The proceedings under the dome on the opening day were brief and simple. On a raised platform above the vast assembly of spectators there was a gilt chair for the President. The opening speech was delivered by M. Tirard, the Prime-Minister, and in his peroration he said: "And now let us rejoice on having opened France to the produce of the whole world; let us congratulate ourselves on this great and peaceful manifestation of the vitality of our beloved country, which proudly pursues its way in the path of progress and civilization. Let us offer a hearty and glad welcome to strangers, and thus show that Republican France is hospitable and generous, that she loves and honors the workers of all nations, and does not look upon them as rivals to be viewed with jealousy, but as fellow-men who unite their efforts with hers for the happiness and peace of the world."

M. Carnot briefly replied, and after a few hearty words of welcome to the guests of France declared the Exhibition open.

The Scene in the Evening
was brilliant beyond description. The crowd was enormous. When the cannon fired to announce that the *Fête de Nuit* had begun, all the gardens were suddenly bathed in light. All the three cupolas of the Exhibition Building, the Machine Gallery, and the façades were outlined with many-colored lamps. The interminable covered walks had each in the centre of the awning a row of Edison lamps extending from end to end. The numerous fountains were illuminated, and the effect of the beautiful and skilfully blended colors of the water contrasting with the perfect whiteness of the statues was almost magical. The building of the Trocadéro rivalled in point of beauty the Exhibition itself; but the supreme wonder of science was

The Gigantic Eiffel Tower.
All its arches and main shafts were outlined with incandescent lamps. On its summit was an arc light of immense size. The summit had become as a vast star, when the tower was suddenly bathed from summit to foundation in the brightest crimson light. The tower shone like a beacon, and could be seen at a distance of eighty miles. This tower is 975 feet high, and weighs 17,000 tons. It is made solely of steel and iron, and cost about \$982,500. The first great platform is covered with French, English, Flemish, and Russian restaurants, and is 250 feet square. On the second story (470 feet high) miniature copies of the *Figaro* are being printed from small Marinoni machines; and on the third and highest floor, beyond which nobody can penetrate except with a special pass, and which is 50 feet square, there is a complete suite—dining and drawing rooms, kitchen, and all appliances. A comparison between the height of the tower and the world's famous monuments gives some astonishing results. The Pyramids are pigmies to it. Only the Washington Monument exceeds one half the height of the tower. You could get the Arc de Triomphe and Notre Dame comfortably under the first story.

President Carnot was Fired at
on the previous day at the commemoration of the centenary of the French Revolution. As his carriage was leaving the Elysée a man in the crowd suddenly raised a pistol and discharged it point-blank at the President. The outrage aroused the indignation of the crowd, and it was with difficulty that the police saved the perpetrator from being torn to pieces. It was found, however, that the incident had no political significance, and, indeed, that the man did not intend to kill the President. His pistol contained only blank cartridges. He was a crazy clerk who had been discharged from a Government office, and took this theatrical method of calling attention to his grievance.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Mr. Wang, a Water Carrier, was Engaged
by Mr. Riley in Ch'ungking. He was unable to read or write, but soon he could read his New Testament. The past seven years of faithful, honest service have testified to the reality of his change of heart. Persecution he has had, but he has stood firm and true for his Master, never hiding his colors. His wife, too, baptized four years since, though without his strength of character, is a decided Christian, and hundreds and hundreds of women have heard the truth from her lips. They have passed through deep trial lately; a little girl of two and a half years and a baby boy of six weeks died within a month of each other. Their little boy of twelve is really converted to God.

A Lord and His Slave in the Same Crypt.
—"I was visiting one of the crypts in Dublin where the air is so dry that none of the bodies deposited there ever go to dust. Some of the bodies have been there for over four hundred years. I found myself opposite a body, which from the label I found had been the body of a great lord, and by his side was the body of one who, at that remote time, had been that lord's slave. Time had worn away the coffins, armors, and golden ornaments that had distinguished the one from the other, and as they lay there, there was no perceptible difference. So, in God's sight, when man is stripped of all his artificial trappings, we find that all are alike sinners. And all have to come the same way for salvation, the way of repentance through Christ, the Door to everlasting life."

"Old Long Po-Po is a Great Cause for praise," says Mrs. Riley. "Five years ago she was a devotee of Buddha, and heard the truth as it is in Jesus, and gladly accepted it. One or two remarkable dreams deepened her convictions; fasting and chanting were all thrown aside, and whole-hearted devotion to Jesus her Saviour has been the result. How many times have I heard her pleading with Chinese men and women to turn from idols to the One True God, and such power has been with her words! For twelve months at her washing-tub in many houses did she preach Jesus; and now, a city Bible-woman, she carries the light into many a hold of darkness, where otherwise it would not be taken. Her daughter-in-law, my own faithful servant for the past four years, was baptized three years ago, and it is the hope of mother and daughter-in-law some time in the future to have a shop in their native place, where they can be preachers of the glad tidings."

An Unexpected Six Months' Gas-Bill.—Dr. George F. Pentecost says: "A friend of mine determined to have a tour in Europe. He packed up everything he thought he would require. Put brown paper on the windows, and having made everything secure at his house, locked the door. He had not gone far towards the place of his embarkation when he remembered something which he had forgotten to bring with him, and which was absolutely necessary. He returned at once, and re-entered the house, lit the gas, and searched for the missing article. That being found, he hurried after his family, utterly oblivious of the fact that the gas was still burning in the room which he had left. He proceeded to Europe, and on his return after six months he found the gas still burning, and a gas-bill for a very considerable amount was handed in to him. The gentleman went to the gas-office, and explained that he had been in Europe all the time, and that he did not know of the gas burning; but the company insisted upon their account being paid, saying the gas had been consumed, and it was no fault of theirs if he by his own carelessness wasted it. Ultimately my friend was obliged to pay the bill. There are some men who offer the same excuse for their sin as that gentleman did for his non-liability for his gas account. They did not know they were sinners. If we by our careless indifference neglect both the inward

mentor, which God has given us, and fail to examine His word wherein we are clearly shown what sin is, then most assuredly we are liable to the full punishment which sin entails."

The "Bar Sinister" on the Shield.—"The other day I was looking over a book in heraldry, and there I saw the shield of one of the ancient barons of England. It was resplendent in its many quarterings, but right across it from side to side was a broad band. What was it? It was the bar sinister, that showed that the first wearer of that shield had come to the titles and estates illegitimately. The direct and legitimate line had failed, and he, the child of sin, had succeeded. But he was compelled to proclaim to all the world, by the bar upon his shield, that he was the child of sin. But, praise God, there is no bar sinister with Him. I look over His genealogy, and there I see the names of Rahab, Tamar, and Bath-sheba, and I thank Him that they are there, for it shows me that no matter from what family a man comes, he has acceptance with Christ."

The Fever-Stricken War-Ship.—Dr. George F. Pentecost says: "Some years ago the U. S. ship of war *Plymouth*, one of the old line-of-battle ships, returned from a Southern port with the yellow fever on board, of which disease many of the crew died. After being in quarantine for some time, she was ordered to Portland, the most northerly port in the States, and there dismantled and thoroughly disinfected. She was put in commission again and sent out. She had not been long at sea when, although her crew was now without exception entirely different from the former one, the fever broke out again. A third time the same process was repeated, but with the same result; as soon as the ship went south the fever made its reappearance. Upon examination it was discovered that the fever spores had got into the ship, and they were everywhere in it embedded in its timbers. There was no possibility of completely disinfecting it. When this was made plain the vessel was taken out to the open sea and sunk. As it was with that ship, so it is with sinners. Conceived in sin, and continually sinning, it is in vain we try to rid ourselves of sin. To be free from sin our old self must be sunk, must die, and we must be regenerated in Christ Jesus."

Man in the Devil's Image.—Dr. Pentecost says: "An infidel once rudely said to me, 'Do you believe the Bible?' 'Certainly,' I replied. 'And do you believe the story of creation?' he asked. 'Yes,' I answered. 'That God made man after His own image?' he queried. 'I believe so,' I replied. 'Then,' said he, 'if God made man after His own image, God is like man, and I would not worship a God that is like man.' Then he went on to describe man as miserable, avaricious, greedy, lying, and everything that is bad. 'You are quite right,' I replied; 'man is all that you say. If I had ventured upon any such statement from the pulpit you would have been up in arms, but in your description of man I quite agree with you.' 'Then, how can you ask me to worship a God that is like that?' he exclaimed. 'My friend,' I replied, 'if you have read the Bible, you have not had gumption to read it right through; you have surely omitted all about Jesus. The man you describe is Adam, but you don't know what the character of Jesus was.' At this he quickly drew up and said, 'If all men were counterparts of Jesus I admit that this earth would be a heaven.' Then looking straight at the infidel, I continued, 'You are the devil's man, not God's man, and upon you your master is fast perfecting his image.' He winced most manifestly, and abruptly turned away. What we want just now is less looking to man and more looking to Jesus. He is the mark at which we should aim. He is the pattern which we should copy, as well as the Saviour upon whom we should rest."

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address
delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE GOSPEL ALKALI.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, May 26, 1889.

"If I wash myself with snow water, and cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." Job 9: 30, 31. (Rev. Ver.)

A Discarded Theology—A Picture of Human Nature—Defects and Deformities Revealed by the Bible Camera—Cleansing Needed—Human Attempts which Fail—I. By Fine Apologies—Charging it to Ancestors—The Original Estate Increased—Debiting Associates—Claiming Superiority Over Others—II. By Good Resolutions—A Fatal Defect—The Past Unredeemed—A Great Cemetery of Past Evil—A Crime Unearthed After Thirty Years—Skeletons in the Cemetery of Memory—A False Picture of Sin in Mezzotint—A Life-Boat to a Water-Logged Ship—The Bible Picture—A Text for Rationalists—A Christian Boot-Black.

ALBERT BARNES—honored be his name on earth and in heaven—went straight back to the original writing of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow water there was a special power to cleanse, and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow water failed to do its work, then they would take lye or alkali and mix it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forceful figure sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that, unless we are ablated by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are loathsome and in the ditch. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." You are sitting for

Your Picture.

I turn the camera obscura of God's word full upon you, and I pray that the sunshine falling through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you are. Shall it be a flattering picture, or shall it be a true one? You say: "Let it be a true one." The first profile that was ever taken was taken three hundred and thirty years before Christ, of Antigonus. He had a blind eye, and he compelled the artist to take his profile so as to hide the defect in his vision. But since that invention three hundred and thirty years before Christ, there have been a great many profiles. Shall I to-day give you a one-sided view of yourselves, a profile, or shall it be a full-length portrait, showing you just what you are? If God will help me, I shall give you that last kind of a picture.

When I first entered the ministry I used to write my sermons all out and read them, and run my hand along the line lest I should lose my place. I have hundreds of those manuscripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never; for in those days I was somehow overmastered with the idea I heard talked all around about, of the dignity of human nature, and I adopted the idea, and I evolved it, and I illustrated it, and I argued it; but coming on in life, and having seen more of the world, and studied better my Bible, I find that that early teaching was faulty, and that there is

No Dignity in Human Nature

until it is reconstructed by the grace of God. Talk about vessels going to pieces on the Skerries, off Ireland! There never was such a shipwreck as in the Gihon and the Hiddekel, rivers of Eden, where our first parents foundered. Talk of a steamer going down with five hundred passengers on board! What is that to the shipwreck of fourteen hundred million souls! We are by nature a mass of uncleanness and putrefaction, from which it takes all the omnipotence and infinitude of God's grace to extricate us. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and my own clothes shall abhor me."

I. I remark, in the first place; that some people try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow water of fine apologies. Here is one man who says: "I am a sinner: I confess that; but I inherited this. My father was a sinner, my grandfather, my great-great-grandfather, and all the way back to Adam, and I couldn't help myself." My brother, have you not, every day in your life, added something to

The Original Estate of Sin

that was bequeathed to you? Are you not brave enough to confess that you have sometimes surrendered to sin which you ought to have conquered? I ask you whether it is fair-play to put upon our ancestry things for which we ourselves are personally responsible? If your nature was askew when you got it, have you not sometimes given it an additional twist? Will all the tombstones of those who have preceded us make a barricade high enough for eternal defenses? I know a devout man who had blasphemous parentage. I know an honest man whose father was a thief. I know a pure man whose mother was a waif of the street. The hereditary tide may be very strong, but there is such a thing as stemming it. The fact that I have a corrupt nature is no reason why I should yield to it. The deep stains of our soul can never be washed out by the snow water of such insufficient apology.

Still further, says some one: "If I have gone into sin, it has been

Through my Companions,

my comrades, and associates; they ruined me. They taught me to drink. They took me to the gambling hell. They plunged me into the house of sin. They ruined my soul." I do not believe it. God gave to no one the power to destroy you or me. If a man is destroyed, he is self-destroyed, and that is always so. Why did you not break away from them? If they had tried to steal your purse, you would have knocked them down; if they had tried to purloin your gold watch, you would have riddled them with shot; but when they tried to steal your immortal soul, you placidly submitted to it. Those bad fellows have a cup of fire to drink; do not pour your cup into it. In this matter of the soul, every man for himself. That those persons are not fully responsible for your sin, I prove by the fact that you still consort with them. You cannot get off by blaming them. Though you gather up all these apologies; though there were a great flood of them; though they should come down with the force of the melting snows from Lebanon, they could not wash out one stain of your immortal soul.

Still further: some persons apologize for their sins by saying: "We are a great deal

Better than Some People.

You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we." You stand up columnar in your integrity, and look down upon those who are prostrate in their habits and crimes. What of that, my brother? If I failed through recklessness and wicked imprudence for ten thousand dollars, is the matter alleviated at all by the fact that somebody else has failed for one hundred thousand dollars, and somebody else for two hundred thousand dollars? Oh, no. If I have the neuralgia, shall I refuse medical attendance because my neighbor has virulent typhoid fever? The fact that his disease is worse than mine—does that cure mine? If I, through my foolhardiness, leap off into ruin, does it break the fall to know that others leap off a higher cliff into deeper darkness? When the Hudson River rail train went through the bridge at Spuyten Duyvil, did it alleviate the matter at all that instead of two or three people being hurt, there were seventy-five mangled and crushed? Because others are depraved, is that any excuse for my depravity?

Am I Better than They?

Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overpowering. Perhaps, O man, if you had been under the same stress of temptation, instead of sitting here to-day you would have

been looking through the bars of a penitentiary. Perhaps, O woman, if you had been under the same power of temptation, instead of sitting here to-day you would be tramping the street the laughing-stock of men and the grief of the angels of God, dungeoned, body, mind, and soul in the blackness of despair. Ah, do not let us solace ourselves with the thought that other people are worse than we. Perhaps in the future, when our fortunes may change, unless God prevents it we may be worse than they are. Many a man, after thirty years, after forty years, after fifty years, after sixty years, has gone to pieces on the sandbars. Oh, instead of wasting our time in hypercriticism about others, let us ask ourselves the questions, Where do we stand? What are our sins? What are our deficits? What are our perils? What our hopes? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be? Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where? Where?"

The Polluted Snow.

Some winter morning you go out and see snow-bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved; and as the sun glints it the lustre is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud, with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever anything so pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom, and every drop of that snow-water was riled; and you found that the snow-bank had gathered up the impurity of the field, and that after all it was not fit to wash in. And so I say it will be if you try to gather up these contrast and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccessful ablution. Such snow water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul.

II. But I hear some one say: "I will try something better than that. I will try the force of

Good Resolutions.

That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow water has failed, and now I will try the alkali of the good, strong resolution." My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owe you five thousand dollars and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never run in debt to you again; if I should live thirty years, I will never run in debt to you again; will you turn to me and say: 'If you will not run in debt in the future, I will forgive you the five thousand dollars.'" Will you do that? No. Nor will God. We have been running up long score of indebtedness with God. If for the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that would not redeem the past. God, in the Bible, distinctly declares that He "will require that which is past—past opportunities, past neglects, past wicked words, past imaginations, past everything."

The Past is a Great Cemetery,

and every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five grave. They are the dead days of 1888. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more grave and they are the dead days of 1887. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will rouse them all up with resurrectionary blast and as the prisoner stands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon those departed days, exulting in their smile or cowering in their frown.

"Murder will out" is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small, as well as great, will out. In hard times in England years ago, it is authentically stated that a man was on his way, with a bag of money to pay off his hands. A man infuriated with

hunger met him on the road, and took a nail with a nail in it from a paling fence and struck him down, and the nail entering the skull, instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to that place. He passed into the graveyard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and while he stood there the spade of the sexton turned up a skull, and, lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull; and as the sexton turned the skull, it seemed with hollow eyes to glare on the murderer; and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence, but soon cried out, "Guilty! guilty! O God!" The mystery of the crime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all our unpardoned sins, though

We May Think They are Buried

out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past, and glower upon us with their misdoings. I say all our unpardoned sins. Oh, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past? Good resolutions, though they may be pungent, and caustic as alkali, have no power to neutralize a sin, have no power to wash away a transgression. It wants something more than earthly chemistry to do this. Yea, yea, though "I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or Georges Sand, or M. J. Michelet, or any of the writers who have done up

Iniquity in Mezzotint,

and garlanded the wine cup with eglantine and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagging of eternal torture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a tableland of fine prospects; that it is not music—dulcimer, violoncello, castanet, and Pandean pipes, all making music together. No. He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stenchful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and abomination, and our soul, covered over with transgression, hates its covering, and the covering hates the soul, until we are plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

I know that some modern religionists caricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress," that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not start where John's did, at the city of Destruction, but at the gate of the university; and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city. No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my brother, feel that

You Are Down in the Ditch,

what do you want of Christ to lift you out? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of Him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the *City of Paris*, the swiftest of the Inmans, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abaft, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the *Umbria*, of the Cunard line. The boat davits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a red flag, and cross over to where the *City of Paris* is coming, and I wave the flag. The captain looks off from the bridge, and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel; I think they will be safer and happier there." The captain would look down with indignation and say: "Get out of the way, or I will run you down!" And then I would back oars, amidst the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail.

But the *Umbria* and the *City of Paris* meet under different circumstances after a while. The *City of Paris* is coming out of a cyclone;

the life-boats are smashed; the bulwarks gone; the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope!" sounds from stem to stern, and from the ratlines down to the cabin. I see the distress. I am let down by the side of the *Umbria*. I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking *City of Paris*. Before I come up people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the *City of Paris*, the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway until the officers, with ax and clubs and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each wanting his turn to come next.

There is but One Life-Boat,

and they all want to get into it, and the cry is: "Me next! me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man going on in his sin feels that all is well, that he is coming out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismayed and water-logged, and going down into the trough of the sea where he cannot live, how soon he puts the sea glass to his eye and sweeps the horizon, and at the first sign of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible tells

The Story in Letters of Fire,

but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin? It is a Bastille that no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin? It is expatriation from God and heaven. Sin? It is grand larceny against the Almighty, for the Bible asks the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This Gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God.

In the Sandwich Islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin to fall away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See II Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible confirmations.

The Bible is not Complimentary

in its language. It does not speak mincingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermilion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but it thunders out: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." "Every one has gone back. He has altogether become filthy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rationalists to preach from! Oh the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the courage yet to touch; and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a mere bemiring of the feet, it is not a mere befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears, in a ditch, until our clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not, if you do. We cannot

afford to. I have to-day to tell you that there is something purer than snow water, something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Ay, the river of salvation, bright, crystalline, and heaven-born, rushes through this audience with billowy tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. O Jesus, let the dam that holds it back now break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in that flood of mercy. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largess of the divine bounty. Though you have gone

Down in the Deepest Ditch

of libidinous desire and corrupt behavior, though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not one sinful word left for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case—the Lord Jesus Christ bends over you to-day, and offers you His right hand, proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you to glories that never die. "Billy," said a *Christian bootblack* to another, "when we come up to heaven it won't make any difference that we've been boot-blacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but, Billy, we shall get straight through the gate."

Oh, if you only knew how full and free and tender is the offer of Christ this day,

You Would All Take Him

without one exception. Oh that this might be the hour when you would receive Him! It is not a Gospel merely for footpads and vagrants and buccaneers; it is for the highly polished, and the educated, and the refined as well. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Whatever may be your associations, and whatever your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God, you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation; a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing, lustrating power of His Gospel.

The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain: For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain. Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bought us our pardon,

We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.

A WIDOW PUZZLED.

IN the course of an address, recently, Professor Elmslie said: "I went to live for three months in Rome in order to learn Italian, and I stayed in a Roman Catholic household. The mother was a widow lady, and there were two sons and a daughter. The parent was an out-and-out Catholic, so was the daughter; of the sons, one was a medical student and an atheist, and the other was—well, I do not know that he was anything. The mother called me a Protestant priest at first, and stood up in defence of her religion, though I never mentioned Protestantism to her, but before long we became fast friends. In her quiet hours she would often sit with me, and she began at last to tell me the story of her life and home. Then she said to me, 'You Protestants have not the mass, but you have something, have not you, instead?' and when I described the simple Presbyterian communion—the bread broken and passed round, and the cup handed one to another, and the word of the Lord spoken—her face grew grave, and she said: 'It is so strange! that is just how it was done by the blessed Lord Himself the first time it was ever done; and yet ours must be the right way, for the true Church ordains it; but still, how can yours be wrong when you do just what the blessed Master Jesus Christ did?'"

A TWO YEARS' PENANCE.

AMONG the Gonds of North India the patient faithful labor of the missionaries has at length been blessed with fruit. The Rev. W. D. Williamson thus describes the conversion of the first of the tribe: "God saw fit to let us labor for six years before showing us the first-fruits of our Gond mission. Then He brought out the man He had been preparing to be the first-fruits of our mission. He was a man owning a couple of villages, and was looked on as a holy man. He had sat beside the river Nerbudda doing penance for two years, seeing if he could find peace. He sat there on the advice of Hindoo pundits. Not having found peace, he came back to his native village, and there the Lord caused me to meet him. I asked where he was, but he was not at home; he had gone to a village twenty miles away, and was said not to be likely to be back for three days. But in the afternoon, as I was resting, in he came. I said, 'I heard you were likely to be away three days.' He said, 'I cannot tell how it was, but when I had got half-way to the village, something said to me, "Go back to your own home;" and now I see a clergyman, I know what it was that brought me back—it was God.' I said, 'Yes, it was God!' He had been taught to read by the Hindoos—a thing not one in a thousand can do; so that on the third day I handed over a New Testament to him, and the end of it was that, with the help of God's Spirit, he was brought to accept Christ as his Saviour, and was baptized as the first-fruits of our Gond mission."

WHY A HOUSE WAS NOT RENTED.

A STRIKING illustration of a Christian truth occurs in a speech by the late Professor W. F. Sherwin, printed in the *Watchword*. The Professor said: "When I moved from New York to Cincinnati, I experienced not a little difficulty in obtaining a suitable tenement, one which would be generally convenient, as well as pleasant and homelike for my family. At length, however, I found one that was quite to my taste. It was very pleasantly situated. It was bright with color; it had a fine southern exposure. There was a little lawn in front, a garden in the rear, and its appointments generally were all that could be desired. I made haste to signify to the agent in charge of the premises that I desired to engage the house. He informed me that before the bargain could be finally closed, it would be important for me personally to visit the owner, as, before the house could be rented, he desired to make a single reservation. And so away to the owner I hurried. And what do you think that reservation was for which allowance was thus to be made? It was nothing less than the right to the whole use and individual control of one of the principal rooms in that house—the same to be under lock and key, and no one save himself to be ever allowed to enter it, or even know the nature of its contents. My disappointment was great. A liberal discount was to be allowed on the rent for the use of this reserved chamber. I did not especially need the excepted room. What should I do? I did not long debate. After a moment's reflection, choking down the bitterness of my chagrin, I courteously, and yet emphatically, and even indignantly, exclaimed 'The whole, or none!'

"And so," said the Professor, most impressively, "it is in regard to our relations to God. It should be definitely understood that God insists on having absolutely the whole, or none, of our hearts."

THE GOSPEL IN A PRISON.

IN an interesting letter to the *Missionary Herald* from Mr. Atkinson, who is laboring in Japan, he thus refers to some efforts recently made to preach the gospel in the prison of Matsuyama: "One of the evangelists goes to the prison every day at noon to speak to as many as choose to hear. The hearing is entirely at the choice of the prisoners. At present about fifty attend. They listen well, and some have asked for baptism. In wet weather the evangelist enters the

rooms of the jail, reading and explaining the New Testament, and praying with those who desire him to do so, or who desire to unite with him in prayer. Some time ago the chief warden of the prison was ill. Miss Dudley was in Matsuyama at the time, and calling at his house, talked with him of Christian truth and life. The man received the truth, repented of his sins, and became a new creature. The prisoners were astonished at the change that took place in him; for whereas he had been most severe in his treatment of them, he came to be forbearing and kind. This change materially aided the evangelist in his teaching. Some other of the prison officials are now members of the church."

Mr. Atkinson also mentions a practical evidence of the effect of Christian teaching on a condemned convict. Before he was executed he was asked, according to custom, if there was any delicacy he would like to have to eat or drink. In most cases the men ask for *saki*, but this man, who had been under Christian teaching since his conviction, said he would not have anything; but he asked that the money which the proffered delicacy would have cost be spent in buying something for the sick in the prison.

A TAILOR TEACHING AN EMPRESS.

At a meeting of the Women's Board of Missions in Chicago on April 12, Miss Ward related some interesting facts about the lady selected as the wife of the young Emperor of China. The choice was made, it appears, by the Emperor's aunt, the present Empress. Miss Ward said that about a year before an Emperor of China is to be married, every girl between thirteen and seventeen, whether rich or poor, if of a family receiving a stipend from the Emperor, has to appear at court to take her chances of being selected for his bride. These girls, perhaps a thousand in number, arrive in detachment at the palace very early in the morning, just before light. They are seen first by the wife of a high official, who disposes of half of them, and sends them away with some trifling present. The remaining ones are detained until the next day, when there is another sifting, and so the process continues until it has narrowed down to one successful aspirant. In this case the fortunate young lady was a cousin of the Emperor. Through one of those remarkable providences which show God's watchful care over the world, the young Empress has heard the gospel story. When the trousseau was to be made, a tailor was employed who was an earnest Christian, and when he went to her home to work, he carried his New Testament with him. As he sewed he kept it open on a table by him, and the young Empress took it up, and occasionally read a little in it. The tailor explained that it was part of the Christian Scriptures. One day she was in a room with a younger sister, when she saw one of the tailor's employees going through the court. She sent a servant and called him to her, and when he came in she shut the door and said, "Now I want you to tell me about this new doctrine." Who can tell what momentous events may be determined by that unconstrained talk between the young bride-empress and the humble tailor's assistant!

THE CHURCH OF JESUS IN MEXICO.

A SERIES of articles on Bishop Riley's work in Mexico, published in the daily journals of New York last week, caused some discussion in church circles. A misunderstanding of the Bishop's position, as well as of the attitude of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, on the subject of the work in Mexico, has evidently existed, which is operating prejudicially to Bishop Riley. The theory of the Church is that the work of propagating the pure gospel in Mexico should be undertaken as a *missionary* work, and directed by a Board in this country. Bishop Riley's long experience in Mexico convinced him that, so conducted, the work would encounter difficulties that would probably be fatal to its success. The masses of the people are intensely patriotic, and regard with suspi-

cion any movement, social, political, or religious, which has its origin in this country. They suspect that its object and tendency must be in the direction of annexation. He therefore desired that the Protestant Church in Mexico remain a *national church*. As he was unable to convince the American Bishops of the wisdom of his plan, and as they were without practical experience of the difficulties which Bishop Riley had encountered from national prejudice in Mexico, he had no alternative but to put the movement he had promoted on an independent footing. He therefore resigned the income he was receiving from the Protestant Episcopal Church, and trusted to God to enable him to carry on the work. Some of the pastors felt more secure of support under the auspices of the wealthy American Church, and elected to join the missionary organization. Others, however, were faithful to Bishop Riley, and believed with him that God would see that they did not starve. They and their congregations were poor, but God could raise up friends to help them, and they relied on His promise. The Bishop gave all his private income to their support, and friends all over the country have helped him. Thus, as a *work of faith*, the Church of the Lord Jesus in Mexico has been sustained; and though it has been denounced by Ritualists, who disapprove of opposition to Roman Catholicism in any form, and by disciplinarians who lack confidence in any work that has not official endorsement, the Church still lives and prosecutes its beneficent work.

THE RETURN OF THE JEWS.

THOUGH the complete restoration of the Jews to their own land will not take place until, under the Napoleonic Antichrist, they are decoyed thither by a seven years' treaty, which he will repudiate when it has run half its course, prophecy leads us to expect that there will be a preliminary and gradual return of representative families. It is a noteworthy fact that this return has commenced in such numbers as to attract public attention. At a recent meeting in London, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir John Kennaway referred to it as a reason for increased zeal in evangelistic work among the Jews. Students of prophecy have long held that the final messengers of the gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth will be Jews converted at Christ's coming. The Archbishop, in speaking of their characteristics, pointed out their peculiar fitness for the work. He said:

"I have a letter from the Bishop of Jerusalem, who writes to me that quietly, since the beginning of this year, for some reason or other, the Turkish restrictions on the influx and settling of the Jews in Palestine are removed, and that it is now anticipated that, considering what the influx used to be under all those restrictions, they will come in by thousands. Now, if that be so, ten years hence, if you have thrown yourselves with energy on Palestine, think what will have happened if this influx goes on. You will have the most remarkable centre in the world. Other religious centres and localities decay, but that will have become more bright and thriving than ever. And what will the people be that you have there? A people trained among all nations, trained in every nation of the world, knowing the habitudes, the feelings, the principles that belong severally to all the nations of the world. Why, look at them now! Their very princes help all nations at this moment. It is not merely that they are strong on this Bourse, or that Exchange, but that they really are, with their immense capital, and with the sagacity with which they devote it to every end, helping all nations. And their poor, the world over, are doing the hardest and humblest work for the least recompense, and of all people they do it in the most patient, industrious, and self-denying spirit. Well, those characteristics of their rich and their poor will follow them; and, therefore, I say that if you do fix your whole heart on the work in Palestine, if you fix it there in a generous and comprehensive spirit, and try to enlist the sympathies of the whole Church in your

k, you will have there an agency for the mission of Christianity, a power for the diffusion of Christianity, if you could make it Christian, such as can be found nowhere else."

dealing with the same subject, Sir John Ingham said: "You are looking forward to it is to be the sure word of prophecy as reads the work in Jerusalem, seeing that the Jews themselves are turned on the Holy Land. It is there that our chief thoughts and interests are centred. And the work there demands a special interest at the present time view of the great increase of the population. The first thirty or forty years of the Society's existence the number of Jews in Jerusalem itself was from 5,000 to 8,000, and in the whole of Palestine there were only 20,000 to 25,000. Now there are 25,000 in Jerusalem alone, and it is calculated that there are 60,000 in the whole of Palestine. And this is the case in spite of every opposition placed in the way by the Turkish Government. It is interesting to compare this with the 42,360 who returned after the captivity in Babylon as stated in Isaiah 61:4. And we are encouraged by the report of the Bishop of Jerusalem, who uses very remarkable words: 'We have now reached the opening demands and responsibility of a day of unique opportunities. Never, since our Lord's day, have there been so many converts after Christianity, never so general a withdrawal of prejudice and opposition. Never the rulers of the Jews show so kindly an attitude towards the work.'"

A FINANCIAL SIGN OF OUR TIMES.

By Rev. F. L. Chapell.*

Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." 25:5-3.

Last Days to be the Wealthiest—The Wealth to be Piled Up—True Now of the World at Large—An Abnormal Age—An Unprecedented Increase of the World's Wealth—I. In Real Estate—II. In Inventions—III. In Trade—How is Used—To Increase Wealth—A Pressing Problem—When it will be Solved.

In the revised version the text reads, "Ye have laid up your treasure in the last days." The meaning is not essentially different, but a clearer, namely, that there would be an accumulation of wealth in the last days of the age. And we name this as one reason for saying that the end of the age is near—a sign found in things industrial and financial. Not only is there vast wealth in the world, but that wealth is piled up, instead of scattered abroad. The few, instead of the many, have it; in consequence, there is want and discontent and outcry on the part of the laborers who create it; as the next verse to the text goes on to say: "Behold the hire of the laborers, who have reaped down your field, is of you kept back by fraud, crieth," &c., while this has always been true, in particular times and places, especially with nations that have reached the acme of their glory and are to naught, it is now getting to be

True of the World at Large, which is also coming to the acme of its present greatness and coming to naught. But we cannot understand this reason, as the Bible puts it, as we look at things as God looks at them. The reason why men do not believe the Bible is that they do not take God's point of view and conceive of His whole plan in reference to the earth and the race of man on the earth. They start from their own observation of present facts, instead of from God's revelation of past and future facts. They infer that the present condition of things is a normal and a natural one, which they are to improve as best they can; while God says that this present condition of things is an abnormal and unnatural one, which is to be endured until He shall re-establish the normal and the natural again.

Now, our text says that in the last days of the age there will be a heaping up of property. This, therefore, becomes one of the signs

from his sermon published in the *Christian Alliance*.

that the end is drawing nigh. Just as in intellectual and locomotive matters there has been nothing like the present conditions, just so, in industrial and financial matters, there has been nothing like the conditions of the last century.

1. And, first, in regard to the availability of Real Estate.

In any recording of the wealth of the world, land is a very important item; for it is out of the soil that much of wealth is produced. To be sure, land is worth nothing unless it is improved. And it is never improved unless civilized man gets it in possession. But it is only within these fifty-eighth and fifty-ninth centuries of the world's history that a large part—perhaps, I might say half—of the best land of the world has been open to civilized man. North and South America, Australia, and the larger part of the continent of Africa have just been made available. And as population carries into these available regions, the increase in their value is fabulous. Less than three centuries ago, I doubt not, the whole of New York City could have been bought for a hundred dollars, if, indeed, any one could have been found who could give a title to it. Less than seventy-five years ago all Chicago was in like condition. And the same is true in hundreds of localities where property is now reckoned by millions.

All that some people have had to do in order to become wealthy has just been to sit still and see their real estate increase in value. Europe is, of course, worth more to-day than before America was discovered. Therefore, all of America's wealth is clear gain to the wealth of the world. The same is true in regard to Australia and many parts of Asia and Africa. Yea, the same is true to some extent, of the seas, which, while they are not owned by individuals, are yet yielding up their wealth to the use of man. Think, also, of the mines and the vast deposits of coal and oil that have recently come to light! The world is thus growing enormously, fabulously wealthy in these latter days. Population is, indeed, increasing, but probably not one thousandth part as fast as is the wealth of the world. We cannot realize it, since we have been born and brought up in this marvelous era. But when you take into view the long fifty-nine centuries past, the material development of our day is like a flash of lightning for suddenness and magnificence.

2. The Inventions of the present day. These create wealth by doing the work of thousands of men. The printing-press—what an army of scribes it draws pay for! The steam-engine—what millions of days' work it earns! The mower, the reaper, the thrasher, and all farm machinery—what wealth there is in it! The sewing machine—how many millions by common needles it distances! The numerous inventions in electricity, magnetism, and photography, &c., and all inventions—I cannot stop to enumerate them—have immensely increased the wealth of the world. An inventor becomes a millionaire in spite of himself. And all these things not only produce wealth of the standard and staple sort, such as was in existence before, but they themselves become articles of value. An inventory of the world's property to-day would show hundreds of things of the greatest value—such as railroads, telegraphs, &c.—that had no existence whatever one hundred years ago. And production of manufactured articles becomes sometimes so enormous that factories and mills are forced into idleness until the glut in the market abates. Thus by inventions alone the wealth of the world is enormously increased.

3. But, also, consider the fact that Markets Become World-wide.

The facilities for transportation are such that a market is found for many things that even fifty years ago could not be sold. In my boyhood I saw fed to the swine luscious fruits that now would command the cash in the cities. We now have California fruits on our tables, whereas fifty years ago we scarcely realized that there

was such a country as California. Some of us remember the California gold-fever of '49. It was a wild and far-off land then. Only forty years have passed, and what wealth California alone has added to the world! Then a millionaire was almost unknown. Now they are common enough. And even the billionaires are figuring in literature, although it is well-nigh impossible for the human mind to really grasp what is meant by such a term. Comparisons of different epochs are difficult, but it is probably a very safe thing to say that the world is worth a thousand times more than it was one hundred years ago, or even ever before in all its fifty-nine centuries of history.

What I have hitherto said has reference to the creation and increase of wealth. We now come to the more important question:

What is Done With This Wealth?

Is it distributed among the many? Is it used for temporary needs, with the thought that the present age is soon to pass away? Is it poured freely forth to spread the glad tidings of the age to come? Ah no! It is heaped together and held with the idea of the permanency of the present age. For, in the first place, the very laws of trade themselves centre wealth with the few rather than with the many. In the great city, which is the centre of trade, we find the millionaire on one street and the beggar on the next. Grant, if you please, that the millionaire has lawfully come by his millions. He nevertheless has them. Treasure is heaped up with him, while hundreds all around him are in actual need. And he not only has his treasure, but he is also determined to keep it and add to it.

Money makes Money.

He can control the market; he can make a "corner," for example, in wheat, which will put millions more in his heap, even if it raises the price of every loaf throughout Christendom. Now, if the man to whom the millions come, in the course of trade, were a believer in the age to come, he would say, "I must make a temporary use of this wealth." He could easily find ways enough of using it, and might bless thousands in so doing. A few there are who endeavor thus to use their treasure. But they are so very few that they make but little impression on the general drift of the world's financial affairs. The vast majority have no thought whatever of the age to come. The temporariness of the present age does not enter at all into their calculations. But, rather, permanent possession is their only thought and ideal. And so the heaping-up process goes on.

Not only is this state of things calling the attention of God—it is also calling the attention of man. Never before in all the world's history was there so much thought given to the problems arising out of the peculiar conditions of financial affairs. So prominent is this financial question becoming, so pressing are these industrial necessities, that they are made the rallying-cry in political campaigns, and the themes for sermons in so-called Christian pulpits. Indeed, they are becoming the burning questions of the hour, because they press so heavily upon the masses of mankind. Fifty years more of such heaping as we have seen in the last fifty would make somebody cry out in very agony for the last day to come. For these questions cannot possibly be settled satisfactorily in the present age. Only the age to come will settle them, by creating new conditions of society and new methods of life.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 328 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are changing our system of mailing the paper to subscribers for the purpose of insuring greater safety in transit through the mails, and thus, if possible, prevent its loss. Heretofore, when more than one subscriber was receiving the paper at the same office, all the papers were enclosed in one wrapper, which is the way almost all papers are mailed. This necessitated the papers being taken out of the wrappers at the post-office for distribution, and, we are convinced, caused delay and loss of papers. To prevent this, we are placing every paper in its own separate wrapper, with the FULL address printed on it. Part of our list has already been changed, and the remainder is being done as rapidly as possible.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The International Marine Conference to be held in Washington, D. C., in October next is expected to be a thoroughly representative one, and its decisions and recommendations will probably be the means of averting wrecks and collisions. The following countries have thus far accepted invitations to participate in the conference: Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, Russia, Belgium, Mexico, Brazil, Chili, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Hawaii, Japan, the Netherlands, Nicaragua, Spain, Sweden and Norway, Uruguay, and Honduras. The United States will be represented by a board of seven persons, and it is expected that the larger powers will have the same number of representatives. The smaller countries, it is thought, will generally be represented by their Ministers here, assisted by one or more experts in the subjects before the conference. Congress appropriated only \$20,000 for the expenses of the conference, and it is probable that a deficiency appropriation will have to be made.

The Effort to Secure the Abolition of Sunday parades in the army appears at last to have some prospect of success. A press dispatch from Washington says that the order abolishing Sunday morning inspections, and otherwise making Sunday a day of rest in the army will receive Executive approval at an early date. Fully three-fourths in the army are in favor of the reform, and, with few exceptions, the other fourth are indifferent in the matter. Having lately learned the sentiment of the majority of army officers through the Inspector-General, who has been in daily receipt of communications on the subject during the past few months, the President has signified his willingness to act in the matter.

The Invitations to the Central and South American Conference in Washington have been accepted by the Governments of Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentine Republic, Uruguay, and Venezuela. It is expected that Mexico will be represented by several delegates; the Argentine Republic by three delegates, Chili by two delegates, Venezuela by two delegates, and the other countries named by one delegate each. The conference will be composed of about forty delegates, ten of whom will represent the United States. On matters which are voted upon, each country will be entitled to only one vote. Among the subjects to be discussed are: Measures toward the formation of an American Customs Union, under which the trade of the American nations with each other shall, so far as possible and profitable, be promoted; the adoption of a uniform system of weights and

measures, and laws to protect the patent rights, copyrights, and trade-marks of citizens of either country in the other, and for the extradition of criminals; the adoption of a common silver coinage, to be issued by each Government, the same to be legal-tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of all of the American States; an agreement upon and recommendation for adoption to their respective Governments of a definite plan of arbitration of all questions, disputes, and differences that may now or hereafter arise between them, to the end that all difficulties and disputes between such nations may be settled and wars prevented.

A Protectorate of Samoa by the United States is earnestly desired by King Mataafa, who has formally renewed the application previously made by King Malietoa. Writing to Admiral Kimberley just before the last mail left Samoa, the King said, after expressing his determination not to prosecute the war any further: "I declare that Samoa would escape danger if the United States alone were to protect and give their support to it, and be the sole master of all Samoa, without the interference of any other Power, for in years gone by we have been endeavoring to form a strong government on the basis of protection by three Powers. In consequence Samoa has been constantly torn to pieces, and many lives have been lost, and the country has been brought down to a very low condition. On this account we are sure that a recurrence of the triple system would be useless." This declaration, and geographical considerations, all point in the same direction, but are little likely to weigh with the Conference on the subject now sitting in Berlin. Beside which, our Government does not desire the office.

The Work on the Nicaragua Canal is to be commenced this month. Mr. C. P. Treat, one of the contractors, who is now in Chicago, told a reporter last week that he had been over the whole route and had found no indications of serious engineering difficulties. He said, "The heaviest piece of work on the line is the great divide cut across the San Francisco range. The cut is to be through rock three miles long, with an average depth of 120 feet, which is the heaviest work ever undertaken." Mr. Treat believed there would be no health troubles, such as interfered with the Panama enterprise. In Nicaragua the northeast trade winds blow eight or nine months in the year, and thus drive away malaria and keep the temperature down. The engineers of the company have been there a year and a half under the most trying circumstances, and not one was seriously ill during that time. An expedition will start from the United States this week, and upon its arrival at Greytown active work will be begun.

The Rapid Accumulation of Silver Dollars in the Treasury is a fact to which a financial journal called public attention last week. It points out that whereas, on January 1 there were thirteen millions of them in the Treasury, there are now twenty-one millions. This shows that of the twelve millions coined this year, only four millions have gone into circulation. It may, therefore, be expected that the President will not avail himself of the power given him by the Allison Act, of doubling the coinage of the unpopular coin. The same journal states, on authority which it says is reliable, that there has commenced a steady and increasing return of the dollars to the sub-treasuries of the Eastern States, which indicates a still larger accumulation in the Government vaults.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now assembled in New York, reached on Friday last the critical question of co-operation with the Southern Church in the evangelization of the colored race. The question came up on the report of the conference committee jointly appointed by the two assemblies. This report recommended that the relations of the colored people in the two churches be allowed to remain in *statu quo*, the work among them to proceed on the same lines as heretofore, and that the Northern churches should agree to aid

and recommend to givers the schools and other work undertaken by the Southern Assembly, especially its Tuscaloosa Institute for the education of colored ministers. While the debate on the report was in progress in New York, telegram was received from Chattanooga, where the Southern Assembly is in session, stating that the report had passed that assembly by vote of 99 to 27. The debate was continued in the Northern Assembly, and Dr. M. Woolse Stryker, of Chicago, succeeded in getting passed by a small majority an amendment omitting from the conference report the words, "While by conceding the existing situation, it approve the policy of separate churches, presbyteries and synods, subject to the choice of the colored people themselves." With this exception the entire report on Fraternal Co-operation in Christian Work, prepared by the joint committee, was passed, and a telegram was sent to Chattanooga informing the Southern Assembly of what had been done. The question of *revising the confession of faith* came up on Friday. It was decided to ask the 216 presbyteries to report, (1) Whether revision was desired, and (2) If so, in what respect, and to what extent.

A Warm Welcome to England was tendered to Mr. Lincoln, the new United States Minister, on his arrival on May 22. Elaborate preparations had been made by the Mayor of Liverpool to give him not only a hearty reception, but a banquet. Minister Lincoln was evidently touched by the sincerity of his greeting, and, shaking hands warmly, he expressed his pleasure in meeting the Mayor and his friends. In response to an invitation to remain to the banquet proposed in his honor, Mr. Lincoln said that he regretted his inability to remain even for one night, as the railway arrangements had been made for him to go through to London at once. The Minister's party were driven in special carriages to the Northwestern station, and they left almost immediately on the afternoon express for London. On the following day he was introduced to the Marquis of Salisbury, the English Premier, and arrangements were made to visit the Queen on Saturday.

The Parnell Commission had Mr. William O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, on the witness-stand last week. He had not the command of temper that Mr. Parnell displayed, and his evidence consequently injured his cause with the court and the public. One of his statements was that the murder of the Manchester policeman—one of the most cowardly murders ever committed—was not a crime, but legitimate warfare. He also admitted the authorship of an article declaring that the chairman of the committee selected to receive the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to Ireland would be hunted from public life. At this point Mr. O'Brien became excited, and vehemently exclaimed, "He has been, and rather than allow Englishmen to be deceived by a show of sham loyalty I am resolved to tell them the truth." The worst feature of his evidence, however, and that most injurious to his country, was the statement that if it was clear that England would not satisfy the aspirations of Ireland, and if there was any rational chance of success, an attempt should be made to rebel. When it was remembered that Mr. Parnell is endeavoring to convince the court, the Parliament, and the people that Ireland would be loyal, peaceful, and contented under Home Rule, the evidence of Mr. O'Brien is most disastrous.

The Inauguration of a Pan-Slavic Crusade is threatened. The Servians propose to observe this year the five hundredth anniversary of the battle of Kossovo. In that battle the Servian monarchy was destroyed, and was not revived until, in 1878, the Berlin Congress reconstituted Servia a kingdom under King Milan. The Servian people had no spirit to take up the matter, but under his son, the new king, who has Russian blood in his veins, and is under Russian influence, the Servians once more cherish hope of recovering their old prestige and becoming the centre of a great Slavic nationality.

The Margaret Strachan Home for the friendless and fallen in West Twenty-seventh Street, New York, to which reference was made recently in these columns as being under a heavy mortgage and in need of help, has reason for thankfulness. The publicity given by the *Sun* and other journals to the merits of the institution and its needs has evoked a prompt response. Every dollar of the \$10,000 mortgage has been paid. A large truck of furniture has been sent from one of the river-towns, and quantities of second-hand clothing from Yonkers and other places. Letters of sympathy and encouragement containing remittances ranging from one dollar to fifty, gladdened the hearts of the managers, and they are now thanking God that the beneficent work is relieved from its embarrassing burdens.

A Curious Anomaly in New York Police methods is pointed out by a daily journal. It states that the police have an elaborate system for discovering the homes of lost children when they find them, but they have no plan or method for rescuing children when they are lost. The police sergeants are helpless when a parent notifies them that a child has strayed away. The idea of sending at once to the neighborhood and scouring it for news or clues of the direction the child took, or where and how it was last seen, has never occurred to our police thus far in all the years our city has been in existence. The Christian worker's difficulty differs from both those. He knows where God's lost children are, and he knows the home standing ready to receive them, but too often he cannot persuade them to seek it through the living Way. (Jer. 3:22.)

Wild Beasts on the Streets of Chicago caused a scare on May 18. Just as a circus wagon was crossing the tracks on the Chicago & Evanston Railroad a train dashed up. The engine struck the rear of the wagon and smashed it. Instantly a lion, two large wolves, and a panther leaped out through the opening, and made a break for liberty. They went in different directions, and with such speed that the circus employees lost sight of them. People on the streets fled at their approach, and for more than half an hour there was a panic in that section of the city. Eventually the lion was found crouching on the top of a pile of lumber, and with some difficulty was coaxed into an undamaged cage. Soon afterwards the other animals were traced and secured, but it was some time before the terrified people who had seen them bounding down the streets or heard their roars and howls, ventured forth from the refuges to which they betook themselves. Their alarm was very natural; but if they took a Scriptural view of their condition, they would feel still greater apprehension when they see around them indications of the presence of the great enemy of souls whose malignity is far more to be dreaded. (1 Pet. 5:8.)

Three Dangerous, Uncharted Islands Were discovered by the captain of a ship which arrived at Portland, Ore., from China, on May 20. The captain states that when twenty days out from Hong-Kong on his voyage home, he was called up from his cabin by his mate, who, in a state of great excitement, informed him that there was land right ahead. The captain told the mate he must be mistaken; there was no land in their course, and showed his chart, on which no land in that position was marked. As the mate insisted, the captain went on deck, and there, about five miles ahead, he saw three high, rocky islands, about a quarter of a mile apart, clearly defined in the moonlight. There was a good wind, and the vessel was making nine knots an hour. In a very short time she would strike the reefs. Instantly the captain ordered the ship hauled to by the wind, and sailed to the westward, just skirting the islands. It was a narrow escape, for if the night had not been clear, the vessel would have gone right on the rocks, and not a soul on board would have been saved. The islands are in a lonely part of the ocean, and, as the captain showed, are not

marked on any chart. He believes they are a very recent upheaval, and he warns other captains sailing that route to be on the look-out for them. That is only common humanity, and his warning is sure to be heeded. It is not always so, however, with warnings which are given of dangers in the voyage of life. New forms of evil and temptation, against which there is no explicit warning in the Bible, spring up with our advanced civilization, and cause the wreck of souls. Constant watchfulness and prayer are necessary to safety. (Prov. 16:17.)

A Bonnet Show in a Church in Kentucky has involved a suspension of the services for one Sunday, according to a press dispatch from Owingsville, Ky. The reporter states that no service would be held at — Church in Bath County on May 26, because of a fashionable custom which the minister wishes to break up. He says: "Annually, on the fourth Sunday in May, for many years past, it has been the habit for all the pretty women for miles around to array themselves in their best new clothing, and go to the services at — Church. By and by this rivalry among the Kentucky ladies centralized itself on bonnets. It was the particular aim of each to wear a new bonnet which would eclipse that of any of her neighbors. Thus the day came to be known as the 'bonnet show' day, and was famous through the surrounding counties." On "bonnet show day," the church would not hold all who came, and people stood outside and gazed through the windows at the congregation. The minister and officers of the church last year requested that the custom be discontinued, but no lady came in her old bonnet. The same request was issued this year, but as it was soon apparent that it would be disregarded, the minister decided to hold no services on that day. It may be hoped that so marked a reproof will lead to the discontinuance of the foolish custom. In a Christian church, of all places, the Apostolic rule for personal adornment should be observed. (1 Peter 3:3, 4.)

A Warning to Immigrants from Russia appears in a journal of St. Paul, Minn. A resident of that city recently received a letter from a Russian friend who has a business in St. Paul, but last year went on a visit to his native country. He is now in prison in Russia awaiting his trial. It appears that on his arrival at his old home he was questioned about his residence in the United States. He explained that he went to earn a living, and that, admiring our Constitution and Government, he declared his intentions of becoming a citizen, abjured his allegiance to the Czar, and had received naturalization papers. The Russian Government officials reported the case to headquarters, and an order for his arrest was promptly returned. He was accordingly seized and incarcerated. It appears that while the Washington Government does everything possible to guard and protect citizens, native or naturalized, while abroad, there is no treaty with Russia on this point, and it seems to be the case there that when a man is once a Russian he is always a Russian, and amenable to Russian laws. The case is therefore published as a warning to naturalized citizens of Russian origin against venturing into the jurisdiction of the sovereign whom they have abjured. A similar warning might advantageously be given to young Christians who, feeling safe in their Christian profession, venture back into the saloon or the theatre, or any of their old haunts. Christ is able to keep them from Satan's clutches, but their temerity may cost them suffering and remorse. (11 Peter 2:20.)

The Pursuit of Many Demons was the Excuse given by a man who attempted suicide in New York on May 21. A short time after sunrise on that day a policeman on duty near South Ferry saw a middle-aged man run out of the ferry-house and make for the sea-wall, as if to throw himself over. The policeman ran after him, and seized him before he could accomplish his purpose. After a severe struggle the policeman overpowered him, and took him to the Harbor Police Station. There the prisoner ad-

mitted that he intended suicide. He said he was an officer in the U. S. Artillery, but had left his quarters on Governor's Island because they were haunted with demons. He went to the Astor House, but there the figures on the wall-paper became devils too, and attacked him. He fled to the street, but they pursued him, and when he took refuge in the ferry-house they came after him there, and, headed by their Captain "a villainous-looking fellow whom they called Beelzebub," tried to seize him and carry him off. He said he was going to jump into the water to escape them. The poor fellow was evidently demented, and word having been sent to Governor's Island, some of his friends came and took charge of him. Though they ridiculed his fancy, it was obviously very real to the sufferer. If his mind had not been unbalanced, however, he would have realized that in committing suicide he would fall more completely into their power, rather than escape them. For those whom fiends pursue—and more people are so pursued than are conscious of it—there is but one way of escape, and that is to cry to Jesus for deliverance. (Luke 10:18, 19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Laura Bridgman, the famous blind deaf-mute, died on May 24 at South Boston, Mass. She was in her sixtieth year.

Dr. Bischoff, of Elizabeth, N. J., a graduate of Princeton Seminary, has been ordained by the Presbytery of Elizabeth, to go as a missionary to Bulgaria.

A gift of \$25,000 has been made to the Wesleyan University of Middletown, Conn., by Daniel Ayres, M. D., LL. D. It will be devoted to the endowment of a Professorship of Biology.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison on May 26 closed his six weeks' revival services at Tabernacle Church, Greenpoint, N. Y. A very large number of persons have joined the church on probation.

Rev. C. M. Murphey and Mr. W. T. Eavens, of Decatur, Ill., have just concluded revival services at Sparta, Ill. They continued three weeks, and were blessed to the conversion of nearly 500 souls.

Three interesting baptisms on profession of faith, took place in the Third Avenue Presbyterian Church, Detroit, on May 12. They were of a man aged eighty-two; his son, aged forty-seven; and his grandson, aged sixteen.

About six hundred and fifty delegates from America have announced their intention of being present at the World's Sunday-school Convention, which meets in London on July 2, and extends over the three following days.

The Turkish Grand Vizier has just given the Bible House at Constantinople permission to print 35,000 portions of the Bible in Turkish. They will include the Psalms, Proverbs, the Gospels, and Acts of the Apostles.

The Rev. Dr. W. A. Leonard, of Washington, D. C., has been chosen at the Protestant Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of Ohio as assistant Bishop to the venerable Bishop Bedell. If Bishop Bedell's resignation is accepted, Dr. Leonard will succeed to the full office.

Major Whittle's recent gospel meetings in Dundee and Stirling, Scotland, were most successful. Dr. Moxey assisted, and the interest resulting is widespread and profound. At his closing service in the Music Hall, Aberdeen, hundreds were unable to procure admission. He is shortly returning to America.

George Sexton, Ph. D., LL.D., Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Society of Science, London, is to deliver a lecture before the Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy at Key East, N. J., on the 19th of next July. His subject will be "The Folly of Atheism Intensified by Modern Discovery."

The Order of the King's Daughters hold their annual meeting this day, May 29, in the Broadway Tabernacle, corner Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, New York City. There will be a morning session for prayer and conference at 11 o'clock, led by the President, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, and an afternoon session at 3 p. m.

Mr. C. S. Mason, the Young Men's Evangelist, is holding meetings in San Francisco. They will continue through June. Eight services will be held weekly in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. A series of meetings for young people has been commenced in the First Baptist Church, after which he will hold a ten days' mission in other churches consecutively.

Rev. Wilbur F. Craits, Field Secretary of the American Sabbath Union, is planning to visit every State and Territory (except some of those recently visited) before the end of the year, to promote the observance of both the religious and the civil Sabbath, by organizing State and county and city Sabbath associations, or preparing the way for such organizations. His address is 74 East Ninetieth Street, New York.

THE GATE WIDE OPEN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be delivered." Joel 2: 32.

The Morning Star of Gospel Times—The Promise Still Holding Good—I. Something always Wanted—Deliverance From Present Trouble—From Future Trouble—In the Hour of Death—II. The Way in Which Deliverance is to be Had—By Prayer—What is Included in the Name—Power and Mercy Implied—When the Promise will be Withdrawn—III. To Whom the Promise is Made—The Afflicted—The Vicious—Preachers as Well as Sinners—People Without Good Feeling—IV. The Blessing Itself—V. The Common Neglect of It—A Pathetic Reproach.

In the worst times that can ever happen, there is still salvation for men. When day turns to night, and life becomes death, and the staff of life is broken, and the hope of man has fled, there still remains in God, in the person of His dear Son, deliverance to all those who will call upon the name of the Lord. We do not know what is to happen: reading the roll of the future, we prophesy dark things; but still this light shall always shine between the rifts of the cloud-wrack: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered."

This passage was selected by the apostle at Pentecost to be set in its place as a sort of

Morning Star of Gospel Times.

When the Spirit was poured out upon the servants and the handmaids, and sons and daughters began to prophesy, it was clear that the wondrous time had come, which had been foretold so long before. Then Peter, as he preached his memorable sermon, told the people, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved;" thus giving a fuller and yet more evangelical meaning to the word "delivered." "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered" from sin, death, and hell—shall, in fact, be so delivered as to be, in divine language, "saved"—saved from the guilt, the penalty, the power, of sin, saved from the wrath to come. These gospel times are still the happy days in which "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I have nothing to do but to tell you over again the old, old story of infinite mercy come to meet infinite sin—of free grace come to lead free will into a better line of things—of God Himself appearing to undo man's ruin wrought by man, and to lift him up by a great deliverance. May the Holy Spirit graciously aid me while I shall talk to you very simply, thus:

I. First, there is

Something Always Wanted.

That something is deliverance, or "salvation." *It is always wanted.* It is the requisite of man, wherever man is found. As long as there are men on the face of the earth, there will always be a need of salvation.

Dear friends, while we mingle only with those who are saved, we forget how much need there is still of a divine salvation. If we could go through London, into its dens and slums, we should think very differently of human need from what we do when we simply come from our own quiet domestic circle, and step into our pew and hear a sermon. The world is still sick and dying. The world is still corrupting and rotting. The world is a ship in which the water is rising fast, and the vessel is going down into the deep of destruction. God must step in, and bring deliverance, or there remains no hope.

Some want deliverance from present trouble. If you are in this need now through very sore distress, I invite you to take my text as your guide, and believe that "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." Depend upon it, in any form of distress, physical, mental, or whatever it may be, prayer is wonderfully available. "Call upon me," says God, "in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." If you are so down at the heel that your foot is on the bare pavement; if you have come to this place in bodily sickness, and feel as if you should die on

the seat in which you sit; if there be no physician to help you, and no friend to stretch out a generous hand, call upon God, I beseech you. You have come to the end of men; you are now at the beginning of God. See whether your Maker will forget you. See whether the great, generous heart of God does not still beat tenderly towards the sorrowful and the afflicted.

This is true whenever you come into a position of deep personal distress, even though it should not be of a physical kind. When you do not know how to act, but are bewildered and at your wits' end, when wave of trouble has followed wave of trouble till you are like the sailor in the storm, who reels to and fro, and staggers like a drunken man; if now you cannot help yourself, call upon God, call upon God.

The text holds good concerning deliverance

From Future Troubles.

What is to happen in the amazing future we do not know. Whatever is to happen according to the Word of God—if the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood—if God shall show great wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood and fire and pillars of smoke, yet remember that though you will then assuredly want deliverance, deliverance will still be near at hand. The star Wormwood may fall, but we shall be saved if we call upon the name of the Lord. Plagues may be poured out, trumpets may sound, and judgments may follow one another as quickly as the plagues of Egypt, but "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." When the need of deliverance shall apparently increase, the abundance of salvation shall increase with it.

Yes, and when you come to die, when to you the sun has turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, this text ensures deliverance in the last dread hour. Call upon the name of the Lord, and you shall be saved. Amid the pains of death, and the gloom of departure, you shall enjoy a glorious visitation, which shall turn darkness into light, and sorrow into joy. When you wake up amid the realities of the eternal future there will be

Nothing for You to Dread

in resurrection, or judgment, or in the yawning mouth of hell. If you have called upon the name of the Lord, you shall still be delivered. Stands the promise firm, whatever may be hidden in the great roll of the future; God cannot deny Himself; He will deliver those who call upon His name.

What is wanted, then, is salvation; and I do think, beloved brethren, that you and I who preach the Word, and long to save souls, must very often go over this grand old truth about salvation to the guilty, deliverance to all who call upon the name of the Lord. Sometimes we talk to friends about the higher life, about attaining to very high degrees of sanctity; and all this is very proper and very good; but still the great fundamental truth is, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Get where you may, however high your experience, be what you may, however great your usefulness, you will always want to come back to the same ground upon which the poorest and weakest of hearts must stand, and claim to be saved by almighty grace, through simply calling upon the name of the Lord.

II. Now, secondly, let us attentively observe the way in which this

Deliverance is to be Had.

Is not the most obvious sense of this language prayer? Are we not brought to the Lord by a prayer which trusts in God—by a prayer which asks God to give the deliverance that is needed, and expects to have it from the Lord, as a gift of grace? It amounts to much the same thing as that other word, "Believe and live;" for how shall they call on Him of whom they have not heard? And if they have heard, yet vain is their calling if they have not believed as well as heard. But to "call on the name of the Lord" is briefly to pray a believing prayer, to cry to God for His help, and to leave yourself in His hands. This is very simple, is it not?

What a suitable way of salvation it is to those who feel that they can do nothing! Ah, dear hearts! if we had to preach to them a very difficult and elaborate salvation, they would perish. They have not the mind, some of them, to follow our directions if they were at all intricate; and they have not enough hope to venture upon anything that looks at all difficult. But if it be true that "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved," this method is simple and available, and they catch at it. He can pray to God who

Can Do Nothing Else.

Thank God, he need not want to do anything else; for if he can call for help, he gets deliverance, and, in that deliverance, he gets all that he will ever want between this place and heaven.

The text, however, contains within it a measure of specific instruction. We read, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord." Now, by the word "name" we understand the person, the character, of the Lord. The more, then, you know about the Lord, and the better you know His name, the more intelligently will you call upon that name. If you know His power, you will call upon that power to help you. If you know His mercy, you will call upon Him in His grace to save you. But, little as you may know, call on Him according to the little you do know. Cast yourself upon Him, whether your trouble be external or internal; but especially if it be internal, if it be the trouble of sin, if it be the burden of guilt, if it be a load of horror and fear because of wrath to come, call upon the name of the Lord, for you shall be delivered.

Dear friends, I speak to some whom I know to be now present, who are

Under Severe Trial.

You dare not look up. You seem to be given up; at any rate you have given yourself up; and yet, I pray you, call upon the name of the Lord. You cannot perish praying; no one has ever done so. If you could perish praying, you would be a new wonder in the universe. A man calling on God, and rejected of God!—the supposition is not to be endured. There will come a day—but that is not now—there will come a day in the next state when He will say, "I called, but ye refused;" but it is not so now. While there is life there is hope.

I recollect a time when, if I had heard a sermon on this subject, putting it plainly to me, I should have leaped into comfort and light in a single moment. Is it not such a time with you? I thought I must do something, I must be something, I must in some way prepare myself for the mercy of God. I did not know that a calling upon God, a trusting myself in His hand, an invocation of His sacred name, would bring me to Christ, the Saviour. But so it stands, and happy indeed was I when I found it out. *Heaven is given away.* Salvation may be had for the asking.

The People Delivered.

III. Now I come to notice, in the third place, the people to whom this promise and this deliverance will be given. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be delivered." According to the connection, the people had been greatly afflicted—afflicted beyond all precedent, afflicted to the very brink of despair; but, the Lord said, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Go down to the hospital. You may select, if you please, the hospital which deals with the effects of vice. In that house of misery you may stand at each bed and say, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." You may then hasten to the jail. You may stop at every door of every cell, yes, even at the grating of the condemned cell, if there lie men and women there given up to death, and you may with safety say to each one, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered."

I know what the Pharisees will say—"If you preach this, men will go on in sin." It has always been so, that the great mercy of God has been turned by some into a reason for continuing in sin; but God (and this is the wonder

of it) has never restricted His mercy because of that. It must have been a terrible provocation of Almighty grace when men have perverted His mercy into an excuse for sin, but the Lord has never even taken the edges off from His mercy because men have misused it: He has still made it stand out bright and clear: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Still He cries, "Turn and live." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

Yes, but there were some, according to Joel, who had the Spirit of God poured out upon them. What about them? Were they saved by that? Oh, no!

Those Who Had the Spirit

of God so that they dreamed dreams and saw visions, yet had to come to the palace of mercy by this same gate of believing prayer—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Ah, poor souls! you say to yourselves, "If we were deacons of churches, if we were pastors, oh, then we should be saved!" You do not know anything about it: church officers are no more saved by their office than you are by being without office. We owe nothing to our official position in this matter of salvation; in fact, we may owe our damnation to our official standing unless we look well to our ways. We have no preference over you plain folks. I do assure you I am quite happy to take your hand, whoever you may be, and come to Christ on the same footing as yourself.

Also, there were some upon whom the Spirit of God did not fall. They did not speak with tongues, nor prophesy the future, nor work miracles; but though they did none of these marvels, yet it stood true to them—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." What though no supernatural gift was bestowed, though they saw no vision, and could not speak with tongues, they called upon the name of the Lord, and they were saved. There is the same way of salvation for the little as well as for the great, for the poorest and most obscure as well as for those that are strong in faith, and lead the hosts of God to the battle.

"Ah," says another, "but I have

No Good Feelings

I would give all that I have to possess a broken heart. I wish I could even feel despair, but I am hard as a stone." I have been told that sorrowful story many times, and it almost always happens that those who most mourn their want of feeling are those who feel most acutely. Their hearts are like hell-hardened steel, so they say; but it is not true. But if it were true, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Do you think that the Lord wants you to give yourself a new heart first, and that then He will save you? My dear soul, you are saved when you have a new heart, and you do not want Him to save you then, since you are saved. Come without any good feeling. Come just as you are. Come, you that are like a frozen iceberg, that have nothing about you whatever, but that which chills and repels; come and call upon the name of the Lord, and you shall be saved.

IV. I want you to dwell for a minute upon

The Blessing Itself.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." I need not say much about it because I have already expounded it. It is a very good rule, when a man makes you a promise, to understand it in the narrowest sense. It is fair to him that you should do so. Let him interpret it liberally, if he pleases, but he is actually bound to give you no more than the bare terms his promise will imply. Now, it is a rule which all God's people may well practice, always to understand God's promises in the largest possible sense. If the words will bear a bigger construction than at the first sight they naturally suggest to you, you may put the larger construction upon them. "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask

or even think." Come, then, if you are the subject of the judgments of God; if you believe that God's hand has visited you on account of sin, call upon Him, and He will deliver you both from the judgment, and from the guilt that brought the judgment—from the sin, and from that which follows the sin.

The Fret and Trouble.

And if your case should be different, if you are a child of God, and you are in trouble, and that trouble eats into your spirit, and causes you daily wear of spirit and tear of heart—call upon the Lord. He can take away from you the fret and the trouble too. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." You may have to bear the trouble, but it shall be so transformed as to be rather a blessing than an evil, and you shall fall in love with your cross, since the nature of it has been changed.

If sin be the great cause of your present trouble, and that sin has brought you into bondage to evil habits, if you have been a drunkard, and do not know how to learn sobriety, if you have been unchaste, and have become entangled in vicious connections, call upon God, and He can break you away from the sin, and set you free from all its entanglements. He can cut you loose tonight with the great sword of His grace, and make you a free man. Only call upon the name of the Lord! Call upon the name of the Lord, and you shall be delivered. Yes, and I repeat what I said just now. If you have come under the power of disease, if you are near to die, if already death has written his name legibly upon your body, and you are afraid of death and hell, yet call upon the name of the Lord, and you shall be delivered at this last moment.

V. In conclusion, I must remind you of one mournful thought. Let me warn you of

The Sadly Common Neglect

of this blessing. You would think that everybody would call upon the name of the Lord; but read the text, "For in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said." It shall be there as the Lord hath said. Will they not have it then? Notice! "And in the remnant whom the Lord shall call." It seems to shrivel me up altogether, that word "remnant." What! Will they not come? Are they madmen? Will they not come? No, only a remnant; and even that remnant will not call upon the name of the Lord until first God calls them by His grace. This is almost as great a wonder as the love which so graciously invites them. Could even devils behave worse? If they were invited to call upon God, and be saved, would they refuse?

Unhappy business! The way is plain, but "few there be that find it." After all the preaching, and all the invitation, and the illimitable breadth of the promise, yet all that are saved are contained "in

The Remnant

whom the Lord shall call." Is not our text an invitation; the setting open of the door, yea, the lifting of the door from off its hinges, that it never might be shut? And yet "broad is the gate, and wide is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat." There they come, streams of them, hurrying impatiently, rushing down to death and hell—yes, eagerly panting, hurrying, dashing against one another to descend to that awful gulf from which there is no return! This is all that sovereign mercy rescues after all—a remnant, and that remnant only because the arm of the Lord is revealed, and a miraculous power exerted upon their wills.

This is the misery of it, that the guilty are not willing to be parted from their sins. They will not seek that which alone is their life, their joy, their salvation. They prefer hell to heaven, sin to holiness. Never spake the Master a word which observation more clearly proves than when He said, "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life." Jesus cries, "Ye search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me; but ye will not come to Me, that ye might

have life." You will do anything rather than come to Jesus. You stop short of calling upon Him. O my dear hearers, do not let it be so with you! Many of you are saved; I beseech you, intercede for those who are not saved. Oh, that the unconverted among you may be moved to pray. Before you leave this place, breathe an earnest prayer to God, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner. Lord, I need to be saved. Save me. I call upon Thy name." Join with me in prayer at this moment, I entreat you.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A BUSINESS MAN'S DELIVERANCES.*

SHORTLY after accepting Christianity I began to notice peculiar incidents in my business. Mistakes and accidents which at first seemed disastrous, resulted to my advantage. These occurrences happened so often that it seemed impossible that they could be mere coincidences. It seemed as if someone was silently guiding and guarding my business. It dawned upon me at last that this was the divine help referred to in the passage: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths." (Prov. 3:6.)

One day in my office about two hundred pounds of the plaster fell from the ceiling. At a desk directly under the break, a young girl sat every working day for six months. Five minutes before the crash, an emergency had arisen which necessitated sending her out on an errand. She had never before been asked to perform an errand. If she had been in her seat, that heavy two-inch plaster would undoubtedly have crushed her skull. I believe God produced the emergency that saved her life.

May 1st, needing a place for large work, I rented another room for a year. Five months afterward, when I handed in a cheque as usual for the month's rent, I was told I could not have the place any longer. The landlord repudiated the verbal lease. I said, "All right," and gave up the place. I decided not to procure another place until another contract for large work came in. From the time that cheque was refused until the following May, I did not have a single order for large work. I did not need the room. That landlord's rascally repudiation of the lease saved me seven months' rent. "All things work together for good to those who love God." (Rom. 8:28.)

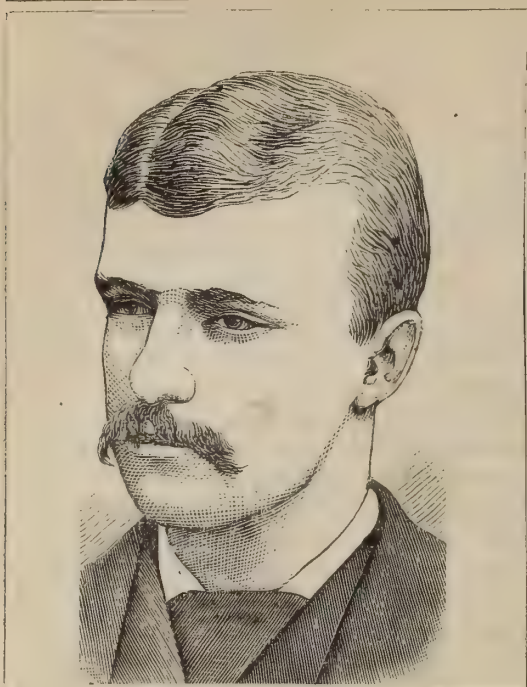
At a Banner-Raising.

During the last campaign we had an order for a banner to be swung on the occasion of a political meeting. It was delivered at 6 o'clock, but could not be hung because of a net-work of telegraph wires in front of the club-room. The sign-hangers on the roofs endeavored to pull the wires apart, but without avail. The club-room was lighted up. The crowd began to assemble. If the banner was not up soon it would not be accepted. That meant a loss of \$150. The band arrived. The sign-hangers renewed their efforts. It was no use. Failure stared us in the face. At this juncture, we saw passing on the other side of the street two men who, we thought, might help us. We hailed them and told our predicament. They were telegraphic linemen with their spurs on. They mounted the poles, cut the dead wires, separated the live ones and the banner was swung. Nothing on earth but linemen could have saved us. There they were! How did they happen to be there? "I am with thee to deliver thee!"

A Change of Investments.

For six years I held stock in a California vineyard. As no dividends had been declared, I wrote inquiring the reason. The answer was, "The cultivation of grapes does not pay. But you may now expect large dividends. We are about to start a distillery." A distillery! This was certainly not a suitable enterprise for a Christian. I sold the stock and asked the Lord where to place the money. The answer came—that is, what I considered to be the answer. Six

* From "God in Business." By H. J. Latham. A book full of instances in which God has interfered in answer to prayer to rescue His servants from difficulties which menaced them with ruin. Published by *The American News Company*, Chambers Street, New York.



Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.



Incidents of the Famine in China, by a Chinese Artist.



lots were just then offered to me. I bought them. Within a week I heard that they were sold at a profit of \$150.

The following Sunday evening at a church meeting I handed to a city missionary \$15, the proportion of the profit which God claims as His share. I mention this to bring out another fact. The missionary arose and said: "Friends, this afternoon I was in deep distress. I had many calls upon me for help; but I had no money. I asked God what I should do. I opened my Bible. Before my eyes were these words: 'The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble, send thee *help from the sanctuary*.' (Ps. 20:1, 2.) To-night in this meeting, *this sanctuary*, I have received the money I needed. During my Christian experience I have had hundreds of answers as unmistakable as this."

A few days after this meeting I was surprised to hear that the sale of these lots was off. The purchaser had paid a deposit on them, but had backed out, and had received his deposit back from the agent. What did this mean? Had God's plans miscarried? Was this theory of Divine help, after all, but a delusion? These thoughts were banished as they arose. I decided to trust in God and wait. I waited for two months only, when another purchaser came along, and bought four lots at a profit of \$200. Recapitulation: \$700 in a vineyard for six years without a dividend. In two months, under God's direction, turned at a profit of \$200, and two lots left. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." (Ps. 107:8.)

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

Newly Appointed Civil Service Commissioner.

In appointing Mr. Roosevelt to the third place on the Civil Service Commission, the President has shown a praiseworthy desire to give the much-abused system fair play. Mr. Roosevelt has been an enthusiastic advocate of it, all through his career, and can be trusted to do his utmost to promote its practical operation. There can be no question as to the wisdom of enforcing the law. Its friends desire nothing more, and if its enemies believe in Gen. Grant's dictum, that "the most effectual way of getting rid of a bad law is to enforce it," they, too, must wish to see it operated. That is what all will see under the new commissioner.

Mr. Roosevelt is one of the most prominent of the younger generation of the Republican party. He is thirty-one years of age, having been born in 1858 in the city of New York. He studied at Harvard, and graduated in 1880. The next year he was elected to the State Assembly.

His party was then in a minority in that body, but Mr. Roosevelt was not discouraged on that account. He made a vigorous resistance to the many corrupt jobs that were introduced, and he had the satisfaction in several instances of receiving support from conscientious men on the Democratic side, as well as of his own party.

Mr. Roosevelt was a delegate to the National Convention of 1884. There he advocated the nomination of Senator Edmunds, and earnestly warned the Convention of the defeat that the party would suffer if it nominated Mr. Blaine. His warning was not heeded. Mr. Blaine was nominated, and Mr. Roosevelt's prediction was fulfilled. It is worthy of note, however, that though Mr. Roosevelt strongly opposed the nomination, his opposition to the candidate ceased when the nomination was made. In 1886 Mr. Roosevelt was nominated for Mayor of New York. He was then only twenty-eight years of age, and his nomination for so important an office showed how high the young man stood in the esteem of his party. It was the year of Mr. George's candidacy, and the fear of his succeeding caused many Republicans to rush to the support of Mr. Hewitt, who had the best chance of being elected. Mr. Hewitt's plurality over Mr. Roosevelt was consequently nearly 30,000. Mr. Roosevelt bore his defeat with good grace, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing how bitterly the city regretted its choice. It was two years before the mistake could be remedied. Mr. Roosevelt was not then a candidate, but the city gave an unequivocal verdict on his successful rival's conduct in office by its vote. Mr. Hewitt was relegated to obscurity by a plurality for his opponent of over 42,000. Since 1885 Mr. Roosevelt has spent most of his time on his ranch in Dakota.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA.

(See Illustrations.)

In previous numbers of this journal some accounts have been published of the widespread suffering now afflicting the people of China. On this page are two illustrations intended to give pictorial representation of incidents of the famine. The artist who sketched them is a Chinaman, and followed the rules of perspective observed in his native land. To Western eyes they do not answer the purpose that illustrations usually serve, of rendering the text more impressive. The first panel is supposed to represent a mandarin distributing relief to the starving poor. The second panel is more expressive; a Chinese husband and father is carrying his dead child to the tomb, while the corpse of its mother lies on a bier in the background.

A district of 6,000 square miles has been so

devastated by the floods, that at the lowest estimate 1,500,000 men, women, and children are now reduced to the verge of starvation. In many parts the people manage to subsist on the shrubs and grass growing on the hills, but when that supply is exhausted, unless relief is speedily afforded from without, the greater part of this great multitude must inevitably perish. In not a few districts the wheat, though sown, never will be reaped, for the people are dragging up the roots and eating them to satisfy their craving for food. Many are committing suicide to escape death by starvation. Famine fever is also raging in many places.

A MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTY.

(See Illustration on page 349.)

At the little country railroad station of Churchville, one moonlight night, a tall, graceful girl of some twenty years was walking leisurely up and down the platform. At each turn she looked expectantly up the track, but no sign of an approaching train was to be seen. There was no one on the platform, and there was little probability of any one coming until the incoming train discharged some of its passengers, so the girl seated herself on a little baggage-truck to rest while she waited. She had scarcely done so, when a gentleman in shooting costume sauntered out of the ticket-office. The girl rose to her feet, but apparently recognizing the newcomer, sat down again, and he came up to the truck and greeted her cordially.

"The ticket agent told me you were here, Lizzie," he said. "I was very glad, for my train will be half an hour late, I hear. You are waiting for uncle, I suppose, so we can help each other to kill the time."

"Or improve it," was the reply. "You do not need any help to kill it, I think, Claude, if I may judge by your coming down here so often. This is where you do nothing but kill time—and birds, too, I suppose. Dear Claude! what is wrong? I am only your cousin, and ever so much younger than you; but perhaps I could help you. Why does Louie write such doleful letters? and why do you spend your time at your father's place, instead of being at home with her? I am not inquisitive, but if things are wrong, I should be so glad to help you both."

"You are a good girl, Lizzie, and I know you mean well; but I think the trouble is beyond your power. Yes, I do not mind admitting to you that things are going wrong. Early days, is it not, to admit that? We have been married but little more than a year."

"I don't know. I have heard that it is the time when difficulties generally come. Later on you may understand each other better."

"I think not in our case. Well, I will tell you about it. It will be well, perhaps, to have some one's opinion, and I would rather take yours than that of any one else. You are a good Christian girl, and will not make matters worse."

The young man leaned on the guard of the truck and spoke in a low tone, while the girl listened attentively. "The difficulty—or I may as well say at once, the estrangement—between Louie and me, for it amounts to that, arose out of my being a poor man, with the necessity of earning a livelihood. When I returned from our wedding trip my work was in arrear, and to complicate things, my partner was down sick, and had quite a long illness. Of course I had to work hard to keep things going, and was at the office early and late. Louie grew discontented, complained of being left so much alone, doubted whether it was really work that kept me, thought I ought to get another partner, or do something to enable me to spend more time at home. I tried to explain, tried to impart some of my own ambition, did all I could, in short, to make her see that I was doing the wisest and best thing for us both. But it was useless. She grew querulous, and more and more discontented. Then she had trouble with the hired girls, and that made matters worse. When I got home at night, tired and weary, I had to listen first to the complaints about my being late, and then to a list of worries that seemed paltry compared with my own, and—"

"And then you were impatient and snubbed her, I suppose," Lizzie interjected.

"Yes, I am ashamed to say I often used rough words, for I was irritable with over-work. Then it went on until I felt a repugnance for home, and when I might have gone early I did not go, and when I could spare a half day off, I have come down here for a little amusement instead of taking Louie out. That is an outline of the case, as we lawyers say. You can easily fill it in. Does it strike you as one that you could deal with?"

"Let me put a question, Claude. Have you kept up your Christian habits through it all? Do you ask God's help and direction as you used to do?"

"Well, no, Lizzie. I could not. When we had been quarrelling, and I was mortified by being betrayed into using hard words to Louie, I was not in the mood for prayer. I am shocked to think how long it is since I prayed. But if the home trouble were removed I should get back to it."

"That is the key to the difficulty, Claude. Do not wait for the trouble to disappear. If you had taken it to God in the beginning, it would have vanished before this. If you had prayed regularly and earnestly, both alone and with Louie, He would have helped you bear one another's burdens. It is not too late now; why not try?"

The young man hesitated. "It is hard to get back, Lizzie," he said.

"Yes, but every day will make it harder, and perhaps the trouble will grow too bad for healing."

"That's so," he said. "I believe you are right. At any rate, it is the only way. Yes, I will try."

They rose and shook hands as the belated train steamed into the station. Claude thoughtfully took his seat in the car, while Lizzie walked



The Husband States His Case.

homeward with her father. The next day a letter went to the discontented wife from her Christian friend, delicately counselling her in the same tone as that already used to the husband, and a breach that might eventually have gone to the divorce court for settlement, was healed by the remedy which is efficacious in all troubles—the appeal to God for help.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 335.)

In Salt Lake City.

It would be impossible for me to describe my feelings at that time. Even while I was enchanted with the glorious prospect before me, there arose again in my mind the haunting spectre of my existence as a woman, wife, and mother. I believed that this little earthly paradise would probably be to me, and my daughters after me, a prison-house, and with a mother's instinct I shuddered as I thought of what they might be destined to suffer there. Lovely as the scene was, there was a fatal shadow overhanging it all. Then, too, there was no escape; if the sad forebodings of my heart were realized, it would be utterly impossible for us ever to get away. The idea of a railway being constructed across those desert plains and rocky mountains never for a moment entered my mind, and even had I thought it possible, I should have supposed that it would take a life-time to complete. No; there was no help for me, even if it came to the worst. I felt that my doom was sealed; and there were many women in our company who thought just the same as I did, and who were troubled at heart with fears as sad as mine.

My first impressions of Salt Lake City when we began life there were anything but pleasant—we had to "rough it." For nearly two weeks we were obliged to remain in our wagons, as it was quite impossible to obtain house-room. At that time each family built their own little hut,

and there were no vacant houses to let. The weather was now growing very cold and wintry, and it was absolutely necessary that we should have some better shelter than the wagons afforded. One day my husband told me, when he came home, that he had been offered a house which belonged to the Church. It was in a very dilapidated condition, he said, but that if I would go and look at it with him, he could then decide about taking it. No time was to be lost, for companies of emigrants were coming in almost daily, and if we neglected this chance we might not find another.

When we arrived at the house I was much discouraged at seeing the condition it was in; the window-panes were all cracked or broken out, the floors and walls looked as if they had never known soap or paint, and the upper rooms had no ceilings; in fact, it was not fit for any civilized Christian to live in. In point of size there was nothing to complain of, but of comfort or convenience there was none—the wind whistled through every door and every cracked window; and altogether it presented anything but a cheering prospect for winter. My husband told me that Daniel H. Wells, who was superintendent of Church property, and also one of the First Presidency of the Church, had promised him that if we took the house it should be repaired and made fit for living in before winter fully set in; and under

the circumstances we thought we could do no better than accept his offer.

Thus we began housekeeping in Utah, and we unpacked our trunks and tried to give the place as home-like an appearance as we possibly could. I had known what it was to be in a strange country and destitute; and, therefore, benefiting by experience, when I left New York, regardless of the teachings of the elders and of my own husband's directions to the contrary, I had secretly stowed away many little necessities towards housekeeping. Indeed, had I not done so we should have been as badly off when we reached Utah as when we arrived in New York. Besides which, I have no doubt that our wagons would have been filled with the trunks of those very brethren who counselled us not to take more than was absolutely necessary. The brethren who gave this counsel were, I noticed, constantly purchasing, while they advised every one else to sell, and I thought it *wiser to follow their example than their precepts*.

Among my treasures was some carpet, and when that was laid down and the stove put up we began to feel almost at home. The wind, however, soon drove away all thoughts of comfort, for it came whistling in through a thousand undetected crevices, and the tallow candles which we were obliged to burn presented a woful spectacle. Even the most wealthy, then, had no other light than candles, and every family had to make their own. I have often seen people burning a little melted grease with a bit of cotton rag stuck in the middle for a wick—how pleasant the smell, and how brilliant the light thus produced, can be imagined. Everything was upon the same scale—and to keep house in any fashion was really a formidable undertaking, especially to those who had been accustomed to the conveniences of large towns. I believe that many Mormon women consented to their husbands taking other wives for the sake of getting some assistance in their home duties.

We spent nearly all the first evening in our new house in trying to discover some means of keeping out the storm, but to little purpose. Nearly a fortnight passed before anyone came to see about repairing the house, but as it belonged to the Church, my husband seemed to think it must be all right. The Mormon men are always very lenient towards "the Church" very much more so than the Mormon women, for the latter have somehow got mixed up in their minds the idea that Brigham Young and "the Church" are synonymous terms. I remember, one day, a good young sister—a daughter of one of the twelve Apostles—saying to me, "I have just seen the Church," and when I asked her what she meant, she said, "I have just met Brigham Young and Hiram Clawson, and are they not the Church?" It was evident to me that others besides myself sometimes gave way to wicked thoughts. Nevertheless I was still of opinion that "the Church" had plenty of money, and ought to have repaired the house.

One day a man whom I had never seen before called upon me, and asked what repairs I should like done. I was not feeling very well, and had been annoyed at the delay, and I answered rather ungraciously that I should like anything done, if it were only done at once, for I thought we had waited long enough. He answered me very politely, and said that he would see to it immediately. When Mr. Stenhouse returned home in the evening, he said, "So you have had a visit from President Wells." "No," I said, "there has been no one here but a carpenter—an ugly man with a cast in his eye, and I told him that I wanted the house fixed right away." "Why, that was President Wells," he said, very much shocked; and I think I felt as bad as he did when I realized that I had treated one of the "First Presidency" so unceremoniously.

This Daniel H. Wells, besides being an apostle, a counsellor of Brigham Young, and one of the three "Presidents" who shared with Brigham the first position in the Church, and were associated with him in all his official acts, was Lieutenant-General of the Nauvoo Legion, and was for some years Mayor of Salt Lake City. It was a shocking indiscretion, to say the least, to speak slightly of such a high and mighty personage. The repairs, however, were seen to, and the house rendered a little more habitable. We had now to begin the struggle of life afresh, and could not afford to be too particular about trifles; to obtain shelter was something—for the rest we must still continue to hope.

At its first settlement the Mormon colony in Salt Lake City had to contend with all these difficulties, and submit to all those privations which beset the path of all new settlers in a strange country. Until very shortly before our arrival the greater number of the dwellings were small and low, like so many little huts, and not unfrequently you might see a row of these huts, with one window and a door to each, and inside a wife, a bedstead, two chairs, and a table—with poverty to crown the whole. But even then might be seen in the laying out of the streets, and in the other arrangements, the germs of a great city. The roadways were broad, and the sidewalks convenient, and provision was made—more with an eye to the future than to present necessity—for a great depth in the measurement of the houses and blocks. Down the sides of the streets flowed a sparkling stream—the water of which was brought from the mountains for the purpose of irrigating the gardens in the city; and, as far as they possibly could, the settlers marked out and planned a capital worthy of that name for the Mormon people.

When I arrived in Salt Lake City a great many improvements had been effected; and expecting, as I did, that this would be our future home for many years, perhaps for life, I was interested in everything I saw. But even then, in merely taking a walk about the city, I met with evidences of the degrading teachings of Mormonism. I

saw that little deference was paid to the women; they were rudely jostled at the crossings, and seemed to be generally uncared for. Since the completion of the railway, and the consequent influx of Gentiles, this of course, has not been so noticeable.

The city is built on a slope formed by a bend in the mountain range. Brigham Young's house stood on the northern side, and had a commanding prospect. The tabernacle and tithing-office are in the same street. The tabernacle is a plain-looking building, entirely devoid of any architectural beauty. It stands in the block where the temple, which has now been building for the last forty years, is waiting to be finished. About forty years ago Brigham wrote to Orson Spencer, the President of the Mormon Church in England, urging him to "gather up as much tithing as he possibly could, for glass, nails, paint, &c., to assist in building up the Temple of the Lord in the valley of the Great Salt Lake." A large sum of money was collected, and millions of dollars have been raised by tithing and by other means, but during Brigham's lifetime there was no one with courage and authority sufficient to demand of him an account of those funds, and the interest and compound interest which should be accruing.

The first Sunday I went to the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City I could not help noticing the way in which some of the sisters were dressed. Quite a number wore sun-bonnets, but the majority wore curious and diverse specimens of the milliner's art—relics of former days. Some wore a little tuft of gauze and feathers on the top of the head, while others had helmets of extraordinary size. As for the dresses, they were as diversified as the bonnets. Some of them presented a rather curious spectacle. I noticed two young women who sat near me; they were dressed alike in green calico sun-bonnets, green calico skirts, and pink calico sacks. On inquiring who they were, I was told that they were the wives of one man, and had both been married to him on the same day, so that neither could claim precedence of the other. Outside of Utah such a thing would seem utterly impossible; but so many of the young girls at that time came out without father or mother or anyone else to guide them; and left to their own inexperience and afraid to disobey "counsel," it is no wonder that they soon yielded to the universal custom.

The two young women whom I have mentioned did not appear to me to be overburdened with intelligence; they looked like girls who could be made to believe anything; but after that I met with two well-educated women who, like these foolish girls, thoughtlessly tried the experiment of two or more marrying the same man on the same day, agreeing with their "lord" that that would be the best possible way to preserve peace in their household. But they were terribly mistaken; and even before the marriage-day was over, the poor bewildered husband had to fly to Young for counsel.

The tabernacle services seemed to me as strange as the women. There was no regular order in conducting the proceedings, but the prominent brethren made prayers or "sermons" as they were called upon to do so. The "sermons" would be more properly called speeches; they are nothing but a rambling, disconnected glorification of the Saints, interspersed with fearful denunciations of the Gentiles, and not unfrequently a good sprinkling of words and expressions such as are never used in decent society. As for the spirituality and devotional feeling which characterized our meetings in England, they were only conspicuous by their absence, and many Mormon Saints have told me that when they first went there, before the erection of the great organ, the free-and-easy manners of the speakers, and the brass band which was stationed in front of the platform, made them feel as if they had come to witness a show rather than to attend a religious meeting.

There was one lady at the tabernacle service whom I regarded with considerable interest.

This was no other than Eliza R. Snow, the first wife of President Brigham Young. Her principal occupation at the present time is converting rebellious wives to obedience to their husbands, and convincing young girls that it is their duty to enter into a condition of life similar to her own. Unhappy husbands derive great consolation from her counsels. In matters of religion she is a perfect fanatic, but in connection with the Female Relief Society she reigns supreme; and I could tell of many acts of loving-kindness and self-denial which she has performed. As the chief poet of the Mormon Church, and as the Representative of Eve in the mysteries of the Endowment House, she enjoys more renown than any other woman among the Saints.

Another singular Mormon lady is "Aunt Shearer." She is in every respect a unique specimen of womanhood—tall and angular, with cold yet eager gray eyes; a woman of great volubility, and altogether grim looking and strong minded. She was an early disciple, and is said to have sacrificed everything for Mormonism. Like the others, she is called "Mrs." and I suppose there is or was a Mr. Shearer somewhere, but upon that point she is very reticent. Her little lonely hut is fitted with innumerable curiosities and little knick-knacks, which some people are forever hoarding away in the belief that they will come into use some day. She is a woman that one could not easily forget. She wears a muslin cap with a very wide border flapping in the wind under a comical-looking hood, and is easily recognized by her old yellow marten-fur cape and enormous muff; her dress, which is of her own spinning and weaving, is but just wide enough, and its length could never inconvenience her. Add to these personal ornaments a stout pair of brogues, and you will see before you "Aunt Shearer," one of the Prophet's spiritual wives.

Marriages contracted by the Gentiles, or by Mormons in accordance with Gentile institutions, are not considered binding by the Saints. That was partly the cause of my indignation, and the indignation of many another wife and mother. We were told that we had never been married at all, and that our husbands and our children were not lawfully ours: surely that was enough to excite the indignation of any wife, whatever her faith might be. For a marriage to be valid, it must be solemnized in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, or the persons contracting it can never expect to be husband and wife in eternity. Should the husband die before he reaches Utah, and if the wife loves him sufficiently well to wish to be his in eternity—when she arrives in Salt Lake City, if she receives an offer of marriage from one of the brethren, and does not object to him as a second husband in this world, she will make an agreement with him that she will be his wife for time, but that in eternity she and all her children shall be handed over to the first husband. She is then called a "proxy."

"Spiritual" wives consist of old ladies who have plenty of money or property, which of course needs looking after; and generous elders marry them, and accordingly "look after" the said property with much industry, and the owner of it becomes the elder's *spiritual* wife. She will only be his *real* wife in eternity.

(To be Continued).

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for May:

Three Days' Prophetic Conference in Melbourne, Australia. Stars and Prophecy. By W. Appleford. Prophetic Lectures at Birmingham. Historical Fulfilment of the Fourth Trumpet. Prophetic Lectures at Brighton. Primary 2,345 Years from Ezra's Reforms in Nisan, B. C. 457 to Nisan A. D., 1889. Coming and Kingdom of the Lord Jesus. Will General Boulanger be the French Caesar (Gallos Kaiser) of Scripture Prophecy. Antichrist's Future Acting; Described in Dan. II 21-45. Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for June 9, Mark 15: 1-20. Golden Text, John 19: 6.

The Deliverer Bound—Pilate's Question—The Clumsy Evasion—An Attempt to Avoid Responsibility—The Count of Threatening to Destroy the Temple Dropped—A Charge Capital under Roman Law Needed—Accused of Sedition—Christ's Kingdom Defined by Himself—His Mission Declared—He Came as a Witness to Truth—Pilate and Herod Declare Him Not Guilty—A Choice between the Saviour and a Robber—Pilate's Weakness—Afraid of Offending Cæsar—Water that Did Not Cleanse.

FROM the priestly tribunal Jesus must pass to the civil. "Straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation with the elders, and scribes, and the whole council, and bound Jesus (who had set so many free), and carried Him away, and delivered Him to Pilate." It was early in the day, but Pilate was ready to fulfil the duties of his office, and inquired, as is always the custom in a court of law, "What accusation bring ye against this man?" It was a question to which his accusers had no answer, and so they hid themselves under generalities, and answered in a negative sense, "If He were not a malefactor we would not have delivered Him up unto thee." (John 18: 29, 30.) At last they conjured up a kind of accusation, "We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that He Himself is Christ, a King." (Luke 23: 2.) No man could have proved this subtle charge; they sought to alarm Pilate for the safety of the government, and to lead him to look on Jesus as a person dangerous to the state! They knew well that their witness was false, that Jesus had always paid tribute (Matt. 17: 25-27), and that the very expression which they had so distorted, in order to give a shadow of truth to their charge, conveyed an exactly opposite meaning, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." (Matt. 22: 21.) Pilate Was Loath to Condemn Jesus.

Probably he had heard of His works of mercy, and he said, "Take ye Him, and judge Him according to your law." But in the providence of God, the responsibility must rest with Pilate. "The Jews therefore said unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death:" that the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which He spake, signifying what death He should die, for Jesus declared that He should be delivered to the Gentiles, etc. (Mark 10: 33, 34.)

There was a suspension in the trial, after which "Pilate entered into the judgment hall again, and called Jesus and said, Art Thou the King of the Jews? Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" The Syrophenician woman had said of herself that Jesus was the son of David, and so had blind Bartimeus. But Pilate, whatever he thought in his own mind, spoke very cautiously; he was afraid to commit himself. "Am I a Jew?" he asked. "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee unto me; what hast thou done? Jesus answered,

My Kingdom

is not of this world." This was the truth, which neither friends nor foes understood. Living as they did, occupied with things seen and temporal, there were few, very few, understood things unseen and eternal. Few endured, "as seeing Him who is invisible," as Moses did. (Heb. 11: 27.) Few could see, as Elisha saw, the hosts of God in the horses of fire and the chariots of fire round about them. Most men are exceedingly material in their views of things; and the spiritual world, where God is known, and sin, salvation, and communion with God are realities, is looked upon by many as a mere creation of the fancy, instead of the eternal, enduring thing it is. And yet, after all, what power there is in the kingdom of Christ even now! What was it which brought about the Reformation? The kingdom of Christ. His

kingdom is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. 14: 17.) "If My kingdom were of this world," said Jesus, "then would My servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is My kingdom not from hence." The warfare of Christ's kingdom is not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers and wicked spirits in heavenly places. (Eph 6: 12.) In Christ's kingdom, men resist not evil, love their enemies, pray for their persecutors, and do good to those who hate them. (Matt. 5: 44.) Truly, this is not of this world, and truly these marks of Christ's kingdom are very rare, and the flock which composes that kingdom a very "little flock." (Luke 12: 32.)

"Art thou a King, then?" Pilate asked. The meek and gentle Man who stood before him looked so unlike an earthly pretender to a throne, so unlike one "that stirreth up the people," that Pilate might well be excused that he was puzzled by the accusation and the accused. Jesus answered: "Thou sayest that I am a king; to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice." Pilate asked, "What is truth?" Many have asked this question since. If Pilate had followed up the clue he then had, and made it a personal matter, his fame might have been as an apostle, instead of that which is said as a confession of faith in all the known world, "He

Suffered Under Pontius Pilate."

"I am the . . . Truth," Jesus said. (John 14: 6.) Darkness and light were close together: the sinner, Pilate, was within touch of the Saviour, but darkness conquered, and the sinner condemned his Saviour to the cross!

Pilate's testimony was clear and unvarnished. "I find in Him no fault at all." (John 18: 38.) The chief priests could prove nothing against Him. Pilate sent Him to Herod, thinking to shift the responsibility of pronouncing sentence upon another, and his report before the chiefs and rulers was, "Ye brought unto me this Man as one that perverteth the people, and behold, I, having examined Him before you, found no fault in this Man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him: no, nor yet Herod, for he hath sent Him back unto us; and behold, nothing worthy of death is done by Him." (Luke 23: 14, 15, R. V.) Priests, governor, and king sought alike to establish a just condemnation against Jesus, but He stood the proof, and died upon the cross,

Still Uncondemned.

"He was wounded for our transgressions (not His own), and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." (Isa. 53: 5.) We can never bear what He bore; we can never in any way atone for our sins, or for those of others; but when we are unjustly accused, and suffer for His sake, when no wrong can be proved against us, we have the privilege of the "fellowship of His sufferings." "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you; on their part He is evil spoken of, but on your part He is glorified." (1 Pet. 4: 14.)

Finding that the case was going against them, "the chief priests accused Him of many things, but He answered nothing. And Pilate asked Him again, saying, Answerest Thou nothing? Behold how many things they witness against Thee. But Jesus yet answered nothing, so that Pilate marvelled." It was His best way of illustrating His own teaching, "I say unto you, that ye resist not evil." (Matt. 5: 39.) The grace of silence is a very rare one, especially under unjust and untrue accusation; it is only the certainty that God is ordering all things in the truest and fullest love and wisdom which can keep us silent, not only outwardly, but inwardly, at the very moment when our natural hearts would burn with the sense of wrong. Jesus could trust His Father, and be still. He was carrying out the purposes of another, and

all through these hours of human anguish He could say, "I do always those things which please Him." (John 8: 29.)

As though to aggravate the suffering and shame and indignity which they heaped upon Him, the people chose Barabbas, the most notable criminal of the time, to be released in honor of the feast, rather than Jesus, "who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil." (Acts 10: 38.) The governor put it to them, "Whom will ye that I release unto you?"

Barabbas, or Jesus,

which is called Christ?" For he knew that for envy they had delivered Him. "Before their answer could be given Pilate received an unexpected warning." His wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." Could Pilate condemn Him? Three tribunals had tried Him, and sought in vain for a just impeachment. He himself was persuaded of the innocence of Jesus. This message from his wife went to influence him in the same direction. But the influence of the rich and powerful went just the other way; the chief priests and elders were doing unpriestly and undignified work canvassing the multitude for votes against Jesus. They worked on the popular mind, which is so easily swayed, first one way, then another, and succeeded in persuading the multitude "that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus." The governor repeated his question, "Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?" The final choice was made; the people were on the side of sin, and said, "Barabbas."

The same choice is being made by the world now; drunkards, unclean men, gamblers, thieves, are tolerated in the community, and men do not persecute them; but those who are separate from the world, and who dare to believe in God's almightiness in a practical way—those are the men whose names are cast out as evil. And above all, men will not have Christ; self-discipline, yes; high morality, yes; anything and everything which exalts or glorifies man, but "we will not have *this* man—the Son of man—to reign over us." "What shall I do, then," cried the perplexed Pontius Pilate, "with Jesus, which is called Christ?" Reader, what will you do with Jesus? Will you let Him be King and Lord of your life and your whole being, or will you reject Him, and crucify Him afresh? The answer of the multitude was, "Let Him be crucified!"

Now was the moment for Pilate: without his final word, Christ could not be condemned. But his political power and influence was at stake. If he justified Jesus, the whole Sanhedrim might turn against him, and he might lose his influence; they might accuse him to Rome, and he might be deposed. He would stand alone, despised and hated; he could not make such a sacrifice; this was

Worth More than Christ

to him, so he made a compromise; he would let every one know his true opinion, but he would not act upon it; he "took water and washed his hands (not his heart) before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." Ask God in heaven; ask the angels; ask man; ask the devils in hell, "Is Pilate innocent of the death of Jesus?" No. He "suffered under Pontius Pilate." A man who trifles with his own conscience sins against his own soul, and is a suicide for eternity. The soldiers followed the deed, not the word, of their master—then the crown of thorns, the purple robe, the mockery, the reed, the spitting, and at last the awful tramp to the cross. Sinners had condemned their Lord.

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"HIMSELF."

'Tis the same dear old truth, but so precious
new,
That I want you to hear it, and make it yours
too;
That 'tis not some rich blessing, but Jesus we
need,
His own person within us on whom we must
feed.

Like a sweet revelation this dawns on my soul;
And the heart door swings open, and He makes
me whole;
And myself is at last at His feet lying low,
While throughout all my being His life blood
doth flow.

Ah! my eyes which so long have been looking
within,
Only seeing life's trials, my failures and sin,
Have at last caught a view of "Himself"
dwelling there,
To His own blessed fullness thus making me
heir.

It is henceforth not my life but His I'm to live;
All my righteousness, and even faith He must
give;
Oh! how blessed! I've only to just let Him
reign,
And He pledges each moment unspeakable
gain.

And while thus in my heart His own presence
doth shine,
I can easily say, "never my will, but thine;"
All my life will be glorified thus watching Him,
Till the heavens are opened, and earth light
grows dim.

—Carrie G. Merrall.

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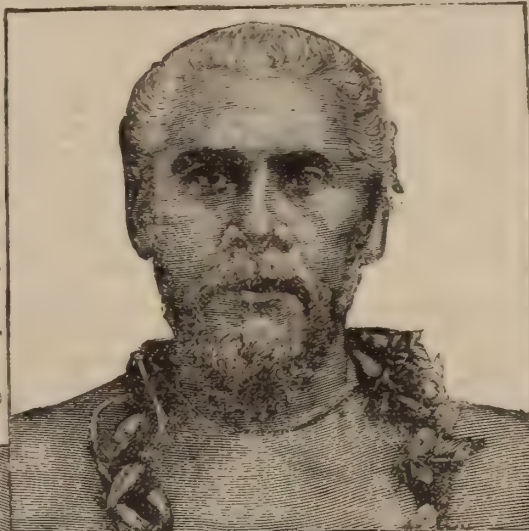
Vol. XII., No. 21. Office. 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1889.

Price. 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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The Crew of the U. S. Frigate "Trenton" Cheering the "Calliope" in the Great Storm at Samoa.

MATAAFA, KING OF SAMOA.

BRIEF accounts of the great naval disaster in Samoa have already appeared in this journal, and we are now enabled to give a picture of one of the most stirring incidents of the visitation, and with it a portrait of Mataafa, who occupies the position of King of the island pending the return of Malietoa, the rightful king, who was made prisoner by the Germans. Portraits of Malietoa and the insurgent chief Tamasese appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on Feb. 27.

Mataafa is a large, finely proportioned man of about fifty years of age. To the correspondent of an American journal who asked him recently for an explanation of his position as the friend of the imprisoned king, occupying his place, he said: "I am a member of Malietoa's family, and at the time he was deposed by the Germans was his principal chief. Just before he surrendered to the German commander, he handed over his office to me and left the administration of affairs in my hands. He appointed me his successor in every respect, and my people afterward confirmed the appointment by electing me King, and I now hold my office not only by virtue of Malietoa's appointment, but also by the votes of a majority of the Samoan people. In view of the fact that Malietoa resigned his office in my favor, he will not necessarily become King again in case he returned to his native land. Malietoa and myself would have to determine between ourselves who should be King, and, if he should return here, we would at once hold a conference for that purpose. I feel sure there would be no serious controversy between us." American and other foreign residents of Samoa confirmed Mataafa's statements. They believe him to be loyal to Malietoa, but believe that Malietoa is fully aware that Mataafa has more ability than himself, and will, when he returns, voluntarily allow the supreme power to remain in his hands.

Like Malietoa, Mataafa's hopes are centred on the friendship of the United States. He looks to our Government to interpose between him and the greedy, arrogant German power that would crush him and swallow up the islands. The German officials have stirred up the rivalry of the native sections in the hope, by setting one against another on the plan so successfully practiced by the English in India, of weakening both parties and producing so much anarchy and misery that the wily European power may be called upon to restore order. Mataafa appears to have penetrated the design, and realizing the danger, have looked to the Washington Government for protection. It may be hoped that the more conciliatory attitude now adopted by Bismarck, in deference to the protests of the United States, is an augury of good for Samoa, and that in the conference now in session at Berlin its independence may be assured.

THE FLEETS DISPERSED BY THE HURRICANE.

THE Samoans must have looked with awe upon the maritime monsters of Germany, England, and the United States, which early in March last were anchored in the bay of Apia. They must have been aware that their guns could have poured upon their city such a storm of shot and shell as would have destroyed every building within range. It is a poor, weak country, and the mighty governments represented by those floating forts are each gigantic in comparison. The Samoans, however, learned that mighty as those powers are, there is One mightier still. In one day the combined fleets were scattered by the winds, which are obedient to God alone. The missionaries there may point to the fact, and use it as an argument with the people to trust not in kings and earthly governments, but in Him whose power has so terribly manifested itself before their eyes.

The hurricane burst on the bay on March 15. The vessels had their steam up to relieve the strain that must come on their anchors, but that precaution was not sufficient to meet a storm so violent. The German steamer *Eber* began to

drag her anchor. She was soon unmanageable, and drifted helplessly on the coral reef at the entrance to the harbor. She sank in deep water with nearly all on board. Her consort, the *Adler*, followed her, and struck on the same reef. The captain and some of the officers and crew saved themselves by swimming. The United States steamer *Nipsic* was the next to succumb, but her captain had the presence of mind to drive her on a sandbank instead of letting her drift on the terrible reef. Boats were lowered, and all on board were saved, except six who were drowned by the capsizing of one of the boats. The United States war-ship *Vandalia* speedily followed, and the gale carried her straight on the reef. Her captain, four officers, and forty men were washed overboard and drowned. The *Trenton*, the last of the three American ships, drifted on the wreck of the *Vandalia* and thence to the shore. All on board of her were saved. As morning broke, the *Olga*, the last of the German squadron, and the only war-ship in the bay, having hitherto bravely withstood the gale, succumbed and was driven on the beach. Six of the seven vessels which on March 14 rode proudly at anchor were wrecked, and ninety-six Germans and fifty Americans were dead. The seventh vessel, and the only one to escape was the British steamer,

The "Calliope."

She was equipped with very powerful machinery, capable of driving her at a rate of sixteen knots an hour. Finding that her anchors were dragging, her captain determined to abandon the anchors and trust to her engines for safety in flight. It was a momentous resolve, for the anchors and engines together had failed to save the other vessels in the harbor. Captain Kane, however, saw in that course his one chance of safety. He slipped his cable, and the next moment the *Calliope* leaped forward into the very teeth of the gale, her propeller making eighty-five revolutions per minute. Clearing the *Olga* she steamed by within speaking distance of the *Trenton*, passing between that vessel and the western reef.

"My anchors are gone and I am going to sea," shouted Captain Kane.

"Good luck to you," answered Admiral Kimberly from the *Trenton's* bridge.

And then from those four hundred men standing face to face with death, broke forth a ringing Yankee cheer to speed the plucky Englishman on his way (see illustration), and as the *Calliope* disappeared in the mist and driving rain, an answering shout came back upon the gale. The *Calliope* was buffeted by winds and waves, but made her way safely to Sydney, and soon afterward returned to Samoa, and rendered valuable aid to Admiral Kimberly and the German commanders.

The Report of Admiral Kimberly.

who was in command of the American squadron, to the Secretary of the Navy, said: "On March 15, when the gale commenced, there were in the harbor the following men-of-war: United States ships *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic*; H. B. M. ship, *Calliope*, and H. I. G. M. ships, *Adler*, *Olga*, and *Eber*. There were also a few merchant vessels and small craft. The *Nipsic* had the inner berth, and the *Trenton* (last to arrive) had the outer berth. Indications of bad weather appeared during the forenoon, and at 1 o'clock I commenced preparations to meet a gale by sending down the lower yards and housing topmasts. Fires were lighted and steam was raised. By 3 o'clock the gale had developed. During the night it blew with great violence, but with the aid of steam the vessels kept in good shape until morning. At daylight we had hoped for a moderation of the wind, but were disappointed. The gale set in with renewed fury, and early in the forenoon it was evident that some of the ships were ashore, and those nearer to us were riding uneasily.

"The wind was blowing with hurricane force, and the seas were very heavy. The ship had begun to make water during the early morning. The hand-pumps were manned, and all bilge-

pumps in the engine-room put on. The water gained and threatened to put out the fires. All hands were set to bailing, but by 9:30 A. M. the fires had been put out and the men driven up from the fire-room. Work at the hand-pumps and with the buckets continued from this time throughout the gale, with the hope of being able to relight the fires and to keep the ship afloat. In the afternoon, the wind having hauled a little, the flagship was more unsteady at her moorings and parted two chains, one soon after the other. We then drifted over toward the eastern reef, escaping the wreck of a merchant bark by the mere chance of her dragging as we approached her. We drifted until our stern was almost against the reef. Destruction seemed imminent, as the vessel was within a few feet of the reef for a long while and pitching heavily.

"All this time the gale was blowing with unabated fury. About 6 o'clock we were expecting to strike the reef momentarily. It was directly under our stem, but, as on the eastern side, an undertow or current seemed to carry us along the reef, and keep us just clear of striking. Thus we came on to where the *Vandalia* was lying, and it was evident that our stem would soon strike against her port side. As we approached her, rockets were fired carrying lines with the hope of rescuing the people on her masts. This proved very successful, and the men from the main and mizzen were rescued first. Soon after, we struck the *Vandalia* with violence, and her main and mizzen masts went by the board. We then swung gradually, and settled into a position alongside of her, just touching the bottom, and our stern grazing a small wreck and the reef. The men were rescued from the foremast of the *Vandalia*, and thence on during the night we continued to beat the bottom and against the *Vandalia* with great force. The wind during this (Saturday) night blew with hurricane force, squall following squall, with hardly any appreciable interval. The seas, however, were not so high as they were further out, and we got through the night without serious misfortune."

A Witness on Shore

says: "The force of the storm was never equalled in this part of the world before. The barometer had been falling steadily for several days previous to the storm, and the wind began to blow on Friday afternoon, March 15, and continued until Sunday morning. The rain fell in torrents during the whole time, and great clouds of sand swept over the town. Hundreds of people stood on the beach, and watched the awful spectacle in the harbor. The vessels all had full head of steam on and three or four anchors out. Their yards and topmasts were down, and every precaution was taken to insure the safety of the ships, but the wind constantly shifted from northeast and northwest. The force was so great that the vessels dragged their anchors all over from one side of the bay to the other, and came into collision a dozen times. Tremendous seas broke over the decks, and torrents of water rushed down the hatchways and put out the fires. There was great confusion among the men on several of the vessels early on Saturday morning, but the officers did noble work, and the men became orderly, and attended to their duties bravely in the face of danger."

The vessels most plainly visible were the *Eber*, the *Adler*, and the *Nipsic*. They were very close together, and only a few yards off from the reef. The little gunboat *Eber* was making a desperate struggle for life, but every moment she was being drawn nearer and nearer the reef. Her doom was certain. Suddenly she shot forward as if making a last struggle to escape destruction. The current, however, bore her off to the right, and her prow struck the port quarter of the *Nipsic*. The shock carried away several feet of the *Nipsic's* rail and one boat. The *Eber* then fell back and fouled with the *Olga*, but neither vessel sustained much damage by the collision. The *Eber* swung around, broadside to the wind, and drifted slowly toward the

reef, while awful seas broke over the little vessel. A great wave rolled in toward shore. The *Eber* was lifted high on its crest and carried broadside on the reef. She came down with awful force, and in an instant there was not a vestige to be seen. She struck fairly upon her bottom, rolled over and disappeared from view.

Samoans to the Rescue.

Every timber of the gunboat must have been shattered, and half the poor wretches aboard her crushed to death before they felt the waters closing above their heads. Hundreds of people were on the beach, and with one accord they all rushed to the water's edge nearest the point where the *Eber* had foundered. The natives ran into the surf far beyond the point where a white man could have lived, and stood waiting to save any poor creature who might rise from the water. At first it seemed as if every man on the ill-fated steamer had gone to his death, but soon a few men who had come to the surface struck out feebly for the shore. Presently a man was seen clinging to the piling under a small wharf near by. Willing hands soon grasped him and drew him upon the shore. He proved to be Lieutenant Gaedeke, the only officer of the *Eber* who was saved. He was in a dazed condition, and unable to realize his escape. Four sailors from the *Eber* were seen struggling in the water near shore at about the same time. They were quickly rescued by natives, and also taken to the American Consulate. There were six officers and seventy men on the *Eber* when she struck the reef, and of these five officers and sixty-six men were lost.

The Samoa or Navigators Islands

are situated about two hundred miles north-east of the Fiji Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. The two largest are Savaii and Upolu, the latter of which contains the port and town of Apia, and is the chief place of trade; the next is Tutuila, where the steamers call on the voyage from San Francisco to Sydney. Upolu is an island forty-five miles long and fourteen miles broad, in which two-fifths of the area, between 60,000 and 70,000 acres, are in the possession of the German South Sea and Plantation Company, which maintains more than forty stations on this island alone, in which white merchants barter copra of the natives. Some of the smaller islands are entirely in the possession of the company. The working of the plantations is done by labor imported from the Solomon Islands, the Ellice group, and other islands. The laborers are hired for three years under the superintendence of the German Consulates, and are brought back under the supervision of the Consuls. They have the right of complaining to the German Consuls, have medical treatment when required, and receive clothing from the company. The German South Sea and Plantation Company employs about thirty clerks, forty German superintendents of stations, and several hundred traders. Besides the South Sea and Plantation Company, there are a number of smaller German firms.

The Native Population of Samoa

consists of about 35,000 persons, about 26,000 of them being at least nominal Christians. The first missionaries to these islands were eight evangelists from Tahiti (itself not long elevated from barbarism and cannibalism), who went there in the year 1830. Six years later they were followed by English missionaries sent out by the London Missionary Society. There are now about 200 Christian schools, with somewhat more than 8,000 scholars. The Wesleyan Methodists have also several successful missions and a number of churches. The natives have many interesting characteristics, and a history which shows them to be possessed of excellent mental and moral capabilities; except in the town of Apia (where many foreigners live), *police and crime are almost unknown.*

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ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Lady's Surprise.—"On one Occasion when I had been preaching," says Dr. Pentecost, "and saying that all who had not received life from Christ were dead in trespasses and sins, a lady came to me and said, 'Dr. Pentecost, there is my husband. Surely you do not mean that he is dead in sin? He is so good and kind, so honest, so fair and upright, he wants only one thing—' 'And that thing is life,' I added; 'he is dead. He may be fair to look upon, but being spiritually dead he is on the sure and speedy road to corruption. Nothing can save him except Christ sends His vivifying spirit to him.' Corruption is only a matter of degree and time. The fair daughter of Jairus from whom the breath had just passed was as dead as the son of the widow of Nain, or Lazarus, who had lain in his grave four days; and it needed the same power to revivify the one as the other."

The Negro and His Clock.—"I Heard of a negro who, a few years after he was set free, had by some means got possession of a clock. His time-piece did not go very well, so taking off the hands he took them to a watchmaker, and handed them over, saying, 'I want you to fix these for me; they go all wrong and I never know when to get up.' The clockmaker could not refrain from laughing, as he said, 'You must bring the whole clock to me before I can set it right.' But the negro maintained that he knew better than that. 'All the rest of the clock is quite right,' he said, 'it is only the hands that are wrong; you just want to run up a big bill, and I will not bring the clock.' Similarly some sinners think they have just to be saved from one sin, and they take it to Christ. It is of no use. You must bring the whole heart to Him, or there can be no salvation. Christ does not heal the heart piecemeal; He regenerates the whole, or He will have nothing to do with it."

Hindering the Salvation of the Girl.—Mr. Moodie, the soldier-evangelist, relates: "I was preaching at Edinburgh two weeks ago, and at one of the meetings I noticed during the address a young girl who was evidently much impressed and anxious about her soul. At the close of the first service she waited behind to be personally dealt with about her salvation. There being no lady worker near at the time, I went into the ante-room to procure one, and as I turned to come back, to my surprise I saw an old woman absolutely dragging the reluctant girl towards the door. The woman herself was professedly a Christian, and yet she was dragging this poor anxious girl, presumably her daughter, out of an inquiry meeting, away from the influence of the Gospel, with which she was eager to close. Christians, take care that you do not do anything to hinder another's salvation. You may not go the length of openly seeking to withdraw your fellows from the sound of the Gospel trumpet, yet by your speech or behavior you may be a stumbling-block in their way."

Refusing the Gift of a Bible.—Mr. Willington says: "Mr. John Brown, of Greenock, came to me some years ago, and said, 'Mr. Willington, I was out the other day, and bought two Newbury's English-Hebrew Bibles. I have already given one away, and I am going to give the other to you.' 'Thank you,' I replied, 'but I do not want it.' 'Don't want it?' he repeated; 'now don't be such a s mpleton. It cost fifty shillings, and I bought it specially for you. Take it.' 'No; I am sorry to refuse, but I cannot accept of it.' You see, whenever I have two Bibles I always feel constrained to give one away, and as I am attached to my present Bible, I would rather not accept your very generous gift.' My friend seemed disappointed, but went away, taking the Bible with him. After a little consideration, I began to think that I had been very foolish to refuse the gift so freely offered, so the next time we met, I said, 'Mr. Brown, I have thought better of your offer; I will accept that Bible after all.' But Mr. Brown only shook his head. 'I am in earnest,' I said. 'So am I,' was the response; 'I bought that Book

for you, I offered it to you, but I could not accept it for you. I was grieved by your refusal, and now you will never have that Bible from me.' Sinners, Christ has died for you. He has bought redemption for you, and that at a great price. He offers it freely to you, but He, even He, cannot accept it for you! This you must do for yourself. Do not reject it, you may never have the offer again."

Nails in a Rotten Tree.—"When I was in the army," says Dr. Pentecost, "I remember coming one day to a place where we were told we should remain for two months or so. At once we began to look around us to see if we could make ourselves tolerably comfortable. A brother officer and myself made up our minds to build ourselves a bunk, which would be a much better shelter than a canvas tent. I found, when driving the nails into the timber, that they went in very easily, but I did not take much notice of that. At night we got into the bunk: but, to our consternation, down it came with a crash. The wood was sound, the nails were good and well driven, but they were driven into a rotten tree, against which we had fixed the bunk. Similarly some professed Christians and sinners build up splendid moral structures, their words and actions are good and sound, but they are built on a bad foundation: there is nothing to hold to. If we wish the temple of our lives to stand safely, then we must be united to Christ, and build on Him."

Burning Irreligious Books.—It is related that the eloquent Father Beauregard once preached a sermon in Notre Dame, Paris, upon the injury done by the reading of irreligious books. A lady who was a bookseller in the city heard the sermon, and, conscious that she had many irreligious books in her shop, she was very deeply impressed. After the sermon she went to the preacher, and, with tears in her eyes, said to him, "You have shown me how sinful I have been in selling many impious books, and I entreat you to finish the good work you have begun, by coming to my warehouse and examining all the books that are in it, and putting aside all those which may be injurious to morals or religion. I am resolved to part with them, whatever it may cost me. I had rather lose part of my property than consent to lose my soul. Father Beauregard complied with her request. The very next day he selected the books he considered objectionable. The lady, in his presence, cast them into a great fire she had provided. The cost of the books was fifteen thousand francs (\$3,000); but she made the sacrifice without a murmur, and showed the reality of her repentance by turning from evil.

The Father and His Wandering Child.—A minister relates that a Christian visitor found a young woman who had left her father's house for a sinful life, and now was wretched beyond all description. Her anguish was especially in the desire to get home again, and her certainty that her father would not and could not receive her, nor forgive her. "Have you ever tried him?" she was asked. "No, I dare not," she replied. "Does your father know where you are?" asked the visitor. "No, I have never written to him since I left home," the girl responded. It was a long time before she would even let the visitor write in her behalf. But at last she consented, and the letter was prayed over. By return of post an answer came with "immediate" written large on the outside; and the substance of it was, "Ready to forgive." Said the father: "This is what I have been earnestly praying for; I have wanted to know where my wanderer was, and yearned to hear that she was willing to return. Let her come back at once; I will forgive all, and love her still." This father's readiness to forgive and receive his child was a fact before the letter was written—a fact all the time she thought so hardly of her father, and judged his heart by her own deservings. What should this teach us about our heavenly Father? He waits to be gracious.

NEW SPRINGS OF JOY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, May 19, 1889.

"Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs." Joshua 15: 19.

Caleb's Offer—The Conquering Lover—A Good Time for Getting a Gift—The Dower Land—A Double Response—The Upper and the Nether Springs—God's Gift of the World—A Larger Portion Wanted—Dissatisfied Successful Men—The Miseries of Prosperous Worldlings—Where the Suicides Come From—Talleyrand's Confession—The Nether Springs of Spiritual Blessing—Christians Who Have Enjoyed Them—Celebrated in Poetry and Allegory—Springs of Comfort—The Upper Springs of Glibry—Glimpses of It—Deliverance Coming—A Long Journey in One Week.

THE city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The Wedding Festivity

having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Caleb the father gave Achsah the daughter a south land, so

God Gives to Us His World.

I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? *Queen Elizabeth*, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!"

Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the King does not seem to be acceptable; for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth?" Take his trumpety out of my presence!" *Brinsley Sheridan* thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone!" *Walter Scott*, fumbling around the ink-

stand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." *Stephen Girard*, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." *Charles Lamb*, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need go no further than your street to find an illustration.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by

Successful Worldlings

—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal Street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers, and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worryment since you won that fifty thousand dollars than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be in business straits, but

The Ghastliest of all Embarrassments

is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more, because they have only a hundred thousand dollars left. On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favorite man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future, and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is "a south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb, we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs, and the nether springs."

Blessed be God! We have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call

The Nether Springs,

and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life. I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan, there are

Three Doxologies.

Where there is one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord

is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his body-guard; if he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel-blossoms, are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cup bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn out coat;" the angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in." Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps!" the doorkeepers of heaven cry: "Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether

Springs of Comfort!

They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx.

Happy Christians.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives, and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair, and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poor-house cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!" I looked around, and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap like the hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion; but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God." "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle, and bless your table, and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old father Caleb on the wedding-day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her "a south land;" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but

The Upper Springs.

O God, my Father, I thank Thee, that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in heaven.

It is very fortunate we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get

you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there, and heard the song, and looked at their raptured faces, and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world, if once we got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices in that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness!

Upper Springs of Light!

Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." O Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory! Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache, or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip.

How They Must Pity Us

as they look over and down and see us, and say: "Poor things away down in that world"! And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! he is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one whose strength is going away, and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your

Deliverance is Coming,

is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope; the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrows" to meet you. Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed.

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not to-day make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are

the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here, and glory hereafter?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that cannot be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medicament; it is a grave into which a man goes, but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder, as one brother puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, Be manly, and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put His shoulder under your burden. Do I hear any one in the audience say: "I mean to attend to that after awhile; it is not just the time"?

It is the Time,

for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and He sent me here to confront you with this message; and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." You will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen. I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to those duties which belong to the very springtime of life. It is September with you now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: if a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

On a Monday morning a friend of mine started from New York to celebrate her birthday with her daughter in Virginia. On Saturday of the same week, just after sunrise, I stood at the gate of Greenwood waiting for her silent form to come in. It is a long journey to take in one week—from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington, from Washington to Virginia, from Virginia into the great eternity. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it."

A DYSPEPTIC SUFFERER.

THE following testimony, interesting to many sufferers in our land, which was recently given at Bethshan, is published in the current number of *Thy Healer*.* Mr. Bowen said: I have come to this meeting expressly to acknowledge what the Lord has done for me. For over twenty years I have suffered from indigestion and a sluggish liver, which have been a hindrance to me, spiritually and temporally, and the more exertion I made the worse I became; therefore, I could not do anything as I ought. But about four years and a half ago I had heard, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in Australia, of the great work done here. I turned the matter over in my mind, and I was not more than five minutes before the Lord made it very clear to me that the blessing was to be received now as well as when Christ and His apostles were upon earth; and as soon as I had made up my mind to this, I ran to my bedroom and went on my knees, and there and then presented my body to my Creator and Saviour, who had borne my sufferings and weaknesses on the cross, and when I rose from my knees, after a short prayer, I felt all the joys that I had heard Christians talk about, and felt strongly inclined to shout

out, "Praise the Lord!" I did not receive the healing immediately, but I knew, from the joy I had, that the matter was in the Lord's hands. In less than a month I felt quite another man, and since then I have had much experience of the Lord's goodness in connection with my own body, and also in connection with my family.

AN ALL-NIGHT STRUGGLE WITH OPIUM.

ANY experienced physician can appreciate an incident related a few days ago by the Rev. J. Macgowan, the well-known missionary at Amoy, in China, and will agree that there are in it at least the elements of the miraculous. Mr. Macgowan said:

Years ago, in one of our country churches, one morning, while the service was going on, a man came in, and he stayed while the preacher was preaching. I want you to look at this man for a moment. He was a most dissipated man—a man upon whose face vice was set, a man whom no influence in all China could make better. He was an opium-smoker, and had been for years. His lands had dwindled away, his wife was in poverty and sorrow; he was a man in the lowest ebb of life even in China. He came in, and he stood listening to what the preacher said. You can tell by his long dress and an indescribable something about him that he is a scholar, and you would say to him, "Now, why don't you be a good man, and give up your opium? Your wife is starving; your land is gone; your house is in ruins. Why not be a good man?" "I dare not," he replies; "I am afraid if I attempt to give up my opium I shall die. I cannot." "But you are a Chinese scholar. You have read the books of Confucius?" "Yes; I know them from one end to the other. I can repeat them." "Do you never, when you read these Confucian books, find some inspiration coming to you and saying, 'I must be a better man, and live a good life?'" "No; I don't," he says: "I dare not give up my opium. I am afraid I should die."

He came again and again, and heard the Gospel and read the Bible, and the result was that one Sunday he said, "I am going to be a Christian. I am going to give up all my Confucianism, but the first thing I am going to do is to give up my opium." The preacher said to him, "Well, we are very glad of that, but you will have to be very careful. Do it gradually. It is a very serious business." He said, "I know it is, but I am not going to do it gradually. It is wrong, and from this moment I will never touch opium as long as I live." He was employed as a tutor by a rich merchant, who was a great opium-smoker himself. By-and-by his employer said to him, "Come away to your opium." "No," he replied, "I am never going to smoke it again." The rich merchant smiled sarcastically and said, "Before midnight comes you will want it. When you do, here it is on the tray. Here is the opium, and here are the lights."

Midnight came and found this man in intense agony. Every bone in his body ached, and elicited an indescribable wail from him. Sleep fled from his eyes as though they were never intended to sleep. As night went on the pain increased, and he felt as though the outside world were in terrible conflict with the influences that made up his own individuality. In the next room there was the opium all ready; but he never took a step towards it. He and the opium were separated for ever. There was a new force in his life. No; he would not move, although it seemed that the night would never end, and that the Chinese sun was shining in his eyes all through. No; he would suffer, but he would not take the opium as long as he lived. That was the same power that evoked the martyr's spirit. This Chinese scholar was being brought among those whose names have stamped themselves upon history. The opium was there, but never a step he took towards it. For years this man has been one of the chief workers and best pastors in the Church, a man whom the Chinese can look up to.

* *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription 50 cents, may be sent to Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

BOULANGER IN PROPHECY.

Will General Boulanger be the French Cæsar (Gallos Kaisar) of Scripture Prophecy, who is Mainly to Cause the Formation of the Existing Twenty-three Kingdoms Inside Cæsar's Roman Empire Territories into a Confederacy of Ten Kingdoms, which may be Reckoned the Eighth Wonder of the World?

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE seven wonders of the world as they are popularly reckoned were: The Egyptian Pyramids; the Mausoleum erected by Artemisia; Temple of Diana at Ephesus; The Colossus or Brazen Image of the Sun at Rhodes; Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Statue of Jupiter Olympus; The Pharos or Watch-tower of Ptolemy Philadelphus, instead of which some reckon the Royal Palace of Cyrus, built by Memon, the stones of which were cemented with gold.

An Eighth Wonder, however, is in 1892 to be added to this historic number in the form of a *ten-kingdomed allied confederacy* of all the nations within the boundaries of Cæsar's ancient Roman Empire, as foreshown by the Ten-horned Leopard and Ten-toed Image in Daniel 7:24, and 2:31.

The absorbing and all-important question is, Will General Boulanger, who on April 24, the day after Passover Week, 1889—precisely the first day of the final twelve years of this Age—has come from Brussels to the hospitable shores of England, be yet raised to a position of power in connection with the general elections in France in October, or by other events in that country, so as to take a leading part in

The Great European War

which must in 1890 or 1891, according to Daniel's prophecies, issue in the extension of France to the Rhine as its ancient frontier, and its defeat of Germany? Is he to be the wonder-working magician, who, as by the waving of a wizard's wand, is to translate and compress twenty-three kingdoms or states, which now exist within the territories of Cæsar's original Roman Empire, into only Ten Kingdoms, namely—*Britain, France enlarged to the Rhine, Spain with Portugal, Italy, Austria south of the Danube, Greece, enlarged northwards, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and the Balkan States?*

Is General Ernest Boulanger to be the mighty Artificer, Constructor, Engineer, or Architect, who is to create a Political Fabric more marvellous than the Eiffel Tower, or the Pyramids of Egypt, or the Cologne Cathedral, or the Suez Canal—a political Structure that will be the Eighth Wonder of the World—namely, a Colossal Confederacy of those Ten Kingdoms, which is pre-figured in Daniel 7:24 and 2:31 under the symbol of a Ten-horned Therion or Wild Beast and of a Ten-toed Image, to be fully formed and developed by 1892? Is the name of *Boulanger* to be more prominent in connection with a *Paris Congress* in 1891 or 1892, that shall re-model the boundaries of nations and frame

A New Map of Europe

on this decemregal basis, than the name of *Bismarck* in connection with the *Berlin Congress* of 1878, which will then become entirely superseded? Shall the star of the French General be soon seen in the ascendant as Arbiter of the destinies of Europe, and the star of the German Statesman decline—that Statesman to whom as the modern Eolus or "honest broker," Europe is under Providence largely indebted for the peace it has enjoyed since 1878?

The answer to the foregoing questions will at least be measurably facilitated by considering as attaching to General Boulanger the following

Four Prophetic Features.

I. The First Prophetic Feature observable in General Boulanger is *His phenomenal and mysterious rise to sudden prominence and popularity in France just at the very time when Daniel's prophecies require a Military Leader during the years 1890 to 1892 to regain the Rhine frontier for France, and reconstruct the map of Europe, and change the French Republic into a Monarchy.*

The time for the above-mentioned Ten-kingdomed Confederacy to be formed, is clearly announced in Daniel's prophecies to be about 1892 after a *Universal European War* in 1890 or 1891, *i. e.*, not later than nine years before the End of this Age in 1901, and therefore some Political *personage* who shall be instrumental in bringing these events to pass must almost immediately make his appearance in France. The Hour is come, and also apparently the Man. What popular leader is there except General Boulanger, that seems fitted and qualified to fulfil these prophecies? If he does not do so, someone else, who must be very like him in many respects, will enact the rôle above indicated. But can any other living man be found who is qualified to perform this part on the stage of Europe, and who at the same time is distinguished by the prophetic features which are found in General Boulanger.

Phenomenal Popularity.

The sudden growth of General Boulanger's great prestige and popularity in France dates from the time when he was Minister of War in the French Government in 1886. All the efforts made by his opponents to diminish that popularity have only increased it. His reduction from the position of General in the French Army at Clermont-Ferrand in March, 1888, led to his being enabled to reside at Paris, and to carry on electoral campaigns with surprising vigor and success. His candidature as representative for the constituency of the Nord, the industrial *Birmingham* of France, in 1888, resulted in his election by an unlooked for majority of votes. Then his majority of 70,000 votes for the Department of the Seine in Paris on January 27, 1889, was wholly unexpected. Later on, his prosecution by M. Tirard's French Government, which caused his celebrated flight to Brussels on April 2, 1889 (the end of 2,345 years from Ezra's reforms), has only resulted in his becoming more talked about and more famous than ever.

General Boulanger represents a widespread protest of Frenchmen against *three* things. *First*, the Jingo policy of M. Ferry, author of the Tonquin expedition. *Secondly*, the extreme Anti-Clerical policy of the present French Republican Government. *Thirdly*, the corruption in high places as exemplified in the case of M. Wilson, son-in-law of M. Grévy.

The probability is that when the Paris Exhibition is over in the autumn of 1889, the French general elections of October will place in a majority at the head of the polls Boulanger, and representatives who will be led by him in the new French Parliament. He reckons on carrying sixty-eight out of the eighty-six Departments into which France is divided. Then the elevation of Boulanger to supreme power in France may speedily follow.

II. The Second Prophetic Feature in General Boulanger is found in the peculiarities of

His Name.

1. His name *E.* (initial for his Christian name, *Ernest*) *Boulanger*, when written in the letters of the Greek alphabet (in which language the Apocalypse was originally written) contains the prophetic number 666, which was predicted in Revelation 13:18, to be the number of the name of the man who shall be the central figure and prominent leader in the future Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy represented by the Ten-horned Leopard or Wild Beast. Thus

E5 B2 070 u400 l30 a1 n50 g3 e5 r100=666.

The statement that General Boulanger has 666, the number of the wild beast, in his name, does not imply anything disrespectful or uncomplimentary to him, as if he were thus compared to a wild beast, for this *ten-horned wild beast*, or leopard, is only a figurative symbol for this *ten-kingdomed confederacy*, and so the number of the beast means simply the number of the *ten-kingdomed confederacy*. A strong presumptive proof is thus furnished that General Boulanger may be largely instrumental in producing, or at least moulding and shaping those great political and national changes in Europe which

will issue in the Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy by 1892. But it is important to observe that Boulanger cannot be the Antichrist, because the Antichrist must be a Napoleon. (*Apollyon*, Rev. 9:11.)

2. This marvellous name, *E. Boulanger*, consists of ten letters, which (like an acrostic) most remarkably are the initial letters of the Ten Countries which are by 1892 to form the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy or Ten-horned Leopard, viz., 1. *Espania* (Spanish for *Spain*); 2. *Britain*; 3. *Oesterreich* (German for *Austria*); 4. *Ungarn* (German for *Hungary*, which, together with the Balkan States will be one kingdom); 5. *Levant* (*Turkey*); 6. *Assyria ana Armenia*; 7. *Nile countries*, viz., *Egypt*, *Libya*, etc.; 8. *Gallia* (Latin for *Gaul or France*); 9. *Epirus* and rest of *Greece*; 10. *Roman States* and the rest of *Italy*.

Now let the names of all the Sovereigns or Political rulers in the world be examined, and not one of them will be found to consist exactly of the initial letters of the countries over which they rule. Here then is another indication that *E. Boulanger* is probably to be associated with the future formation of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy.

A Patronymic Coincidence.

3. There is a singular resemblance between the great dynastic name *Buonaparte* and *Boulanger* in this respect, that the first three letters *Buo* are identical in each case, and that *four* of the other letters in each name are the same, namely, *N, A, R, E*, so that out of the nine or ten letters in each name *seven* letters are the same. This striking similarity between the names may be found in the future to extend also to the *policies, political careers, and successes* of *Buonaparte* and *Boulanger*.

The great dynastic French title of *Roi Louis* (the French for *King Louis*), borne by sixteen French Kings, is also significantly concealed in his name, *Georges Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger*. The letters *r* and *o* appear in the word *Georges*, and *i* or *j* as the initial in *Jean*, and *l* among the first four letters of *Boulanger*, and *i* in *Marie*, and *s* at the end of *Georges*. It may be found that not only the title of *Roi Louis* is mysteriously hidden among the letters of his name, but also the career and character of a *French King*, may in due time be manifested in his history. The name *Louis* contains 666 in its *Latin* form *Ludovicus*, as was pointed out by the Rev. Joseph Sutcliffe 100 years ago. In Latin, *L* stands for 50, *u* or *v* for 5, *d* for 500, *v* for 5, *i* for 1, *c* for 100, *u* or *v* for 5, total—666.

III. The Third Prophetic Feature in General Boulanger is the occurrence of certain events in his life on

Days of Prophetic Significance.

As the Hegira, or Flight of Mahomet from Mecca to Medina to escape capture by his foes, was so notable an epoch in his career that it was afterwards adopted as the starting-point of his Calendar, so the Hegira, or Flight of General Boulanger from Paris to Brussels to escape capture by his opponents, must be regarded as a notable epoch in his life. And this escape may prove to be of transcendent consequence to the destinies of Europe if he rises to great power in the midst of the momentous conflicts which, according to prophecy, must take place in Europe during 1890 or 1891. For if he had been seized and imprisoned, he might have been debarred from taking an active part in the French elections, and from having opportunity to attain to power during the Coming Crisis.

Now the writer of these remarks in his pamphlet, "Coming Wars and End of this Age in 1901," stated in its enlarged edition in 1887, that some prophetic event might be expected to take place on April 2 (Nisan 1) 1889, because that day is the exact termination of Daniel's great period of 2,345 years from its primary commencement on Nisan 1, B.C. 457, when Ezra completed his Reforms at Jerusalem on the first day of the first month, Nisan, according to Ezra 7:9 to 13; 10:17. Various writers on prophecy, such as Bickersteth and others, have shown that the 2,300 years ended on the first

day of Nisan, 1844, and the additional 45 years extend from thence to the first day of Nisan (April 2), 1889. Thus it is remarkable that April 2, 1889, on which the Hegira of General Boulanger took place, was the exact end of these primary 2,345 years. And the secondary fulfilment of the 2,345 years is from the command to Nehemiah to rebuild Jerusalem on Nisan 22, B. C. 445 to the end of this Age on Nisan 22 (April 11), 1901. Thus the great period of 2,345 years has an *initial* ending on April 2, 1889, with General Boulanger's Hegira, and an *ultimate* ending on April 11, 1901, with the End of this Dispensation.

It is further noticeable that he arrived in London, the great Babylon, on Wednesday, April 24, 1889, the day immediately following Passover Week, which extended from April 16 to April 23 in this year 1889. Now this day April 24, 1889, was exactly the first day of the final twelve years of this Age, which extend from the end of Passover Week, 1889, to the end of Passover Week, 1901.

It is also observable that January 27, 1889, was the most remarkable electoral triumph he has had, by obtaining a majority of 80,000 votes over the Government Republican candidate, M. Jacques. Now, January 27 in 1896 will be an important prophetic date, because it will be the first day of the final 1,901 days of this Age. And, so far, it is a singular coincidence that in the present year—just seven years beforehand—a remarkable event in General Boulanger's life occurred on January 27.

IV. The Fourth Prophetic Feature in General Boulanger is the remarkable healing of five dangerous, if not deadly, wounds received by him, namely, 1—in the breast, at the battle of Turbigo, in the Franco-Italian war of 1859; 2—in the leg by a spear-thrust in the Cochinchina war, in 1861; 3—in the shoulder in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870; 4—in the elbow in a conflict with the Communists in 1871; 5—in the neck in a duel with M. Floquet, French Premier, on July 13, 1888—this last being thought at the time to be a most dangerous wound. Yet he has experienced a marvellous recovery from all these five wounds, and seems to have a *charmed life*, and to be immortal till his work is done. In these respects he bears a striking typical resemblance to his successor the future *last imperial head* of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy—the Napoleon who, according to Revelation 13:3, 14, and 17:8, is to "be wounded to death, and his deadly wound to be healed."

TACKING SHIP IN A STREET.

THE leader of the Seamen's Prayer-Meeting in New York a few Sundays ago said he would like to tell the sailors how he came to be there. When a young man he had sailed with American seamen, but had never been to America. They were always loud in praise of New York. The greatest city in the world, they all said it was—no city like it, and no street in it was equal to the Bowery. The wonders of that thoroughfare were indescribable. Its museums, its stores, its billiard and pool rooms, and above all its drinking and dancing saloons, were unrivalled. All agreed about it, and the young sailor made up his mind that New York was the place he must see. At last his opportunity came. He shipped on board an American ship sailing from Liverpool, England, for New York. It seemed to him a tedious voyage, for he was hungering for a sight of the wonderful city. On landing he made his way up Cherry Street, and then asked his way to the Bowery. That was the street he was bound for. Before he got across Madison Street, his attention was arrested by an invitation to seamen which was suspended in a window. He opened the door and looked in. There were a lot of sailors reading and writing. He would have closed the door and gone on his way, but a lady came forward and greeted him in the sweetest voice he ever heard. His experience of ladies' voices was chiefly of the coarse, loud variety, and he was impressed with the difference. The voice was inviting him to stay, in a most friendly, hospitable manner. "I'm

bound for the Bowery," he said, "but I'll tuck ship." The lady talked to him about his home in England and about his mother. She seemed interested, and he told her all. Then she spoke to him about the dangers of his calling, and kindly hoped that his soul was safe. He spoke less confidently about that, and the lady went on to show him how he could come to Jesus, and told him how good a Friend he would find Him. She begged him to come to the prayer-meeting that night, and he promised. "Time to tuck ship again," he said, as the hour of meeting approached. He did so, and sailed into the meeting. The lady was there again and a whole lot of sailors. They took an interest in him and prayed for him. Almost before he knew it he was praying for himself. His prayer was heard. He concluded to drop anchor there, and from that time to this Jesus had kept him, and he never came to New York now without coming straight to the mission to tell his story, and how true and good a friend Jesus had been to him. That was all he could do; but he had found that it was enough. The men liked to have a bit of experience, and they had the idea that what one of themselves had tried and proved and could recommend, would be good for them.

A CHILD SOLD FOR FOOD.

No incident yet published so vividly sets before us the straits to which some families in China are reduced as one published in the *Spirit of Missions*. It occurs in a letter from the wife of Dr. John L. Nevius, the well-known Presbyterian missionary in China, who has been distributing relief in the famine districts of that afflicted land. She says: "When Dr. Nevius was in the famine region he gave Mr. Li-ping-i, a young preacher, a little money to expend in special cases of distress. One day, Mr. Li was going along the road, and saw a woman lying on the ground, weeping bitterly, her husband standing by her. When he came to them, he tried to say some words of comfort, but the husband exclaimed, 'Oh, you do not understand it. She is crying for her little girl. We have just sold her, and there she is being carried off by the people who bought her,' and they pointed to a company of people about disappearing over the brow of a hill; 'we were all starving, and we had to sell her to get a little food to keep the rest of us alive.' Mr. Li found they had sold the child for about \$1.50, about enough to keep them alive a month, I suppose. He said, 'You may have her back,' and he gave them some silver with which they at once redeemed the little girl, and were soon happy in having her in their arms again, and some food, too; but I fear not very much."

THE LACHMIN CASE IN INDIA.

THE judgment in the case of the girl Lachmin, mentioned in this journal on February 6 (page 86), is reported in the *Indian Witness*, just received. It will be remembered that the girl was sold by her wicked mother for immoral purposes to an old debauchee, and that when she fled to the missionary for protection, the old man appealed to the law, and the English magistrate, Mr. Quinn, gave judgment in his favor. The missionary then appealed to a higher tribunal. The appeal has apparently been mismanaged, or it was impossible to obtain legal evidence. The justices who heard the appeal have ordered the girl to be *restored to her mother*. They say that they made the order because they had no evidence before them to show that she was not a fit and proper person to have control of the child. As the mother was her natural guardian, it was impossible to pass her over and give the child to the missionaries, as prayed, without such evidence. The poor girl, therefore, is no better off for the appeal. It will, however, indirectly benefit other widows and children. The justices censured the magistrate for making the order, and said that he had no power to consign the girl to her purchaser, as he practically did. Other magistrates who read

the judgment will, therefore, act wisely in taking warning. They now know, as probably they did not know before, that English magistrates in India have no legal right to pander to heathen lust and immorality.

AN EXPERIMENT OF FAITH.

LITERAL obedience to an explicit promise of God's word has had a notable fulfilment recently in Morocco. The story is told in a letter to the *Watchword* by E. F. Baldwin. On setting out on a missionary tour in that country, he and the brother who accompanied him gave away the few silver coins they had in their pockets, having determined to obey Christ's injunctions to His disciples (Matt. 10:9, 10). The following extract from the letter gives the result of the experiment, and it should be noted that invariably all who have dared to take the Lord's promises literally, and act upon them, have had like experience:

The question of food was one to my mind of great practical moment. Can missionaries indeed now travel and preach without carrying supplies? We believed they could, but wished to prove it by experience, which we abundantly did, amid a strange and fanatical people, whose very Koran forbade them to be friends with us, and among whom we might well expect, humanly speaking, to starve, if indeed we escaped without violence. To the praise of our faithful Lord, we can testify that *not one of the twenty-one days we were journeying did we lie down without having eaten food*, although several days the Lord permitted us to fast until well on in the day, and two or three times until night. But on these occasions we seemed inwardly sustained, and suffered no inconvenience, and never grew hungry; although when at home the delay of an hour in taking food would produce faintness. These days of such evidently appointed fasting were generally our best days, in which prayer and praise abounded.

We found the more we preached the more regularly and certainly our needs were supplied. If our zeal in speaking for Christ relaxed, supplies grew scant. Almost invariably it was those to whom we testified who gave to us. Let no one think we asked food of any but God. We went forth in the consciousness of being the high-commissioned ones of heaven, who had untold spiritual treasure to give, knowing it was a small thing that we should receive the little bread that fed the body, and the little space its weariness required for rest.

One morning, having walked since dawn through a desolate region for more than twenty miles, it being now noon, and having eaten nothing, we prayed for food. Immediately thereafter we met a tall native (the first one I think we had seen in the road that day), who saluted us, and though knowing nothing of our need he at once let down a basket from his shoulder, disclosed a dish of hot kous-kous, and bade us eat. Another day at noon, as we rested beneath a tree, and in the very act of praying for food, having eaten nothing, a man from a passing caravan invited us to share with him a loaf of excellent bread. Several times we arrived at villages or houses where, the moment we came in, there was brought us hot food, just "that instant" dished up, being in God's knowledge, though not in theirs, for His weary servants. Occasionally we were treated as dogs, and put out of the mosques and houses, but never at night when we needed shelter.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.



OFFICE, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Two Foreign Missions were Filled by the President on Thursday last, Mr. Enander, of Illinois, who was nominated Minister to Denmark, and whose portrait and life were given in this journal with other newly appointed Ministers on April 17, having been compelled by serious illness to decline the position, the President appointed in his stead Col. Clark E. Carr, who did effective work for the party in Illinois during the Presidential campaign. The honor of representing this country at the Turkish court was on the same day conferred on Mr. Solomon Hirsch, of Oregon. *A remarkable coincidence* about this appointment is that Mr. Hirsch is a Jew who succeeds another Jew, Mr. Oscar Straus, at the same court. Much was said in political circles and in the press four years ago, against the appointment of a Jew to represent the United States in Constantinople. It was urged that the most important part of the Minister's duties being the protection of Christian missionaries and gaining concessions from the Sultan for Christian schools in Turkey, a Jew was scarcely an appropriate selection. The result, however, proved that the apprehension was groundless. Mr. Straus was most energetic and successful in his intervention on behalf of Christian interests, and it may be hoped that in his co-religionist who succeeds him the missionaries will find as true and zealous a friend. Two minor but lucrative foreign appointments were also disposed of last week. The consulship at Birmingham, Eng., was given to Mr. John Jarrett, of Pennsylvania, whose success in raising money for the campaign in that State was very marked. The consulship at Liverpool was given to Mr. Thomas H. Sherman, who has been Mr. Blaine's private secretary.

The Important Question Relative to the exclusion of the Chinese as to the constitutionality of the action of Congress was decided last week by the Supreme Court of the United States. The question was raised by the case of a Chinaman who, on leaving this country, received a certificate guaranteeing him readmission on his return. When he came back the authorities refused to admit him, and, when confronted with the certificate, declined to respect it, on the ground that it had been revoked by a law passed during the Chinaman's absence. The Court, in passing judgment, upheld the law, and endorsed the action of the authorities in refusing the Chinaman's admission. Justice Field said: "The question whether our Government is justified in disregarding its engagements with another nation is not one for the determination of the courts. The province of the courts is to pass upon the validity of laws, not to make them. Whatever license Chinese laborers may have obtained previous to the act of October 1, 1888, to return to the United States after their departure is held at the will of the Government, revocable at any time at its pleasure. Whether a proper consideration by our Government of its previous laws, or a proper respect for the nation whose subjects are affected by its action, ought to have qualified its in-

hibition, are not questions for judicial determination." The Government therefore is sustained by the Court in breaking its engagements and refusing to keep the promise it made, on the faith of which the Chinaman left the country. When a Chinaman hears an American missionary in China expound Christian ethics, and asks him if the Government of the United States is a Christian Government, what answer can he give?

A Remarkable Exhibition of Political Incapacity, which might be justly described by a harsher name, was made at Albany, N. Y., on May 14. The New York Legislature had before it the two reports of the Committees appointed to investigate the ceiling scandal. It deliberately rejected the report of the Fish Committee, which charged the contractors with combining and conspiring with the Superintendent of Public Works to defraud the State of \$105,000, and instructed the Attorney-General to apply to the Grand Jury for an indictment of them. Instead of this report the Assembly adopted the report of the Committee on Appropriations, having first expunged from it almost the only vigorous paragraph it contained. This report was the one originally prepared, and which was so glaringly defiant of public opinion, that an honest investigation was demanded, and granted in the appointment of the Fish Committee. The vote was sixty-three to forty-four. There is therefore, now, no more prospect of prosecution or restitution. Something, however, has been gained by the disclosure. The public now knows the character of the men elected to represent the people at Albany. If any one of those sixty-three is re-elected, the party responsible for his re-election will deserve to have it said that he is a fit representative of it. Those who voted for him before may have done so under a mistake as to his character; if they vote for him again, they will be disgraced by condoning his iniquity.

The Death of Allen Thorndike Rice, the newly appointed Minister to Russia, occurred in New York on May 16. It has occasioned deep and wide-spread regret in political, literary, and social circles. Mr. Rice had made a vigorous fight for political purity, and in these degenerate days he was a man who can ill be spared. He was, besides, a man of culture and refinement, who had travelled extensively, and was well fitted to do credit to his country in the high position to which he had been appointed. His death was very sudden. On May 12, he was in his usual health except for a slight cold, and a depletion consequent on the exertion involved in closing up his affairs preparatory to leaving for St. Petersburg. He had taken his passage on the *City of Paris*, which sailed on Wednesday, and fully expected that the sea voyage would recuperate him. Tonsillitis, however, developed on Monday, combined with severe ulceration of the throat. Still, his physicians did not apprehend danger, and even on Wednesday night thought he would soon recover; but before morning he was dead. He was thirty-six years of age. His portrait and life appeared in this journal on April 17.

A Charge of Making a Premature Autopsy is to be investigated this week in New York by a Coroner's jury, and three prominent physicians have been held to bail pending the result. The subject of the autopsy was the famous mind-reader, Washington Irving Bishop. On Sunday night, May 12, while being entertained at the Lambs Club, in New York, he volunteered to give an exhibition of his skill. He undertook a feat that he had never performed before, and he was completely successful. Just as he triumphantly finished it he fell back in a cataleptic fit. A physician who was present endeavored to resuscitate him, but failed. Becoming alarmed, he called in another physician, and the two labored with him until noon of May 13, when they pronounced him dead. The extraordinary feats performed by Bishop prompted curiosity as to the character of his brain, and the physician who first attended him resolved

to hold an autopsy before the brain could change, as it does quicker than any other organ after death. A specialist was summoned, and about five hours after Bishop had been pronounced dead his body was dissected and his brain examined. Bishop's wife and mother, on hearing of what had been done, were very indignant. They do not believe that he was dead when the autopsy was made. They say that he was subject to cataleptic fits, and they had known him lie to all appearance dead for several days at a time. They demanded an inquest, and as the charge was so serious, the physicians who made the autopsy, and the physician who ordered it to be made, are held in bail to await the issue of the inquiry.

The Emperor of Germany has Been Mediating in the gigantic labor troubles in Westphalia. On May 14 he received a deputation of the striking miners, and listened attentively to their complaints. He told them that he had ordered a careful investigation to be made, but warned them that there must be no rioting, or he should himself, if necessary, order the troops to batter and shoot rioters, while if they are quiet he would protect them. Two days later the employers waited on the Emperor to present their side of the case. The Emperor gave them a patient hearing, and then spoke very plainly to them, intimating that they must lose no time in settling the dispute with their men. He said: "The workmen have made a good impression upon me, having held aloof from the Socialists. I urgently advise the mining companies to maintain henceforth as close touch as possible with the workmen. I would ask that care be taken to give the workmen chances to formulate their wishes. I much desire to bring the dispute to a favorable issue. It must ever be borne in mind that companies employing great numbers of workmen have a duty to perform to the State. *They must use every effort to provide for the welfare of the men.*" After the audience, delegates of the miners met representatives of the mine-owners. A prolonged conference was held, which resulted in the acceptance of a basis of settlement. The working day is to be fixed at eight hours, and wages are to be increased. The victory, therefore, on that basis would be with the miners.

Gen. Boulanger, From His Safe Vantage ground in England, has ventured to talk of revolution. In an interview last week, he said that if the French Government prolonged the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies until next year its action would be equivalent to a *coup d'état* against universal suffrage, and it would be the duty of every citizen to rise in opposition. He declared that he would not be the last man to rise in case such action should be taken by the Government. Meanwhile, the prosecution of him in Paris appears, likely to collapse. A Paris journal, credited with being in the confidence of the Government, says that the Senatorial Court finds difficulty in framing a specific charge against Gen. Boulanger. Some Senators propose that a *nolle prosequi* be entered in his case, others that he be tried at the Assizes, and still others that he be court-martialed. It is believed, the papers say, that the proceedings against Gen. Boulanger will fail, and that the prosecution of M. Rochefort will be abandoned.

A Proposal to Make One of the English Royal princes Viceroy of Ireland is being discussed. It is suggested that either the Queen's third son, the Duke of Connaught, or one of the sons of the Prince of Wales, should be sent to Dublin to hold a Royal court. Some prominent statesmen advocate it as a means of arousing the loyalty of the Irish people, while others oppose it as a species of Home Rule which might lead to embarrassing complications. At present the real executive is the Irish Secretary in London, though the Lord-Lieutenant is nominally the head of the Government, and conducts the ceremonial functions. It seems probable, from the debates in Parliament, that some change will be made, and if a Prince is not sent, the executive will be put in commission.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of America met on Thursday last in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York. This is the one hundred and first of these assemblies. It is, however, only the Northern branch. The Southern branch, which, in spite of repeated efforts for union, proceeding from both sides, is still a separate body, convened on the same day at Chattanooga, Tenn. The sessions in New York will continue until May 26. Unusual interest attaches to the proceedings because the assembly is expected to decide the question of the proposed revision of the book of faith. Many ministers and laymen are desirous of eliminating or moderating some of the strongest expressions of Calvinistic doctrine contained in the creed, while others oppose any change. The Temperance question will also come up for discussion. Among other subjects set down for consideration are the duty of the Church toward immigrants, Sabbath observance, Indian schools, religious instruction in the army and navy, education for the ministry, unemployed ministers and vacant churches, aid for the freedmen, &c. On Thursday the Assembly elected as moderator Dr. William S. Roberts, President of Lake Forest University.

A Notable Conference was Held in Toronto recently. It was composed of ministers of the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches, and was in session for two days to consider the question of organic unity of all Protestant bodies. The sessions were of the most interesting character, the representatives of the churches declaring that they would result in great good to the whole Christian Church. The utmost harmony prevailed, although doctrines were discussed upon which all were not in unison. The subjects before the conference were: "Organic Union;" "The Amount of Unity in Doctrine, Worship and Modes of Action between the Three Bodies;" "The Holy Scriptures;" "The Creeds," and "The Historic Episcopate." The Bishop of Huron, Provost Boddy, of Trinity College, Dr. Carry, of Port Perry, and Dean Carmichael, of Montreal, took leading parts in the discussion. A resolution was adopted recommending to the several churches the appointment of delegates to another conference.

A Father's Heroic Self-Sacrifice is Described in a press dispatch from Montreal. It states that during the recent floods a party set out to cross the Nicolet River from Clothilde to Ste. Anne. When the boat reached the middle of the river it was struck by a sudden squall and overturned. Three of the men in it, who were good swimmers, struck out for the shore, and others clung to the capsized boat. One of them held on with one hand, while with the other he supported his little daughter. But the boat was sinking, and the men had to let go their hold. The man with the child grasped a loose board out of the bottom of the boat which floated by him. But it was insufficient to support both him and his child. He snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, and bound the child's arm to the board. Then he kissed her, loosed the board, and sank never to rise again. The child was rescued by a boat which was sent by the men who swam ashore, but the man was past recovery. He might have been saved if he had loosed his child and used the board for his own support, but he deliberately gave up his life that she might live. Her life has cost a great price; it ought to be a useful one. It is so with every believer: Christ died for him, and the purchased life ought to be one consecrated to his Lord. (II Cor. 5:15.)

A Shower of Frogs in Dakota Caused Much astonishment on May 6. The *Pioneer Press* says that during a severe wind-storm the people of Hamestown, Dak., noticed a curiously agitated black cloud moving overhead. It suddenly broke up, and the principal street of the town was covered with little frogs, which leaped hither and thither for refuge. It is supposed that the hurricane must have taken a cyclonic form at some stage of its travels before reach-

ing Hamestown, and have caught up the frogs from their marshy home, carried them as far as the town, and then released them. Some years ago this extraordinary visitation would have struck terror into observers, who would have imagined that it portended the approach of some awful calamity. Men know more of the forces of nature in these times, and are less liable to be scared by wonders that can be explained by natural causes. They are apt to rest satisfied with these explanations, too, in studying social and political events, and to forget that above natural causes, and working by them, is the Almighty First Cause. That is why events fulfilling prophecy which are now occurring are not recognized as signs of the approaching consummation. (II Peter 3:4-7.)

A Prominent Society Lady's Penance was witnessed recently in Boston by a group of wondering spectators. During the last week of Lent a carriage and pair of horses stopped at the corner of a street. A lady alighted clad in elegant attire. She carried a pail, brushes, soap, and towels, and walked to the Church of the Advent. She knelt down, and conscientiously scrubbed the stone steps of the edifice, and wiped them with the towels. Then gathering up her cleansing materials she walked back deliberately to her carriage heedless of the wondering looks of the spectators, and was driven to her home in the most aristocratic quarter of Boston. She is said to be a lady of wealth and culture, but her proceeding showed little intelligence. If, as is probable, it was done to atone for some sin, it was worse than useless, because it would satisfy her conscience, and cause her to refrain from trusting wholly in the atonement already worked out for her by the Saviour. (Rom. 4:5.)

A Government Clerk's Disrespectful Conduct has resulted in his discharge, according to a press dispatch from Washington. Among the removals in the Pension Department is the chief of one of the divisions, who is a young man noted for his levity and fondness for practical joking. A few years ago one of the clerks under him was an aged clergyman, who, being incapacitated from preaching by an infirmity and by age, applied for and received employment in the office. He was remarkable for his punctuality and the efficient discharge of his duties, but the old gentleman was made the butt of the young man's witticisms, and was rendered uncomfortable by his ingenious devices. Pieces of paper bearing ludicrous inscriptions were pinned to his coat, his spectacles were abstracted, and in other ways his life in the office was made miserable. But the old gentleman has a married daughter, and last March this daughter's husband was inaugurated President of the United States. Dr. Scott soon afterward left the Pension Office and went to reside in the White House with his daughter. He was silent about the persecution he had endured, but others, who knew of it, told the President. On May 13 the facetious clerk received notice that his services were no longer required, and he had no difficulty in surmising why he was discharged. There are many Christians in the world so humble and apparently so defenceless that it seems safe to insult and oppress them, but the day is coming when it will be found that they have a Protector to avenge them. (Prov. 22:23.)

An Extraordinary Cure is Reported From Biddeford, Me. A press dispatch from that city states that at the beginning of this month a lady came there from Portsmouth, N. H., suffering from severe stomach troubles, which had puzzled many physicians. Her pains were most acute and her body had become emaciated. She had been ill since August, 1886, and she insisted that her affliction dated from a country excursion during which she drank water from a brook. She was convinced that some reptile was in the water, and that it was still living and preying upon her. None of the physicians whom she consulted gave credence to her story. They treated her for cancer and various diseases, but without effect. The patient had no faith in

their prescriptions, and warned them that unless they could deliver her of the reptile they could not cure her. They all scouted the idea, and the patient grew worse. On going to Biddeford she told her story to a physician there, and for the first time it was listened to respectfully. The physician adopted the treatment employed in analogous cases, and to his own astonishment and that of the patient and her friends, a small snake a foot long was ejected. Since that time the patient has had no suffering, and is rapidly regaining strength. If the woman had been treated radically at first, she would have been saved more than two years of suffering from the pain of the reptile and the blisters and other painful and useless remedies resorted to. It is so with those awakened sinners who try to work their own reformation. They struggle painfully with sin and temptation, and are never delivered until the great Physician takes their case in hand and removes from them their evil heart, the source of their evil life, and gives a new heart. (Rom. 7:18-25.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Mayor of Omaha says that last year under high license there was made in that city one arrest to every twelve of the population.

An Inter-State Women's Christian Temperance Union Conference will be held at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, from July 17 to 20.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia, estimates the money annually raised for carrying on Protestant foreign missions at about \$11,250,000.

The Methodist Episcopal Church now has 2,154,237 communicants, against 2,093,935 last year, indicating a net gain in 1888 of over 60,000.

At the Commencement exercises of Princeton Theological Seminary, held on May 6, diplomas were conferred on forty-eight candidates.

The Reformed Church in America raised during the year ended April 30, for Foreign Missions, \$93,142.34. This includes legacies to the amount of \$2,500.

The Chicago Evangelistic Society has purchased three houses and lots north of the Chicago Avenue Church for the Moody Training School, at a cost of \$55,000.

The American Tract Society's report shows that it expended \$123,165 last year. General O. O. Howard's name has been added to the list of Vice-Presidents.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding services with much success at Leavenworth, Kan. Next week he expects to go to Atchison, on the invitation of all the churches in the city.

Five cities in Kansas are now under the government of women. Five women are serving as mayors, and twenty-five on city councils. Three are performing the difficult duties of police judge.

The Rev. R. G. Pearson, of Ashville, N. C., has been holding three weeks' revival meetings in Shreveport, La. Over 1,500 persons were present every night. A large number have made profession of faith.

Rev. George T. Dowling, D. D., who has quitted the Baptist denomination, has been received in the Classis of Albany, and will be installed as pastor of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, Albany, June 4.

A gentleman in New England has given \$100,000, and Japanese gentlemen have subscribed about \$70,000, to found a Christian university in Japan, according to a plan proposed by the Rev. Joseph Neesima, of the American Board.

Mr. E. C. Avis, the well-known gospel singer, has been holding meetings in Bristol, Tenn. He had two daily meetings in the Young Men's Christian Association—that in the afternoon for young women, and that in the evening for young men. The local journals say that a great work has been done.

Mr. C. S. Mason, the Young Men's Evangelist, has been holding meetings at Ventura, Cal. The Young Men's Christian Association of that town has formally recorded its appreciation of the results of his work, and testifies that by God's blessing on his labors many young people have been led to decide for Christ.

The National Temperance Society held its annual meeting in New York on May 14. Its total income from all sources last year was \$59,956.59, and its expenditures 59,908.67. Six colored missionaries were kept in the field, and a large quantity of temperance literature was circulated in the South. Dr. T. L. Cuyler was re-elected President.

Any Subscribers Who Have Kept Copies of this journal of numbers 1, 7, 8, 9 and 10 of this year, and have no further use for them, would confer a favor by mailing them to this office, 71 Bible House, New York, and we will remit stamps in payment. The editions of those numbers have been exhausted, and we have orders for them, which we are unable to fill.

LIFE'S WRECKAGE RECOVERED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten." Joel 2: 25.

The Fruits of Wasted Years—Recovered by Larger Grace—I. The Locust-eaten Years—What Kind of Years they Are—Dead years of Sin—Of Unprofitable Labor—Of Disappointment—Of Fruitlessness—Of Doubt and Depression—Of a Low State of Grace—Of Backsliding—II. Locust-Eaten Years Restored—Repentance the First Condition—Mary Magdalene's Years—Sorrow Bringing Fruit in Power to Comfort—III. What is to Come of It—Satisfaction—Communion—Anointing—The Locusts Blown Away.

LOST years can never be restored literally. Time once past is gone for ever. Let no man make any mistake about this, or trifle with the present moment under any notion that the flying hour will ever wing its way back to him. As well recall the north wind, or fill again the emptied rain-cloud, or put back into their quiver the arrows of the lord of day. As well bid the river which has hastened onward to the sea, bring back its rolling floods, as imagine that the years that have once gone can ever be restored to us. It will strike you at once that the locusts did not eat the years: the locusts ate the fruits of the years' labor, the harvests of the fields; so that the meaning of the restoration of the years must be the restoration of those fruits and of those harvests which the locusts consumed. You cannot have back your time; but there is a strange and wonderful way in which God can give back to you the wasted blessings, the unripened fruits of years over which you mourned.

Fruits of Wasted Years

may yet be yours. It is a pity that they should have been locust-eaten by your folly and negligence; but if they have been so, be not hopeless concerning them. "All things are possible to him that believeth." There is a power which is beyond all things, and can work great marvels. Who can make the all-devouring locust restore his prey? No man, by wisdom or power, can recover what has been utterly destroyed. God alone can do for you what seems impossible; and here is the promise: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

By giving to His repentant people larger harvests than the land could naturally yield, God could give back to them, as it were, all they would have had if the locusts had never come; and God, by giving you larger grace in the present and in the future, can make the life which has hitherto been blighted, and eaten up with the locust, and the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm of sin and self and Satan, yet to be a complete and blessed and useful life, to His praise and glory. It is a great wonder; but Jehovah is a God of wonders, and in the kingdom of His grace miracles are common things.

We shall go into this subject, which I think must be very full of interest to those here present who have wasted years to mourn over, since they have hitherto done nothing for God, nor even for themselves. The locust hath eaten everything. The prospect of recovering the wreckage of a life must be of interest to them.

I. I shall first speak upon

Locust-Eaten Years.

Years which the locust hath eaten: what sort of years are these? Well, first and darkest of all, there are the *dead years of sin*, of unregeneracy, impenitence, and unbelief. Without God, and without Christ, without life as to spiritual things! What a condition to be in! Oh, how many, many years have some passed in this horrible state! We all of us—those of us with whom God has dealt very graciously—always feel sorry that even our most early days should have been spent in sin. I was brought to know the Lord when I was fifteen years of age, and I have often said that I could wish I had known Him fifteen years before. Oh that one could from the very earliest openings of one's eyes have seen the light of the Eternal! But yet I fear me there are very many to whom the idea of conversion in boyhood and youth seems al-

most too good a thing to be true, for they have now reached thirty, forty, fifty years of age, and are still unreconciled, unrenewed. I could weep over you! We frequently meet with people older still, whose many years have all been graceless, locust-eaten years. Ah me! how sad to be old and unsaved, feeble with age, and yet without strength unto God!

Labor Lost.

Now, remember that eating of the locust—that devouring of everything by the caterpillars—meant a *laborious year*, because that year the people ploughed and sowed, and watched their crops; although the labor was all in vain. So, he that does nothing for God, and has no spiritual blessing, yet has to work and to labor. None toil harder than those who are the slaves of lust, pleasure, self, and Satan. These people often labor as in the very fire. The way of transgressors is hard. They have to toil and slave, and tug and strive; for the yoke of the world is not easy, and its burden is not light. But nothing comes of it; and this is the gall of the bitterness. One does not mind working when there is good reward for it; but to plough and sow, and then to reap nothing, because the locust hath eaten it—this is misery!

The locust year was particularly

A Year of Disappointment.

They looked for a harvest; in fact, they seemed to see it spring up, and then it was devoured before their eyes. Even so the ungodly man, the man who has no faith in Christ, is often charmed with the prospect of a happiness which he never reaches. A little more, and he will be content. He gets a little more; and this increases his thirst for yet another draught from the golden cup. Run as we may, when the heart shoots with its far-reaching bow, still the arrows are beyond us. The student must know a little more; the ambitious must climb a little higher upon the ladder of honor, and then he will be at ease. He learns, he reaches the honor; but the ease is still as distant as ever—perhaps it is even further off.

And, alas! *they are fruitless years*. O sirs, what have some of you ever done in this world yet? I heard of one who had made a half a million of money, and he died, and a Christian man said, "Now, I call that man's life

A Dead Failure.

What has the man done? He has accumulated what he could not enjoy. He has scraped it together, and he has made no use of it whatever." Such persons remind me of jackdaws who will hoard I know not what—all kinds of treasures and trash; and what do they do but hide them in a hole behind the door? They cannot do anything with them. They have no sense to use them: whether they steal the abbot's ring or a bit of wire, it is all the same to jackdaws; and to misers, what can be the difference between a thousand pounds or a thousand pins, since they use neither? Alas! many have the power to get, but have not the faculty to use what they have gotten. Their years are eaten with the locust.

Now, very briefly let me mention that there is another sense in which the text can be used. There are some whose years have been eaten by the locust, through great dolor, and depression, and disappointment. They remember those happy days of spring-tide when they greatly rejoiced in God; but by some means they dropped their confidence, and lost their hope; their sky was darkened, and the wintry winds of despair howled around them. I am grieved for dear friends on whom the chill of long depression has fallen with terrible power. I frequently meet with these sons and daughters of melancholy, and my sorrow is that I am so often unable to deal wisely with them. Prisoners who have been immured till it almost seemed that the moss would grow on their eyelids, have yet been set free. Do not utterly despair, for here stands this gracious promise: "I will restore unto you the years which the locust hath eaten." God can give you back all those years of sorrow, and you shall yet be the

better for them. You shall have to thank God for all this sadness of heart. It is

A Strange Story

that I tell you. Peradventure you will not believe me, but you shall live to see it true: God will grind sunlight for you out of your black nights: in yonder oven of affliction grace will prepare the bread of delight. I said this to a friend with whom I have often conversed—an earnest Christian woman, who for three years had defied all attempt to comfort her. We had prayed with her. Her godly, gracious husband, a minister of Christ, had laid out his heart to cheer her, but she had refused to be comforted; and yet, to my great joy, the other day I received a letter saying, "The Lord has opened the gates of my dungeon. My captivity has ended; and though I am sick in body, that does not matter, for I am restored in spirit." Yes, the Lord *can* loose the captives, and He does it. There are dear children of God who have been ten or twenty years the victims of despair, to whom, nevertheless, this promise has, in the fullness of time, been fulfilled, "I will restore unto you the years which the locust hath eaten."

And now, having given you those two versions of the text, let me give you another. I speak of those whose years have been wasted by their low state of grace. Many Christians are

Barely Christians.

We may not be judges of our brethren; but if some professors are Christians, it is in a very small way. They seem to be like Hosea's "silly dove," without heart. I do not judge them; but I look at them with pitying wonder. How can they be content to be such useless things? How can they be satisfied to be so neutral, so double-minded, when all around them the stern conflict rages? I wish they would give us a little more evidence upon which to judge whether they are for us or for our enemies. The years which the locust hath eaten in some professors are far too many; and I would earnestly exhort any brother here who has had the locusts at him for a long time, and remind him that the promise stands, if he will avail himself of it, "I will restore unto you the years that the locust hath eaten." It is high time that he saw to it, for his case is a bad one. It is ill to be trading so ill, when a merchandise so precious as time is being lost.

Once more only, lest by these varied instances I should weary you. There are some in whom their years have been eaten up by the locusts in

Open Backsliding.

This is one of the plagues of the church of God. Alas, for the many who did run well, but have suddenly stopped, and run no longer in the divine road! This is our frequent sorrow, even to heartbreak. We believe in the perseverance of the saints, but many are not saints, and therefore do not persevere. Nominal saints exhibit no final perseverance. Saints who have only the name of saints last but for a time, and then die away. In too many the life of God rather lingers than grows: their religion is so very weakly that they exhibit rather the sign of disease than of health. They wander away from their Lord and Master because they do not sufficiently feel His attractive power. Oh, that the Lord would be gracious in restoring such wanderers! Do I address any who have almost given up attendance on the means of grace! God have mercy upon you! Come and receive His restoring mercy. He will not cast you away, but He bids me say to you, that if you turn to Him according to the teaching of this chapter, He will yet restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten. It is a great wonder; but you shall see it, if you will seek the Lord yet again.

II. What does God say? "I will restore unto you the years that the locust hath eaten." This is our second head:

Locust-Eaten Years Restored.

Notice, this is divine work, "I will restore unto you the years that the locust hath eaten." You cannot get them back. Nobody can give them back to you. But the omnipotent Jehovah

says, "I will restore them to you." Can you believe that? All things are possible with God. Those dead years, those doleful years, those desponding years, those idle years, those backsliding years—all the harvests of them God can give them back to you. Look away from yourself, and trust in the miracle-working God, while you hear this promise, "I will restore unto you the years which the locust hath eaten."

But notice that this restoration follows upon a true and genuine repentance. Repent, then. This is the great teaching and operation of the gospel at its commencement upon the heart. "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you," is its first cry from the wilderness. "Turn ye every man from his evil ways." "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die, O house of Israel?" To go on in impenitence is to miss the blessing of my text. To go on in spiritual deadness—to go on in backsliding—will never bring the restoration of lost years. But he that shall unfeignedly confess his sin, shall heartily hate it, and shall turn unto God through Jesus Christ, trusting in the precious blood of His atonement, shall receive the unspeakably precious benediction of the Lord, the Restorer. Such a man shall plead this promise with God, and have it graciously fulfilled to him: "I will restore unto you the years that the locust hath eaten." It is a very remarkable promise, but you see to whom it is given.

This promise is only fulfilled by the exceeding grace of God; and it shall be my business for a minute to show you how the grace of God works it out. We take, for instance, a man or a woman who has been living for many

Years in Known Sin.

Those years have all been wasted. How can God give us back the fruit of those wasted years? He can. He can. Seest thou that woman? She is a sinner, a common sinner of the town. She has spent her days, her nights, in wantonness. She comes into the room where the Saviour lies reclining at the dinner-table, and His feet are not far from the door. She bears a choice box of ointment; she has, besides that, eyes full of tears, and she stands behind Him weeping. She washes His feet with those tears. She loosens the luxuriant tresses of her head, those nets in which she had entangled many a living soul, and she bows down, and wipes those feet which with her tears she washed. While she kisses them with her lips, she wipes them with her hair. Now, that woman, in that day, had through grace restored to her the years which the locust had eaten. And you, too, my hearer, though you may have been so many years a sinner, can yet be so transformed as to overtake the saints. God can give you such a true repentance, such a burning love, such an enthusiastic consecration, that during the rest of your days you shall make up for all those wasted years.

I will suppose the locust has eaten many years by your being in great sorrow; and I believe that the Lord can easily make up to you.

The Wear and Fret of Grief

are great, but there is a remedy. Have I not seen some that have passed through years of deep soul-distress, who have been all their lifetime much the better for it? They have been more able to sympathize with poor, tried saints. They have had a truer, deeper, richer experience; and, as a rule, they have known the gospel of Christ better, and they have had a tenderer love to Him who brought them up out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay. Personally I have been much the gainer by my sad hours and my sick-days. Your ills may become wells of comfort for others. The Lord can bring so much good out of the evil, so much light out of the darkness, so much joy out of the sorrow, that you shall one day say, "I thank God that I was shut up in Doubting Castle. I thank God I did sink in the deep mire where there was no standing, for He has restored to me the years that the locust hath eaten."

And if, again, the locust has eaten up your years through your being cold and indifferent

and idle, God can recover you from this sad mischief. He will give you to repent bitterly of this great sin; for a great sin it is to lose a moment which should be used for Jesus. But yet, if the Lord shall visit you with an intense hatred of such idleness, and sting you into action, and at the same time draw you by the cords of love into full consecration, you will, perhaps, by redoubled zeal, recover the lost seasons. Oh that God would make it so with those who hitherto have sadly loitered in the race! Oh that our smouldering logs would become flaming firebrands! Oh that our slugs-guards could be aroused into enthusiasts!

Do not invite the locusts to come, I pray you, in the hope of getting back that which they devour. No, no; no—a thousand times No. We do not want the locusts at all: we cannot endure sin, or doubt, or trifling. We want every year to be fruitful—fruitful with a hundred-fold increase. But if the evils have come, let us turn to God with penitence and faith, and He can yet restore to us the losses they have caused.

III. I have done, when I have said just a word or two upon a third point. Here are locust-eaten years, and here are those locust-eaten years restored: and now,

What Is To Come Of It?

If God restores to us the years that the locust hath eaten, He has done a great deal for us; but notice that He is able to do yet more, and will do it, for what doth He say? He says, in the twenty-sixth verse, "And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you: and my people shall never be ashamed." What a promise! You half-starved professors—you that are moping and mourning, who rise from the tables of the world unsatisfied, devoured with a gripping hunger—if you turn to God with full purpose of heart, He will fill you with heavenly bread, and give you as real enjoyment as ever He gave to the best of His people. What shall come of it? Why, this shall come of it—that you who have had the most to mourn over shall be among the loudest singers. You shall praise the name of the Lord your God that hath dealt wondrously with you. You will cry, with tears running down your cheeks, "Who is a God like unto Thee, passing by transgression, iniquity, and sin?" I was a sinner up to the neck in filth; a despairing soul shut up in the densest darkness; but He has washed me, and He has brought me out into the light, and put a new song into my mouth. He is a glorious God—this God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I pray you may have intense enjoyment of His marvellous grace, and may pour forth your whole souls in His praise.

Next, you shall have most clear and sweet communion with God. Hear what the prophet further says, "And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else, and My people shall never be ashamed." Wonderful! wonderful! that a far-off, outcast sinner should know his covenant God, and should say, "He is my God," and should enter into fellowship with Him, and should enjoy all the privileges of a friend of God. Wonderful that all his fear should be gone, and that he should instead be full of holy confidence, and have a right to hold up his head and never be ashamed! It shall be so, dear hearer. True repentance shall bring rest.

And then, best of all, the

Anointing Shall Come

upon you. I hope that the Lord has some here, at this hour, who did not know Him when they came within these walls, who, at this time, shall be called by His grace, and before long shall begin to tell to others what the Lord has done for them. O Lord, find ministers among these miserable sinners! Raise up for Thyself witnesses from among these careless youths! May the locusts all be blown away by a strong north wind, and never darken the air again! May these wasted years all be given back to you, and may you become the Lord's living, loving servants from this time forth. Oh, for the high-

est form of spiritual life! Oh, for the greatest possible usefulness! Oh for grace to fill out our poor shrivelled lives till they arrive at a heavenly fullness! Oh for the sacred breath of God to fill out all the canvas of our capacity! Lord, the sail flaps; the boat scarcely moves; we lie becalmed in indolence! Send us a breeze, we pray Thee. Grant us the wind of Thy Spirit to fill out every sail, that we may fly over the waves. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE CATACOMBS.*

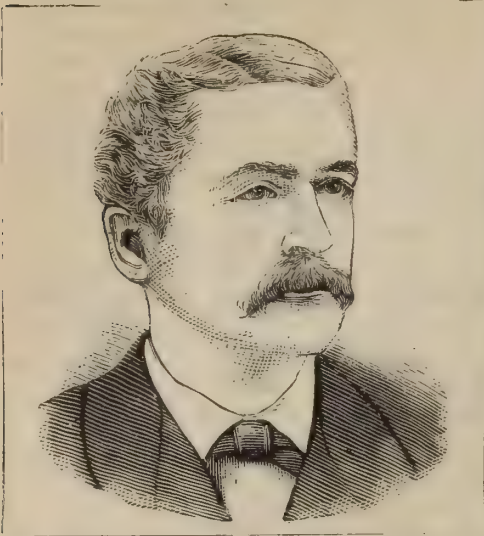
THE custom of laying the dead in natural or rock-hewn caves was familiar to pagan antiquity, especially in the East. But the recesses used for this purpose were only private or family vaults. Their growth into catacombs or subterranean necropolises for larger companies, bound together by their one religion, without distinctions of rank (Gal. 3: 28), first arose on Christian soil from a consciousness that their fellowship transcended death and the grave. For the accomplishment of this difficult and costly undertaking, Christian burial societies were formed after the pattern of similar institutions of Paganism. Specially numerous and extensive necropolises have been found laid out in the immediate neighborhood of Rome. In Malta, Naples, Syracuse, Palermo, and other cities, this mode of sepulture also found favor.

The Roman catacombs, of which in the hilly district round about the eternal city fifty-eight have been counted in fourteen different high-ways, are almost all laid out in the white, porous tufa-stone, which is there so abundant, and useful neither for building nor for mortar. It is thus apparent that these are neither wrought-out quarries nor gravel-pits, but were set in order from the first as cemeteries. They form labyrinthine, twisting, steep galleries, only three or four feet broad, with rectangular corners, caused by countless intersections. Their perpendicular sides varied greatly in height, and in them the burial niches were hewn out, one above the other, and on the reception of the body, were built up, or hermetically sealed with a stone slab, bearing an inscription and a Christian symbol. The wealthy laid their dead in costly marble sarcophagi or stone coffins, ornamented with bas-reliefs. The walls too, and the low-arched roofs, were adorned with symbols and pictures of Scripture scenes.

The Symbols

on the last resting-places of the dead are of varied character. First, there was the *cross*, though, for fear of the reproaches of Jews and heathens, not in its proper form, but only in the form that indicated what was meant, namely, in the form of the Greek T, very frequently in later times in the monogram of the name of Christ. Then there is the *lamb* or *sheep* as symbol of the soul, which still in this life seeks after spiritual pasture; and the *dove* as symbol of the Holy Spirit, or of the pious, believing soul entering into eternal rest, often with an olive-branch in its mouth (Gen. 8: 11), as symbol of the eternal peace won. Also we have the *hart* (Ps. 42: 1), the *eagle* (Ps. 103: 5), the *chicken*, symbol of Christian growth; the *peacock*, symbol of the Resurrection, on account of the annual renewal of its beautiful plumage; the *dolphin*, symbol of eagerness in the appropriation of salvation; the *horse*, symbol of the race to the goal of eternal life; the *hare*, symbol of the Christian working out his salvation with fear and trembling; the *ship*, with reference to Noah's ark as a figure of the Church; the *anchor* (Heb. 6: 19), the *lyre* (Eph. 5: 19), the *palm-branch* (Rev. 7: 9), the *garland*, or crown of life (Rev. 2: 9), the *lily* (Matt. 6: 28).

* From "Church History." By Professor Kurtz. Translated from the German, with the author's approval, by Rev. John MacPherson, A. M. This work has had an enormous circulation in Germany, where it has run through nine editions, and is accepted as a standard work. The translation has been done accurately and gracefully, and it is likely to become as popular here as in Germany. It is in three volumes, of which the first is now issued. Pp. 574. Price \$2 per vol. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.



Mr. Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina.



Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

the *balances*, symbol of divine righteousness; *fishes and bread*, symbol of spiritual nourishment with reference to Christ's miracle of feeding the multitude in the wilderness, etc., etc.

Beside these are the parabolic figures. These are illustrations borrowed from the parables of the Gospels. To these belong conspicuously the figure of the *Good Shepherd*, who bears on His shoulder the lost sheep which He had found (Luke 15 : 5), the *vine-stock* (John 15), the *Sower* (Matt. 13 : 3), the *marriage-feast* (Matt. 22), the *ten virgins* (Matt. 25). Lastly, there are scenes from the gospel's history. These, such as the visit of the Wise Men from the East, and the resurrection of Lazarus, are, throughout the period in which these carvings were made (A. D. 70-322), exceedingly rare.

SALT LAKE CITY.

(See Illustration.)

THE narrative Mrs. Stenhouse is giving from week to week in these pages, of her experience of Mormonism, renders the picture here given doubly interesting. It represents Main Street, the chief thoroughfare of Salt Lake City, as it appeared some three or four years ago. A traveller who visited the headquarters of the Mormon Church about that time, says that he found the city well built, richly wooded, plentifully watered by conduits, and smiling with fertile fields, gardens, and orchards. The square blocks into which the city is divided are six hundred and sixty feet each way, and the chief streets are one hundred and twenty-eight feet wide. In some of the streets fine trees on each side make a beautiful shady avenue. The houses are built of adobe, and each has its garden. The most imposing is the mansion, or rather collection of dwellings, which Brigham Young built for the accommodation of his numerous wives and large families. Many of them are still occupied as they were during his life. The chief public building is the magnificent "temple," a huge and costly structure, the pride of the Mormon Church. The Tabernacle ranks next. It has a conspicuous dome-like roof, and is capable of accommodating fifteen thousand persons.

Main Street is the business thoroughfare of the city. The houses on it are built close to the sidewalk, and there are no trees on that street. It is the central mart of Utah Territory, and the ores and minerals, as well as the farm products, are brought there from all parts of the Territory for sale and distribution. It is generally crowded with bullock wagons, coaches and carriages of all kinds, and in the busy parts of the day, merchants, miners, farmers, and Indians crowd its stores and hurry along its sidewalks.

The Mormons are proud, and not without reason, of the change they have effected in the region that forty years ago was a desolate, barren wilderness. The fact is admitted, and their thrift and industry cannot be denied. But the horrors of what they call their "religion" eclipse

the merits to which they are entitled. Polygamy produces there, as it has produced wherever it has flourished, cruelty, oppression, and the degradation of woman. The poor, deluded creatures who are enticed there, little know, until it is too late, all the misery comprised in that one word. It is a system of organized gratification of lust in the men, and of servitude of the most degrading type for the women.

MR. HUGH S. THOMPSON, The New Civil Service Commissioner.

(See portrait.)

It has gratified the friends of Civil Service Reform throughout the country that President Harrison has at last taken a step that indicates his desire to execute faithfully the much abused Pendleton law. In appointing to the vacant places on the commission Mr. Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina, whose portrait is here given, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, whose portrait we hope to give shortly, he has delegated the administration of the law to two of its faithful friends, who may be trusted to carry it out in spirit and letter. The law in their hands, we may hope, will have a fair trial, and if they are not thwarted its beneficial results must be apparent. It will do much to check the disgraceful struggle for office that makes our system of government the laughing-stock of other nations, and will do much to suppress the corruption that is eating like a cancer into our national life.

Mr. Hugh S. Thompson is the only Democrat on the Commission. He is fifty-three years of age, having been born in South Carolina in 1836. He entered the Southern army in 1861, and at the close of the terrible struggle had attained the rank of colonel. He was one of the first men of his State to gracefully accept the results of the war, and he set himself promptly to the task of reconstructing the demoralized condition of the South. He was made State Superintendent of Education, and during the six years that he held the office did all that could be done in the unpropitious circumstances to promote the interests of the rising generation. In 1882 he was elected Governor of his State, and he was re-elected in 1884. Before his second term expired President Cleveland made him Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in which he acquitted himself with credit. It is worthy of note that while occupying that position he strictly carried out the principles of the law of which he is now appointed one of the administrators.

GOWER'S SICKNESS.

(See Illustration on page 333.)

To be poor and solitary and sick in a great city is perhaps the most miserable lot a man can endure. In the country, friends are sure to miss a man who is absent from his usual haunts, and will come and see him and render little services, or, in any case, will cheer him by their presence. But in a busy city there are so many

faces that one is not missed when it drops out of the crowd. Some one may wonder where the man is, but there is no time for speculating on such subjects; his vacant place is soon filled, and he is forgotten. Meanwhile the man may be lying in that debatable land in which he does not know whether to-morrow will find him in this world or the next. If he has funds he can command the services of doctors and nurses; or if he be poor it may be that he has a wife or mother or sister who will watch by his bedside, smooth the crumpled pillow, administer the medicine, and speak words of encouragement; but if he is poor and solitary and sick in a great city he is a miserable man.

George Gower was in that plight. He was a carpenter by trade, but he was out of work. A long spell of dullness in building was upon his own locality, and he went to the nearest city in the hope that work of some kind might be had. He did find some at good wages for a time, but the dull time followed him there, and soon he found himself again unemployed. Day after day he sought employment, but returned at night to his miserable lodging without success.

It was a poor place, a mere closet, scarcely large enough to hold the bed and leave a narrow passage at the side. The window was small, one of the panes was cracked, and it was so close to the houses opposite that very little sunlight could enter by it. The ceiling was low and discolored with the rain that penetrated between the loose shingles. A dreary room even in summer and when its occupant was in good spirits; but to lie there ill!—it was enough to make one shudder to imagine such a thing. And Gower was ill. He felt sure of it. Strange shiverings ran through his body. He was thirsty, and his skin was dry and hot. A drenching rain, which wetted him to the skin some days before, must have given him a bad cold. He scarcely recognized his room when he reached it. That was certainly the chair he sat upon this morning, but it seemed to him to have taken on a fantastic shape, and the bed—was that a bed?—his bed? it looked to him like a hearse. Was he in his own room, or was he on a journey? He was bewildered and excited, and finally flung himself on the bed without undressing and tried to sleep. The horrors of that night Gower never forgot. He seemed to travel over vast distances, to fall from enormous heights, to struggle from under huge weights, to be held by strong chains, yet to be under the imperative necessity of hastening on some urgent business. It was a dreadful night.

The next morning he was delirious. It was no one's business to look after him. He only rented the one room he used, and did not board in the house. Happily for him, his rent was due; so his poverty served him a good turn for once. The janitor, coming up to his room to collect the rent or give him a warning to quit if

the rent was not forthcoming, found Gower tossing about restlessly and muttering indistinctly and incoherently at a great rate. The janitor did not stay there long. The bloodshot, flaming eyes and the flushed face of the sick man frightened him. Hurrying down the dark and narrow staircase without any definite idea of what it was best to do, he ran against a man going up. He knew him, and congratulated himself. He was a city missionary, and the janitor quickly told him about the man up-stairs. Even men who despise religion have an instinctive idea that a religious man has in him more than the average share of human kindness, and is the right man to have around in time of trouble.

"I will go up and see him," said the missionary. "Has he any friends?"

"None that I know of," said the janitor. "I never spoke to him except about his rent, and that is in arrear now."

The missionary climbed the stairs and entered the room. His practiced eye told him at once that the illness was serious, and might be fatal. It was useless to ask questions, so he gave the man a drink of water, and hurried away to report to his employers. He returned a few hours later with a doctor and a nurse, and Gower was undressed and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

It was a serious illness, and for a long time it seemed as if it would be a fatal one; but one day the missionary found, when he paid his usual morning visit, that the crisis was past, and that Gower was sleeping naturally and peacefully. The next day, though still weak, he was able to talk, and asked who were the good people who had cared for him. The missionary told him, and in return heard his sad story. It was the story, only too common, of a lad piously brought up, but falling into temptation. A life of carelessness, sometimes of vice, and then poverty and sickness. The missionary prayed with him, and, fearing to say more in the weak condition of the patient, left him. On his next visit he found the man who the day before had been sad and despairing, much brighter and more hopeful. The missionary talked to him of Jesus, and Gower said, "Yes, let me hear more of Him. Look there; I scarcely took my eyes off that after you left yesterday."

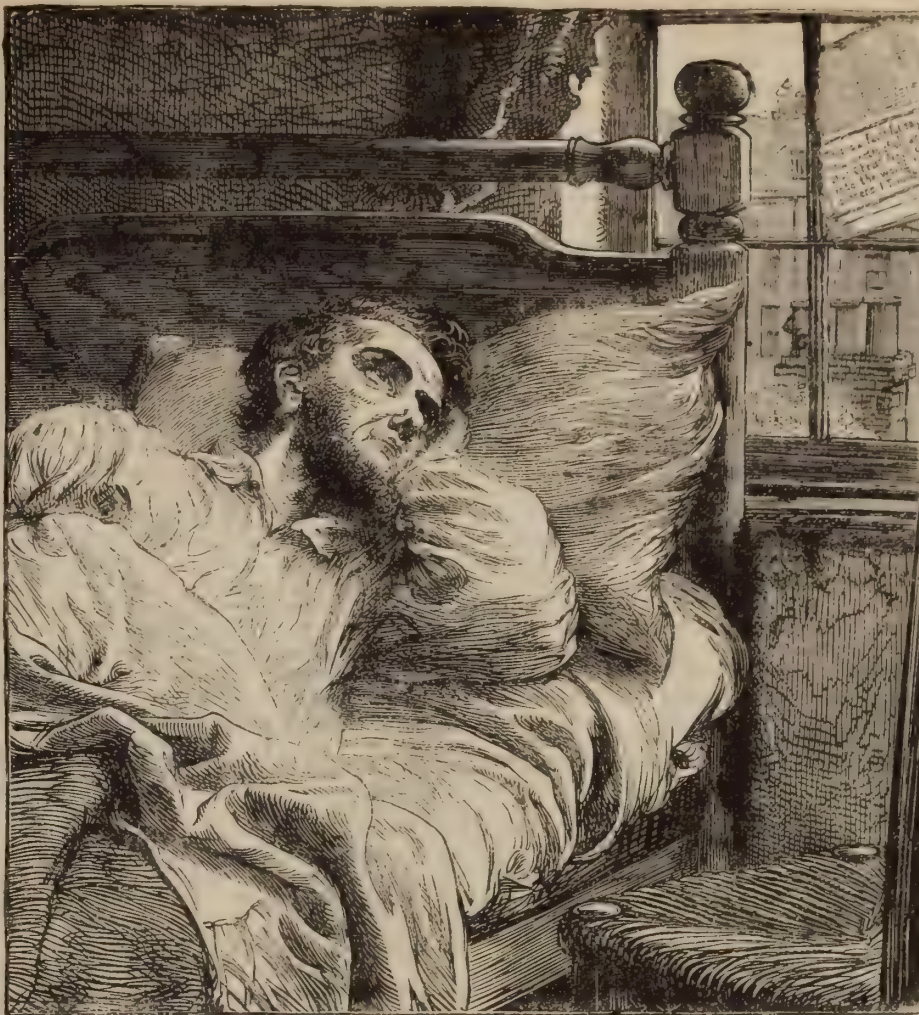
He pointed to the cracked window, over which the nurse had pasted a piece of paper torn from a religious journal. The missionary looked and read, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. (1 Tim. 1:15.)"

"That is the greatest truth ever given to the world," said the missionary.

"Yes, sir," Gower answered; "but you need to be such a sinner as I have been to value it. My mother taught me that text, but I had forgotten it; and yesterday, when I had been thinking of my past life, I looked up, and it seemed like a message from my poor dead mother to her wandering boy. That is just what she would say to me if she could speak to me now."

"We will pray to God to enable you to realize it still more," the missionary said; and he knelt down by the bed.

They had many talks after that; and when Gower was able to rise from his sick-bed, he was



The Convalescent's Study of the Patch on the Window.

not only made whole in body, but had within him a new heart and a right spirit, and was conscious that God had accepted him through Christ. In after years, and in more prosperous circumstances, he blessed God for the sickness and poverty that had come upon him to stop him in his sinful course, and for that day when the glad message of the gospel spoke to him from the cracked window.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 319.)

An Unwelcome Migration.

ONE morning we were surprised to receive a visit from the Apostle George O. Cannon, who had come to take the place of Mr. Stenhouse as President of the Mission in the Eastern States, and we were now to prepare to travel with the next company of emigrants. To me this was most unpleasant intelligence. The time had come at last when I was to realize my worst apprehensions, and I think at that time, had I been permitted to choose, I would have preferred to die rather than journey to Salt Lake.

Besides this, ever since my husband had been engaged with the secular papers, we had been getting along very comfortably. We had now a pleasant home, and many comforts and little luxuries which we had not enjoyed since we left Switzerland, and I was beginning to hope that we should be allowed to remain in New York for a few years at least. We had also by this time six children—the youngest only a few days old—and I leave it to any mother to determine whether I had not good cause for vexation when I was told that we were expected to leave New York within two weeks, with the emigrants who were then en route from England. My husband also was to take charge of the company, and therefore everything would depend upon me—all the preparations for our journey, the disposal

of our furniture, and, in fact, the thousand and one little necessary duties which must attend the packing up and departure of a family.

In the course of a few days the emigrants arrived, and then my husband was compelled to devote all his time to them. When I told the Elders that it was almost impossible for me, in the delicate state of health in which I was, and with a babe only two weeks old, to undertake such a journey, they told me that I had no faith in the power of God, and that if I would arise and begin my preparations, the Lord would give me strength according to my day. Thinking that probably my husband believed as they did, I made the effort, but it cost me much.

In the Mormon Church the feelings or sufferings of women are seldom considered. If an order is given to any man to take a journey or perform any given task, his wife or wives are not to be thought of for a moment. They are his property just as much as his horses, mules, or oxen; and if one wife should die, it is of little consequence if he has others, and if he has not he can easily get them; and if he is not young or fascinating enough to win his way with the young ladies, he had only to keep on good terms with Brigham Young, or even with his bishop and every difficulty would be smoothed away, and they

would be "counselled" to marry him.

It is difficult for one not in the Mormon Church to understand how the women submit to such treatment, and in consequence they are regarded by some as spiritless, debased specimens of humanity, but, as an authority on Mormonism has said, "Whoever has read debasement in the women of Utah has done them an injustice. Some there be who are devoid of refined sentiment and the nobler instincts of their sex, but no woman in history ever deserved more respect and sympathy than the true women among the Mormons."

They are taught to believe that their religion is a Divine institution, which is to regenerate the world and restore the golden age, and that by their submitting to the decrees of the Church they help to bring about this long-hoped-for restoration. If they endure heartrending sorrow in the performance of their religion, they yet yield to the Mormon doctrine that "the first duty of a woman is submission, the second, silence." The men also are taught that he is noblest who values the companionship of the soul the least, and that his wife is but the mother of his children. Thus the poor Mormon women are often placed on the level of the most inferior animals. One of the most noted of the Mormon Apostles said: "*We think no more of taking a woman than we do of buying another one.*"

It is never expected, nor would it be tolerated in any Mormon woman, that she should exercise her own judgment in opposition to her husband, no matter how much she might feel that he was in the wrong. I have frequently seen intelligent women subjected to the grossest tyranny on the part of ignorant and fanatical husbands who were influenced by the absurd teachings of the Tabernacle.

One of the greatest Mormon writers, Orson Pratt, has said: "*The wife should never follow her own judgment in preference to that of her*

husband; for if her husband desires to do right, but errs in judgment, Heaven will bless her in endeavoring to carry out his counsels; for *God has placed him at the head*, and though he may err in judgment, yet the wife will not be justified in disregarding his instructions and counsels; far greater is the sin of rebellion than the errors which arise from want of judgment; therefore *she would be condemned for suffering her will to rise against his. Be obedient*, and Heaven will cause all things to work for good."

The trouble and annoyance occasioned by leaving a comfortable position in New York to travel to such an unknown region as Utah was then, was not a trifle; but we hastened our preparations, sacrificing all that we possessed in the most reckless manner, and in due time set out. When we reached Florence—the starting-point on the frontiers—we were detained by some mismanagement on the part of the agents, and remained for three weeks in camp. Ours was what was called an "independent company;" by which I mean that we were able to defray our own expenses without borrowing from the Church: the poorer emigrants were assisted from a fund provided for that purpose—the Perpetual Emigration Fund.

As was before said, this fund was not intended to provide a free passage; those who had a little money were assisted, and then after all, they had to make good to the last farthing, with interest, whatever amount they had borrowed from the fund. I have known many people who contributed very largely, and it was represented constantly as the duty of all to do so.

Americans in Salt Lake City who contemplate marriage with a newly arrived emigrant, generally try to discover whether the "emigration" of their lady-love has been settled for, and if their investigations end unfavorably, the result very frequently is that their devotion is turned into another channel, and some other maiden whose expenses have been fully paid bears off the palm. Englishmen have not always been quite so prudent, and some have married according to their own sweet fancy without asking a question, and to their dismay, not long after the wedding, an account has been sent in for the emigration of Miss Blank. Others, again, have not been allowed to marry the lady of their choice until she was first paid for.

The Mormon Church never gives, it only lends to the poor. Many a man and woman has given enough to have emigrated himself or herself over and over again. This was because they were old people, and it was the young girls and young people generally who received the benefits of the fund. Many years ago a poor old widow woman in England said to me, "I have nearly starved myself to contribute all that I could to the emigration fund, in hopes that I should have the privilege of going to Zion, and mingling with the chosen people of God, but every season the young girls are all picked out of our branch, and I am told to wait. I cannot think that this is right, but I don't wish to judge the actions of God's servants. I suppose I must wait." She did wait, and died waiting.

Our company was in an infinitely better position than that of those emigrants of whose sad fate my friend Mary Burton had told me; for our journey was made at the proper season, and, as far as was possible under the circumstances, convenience and comfort had been attended to. The incidents which befell us were few, and although, of course, every one of us felt weary and worn out, we were not called upon to pass through the miseries and suffering endured by the hand-cart emigrants. Looking back to our primitive mode of travelling, it appears to me almost as if I must be making some mistake about my own age, and that it must have been several centuries instead of a few years ago, since we crossed the Plains.

The ox-team and wagon, the walk on foot in the day and the camp-life at night, have been pleasantly exchanged for the swift travel of a few days in a Pullman palace-car. There was, however, for a short time, an intermediate stage

between this and the old mode of travelling, when, before the opening of the branch line to the city, about forty miles had to be traversed in a coach. As the descriptions hitherto given of the journeys to Salt Lake have been of a melancholy nature, I shall be excused for giving in this place a humorous description of this part of the journey from the pen of Mr. W. F. Rae, a correspondent of the *Daily News*. He says:

"The Pacific Railway runs through Utah Territory, and skirts the northern end of the Great Salt Lake. From the nearest railway station to the City of the Saints the distance is about forty miles. A branch line, called the Utah Central Railroad, has now brought Salt Lake City into communication by rail with the principal American cities of the East and West. When I made the journey, the visitor to the capital of Mormondom had to leave the Union Pacific at Uintah station, and take a seat in one of the stage coaches of Wells, Fargo & Co. The coach which meets the train is what is styled a 'Concord Coach.' It has seats for nine persons inside, and for at least five upon the roof. The inside seat for three is placed crosswise between the two doors. Those who occupy it are not only cramped, but are exposed to disagreeable pressure from the knees of the passengers behind, as well as to inconvenience from the feet and legs of those facing them. To suffer this during five hours, the time occupied by the journey, is bad enough, yet this is not the worst.

"The road itself is unique of its kind. To rival it would be difficult, to surpass it impossible. In badness it is pre-eminent. Execrable is the strongest epithet in the language for a road having no redeeming points. This word, however, serves but feebly and inadequately to describe and stigmatize the road between Uintah Station and Salt Lake City. There are innumerable ruts and depressions in it. Huge stones interpose obstacles to the smooth passage of a vehicle. If the occurrence of the ruts were more uniform, and the arrangement of the stones more regular, less complaint might with justice be made. But the perverse combination of the two is utterly unbearable.

"On one side, at short distances apart, is a rut a foot deep; on the opposite side is a row of stones a foot high. As the four horses harnessed to the coach draw it rapidly over these rough places, the effect is that of a sudden lurch and stunning blow produced simultaneously. The swing to the one side which follows the sinking of the wheels, bumps the passengers against the sides and against each other, while the jar of the other wheel against the stones throws their heads against the roof, or their backs against the front or rear of the coach. Thus they learn, in a way alike practical and unpleasant, the import of the threat to beat a man into a jelly, or to break every bone in his body.

"On reaching their destination the passengers have good ground for charging the company with a species of assault and battery. That no steps have yet been taken with a view to obtain redress for physical injuries sustained during the drive is probably due to the fact that every one who has survived the ordeal must be so thankful that he has escaped with his life as to have no disposition to foster vindictive feelings against his fellows.

"It is a standing miracle that the driver sticks to his post. Judging from the one who drove the coach when I was among the passengers, I should say that the risks run and the jolting undergone had a souring effect on his temper and a saddening influence on his mind. A more surly, ill-conditioned, and taciturn driver I never met before. The chief point in his favor was his determination to keep the cattle going at full speed. When we halted to change horses, and were detained a few minutes beyond the allotted time, he told the outside passengers to hold on firmly, as he meant 'to go ahead like greased lightning.' As the road before us looked even worse than that behind, this intimation seemed equivalent to a threat of extra

sufferings about to be inflicted. On the other hand, the warning was accepted with gratitude. It was better to have one's misery shortened in time, even if intensified in degree, than to have it protracted as well as extreme. To this hour I am amazed that the wheels and framework of the coach remained unbroken and unstrained."

What living contradictions we were as we crossed the Plains—singing in a circle, night and morning, the songs of Zion and listening to prayers and thanksgivings for having been permitted to gather out of Babylon; and then during the day as we trudged along in twos and threes expressing to each other all our misgivings and doubts and fears, and the bitterness of our thoughts against the "plurality abomination, while each wife, confiding in her husband's honor and faithfulness, solaced herself with the hope that all might yet be well! How little sometimes do the songs of gladness reflect the real sentiments of the heart! How often have I heard many a poor heart-broken woman singing the chorus, "I never knew what joy was till I became a Mormon"! I never could sing that song, for my experience had been exactly the reverse.

It was the month of September—the beginning of our beautiful Indian summer—when we emerged from the cañon, and caught sight of Salt Lake City. Everything looked green and lovely, and in spite of all my sad forebodings while crossing the Plains, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah, what a glorious spot!" It looked like a beautiful garden—another Eden—in the midst of a desert valley. We had a glimpse of the great Salt Lake far away in the distance, stretching out like a placid sheet of molten silver, while everywhere around were the lonely looking snow-capped mountains, apparently encircling us like mighty prison-walls.

Probably all my readers have heard of the saline mystery of the Great Salt Lake, but have ideas about it most vague and unsatisfactory. It excels the ocean as a bathing-place. Do not picture it as a sullen, listless sheet, beating idly on shores barren and repellant, for it is beautiful. The waves are bright blue or green. As they dance on its surface it is hard to tell which color prevails. Away in the depth the eye may reach, but it searches out no living thing. The water supports no life.

The strange sinking and rising of the lake is only one of many curious phases. What outlet has it? Whence comes its salt? Why does it not overflow? Its area embraces 4,000 square miles, and the mountainous islands which mark its centre, distance has turned to purple. The residents of the Territory appreciate their prize, and during the summer fairly flock to it. Garfield and Black Rock are the bathing-places. The sensation upon entering is novel and congenial. Imagine a cork swimming always upon the topmost crest, floating without an effort. One must keep properly balanced, or head and heels change places. Do not swallow the water. Cooling, strengthening, and refreshing as a beverage, its stomachic qualities are doubtful and its stay short. It is twenty-two per cent. salt, while the ocean is only two per cent. Being so heavy it affords a solid foundation for the swimmer, who has only to keep poised to stay at the top. The temperature is low, so lessening the tendency to take cold upon leaving it.

The proper length of a bath is not much over five minutes, though many lengthen this. The water is extremely invigorating. If there is any abrasion upon the body, it will smart for an instant when it touches the brine, but after rinsing in the fresh water, provided in every room, the smart is gone never to return. There is a sense of cleanliness more perfect than an ordinary bath can produce. Weariness and sickness seem to belong to another realm. It is strange that with such a burden of salt, the water is clear, but none of the mineral is precipitated. Boating here is peculiar. Every wave strikes against the prow with a very perceptible shock, beating it back. In ordinary weather a boat sits high, and can skim along like a duck.

Amongst the minor features connected with the lake may be mentioned the hot Red Springs a few miles north, so named from the hue that they impart to the soil. They contain salt, magnesia, and iron, and the waters are much hotter than the hand can bear.

(To be Continued).

JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for June 2, Mark 14: 55-65; Golden Text, John 15: 25.

The Voluntary Sacrifice—The Strange Judgment-Seat—The Just Before the Unjust—The Search for an Indictment—His Offences Were Miracles and Good Works—A Capital Charge Wanted—Silence Under False Accusations—The High Priest's Crucial Question—An Unequivocal Avowal—Where Persecution Always Falls—The Worldly Church Escapes—Peter's Denial—Why He Fell—The Melting Look.

"AND they led Jesus away." "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter." (Isa. 53: 7.) Hitherto man had no power over Him; now, it was only by permission that they could lay hands on Him. He said Himself, "Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life, that I might take it again." (John 10: 17.) He was led away to the high priest. What a mockery was that trial! Jesus, our great High Priest, who can enter the immediate presence of God, not "once every year," like the Jewish high priests, who offered for themselves and "for the errors of the people," but who "ever liveth to make intercession for us," standing at the bar of an earthly priest! There stood, face to face, the type and the Antitype, the high priest from among men and the divine Son of God, "an High Priest for ever." The man Caiaphas with his own heart full of unforgiveness, and the blessed "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world"! It was

A Strange Judgment-Seat!

God arraigned before men, the Sinless before the sinful, the Creator before the creature! Had the curtain of the invisible world been dropped, and could the great cloud of witnesses in the unseen world have appeared, and their discourse, like that of Moses and Elijah with the transfigured Jesus, have been heard, how infinite would have been the contrast between their view of things, and that of "the chief priests, and the elders, and the scribes," who, with the high priest were sitting in judgment upon Jesus!

It was not man that humbled Jesus: He "made Himself of no reputation" (or emptied Himself); it was His own doing. "He took upon Him the form of a servant;" no one forced it upon Him. "And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself," voluntarily and not by constraint, and "became obedient unto death;" He was not born to it, as sinners are, and that death was "even the death of the cross!"

Now that the chief priests had succeeded in apprehending Jesus, they were at a loss to find some legal ground of condemnation. They had their Man, but how to accuse Him was the difficulty. They had plenty against Him, but had it been weighed in the scales of the sanctuary it would have been found lighter than vanity as

The Ground of Condemnation.

He was only a carpenter's son! This had offended them, but this was no just ground of complaint. (ch. 6: 3.) "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils." (Matt. 12: 24.) But this accusation could not be proved. He healed on the Sabbath day. But none could prove, therefore, that He broke the Sabbath. He compounded no medicines, applied no ointments, bound no bandages, but simply spoke the word, or touched the sick one, and it was done. "They were incensed because He affirmed that the Father had sent Him" (John 7: 28-30), and because He declared that He was before Abraham (John 8: 58, 59), but it was for them to disprove His claim. Taking or granted, in spite of His wonderful works, His more wonderful teaching, and His unworldly spirit, that He was an impostor, and not the

promised Messiah, they were wroth with Him because He said, "I and My Father are one" (John 10: 30, 31); but that which angered them more than all else was the raising of Lazarus from the dead. In consequence of this unprecedented miracle, the chief priests and Pharisees had convened a council, and said, "What do we? For this man doeth many miracles. If we let Him thus alone, all men will believe on Him; and the Romans will come, and take away both our place and nation" (John 11: 47, 48).

But numerous as were these grievances which their unbelieving and jealous hearts cherished against Jesus, not one of them was against the law of God, or could be made a legal charge which could be proved in a court of justice. The chief priests and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put him to death,

And Found None.

The failure of His accusers to substantiate a charge, as well as the testimony of His disciples, went to prove that He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." (1 Pet. 2: 22.) "Many bare false witness against Him;" such can always be hired for money, "but their witness agreed not together," and therefore could not stand, according to the law of Moses, "One witness shall not testify against any person to cause him to die." (Num. 35: 30.)

At last there arose certain who came to some measure of agreement in the charge, "We heard Him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another, made without hands. But neither so did their witness agree together." Through mingled ignorance and malice, they were perverting the words He spoke at the time of the Passover, in the first year of His public ministry. "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. . . But He spake of the temple of His body." (John 2: 19-21.) The same power which confused the tongues of the wilful Babel builders now confused the witness of those who would accuse Jesus. The high priest was getting desperate; he could retain his seat no more, he stood up in the midst, as though to awe Jesus into submission, and asked Him, "Answerest thou nothing? What is it which these witness against thee? But He held His peace, and answered nothing;" "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." (Isa. 53: 7.) "Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, . . . but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously." Oh how few there are who know how to be silent under accusation, and to let God undertake to justify them! Our beloved Lord said in prophecy, "He is near which justifieth Me." (Isa. 50: 8.) He was contented to be understood by His Father, though all men believed evil of Him. It is one of the strongest proofs of our unbelief in God when we are troubled by false accusation of man. God can turn hearts in a moment and justify us, and if He wills that we should lie under calumny, as Joseph did in Egypt, He will only let it be for a time, and then "shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be like the noonday."

Then the high priest put

The Crucial Question.

"Art thou the Christ, and the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am; and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Jesus only spoke the truth, but it was an unwelcome truth, and they did not, and would not, believe it, and therefore took for granted that, as an impostor, He had spoken blasphemy. The high priest, who was ready to catch at a straw that he might condemn Jesus, rent his clothes, as though with horror (oh how much better if he had rent his heart), and said, "What need we any further witnesses? ye have heard His blasphemy; what think ye? And they all condemned Him to be guilty of death." And on similar grounds are His faithful followers persecuted now. It is not the worldly churches, with their fashions, their concerts, their bazaars, their entertainments, their flowery preachers,

and their music which provoke the enmity of the world, but it is the despised few where the power of God is manifest, where drunkards and profligates, fallen men and fallen women, are reclaimed, where souls and bodies are blest and healed—there it is that contempt and persecution fall. Any amount of worldly religion—which does not search the conscience or bring the sinner face to face with his God—is welcomed in this day, but wherever the power of God is manifest, the majority of people are very suspicious that all is not right; they do not from their hearts "believe that (God) is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

In the presence of one of His disciples, and that one he who had declared, "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee," some began to spit on Him, and to cover His face, and to buffet Him, and to say unto Him, Prophecy; and the servants did strike Him with the palms of their hands." And Peter said nothing, *did* nothing, but care for himself! He was "beneath in the palace," and a maid saw him "warming himself," and said, "And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth." Warming himself

At Such an Hour!

Jesus, His Saviour and Lord, to whom he had borne witness, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. 16: 16.) This very Jesus upon His trial, and condemned by the priests and elders to die, and yet Peter so indifferent that he could warm himself even within sight of that condemned Holy One! Could it be? And yet have we, have I, never done the like? What had happened to Peter, the zealous Peter? He had counted upon himself, and largely reckoned upon the devotion of his own heart, and had not yet learned that that very devotion was a gift of God, only kept alive by the Holy Ghost, and not by the power or will of man. "He denied, saying, I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest. And the cock crew." The morning was dawning, but not yet on Peter's soul. It is just when we are the most confident of our own holiness that we are the nearest to a fall. "Thou standest by faith; be not highminded, but fear." (Rom. 11: 20.) "A maid saw him again, and began to say to those that stood by, 'This is one of them.' He denied a second time, and again they said, 'Surely thou art one of them, for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto.' When once a follower of Christ falls, the enemy gets such a hold of him that an attempt to show him his error maddens him; poor fallen Peter "began to curse and to swear, saying, 'I know not this Man of whom ye speak, and the second time the cock crew.' But the disowned Saviour "turned and looked upon Peter" (Luke 22: 61); it was a look of recognition, and it broke his heart, and brought him to himself; he "called to mind the word that Jesus said unto him, Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice. And when he thought thereon, he wept." The judgment of the priests was not so bitter to Christ as Peter's denial, yet the condemned Jesus forgave him, even in that hour.

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address

delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 71 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for May:

Three Days' Prophetic Conference in Melbourne, Australia. Stars and Prophecy. By W. Appleford. Prophetic Lectures at Birmingham. Historical Fulfilment of the Fourth Trumpet. Prophetic Lectures at Brighton. Primary 2,345 Years from Ezra's Reforms in Nisan, B. C. 457 to Nisan A. D., 1889. Coming and Kingdom of the Lord Jesus. Will General Boulanger be the French Cæsar (Gallo-Kaiser) of Scripture Prophecy. Antichrist's Future: Acting; Described in Dan. 11: 21-45. Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

THE HIGHEST PLACE.

It may be wrong, and yet I would not be
An angel, formed in spotless purity;
It may seem strange, yet with my sins and cares,
I would not change my lot in Christ for theirs.
They in the light of God will ever glow,
Yet joys are mine which they can never know.
They, since He made them first, have ever been
Viewing His love, no earthly veil between;
In that, from age to age, they still abide,
Drink of its fullness, and are satisfied;
Yet even they bend down new depths to see,
New depths of love, the love that ransomed me.
Sweet are their songs, yet not to them is given
To sing the song of the redeemed in heaven.
Bright are their crowns, their harps are shining
gold,

Yet, in their hands no victor's palm they hold,
No wreath they wear such as shall clasp the
brow

Of those who pass through tribulation now.
Their robes are white, yet they shall fade beside
The robes that Jesus' blood hath purified.
They near Him stand, but for His Bride alone
Remains the place the nearest to the throne;
To her, alone, it shall be given to rest
Upon His arm, and lean upon His breast!

Blest thought! each conflict here, each bitter
strife,
Shall but add sweetness to the cup of life,
Each heavy stroke shall but God's child pre-
pare
To be a pillar in His temple there;
There, where the things which darkly now I
see,
Shall be in perfect light revealed to me.

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Vol. XII., No. 20. Office, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1889.

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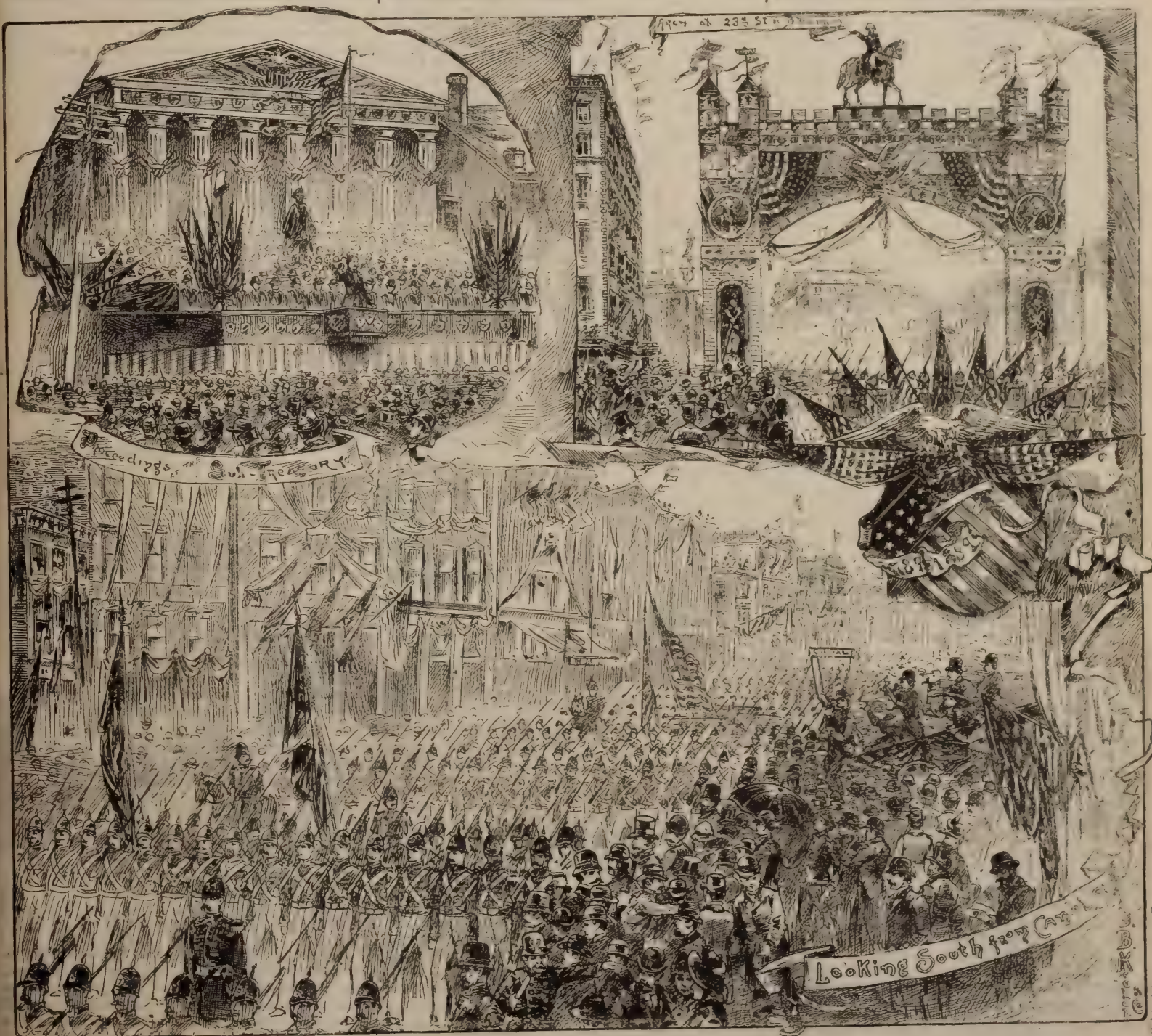
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THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK ON APRIL 30, 1889, OF THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON, ON APRIL 30, 1789.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

On April 30 in New York.

The Illustrations—The Procession to St. Paul's—The Old Church Decorated—Bishop Potter's Prayer—A Tribute to Washington—The Exercises at the Sub-Treasury—Mr. Whittier's Centennial Poem—Mr. Depew's Speech—President Harrison's Remarks—The Procession—Fifty Thousand Men in Line—A Parade Eleven Miles Long—The Contingents from the States.

THE last of the Centennial celebrations of the past fifteen years, stretching from Lexington and Concord to the inauguration of Washington, was unquestionably the greatest. Not even the demonstration of 1876 approached in magnificence, outlay, or enthusiasm the marvellous pageant of April 30 and May 1, 1889, in New York. Some slight suggestion of the most notable features of it is given in

The Illustrations

on the preceding page. The first, representing the scene at the Sub-Treasury building in Wall Street, is the most interesting. That was the spot on which Washington stood to take the oath of office a century ago, and it was appropriate that it should be the centre of interest in the celebration. The building occupies the site of the old Federal Hall. From the highest peak of the roof floated a huge flag, and from the guy ropes to its staff hung the international-code flags, spelling the motto, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." The pediment was decorated with a golden eagle, surrounded with a drapery of flags. Beneath, in a row, were the coats-of-arms of the thirteen original States, with the escutcheon of New York in the centre. The platform erected over the steps bore on its blue drapery forty-two alternate stripes of red and white, each of which was emblazoned with the coat-of-arms of a State. These were so arranged that President Harrison would stand over the escutcheon of Indiana, with that of New York on his right, and that of Virginia on his left.

The second illustration represents the triumphal arch at Madison Square. It was built of wood from the designs of a committee of artists. On its centre was a huge equestrian statue of Washington, and on its left support was a medallion portrait of Washington, under the date 1789, and on its right support a medallion portrait of Harrison under the date 1889. Each support was surmounted by four miniature turrets bearing pennants. Under the statue was a gold eagle with draped flags, and more flags were draped at the corners and festooned under the arch. The third and lower illustration represents the procession of the governors of the States, with their staffs and militia proceeding up Broadway to pass the reviewing stand in Madison Square. The cost of the celebration is estimated at a little over two million dollars, and the number who took part in it and witnessed it, must have been near four million persons.

The Opening Ceremony

was the church service in St. Paul's Church at 9 o'clock. It was preceded by the ringing of the bells in all the churches that had them. There were services in many churches, notably in the Episcopal and the Dutch Reformed. The old Dutch Church, which now worships at Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, sounded its thanksgiving with a bell cast in Amsterdam in 1731. The Dutch Church was the loyal one in the dark days of the Revolution; the Episcopal Church was a Tory body. It necessarily was so, for its clergy had received their ordination in England, and most of them came from there. George Washington was a churchman, however, and that is why he went to St. Paul's 100 years ago, and why there were especial exercises there at the celebration. The Episcopalians were as jubilant as if they had been on the popular side in this city in 1789.

Punctually to the moment a notable procession left the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and proceeded to the old church corner of Vesey Street and Broadway. In it were the President, Vice-

President, Supreme Court Justices, Governor Hill, Mayor Grant, ex-Presidents Grover Cleveland and Rutherford B. Hayes, Senators Evarts and Hiscock, the Cabinet Secretaries, the bishops of New York, Long Island, Iowa, and Tennessee; Mrs. Harrison, Senator John Sherman, General Sherman, Senator Ingalls, ex-Secretary Bayard, and many others. The church was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers. The old thirteen-star flag was conspicuous in association with the royal standard of France, in recognition of the help England's ancient enemy was ready a century ago to give to the young nation in throwing off British rule.

In St. Paul's Church.

President Harrison and Vice-President Morton occupied the large pew in which the Father of His Country knelt to ask the assistance of that Divine Providence which so fortuitously guided him through the storms of political strife. Ex-President Cleveland and ex-President Hayes sat beside each other, the only living ex-Presidents, in a front pew, with Senator Evarts and ex-Secretary Bayard, and Lieutenant-Governor Jones on either side of them.

In the course of the service was the following prayer of praise prepared by the Bishop for the occasion: For raising up thy servant, George Washington, and giving him to be a leader and commander to the people; for vouchsafing to him victory over kings, and for bestowing upon him many excellent gifts; for inclining the hearts of men in Congress assembled to wise choices, and for granting them vision of the days to come: for a settled Constitution, and for equal laws; for freedom to do the thing that is right, and liberty to say the truth; for the spread of knowledge everywhere among us, and for the preservation of the faith; we bless and magnify Thy holy Name, humbly beseeching Thee to accept this our sacrifice of thanks and praise, through Jesus Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer. Amen.

The Sermon was preached by the Right Rev. H. C. Potter, Bishop of New York. His main theme, as mentioned last week, was the degeneracy of modern days, but in his opening sentences he paid a glowing tribute to the hero of the day. He said: "One hundred years ago there knelt within these walls a man to whom, above all others in its history, this nation is indebted. An Englishman by race and lineage, he incarnated in his own person and character every best trait and attribute that have made the Anglo-Saxon name a glory to its children and a terror to its enemies throughout the world. But he was not so much an Englishman that, when the time came for him to be so, he was not even more an American; and in all that he was and did, a patriot so exalted, and a leader great and wise, that what men called him when he came here to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States the civilized world has not since then ceased to call him—the Father of his Country.

"We are here this morning to thank God for so great a gift to this people, to commemorate the incidents of which this day is the one hundredth anniversary, and to recognize the responsibilities which a century so eventful has laid upon us."

At the Sub-Treasury,

to which the distinguished company adjourned after the completion of the services at St. Paul's, the ceremonies were opened with prayer by the Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., the venerable pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn. During the prayer President Harrison stood with uncovered head beside the clergyman, his hand resting on the old Bible on which Washington took the oath a century before. Then followed the reading of the Centennial poem, written by John Greenleaf Whittier, whose infirmities, consequent on his advanced age, prevented his being present to read it in person. As this poem deserves, not only on account of its occasion, but on account of its intrinsic beauty, to be treasured by every patriotic citizen, our readers will be glad to have it in full, so here it is:

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

The sword was sheathed; in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last, and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part,
The strong throb of a Nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust;
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness, good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude.

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong;
Pretense, that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one Nation yet!

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the Nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine.

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond:
We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now
Take on our lips the old centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

The reading of the poem was followed by the eloquent oration of Mr Chauncey M. Depew, whose exhaustive survey of the progress of a century was listened to with rapt attention and sincere and deserved admiration. A speech was

naturally expected from President Harrison, and he did not disappoint the expectant audience, but he discreetly limited his remarks to a few minutes. In the course of his speech he said:

We have come into the serious but always inspiring presence of Washington. He was the incarnation of duty, and he teaches us to-day his great lesson, that those who would associate their names with events that shall outlive a century can only do so by a high consecration to duty. Self-seeking has no public observance or anniversary. The captain who gives to the sea his cargo of rags, that he may give safety and deliverance to his imperilled fellow-men has won fame; he who only lands the cargo has earned wages. Washington seemed to come to the discharge of the duties of his high office impressed with a great sense of his familiarity with these new calls upon him, modestly doubtful of his own ability, but trusting implicitly in the sustaining helpfulness and grace of that God who rules the world, presides in the councils of nations and is able to supply every human defect."

The Procession

had been organized in the side streets during the exercises at the Treasury, and it entered the roadway as soon as the President's party set out for the reviewing stand. The spectators filled every inch of the sidewalk throughout the line of march, they filled the stands that had been erected for their accommodation, they crowded at every window and on all the roofs. While the boys climbed telegraph poles and lamp-posts and any other elevation on which they could balance themselves, regardless of risk to life and limb. Above the loftiest gatherings of people fluttered flags; by their sides at the windows fluttered flags, and even touching the heads of those who stood on sidewalks near the buildings more flags fluttered and flaunted. Unting was everywhere; streamers, festoons, medallion pictures of Washington, shields of the States, coats of arms of all nations, and merchant marine signal flags shone resplendent under the glorious rays of the sun.

Passing the Stand.

When the President's party was in its box the head of the parade appeared. It was just 1:10

P. M. when the first mounted policeman went past Harrison. Behind the following squad rode the Chief Marshal of the 52,000 men that tramped behind. This was Major-General Schofield, commanding General of the United States Army. He was resplendent in blue and gold, and his scintillating sword was waved most solemnly as he saluted Harrison. The President bowed and bowed his bared head. Behind the illustrious Schofield rode Colonel Cruger, chief of staff, and eighty-nine generals, colonels, majors and captains, the immediate staff of the Chief Marshal, and twenty-four more generals, colonels, and majors, the special representatives of twenty-four States.

Delaware, the first State of the Union, led the march of the

Troops from the States.

Governor Briggs was at the head, and ten companies were in line. The Pennsylvania display nearly 8,000 men then came along. Governor Beaver, the hero with one leg lost on a battlefield, rode strapped to his horse, and got attention. The New Jersey contingent followed, and then came the men from Georgia. Following in the order named, came the delegations from Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky, West Virginia, Ohio, Louisiana, Missouri, Michigan, Florida, and Texas.

It was approaching nightfall by the time the Army and Army of the Republic began to march at the reviewing stand. Many of the veterans came early in the morning from long distances, and had been on their feet all day, with little chance to get refreshment. Nevertheless they made a very creditable showing, and President Harrison paid them especial attention, raising his hat to every file that passed

by, and scanning closely with his head uncovered the old tattered and shot-riddled battle flags that were lowered in passing salute.

The total number of men in line was 48,196 which with the mounted staffs and escorts of the Commander-in-Chief, and the Governors of States brought the number above 50,000. The line was eleven miles in length, and it was 7 o'clock before the last marchers had passed the reviewing stand. Such a military pageant had not been seen since the war, and all who witnessed it were impressed by the order, combined with enthusiasm, everywhere displayed. The glorious day closed with a general illumination and displays of fireworks.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Widow Comforted at the Wash-Tub.—A minister says: "One of the best compliments I ever got paid to me was by an old woman. 'Oh sir,' she said, 'after I lost my husband, and had to struggle for my children, I think I should have sunk under the burden if it had not been for the words of comfort and strength I received in church on Sunday. Right on through the whole week I would hear them ringing in my ears as I stooped over the wash-tub, supporting me under my difficulties, and showing me that Christ was the support of the widow, the father of the orphans.' I would rather have had that told me than receive the applause of thousands, or the wreath of eloquence."

Lending a Hand to a Fisherman.—The Rev. D. McGregor observes: "I was walking recently by the seashore one very rough, stormy day, when I saw a poor fisherman struggling with his boats and gear, trying to get them with all possible speed out of harm's way. Higher up on the shore was a group of strong young men, who stood calmly watching the fisherman, never thinking of helping him, but, on the contrary, laughing at his earnest efforts to secure his property. As I looked at the great strong fellows I was filled with indignation, and making my way down to the fisherman, I at once began to assist him, and shouted to the lazy fellows on the beach to lend a hand; and there we wrought for two hours until the whole of the man's boats and gear were in safety. What we need to-day is more of the fellow-man. When we show we can sympathize with every-day cares, then we shall obtain a better place in men's hearts, and better opportunities for doing our Master's work."

A Chinese Convert's Persecutions.—The Rev. Mr. George Smith, of Swatow, China, says: "There is living in Swatow to this day an old man who was converted more than thirty years ago by the German Mission laboring there, before it was obliged to retire on account of the disturbances. Poor man, he has come through much persecution. When his wife heard that he had forsaken the customs and gods of his fathers, she was much annoyed and chagrined. She pleaded with him to return to his old ways, threatening that if he did not she would destroy herself. In spite of the threat, which he knew had every probability of being fulfilled, as suicide is a common way in which Chinese women show their disappointment at the conduct of their husbands, he persevered in the strength of the Lord. The climax came. His wife hanged herself, and he had to mourn not only the loss of his wife, whom he dearly loved, but the knowledge that she had died a stranger to Christ, and by her own hand. This sad occurrence only served to incense his neighbors against him more than ever. But he stood firm through it all, trusting in Jesus."

Good Men on Their Knees.—Mr. Swanson, of China, says: "When I went out to China for the first time, my friend, Dr. Delaport saw me off, and as the ship was about to start, he said, 'When you get to the other side, you will see my old friend William Burns. He was the truest friend I ever had, but we were always disagreeing.' 'Indeed,' I replied, 'what about —?' 'Oh, the Calvinistic and the Arminian

theories. But the queer thing about Burns was, though he was such a staunch Calvinist, whenever he got on his knees he was an Arminian!' I proceeded to China and there met William Burns. After being introduced to him, I remarked, 'My friend Dr. Delaport wished to be remembered to you.' 'Oh, yes,' was the hearty response, 'a fine man, but we could never agree on one point.' 'And what was that?' I asked, becoming interested. 'You see,' he continued, 'he was an Arminian, and I am a Calvinist, but the strange thing was, whenever he got on his knees he was a pure Calvinist!' These two men, holding such different doctrines, when on their knees before God, drew closer toward each other until there was really no radical difference. It is in the presence of God that Christians assimilate, and the nearer and nearer we get to Him, the less we see the various shades of difference that separate us. The more we approximate to Christ, the great Centre, the nearer we converge toward each other, till in Christ He, we, and they are all one."

An African Boy's Conquests for Christ.—The Rev. D. Doig Young, of Maion, South Africa, observes: "At one of my open-air meetings an African boy, who had been listening most attentively throughout the address, was very much impressed with what he had heard. I went to him and showed him how Christ had died for him, and how he was willing to save him. The little fellow was greatly comforted, and left professing to have accepted Christ. I did not see him again for three days, when he walked into the meeting, bringing with him his mother, to whom he had been speaking about Jesus. When I spoke to her she burst into tears, and asked me to show her Jesus, that she too might be saved. I read and talked to her about what her boy had already told her, and soon she also professed to accept Christ. They left that night, and in another three days they came back, bringing with them this time the father, who anxiously inquired what he had to do to get Jesus. That night he also accepted Christ, and they left, a happy and united family. That boy, whose heart Christ had touched, was instrumental in bringing within six days, both his father and mother to Christ."

Asleep on the Railway Line.—Mr. Willington observed: "I was preaching in the open air, aided by a Christian whom I had met for the first time. After our meeting he told me that at one time he was an engine-driver. 'Ah,' he said, 'well I remember an incident that happened to me when running on that line. It was a dark winter night, and I was driving a luggage train, thinking only how long it would be until I should reach my comfortable home, when my fireman surprised me by shouting out, 'There is something on the line.' Straining my eyes, and looking into the intense darkness, I discerned something on the line. Down went the brakes, the speed was retarded, slower and slower we went, and at last we stood still. Not a moment too soon. As I leaped from the engine I saw the form of a man lying right across the rails. I shook him, and strove to wake him, but with the drowsiness of drunkenness he resisted all my efforts, only growling as I dragged him off, 'Leave me alone and mind your own business.' I redoubled my efforts to arouse him to consciousness, and at last the poor fellow awoke. He glanced around him, and his eyes fell upon the engine. In an instant he realized the danger from which he had been snatched, and, quivering in every limb, he turned toward me, murmuring, 'Thank you, thank you, friend.' There are thousands of our fellow-creatures, their eyes blinded by the evil one, lulled to sleep by the potions of sin, lying right across the lines down which the chariot of God's law and justice will speedily thunder and crush all underneath it. Oh awake, thou that sleepest."

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A POISONED DINNER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 12, 1889.

"So they poured out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat thereof." II Kings 4:40.

The Dinner for the Students—The Poisonous Ingredient—A Timely Warning—A Warning Needed in this Day—Immigrants Hunting Child-Eating Beasts—The Lurking-Places of Temptation—I. Undisciplined Homes—Scolding in the Home—The Roads from the Home Upward or Downward—A Forgetful Father at a Fire—A Wandering Son by His Mother's Bier—II. An Indolent Life—Pernicious Examples in the Cities—Four Ways of Getting Money—A Merchant's Clerk in Bad Company—III. The Dram Shop—The Revenue from the Traffic—A Drunkard's Wife—A Country Youth Killed in the City—Lorenzo de Medici's Dissolved Pearls—A More Costly Draught.

ELISHA had gone down to lecture to the students in the theological seminary at Gilgal. He found the students very hungry, as students are apt to be. It is very seldom the world makes large provision for those who give themselves to intellectual toil. In order that these students may be prepared to hear what Elisha says, he first feeds their hunger. He knew very well it is useless to talk, to preach, to lecture, with hungry men.

So Elisha, recognizing this common-sense principle, which every Christian ought to recognize, sends servants out to get food for these hungry students. They pick up some good, healthful herbs, but they happen to pick up also some coloquintida, a bitter, poisonous, deathful herb. They bring all these herbs, they put them into the boiling pot, they stir them up, and then a portion of this food is brought to the students and their professors. Seated at the table, one of the hungry students begins immediately to eat, and he happens to get hold of

Some of the Coloquintida.

He knew it by the taste. He cries out, "Poison! poison! O thou man of God, there is death in the pot!" Consternation is thrown over the whole group. What a fortunate thing it was that this student so early found the coloquintida in the mixture at the table! You will by reference find this story is precisely as I have mentioned it.

Well, in our day there are great caldrons of sin and death. Coloquintida of mighty temptation is pressed into it. Some dip it out and taste, and reject it and live. Others dip it out, taste it, keep on, and die. And it is the business of every minister of religion, and every man who wishes well to the human race, and who wants to keep the world back from its follies and its sufferings, to cry out, "Beware! poison, poison! Look out for this caldron! Stand back! Beware!"

Sin has done an awful work in our world. It has gone out through all the ages, it has mixed up a great caldron of trouble and suffering and

The Whole Race is Poisoned—

poisoned in body, poisoned in mind, poisoned in soul. But blessed be God that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the antidote, and where there was sin there shall be pardon, and where there was suffering there shall be comfort, and where there was death there shall be life.

Some time ago, you will remember, I persuaded you of the importance of being charitable in judgment of others. At the same time I said to you briefly what this morning I wish to say with great emphasis, that while we sympathize with the sinner we must denounce the sin, that while we pity the unfortunate we must be vehement against transgression. Sin is a jagged thing that needs to be roughly handled. You have no right to garland it with fine phrases or lustrous rhetoric. You cannot catch a buffalo with a silken lasso.

A group of immigrants settle in a wild region. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off one of the children.

The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off another child. Forthwith all the neighbors band together, and they go out with torch in one hand and gun in the other to hunt these monsters down, to find their hiding place, to light up and ransack the caverns, and to destroy the invaders of their houses. So we want now not merely to talk about the sins and follies of the world, we want to go behind them, back of them. Down into the caverns where they hide we need to go with the torch of God's Word in one hand and the sword of God's eternal Spirit in the other to hunt out and slay these

Iniquities in Their Hiding-Places.

Or, to come back to the figure suggested by my text, we want to find what are the caldrons of sin and death from which the iniquities of society are dipped out.

I. In the first place, I remark: that *unhappy and undisciplined homes* are the caldrons of great iniquity. Parents harsh and cruel on the one hand, or on the other hand loose in their government, wickedly loose in their government, are raising up a generation of vipers. A home where scolding and fretfulness are dominant is blood relation to the gallows and the penitentiary! Petulance is a serpent that crawls up into the family nursery sometimes and crushes everything. Why, there are parents who even make religion disgusting to their children. They scold them for not loving Christ. They have an exasperating way of doing their duty. The house is full of the war-whoop of contention, and from it husband and sons go out to die.

The Journey from the Home.

Oh, is there a Hagar leading away Ishmael into the desert to be smitten of the thirst and parched of the sand? In the solemn birth hour a voice fell to thee from the throne of God, saying: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." At even-time, when the angels of God hover over that home, do they hear the children lisping the name of Jesus? O traveller for eternity, your little ones gathered under your robes, are you leading them on the right road, or are you taking them out on the dangerous winding bridle-path, off which their inexperienced feet may slip, and up which comes the howling of the wolf and the sound of loosened ledge and tumbling avalanche? Blessed is the family altar at which the children kneel. Blessed is the cradle in which the Christian mother rocks the Christian child. Blessed is the song the little ones sing at nightfall when sleep is closing the eyes and loosening the hand from the toy on the pillow. Blessed is that mother whose every heart throb is a prayer for her children's welfare.

The world grows old, and the stars will cease to illuminate it, and the waters to refresh it, and the mountains to guard it, and the heavens to overspan it, and its long story of sin and shame and glory and triumph will soon turn to ashes; but influences that started in the early home roll on and roll up through all eternity—blooming in all the joy, waving in all the triumph, exulting in all the song, or shrinking back into all the darkness. Father, mother, which way are you leading your children?

A house took fire and the owner was very careful to get all his furniture out. He got all his books out, and he got all his pictures out, and he got all his valuable papers out, but he forgot to ask, until it was too late:

"Are My Children Safe?"

Oh, when the earth shall melt with fervent heat, and the mountains shall blaze, and the seas shall blaze, and the earth shall blaze, will your children be safe? Will your children be safe? Unhappy and undisciplined homes are the source of much of the wretchedness and sin of the world. I know there are exceptions to it sometimes. From a bright and beautiful Christian home a husband or a son will go out to die. Oh, how long you had that boy in your prayers! He does not know how many sleepless nights you have spent over him. He does not understand how many tears you have shed

for his waywardness. Oh, it is hard, after you have toiled for a child, and given him every advantage and every kindness, to have him pay you back in ingratitude! As one Sabbath morning a father came to the foot of the pulpit as I stepped out of it, and said, "Oh my son, my son, my son!" There is many a young man proud of his mother, who would strike into the dust any man who would insult her, who is at this moment himself, by his evil doing and his bad habits, sharpening a dagger to plunge through that mother's heart. A telegram brought him from afar. He went bloated and scarred into the room and he stood by the lifeless form of his mother.

Her hair gray; it had turned gray in sorrow. Those eyes had wept floods of tears over his wandering. That still white hand had done him many a kindness and had written many a loving invitation and good counsel. He had broken her old heart. He came into the room and threw himself on the casket, and he sobbed outright: "Mother, mother!" but those lips that had kissed him in infancy and uttered so many kind words spake not; they were sealed. Rather than have such a memory come on my soul, I would prefer to have roll over on me the Alps and the Himalayas.

But while sometimes there are sons who turn out very badly coming from good homes, I want to tell you, for your encouragement, it is a great exception. Yet an unhappy and undisciplined home is the poisonous caldron from which a vast multitude drink their death.

II. I remark that a caldron of iniquity is

An Indolent Life.

All the rail trains down the Hudson River yesterday, all the rail trains on the Pennsylvania route, all the trains on the Long Island road brought to these cities young men to begin commercial life. Some of them are here this morning, I doubt not. Do you know what one of your great temptations is going to be? It is the example of indolent people in our cities. They are in all our cities. They dress better than some who are industrious. They have access to all places of amusement—plenty of money, and yet idle. They hang around our great hotels—the Fifth Avenue, the Windsor, the Brunswick, the Stuyvesant, the Gilsey House—all our beautiful hotels; you find them around there any day—men who do nothing, never earn anything yet well dressed, having plenty. Why should they walk? Why should they work? Why drudge and toil in bank and shop and office, or on the scaffolding, or by the anvil, when these men get along so well and do not work?

Some of them hang around the City Halls of our great cities, toothpick in their mouth, waiting for some crumb to fall from the office-holder's table. Some of them hang around the City Hall for the city van bringing criminals from the station-houses. They stand there and gloat over it—really enjoy the disgrace and suffering of those poor creatures as they get out of the city van and go into the courts.

Where do they get their money? That is what you ask. That is what I ask. Only

Four Ways of Getting Money—

only four: by inheritance, by earning it, by begging it, by stealing it; and there are a vast multitude among us who get their living not by inheritance, nor by earning it, nor by begging it. I do not like to take the responsibility of saying how they get it! Now, these men are a constant temptation. Why should I toil and wear myself out in the bank, or the office, or the store or the shop, or the factory? These men have nothing to do. They get along a great deal better. And that is the temptation under which a great many young men fall. They begin to consort with these men, these idlers, and they go down the same awful steep. The number of men in our cities who are trying to get their living by their wits and by sleight-of-hand is all the time increasing.

A New York merchant saw a young man, one of his clerks, in half disguise, going into a very low place of amusement. The merchant said

o himself: "I must look out for that clerk; he is going in bad company and going in bad places; I must look out for him." A few months passed on, and one morning the merchant entered his store, and this clerk of whom I have been speaking came up in assumed consternation and said: "Oh, sir, the store has been on fire; I have put out the fire, but there are a great many goods lost; we have had a great crowd of people coming and going." Then the merchant took the clerk by the collar and said: "I have had enough of this; you cannot deceive me; where are those goods you stole?" The young man instantly confessed his villainy.

Oh, the number of people in these great cities who are trying to get their living not honestly! And they are

A Mighty Temptation

to the industrious young man, who cannot understand it. While these others have it so easy they have it so hard. Horatius of olden time was told that he could have just as much ground as he could plow around with a yoke of oxen in one day. He hooked up the oxen to the plow and he cut a very large circle and plowed until he came to the same point where he started, and all that property was his. But I have to tell you to-day that just so much financial, just so much moral, just so much spiritual, possession you will have as you compass with your own industries, and just so much as from the morning of your life to the evening of your life you can plow around with your own hard work. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." One of the most awful calldons of death to-day is an indolent life. Thank God that you have to work.

III. Once more I remark: that

The Dram Shop

is a great caldron of iniquity in our time. Anaharsis said that the vine bore three grapes: the first was Pleasure, the next was Drunkenness, and the next Misery. Every saloon above ground or under ground is a fountain of iniquity. It may have a license and it may go along quite respectably for a while, but after a while the cover will fall off and the color of the iniquity will be displayed.

"Oh," says some one, "you ought to be easier on such a traffic when it pays such a large revenue to the Government, and helps support our schools and your great institutions of mercy." And then I think of what William E. Gladstone said—I think it was the first time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer—when men engaged in the ruinous traffic came to him and said their business ought to have more consideration from the fact that it paid such a large revenue to the English Government, Mr. Gladstone said: "Gentleman, don't worry yourselves about the revenue; give me thirty millions of other people, and we'll have revenue enough and a surplus."

We might in this country—this traffic perished—have less revenue, but we would have more happy homes, and we would have more peace, and we would have fewer people in the penitentiary, and there would be tens of thousands of men who are now

On the Road to Hell

who would start on the road to heaven. But the financial ruin is a very small part of it. This iniquity of which I speak takes everything that is sacred out of the family, everything that is holy in religion, everything that is infinite in the soul, and tramples it under foot. The marriage day has come. The twain are at the altar. Lights flash. Music sounds. Gay feet go up and down the drawing-room. Did ever a vessel launch on such a bright and beautiful sea? The scene changes. Dingy garret. No fire. On a broken chair a sorrowful wife. Last hope gone. Poor, forsaken, trodden under foot, she knows all the sorrow of being a drunkard's wife. "Oh," he says, "he was the kindest man that ever lived, he was so noble, he was so good! God never made a grander man than he was, but the drink did it, the drink did it!" Some day she will press her hands against her temples and

cry: "Oh, my brain, my brain!" or she will go out on the abutment of the bridge some moonlight night and look down on the glassy surface, and wonder if under that glassy surface there is not some rest for a broken heart.

A young man, through the intercession of metropolitan friends, gets a place in a bank or store. He is going to leave his country home. That morning they are up early in the old homestead. The trunk is on the wagon. Mother says: "My son, I put a Bible in the trunk; I hope you will read it often." She wipes the tears away with her apron. "Oh," he says, "come, don't you be worried; I know how to take care of myself. Don't be worried about me." The father says: "My son, be a good boy and write home often; your mother will be anxious to hear from you." Crack! goes the whip, and over the hills goes the wagon. Five years have passed on, and

A Dissipated Life

has done its work for that young man. There is a hearse coming up in front of the old homestead. The young men of the neighborhood who have stayed on the farm come in and say: "Is it possible? Why, he doesn't look natural, does he? Is that the fair brow we used to know? Is that the healthy cheek we used to know? It can't be possible that is him!" The parents stand looking at the gash on the forehead from which the life oozed out, and they lift their hands and say: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Lorenzo de Medici was very sick, and some of his superstitious friends thought if they could dissolve a certain number of pearls in a cup, and then he would drink them, it would cure him of the disease. So they went around and they gathered up all the beautiful pearls they could find, and they dissolved them in a cup, and the sick man drank them. Oh, it was an expensive draught. But I tell you of a more expensive draught than that. Drunkenness puts into its cup the pearl of physical health, the pearl of domestic happiness, the pearl of respectability, the pearl of Christian hope, the pearl of an everlasting heaven, and presses it to the lips.

I tell you the dram shop is

The Gate of Hell.

The trouble is they do not put up the right kind of a sign. They have a great many different kinds of signs now on places where strong drink is sold. One is called the "restaurant," and another is called the "saloon," and another is called the "hotel," and another is called the "wine cellar," and another is called the "sample room." What a name to give one of those places! A "sample room!" I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample rooms" the other day, dead drunk. I said to myself: "I suppose that is a sample!" I tell you it is the gate of hell.

"Oh," says some man, "I am kind, I am indulgent to my family, I am right in many respects, I am very generous, and I have too grand and generous a moral nature to be overthrown in that way." Let me say that the persons who are in the most peril have the largest hearts, the best education, the brightest prospects. This sin chooses the fattest lambs for its sacrifice. The brightest garlands are by this carbuncled hand of drunkenness torn off the brow of the poet and the orator. Charles Lamb, answer! Thomas Hood, answer! Sheridan, the English orator, answer! Edgar A. Poe, answer! Junius Brutus Booth, answer!

Oh, come and look over into it while I draw off the cover—hang over it and look down into it, and see the seething, boiling, loathsome, smoking, agonizing, blaspheming hell of the drunkard. Young man,

Be Master of Your Appetites

and passions There are hundreds—might I not say thousands?—of young men in this house this morning—young men of fair prospects. Put your trust in the Lord God, and all is well. But you will be tempted. Perhaps you may this moment be addressed on the first Sabbath of

your coming to the great city, and I give you this brotherly counsel. I speak not in a perfunctory way. I speak as an older brother talks to a younger brother. I put my hand on your shoulder this day and commend you to Jesus Christ, who Himself was a young man, and died while yet a young man, and has sympathy for all young men. Oh be master, by the grace of God, of your appetites and passions!

I close with a peroration. Ministers and speakers are very apt to close with a peroration, and they generally roll up some grand imagery to express what they have to say. I close with a peroration mightier than was ever uttered by mere human lips. Two quotations. The first is this: "Who hath woe? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." This is the other quotation. Make up your mind as to which is the more impressive. I think the last is the mightier: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk thou in the sight of thine own eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

IN THE INDIAN ZENANAS.

THE difficulties in the way of reaching the women of India are vividly suggested by a letter that Miss Esther Patton sends to *The Church*. She says: "In Sakharpe we were invited to the home of one of Mr. Seiler's pupils, but his old father would only let us see the daughters-in-law. They came out when they were called like obedient girls, and let us look at them, and then went back out of sight. The men said it was not the custom for their women to speak before men. We asked them if we might not go to them, but they answered that they had work to do. As we came away, we found two widows in an adjoining house; and while Mrs. Seiler was talking to them, the women from the first house came and listened, and then the old man came out and argued awhile. He said that the Hindus really believe in our God, only we call Him by another name. He seemed to know a good deal about Christ's life on earth and his death, but felt no need of a Saviour.

The next day we were invited to go and take the children. Only the young man was there, and I asked him if he would not go away so that his wife and sisters-in-law could come out and talk to us. He said they had household duties to attend to, and had not time. We were coming away completely disheartened, when the old mother came forward and said, "Are you going away without singing or talking to us?" We told her we wanted to talk, but her son would not let us, and we went back gladly. When we were seated, he said, "You may sing, but do not talk." After the hymn, I talked to them, and in a little while the young man said, "Enough! enough!" But the women wanted more, and so we sang another hymn; and when Mrs. Seiler began to explain it, he said, "They understand well enough; say no more." But Mrs. Seiler said, "Oh yes, let me explain this hymn; I am going to, anyway." And she did, though the young man was exceedingly uneasy. When we were leaving, the women invited us to come again when we stop in Sakharpe.

Volume XI., of the *Christian Herald*, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887 are also for sale. We can also furnish complete volumes for 1884, 1885, and 1888, unbound, price \$1.50, including postage.

A DEDICATION ABJURED.

In a letter to the *Missionary Herald* the Rev. Henry Fairbank, who is laboring in India, thus refers to a boy in one of the schools of the Mission: "One of the three boys from Dedgaw had been offered up in his childhood to a god. The reason was that none of the boys who had been born in that family previously had lived. So the father vowed that if he had another son he would offer him to the service of the god. Before that boy became old enough to understand, and had learned enough in the school to show him the folly of Hinduism, he used to go around in the village begging, by reason of his being consecrated to the service of a god. But after being for some time in school he gave up all of that, and without doubt he will shortly join the church. The year 1889 will show a great increase in church membership. Already forty-one persons have been added to the church, and there are many inquirers that will come out during the remainder of the year. While we were there five men and six women, besides several children, were baptized. They came and gave me their gods, and seemed very hearty in their acceptance of Christ."

A REJECTED PRODIGAL.

AN incident connected with Miss Ada Leigh's homes in Paris, which were described in this journal last week, is told by one of the managers. It shows that when the love of Jesus fills the heart, it produces a love for suffering humanity which survives, when natural affection withers.

One day, an English girl was found dying of consumption in an attic in the Cité Pegalle. She was immediately removed to the Home, where her condition might be brightened by some tokens of Christian sympathy and love. She had left her parental home eleven years before through a family quarrel, and had come to Paris as a governess. Feeling her Heavenly Father's forgiveness so sweet, she longed to be at peace with those in her earthly home, and to die amongst them. Her yearning was so intense that, although the cords of her life were so fragile it was feared they might snap in the effort, it was not felt right to refuse her request. She was taken to London, where a relation promised to receive her, but told her, a few hours after her arrival, that she could not die there, and sent her alone, propped up with pillows, to her father, a man holding a respectable position. He said to her and the lady who followed to make inquiries after her, that "he could not recognize her in her destitute condition, and she could not come there." The girl returned to her cab, to seek mercy from an old school friend. Neither could she help. Here the lady who brought her from Paris met her. The yearning to lay her head in peace among those who had once loved her was her last earthly clinging, and it had failed her. "Only Jesus is left to me now," she sobbed. Truly, none else cared to own her. Very weary, she was taken to Guy's Hospital, where she soon passed beyond the reach of the need of man's forgiveness, and, with "only Jesus," entered where sin and want are no more.

A MILLIONAIRE'S MOTIVE.

AN admission made by a millionaire to Dr. George F. Pentecost shows how a man may become dominated by one supreme desire until he becomes its slave. Dr. Pentecost says: "On one occasion I casually met a young man who had begun life with me. As I spoke to him about Divine things he interrupted me by saying, 'Now, there is no use in preaching to me; you seem to think that I care for nothing but wealth. I can assure you that I do not care for money.' 'Indeed,' I said, in surprise; 'then what do you care about?' He answered: 'When I started life in a certain office, I went very frequently to the Exchange. The rich men there seemed to think that a boy was of no account, and I was hustled here and there, and from one corner into another. I did not at all like that sort of thing, and resolved

one day to hustle them about, and I knew the only way to do so was to get money, for money was power.' He had bent his whole energy towards money-making for this purpose, and at that period, fifteen years from the time he was an office-boy, he was reputed to be worth a million of dollars. 'No,' he continued, 'I do not care for money; but it does me good every time I walk into the Exchange and see these very men who used to hustle me off the street to get me out of their way, take off their hats to me!' Love of power was that man's chief idol, and it kept him from God. He struggled and strove with all his might toward it; he obtained power, and in his turn he became powerful, but found that, save the gratifying of a whim, it did him no good, but incalculable evil in keeping him from God, who, if he had sought, would have satisfied him, and yet drawn him forward to still greater enjoyment which would never have cloyed upon him."

FRUIT AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

AN incident related by Mr. F. S. Arnot, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on April 10, shows how efforts may be blessed of God, which, when they are made, seem to be fruitless. He says: "About thirty years ago, a number of missionaries who had been laboring in the Zambesi district of Africa, resolved to carry the gospel to the upper reaches of that great river. They set out, but everything seemed against them. The chief was hostile, and the country was very unhealthy, causing the death of two of their party. Very much dispirited the only surviving two returned, thinking they had done no good. But after the lapse of thirty years, when I was passing through that same tract of country, I was surprised by an aged woman coming up to me and saying, 'Tell me about Jesus, the King of Glory.' I regarded her with astonishment, for I did not think that anyone within hundreds of miles of me knew anything about that dear name. Then I thought that some one had told her to ask that question of the white stranger; but I discovered that her inquiry came from the depths of her heart. Thirty years before she had heard the gospel preached, but had not realized it in its fullness, and during all these years her hungry soul had been yearning for another draught of the living water. Taking the New Testament from my pocket, I began to read to her, and I could not have wished a more interested listener. Again and again she came to me to hear more of Jesus, and soon she confessed herself a Christian. She became a most zealous worker, and spoke to all she met about Jesus. Her zeal got her into trouble. She brought one of the king's wives to hear me, and for that crime was made a slave, and banished from the country; and bravely she suffered persecution for righteousness' sake."

A PERSECUTED CHINAMAN.

A JOURNEY of thirty miles was undertaken by a Chinaman in the district of Yan King to obtain Christian instruction. Mr. Cooper, one of the China Inland missionaries, thus describes the result: The man presented himself at the door of a Christian house and said, "Is there any one here that can tell me about this Jesus religion—this Jesus doctrine?" They said, "Yes, come in;" and he went in. He said, "I have come from a place thirty miles distant because I have received a Book which tells me that my idols are false and useless, and I want to know more about this." And these dear Christian friends took him in. They had never seen him before. They kept him for a whole week in their house, teaching and instructing him, and the man became thoroughly changed. He determined to be a follower of Christ. He said: "I will go home now, and be a follower of this Saviour, and have done with idolatry." He bought a copy of the New Testament and a hymn-book, and went back to his house. The first thing he did there was to destroy his idols and his idolatrous scroll; he took away the

candlesticks and all the incense vases, and his ancestral tablet he split to pieces, and cast on one side. He became a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I happened to be there shortly afterwards, and I found his idol amongst some rubbish. It was one of the things which were worshipped by that man for years. He cast it away, and now he is worshipping the living and true God. A day or two later one of his nephews came and saw the bare place on the wall. He said, "Uncle, where are your idols gone?" The man replied, "I have destroyed them. They are all false, and of no use whatever." The little boy became frightened, and ran away to his home, and said, "Uncle has gone mad. He has destroyed his idols." I cannot tell you all that that man had to endure. His neighbors beat him most unmercifully, and almost killed him. They threatened to take from him his house and land, and they said, "If you do not give up this Jesus we will kill you." He replied, "You can take my house, you can take my land, you can take my life, if you will, but I will never give up Jesus! I will never give up Jesus!"

THE CONVERSION OF BEAR'S TOOTH.

AN Indian of the Gros-Ventre tribe, who died recently, had an affecting history, which is related in a communication to the *American Missionary* by the Rev. C. L. Hall, of Fort Berthold, Dakota, from which the following facts are taken: *Dahpitsishesh*, or Bear's Tooth, first presented himself at the day school at Berthold in the fall of 1879. He was a curious and not very attractive figure. He wore his long hair braided behind, and banded and plastered with clay in front so that it stood upright, and he dressed in blanket, breech-clout, leggings, and moccasins, and the lower joints of several of his fingers were cut off in accordance with the Indian custom of mutilating themselves at the burial of a friend. His first appearance to a new teacher who came the following spring caused her no little trepidation, but she soon learned to prize him as her best pupil. He attended the day school regularly all the next winter, showed much intelligence, and rendered great assistance to the missionary in translating parts of the Bible into the Gros-Ventre language.

"From that time on," says Mr. Hall, "we hoped he would take a decided stand for Christ. As yet, none among his people had been converted. A few passages of the Bible and a few words of song had been given to the Gros-Ventres in their own tongue, and every Sabbath there were attentive Indian listeners, but would there ever be a Gros-Ventre convert?" Bear's Tooth manifested a deep interest in the Word, and would sit for hours reading it with a lady teacher, who has since gone to her reward and whose unceasing prayer it was that he might be brought to Christ. He continued to come in spite of the jeers and persecutions of his people; yet he would take no stand for Christ. After a time he married and removed to a claim forty miles away from our station, and we feared that he was lost to us. But when he came for his government rations, he would call and ask questions which showed that he was still concerned about his soul.

One day, in 1887, eight years after he first came to the school, he called, and sitting with the missionary in his garden, he said: "Good Voice, now I can; I will be faithful to my own wife, I will keep Sunday, I will pray, and avoid the dances and other heathen customs; when you think best I will come down and be received into the Church." "That was a glad moment," says Mr. Hall. "To clasp the hand of the first Gros-Ventre brother in Christ was indeed a delight. I said, 'Bring your wife and friends with you to Christ.' He went home, but soon returned, saying sorrowfully: 'My wife and my friends are none of them willing. If I join I think it must be alone.' 'Well,' I said, 'let it be so,' and it was. His clothes were second-hand and old, and he had no natural attractiveness of appearance, but in a simple, manly, determined way he made his confession, and was baptized

before an audience of Indians in the little mission chapel (July, 1887), a poor Indian, but another Daniel standing alone."

Bear's Tooth was faithful to his profession, and with the missionary's help went among his neighbors reading and teaching. His health must have broken down suddenly, for the first intimation Mr. Hall received of anything being wrong was that he was dead. He went to his place and found that Bear's Tooth had died in faith, with his Bible in his hand, and his last words were, "I am going above: it is only a short way." There are other converts now, and among them the wife of Bear's Tooth, who was brought in through the influence of her husband's consistent life.

THE LEAVEN, THE TARES, AND THE SEED.

By a London Preacher.

Erroneous Reading of the Parables—The Tares Evil Men—Leaven Always a Type of Evil—Anti-Christian Craft—Semblance to Truth—The Work Left to the Woman—The Terrible Apostasy—The World Purchased by Christ—For the Sake of the Treasure.

It depends altogether on what view we take of the nature of things at present, and what glasses we read the Word with, whether or not we understand the meaning of the seven parables in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew's gospel. Do we read them simply as Christ spoke them? Or do we come, as many people do, with a prejudice and preconception? If so, our judgment of truth and error will be biased by a prejudgment on different grounds. "Oh, yes, very beautiful," some have said; "here is the spread of Christianity over the whole world, for the field is the world. True, many do not receive it, but the good ground does; and see how it spreads and prevails! Behold how fruitful—thirty and sixty and a hundredfold."

But the second parable ought to give such thinkers pause. There Jesus tells

How the Enemy Comes

and sows tares, which spring up; endangering the fruitfulness of the wheat, robbing it of its sunshine from above and moisture from beneath, so that its very continuance is imperilled. And we know, from Christ's own explanation, that the devil introduces, not bad principles merely, but bad men into the Church of Christ. Even in early days such men, introduced by the devil, "crept in unawares, who were before of old ordained to condemnation, ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God and our Lord Jesus Christ." Men who, for their own purpose, are careless of truth and righteousness. These men are roots of mischief, preparing for the evil.

Then there is the little grain of seed (verse 31), the mustard seed, proverbially the least of all seeds. We may, and do, find smaller seeds, but Jesus was speaking of facts intelligible to the people of that day, and in that land. Whatever we know, in our wider botanical knowledge, He spoke the language they knew and understood. This little seed grew and became a great tree, in which the birds of the air could find shelter. Aha! men say, thinking of the professing Christian Church, behold how Christianity has spread and covered the earth! Is not the parable fulfilled? Yes, but how? Do not forget what Jesus interprets the birds of the air to be—"the wicked one," the emissaries of Satan. That is the meaning in the first parable, it must be the same here. Many imagine that because Christianity has spread out so widely all is well. No, no, all is not well, as this parable clearly teaches. Next there is the woman with

The Leaven.

Here, then, say some, we have the spread of the influence of Christianity; the truth making the whole world like itself. It has not done so yet, and it is not likely or promising to do so. The gospel in the present dispensation will not Christianize the whole world, nor has leaven in scripture any such meaning as that of a good influence working secretly. Throughout Scrip-

ture it is ever used as the emblem of corruption. That it is so might be clear to all from the closing parable, where, even at the end, bad fish as well as good are taken in the drag net. Whatever leaven may represent, it does not represent Christian truth.

I well remember a very pungent article in a magazine some years ago which began, "Peace on earth, good will to men," and went on to sneer at the failure of Christianity. There is, we dare not deny, some ground for such criticism if the world was ever assured to be Christianized by good principles working secretly. Surely this ought to give pause to some who take that view. As a very thoughtful writer has said, "The secret scepticism of the eighteenth century has become the open Atheism of the nineteenth." Is it not true? How can you account for it if you expect Christianity to convert the world?

I was reading not many hours ago a German writer whose words seem almost prophetic. He says, "Herein consists the peculiar danger of

Anti-Christian Wisdom,

that it comes in a Christian garb, under a Christian name; that it pretends to be a support to Christianity, such as the advancement of the age renders necessary; that it pretends to be the rational, spiritual mode of viewing Christianity, and, in short, to be Christianity purified and perfected. . . . The false prophet asserts that the forms and doctrines of Christianity are of no importance, that everything depends on the fundamental ideas. Under which specious pretext, however, he gets rid of everything in Christianity, which is from above and against this world, the supernatural facts of redemption, the Divine radical beginnings of life; in short, he gets rid of Christ, the Divine essence of Christianity."

That volume was published some twenty years ago, yet the writer seems to look on the present day. We have men within the Church who cut the very heart out of Scripture, who profess to be learned, yet acknowledge not the most fundamental facts of our faith, who deny the Lord that bought them, refuse to accept His sacrifice as that of the sinner's substitute, who profess to have learned of His Spirit, yet claim a human right to acceptance with God, putting away all thought of sin, yet claiming all the while to be presenting higher and nobler views of truth. The fact is, as our great adversary well knows, without a guise of truth apostasy won't succeed. Hence the

Studied Likeness to Truth

of much that is most deadly in modern teaching; and thus many are deluded into accepting such teaching and teachers as exponents of advanced conceptions of God. Is there not a terrible significance in the fact that he by whom the last great opponent of God succeeds in deceiving men is represented in the Revelation as a false prophet? That is, he pretends to be come for instruction, yet all the time he has come forth from the pit. No, I am afraid, the more we look at facts around us, as well as at the teaching of Scripture, the more will we be convinced this interpretation of leaven will not answer.

I would have you mark that four of the parables were spoken to the crowd, and three were spoken to the disciples in private. The first parable has primarily to do with the beginning of the present dispensation, although, at the same time, it indicates the whole character of the age from spring-time to harvest. The second is wider, going further onward. Good seed has been sown, but the enemy comes by night with his tares. Here we have the devil introducing evil men, not evil principles, as many commentators have interpreted it. Our Lord says expressly, "The tares are the children of the wicked one," who, being mingled by the devil among the children of the kingdom, or, in other words, introduced into the professing Church, are suffered to remain there until the harvest day.

Here notice the use of the phrase, "mystery of the kingdom." "The kingdom of heaven,"

the theme of the book of Matthew, is the rule of God, as from heaven. The mystery of the kingdom is connected with the course of this present dispensation, the progress of this professing kingdom, this Christendom which claims to be the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Into this kingdom are introduced the children of the devil, who soon produce results worthy of him who brought them in. Let evil men and seducers get in, and all confusion and corruption will follow, and all did follow in the early Church, and has continued to the present time. It is not a question of speculation as to the meaning of a word, but an historical fact.

But now observe that when we come to the fourth parable, that of the leaven, the enemy who sowed the tares disappears. Why so? In the first and third parables the devil is introduced, "as the birds of the air," and in the second as "sowing tares," but in the fourth there is no mention of him. Why? Because there is no need for him.

The Woman Does His Work,

and does it well. How does she do it? By taking leaven, which in Scripture is always and everywhere emblematic of evil, and mingling it with the wholesome meal. She takes evil principles and mingles them with good, till the evil begins to ferment and corrupt, and the whole is leavened. What is this but just the history of the Church of Rome, beginning with the fourth and fifth centuries? The evil was even introduced much earlier in Pagan principles and Judaical principles brought in by false brethren and permitted to remain, spreading slowly among the pure meal, the truth of God, till the whole was leavened; *i. e.*, the truth of God was perverted and corrupted in the mediæval Church. Thus the Spirit of God represents leaven to be evil, and evil only; and when we turn to the pages of history we read the same fact there, and cannot deny that evil, false principles, and human philosophies, from Paganism and Judaism, mingled with the truth of God until the whole was perverted.

That is the end, so far as the outward body of the professing Church is concerned, but not the end in God's sight. We know, from II Thess. 2, and other Scriptures which deal with

The Terrible Apostasy

of the last days, that some great head of evil, the Man of Sin, the Antichrist, is yet to arise, and will have such a full and final manifestation that nothing remains but destruction from the presence of the Lord and at the brightness of His coming. If we read rightly the signs of the times around us, do we not behold springing up in Christendom that terrible apostasy which is to lead up to such a solemn close?

But meanwhile there are within the Church (for these parables are spoken to the disciples only) two things represented in the fifth and sixth parables by different symbols, but probably indicating the same thing at different times.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field. Jesus is the Husbandman, and for the sake of those whom He loves and has chosen He buys the field. The field is the world, for which Jesus gives Himself for love of the few hidden therein. That He might bring out His own hidden and dear ones into separate-ness He buys the field, and with it the treasures therein discovered.

But next comes the parable of the pearl, in which the Church of Christ, in its unity, beauty, rarity, and peculiarity, is shown as prized by Him who loves it, and gives Himself and all that He possesses for it, that it may become altogether His own. Thus in the sight of God His Church is a treasure and a pearl; while in the sight of men the professing Church is as a great tree sprung from a very small seed.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 71 AND 73 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Two Important Appointments were Made by the President on May 7. They were to fill the two vacancies in the Civil Service Commission which have so long existed. The law required that one place should be given to a Republican, and the other to a Democrat. In both cases the President made an excellent choice. The Republican commissioner is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and the Democratic is Mr. Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina. Both men are consistent reformers, and strong believers in the value of the existing law. Mr. Roosevelt is highly respected among his party in New York, and has written and spoken exhaustively on the subject of the system he is now called to administer. Mr. Thompson has been Governor of his State and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. President Cleveland nominated him for the same seat on the commission, but the Senate abstained from confirming the nomination. The new members of the commission, with Mr. Lyman, who is retained for the present, will compose a board that will command the confidence of the public.

The Scandal at Albany, N. Y., in Connection with the ceiling of the Capitol appears to have been of the common New York type. The committee appointed to investigate it, reported last week, and, though the report was softened in tone from its first draft, it does not conceal some very disgraceful facts. The committee find that the contractors and the Superintendent of Public Buildings conspired to procure a contract for the work at a price greatly in excess of its value. The work was worth \$165,000, while \$231,063 has already been paid, and the contractors claim \$39,086 as still due them. The committee also charges the architect with being in the conspiracy. All the money has been traced except \$26,000, and the destination of that amount, which was not disbursed in legitimate expenditure, is not much of a mystery to persons familiar with Albany methods. The committee call the attention of the Attorney-General to the facts disclosed and recommend him to lay the evidence before the Grand jury and procure indictments, and also to proceed against the bondsmen of the contractors for the recovery of the money of which the State has been defrauded. It is a significant and suggestive fact that up to the close of last week Governor Hill had not removed the Superintendent of Public Buildings from office.

A Practical Suggestion for the Reform of our divorce laws comes from the Rev. Samuel Dike, Corresponding Secretary of the National Divorce Reform League. It has long been urged that Congress should acquire power to deal with the question so as to secure a uniform law for the whole country. Under the existing system, divorces are granted in some States for causes which the laws of other States do not recognize. The result has been that persons seeking divorce go to the States where the divorce laws are most lax and acquire residence there for the mere purpose of bringing the suit. In some cases this has been done

without the knowledge of the other party to the suit. Mr. Dike appears to doubt whether legislation by Congress might not make matters worse by passing a law making divorce more easy than it now is in many States. He suggests that before power is given to Congress to legislate in the matter for States, it should show its capacity for dealing with it in the Territories where it has already power to act. He points out that no State needs reform so badly as do some of the Territories and the District of Columbia. If a really good and statesman-like law were enacted in those cases, the Legislatures of the various States might adopt it voluntarily, and the reform would thus be effected without enlarging the powers of Congress.

An Attempt to appropriate Niagara Falls by a private corporation is being made in the New York Legislature. It is proposed to construct cofferdams above the fall so as to interrupt and turn aside the flow of water, and then proceed to excavate below and set up machinery for the purpose of generating "electricity and other power." A bill conferring this power has been favorably reported in the Senate and Assembly, and there is no ground in the character of the Legislature for hoping that it will not pass. As the State has expended about a million and a half of dollars to acquire the lands constituting the reservation at Niagara, and has specifically declared that "they shall forever be reserved by the State for the purpose of restoring the scenery of the Falls of Niagara to and preserving it in its natural condition," and shall be forever kept open and free of access without fee or charge, the bill now reported cannot be passed without a breach of faith.

An Elaborate Defence of the Spoils System appeared in a New York journal last week over the signature of Thomas C. Platt, who for a short time was a United States Senator. Mr. Platt says, "It may be seriously questioned whether the distribution of public offices carries with it any considerable element of political power." That is true. There is no doubt such a question might be raised, as any other silly question might, but no one, least of all Mr. Platt, would have any difficulty in answering it. He knows perfectly well that the system of reform inaugurated by the present law curtails materially the power of the political bosses to reward workers with the public offices, and the knowledge in some measure explains his attack on the law. The public should not be deceived about the law. It has operated beneficially. There is no better proof of the fact than the reports of the heads of departments, which are uniformly in its favor. It has secured, as they testify, efficient service and an intelligent set of employees, which is what is most needed. The people are aware that it does not suit politicians of the Platt type, who are to be found in the Democratic as well as in the Republican party, but it may be well for the nation that they should not be suited. Their complaints should not be heeded, and the Government should insist on appointing and retaining in office the men who are best able to perform the duties of office, without regard to the extent of the service they render in their respective States to their local patrons.

The Death of Father Damien, of Leprosy, is reported. He is the devoted priest who, sixteen years ago, went to Hawaii, and voluntarily took up his abode in the leper colony at Kalawao that he might minister to the wants of the sufferers, and, if possible, reclaim them from the drunkenness and vice to which they were addicted. He was warned that if he went he would not be allowed to leave the island, as he would inevitably contract the disease. This did not deter him, and he has since then lived on the island. The white residents of Honolulu, chiefly Protestants, were so impressed with his heroic self-sacrifice that they subscribed a fund to buy lumber with which to erect a hut for him, and about \$120 to purchase other necessities. He adopted such precautions as he could to avoid taking the disease, though he

knew that, sooner or later, he would fall a victim. No symptoms appeared until four years ago, when he wrote to a friend that he had detected the fatal microbes in one of his legs. He died on April 10 at the age of forty-nine. There are now about fifteen hundred lepers on the island. During Father Damien's residence on the island he had attended over two thousand deathbeds.

The Paris Exposition was Formally Opened by the President of the French Republic on May 6. The ceremony was interesting from the fact that the representatives of foreign courts were conspicuous by their absence. The United States alone officially participated in the inauguration. The European royalties were averse to officially recognize a pageant avowedly organized to commemorate the centennial of the revolution of 1789. The ceremony, however, was not spoiled by their absence. A more directly commemorative exercise took place, in accordance with French irreligious custom, on the previous day, when the President went to Versailles and dedicated a tablet affixed to the walls of the building in which the States General assembled one hundred years ago. A poor crazy man caused some excitement on the occasion by firing a pistol at him. The pistol contained only blank cartridges, and as the man who fired it was evidently insane the agitation of the people was soon calmed. The President is not an orator, but he made a simple appropriate speech of a hopeful tone. At the Exposition on Monday he made a speech of similar tenor. There was a marked absence of enthusiastic feeling on the part of the people due probably to the unpopularity of the Government, produced by the prosecution of General Boulanger. After the inaugural ceremony the President made a tour of the departments. He congratulated the United States Commissioner on the excellence of the exhibits.

The Parnell Commission, on Resuming its sessions on May 7, listened to a statement from Mr. Parnell, who asked permission to correct that part of his evidence given on May 3 in relation to the statement made by him in the House of Commons concerning the non-existence of secret societies in Ireland. Upon referring to the authorized reports of the proceedings of the House of Commons, he found that his remarks, which had been quoted by Attorney-General Webster, referred particularly to Ribbonism, and not to secret conspiracies generally. His remarks, therefore, were a fairly accurate statement of the facts, as Ribbonism at that time practically did not exist in Ireland. It was, however, too late to remove the impression which his remarks had produced. He will probably be often taunted with his confession that he meant to deceive the House. Archbishop Walsh, who followed Mr. Parnell as a witness, testified that facts that had come to his knowledge proved that the League tended to diminish crime. There had been a gradual decadence in the secret societies in Ireland since 1866.

The Conference on Samoan Affairs in Berlin is said to be progressing favorably, though its debates are kept secret. The Berlin correspondent of the New York Herald however cables a statement of the situation which he says was imparted to him on excellent authority, and which has the merit of probability. He declares that if the United States will purchase the plantations owned by the German Company, or if the Samoans themselves will purchase these plantations, payment being guaranteed by the United States, Germany will not make the slightest opposition to the installation of Malietoa or some one of the minor chiefs not hitherto named. They also probably urged the punishment of Mataafa, say, by imprisonment for a time on board a German man-of-war, or on an island under the German flag. They may waive this condition in consideration of a round sum paid to the widows and orphans or the nearest relations of the Germans slain on the island. The third condition, equally acceptable to each of the three Powers, is that the three guarantee the neutrality of Samoa.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$27. They are: from Carleton Place, Ont., Can., 50 cents; a friend, 50 cents; Danbury, Conn., \$5; Warner, Ill., \$9; Belleville, Mo., \$1; Kansasville, Wis., \$10; Heislerville, N. J., \$1. For this amount we add to our list the names of twenty-seven of the seventy ministers who are prayerfully waiting. All of them had the paper last year, and are earnestly desiring its continuance. It will give us great pleasure to send it to all the others, as well as to many new applicants whose claims are weighty, if we are enabled to do so by Christians who realize our responsibilities to the colored race, and understand how helpful this journal is to their recognized teachers.

A Noble and Interesting Experiment is to be made this fall in New York. A house has been secured in one of the most squalid tenement districts of the city, and by next October, if all the arrangements can be perfected, a colony of girls from Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith colleges will take up their abode there. Miss Jeanette Gurney Fine, who has devoted her life to the work of helping the poor, will preside over the institution, and her helpers will come to her for not less a period than three months at a time. They believe that by living among the poor creatures who exist in those wretched streets, they will learn their needs and their troubles, and by sympathy, kindness, and the force of example, help them to better ways of life. Free baths, free instruction in singing, sewing, and cooking, unlimited hospitality and neighborly help, will, they hope, brighten many lives, and counteract the temptations to vicious life. There will be a free reading-room and library, and such other attractions as experience may suggest. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, Edward Everett Hale, and other well-known friends of the poor, will give advice and help. Every true-hearted Christian will wish these brave, educated girls success in their noble work, which has for its pattern the life of Him who, eighteen centuries ago, came from heaven to live among men.

A Wealthy Pauper Died in the United States Marine Hospital, Baltimore, recently. A clergyman who visits that institution regularly noticed, on one of his visits, a man about forty years old who was suffering from Bright's disease. He gained his confidence, and the patient told him the story of his life. He said he was a native of New Haven, Conn., but had left that town when he was twenty years old to go to sea. He had never communicated with his family afterward. He continued his seafaring life until he was stricken with the disease, and then, having no money saved, he applied for admission to the hospital and was taken care of there. The clergyman urged him to apply to his family for help, but he refused, saying that he did not deserve aid from them. The man died, and would have been buried in Potter's Field had not a charitable organization taken charge of the funeral. Inquiries were subsequently made about the dead man's family, and it was found that they had all been dead for some time, and that when the man was lying destitute in the hospital he was really sole heir to a large estate, and he died in ignorance of the fact. There are many men who are similarly missing a heavenly inheritance. Like the sailor, they are conscious that they do not deserve it, but, as it is never won by merit, they, like better men, might gain it through Christ by repentance and faith. (Eph. 2: 7, 8.)

A Lawsuit Over a Goose Has Involved a loss of three hundred dollars to a widow in Kentucky. In a village in Metcalfe County in that State live two widows who occupy adjoining farms. One of them keeps a flock of geese, and the other widow has been annoyed for a long time by their straying into her garden and destroying the plants. She warned her neighbor that if she did not keep them on her own place she should take measures to protect herself from their depredations. The warning was not

heeded, and one day the widow saw her neighbor's geese in her garden again. She went to her wood-pile and threw heavy billets of wood at the intruders. One goose was killed before they were all driven out. The owner of the goose sent in a bill of forty cents for the dead goose, but the other widow refused to pay. Suit was then brought for the forty cents, and the plaintiff engaged the best lawyer in the district. The defendant also secured a good lawyer, and instructed him to fight the case with all his skill. Both women declared they would spend their last cent rather than yield. After several mistrials and continuances, prolonged over three years, the case was decided last week by a judgment for the defendant. The court fees and the lawyers' costs on both sides were in the aggregate over three hundred dollars. Even from a worldly standpoint the expenditure of so much over so paltry a claim was silly; but it has a more serious aspect in the light of Christ's explicit command. They who pride themselves on "standing up for their rights," and contending against injustice, forget that Christians are enjoined not to resist evil, but to suffer wrong rather than go to law. (Matt. 5: 39, 40.)

A Boy Adrift with a Lunatic in an Open boat on the Bay of New York had several narrow escapes from death on May 6. On Tuesday of last week a policeman brought to the station-house a man and a boy, and said he believed the man was crazy. On examination his diagnosis proved correct, and the man was sent to the asylum. The boy told a remarkable story. He said that his mother was dead and the crazy man was his stepfather. At sunset on the previous day his stepfather took him out and hired an open boat, put him in and rowed with him toward the lighthouse. Then he rowed to the Statue of Liberty, and finally drew in his oars and let the boat drift about the bay. The boy begged to be rowed ashore, as he was cold and hungry, and was afraid every minute that some vessel would run the boat down. The man, however, paid no heed to his entreaties. He sang and shouted, and acted foolishly. The boat drifted about all night, and the boy's terror kept him wide awake. When the sun rose, the man took the oars and rowed ashore. He continued shouting and singing on the streets until he was arrested. Doubtless the boy will never forget that night of terror as long as he lives. As his stepfather is in the asylum, the boy is safe from like perils from that cause. It may be hoped that he will be saved, too, from drifting about through life under the guidance of the enemy of souls, whose malignity is more to be dreaded even than the imbecility of the stepfather. (11 Cor. 2: 11.)

A Nursemaid's Devotion to her Child is curiously displayed in New York. Two ladies were crossing one of the city parks when they met a child gorgeously attired accompanied by a nurse. One of the ladies nodded to the nurse, and the other asked in whose employ the nurse was. "She is not in the employ of any one," was the reply, "that is her own child." "And yet she wears the nurse's cap and dress?" said the other lady. Then the matter was explained. The nurse left her employer to marry a coachman, and after a time became the mother of a beautiful boy. She lavished all her love upon the babe, and as he grew older she dressed him in the finest and most dainty clothes she could procure. She could not afford to dress herself to correspond, so she resumed her nurse's livery for her own child, and is proud to have passers-by stop and admire him as some favored darling of a wealthy home. It is a strange way of acting, and, if she continues it, may not prove a very wise one for the child in the end. He may grow up proud and vain, and be mortified at finding that though his mother could give him fine clothes she cannot give him the wealth they are supposed to imply. The love the mother thus shows, however, may remind us of Him who took upon Him the form of a servant and became poor, that they who love Him might be-

come rich, and no mortifying discovery awaits them. (Phil. 2: 7.)

The Disastrous Results of a Boyish Amusement are reported from Chicago. On May 8 several boys were playing in an open lot in the town of Moreland, which was recently annexed to Chicago. One of them suggested that they should make a bonfire, and some scraps of wood were soon collected from an unfinished building for the purpose. It blazed up merrily, and the boys were delighted. But a gale rose and carried the sparks to the new Presbyterian church near by, and set it on fire. From that the fire spread to a row of seven houses, and they too were burned. There is no fire department in Moreland, but the people turned out and worked hard with buckets and axes until help arrived from Chicago. It was three hours after the fire started before it was under control. The church and forty-six houses had by that time been destroyed, three hundred persons were homeless, \$200,000 had gone up in flame, and several firemen had been severely burned. Probably the boys who heedlessly started the fire were themselves appalled by the consequence of their own thoughtlessness. They, and all who hear of the calamity, will appreciate the apostolic warning against another kind of heedlessness, the results of which are likened to just such a catastrophe. (James 3: 5, 6.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Major J. H. Cole has commenced services at Little Rock, Ark. The attendance is already large and the interest is increasing.

The twenty-fourth anniversary of the National Temperance Society was held on Tuesday, May 14, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

Rev. Dr. George Thurston Bedell, P. E. Bishop of Ohio, has resigned on account of ill health. His successor will be chosen this month at Toledo.

In a series of union meetings at Carthage, N. Y., under the leadership of Mrs. John W. Dean, the Quaker evangelist, about seventy-five have been converted.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies will hold a joint meeting in connection with the anniversaries at Boston, to be addressed by missionary women, on Friday morning, May 17, at 9:30.

Mr. Charles W. Sawyer is holding successful meetings in the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Several remarkable conversions of drunkards and gamblers have occurred.

Mr. George W. Fulton, a licentiate of Washington Presbytery, who is appointed by the Presbyterian Board to labor as a missionary in Japan, was ordained on April 24, in the Second Church of Washington, Pa.

The disgraceful spectacle at the Centennial ball in New York was a strong argument for prohibition. Notwithstanding the presence of the President, the Cabinet, and Governors of States the drunken revelry was disgusting.

At the meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, held in Winthrop Place, New York, on May 2, the Rev. Dr. Richard Wheatley, of Cornwall, N. Y., read a paper on "The Philosophical Basis of Theological Belief."

The American delegates to the Paris Peace Convention are, Judge Charles A. Peabody, of New York; Dr. Richard H. Thomas, of Baltimore; Professor J. Rendel Harris, of Haverford College, Pa.; Justus C. Strawberry and John B. Wood, of Philadelphia.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's work at Macon, Ga., is being vigorously taken up by the pastors of the churches who invited him to the city. Since he left, the converts have been carefully looked after and many additions have been made to their number. Dr. Munhall's visit will never be forgotten in Macon.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at Marinette, Wis., which has long been burdened with debt is now clear. On Easter Sunday the pastor, the Rev. Henry Ostrom, preached on the evil of debt, and at the conclusion of the service the members of the church subscribed \$2,500, which was sufficient to clear the debt and make repairs.

About \$35,000 has been spent the past year by the American Seamen's Friend Society in missionary work, publications, loan libraries, and other aids. Altogether 9,221 new libraries have been given out to vessels; over 10,000 have been reshipped, making 500,000 books, which have been put within reach of about 350,000 men.

Five Mormon missionaries have been holding meetings in Dale County, Ala., and had been so successful as to have formed a colony, which was soon to start for Utah. The plan has been delayed, if not frustrated, by an indignation meeting of citizens of the county, from which a deputation went to the house where the missionaries were, and drove them out of the State.

MAN UNKNOWN TO MAN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." Prov. 14: 10.

Every Man a Microcosm—The Solidarity and Individuality of the Race—No Man Fully Knows Himself—No Man Has his Exact Counterpart—Men Incompetent to Judge Each Other—Universal Need of Sympathy—I. Every Heart Has a Bitterness Peculiar to Itself—True of the Godless Man—Of the Awakened Man—Of the Backslider—Of the Tried Believer—The Cure for Bitterness of Heart—II. The Heart's Peculiar Joys—The Joy of Pardoned Sin—Of Vanquished Evil—Of Answered Prayer—Of Peace in Trouble—Of Communion with God—Towers Visible on Sunday Only.

You lift up your eyes, and you behold the stars. Surely it is no idle imagination that these heavenly lights are distant worlds; but they are entirely separated from the inhabitants of this globe. You may peer at them through the telescope as long as you will, but you cannot enter into the feelings and pursuits of the dwellers in those worlds. There is a great gulf fixed, and we who would pass to them, cannot, neither can they pass to us who would come from thence. In a great measure, such is our relation to our fellow-men. Men are microcosms, or little worlds; each man has his distinct sphere, wherein he dwells apart. We are so many worlds, and no one world of man exactly overlaps another. You cannot completely know your fellow-man. There is a bitterness which each man feels alone, and a sweetness with which none can intermeddle. Every man is, in a measure, self-contained.

His Being is Detached

from other beings in certain matters. There are bonds which unite us to our fellow-man, and there is a solidarity about the race; but, for all that, each man is a distinct atom and item, and there are portions of his nature in which he does not touch his fellow-men at all, but displays his own individuality and personality. Alone are we born, one by one; alone do we die, one by one. Though we shall stand with the great multitude before the throne of God, yet that judgment will be of individuals, and the sentence will be passed upon us one by one. Heaven will be an enjoyment which the believer himself possesses, or hell a misery which the impenitent himself endures. No one can merge himself in another man, nor so blend himself with the mass as to cease to be an individual existence. For weal or woe we are each one launched on the ocean of life in his own vessel. "Every man shall bear his own burden."

It is not surprising that we must be in a measure unknown to others, since we do not even fully know ourselves. Mysteries exist within our own bosoms, and abysses which we have never yet explored. Their own personal humanity is to many an utterly unknown land, and none know themselves so fully as they think. "Man, know thyself," is a precept much more profound than it appears. If we do not know ourselves, how shall we know our fellows?

Besides, there are points of individuality in each man which render him distinct from every other. No two women, although they be born of the same parents, have been trained in the same home, and have lived together in close companionship, will be found to be precisely alike. No man could find his exact counterpart among all the millions of the race. In some point or points each man is inscrutable by his companions. Either from one peculiar element which is in him, or from the peculiar proportions in which qualities are blended in his constitution, each man is a being after his own kind. How can we know beings so strangely

Diverse from Each Other?

What is the practical use of these facts? We learn, I think, first, that we may not judge our brethren as though we understood them, and were competent to give a verdict upon them. Why do you sit down and write bitter things against

your fellow-man? Be not sure that you can accurately judge any of his actions. Seen upon its surface, and by itself, his act may appear blameworthy; but the motive behind, if known to you, would soften your censure, or even win your praise. Before the great Searcher of all hearts, things are not what they seem. As our law condemneth no man before it hears him, so let us not hasten to give sentence, since we have not heard, and in all probability never shall hear, all the ins and outs of his behavior. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Especially judge not the sons and daughters of sorrow. Allow no

Ungenerous Suspicions

of the afflicted, poor, and the despondent. Do not hastily say they ought to be more brave, and exhibit a greater faith. Ask not—Why are they so nervous and so absurdly fearful? It is not easy to be effectively sympathetic: some cannot manifest tenderness, even when they have a mind to do so. I once knew a minister who had never suffered pain or illness in his life. I was unwell in his house, and he most kindly tried to sympathize with me. He did it almost as wonderfully as an elephant picks up a pin. It was a marvel that he could attempt a thing so altogether out of his line. Many of the trials which are experienced by Christians are sent as an education in the art of sympathy. Be thankful for that which enables you to be a minister of consolation to your fellow-men; but feel that in this matter you are a learner yet, and will frequently meet with sorrows and with joys into which you cannot enter.

One other lesson, and that is the great one we want, all of us, to learn.

We All Need Sympathy;

and as it is impossible that we should ever perfectly obtain it from our fellow-men, there remains but One who can give it to us. There is One who can enter the closet where the skeleton is locked up; One who is in touch with our unmentionable grief. He weighs and measures that which is too heavy for us to bear. That blessed One! Oh, that we may each one have Him for our friend!

The general doctrine of the gospel has great power in it, but the sweetness lies in the particular application of it. What though the city be full of bread? if there be none upon thy table, thou wilt starve! What though the coffers of the bank should overflow with gold? yet, if thou hast nothing wherewith to purchase the necessities of life, thou wilt perish in thy poverty! Be not deceived into *joint-stock godliness*: each man must come into individual relation with the living God in Christ Jesus.

Having already handled its general principle, we will now come close to our text in its two parts: the heart knows a bitterness peculiar to itself; and, secondly, the heart also knows a sweetness peculiar to itself.

I. The heart knoweth**its own Bitterness.**

Concerning any man this is true. The shoe pinches on every foot, and that foot only knows where the pinch is felt by itself. Every shoulder bears its load, and that load is its own. Envy no man. He who seems most happy may be more fit for pity than for envy. His heart knows its own bitterness. Do not intrude into the hidden sorrows of any: it is enough for one heart to know its bitterness. May be, thou wilt increase misery if thou meddle with it. Leave that alone which thou canst not relieve. If thou canst help, lend thine attentive ear; but if thou canst not help, keep thy finger from the wound. You may cheer the heart of the burden-bearer, but his trouble is still the same—there is no dividing his grief.

Most solemnly this is true concerning the godless man. Of the irreligious man, the unbelieving man, it is surely true that "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." The boy going through the churchyard at night, whistles to keep his courage up; and many of the braggart speeches of infidels are merely an attempt to conceal the unrest of heart which they would

not like to confess. They are not happy: they cannot be happy. Be not afraid to approach them with the gospel: they are more ready to receive it than we imagine. When they roar most loudly there is little of the lion about them except the skin. Fear them not. They need the gospel even more than other people, and their attempt to bully their own consciences proves that they are aware of their want.

Next, how true this is concerning

An Awakened Man!

When conscience at last starts up from its dream, when the Holy Spirit begins to convince the man of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; ah! then, beloved, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." I could not have told you, if you had bribed me to disclose the secret, the inward grief I felt when day and night God's hand was heavy upon me on account of sin. Before I found a Saviour, the agony of my mind was at times indescribable, for I felt the pressure of the wrath of God, justly incurred by my iniquity. Have any of you to whom I now speak at last come to your senses; and do you wish to escape from the wrath of God, but cannot? I am grieved for you, my brother; but yet I am thankful that by such self-despair men are brought at last to trust in Jesus, cut off from sin by a terrible discovery of its evil, cut off from self by utter despair, and driven to cast themselves on the merit of the Saviour. Fly to Jesus, and you shall be saved; but till you do so, your heart will be filled with a bitterness beyond expression.

Our text is certainly true concerning the backslider. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." One of the most intense bitteresses that is ever experienced out of hell, is that of one who is awakened to see his heinous criminality, when having known the truth, and enjoyed meetings for prayer, and having been accustomed to speak about his own conversion, and to labor for the salvation of others, having known rapt fellowship with God, and having stood to the front in holy effort, after all, he has turned aside to filthiness, and dishonored the sacred name by which he was called. Alas! even when he is restored, and grace has cleansed the stain, his old wounds will be sadly apt to bleed afresh.

Concerning the *tried believer*, this is very true. The afflicted is one whose heart knows its own bitterness. Brethren, many of the excellent of the earth are

Constitutionally Sorrowful.

Certain of our friends are always happy, not so much the result of grace as the effect of nature. Many plants flourish best in the sunshine, but others love the shade. I have seen a fern which grows best in drip and gloom. God has made each one for its place. Bid all those who are timorous and sad to lift up their hearts and rejoice in God. But oh, do not condemn them while you encourage them! Cheer them, but do not censure them. The Lord knows that there may, in each case, be something about the body, something about the mind, or something about the condition, which makes it far less evil in these persons to be desponding than it might be in our cases—"The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

Afflicted Saints.

Possibly there may be present among us servants of God who are wading through rivers of trouble. We do not know, dear friends, in the hey-day of our joy, how closely we may be sitting to "a woman of a sorrowful spirit," or, "a man that hath seen affliction." We little know the burdens which are bowing our neighbors' backs. Patience gives them smiling faces, but pain wrings their hearts. Great losses and great crosses fall to the lot of great saints. Sickness is often a means of grace: those who have much grace may be called to endure much disease. There is a bitterness which some of you can scarcely understand: it is the loss of beloved children, especially the loss of an only child. Bereavement of our loved ones is a heavy trial.

You see, then, that in the whole range of human society each heart knoweth its own bitterness; and I want to say this to you—the singularity of sorrow is

A Dream of the Sufferer.

Thou sittest alone and keepest silence, and thou sayest in thy heart, "I am the man that hath seen affliction," but a host of others have seen afflictions as well as thyself. Come down from thine elevation of special woe; indulge no longer the egotism of despair. Thou art but one pilgrim along the well-trodden Via Dolorosa. The stair-way of grief is never without its passengers, and at their head is "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

Next, let me say, know thy sorrow well. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." It is always well when it does know it. If you can write down your grief in black and white, and describe it to yourself, the half of it will evaporate. A large proportion of our despondency is mythical: it is a kind of smoke or mist, which will disappear as the light falls on it. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted in me?" If you are wise, you will press home those two "whys," till you say to yourself, "There is no reason for being disquieted: 'hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him!'"

Above all, remember that *the cure for bitterness of heart is to take it to your Lord at once*. Remember this word: "In all their affliction He was afflicted." No drop of gall was too bitter for His mouth: He tasted death itself. There is no corner in thy heart so dark but Christ hath been in as dark a room as that. All the thorns that pierce thy feet once pierced His head. Go thou to Him with the full vessel of thy woe. "Ye people, pour out your hearts before Him: God is a refuge for us." Then shall you sing for joy of heart.

II. I wish I had an hour in which to speak to the full upon the second part of our subject. The heart knows a

Sweetness All Its Own.

I will go into one or two of the forms of this sweetness. You have tasted, many of you, the joy of pardoned sin. Do you remember when you were, for the first time, sure that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven you? Could you tell anybody the joy you then felt? In proportion as you were burdened before, you felt the bliss of rest. In proportion as the iron had entered into your soul before, the joy came leaping into your heart. Truly a stranger intermeddled not with such joy. Only the pardoned know the joy of pardon. I dare say, when you were first saved, others said that you were off your head. In the family it was suspected that poor John was not himself at all; he was so different from what he used to be. Oh, yes, the joy of pardoned sin is one with which a stranger cannot intermeddle.

Some time after your pardon you knew the bliss of vanquished evil. To be forgiven was not enough; you longed to be free from the dominion of sin. I do not know what your peculiar sin may have been, but, after a struggle, you overcame it, and you felt that the very desire for that sin was dead: you loathed it now as much as you loved it before. What a joy that was to you! It was like the triumph of Israel when they had come out of Egypt, and Egypt itself had been overthrown at the Red Sea. The depths had covered them, there was not one of them left. The mighty waters swept away Pharaoh and his captains. Do you recollect when the habit of drunkenness went down into the sea? Do you remember when another vile propensity sank as lead in the mighty waters? Joy over a conquered evil is a joy worth worlds, and no stranger can deprive us of it.

Another great joy is that of

Answered Prayer.

When the Lord has heard our petitions, and given us the desire of our hearts, what joy fills our souls! It must have been a stern joy which filled Elijah when he stood at the altar, after the priests of Baal and their clatter had all

failed; when he stood up and said, "Let it be known, O Lord, that I have done all these things at Thy word." When the live lightning leaped from heaven, and the sacrifice went up in sheets of flame, then I do not wonder that exhilaration lifted him out of himself, and he could do anything in the joy of his heart, because of his answered prayer. A stranger to prayer cannot know the joy of success. He who knows what it is to wrestle will understand what it is to prevail.

Further, dear brethren, there is

A Very Extraordinary Joy

about usefulness. This is a joy which, thank God, I do know; but unless you know it, I cannot communicate its sweetness to you. It was but a poor child, or a servant girl, or a working-man in his fustian jacket; but as he took my hand and looked into my face, he said, "God Almighty bless you! You brought me to the Saviour." I get registered letters containing money for the Lord's work; but the letters which are most precious are those which tell of conversions from great sin to the Lord Jesus, through the printed sermons. These are my golden wages. If I say much about this, some one will charge me with blowing my own trumpet; but truly this sacred bliss is one which the successful worker has all to himself, and a stranger intermeddles not therewith. You Sunday-school teachers and workers know what I mean. Pray that you may have more of it!

There is a joy in the heart, with which no stranger intermeddles, of another kind, namely, peace in the time of trouble. A painful operation is needful, and the patient hears the sad news without a murmur. I remember the picture of "The Sleep of Argyle," who is to be executed in the morning, and he is found fast wrapt in sweet slumber when the gaoler enters the cell. Remember the martyr who had to be burned early in the morning, but needed to be shaken to awake him. Fancy being shaken in the morning with, "Get up and be burned!" How blessed to leave all with the Lord, and bear His will with gladsome readiness. To be calm in the presence of pain, bereavement, slander, ridicule! This is delightful. The worldling cannot understand this! The saint is neither careless nor callous; he has both sense and sensitiveness; and yet he lives apart from carking care, and throws aside the fret which else would eat into his heart.

One other joy I must not overlook; it is the highest of all, and that is,

The Joy of Communion

with God. About this I hardly dare to speak. If you have ever read Rutherford's Letters, I will very much judge of you by how you judge of them. If you know nothing at all about communion with God you will say, "The man is fanatical, carried away with rhapsodies. He almost utters blasphemy at times in his daring language." But if you have trodden the crests of the mountains of fellowship, and have bathed your forehead in the eternal sunlight, you will know that he does not exaggerate, but that he even falls short of the indescribable bliss of fellowship with God. Do you know what this means? If you do not, I could not tell you, for I should seem as one that talketh in a dream. Yet, whether you know it or not, some of us find heaven begun below. If you have ever tasted fellowship with God then there is a joy, as you know, with which no stranger intermeddles.

Beloved, if it be so, be much in the enjoyment of these delights! There is a secret parlor in the house of manhood, into which none can go but yourself and your Lord. Be sure that you enter there! Lock yourself in. I wish I might do so, and never come out again. Why should you always be moping down in the cellar? If you have a good house, why do you grope in the basement among the coals and the rats? If there be a room in the house that has a fine view, make it your sitting-room. I remember at Newcastle a person said, when letting a house, "You can from the upper window see Durham Cathedral on a Sunday." "Why on a Sunday? Cannot you see it on a Monday?" "No, be-

cause then the smoke of the furnaces darkens the air." There is a room in my heart from which I can see heaven at choice Sabbath times, when I can get alone with my God, and forget the cares both of the church and of the world. If you have never known these joys, I pray you seek them for yourself, each man, each woman of you. Remember, you must come to God alone, by the exercise of personal faith and personal repentance; for neither in your sorrow, nor in your joy, can another man exactly fit with you. Therefore, come alone to the Lord Jesus, and come at once. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE BOY-KING'S FRIEND.*

WOULD that we knew something more definite about Jeremiah's friendships! But we can at least fill up our mental image of them by conjecture. It seems to me, then, not out of place to recollect here the words of Roger Ascham in "The Scholemaster" respecting the English boy-king, Edward VI. "If King Edward," he says, "had lived a little longer, his only example had bred such a race of worthie, learned gentlemen as this Realme neuer yet did affourde." Surely it is probable enough that the person of the Jewish boy-king formed in like manner the centre of a little society of kindred spirits, for we know that Jewish kings were not idolized as divine, like the Egyptian Pharaohs—a society of which Jeremiah was a youthful member, and the two Hilkiahs (one the high priest, and the other also a priest, and the father of Jeremiah) were among the recognized leaders. The probability amounts almost to a certainty in the case of the high priest, for it was he who, later on, brought the book of the law to the notice of the king; it is something less than this in the case of Jeremiah's father, and yet, considering the conditions of education at this period, it is scarcely credible that the religious ideas of the son should not have been largely derived from the father.

A Momentous Discovery.

Let us now transport ourselves in imagination to the year 622 B. C.—the eighteenth year of the reign of Josiah—and try to realize the religious condition of the people of Judah. How much there was that needed reform! The most honored sanctuary of Jehovah was still polluted by idolatrous, polytheistic emblems. Altars still smoked both to Him and to idols under every green tree and upon every hill. Children were still sacrificed to the cruel fire-god in the torrent-valleys, like that of Hinnom, under the clefts of the rocks. Worship was still offered to the host of heaven upon the housetops, while at every street corner in the larger towns there were shrines of Jehovah, side by side with Baal and the "Queen of Heaven." Josiah, and those who sympathized with him, had still to endure those painful sights and sounds, for no plan of reform had as yet commended itself to the practical mind of the king. Such was the state of affairs when a lightning-flash all at once illumined the scene. A messenger had been sent by Josiah to the temple on business connected with the repairs of the building. The messenger was Shaphan, the scribe or chancellor; we must accompany him to his royal master, and watch the effect of the tidings which he bears from the temple, where a discovery has just been made by Hilkiah, the priest. It is a book which has been found, containing directions on religious and moral points, which cut at the root of many popular customs and practices. There can be no longer any doubt that the book found in the temple was substantially the same as our Book of Deuteronomy.

The Royal Tragedy.

It was on the battle-field of Megiddo, famous

* From "Jeremiah: His Life and Times." By Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M. A., D. D. One of the volumes of the valuable series entitled Men of the Bible. These books have shed much light on the lives of the Scripture characters, modern research having enabled the authors to draw graphic pictures of their surroundings and contemporaries. Pp. 205; price 5s.; published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



MASSACHUSETTS, 1620.

VALLEY FORGE, 1777.

MARYLAND, 1634.

Three Symbolic Floats in the Centennial Celebration in New York on May 1.

already in the poetry of Israel by the defeat of Jabin and Sisera, and not less celebrated in Apocalyptic vision (Rev. 16: 16), that the unequal struggle between Neco and Josiah took place. Alas! the men of Israel fled at the very beginning of the battle; it was as if the aspect of the angry Egyptian king had scattered his enemies. The fate of Ahab became that of Josiah. "A certain man drew a bow at a venture and smote the king of Israel." He was brought to Jerusalem to die. What were his last thoughts? Did he still trust God? None can answer that question; but that the faith of many of his subjects was shaken we may be certain. The problem of a perfect and upright man given into the hand of the Satan became from this time forth the problem of Jewish wisdom—the problem of which there is but a faintly hinted solution in the noblest monument of that wisdom, the Book of Job. That blessed results accrued in the long-run to the Jewish Church from this great calamity could easily be shown. From Megiddo the eye turns instinctively to the hillside on which, twelve miles distant, Nazareth stands. But who thought of looking beyond the sad sights of the immediate present? Faith was paralyzed; the heart of the nation seemed to stand still.

THE CIVIC CENTENNIAL PARADE.

ON this page appear pictures of three of the most notable floats which were drawn in the civic procession by which, on May 1, the Centennial of Washington's inauguration was celebrated in New York. *The first* represented the landing of the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*; *the second* represented Washington at Valley Forge; and *the third*, the arrival of the *Dove* in 1634, with the settlers of the Maryland colony.

The procession was an effort to mark the progress of the nation, during the century, in commerce, manufacture, science, and art, and much ingenuity had been exercised in devising appropriate symbolic representations, which were set upon wheels and drawn between the various delegations of the trades. At 10 o'clock the President, Vice-President, the members of the Cabinet, the two ex-Presidents and the Senators and other distinguished guests resumed the places on the reviewing stand which they had occupied so many hours on the preceding day. The Mayor then presented seventy representatives of societies and trade organizations, among which were the Bible Society, the New England Society, the Huguenots, the Historical and Geographical Society, the Architects, the Artists, the Bar, the Board of Trade and the various Exchanges, the painters, plumbers, etc., etc. They handed the President a silver cylinder containing a congratulatory address signed by the President of each society.

The procession was headed by the students of the colleges, followed by some of the pupils in the public schools. Then came the Knights of Pythias, the Knights of Temperance under Grand Commander Robert Graham, and the Sons of Veterans. The firemen made up the next division. The Hungarian contingent followed, and after that came the Tammany Hall delegation, and then the German societies. The interest grew as the first floats appeared. After that each section was cheered as the symbolic representation was understood and appreciated. The Press with its pretty figure of Minerva, the singing societies with Arion, their patron saint, and many others, were heartily cheered. It was noteworthy that when the wine-making industry's delegation came to the stand, a glass was filled and offered to President Harrison. Thousands of eyes were watching to see him drink it, but he declined, and the page, who offered it, emptied the liquor on the floor of the float, while the temperance men around sent up a ringing cheer for the President.

Until 3 o'clock the procession went steadily past the reviewing stand, the forty-nine trade societies alone being represented by fourteen thousand men. Some 25,000 in all must have marched past and over the four miles of the route before the procession ended and the great pageant closed.

AMONG THE INDIANS.

IN connection with the work among the Indians of the Rev. Egerton R. Young, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on March 13, the following incidents are told:

A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the Western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings, a boy and girl. With mingled hope and fear she came. With fast-throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother-love and earnestness, peered into their faces, one after another; but there was nothing in any that she could claim. Nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With the dull pain of despair at her heart she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears, and in soft tones began to sing a sweet Christian hymn, which she had long been accustomed to sing to her little ones. The first stanza was not completed before a tall boy and a fine girl left the group and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her long-lost ones to her bosom.

The Dying Indian and His Bible.

"I found him," says the missionary, "dying of consumption, and in a state of the most shocking poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind-covered hut, with nothing but a few fern leaves under him, and an old blanket over him. After recovering somewhat from my surprise, I asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in Him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said: 'Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there.' Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played on his countenance, and slowly said,

'This, Sir, is My Dear Friend

You gave it to me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of the wonders it told, and I thought I should have it buried with me, but I have thought since that I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

THE RIGHT REV. H. C. POTTER, D. D., LL. D.

THE sermon preached at the Centennial Celebration in New York on April 30 by the Bishop of New York, has brought his name into more than its usual prominence throughout the country. "It was inappropriate," say some persons indignantly writing to the newspapers. "It is not historically true, and if it had been, that was not the right time to preach it," say others. "The Bishop," say thoughtful and observant men, "knew what he was talking about, and having before him representative men entrusted with the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of the Government, acted wisely and courageously in calling their attention to the deterioration of the times, and the danger menacing the country." The Bishop preserves a dignified silence. He has uttered his warning, and he has the assurance which God gave long ago to the watchman of Israel: "If thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul" (Ezek. 33: 9). It is rare indeed that an opportunity comes to a preacher when he has an audience composed of statesmen of both the Republican and Democratic parties, men in office, men who have been in office, and men who may be in office in the future, and the Bishop wisely seized it to preach to them about the evils which they, and they alone, have the power to eliminate from our national life. All honor to the brave man for his wisdom and courage!

The Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of New York, is fifty-three years of age. He was born at Schenectady, N. Y., in

1836. His father, Dr. Alonzo Potter was at that time Vice-President of Union College, of which his father-in-law, Dr. Eliphalet Nott, was President. Ten years later Dr. Alonzo Potter became Bishop of Pennsylvania. In addition to the honor that came to him from a most efficient conduct of the affairs of his diocese, he had the honor of being the *pioneer temperance bishop*. He was a total abstainer, which in those days was equivalent to being a fanatic. Though total abstinence brought him some ridicule, he continued to practice and advocate it, on the high ground of Christian principle, to the last, and his distinguished son follows his example.

The Bishop sent his son to the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia to acquire the rudiments of education, and afterward he became a student in Union College. His first occupation after graduating was that of a clerk. The time thus spent was not lost. He learned at his desk something of the difficulties and temptations of business life, and in after years when he came to preach to business-men he was preserved by his experience from talking the nonsense which we so frequently hear and read in sermons on business life from some pulpits. The piety and talents of the young man, however, indicated a call to complete consecration to Christ's service. He desired to devote the whole of his time to church work, and he therefore applied for admission to the Episcopal Seminary, Fairfax County, Virginia, to study for the ministry. He graduated there in 1857, and was ordained at the age of twenty-two.

His first charge was the small parish of Greensburg, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, whence two years later he was called to Troy, N. Y. There he labored with much blessing for seven years, after which he removed to Boston, Mass., as assistant rector of Trinity Church. In May, 1868 he received a call to Grace Church, New York, with which his name became closely identified. It was there that the most prominent characteristics of Dr. Potter found their most appropriate sphere. The congregation was wealthy, fashionable, and aristocratic, but within half a score of blocks on every side of the church, bitter, squalid poverty abounded. Dr. Potter realized the responsibilities of himself and his church in the circumstances, and soon, in incisive, ringing utterance, the people who assembled in Grace Church heard what the rector meant to do, and how they might help him in doing it. The congregation responded liberally. The average contributions of the following ten years were \$150,000 a year. With this sum, after setting aside over five thousand dollars for foreign missions, the rector proceeded to establish mission chapels in the needy districts, and to organize an efficient corps of workers.

In 1883 Dr. Potter's uncle, Dr. Horatio Potter, Bishop of New York, had attained the age of eighty-one years, and had been Bishop twenty-nine years. The needs of the diocese had grown beyond his power of meeting them, and as all hints of resignation were met by



The Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, Bishop of New York.

earnest protest, it was necessary that an assistant bishop should be elected. The choice fell upon the rector of Grace Church, and on October 20, 1883, he was solemnly consecrated. It is significant that *the first sermon* the new bishop preached after his consecration—and it was thoroughly characteristic of the man—was not to the wealthy and aristocratic people of his diocese, but to a congregation of convicts in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," was the burden of the message he delivered, and his audience melted in unaccustomed tears as he pleaded with them. On January 2, 1887, the venerable Bishop, Dr. Horatio Potter, was called to his reward, and Dr. Henry C. Potter was installed in his place.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 303.)

The End of the Journey.

How my heart ached with sympathy as I read this pathetic story of the suffering of Mary Burton and her fellow travellers! Only a few pages of her letter remained, and I resumed the reading with anxiety. She thus concluded her painful story:

"The third day came, and still no relief. There are mysterious powers of endurance in human nature, weak as we often deem it, but there is a point beyond which the bow, however flexible, will not bend. It was evident that if no help arrived speedily, the end was not far off. The sun was sinking behind the distant western hills, in all the glory of the clear frosty atmosphere of the desert, and many who gazed upon its beauty did so with a mournful interest, believing that they would never again behold the light of day. But at that moment some who were anxiously watching with a last hope—watching for what they hardly dared expect to see—raised a shout of joy. We knew

what it was. Men, women, and children rushed from their tents to welcome the approaching wagons and our friends in time of need.

"Captain Willie and the other elder had found the rescue from Salt Lake overtaken by the storm just as we were, but he had told them of our terrible situation, and they had hastened on without a moment's delay. It was he and they, conveying good supplies, who now approached us. The poor creatures shouted wildly for joy; even the strong men shed tears; and the sisters, overcome with the sudden change from death to life, flung themselves into the arms of the brethren as they came into the camp and covered them with kisses. Such happiness you never saw—everyone shaking hands and speaking joyfully—every one saying 'God bless you!' with an intense meaning such as is seldom attached to those words.

"The supplies were to us more than food and clothing—they were life itself. Elder John Chislett was appointed to distribute the provisions and clothing, and everything was placed in his hands. He gave us all that was

immediately necessary, but strongly cautioned us to be very moderate in what we ate, as it was dangerous to go from the extreme of fasting to a full meal. After supper the clothing and bedding was fairly divided, and we felt more thankful for those little comforts than a person who had never endured as we had would have felt had he become suddenly the recipient of boundless luxury.

"Two of the elders who had held forth such delusive hopes to the company, not long before, as I have already told you, were with the brethren who came to our relief. I have never ventured to ask how it was that they could hold out to us, in God's name, such promises, when they must have known, after a moment's reflection, that they were utterly baseless; but I think that probably they left their comfortable homes in Salt Lake City, and came across the desert with supplies to meet us, only to show practically how anxious they were to atone for having led us astray. Next morning Elder Grant went east to meet the company following us, but Elder W. H. Kimball took command of our company for the rest of the way.

"We could now journey but very slowly, for the road was bad; the sick and weakly were, however, able to ride, and altogether we suffered less. To some this change for the better arrived too late—the mental and physical sufferings which they had endured were too much for them. Poor souls! they alone and their Father in heaven knew what they had passed through. They seemed to have lost all consciousness, as if their faculties had been numbed and stupefied. We talked to them of the past, but they looked at us with unmeaning eyes, as if we spoke of something in which they had no interest; we tried to lead their thoughts to the promises of the Lord; but it was all in vain. They turned from us with a look of terrible apathy; and one or two who partly seemed to understand, only replied with an indifference painful to witness—'Too late! too late!'

"As we journeyed, the weather every day grew colder. Many of the unfortunate people *lost their fingers and toes, others their ears*; one poor woman lost *her sight*, and I was told of a poor sick man who held on to the wagon-bars to save himself from jolting, and had *all his fingers frozen off*. Few, if any, of the people recovered from the effects of that frost. One morning they found a poor old man who had vainly tried the evening before to keep up with the rest. His corpse was not far from the camp, but it had been *sadly mangled by the wolves*. Then there came another snow-storm, only worse in proportion as the weather was colder, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could keep from freezing. We wrapped blankets and anything else we could get around us, but the cold wind penetrated to our very bones. I was told that some of the people, even women and children, who lagged behind, *were whipped so as to make them keep up, and to keep life in them*. I did not see this myself; but I believe, if the story was true, it was an act of mercy, and not of cruelty, for to delay a moment was fatal.

"The captain of our hundred more than once stayed behind the company to bury some unfortunate person who died on the road: how he ever got up with us again I cannot tell, but he seemed to be as indefatigable in his labors as he was wonderfully preserved.

"Sometimes the carts came to a dead standstill, and several had to be fastened together and drawn by a united effort, and in more than one instance the poor people gave up altogether—they were carried on, while they lived, as well as we could; but their carts were abandoned. The stragglers came in slowly to camp the night of the storm—the people from the valley even went back to fetch some in—and it was nearly 6 o'clock in the morning before the last arrived.

"The next day we remained in camp, for there were so many sick and dying that we could not proceed. Early in the morning Elder Chislett and three other elders went round to see who was dead, that they might be buried. They found in the tents *fifteen corpses*, all stiff and frozen. Two more died during the day. A large square hole was dug, and they were buried in it three abreast, and then they were covered with leaves and earth, every precaution being taken to keep them from the wolves.

"As we drew nearer to Salt Lake Valley we met more of the brethren coming to our assistance. They supplied us with all we needed, and then hastened on to meet those who followed us. The atmosphere seemed to become sensibly warmer, and our sufferings were proportionately less as we approached Salt Lake. What the feelings of others might have been when they first saw the goal of our hopes—the fulfilment of our prayers and songs—I cannot tell. Weary, oh so weary, I felt, but thankful, more than thankful, that my husband's life had been spared. He was pale and exceedingly ill, but he was with us still.

"I have written too much already, Sister Stenhouse. I cannot tell you more now, but I may as well add that when we left Iowa City we were about five hundred in all. Some left us on the way. When we left Florence, and began the journey across the plains, we were over four hundred and twenty, of which number we buried sixty-seven—a sixth of the whole. The company which followed us, and to which I have frequently alluded, fared worse than we. They numbered six hundred when they started, but they *buried one hundred and fifty on the journey*—one in every four. May God grant that I may never again see such a sight as was presented by the miserable remnant of that last company as they came on slowly through the cañon towards Salt Lake Valley."

Such were the contents of Mary's letter, but the iniquity of those responsible for the troubles she knew but little of. We get some light on this subject from a narrative furnished to my husband by a gentleman who followed in the ox-train that accompanied the last of the hand-

cart companies, and who was himself an eyewitness and sufferer. The narrative is too long to give in full, so we will give a few extracts only:

"Iowa City was selected for an outfitting point for Salt Lake Valley—the haven of rest for the travel-tired saints. There were four apostles and elders who had charge of the emigration, which caused some trouble among them as to who was chief, which occasioned much delay. To this difference are attributable the suffering and death of so many persons which occurred later in the season.

"Elder Webb bought the wagon and the material for making the hand-carts. The artisans were selected from among the emigrants, and were required to work without wages; but while thus working without pay, they were insufficiently rationed, which caused great dissatisfaction, resulting in a refusal to continue their labors unless they were properly supplied. The hand-carts were fitted up on a most economical plan, and so far was parsimony carried that the wheels had no tires, and to preserve the felloes the emigrants wound them with rawhide while *en route*. This defect was afterwards partially remedied by putting on a rim of hoop-iron and rivetting where it lapped.

"Elder John Van Cott was deputed to buy and bring up cattle and mules—which he did, I believe, from Missouri. When the cattle arrived they were entrusted to the hand-cart emigrants to herd, and this part of the business was very badly managed. The hand-cart folks had no interest whatever in the oxen, beside which they were new to the business, and were inefficiently directed. The consequence was, that lot after lot of the stock was lost, and a proportionately greater price was put on what was left to cover the deficiency—the good saints being forbidden to buy from settlers. The independent companies wanted to purchase their own stock, with the privilege of taking care of it themselves, but this was not allowed. From the above causes the cattle *increased in value*, I think, three times, and were finally delivered to the emigrants at much higher prices than they could have been bought for in the neighborhood.

"In this way the independent companies were kept back, in order that they, with their teams, might relieve the hand-carts, if needed. The last hand-cart train, under Tyler and Martin, arrived at Florence toward the middle of August, and, to cheer the people, the Elder prophesied that 'the Indians, the seasons, nay, the very elements, would be controlled for their benefit, and after they got through, they would hear of storms on the right and on the left, of which they in their travelling would know nothing.'

"The last ox-team—of which John A. Hunt had charge—was dispatched soon after. It was a sort of church train—that is, it consisted of wagons belonging to the returning missionaries. The wool or cotton machinery bought by John Halliday was in this train, and also a harp belonging to a poor old blind man, named Giles, which, as he was unable to pay freight upon it, had 'donated' it to Brigham Young. He was afterwards accorded the privilege of going to Brigham Young's mansion and playing upon his own instrument sometimes, of which privilege he gladly availed himself. It is said that the poor, afflicted old man would play there for hours at a time, while the hot tears streamed down his face, as thoughts that would not be controlled rose unbidden in his mind. He afterwards got possession of his much-loved instrument; he may have bought it, or Young may have given it to him, as no one of his household could play on it then.

"John A. Hunt had instructions on no account to pass Tyler's hand-cart train—a conclusive proof that what the Elders had told the Saints with so much earnestness about the heavens protecting them against the storms, was an assurance they did not themselves believe.

"One morning one of the men was found close to the camp, dead, and partly eaten by the wolves. He had gone out, and was perhaps too tired or too careless of life, or, possibly, was unable to return. It was at this place that Tyler, when asked to lend his riding mule for the purpose of helping to take the sick and the aged men and women across the river, refused—assigning as a reason that he *did not want his mules worn out*.

"On arrival at Devil's Gate, on the Sweetwater, where we found five or six log houses in a dilapidated condition, it was concluded that the hand-carts should go no further. A temporary halt was therefore made, and a remodelling of both trains was made. The wagons were unloaded and the contents stored in two of the log-houses; the hand-carts were unloaded, and as many of the people were put into the wagons as the teams could move, and the remainder were left behind. Assistance was constantly arriving from Salt Lake, and those fresh teams helped wonderfully.

"The track of the emigrants was marked by graves, and many of the living suffered almost worse than death. The intensity of the cold was almost incredible. Men and women sitting on a wagon-tongue, on the ground, or leaning against their fragile carts while eating their scanty fare, would in an instant die without an evidence of coming change. With a morsel of bread or biscuit in their hands, nearing it to their mouths, could be seen men, hale-looking, and apparently strong, stiff in death.

"Such scenes can hardly be imagined by those who did not witness them, but to the hundreds of men and women who had fled from 'merry England' to escape the destruction which they were taught was coming on the Gentile nations, what a commentary was there upon the predictions of men who claimed to be the inspired servants of the Most High, in that bitter struggle for life.

"What remained of the last hand-cart and ox-train companies for that season were got into Salt Lake by the exercise of almost superhuman exertions, and numbers died after their arrival. Those left at the Devil's Gate—of whom there were twenty—were at once put on rations of flour, but of meat they at first had enough, such as it was. The snow fell deep, and the wolves soon began to make sad havoc among the poor stock, and what the wolves spared the season threatened to kill. The remainder was therefore driven up, killed, and the meat frozen. The flour was soon consumed, and meat without salt was the only article of food, and even that began to run short. There was very little game, and only a buffalo, a deer, and a few rabbits were shot. Finally, the meat was consumed; then the hides were eaten, as also all the hide wrapped round the wheels of the hand-carts, and every scrap about the wagons and the neck-piece of the buffalo-skin, which had already done service as a door-mat for two months. In the spring they subsisted on thistle-roots, segoes, and a species of wild garlic, until flour came down from Salt Lake. But to cut a long story short, the twenty men eventually got safely through; terribly emaciated it is true, but still safely. Such was the end of the 'Divine plan' for emigrating the poor in the year 1856."

It was with strange feelings of doubt and unrest that I read that painful story; but I folded up Mary Burton's letter and stored it carefully away in my desk, and then I began to think. Certainly I was still a Mormon—at least I was nothing else—but I was not now so firmly grounded in my faith as once I was, and these terrible stories completely unsettled my mind. Then, too, I was well aware that, before long, my husband and myself would be called upon to cross the Plains to the Mormon Zion, and I felt that if our experience were anything like that of Mary Burton—I and my children would never reach Salt Lake. The prospect was not cheering.

(To be Continued).

JESUS BETRAYED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for May 26, Mark 14: 43-54, Golden Text, Luke 23: 48.

The Injunction to Sit Still—Jesus Pleading—The Case Safe in His Hands—His Breaking Heart—A Premature Death Struggle—His Dread of Dying Before His Mission was Accomplished—The Disciples Sleeping While He Struggled—His Reproach and Excuse—A Terrible Awakening—The Traitor's Arrival—A Voluntary Surrender—Patience Under Indignities—Recognition of His Father's Hand—The Token of Love as a Sign—How Jesus is Betrayed Afresh.

AFTER the last supper Jesus and His disciples went to the Mount of Olives, one of His favorite haunts for prayer. "And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane; and He saith to His disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray." What a message this is to an anxious, burdened soul, "Sit ye here," be still, mightier hands than yours are taking your case in hand; "I shall pray." While Jesus pleads our case with the Father we may well sit still; while Jesus obtains victory over the devil, we may well sit still. "He that is entered into His rest, He also hath ceased from His own works, as God did from His." (Heb. 4: 10.) "He ever liveth to make intercession for" us. (Heb. 7: 25; Rom. 8: 34.) Let us trust the intercession of Jesus, and not dishonor Him by worry and anxiety, which imply a doubt of His prevailing.

He took with Him those whom He could best trust—the three witnesses of His first raising from the dead, and of His transfiguration. Not Thomas, who doubted Him; not Philip, who was staggered at the thought of how many must be fed with five loaves and two fishes (John 6: 5-7); but Peter, who, despite his many faults, walked on the water to go to Him; John, "whom Jesus loved," James, who was the second to die for him. (Acts 12: 2.) He "began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy, and said unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death; tarry ye here, and watch."

The Heart of Jesus was Breaking.

Sin, and all its consequences, sorrow, sickness, death, lay before Him. He "knew no sin" (11 Cor. 5: 21); "neither was guile found in His mouth" (1 Pet. 2: 22); yet He must be "made sin," must take our infirmities, and bear our sicknesses (Matt. 8: 17), must die, "the just for the unjust." (1 Pet. 3: 18.)

He did not shrink from the cross; it was His own choice to give Himself for us; but the frail earthen vessel was breaking under the weight of a world's sin.

Even the chosen three might not be witnesses of that awful moment when a premature death-struggle was taking place between the Prince of life and the prince of darkness. He "became obedient unto death" by His own free will, but it was to be "even the death of the cross." Now, in this awful hour, death drew near, and His mission was not yet accomplished. "He went forward a little" where no human eye could see Him, "and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from Him." What! that He should not die in our stead? Was this His prayer? Surely not. But that He might not die in Gethsemane before He could bear our sins in His own body to the ree. (1 Pet. 2: 24, R. V. marg.) "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke 22: 44); life was ebbing away, and our sins were

Not Yet Atoned For.

But He "offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared" (Heb. 5: 7), was saved from death in Gethsemane, and allowed to carry out His purpose, and the purpose of His Father on the cross. But before His prayer was answered Jesus manifested the most perfect trust and submission even here, even when it seemed as though redemption might be lost by it. He said, "Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from Me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt."

At such a moment, "He cometh to the disciples, and findeth them sleeping." He says to Peter, the first witness among them that He was the Christ, the disciple who had walked on the water, the man who had said, "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee." "Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst not thou watch one hour? Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Jesus was Awake.

awake to the value of every soul He was about to die for, intensely awake to what redemption cost. Who can enter into the conception of the Infinite in His boundless loathing of sin, or know what it was to Him when the Lord "laid on Him the iniquity of us all"? (Isa. 53: 6.) And Jesus was man, and could of Himself do nothing (John 5: 30), and could of Himself bear nothing, and so at this hour He leaned all the weakness of His humanity on the all might of His Father. Oh how He felt His own dependence! He said, from His own experience, "Tempted in all points like as we are." "Watch ye and pray"—as I am watching and praying—"that ye enter not into temptation." And then He spoke again a deep truth, but such a tender one for those sleeping disciples, "The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak." The moments when we are racked with pain or wrung with mental anguish are not those in which we are most given to excuse the weakness of others; yet so it was with Jesus.

"And again He went away, and prayed, and spake the same words. And when He returned He found them asleep again (for their eyes were heavy)." Transactions were going on so close to them between God the Father and God the Son, and they were unconscious! Battles were being fought, and victories gained, in which the destinies of a world were being settled, and they were asleep! Oh how heavy we disciples are about heavenly things, taken up with our little circle of interests, leaving Jesus alone in His great conflicts. The third time, Jesus said to them, "Sleep on now, and take your rest; it is enough, the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand." And they awoke from their slumbers to see their fellow disciple, Judas, at the head of an armed band to apprehend their Lord! What an awakening! A great multitude, all armed, and headed by a disciple, were come

To Take Jesus!

Again and again men had sought to lay hands on Him in vain. At Nazareth the offended worshippers in the synagogue—who were one moment thrilled by "the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth," and another moment scandalized when they remembered His humble parentage, "rose up, and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong." But they were foiled in their purpose; the Son of man, "passing through the midst of them, went His way." (Luke 4: 29, 30.) No man would take Jesus, except the Father permit it. Again, when Jesus was teaching in the temple, and some said, "This is the Christ," "some of them would have taken Him; but no man laid hands on Him;" and when the chief priests and Pharisees demanded of the officers, "Why have ye not brought Him?" they replied, "Never man spake like this Man," and Jesus remained free, for His hour was not yet come. (John 7: 40-46.) When, another time, they took up stones to cast at Him, He "hid Himself, and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by." (John 8: 59.) Once again, when He had declared, "I and My Father are one," "the Jews took up stones again to stone Him;" and "they sought again to take Him: but He escaped out of their hand." (John 10: 30-39.) But His own word, spoken later on to Pilate, was as true of all who were against Him. "Thou couldst have no power at all against Me except it were given thee from above." (John 19: 11.)

But now His hour was come, with a heroism

born only in the heart of God, He said, "The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified" (John 12: 23); and again, "Father,

The Hour is Come.

glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify Thee." (John 17: 1.) But the glory was to be other than earthly glory—shame, spitting, condemnation, death, but all to save man! The first indignity was that they used force to take Him "who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil" (Acts 10: 38); who was "meek and lowly in heart," and their very doing so implied that He had been guilty of insurrection. What a libel upon Jesus! Yet, instead of vehemently defending Himself, and pleading His own innocence, He, "when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously." (1 Peter 2: 23.) He only said, "Are ye come out as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take Me? I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took Me not; but the Scriptures must be fulfilled." Thus He recognized His Father's hand in permitting all that happened; He saw everything from above, as permitted and overruled by His Father, and not level with His human nature, as though man had power of himself to do anything to Him. It is this recognition of God which is our privilege at all times; this is

The True Life of Faith;

this it is which even enables us to say with David, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the seas." (Ps. 46: 1, 2.)

And he that betrayed Him had given them a token, saying, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He; take Him, and lead Him away safely." It was the token and expression of love which did it. Oh if Jesus were betrayed by enemies it would not be so bitter; but when one who has kissed His feet, received His pardon, and tasted His love, betrays Him to His enemies, this is crucifying the Son of Man afresh, and putting Him to an open shame. (Heb. 6: 6.) When a disciple, a child of God, loves money more than God, he betrays Jesus, and gives the ungodly the advantage of saying there is no difference between a child of God and the worldling. When a child of God is untruthful, he betrays Jesus; when he is selfish, he betrays Jesus; when he is proud he betrays Jesus. When Judas was come, he went straightway to Jesus, and saith, "Hail Master, and kissed Him."

The Deed Was Done

so quickly, and yet it was irrevocable, the blackest deed which Satan ever put in a human heart; good had it been for Judas if he had never been born. He alone and the "man of sin" who shall arise at the end of this age, perhaps very soon, are called "The son of perdition." (John 17: 12; 11 Thess. 2: 3.) Alas, the betrayal was infectious! One zealous soul in a house sets many others on fire; one who betrays Jesus by his false, untrue love, deadens those around him. "They all forsook Him and fled." One of them was so eager to get away from his betrayed Lord that he left his clothing behind him! Thus Jesus was betrayed; thus Jesus was forsaken. Is He treated better at our hands? "Search me, O God, and know my heart" on this solemn question.

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In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be—

Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night:
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright—

Only for this—I know He holds my hand,
So whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

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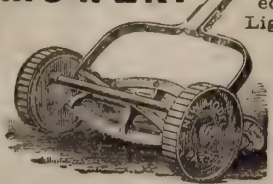
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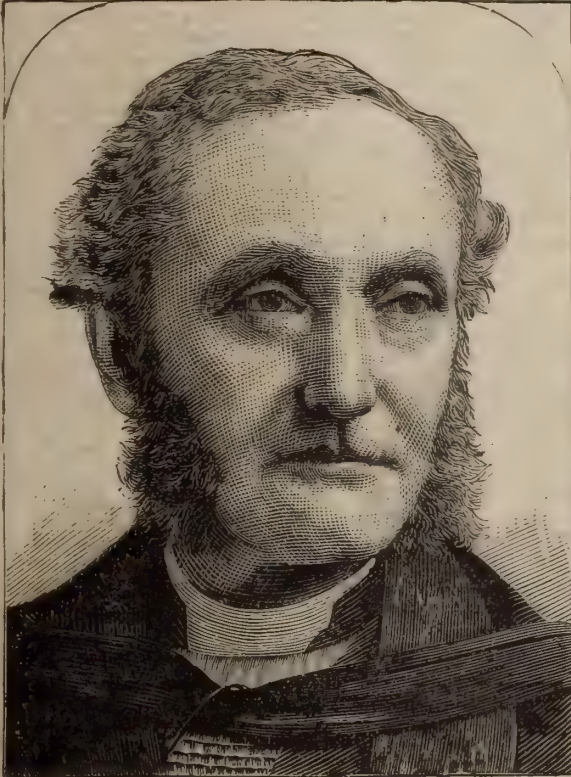
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DR. T. LEWIS, BISHOP OF ONTARIO.

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MISS ADA LEIGH, OF PARIS.



THE BISHOP OF ONTARIO AND HIS BRIDE—A Moonlight Excursion on Snow-Shoes.

THE BISHOP OF ONTARIO AND MISS ADA LEIGH.

The Bishop's Personal History—His Marriage on February 20—Miss Leigh's Homes in Paris—Her Visit to a Shop-Girl in 1861—Begins Her Bible-Class in 1868—Memorable Meeting with a Scotch Girl—The Young Women's Christian Association Established—The Rise and Growth of the Home—Valuable Branches—Cases of Good Accomplished—Origin of the Orphanage—M. Galignani's Munificent Kindness—Baronne Rothschild's Gift—The Young Men's Home.

FEW marriages have awakened so much interest amongst young and friendless women in France, as that which on February 20, 1889, united the Lord Bishop of Ontario, Canada, to Miss Ada Leigh, of Paris, whose portraits are given this week on our first page.

Dr. Tarver Lewis, Bishop of Ontario, is a native of Cork, Ireland, and is about fifty-five years of age. He has been forty years in Ontario, and having been consecrated when quite young Bishop of that distant and extensive diocese, has held the office for twenty-seven years. He has the reputation of being a man of deep religious thought, and varied powers. It was owing to his action when the Episcopal Church was convulsed and agitated by certain rationalistic writings of the late Bishop Colenso, of South Africa, twenty-five years ago, that the first Lambeth Conference of Bishops was initiated, Bishop Tarver Lewis feeling that such a conference would be a strong link in binding the colonial Churches to the mother-Church in England, and so do much to prevent their drifting into error. The Bishop of Ontario has been repeatedly styled by his admiring brother bishops of the great Dominion

"The St. Paul of Canada"

in labors most abundant and in perils oft. He is deeply beloved by his clergy, his diocese having gained the deserved distinction of being one of the best organized and most efficient in Canada, while he has earned the high honor of never having once failed to keep an appointment, in spite of the difficulties and dangers of transit from snow and storm.

The marriage took place at the British Embassy, Paris, Lady Lytton and her beautiful daughters evidencing the esteem in which they hold the bride by attending the wedding. A feature very unusual at a bishop's wedding was the bride's *cortège*, which consisted of the children of her Orphanage old enough to attend. One who was present says they looked

A Bright-Eyed, Rosy-Cheeked Brigade, and before the ceremony commenced Lady Lytton complimented the teacher on their charming appearance. The little girls were dressed in dark blue cloth frocks, mantles, and hoods, and they had posies of various hues in their bosoms. When Miss Leigh entered the chapel, they formed a procession, and followed behind her like bridesmaids. The Bishop of Quebec officiated, and the Hon. Hector Fabre, the Canadian Commissioner in Paris, and other distinguished Canadians were present. In the afternoon the Bishop of Ontario and Mrs. Lewis received their friends at the Orphanage.

"Miss Leigh's Homes" in Paris.

It is always pleasant and encouraging to hear of the small beginning from which great and beneficent works have had their rise. On December 17, 1861, an ever-memorable day to her, and to all who have been helped by her, an English young lady, about nineteen years of age, "finishing her education," paid her first visit to an English shop-girl in the Faubourg St. Honoré. She had obtained leave to come and read the Bible to her on Sunday afternoons.

A School-Girl's Loving Thought

for a friendless countrywoman in a foreign land, far from home, far from all her earliest Sabbath influences, was destined to have momentous results. The opportunity seized, there came with it an evident, and as yet unentered, door for much more work of the same kind. An indefinable yearning to do good was felt with increasing intensity, and to win souls to Christ.

In the years 1868-69 Miss Leigh was drawn from her home in England to revisit Paris by the spell of this happy recollection, and encouraged by the belief that there would be found in the very heart of the French capital a great and providential opening for

A Hitherto Unattempted Work.

Miss Leigh and her sister wrote some hundreds of little notes, and finding out where English girls resided or lodged, sent them affectionate invitations to come and spend a quiet hour together in the afternoon of the following Sunday.

Very few people had any idea of the number of young Englishwomen who go to Paris in quest of employment, or lured thither by doubtful advertisements. I many cases it is a great and perilous venture. Some of gentle birth and of good education, suddenly deprived by their parents' death of home and resources, have gone in the hope of finding employment in the capacity of companion or governess, only to discover after painful search, either no opening at all, or else that the conditions on which they are received are such as to make their remaining unremunerative, if not honestly impossible. Some such have been known to walk the streets at night in Paris, homeless, penniless, heart-broken, despairing.

One afternoon in the Rue de Luxembourg, two pretty, graceful girls, one English and the other Scotch, crossed Miss Leigh's path, and she heard one of them—the Scotch girl—despairingly say, "*I do not care what becomes of me!*" Miss Leigh placed her hand on the desperate girl's shoulder and kindly said, "*But I do!*" and at the same time gave her a little note of invitation to her Sunday-afternoon meeting. Its signature, "One who cares for you" touched the heart of the unhappy girl, who, from the early age of twelve, had made her own way in the world. She appreciated the opportune and unanticipated consideration shown for her, and soon became a most earnest and deeply interested attendant at the Bible-class. Four years later it was this girl's offering of a *franc* (20c.) as a gift of *faith* and grateful *love*, which gave the original impulse toward the founding of Miss Leigh's now well-known excellent and extensive mission-home.

The Bible-Class

to which reference has been made, was far from encouraging at first, as for three Sundays the teacher sat alone; but on the fourth Sunday two or three timidly, and with evident curiosity, attended; but after that it rapidly increased in numbers; and the efforts thus initiated, have, through God's manifold and enriching blessing, resulted in the establishment of

The Y. W. C. A.

at 88 Faubourg St. Honoré, where free food is given on Sundays, and where the crowded rooms bear witness to the interest felt in the teaching received. Two ladies now live at these rooms, and spend their time in visiting the scattered English girls throughout Paris. Many girls attend who go to no place of worship, others to seek the only refuge open to them between their own miserable attics and the crowded Boulevard. It seems oftentimes to bring back to them the thought of childhood's home. After dinner, which to many is the only good meal they partake of in the week, a gospel address is given, and favorite hymns are sung.

The Home

at 77 Avenue Wagram, which was the earliest and almost immediate outcome of the Bible-class and the Young Women's Christian Association, was opened on December 20, 1872. It commenced with twelve beds, all of which were quickly occupied. The number soon increased to twenty-six, and then to thirty-six, as fresh apartments were added. In 1874 circumstances occurred which necessitated the immediate purchase of the Home. The responsibility of collecting the amount required (about \$50,000) was undertaken in simple faith and prayer. The deed of contract was signed, engaging to pay the sum within a stipulated time. Some two months before that time expired the

last instalment was paid in; and so the *faith* and *love* which had inspired the Scotch girl's gift of the *franc* had surely brought down an acknowledgment from the God of faith and love Himself. Since its opening this Home has brightened and effectually helped the lives of not fewer than

5,500 of Young Girls.

The house consists of eight *étages*, or floors, with about seventy rooms. It is divided into five Homes: 1. For Daily and Unemployed Governesses—2. For shop-girls, and others, employed in the day. 3. For Ladies'-maids, Nurses, etc., seeking situations, for all of whom a free registry is kept. 4. A crèche. 5. A Sanatorium. Besides all this, a mission-service is held twice a week, and classes for men, women, and children have been successfully carried on. A soup-kitchen is opened during the winter months, which has kept many from starvation. A home for apprentices in shops, at 26 Faubourg St. Honoré, was opened by Miss Leigh, February 10, 1873; and a Home for Governesses and Artists, now at 153 Faubourg St. Honoré, by the late Earl of Shaftesbury, May 8, 1878.

The work of the Home must be considered as a preventive work, as was pleaded by a girl in her dying agony, when one night she had sent a message to the Home to ask to be visited. She asked, "Do you remember me?" "No," was the answer. "You spoke to me when you were in Paris some years ago, and invited me to your Bible-class. I heard you had formed a Home for us, but I did not feel it right to ask for admission. I am dying! You know I am not on good terms with Christian people, because all that they give is good advice. They do not know

How to Take a Girl by the Hand

and save her. They build fine institutions for us when we are lost, but who will build one to prevent our being so? Do they know that many a girl sins to live?" Words can never express the dying energy with which these words were spoken, or the bitterness with which they sank into the heart of the only one, save God, who heard them. This poor girl, a wreck at twenty-seven, was living, or rather dying, on her pledged clothing. All that was possible was procured for her. She made a touching request to the lady who visited her: "Let me die on something of yours—the pillow on which your own head rests." It was readily granted, and upon it the poor weary one breathed her last; her soul, it was believed, daring to rest on Jesus.

The Saving Work of the Institution

can scarcely be overrated. One who had been brought to Paris on false pretenses, and found herself homeless in the great city, had attempted her life, but was mercifully rescued before it was too late, and brought to the Home. On being asked why she had done so, she replied, "Ah! it was not that I wished to die, but that *I did not know how to live. If only a dog had pulled my skirts I would have come back!*" The utter exhaustion of mind and body ended in a long illness, of which it was difficult to foretell the issue; but saddest of all were the hard thoughts she entertained of Him who longed to bear her burden. She refused all comfort, and desired as a favor that none would pray for her. One evening, four children, who had been brought into the Home the same day as she was, were singing English hymns in an adjoining room; and she asked if they might come and sing to her. The words which the children had sung did not die away with the tune, but evidently sank deeply into the poor young woman's heart. That night, as Miss Leigh was watching by her for the first part of the night, her mind wandered back to one of the sweet hymns the children had sung—"I heard the voice of Jesus say;" and coming to the words, "Weary, and worn, and sad,"

She Moaned, "That's Me!"

What did He do? Fill it up! fill it up! and never rested till she had heard the whole of the beautiful story which tells how Jesus gives the "weary, worn, and sad," "rest." By-and-by

advent, and by the consummation of all things before His judgment throne, we should better understand Paul's mystical exhortation: "It remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep as though they wept not; and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they possessed not; and they that use this world as not abusing it." So may each one of us be moved to live, henceforth, from the devout and careful study of this hope and warning of Christ; ever looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearance of our great God and Saviour, with this prayer ever in our hearts: Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

A TEST BY INSULT.

THE conversion of an abandoned scoffer is described by Mr. C. J. Lanphier, founder of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, whose portrait and life were published in this journal on January 23. Some time ago a poor debased drunkard, a leader among the toughs, was reclaimed, and became an evangelist. He was announced to hold a meeting, and the building was crowded by his old associates, some of whom believed his conversion was not sincere. One especially was indignant at what he believed his hypocritical pretences, and swore he would denounce him to his face. At the close of the meeting this one went on the platform, and said to the speaker, "Do you know me?" "Yes," was the reply; "we have worked together in the mines." "And do you know what I think of you?" was the question; but before there was any reply, the scoffer answered his own question by deliberately spitting in the evangelist's face. "Jim," said the insulted man "when we worked together before I was converted, did you think me a coward?" "No, you were plucky enough." "If you had done then what you have done now, wouldn't it have cost you your life?" "I suppose it would." "Well, then, Jim, I forgive you as my Master forgave those who spat on Him." The ruffian slunk abashed from the platform, and out of the hall. That night the evangelist was called out of his bed to pray with his assailant, whose shame at what he had done, and his amazement at the manner in which his insult had been received, had passed on, under the Spirit's influence, into concern about his own soul, and terror at his danger. Before morning he had found peace through Christ.

A CRIPPLE HEALED.

A FRIEND in Florida sends us the following account of the remarkable healing of a cripple: A man of about forty years of age completely lost the use of his lower limbs. His life for over four years was a burden to himself. He could move from room to room only by dragging himself along with his hands. He had been fond of gardening, and it grieved him to see the little patch behind his house overgrown with weeds. His ingenuity at last found a way of overcoming the difficulty. He had stout hooks driven in the fence, to which ropes were attached. By clinging to these ropes with his hands he was able to pull his poor, helpless body along the paths between the beds, and in a sitting posture pull up the weeds. Still, his helplessness preyed upon his mind, and one day he became so depressed that he prayed earnestly that God would take him to Himself, as he was only a burden on his family. His prayer suggested to him another thought. If, as he knew, life and death were in the hands of God, health was also in His hands, and nothing was impossible with Him. He took his Bible, and carefully read all the recorded instances of healing, and was convinced that in his own case there were no greater difficulties than in those which Jesus had healed. He sent for his minister, and told him of the conclusion he had reached, and implored him to have a special service of prayer in the church for him. The minister was impressed by the poor cripple's faith, and could not resist his reasoning that Jesus, being as accessible now as when on earth, and having fully as great power

now as then, would surely exercise it. Still he shrank from the public test. He offered to hold a prayer-meeting, and pray for the cripple's recovery, but he did not like having the man brought there, and laid before the altar for healing. He feared that if there were no healing, scoffers would ridicule all concerned. The cripple, however, had stronger faith, and was so earnest, and withal so logical, that eventually the minister yielded.

The meeting was held. At first he was laid in the aisle, but as the service proceeded he asked to be carried to the altar. When the men lifted him his lower limbs hung helplessly from his body, as if they did not belong to him. He was laid at the altar, and there was an interval of silent prayer. After a short time the man made an effort to rise. Some friends went to his assistance; but he said, "No, the Lord will give me power: keep on praying. I feel the blood coursing through my legs. They are throbbing with life." After three efforts the man rose, and in a loud voice gave glory to God. He walked unassisted from the church to his home, and the whole congregation followed him, wondering at the great things which had been done.

THE BOY MISSIONARY.

A VERY sorrowful funeral service was held in London on April 9. A bereaved father, who is an African missionary, accompanied by representatives of three missionary societies, stood by the grave of a little fellow of seven summers, who has been himself a true missionary of Christ in the heart of Africa. "Little Jack," as he was lovingly called, was the son of Captain Edward C. Howe, of the London Missionary Society, and went out with his father and mother when he was a baby of three months. There, far away from any white people, Jack learned to speak in the native language, and, until he returned with his parents to England in October last, he knew but a very few words of English. He was taught in the mission school with the native children, and had these for his only playmates. Young as he was, Jack had a deep sense of religion. He was present at all the mission meetings, and the winsome little fellow was petted and loved by children and their parents alike. He was himself an extraordinary attraction, and gave by his very presence a wonderful impulse to the work of his father and mother. But his influence was by no means confined to this. Little Jack would talk seriously and affectionately to the children, with his arm around their necks or their waists, of the good Father in heaven, and the Lord Jesus who died to save them from their sins. "Even the Arab slave-traders loved him," says the sorrowing father. *An Arab cloth presented to Jack by one of these men was used as his funeral pall.* The station at Lake Tanganyika was an exceptionally healthy one, and Jack from a delicate child grew well and strong. There was no symptom of illness on his return to England until a few days before his death, when he caught a fatal chill. Since his return to England Jack was busy in his home at Highgate learning his native language.

A JAPANESE MARTYR.

IN a letter to the *Interior* from Osaka, Japan, Mr. B. C. Haworth gives the sad details of the assassination of Count Mori, who has been prominent in the work of religious and political reform in Japan. This enlightened statesman was murdered on February 11, this year, the day on which the new constitution was proclaimed. He was the Minister of Education in the Emperor's Cabinet, and had done more than any others to bring about the civil and religious liberty granted under the new constitution. Mr. Haworth says: "It is customary for the emperor, on every national holiday, to depute some of his court to visit the shrines of his ancestors and other sacred places, to worship at the cenotaphs according to ancient Shinto rites. It is said that Viscount Mori had once expressed the opinion that it was time Japan gave up such

nonsense, and that this remark led to his assassination. Probably the truer reason is that once he entered the sacred shrine at Shiba without removing his boots, a glaring offence against the purity of the temple and the glory of a revered ancestry. His assassin was a religious fanatic, and doubtless thought he was doing true service for the gods of Japan.

"The day for this dark deed was well chosen. When could a better day be found to record a bloody protest against the changes now so seriously threatening the old religion? All Japan had assembled, in the person of its official representatives, to receive from the "Son of Heaven" the instrument which put an end formally and forever to the old order of things. The Viscount Mori was busily engaged preparing for the scenes of that eventful morning. A young man urged his way in, asking an interview with him and refusing to give his message to the attendants. Presently the distinguished nobleman appeared, and the murderer, pressing near to him, apparently in earnest conversation threw his left arm around the unsuspecting Mori, and with his right thrust a knife into his victim's side. The murderer was instantly killed by the sword of one of the guards, but his work had been too well done. The Count died the next day and was buried with all the honors of state, according to the rites of the Shinto religion. Heathenism is yet far from relinquishing its hold upon the Japanese people.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA.

THE latest reports from the famine-stricken provinces state that total absence of food is causing the death of multitudes daily. Distressing accounts are constantly arriving from Shantung, Newchang, and Monkden, in the Shanghai district. Relief works are in full operation, saving lives, and helping to prepare for the spring harvest in May. At Newchang a relief expedition has been organized by one of the missionaries who are devoting themselves to this work in a climate where the thermometer stands constantly below zero. Many families, whose clothing and furniture have been sold or burnt for fuel, live on a broth made of chopped willow leaves, or the husks of millet. Some families have not even this, and are starving to death. The distributors of relief, too, run no little risk. The writer says: "The people in most cases are driven almost to madness by hunger; and when one is in their midst alone, with just sufficient knowledge of the language to make one's self understood, the position is not an enviable one, quite apart from the ghastly sights and the unwholesome smells." Some Catholic priests who have arrived at Shanghai report the existence of severe famine in many parts of Anhui and Kiangsu, and state that as many as ten million lives are in danger; but they strongly urge that the distribution of relief funds should on no account be entrusted to Chinese hands. The Rev. Thomas Bramfitt says: "The present famine is terrible indeed. Multitudes perish daily, and there is not much prospect of any material mitigation of its horrors for some months to come. Fortunately, the scene of the distress is easily accessible by water, via the Yang Tse River, and the Grand Canal, and the Northern Lakes, and there is every reason to expect that the greater part of the supplies forwarded will reach the starving crowds, and that untold thousands will be saved from a terrible death. If the Church of Christ does her duty in this present distress the result will be the firm establishment of Christianity in Honan—a province which has hitherto been one of the most anti-foreign and idolatrous in all China, and where our brethren of the Inland Mission have hitherto with difficulty obtained the very scantiest footing." One cent a day is sufficient to keep a Chinaman alive,

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CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Centenary of Washington's Inauguration was celebrated on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week in a manner worthy of the occasion. New York has probably never witnessed before in her history so magnificent a pageant, as she has certainly never before entertained so many guests. Every State in the Union sent a deputation headed by its Governor. It is believed that fully a million visitors came to take part in or to witness the ceremonies. The President, accompanied by the Vice-President, and all the members of his Cabinet except Mr. Blaine, arrived on Monday, April 28, and was splendidly received and entertained. On Tuesday the celebration commenced by a service in St. Paul's Church at 9 A. M., at which President Harrison attended, as Washington did a hundred years ago, and he sat in the pew Washington used to occupy. Thence the party adjourned to the steps of the Sub-Treasury building, where, after prayer had been offered, Mr. Whittier's beautiful poem was read. It was a disappointment that the venerable author was unable to be present to read it himself. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew then delivered an oration, reviewing the history of the country during the past hundred years. Mr. Harrison made a brief speech, and then the party left for the reviewing stand, past which the procession of the Governors and militia of the States filed, 50,000 strong. It took six hours to pass the reviewing stand. Along the line of march the buildings were gaily decorated, and triumphal arches had been erected in Washington Square and Madison Square. At night the city was illuminated, and there were displays of fireworks in the parks. On Wednesday a still more interesting procession occupied the same route. Fully 100,000 men, representing the trades of the country, marched past the President, the various contingents headed by floats on wheels, emblematically representing the respective occupations. In our next number we hope to publish pictures of some of the features of the celebration.

The Address of Bishop Potter at the Service in St. Paul's Church on April 30 was remarkable for plainness of speech, and for a view of the situation in marked contrast with the congratulatory speeches delivered elsewhere and at other times during the celebration. Other speakers were eloquent on the advance the nation had made during the century, and when 1789 was contrasted with 1889, it was to show the superiority of the latter over the former. Bishop Potter was at some pains to show that whatever the material progress might have been, the Government and the nation had little cause to rejoice over moral progress. Some who listened to the Bishop must have felt uncomfortable when he said: "The conception of the national Government as a huge machine, existing mainly for the purpose of *rewarding partisan service*—this was a conception so alien to the character and conduct of Washington and his associates that it seems grotesque even to speak of it. It would be interesting to imagine the first President of the United States confronted with some one who had ventured to approach him upon the basis of what are now commonly known as *practical politics*. But the conception is impossible." And again, as if the Bishop foresaw the character of the speeches

that would be made about our increased wealth, words were uttered in solemn warning. He said: "Another enormous difference between this day and that of which it is the anniversary, is seen in the enormous difference in the nature and influence of the forces that determine our national and political destiny. Then ideas ruled the hour. To-day there are indeed ideas that rule our hour, but they must be *merchantable ideas*. The growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces, which by their very existence are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual, the infinite swagger of our American speech and manners, mistaking bigness for greatness, and *sadly confounding gain and godliness*—all this is a contrast to the austere simplicity, the unpurchasable integrity, of the first days and first men of our republic." The Bishop has been blamed for uttering such words at such a time and before such an audience; but it would have been a dereliction of duty on his part if, believing what he said, he had failed to utter it when he had before him the men who are the official representatives of the nation, and whose influence for good or evil is felt throughout the land.

A Deplorable Railroad Catastrophe was a Sad incident connected with the Centennial Celebration. About 7 o'clock A. M., on Sunday, April 28, the limited express train from Chicago to New York was approaching Hamilton, Ont., when it ran off the track. The train was composed of ten cars, containing about 125 passengers from Detroit and western points who were going to New York to witness the centennial. It came down a steep grade which terminated in a double curve. The tracks were slippery and the train heavy, and being late the driver was anxious to make up time, so that it was running at a high rate of speed. At the bottom of the grade it turned the first curve safely, but instead of turning the next, it rushed straight on and struck the water tank. The wreck was terrible. The smoker and the leading day coach were telescoped, and imprisoned eighteen passengers—fifteen men and three women—in the cars, which immediately took fire, and they were burned to death. When taken from the wreck four hours afterward, the bodies were burned beyond recognition. Two other passengers were crushed to death. Eight of the ten cars were burned up, but the passengers in the rear cars escaped before the fire reached them. An examination of the debris resulted in the discovery that one of the engine axles was broken, and it is probable that it broke before the train was wrecked and may have been the cause of the catastrophe.

A Revival of Interest in the Proceedings of the Parnell Commission has been occasioned by the appearance of Mr. Parnell on the witness-stand. It was confidently predicted that his cross-examination would show him to have been cognizant of murderous plots, if he did not directly aid and abet the criminals. Up to the close of last week, however, no such admission was extracted from him. His manner under cross-examination was cool and wary, and every attempt to confuse him or to entrap him into a confession of complicity with the extreme section of his party was dexterously thwarted. He said that he had always repudiated the dynamiters and physical force party in America, and denounced them in the House of Commons. He quoted from his own speeches, at various dates, passages in which he had urged the people to respect the law and the constitution. He said he had endeavored to restrain Mr. O'Brien and other violent speakers and writers, but acknowledged that he had not been successful. He expressed his regret that he had not been more earnest and emphatic in denouncing outrages. He said he had not expected that they would be committed when he had heard threats of them. His plan was to buy out the landlords, not to shoot them. An important confession was, however, elicited from him on Friday. His attention was called to a state-

ment he had made in 1881, in the House of Commons, to the effect that the Irish secret societies had ceased to exist. Mr. Parnell was asked if that was true. He said it was not, and under pressure he owned that he did not believe the statement when he made it, but had deliberately told the untruth to mislead the House. The effect of this admission on the court will be momentous. It will naturally be asked whether a man who deliberately lied in the House may not have done so on the witness-stand.

The Work of the Samoan Conference in Berlin is being mapped out by its sub-committee. The Berlin correspondent of the *London Times* expresses the opinion that the Conference will decide upon the appointment of a triumvirate body of administration or supervision in Samoa, composed of representatives of Germany, England, and the United States, which will act as a sort of council to the native sovereign, whoever he may be. This scheme is an improvement on the one about which the Washington Conference disagreed. That was to give the representative of Germany the right to act for the three powers. Meanwhile Germany has retraced another arrogant step by releasing King Malietoa, whom she has held prisoner. One of the most difficult of the questions before the Conference is that of the constitution of a tribunal to hear and adjudicate the claims on the land which are bringing natives and foreigners into antagonism.

General Boulanger's Welcome in London from the press has not been altogether cordial. The *Standard* spoke of him as an aspiring politician, and warned him that he could not make London his headquarters to plot against France, but that if he behaved himself he was welcome. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was still more outspoken and less friendly. It compared the General to that Napoleon who wrecked France in the name of the people, and said that Boulanger had a gang of plunderers in his suite such as would have adorned the Second Empire, and added that his word was of no value, since he had lied under less pressure on a matter less important. Lord Randolph Churchill and other celebrities have called upon him, and his organs in the French press have made all the capital they could out of the visits. Careful observers of the French people believe that his popularity is increasing, and that he is destined to play an important part in the future of France.

The Delicate Questions Involved in the Succession to the thrones of Holland and Luxemburg are not to be solved at present. To the surprise of the statesmen of Europe, who were discussing the future of the two countries under the impression that the King was near death, he has recovered sufficiently to resume his duties. On May 2 the Dutch Parliament, by a unanimous vote, passed a resolution restoring his power. The announcement was received with cheers. Parliament sent a message to the King congratulating him upon the favorable turn in his disease. The Duke of Nassau, now Regent of Luxemburg, has been notified politely that there is no further occasion for his services.

An Important Speech by a French Royalist leader was made in Paris on May 1. M. Duval, who is recognized as the most able of the followers of the Comte de Paris, the claimant of the French throne, earnestly warned his party against an alliance with Boulanger, which some of them are advocating. He contended that, as Boulanger professed to be a Republican, they could have no community of interests with him. He urged them to be faithful to the monarchy, which, he said, had always given France peace, a regular government, and free institutions in spite of all the crises it had traversed. He expressed a firm conviction that France would return to the monarchical principle, of which the Comte de Paris was the sole representative, and the one mean of salvation open to France and the French people, as it is on this only common ground that Conservatives and Liberals can unite.

The Many Friends of the Venerable Dr. Asah will be grieved to learn that he died at home in England on April 4. He was in his ninetieth year. Up till within a few hours of death, when he sank into unconsciousness, he was, in sweetness of Christian character and bearing, and happy trustfulness of heart, just as he had been for so many years past. His last hour of conscious life was spent in prayer for "a world of sinners lost," and that God would baptize His Church, and "send forth ten thousand missionaries" to carry the tidings of His grace.

A Reporter is Attracting Large Audiences in Charleston, S. C., by his preaching. A dispatch from that city says that on April 28 fifteen hundred people assembled at the Grand Opera House to hear a sermon by Henry D. Owen, a newspaper reporter. The newspaper men of the city were there in full force. However, the son of a Methodist minister, educated for the ministry in 1882, was engaged as a reporter in Charleston, S. C. He fell into dissipated ways, and has been drifting around from paper to paper ever since, but recently he has spent most of his time in the hospital, having had several narrow escapes from violent death. He related the story of his own life. He said he had been saved by grace, and that in thus publicly telling his story he was obeying the call to enter the service of God and temperance.

A Gay and Happy Scene on Shipboard was witnessed in the docks at Philadelphia on April 1. Captain Hamilton Murrell, of the steamer *Missouri*, held a reception on board his vessel. His friends and admirers, with such of the passengers he had rescued as remained in Philadelphia, went to bid him good-bye. The young captain was kept busy for three hours shaking hands with the crowds who thronged the vessel, and receiving the thanks of the people who had saved their lives to his exertions. At last he was overcome, and went below, and took refuge in his cabin until the time of sailing. After he started on his voyage it was disclosed that he and his officers had not taken their share of the handsome testimonial raised for them in Philadelphia, but had left it to be distributed among each of the *Danmark's* passengers as, having left their all in the wrecked steamer, were utterly destitute. His magnanimous conduct will increase the grateful affection the immigrants obviously felt for him. It may serve to remind them of another rescue and relief. Christ not only saves those who love Him from eternal death, but supplies their needs in life. (Eph. 4:8.)

A Bridegroom's Solution of a Puzzle Involved him in a mortifying separation from his bride recently. When the east bound train on the Central Railroad drew up at Utica, N. Y., on the evening of April 30, a young man, elegantly dressed, alighted, and entering the waiting-room, went to the candy counter and asked for two boxes of caramels. While they were being put up for him he picked up a new puzzle that was lying on the counter and tried to solve it. The thing seemed so simple that he expected to conquer it in a minute, but each time he was foiled, and his failure piqued him. He was determined to succeed, and at last accomplished it. "There," he said, triumphantly, "I've done it," and laying it down he picked up his caramels, paid for them, and went out on the platform to take his place in the car. It was too late, the train was steaming out of the depot. He was in utter consternation. He said he had been married only that morning, and his wife was on the train. They were on their wedding tour, and he had only left her a few moments to get the caramels, but he had been so absorbed with the childish puzzle that he had not noticed how time was flying. He was deeply mortified, but there was no going back that night, and all he could do was to telegraph to his wife at Albany that he would expect her as early as possible the next morning. Happily they who, when the cry is raised, behold the bridegroom cometh! are so absorbed in worldly business and pleasure that

they are not ready to meet Him, have not even that consolation. Shame, sorrow, and the great tribulation lie between them and reunion. (Matt. 25:10.)

A Reporter's Voluntary Incarceration in a lunatic asylum in Chicago is leading to important results. For some time past it has been rumored that the patients in the asylum of Cook's County, Ill., were being cruelly treated. The charges were indignantly denied, but a reporter took a practical way of investigating them. He feigned madness, and did it so successfully that he was arrested on the street, was pronounced insane by the official physicians, and committed to the asylum. He remained there for two weeks, and was then liberated. He is now publishing a graphic account of what he endured and of what he witnessed. Among other statements, was one that he had seen a patient so brutally beaten by three attendants that the man died from the injuries they inflicted upon him. Inquiry was made, and an autopsy ordered. Though the death certificate stated that the patient died from natural causes, the autopsy proved that he had suffered just the injuries the reporter described. On April 29, the three attendants were arrested, and arraigned on the charge of murder. The discovery of this case and the reporter's story of his own sufferings will, it is expected, lead to a thorough reform of asylum abuses and the adoption of more humane methods. No more effective means of investigation and exposure could have been devised, but none but a heroic, self-sacrificing man would have executed it. That a sane man should have voluntarily lived among the insane that he might save them from brutality, reminds us of the far greater sacrifice which Christ made when He, the Sinless One, lived among sinners, suffered, and died that He might deliver them from death. (Heb. 5:7-9.)

The Selection of a Minister to Officiate at a wedding was based on somewhat incongruous grounds some years ago. The *Lewiston (Me.) Journal*, in the course of some reminiscences of Camp-meeting John Allen, says that Allen knew a man who belonged to a very large family. This man was frequently turning up with a request that Allen would officiate at the funeral of one or other of his relatives. Finally the man's wife died, and the famous evangelist attended her funeral too. In the course of time the widower resolved to take a second wife, proposed, was accepted, but, to the surprise of his friends, put off the marriage until Mr. Allen arrived. When the old man put in his appearance, the brother waited on him and asked him to tie the knot, at the same time remarking: "You see, brother Allen, I have got so used to having you around in times of trouble, that it just seemed to me I couldn't have the wedding till you come." Allen laughingly consented, and confessed afterward that he never had so much difficulty in keeping a demure face at a religious ceremony as when uniting that couple. He perceived that a cynical person would interpret the bridegroom's expression as implying that the wedding was one of the times of trouble when his services would be appropriate, though he doubtless understood his real meaning. The man wanted in his season of joy the ministrations of the friend whose sympathy had helped him in times of sorrow. That desire is not too common. There are many who go to Christ in their troubles, who forget Him when they are happy. (Deut. 8:13, 14.)

An Attempt to Cheat a Hotel-Keeper had a strange termination in Missouri some time ago. A gentleman, now in prosperous circumstances, relating some of his reminiscences to a party of friends in New York last week, said that when he was a young man he went West to seek his fortune, but failed miserably, and resolved to return to the East. On his way he lost the little money he had left, and was obliged to walk. One afternoon, after walking thirty miles that day, he found himself in a small town in Missouri. He could go no farther, he had disposed of his watch and ring, and had no way of raising

enough money to pay for a night's lodging. He stood leaning listlessly against a fence considering what he should do, when a runaway team came along, and right in its way was a little child! He jumped forward and snatched the little one out of danger only just in time to save it from being crushed. Then he returned to the consideration of his problem. Finally he went boldly into the chief hotel of the town, ordered a good supper and a bed, and found to his joy that his manner and his good clothes made a sufficient impression of solvency to prevent a request for pre-payment. Early the next morning he slipped quietly out of the hotel, and walked hard. He was four miles away when he was overtaken by the landlord in a buggy. The traveller trembled with shame and apprehension. "Look here!" said the landlord, "you need not have gone off like that. Your bill was paid for you after you went to bed last night, by the lady whose child you saved. She is my sister, and I have followed you to make you a present, and he thrust four five-dollar bills into his hand. How many there are who, knowing the dread record standing against them, tremble when they think of meeting God, not knowing that Christ has secured its discharge by His death, and by believing on Him and pleading His merits they may anticipate that day of account with joy, and not with fear. (Heb. 10:17-20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Minnesota Legislature has passed a bill declaring drunkenness a crime and providing for its punishment.

Dr. Edward Judson, of New York, is conducting a series of special services at the Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky.

In the Baptist Home for the Aged in New York is a lady who was two years old when George Washington was inaugurated.

The Rev. Bradford Kenney Peirce, D. D., the well-known M. E. clergyman, died at his home at Newton, Mass., on April 19.

The income of the Baptist Missionary Union for the year ended April 1, 1889, was \$398,394. The expenditures exceeded that amount by \$8,173.

Ex-Gov. John S. Pillsbury, of Minnesota, has given \$150,000 to the State University to relieve it of the difficulties arising from the deficient appropriation.

Mr. James B. Colgate, of New York, has commenced the erection of the new library building for Madison University. He expects to spend over \$100,000 upon it.

The International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations assembles this day in Philadelphia for its twenty-eighth annual session. The meetings will continue until May 12.

Major Whittle closed his services at Aberdeen, Scotland, on April 29. He is at Stirling this week, whence he goes to Inverness. His son, and Dr. Moxey, of Edinburgh, are assisting him.

Two Japanese youths are now studying in Roanoke College, Va. They are sons of distinguished officers in the Mikado's service. Their names are Hidei Fukuoka, and Toyoshiro Terashima.

The revival services conducted by the Rev. J. L. Howard at Lakewood, N. J., have been blessed to the conversion of many of the worst characters in the town, including some notorious gamblers and drunkards.

A Portuguese publisher named Cassel is about to issue an illustrated edition of the Bible in one-cent numbers, similar to those issued in Italy and Spain. Messrs. Cassel, of London and New York, supply the illustrations.

Dr. A. A. Miner, while advocating the prohibitory amendment at the Fast Day service in Boston, said that he knew of a single cheque for \$10,000 which came from a place a thousand miles west of Boston, to assist in defeating the amendment.

A lady, the wife of a minister in the M. E. Church in New York, called at the Mission Rooms recently, and handed one of the Missionary Secretaries \$100 as "a nest egg" toward providing a home for returned missionaries in or near New York.

Miss M. F. Cusack, who is better known as the Nun of Kenmare, attended a meeting in Mrs. Joseph Cook's parlors in Boston, Mass., on April 24. Dr. James B. Dunn, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and Dr. Selah Merrill were present, and listened attentively to her disclosures of the insidious methods of the Romish Church.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has ordered that no stamps be issued to liquor dealers intending to open business in Oklahoma. It is claimed that Oklahoma lies within the limits of the Indian Territory, and that the laws prohibiting the sale of liquor in the Territory apply in consequence to the Oklahoma section.

THE BELIEVING THIEF.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Luke 23 : 42, 43.

His Case Typical—Saved When Jesus was at His Lowest—His Power Greater Now—The Thief's Remarkable Faith—I. The Last Companion of Our Lord on Earth—A Man Convicted of Crime—A Man Newly Awakened—In the Last Extremity—Could do no Good Works—Simply Trusted, and was Saved—II. The Companion of Our Lord at the Gates of Paradise—Bringing a Specimen Sinner—A Dream of the Gates of Heaven—The Conversion of Victorinus—III. The Lord's Sermon—Two Thieves There, but Only One Saved—The Nearness of Eternal Things—Not an Exceptional Case.

SOME time ago I preached upon the whole story of the dying thief.* I do not propose to do the same to-day, but only to look at it from one particular point of view. The story of the salvation of the dying thief is a standing instance of the power of Christ to save, and of His abundant willingness to receive all that come to Him, in whatever plight they may be. The case of the dying thief is much more similar to our conversion than it is dissimilar; in point of fact, his case may be regarded as typical rather than as an extraordinary incident. So I shall use it at this time. May the Holy Spirit speak through it to the encouragement of

Those Who Are Ready to Despair!

Remember, beloved friends, that our Lord Jesus, at the time He saved this malefactor, was at His lowest. His glory had been ebbing out in Gethsemane, and before Caiaphas and Herod and Pilate, but it had now reached the utmost low-water mark. Stripped of His garments, and nailed to the cross, our Lord was mocked by a ribald crowd, and was dying in agony; then was He "numbered with the transgressors," and made as the offscouring of all things. Yet while in that condition He achieved this marvellous deed of grace. If a dying Saviour saved the thief, my argument is that He can do even more now that He liveth and reigneth. All power is given unto Him in heaven and in earth; can anything at this present time surpass the power of His grace?

It is not only the weakness of our Lord which makes the salvation of the penitent thief memorable; it is the fact that the dying malefactor saw it before his very eyes. Can you put yourself into his place, and suppose yourself to be looking upon one who hangs in agony upon a cross? Could you readily believe Him to be the Lord of glory, who would soon come to His kingdom? That was no mean faith which, at such a moment, could believe in Jesus as Lord.

Recollect, also, that he was surrounded by scoffers. It is easy to swim with the current, and hard to go against the stream. This man heard the priests, in their pride, ridicule the Lord, and the great multitude of the common people, with one consent, joined in the scorning; his comrade caught the spirit of the hour, and mocked also, and perhaps he did the same for a while; but through the grace of God he was changed, and believed in the Lord Jesus in the teeth of all the scorn.

I. Carefully note that the crucified thief was

Our Lord's Last Companion

on earth. What sorry company our Lord selected when He was here! He did not consort with the religious Pharisees or the philosophic Sadducees, but He was known as "the friend of publicans and sinners." How I rejoice at this! It gives me assurance that He will not refuse to associate with me. As the Great Physician, our Lord was much with the sick; He went where there was room for Him to exercise His healing art. The whole have no need of a physician; they cannot appreciate him, nor afford scope for his skill; and therefore He did not frequent their abodes. Yes, after all, our

Lord did make a good choice when He saved you and me; for in us He has found abundant room for His mercy and grace.

Lest any here should be despairing, and say, "He will never deign to look on me," I want you to notice that the last companion of Christ on earth was a sinner, and

No Ordinary Sinner.

He had broken even the laws of man, for he was a convict, who had lain in the condemned cell, and was then undergoing execution for his crimes. A convicted felon was the person with whom our Lord last consorted upon earth. What a lover of the souls of guilty men is He! What a stoop He makes to the very lowest of mankind! To this most unworthy of men the Lord of glory, ere He quitted life, spoke with matchless grace. He spoke to him such wondrous words as never can be excelled if you search the Scriptures through: "To-day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." I do not suppose that anywhere in this Tabernacle there will be found a man who has been convicted before the law, or who is even chargeable with a crime against common honesty; but if there should be such a person among my hearers, I would invite him to find pardon and change of heart through our Lord Jesus Christ. You may come to Him whoever you may be; for this man did.

This man was not only a sinner; he was

A Sinner Newly Awakened.

I do not suppose that he had seriously thought of the Lord Jesus before. According to the other evangelists, he appears to have joined with his fellow thief in scoffing at Jesus: if he did not actually himself use opprobrious words, he was so far consenting thereunto, that the evangelist did him no injustice when he said, "The thieves also, which were crucified with Him, cast the same in His teeth." Yet, now, on a sudden, he wakes up to the conviction that the man who is dying at his side is something more than a man. He reads the title over His head, and believes it to be true—"This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." Thus believing, he makes his appeal to the Messiah, whom he had so newly found, and commits himself to His hands. My hearer, do you see this truth, that the moment a man knows Jesus to be the Christ of God, he may at once put his trust in Him, and be saved?

Once more: this man whom Christ saved at last was a man who

Could Do No Good Works.

If salvation had been by good works, he could not have been saved; for he was fastened hand and foot to the tree of doom. It was all over with him as to act or deed of righteousness. He could say a good word or two, but that was all; he could perform no acts; and if his salvation had depended on an active life of usefulness, certainly he never could have been saved. He was a sinner also, who could not exhibit a long-enduring repentance for sin, for he had so short a time to live. He could not have experienced bitter convictions, lasting over months and years, for his time was measured by moments, and he was on the borders of the grave. His end was very near, and yet the Saviour could save him, and did save him so perfectly.

This sinner, whom I have painted to you in colors none too black was one who believed in Jesus, and confessed his faith. He did trust the Lord. Jesus was a man, and he called Him so; but he knew that He was also Lord, and he called Him so, and said, "Lord, remember me." He had such confidence in Jesus that, if He would but only think of him, if He would only remember him when He came into His kingdom, that would be all that he would ask of Him. Alas! my dear hearers, the trouble about some of you is that you know all about my Lord, and yet you do not trust Him.

Thus I have tried to describe the man; and, after having done my best, I shall fail of my object unless I make you see that whatever this thief was, he is a picture of what you are. Especially if you have been a great offender, and if you have been living long without caring for

eternal things, you are like that malefactor; and yet you, even you, may do as that thief did: you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, and commit your souls into His hands, and He will save you as surely as He saved the condemned brigand. Jesus graciously says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." This means that if you come and trust Him, whoever you may be, He will for no reason, and on no ground, and under no circumstances, ever cast you out. Do you catch that thought? Do you feel that it belongs to you, and that if you come to Him, you shall find eternal life? I rejoice if you so far perceive the truth.

II. In the second place, note that this man was our Lord's companion

At the Gate of Paradise.

I am not going into any speculations as to when our Lord went when He quitted the body which hung on the cross. It would seem, from some Scriptures, that He descended into the lower parts of the earth, that He might fill all things. But He very rapidly traversed the regions of the dead. Remember that He died perhaps an hour or two before the thief, and during that time the eternal glory flamed through the under world, and was flashing through the gates of paradise just when the pardoned thief was entering the eternal world. Who is this that entereth the pearl-gate at the same moment as the King of glory? Who is this favored companion of the Redeemer? Is it some honored martyr? Is it a faithful apostle? Is it a patriarch, like Abraham; or a prince, like David. It is none of these. Behold, and be amazed at a sovereign grace. He that goeth in at the gate of paradise, with the King of glory, is a thief who was saved in the article of death. He is saved in no inferior way, and received into bliss in no secondary style. Verily, there are last which shall be first!

Here I would have you notice the condescension of our Lord's choice. The comrade of the Lord of glory, for whom the cherub turns aside his sword of fire, is no great one, but a newly converted malefactor. And why? I think the Saviour took him with Him as a specimen of what He meant to do. He seemed to say to all the heavenly powers, "I bring a sinner with me; he is a sample of the rest." Have you heard of

Him Who Dreamed

that he stood without the gate of heaven, and while there he heard sweet music from a band of venerable persons who were on their way to glory? They entered the celestial portals, and there were great rejoicing and shouts. Inquiring, "What are these?" he was told that they were the goodly fellowship of the prophets. He sighed, and said, "Alas! I am not one of those. He waited a while, and another band of shining ones drew nigh, who also entered heaven with hallelujahs, and when he inquired, "Who are these, and whence came they?" the answer was, "These are the glorious company of the apostles." Again he sighed and said, "I cannot enter with them." Then came another body of men, white-robed and bearing palms in their hands, who marched amid great acclamation into the golden city. These he learned were the noble army of martyrs; and again he wept and said, "I cannot enter with these." In the end he heard the voices of people, and saw

A Greater Multitude

advancing, among whom he perceived Rahab and Mary Magdalene, David and Peter, Manasseh and Saul of Tarsus, and he espied especially the thief, who died at the right hand of Jesus. These all entered in—a strange company. They eagerly inquired, "Who are these?" and they answered, "This is the host of sinners saved by grace." Then was he exceeding glad and said, "I can go with these." Yet, he thought there would be no shouting at the approach of this company, and that they would enter heaven without song; instead of which there seemed to rise a seven-fold hallelujah of praise unto the Lord of love; for there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over sinner that repent.

* "The Dying Thief in a New Light." Published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 18, 1886.

While we are handling this text, note well the *blessedness of the place* to which the Lord called this penitent. Jesus said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Paradise means a garden, a garden filled with delights. The garden of Eden is the type of heaven. We know that paradise means heaven, for the apostle speaks of such a man caught up into paradise, and anon he calls it the third heaven. The next word is better still. Note the glory of the society to which this sinner is introduced: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." If the Lord said, "To-day shalt thou be with me," we should not need Him to add another word; for where He is, is heaven to us. He added the word "paradise," because else none could have guessed where He was going.

The stress of the text lies in the speediness of all this. "Verily I say unto thee, *To-day* shalt thou be with me in paradise." "To-day." Thou shalt not lie in purgatory for ages, nor sleep in limbo for so many years; but thou shalt be ready for bliss at once, and at once thou shalt enjoy it. The sinner was hard by the gates of hell, but almighty mercy lifted him up, and the Lord said, "*To-day* shalt thou be with me in paradise."

What a Change from the Cross
to the crown, from the anguish of Calvary to the glory of the New Jerusalem! Please notice, also, the *majesty of the Lord's grace* in this text. The Saviour said to him, "Verily I say unto thee, *To-day* shalt thou be with me in paradise." Our Lord gives His own will as the reason for saving this man. "I say." He says it who claims the right thus to speak.

I have thus shown you that our Lord passed within the pearly gate in company with one to whom He had pledged Himself. Why should not you and I pass through that pearl-gate in due time, clothed in His merit, washed in His blood, resting on His power? In the early Christian church, Marcus Caius Victorinus was converted; but he had reached so great an age, and had been so gross a sinner, that the pastor and church doubted him. He gave, however, clear proof of having undergone the divine change, and then there were great acclamations, and many shouts of "Victorinus has become a Christian!" Oh that some of you big sinners might be saved! How gladly would we rejoice!

III. Now I come to my third point: note
The Lord's Sermon

to us from all this. The devil wants to preach this morning a bit. Yes, Satan asks to come to the front and preach to you; but he cannot be allowed. Avaunt, thou deceiver! Yet I should not wonder if he gets at certain of you when the sermon is over, and whispers, "You see you can be saved at the very last. Put off repentance and faith; you may be forgiven on your death-bed." Sirs, you know who it is that would ruin you by this suggestion. Abhor his deceitful teaching. Do not be ungrateful because God is kind. Do not provoke the Lord because He is patient. Such conduct would be unworthy and ungrateful. Do not run an awful risk because one escaped the tremendous peril. The Lord will accept all who repent; but how do you know that you will repent? It is true that one thief was saved—but the other thief was lost; one is saved; and we may not despair. The other is lost, and

We May Not Presume.

This man believed that Jesus was the Christ. The next thing he did was to appropriate that Christ. He said, "Lord, remember me." Jesus might have said, "What have I to do with you, and what have you to do with Me? What has a thief to do with the perfect One?" Many of you, good people, try to get as far away as you can from the erring and fallen. They might infect your innocence! Society claims that we should not be familiar with people who have offended against its laws. We must not be seen associating with them, for it might discredit us. Infamous bosh! Can anything discredit sinners such as we are by nature and by practice? If we know ourselves before God we are degraded

enough in and of ourselves. Is there anybody after all, in the world who is worse than we are when we see ourselves in the faithful glass of the Word? As soon as ever a man believes that Jesus is the Christ, let him hook himself on to Him. The moment you believe Jesus to be the Saviour, seize upon Him as your Saviour.

Next, notice the doctrine of faith in its immediate power. "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." He has no sooner believed, than Christ gives him the seal of his believing in the full assurance that he shall be with Him for ever in His glory. O, dear hearts, if you believe this morning, you shall be saved this morning! God grant that you, by His rich grace, may be brought into salvation here, on the spot, and at once! The next thing is

The Nearness of Eternal Things.

Think of that a minute. Heaven and hell are not places far away. Oh that we, instead of trifling about such things, because they seem so far away, would solemnly realize them, since they are so very near! This very day, before the sun goes down, some hearer, now sitting in this place, may see, in his own spirit, the realities of heaven or hell. It has frequently happened, in this large congregation, that some one of our audience has died ere the next Sabbath has come round; it may happen this week. Think of that, and let eternal things impress you all the more because they lie so near.

Furthermore, know that if you have believed in Jesus you are prepared for heaven. It may be that you will have to live on earth twenty, or thirty, or forty years to glorify Christ; and, if so, be thankful for the privilege; but if you do not live another hour, your instantaneous death would not alter the fact that he that believeth in the Son of God is meet for heaven. Surely, if anything beyond faith is needed to make us fit to enter paradise, the thief would have been kept a little longer here; but no, he is, in the morning, in the state of nature, at noon he enters the state of grace, and by sunset he is in the state of glory. The question never is whether a death-bed repentance is accepted if it be sincere: the question is—Is it sincere?

I conclude by again saying that this is

Not an Exceptional Case,

I began with that, and I want to finish with it, because so many demi-semi-gospelers are so terribly afraid of preaching free grace too fully. I read somewhere, and I think it is true, that some ministers preach the gospel in the same way as donkeys eat thistles, namely, very, very cautiously. On the contrary, I will preach it boldly. I have not the slightest alarm about the matter. If any of you misuse free-grace teaching, I cannot help it. He that will be damned can as well ruin himself by perverting the gospel as by anything else. I cannot help what base hearts may invent; but mine it is to set forth the gospel in all its fullness of grace, and I will do it. If the thief was an exceptional case—and our Lord does not usually act in such a way—there would have been a hint given of so important a fact. A hedge would have been set about this exception to all rules. Would not the Saviour have whispered quietly to the dying man, "You are the only one I am going to treat in this way"? Whenever I have to do an exceptional favor to a person, I have to say, "Do not mention this, or I shall have so many besieging me." Moreover, the inspired penman has recorded it. If it had been an exceptional case, it would not have been written in the Word of God. Men will not publish their actions in the newspapers if they feel that the record might lead others to expect from them what they cannot give. The Saviour had this wonder of grace reported in the daily news of the Gospel, because He means to repeat the marvel every day. The bulk shall be equal to sample, and therefore He sets the sample before you all. He is able to save to the uttermost, for He saved the dying thief. The case would not have been put there to encourage hopes which He cannot fulfil. Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning,

and not for our disappointing. I pray you, therefore, if any of you have not yet trusted in my Lord Jesus, come and trust in Him now. Trust Him wholly; trust Him only; trust Him at once. Then will you sing with me—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away."

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.
THE PIOUS SOLDIER—LANDLORD.*

It has often been observed that if a soldier fall at all under spiritual influences, the effect upon him is peculiarly strong. At that moment a religious revival was spreading over England and Wales. Whitfield and the two Wesleys were the leaders whose names were brought specially before the world. But these distinguished men appealed to feelings that were already alive and awake. A wave of belief was passing through the minds of men like the sap in trees, which lies dormant, as if it was dead, and rises up again and clothes the branches with leaves and flowers. The Protestant spirit of the seventeenth century, which had shaken the British Constitution, overthrown the Church, and replaced the King by a Protector, was come back to life; come back in a milder form, no longer threatening wars and revolution, but with power to seize hold on the consciences of hundreds of thousands of human beings, and to make out of evangelical Christianity a practical rule of life.

Colonel Goring was one of those who became sensible of the new impulse, and became sensible of it as a call to devote himself to anything which presented itself as a duty. He had always been what is called a religious man in the sense that he believed that he would be called to account hereafter for his conduct. But his convictions had ripened from a consciousness of responsibility to an immediate and active sense that he was a servant of God, with definite work laid upon him to do. He carried his habits as a soldier into his relations with his Commander above. Under Cromwell he would have been the most devoted of the Ironsides. In default of an appointed leader to give him orders, he looked out for direct instructions to himself in Providential circumstances, and in any accident which might befall him he looked habitually to see whether perhaps there might be a guiding hand in it.

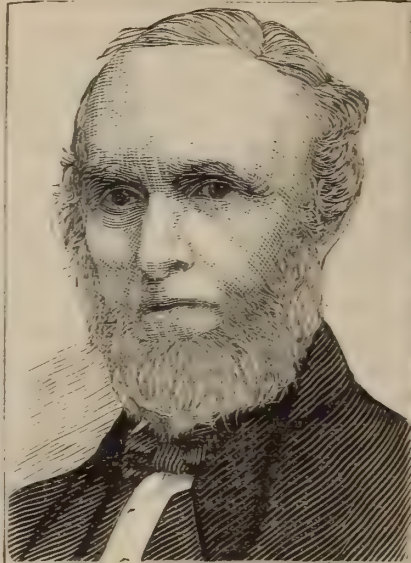
The Call From God.

Galway had for a few years been more than half Protestant. Now scarcely a Protestant was left within the limits, and as Galway was, so were most of the principal towns in Munster. This inheritance, as Colonel Goring thought of it, might be a special direction of Providence to him to stem the stream. The longer he reflected, the more this conclusion was borne in upon him. The estate had fallen to him as a Divine call, which he was not at liberty to disobey. As a landowner he would try whether it was possible to make the small section of the country which had fallen to himself cosmic and orderly. He believed himself to be living under God's orders, as a subaltern lives under the orders of

*From "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy." By James Anthony Froude. The typical struggle, described in this book, between a pious God-fearing Irish landlord and his two foes, one of which was the careless, stupid Government, and the other a brutalized, benighted peasantry, is well worthy of study. It throws a strong light on the governing methods and social conditions which have made Ireland the most miserable of nations. The author evidently believes that neither in Home Rule nor in mild English rule is there to be found the true remedy for Irish discontent. Pp. 456; price in paper covers, 50 cents, in cloth, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 743 Broadway, New York.



The Western University, London, Ont.



John G. Whittier.



John Wesley's Birthplace. (See page 293.)

his general. If he was called superstitious, it was only, if it is superstitious, to accept what the Bible told him, and implied nothing unreal.

His Tenants.

"You see these poor people," said Goring to his companion; "they have absolute confidence in me. They trust me with their lives and their properties. Everything that I tell them they do. Every judgment that I give they respect. They know that I mean them well. They believe in me, and, I suppose that, in their way, they have a regard for me. Yet, of all the men you have seen here to-day, there is hardly one who would not try to shoot me if he was so ordered by the secret societies! There is not one, man or woman, who, if I was killed by the smugglers, would help to bring the murderers to justice. They are taught from their cradles that English rule is the cause of all their miseries. They were as ill off under their own chiefs; but they would bear from their natural leaders what they will not bear from us, and if we have not made their lot more wretched, we have not made it any better. There is not a race in the world who would be happier or more loyal if they were governed with a firm and just hand. *England has tried every other remedy.* This, which is the only one that can succeed, she has never tried, and I fear she never will."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

No more striking proof of true genius was ever given than in the thrilling poem which Mr. Whittier produced on the Washington Centennial, and which was read at the celebration in New York last week. All the facts and all the words were in the possession of the millions of our people, but there was but one man in the nation who could write anything so true, so sweet, so beautiful, as those ringing stanzas. Among the thousands of writers who have done their best with this theme, only this one could write of the national hero:

Thank God, the people's choice was just
The one man equal to his trust—
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

Long after all other souvenirs and relics of the celebration are lost, this poem will be treasured as the one priceless gem it called into existence.

John Greenleaf Whittier is over eighty years old—having been born December 17, 1808, at Haverhill, Mass. His childhood was passed in laborious poverty. He worked on his father's farm, and eked out a livelihood in addition by shoemaking. But he was studious, and such scant opportunities as he had of obtaining an education he used to so good a purpose that at the age of twenty-two he was editing a newspaper in Boston. Before that he had attained "the dignity of print." Some of his lines, composed while he was following the plough, were

printed in the *Haverhill Gazette*. Subsequently he became editor of the *New England Review*, and after that of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. Later, he was one of the editors of the *National Era*. But it is as a poet that we best know and love the grand old Quaker. Since 1836, volume after volume of pure, sterling poetry has issued from his pen, every one, in varied form, teaching the one lesson of Christian love and brotherhood, which he has made it his life's work to impress on his generation.

More than any of our poets, he belongs to America. His themes are our themes, and his words are the words we use. All his thoughts and imagery are inspired by American life, and we are justly proud of the genius which does not need to go abroad for inspiration. His "Songs of Labor," "Home Ballads," "National Lyrics," "Hazel Blossoms," and many other volumes, are among the best treasures of our literature.

THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY AT LONDON, ONTARIO.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most important educational institutions in the Dominion is that of the Western University, a picture of which appears on this page. Though situated in the Province of Ontario, it is not under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Ontario, whose portrait appears on the first page, but under that of Dr. Baldwin, the Bishop of Huron, whose episcopal residence is at London. Its present prominence and efficiency is mainly due to the former Bishop of Huron, Dr. Isaac Hellmuth, who presided over the diocese from 1871 to 1883, when he resigned. He inherited a large private property during his episcopate, and desiring to consecrate it to Christ's service, he expended a large sum in extending and endowing the institution of learning, which has now accommodation for over a hundred students. At that time it was known as the Collegiate Institute, but after its enlargement it was called Hellmuth College, and in 1878 it was created a University by Act of Legislature, under the title of the Western University. It has the right of conferring degrees.

ADA BRISTOWE'S MOMENTOUS SICKNESS.

(See Illustration on page 301.)

"I MAY call to-morrow," said Walter Garton, as he assisted a young lady to alight from a carriage at the door of the Bristowe mansion some two hours after midnight.

"Oh, yes," said the lady, "I shall quite expect you; I feel tired and stupid now, but after a good long sleep I shall be all right. I think for once in my life I have had too many dances. I did not think that was possible."

A tender "good night," and a significant pressure of her hand, and Garton was striding briskly homeward. "This has been something like life," he said to himself as he walked

through the deserted streets. "Now I wonder if there is a soul in all that New England village that could conceive of such pleasure as I have had in the last four hours. They are happy in their way; I was, at times, but how insipid all that seems now! If all life is the same in essence, and differs only in degree, they at home must be many degrees nearer the vegetable type than I. Great powers! what a revelation this has been of the capacity one has for unimagined ecstasy! And I shall see Ada to-morrow and get her answer. If it is only yes, my happiness will be complete."

But he did not see Ada that day, nor for many days. She was not well when he called. "A little over-tired," was the message her little sister Lois brought him. She was not able to rise, and begged him to excuse her. He was disappointed, but not worried that day; but when each day that he called the news of Ada grew more serious, then he grew wildly anxious and alarmed.

Walter Garton was the son of a New England clergyman. Brought up in the knowledge and fear of God, he had been kept from the temptations and allurements of the world until, having chosen the law as his profession, he was suddenly plunged into the whirl of city life. His handsome face, his talents, education, and his family connections, secured him an entrance into fashionable circles. His friends at first laughed at his scruples, but after a time they said how much he had improved. They met him at balls and at the theatre, and congratulated him on having outgrown the narrow Puritanical limits of his early training. He came at last to think that the rigid separation of the Church from the world, which his father preached and practiced, was unnecessary. Mr. Bristowe, who had won the respect which the father of a beautiful and attractive girl inspires in a young man, was a religious man, yet he went to the theatre occasionally, and did not object to Ada going to balls.

Garton was at a bachelor's party a few nights after that on which he had parted from Ada. There was plenty of fun and merriment, but he could not enjoy it. On his way thither he had called to inquire about Ada, and heard with alarm that she was much worse, and fears were entertained of her life. He was rallied on his gloomy mood, and some jokes that seemed to him rather silly were made about it. They evoked a great deal of laughter, and it surprised him to think that a short time ago he would have laughed too at just such empty jests. But now he wondered how people could be so easily amused when the solemn realities of life and death were so near. He left early, and went home in serious thought.

The next day Mr. Bristowe himself answered Garton's inquiry about Ada. Tears were in the father's eyes, and his voice was hoarse as he told

the young man that the physicians gave little hope of her recovery.

"You are a cup too low," said a friend who met Garton a few blocks away from the Bristowe mansion. "Come and see Emmett; a hearty laugh will do you good."

Garton shuddered. The idea of listening to the silly buffooneries that passed for wit with the comedian's audiences was positively repulsive. He refused emphatically, and wandered he cared not where.

Presently the sound of music and singing fell upon his ear. It was a soft, plaintive air often sung in his father's church, and it attracted him.

He entered the building as the last stanza was being sung. A brief address followed. "Sooner or later," said the minister, "the emptiness of worldly pleasure must be discovered. They who choose the world for a friend are in a sad case, for it fails at the first touch of real sorrow, and gives no consolation when the need for it is greatest." Then he went on to speak of Jesus, the friend of the sorrowing and despairing, the unfathomable, inexhaustible love that in all circumstances of life satisfies the heart. Garton knew it all. He thought years ago that he had chosen Christ; but now he realized how far he had drifted. He waited to speak to the preacher, and told him how his own life confirmed the truth of the words he had spoken. That night Garton renewed his vow of consecration, and resolved to be true to it though it might cost him the loss of the girl who was so dear to him, and whose danger had been the cause of the sorrow that revealed to him the emptiness of his new life.

The next day Garton was cheered by hearing that Ada was better; the crisis had passed favorably, and from that time on she made progress daily.

"Would you like to see her?" asked little Lois one Sunday afternoon some weeks later, when Garton called. "She is sitting up now."

Garton eagerly accepted the invitation, and was ushered into the sitting-room where Ada sat, very wan and pale, but very beautiful. Mr. Bristowe sat beside her, watching his daughter with tender solicitude.

"That was my last ball," Ada said, after she had satisfied his eager inquiries; "I have been telling papa that I am going to begin a new life now. Things look very different, viewed from a sick-bed."

Garton leaned forward in an attitude of surprised attention which it was natural for Ada to misunderstand. She went on with an effort, as under the impulse of a resolution previously formed: "The old life was very pleasant, but I should find no pleasure in it now. Other things seem so much more important. When one comes near the threshold of the other world, time that might have been spent in working for Jesus and in helping other people seems to have been sadly wasted when it has been given to amusement. It is a revelation I can never forget."

Ada spoke abstractedly, with averted eyes, but Lois, who was watching Garton's face while her sister spoke was surprised at the joy and gladness that her words called up. "You thought Mr.



Ada Bristowe Announces Her Resolution.

Garton would be sorry at what you said, did you not, Ada?" she asked after the young man was gone. "Well, he wasn't at all, he was pleased. I saw it in his face. He'll tell you so when he sees you by yourself, or I'm mistaken."

"You do not know much about young men, Lois," said Ada. "It was polite of him to say he was pleased, but I do not think he liked it. But I was prepared for that. I am ready to leave all to follow Christ."

"You won't have to leave Mr. Garton: see if you do," said the little girl, with confidence.

The child proved a true prophet, and both the young people found in each other greater happiness from the fact that each had been brought to the pass at which the love of the other could be relinquished for Christ's sake.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 287.)

Toil, Famine, and Death.

My faith in the value of Brigham Young's revelations was, as I have intimated, much shaken before I came to America. If it had continued, it must have yielded when I had read that part of Mary Burton's letter already published. I almost trembled with apprehension as I went on reading her narrative of the suffering those poor creatures endured in drawing their wretched hand-carts across the plains in the winter months. If that fatal journey was the result of a revelation, from whom could that revelation have come? But let us proceed with Mary Burton's letter. She wrote:

"As death thinned our ranks, the labors of those who survived were increased, until at last there were hardly enough left with strength sufficient to pitch our tents at night. A great deal devolved upon the captain of our hundred, Elder Chislett. He is a very good man, and a devoted Saint; and I am glad to say that both he and a lady to whom he was betrothed, and who was also with our company, escaped with their lives. I have often seen him, when we stopped for the night, carrying the sick and feeble on his back from the wagon to the fire, and then working harder than a slave would work in putting things straight for the night. He showed a great many kindnesses both to my husband and myself.

"But individual efforts availed nothing against fatigue and hunger and the fearful cold. To the minds of all of us the end was fast approaching. Nothing but our faith sustained us;

and foolish and misplaced as many people would think that faith, I am quite sure that but for it no living soul of all our company would have ever reached Salt Lake.

"At last the storm came, and the snow fell—I think it must have been at least five or six inches deep within half an hour. The wind was very keen and cutting, and it drifted the snow right into our faces; and thus blinded by the storm, and scarcely able to stand, we stumbled on that day for fully sixteen miles. What we suffered it would be useless for me to attempt to describe. Some of the scenes we witnessed were heartrending.

"There was a young girl, with whom I was very well acquainted, and who, I saw, was struggling in the snow, clinging to one of the hand-carts, and vainly trying to help in pushing it on, but really doing just the contrary. She is now in Salt Lake City, a helpless cripple, her limbs downwards having been frozen during that storm, and subsequently amputated. A poor old woman, too, whom I think you must have known in London, lingered behind later in the day. When night came on it was impossible for anyone to go back to search for her, but, in the morning, not far from the camp, some torn rags—the remains of her dress—were found, a few bones, a quantity of hair, and at a little distance a female skull, well gnawed, and with the marks of the wolf-fangs still wet upon it—the snow all around was much trodden and crimsoned with blood.

"I saw one poor man, whose health had evidently never been strong, draw the cart with his two little ones in it, as well as the baggage, mile after mile, until he could hardly drag his weary limbs a step further; his wife carried a little five-months-old baby in her bosom. This they did day after day, until disease attacked the husband, and it was evident that he could bear up no longer.

"The next morning I saw him pale as a corpse, bowed down, and shivering in every limb, but still stumbling on as best he could. Before the day was half over, the poor wife lagged behind with her babe, and the husband did not seem to notice her. This was not the result of heartlessness on his part; I believe that even then he had lost all consciousness. He did not know it, but he was dying. Still he stumbled on, until the short, wintry day came to a close, and we pitched our camp, and then I missed him. There was no time to inquire, and a chill came over my heart as I thought of what might be his fate.

"Presently my husband came to the tent and told me all. The poor man had dragged the cart up to the last moment, and, when the company halted for the night, he had turned aside, and sitting down he bowed his head between his knees, and never spoke again. Later still, the poor wife reached the camp, and I saw her then. There was no tear in her eyes, and she uttered neither cry nor moan, but there was upon her features a terrible expression of fixed despair which I dared not trust myself even to look upon.

"A few days after this, one morning as we were almost ready to start, I saw that poor

mother in her tent, just as they had found her. She was cold and still—frozen to death—her sorrows were over at last, and her poor weary spirit was at rest; but on her bosom, still clasped in her arms, and still living, was her little child, quite unconscious of its mother's sad fate.

"We halted for a little while in the middle of that day, and, to our surprise and joy, Joseph A. Young and Elder Stephen Taylor drove into the camp. We found that when the returning missionaries, of whom I have already told you, left us by the Platte River, they made their way as speedily as they could to Salt Lake City. Joseph A., who felt deeply for our sufferings, although he had been away from home for two whole years, hastened to his father and reported to him the condition in which we were. Brigham Young was of course anxious to undo the mischief which had resulted from the people following his 'inspired' counsel, and at his son's earnest entreaty allowed him to return with provisions and clothing to meet us. Joseph A. lost no time, but pressed on to the rescue, and having told us that assistance was on the way, hastened eastward to meet the company that was following us.

"I cannot tell you what a relief this intelligence was to the minds of all, and how much the poor people felt encouraged by it. But as for me, at that time my heart was sad enough. For some time my husband's strength had been failing, and for the last two days I had felt very serious apprehensions on his behalf. He had been overtaken, and like the rest of us he was starving with cold and hunger, and I saw that he could not hold out much longer.

"My worst fears were speedily realized. We had not journeyed half a mile from the place where we rested at noon, when, blinded by the snow, and completely broken down, he dropped the rail of the cart, and I saw that he could go no further. How I felt, you, as a wife and mother, only can guess. In a moment my own weakness was forgotten; my love for my husband made me strong again. To leave him there or to delay would have been death to one if not all of us. So I called to those who shared the cart with us, and they helped me as well as they could to lift my husband up and put him under part of the bedding. It was the only chance of saving his life, for, as I before mentioned, some, previous to this, who had been overcome, and had lingered by the way, had been frozen to death or devoured by the wolves.

"I then took hold of the cross-bar or handle of the cart, and numbed with the cold, and trembling in every limb, it was as much as I could do to raise it from the ground. To move the cart was impossible, so I appealed to the old folks again, and they exerted all their strength to push it from behind, and our combined efforts at length succeeded; but the chief weight fell upon me. How gladly I bore it! how gladly I would have borne anything for the mere chance of saving my dear husband's life, your own heart can tell.

"The snow drifted wildly around us, and beat in our faces so blindingly that we could hardly proceed. The greater part of the train had passed on while we delayed on account of my husband, and now everyone was making the most desperate efforts to keep up with the rest; to be left behind was death. Had I been asked whether under any circumstances I could have dragged that heavy cart along in all that storm, I should certainly have replied that it would be utterly impossible; but until we were tried we do not know what we can bear. It was not until the night came on, and we pitched our tents, that I realized what I had passed through.

"They helped me to carry my husband to the tent, and there we laid him, and I tried to make him as easy as was possible under the circumstances, but comfort or rest was altogether out of the question. All that night I sat beside him, sometimes watching, sometimes falling into a fitful sleep. I did not believe that he would live through the night. In the morning

he was by no means improved, and then I felt too truly the abject misery of our position.

"It is a painful thing to watch at the bedside of those we love when hope for their recovery is gone; but think what it must be to sit upon the cold earth in the tent, upon the open desert, with the piercing wind of winter penetrating to the very bones, and there before you, the dear one—your life, your all on earth—dying, and you *without a drop of medicine, or even a morsel of the coarsest nourishment*, to give him. Oh the bitterness of my soul at that moment! I tried to pray, but my heart was full of enmity; it seemed to me as if even God Himself was very far away and had forgotten us. The fearful misery of that dark hour has left on my soul itself a record as ineffaceable as the imprint of a burning iron upon the flesh.

"The morning broke at last, dark and dreary, and a thick, heavy mantle of snow covered all the camp; but we contrived to communicate with each other, and soon it was whispered that five poor creatures had been found *dead in the tents*. Want and weariness, and the bitter cold, had done their work, and we did not weep for them—they were at rest—but for ourselves we wept, that we were left behind—and we looked at one another, wistfully, wondering which of us would be taken next.

"We buried those five poor frozen corpses in one grave, wrapped in the clothing in which they died, and then we comforted each other as best we might, and left the dead, who were now beyond our reach, that we might do what we could for those who were fast following them to the grave. A meeting of the leaders was held, and it was resolved that we should remain where we were until the promised supplies reached us. We could not, in fact, do otherwise, for the snow was so deep that it was impossible for us to proceed, and the sick and dying demanded immediate attention.

"That morning, for the first time, no flour was distributed—there was none. All that remained, besides our miserable cattle, was a small quantity of hard biscuit which Captain Willie bought at Laramie, and a few pounds of rice and dried apples. Nearly all the biscuit was at once divided among the whole company, and the few pounds which remained, together with the rice and apples, were given to Elder Chislett for the use of the sick, and the very little children. They also killed two of the cattle, and divided the beef. Most of the people got through their miserable allowance that very morning, and then they had to fast.

"Captain Willie set out that morning with another elder to meet the coming supplies, and hasten them on, and as we saw them disappear in the distant West we almost felt as if our last hope departed with them, so many chances there were that we should never see them again. The whole of that long, long day I sat beside my husband in the tent—and I might almost say I did no more. There was nothing that I could do. The little bedding that was allowed for both of us I made up into a couch for him; but what a wretched makeshift it was! And I got from Elder Chislett a few of the dried apples which had been reserved for the sick; but it was not until nightfall that my husband was capable of swallowing anything—and then, what nourishment to give to a sick man! The day was freezing cold, and I had hardly anything on me, and had eaten nothing since the day before; for my mind was so agitated that I do not think the most delicate food would have tempted me. God alone knows the bitterness of my heart as I sat there during all the weary day. I never expected to see my husband open his eyes again, and I thought that when evening came I would lie down beside him, and we would take our last long sleep on earth together.

"When night came on and all was dark I still sat there; I dreaded to move lest I should learn the terrible truth—*my husband dead!* I looked towards the place where I knew he was lying, but I could see nothing. I listened, and I fancied that I heard a gentle breathing—but

it was only fancy. Then, louder than the incessant moaning of the wind, I could hear in the distance a fearful cry—a cry which had often chilled our hearts at midnight on the plains—*it was the wolves!* The darkness grew darker still—so thick that one could almost feel it; the horror of death seemed stealing over all my senses. Oh that there might be one long eternal night to blot out for ever our miseries and our existence! I threw my hands wildly above me, and cried, 'Oh God, my God, *let me die!*'

"God was nearer to me than I thought. As my hand dropped lifelessly to the ground it touched some moving thing—it was my husband's hand—the same hand which I had watched in the twilight, stiffening, as I thought, in death. The long, thin fingers grasped my own, and though they were very, very cold, I felt that life was in them; and as I stooped down to kiss them I heard my husband's voice, very weak and feeble, saying in a whisper, 'Mary.' I threw myself upon his bosom. In a moment the fear of death—the longing for death—the wild and terrible thoughts, all had gone; the sound of that voice was life to me, and forgetful of his weakness, forgetful of everything but him, I threw myself in gratitude upon his bosom and wept tears of joy.

"Very carefully and gently I raised him up, and in the darkness every whispered word conveyed more meaning to my mind than all his eloquence in bygone times. After some time I persuaded him to take a little nourishment—miserable stuff that it was—and presently he fell asleep again. I laid his dear head upon the best pillow that I could make of some of my own clothes, and then I slept a little myself—not much, but it was more refreshing than any sleep that had visited my eyes for a long time past—hope had come again.

"The next morning my husband was evidently better, and I knelt down beside him and thanked God for the miracle that He had wrought; for was it not a miracle thus to raise my dead to life again? How many stronger, stouter men than he had I seen fall sick and die; but to me God had shown great mercy.

"We waited three long days for the return of Captain Willie. My heart was so full of thankfulness that my husband had been spared, that I certainly did not feel so acutely the misery with which I was surrounded as I otherwise should have done; I was like the prisoner who feels happy in a reprieve from death, but whose situation is nevertheless such as would appear to any other person the most wretched in which he could be placed. The misery that was suffered in that camp was beyond the power of words to describe. On the second day they gave us some more beef-rations, but they did us little good. The beef was, of course, of the poorest, and eaten alone it did not seem to satisfy hunger, and those who were prostrated by dysentery, although they ate it ravenously, suffered much in consequence afterwards.

"The number of the sick rapidly increased, and not a few died from exhaustion; and, really, those seemed happiest who were thus taken from the horrors which surrounded them. Had it not been for the intense frost, we should all probably have fallen victims to the intolerable atmosphere of the camp. I would not even allow my mind to recall some of the scenes which I witnessed at that time; scenes, the disgusting and filthy horrors of which no decent words could describe. When you consider the frightful condition in which we were, the hunger and cold which we endured, you may, perhaps, be able in a small degree to conjecture—as far as a person can conjecture who has not himself suffered such things—what we then passed through.

"I saw poor miserable creatures, utterly worn out, dying in the arms of other forlorn and hopeless creatures as wretched as themselves; I saw strong and honest, honorable men, or who had once been such, begging of the captain for the miserable scraps which had been saved for the sick and the helpless children; I saw poor

heart-broken mothers freezing to death, but clasping as they died, in an agony of loving woe, the torn and wretched remnants of clothing which they still retained around the emaciated forms of their innocent babes—the mother-instinct strong in death; and sometimes at night when, all unbidden, I see again in dreams the awful sufferings of those poor unhappy people, I start in horror, and pray the Almighty rather to blot out from my mind the memory of all the past, than to let me ever recollect, if but in fancy, that fearful time.

(To be Continued)

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for May 19, Mark 14: 12-26. Golden Text, Luke 22: 19.

Specific Instructions—Nothing Left Uncertain—The Same Leading to be Had Now—Conditions of Receiving it—The Commemorative Ceremonies—Pointing Backward and Forward—The Homeless Saviour Entertained—The Guest Chamber He Claims Now—The Traitor at the Table—How Far His Heart Was Changed—The Balaams of the Church—A Self-Distrustful Question—The Broken Body—Its Sufficiency for All Wants—The Blood of the Covenant—The Life Springing from Death.

"THIS is My body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of Me." Break the bread which feeds you and which sustains your life, in remembrance of the breaking of My body who am the Lord of life. It was at the Passover feast, that Passover of Passovers in which the type met its fulfilment. "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." (1 Cor. 5: 7.) Jesus sent two of His disciples on the first day of unleavened bread, the day on which the lamb was to be slain, and "He saith unto them, go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him. And whosoever he shall go in, say ye to the Goodman of the house, where is the guest chamber, where I shall eat the passover with My disciples? And he will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared; there make ready for us." Every direction was specific; Jesus did not leave His disciples in doubt as to what to do. Neither does He now leave in uncertainty those who are willing to be led by Him. They had asked Him the question, "Where wilt thou that we go and prepare that *Thou* mayest eat the Passover?" Oh, how little they knew how He was preparing a Passover for them! They "went forth, and came into the city, and found as He had said unto them; and they

Made Ready the Passover."

It was the fourteenth day of the first month. A lamb, either given by some devoted follower of Jesus, or bought out of the slender resources of "the bag" which Judas carried, was slain, and, in memory of the passing over of the destroying angel in Egypt, the two side posts, and the upper door-post of that guest chamber were sprinkled with blood. Then unleavened bread was made like that which the children of Israel made for their journey on that night of haste, when they fled from Egypt amidst the wailings of the people over their dead first-born. (Ex. 12.) This was all they could do to make ready. But there had been a making ready long before this; that same Jesus with whom they had walked and talked was, in the purpose of His Father, and in His own blessed will, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. (Rev. 13: 8.) He says in prophecy, "The Lord hath opened mine ear, I was not rebellious, neither turned away back," (Isa. 50: 5.) And again He says, "Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself, I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." (John 10: 17, 18.) All was ready for the great Passover. But oh, how little the disciples understood, as their beloved Master passed under the blood-sprinkled lintel, that He was indeed, as John the Baptist had proclaimed Him, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world!"

Jesus had no home on earth, He had "not where to lay His head;" this last Passover was held in the house of an acquaintance on whom the Son of man could count, one who He knew would bid Him welcome. There is

A Guest Chamber

on which Jesus makes a claim. He says of it, "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me." (Rev. 3: 29.) And these words "the Spirit saith unto the churches." Jesus asks not an outside, but an inside, place in the hearts and lives, the family and business, the social and the church life of His own people; and there He will sup with us, delight in us, unworthy though we be, and we with Him. He will feed us with Himself, nourish our faith with His, our love with His, our wisdom with His, our will with His, and as we feed upon Him, He will make it our meat as it was His, to do the will of our Father which is in heaven. (John 4: 34.)

Jesus had passed through the blood-stained doorway which was to keep the destroying angel outside, but an emissary of Satan was within. "As they sat and did eat, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, one of you which eateth with Me shall betray Me." When the Passover was instituted, it was ordained, "With bitter herbs they shall eat it." (Ex. 12: 8.) Jesus had His bitter herbs in the betrayal of one of His chosen twelve. The question is often asked,

"Was Judas Ever Really Converted?"

If he had been, could he have betrayed his Lord? To answer this we must define what is meant by conversion. No doubt he answered to the seed sown on stony ground, which sprung up quickly, and is like those who hear the word and anon with joy receive it, but "when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended" (Mark 4: 16, 17), just as Balaam, the man whose eyes were open, "which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty—falling into a trance, but having his eyes open" (Num. 24: 15, 16), and yet died fighting against God's people (Num. 31: 8); or Saul, to whom it was said, "God is with thee," and "God gave him another heart. . . . and the Spirit of God came upon him" (1 Sam. 10: 9, 10), and yet he turned away from God, and the Lord rejected him.

There are so many conversions of this type, where the hard rock of the natural heart has not been broken up and brought to nothingness, where the will has not been entirely surrendered to God, that we cannot but tremble for many who, if they were in the circumstances of Balaam, would curse Israel if it should increase their wealth; indeed they are now a curse to God's people by the way in which they get money; they betray their Lord, for they make people think that Christians will do any mean thing for money. They may have great spiritual gifts, as Balaam had; they may have wonderful opportunities, as Judas had, when he used to cast out devils, and to cure in the name of Christ; they may be called to high office as Saul was, but, most surely, if money, position, or earthly honor is more to them than Christ, the whole heart has not been changed; they are not new creatures in Christ Jesus; old things have not passed away, all things are not become new, and in the eyes of God they are *not* right, and cannot pass muster as born of God.

They began to be very sorrowful, and each one said to Him,

"Is it I?"

It is a good sign when a child of God has a tender conscience, and says, "Is it I?" And He said, "It is one of the twelve that dipeth with me in the dish," or as in John 13: 26, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it. And when He had dipped the sop, He gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon." And Jesus said, "The Son of man indeed goeth as it is written of him; but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! good were it for that man if he had never been born."

Poor miserable Judas! his fall did not come all at once. When he had been treasurer for Jesus and His disciples, he had failed in money matters; he was a thief (John 12: 6); he had been sinning again and again before it came to betraying his Lord, and now it was too late, and Jesus, whom he was about to betray, mourned over his lost soul. But even when troubled in spirit about him, Jesus could not save him unrighteously; He cannot save a soul who chooses sin (John 13: 21-27).

"And as they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave it to them, and said, Take, eat, this is My body." They had seen Jesus take bread upon the mountain-side, and make it enough, though only five loaves, for the hungry five thousand, besides women and children. And now to those who would by faith receive Him, He would make that body of His, taken for our sakes, and yielded up to death for our sakes, enough for all the needs of our whole lives. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice" (Rom. 12: 1), but take My body, feed on it, feed on all it means for you. "The body is . . . for the Lord, and the Lord for the body." (1 Cor. 6: 13) "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, even he shall

Live By Me."

(John 6: 55-57.) Our blessed Lord lived on His Father by constant communion; He took in His Father's thoughts, His will, His plans, His purposes; He drank in His Spirit just as we take in food and drink to our bodies. As we depend on food for strength and refreshment, so He depended on the Father, and there is no other way of strength and refreshment for our souls but in thus feeding upon Jesus.

"And He took the cup; and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them; and they all drank of it. And He said unto them, this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many." Before Mount Sinai Moses took the blood of burnt offerings, and peace offerings, "and sprinkled it on the people, and said,

Behold the Blood

of the covenant, which the Lord hath made with you concerning all these words." (Ex. 24: 8.) But this was a covenant of death. How different is the covenant of life, made through the blood-shedding of Jesus! The old covenant culminated in the words, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezek. 18: 4.) The new covenant culminates in the words, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. 8: 12.) His blood shed is our life, but it is life from the dead, life which springs from His death. His life in heaven needs no blood, nothing corruptible. The blood is the life of the flesh, but flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven; we never read of blood in Christ's risen body. "We are members of His body, His flesh, and of His bones (but there is no mention of His blood)." So that, in drinking His blood, we are looking back to His blood poured out, whereby He gives life to the world. In this sacrament of the Lord's Supper we see how completely and utterly dependent we are on Him for everything, and at all times. As He lived by the Father, let us every hour live by Him.

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"Thou art forgiven."

No more I now with troubled doubt
The Spirit grieve;
A new, a better word is mine,
"Lord, I believe."

Peace, like a river smooth and clear,
Now fills my soul;
And mirrored there, behold the Christ
In sweet control.

I close mine eyes in perfect rest,
Nor heed the way,
Though rough it be, through travel-dust,
And heat of day.

It is not that I can forget
The cross I bear;
But, bending low, I raise it up
By faith and prayer.

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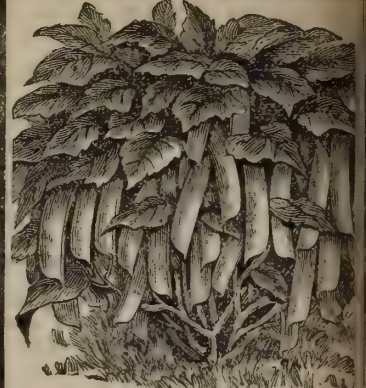


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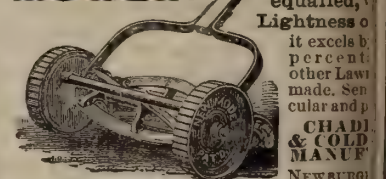
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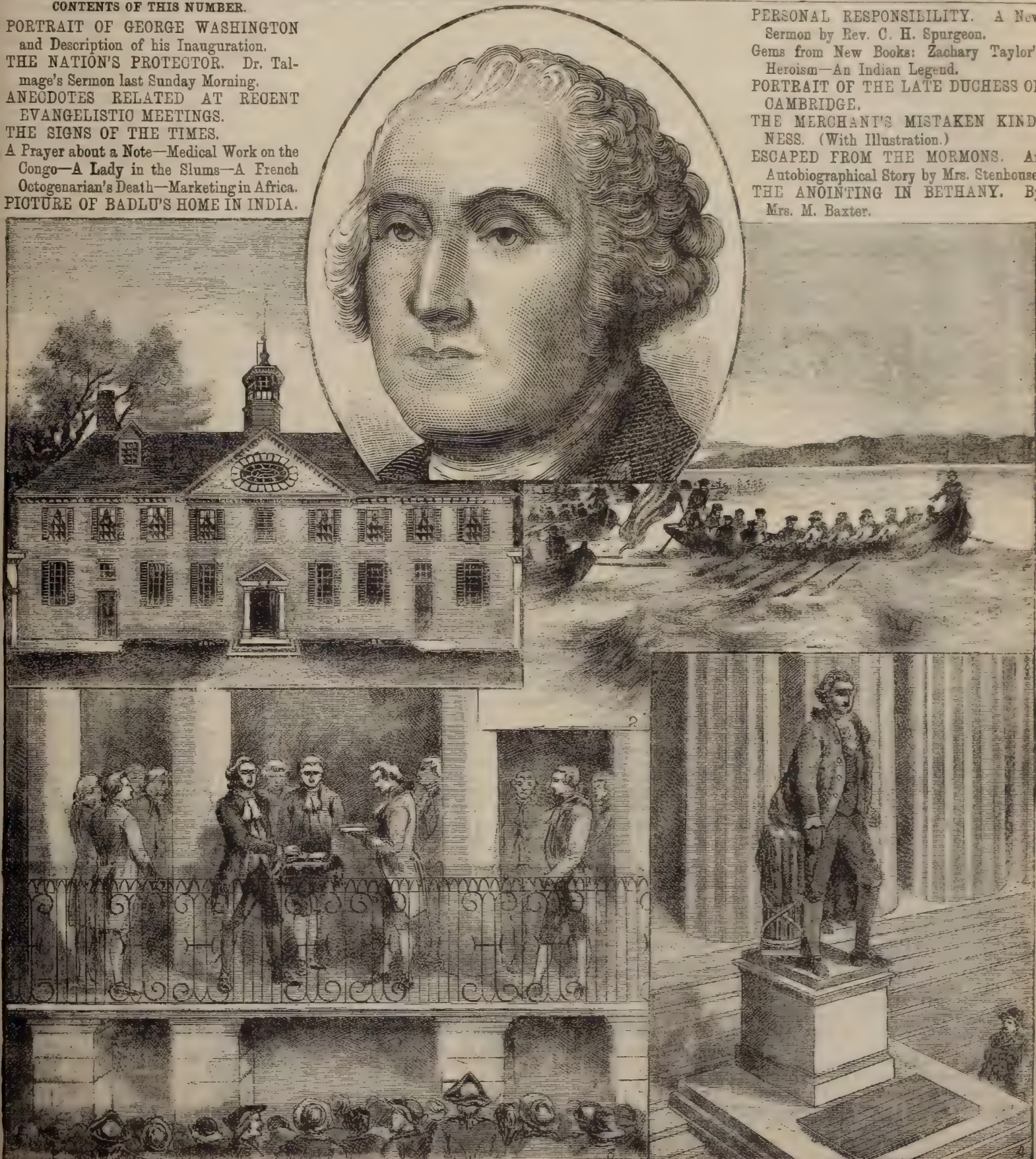
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GEORGE WASHINGTON—His Home at Mount Vernon—Crossing the Kill von Kull—Taking the Oath April 30, 1789—His Statue in New York.

THE INAUGURATION OF 1789.

A BRIEF summary has been given, in previous issues of this journal, of the programme of the ceremonies by which the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of the first President of the United States is celebrated this week in New York. This week we give an account of that inauguration, collected from the journals of a hundred years ago, and with it, on the first page, a portrait of Washington, with a picture of his home at Mount Vernon, a sketch of the procession of boats that accompanied him across the Kill von Kull to New York, a view of the inauguration at the old Federal Hall in Wall Street, New York, and a picture of the statue of Washington which now stands on the spot where the Father of his country stood when he took the oath of office.

The Election

had been made by only ten States. New York had begun the quarrels in the Legislature which have characterized her down to the present time, and a dead-lock having been developed, no electors were chosen in time to take part in the election. North Carolina and Rhode Island had not ratified the Constitution, and the election of President and Vice-President had, therefore, been left to the remaining ten States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia. These States were entitled to sixty-nine votes in the electoral college, and of the sixty-nine electors chosen not six were pledged how they should vote before the election. Each was to write the names of the two men of his choice on his ballot, without indicating which of the two was for President and which for Vice-President. The man receiving the greatest number of votes was to be President, and the next highest Vice-President. There could be but one choice for President, but if there had been a similar unanimity as to the Vice-President the choice would have devolved on the House of Representatives. Of that, however, there was no probability. No name except that of Washington had the charm necessary to secure the unanimous support of the States, and, accordingly, while every ballot bore his name, only thirty-four—or less than half—bore the name of John Adams.

Gen. Washington was declared elected to the Presidency on Monday, April 6, as appears from the following brief sketch of the most interesting of the proceedings of Congress, Monday, April 6, 1789:

"A quorum of both houses met, and on counting the votes for president and vice president, they appeared to be:

"For president—His excell. gen. Washington, 69.

"For vice president—Hon. John Adams, 34; John Jay, 9; R. R. Hanson, 6; John Rutledge, 6; John Hancock, 4; George Clinton, 3; Samuel Huntington, 2; John Milton, 2; James Armstrong, 1; Edward Telfair, 1; Benjamin Lincoln, 1.

"Upon which his excellency George Washington, esq., was announced president and the honorable John Adams, esq., vice president of the united states."

President Washington was eight days in coming from Mount Vernon to New York, starting on Thursday, April 16, from Alexandria, and reaching Baltimore the next afternoon. He seems to have been expected at the Delaware State line by the Philadelphians on Sunday, but did not arrive until the next day. The first of the descriptive articles is dated, "Baltimore, April 21, 1789," and runs as follows:

At Baltimore.

"The President of the United States arrived in this place on his way to congress on Friday afternoon, the 17th instant, with Charles Thompson, Esq., and Colonel Humphries. This great man was met some miles from town by a large body of respectable citizens on horseback, and conducted, under a discharge of cannon, to Mr. Grant's tavern, through crowds of admiring spectators. At six o'clock a committee chosen

in consequence of a late notification to adjust the preliminaries of his reception, waited upon him with an address. A great number of the citizens were presented to him, and very graciously received. Having arrived too late for a public dinner, he accepted an invitation to supper, from which he retired a little after 10 o'clock. The next morning he was in his carriage at half-past 5 o'clock, when he left town under a discharge of cannon, and attended, as on his entrance, by a body of the citizens on horseback. These gentlemen accompanied him seven miles, when, alighting from his carriage, he would not permit them to proceed any further; but took leave of them after thanking them in an affectionate, obliging manner for their politeness. We shall only add, on this occasion that those who had often seen him before, and those who never had, were equally anxious to see him. Such is the rare impression excited by his uncommon character."

At Philadelphia.

Next in order is the letter from Philadelphia, April 24, 1789. A letter from a gentleman in that city to his friend in the country, dated the 22d inst., says: "I know you are anxious to hear the particulars of our late procession on the arrival of the president general. Being myself one of the *dramatis personæ*, I shall give you a short detail of it as well as my memory will serve.

"On the 19th instant his excellency, Thomas Mifflin, Esq., President of the State, the honorable Richard Peters, esq., speaker of our Legislature, and the old city troop of horse, commanded by Colonel Miles, proceeded as far as the line between this State and that of Delaware under the pleasing expectation of meeting our beloved Washington, President General of the United States; we were, however, disappointed, as he did not arrive at the line till early next morning, when we were joined by another troop from the city, commanded by Captain Bingham. After paying him the tribute of military honor due to his rank and exalted character by proper salutes and otherwise, we escorted him into Chester, where we breakfasted and rested a couple of hours.

"This great and worthy man, finding he could not possibly elude the parade which necessarily must attend manifestations of joy and affection, when displayed by a grateful people to their patriot benefactor, ordered his carriages into the rear of the whole line, and mounted an elegant horse, accompanied by the venerable patriot, Charles Thompson, esq., and his former aide-de-camp, the celebrated Colonel Humphries, both of whom were also on horseback. On our way to the city we were joined by detachments from the Chester and Philadelphia troops of horse, commanded by Captains McDowel and Thompson, and also by a number of respectable citizens, at whose head was the worthy citizen and soldier, his excellency Arthur St. Clair, esq., Governor of the western territory. Thus we proceeded to mess, Gray's bridge, on Schuylkill, observing the strictest order and regularity during the march. But here such a scene presented itself that even the pencil of a Raphael could not delineate.

"The bridge was highly decorated with laurel and other evergreens, by Messrs. Gray, the ingenious Mr. Peale, and others, and in such a style as to display uncommon taste in these gentlemen. At each end there were erected magnificent arches composed of laurel, emblematical of the ancient triumphal arches used by the Romans, and on each side of the bridge a laurel shrubbery, which seemed to challenge even nature herself for simplicity, ease, and elegance. And as our beloved WASHINGTON passed the bridge a lad beautifully ornamented with sprigs of laurel, assisted by certain machinery, let drop above the hero's head, unperceived by him, a civic crown of laurel. There was also a very elegant display of variegated flags on each side of the bridge, as well as other places, which alternately caught the eye and filled the spectator's soul with admiration and delight.

"But who can describe the heartfelt congratulations of more than 20,000 free citizens, who lined every fence, field, and avenue, between the bridge and the city? The aged sire, the venerable matron, the blooming virgin, and the ruddy youth, were all emulous in their plaudits—nay, the lisping infant did not withhold its innocent smile of praise and approbation. In short, all classes and descriptions of citizens discovered—and they felt what they discovered—the most undisguised attachment and unbounded zeal for their dear chief, and, I may add, under God, the saviour of their country. Not all the pomp of majesty, nor even imperial dignity itself, surrounded with its usual splendor and magnificence, could equal this interesting scene."

In New York.

As before stated, President Washington left Philadelphia the next day, which was Tuesday, and arrived in New York, where Congress was already in session in the building now occupied by the United States Custom House, in Wall street, on Thursday, April 23, as appears from the following report:

"New York, April 25, 1789.—On Thursday, about 2 o'clock, arrived in town the most illustrious George Washington, President of the United States. His excellency slept at Woodbridge on Wednesday night, and on Thursday morning arrived at Mr. Boudinot's, where he breakfasted, along with the gentlemen composing the committee appointed by congress, etc. etc. About 12 o'clock he was conducted on board of the barge prepared for his reception, the beauty of which met with his highest approbation; he was rowed across the bay by thirteen skilful pilots, Thomas Randall, esq., acting as cockswain. His excellency's barge was accompanied by a barge containing the heads of the great departments of the United States, viz, the honorable board of treasury, the minister of foreign affairs, and the secretary at war.

"On approaching near the city our illustrious chief was highly gratified with a further military display of infantry, commanded by Captain James Rees, and artillery commanded by Captain Jeremiah Fisher, two active and able officers; and here I must not omit to give due praise to that worthy veteran, Major Fullerton, for his zeal, activity, and good conduct on this occasion. These corps joined in the procession, and thousands of freemen, whose hearts burned with patriotic fire, also fell into the ranks almost every square we marched, until the column swelled beyond credibility itself; and, having conducted

The Man of our Hearts

to the city tavern, he was introduced to a very grand and plentiful banquet, which was prepared for him by the citizens. At dinner thirteen patriotic toasts were drank. The pleasures and festivity of the day being over, they were succeeded by a handsome display of fireworks in the evening. Thus I have given you a faint idea of this glorious procession, and of the universal joy which inspired every heart upon this interesting, this important occasion."

The joy and enthusiasm manifested by the people must have been very welcome to Washington, who, as is well known, was more reluctant than any of his successors have been to accept the high office. To his friend Henry Knox he wrote before setting out for his inauguration: "My movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution. . . . Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for of the consolations which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me." To Benjamin Lincoln he wrote: "I most heartily wish the choice may not fall upon me. If I should conceive myself in a manner constrained to accept, I call heaven to witness that this very act would be the greatest sacrifice of my personal feelings and wishes that

er I have been called upon to make." To Lafayette he said: "I shall assume the task with most unfeigned reluctance and with a real confidence, for which I shall probably receive no edit from the world."

His motive in accepting, however, was worthy such a man. Writing to Benjamin Harrison, he said: "Heaven knows that no event can be so desired by me, and that no earthly consideration short of so general a call, together with desire to reconcile contending parties as far as in me lies, could again bring me into public life." The call was not one that so great a man could refuse, for it was a call to duty as well as honor. Having, therefore, paid a visit of farewell as "the last act of personal duty" to his aged mother at Fredericksburg, and having borrowed five hundred pounds of a gentleman in Alexandria to discharge all his personal debts, and another hundred pounds to help defray the expenses of his journey to New York, Washington was ready to leave his home on the Potomac, and commence his administration. About 10 o'clock," he wrote in his diary under date of April 16, 1789, "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed by more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York in company with Mr. Thompson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

The Gift of a Barge

As a substantial tribute of esteem tendered to Washington in connection with his passage across the Kill von Kull depicted on the first page. The barge had been prepared for the occasion by the Marine Society of New York (incorporated 1770). It was manned by the president of the Society as coxswain, and twelve ship-masters of the Society, and cost between two and three hundred pounds. After the president-elect had been thus rowed across to the city, the barge was tendered to him as a gift by the Society, and accepted in a letter dated May 3, 1789, which is one of the Marine Society's most treasured documents. In the celebration of this week the same Society was again assigned the duty of rowing the President across the same stream. The coxswain was again the President of the Society. That office is now filled by Ambrose Snow, and the twelve ship-masters who handled the oars were men some of whom are seventy-five years old. They are: G. D. S. Trask, Samuel J. Trinkeld, James Parker, Richard Luce, John Dewar, George L. Norton, Albert Spencer, William Squibart, George Deerborn, William A. Ellis, T. Marsh, and Stephen Whitman, all American ship-masters.

An Eye-Witness of the Inauguration—

Miss Eliza Quincy—wrote: "I was on the roof of the first house in Broad street, which belonged to Captain Prince, the father of one of my school companions, and so near Washington that I could almost hear him speak. The windows and roofs of the houses were crowded, and in the streets the throng was so dense that it seemed as if one might literally walk on the heads of the people. The balcony of the hall was in full view of this assembled multitude. In the centre of it was placed a table with a rich covering of red velvet, and upon this, on a crimson velvet cushion, lay a large and elegant Bible. This was all the paraphernalia of the august scene. All eyes were fixed on the balcony, where, at the appointed hour, Washington entered, accompanied by the Chancellor of the State of New York, who was to administer the oath, by John Adams, Vice-President, Governor Clinton, and many other distinguished men. . . . After a few moments Washington arose and came forward. Chancellor Livingston read the oath, according to the form prescribed by the Constitution, and Washington repeated it, resting his hand upon the table. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, then took the Bible and raised it to the lips of Washing-

ton, who stooped and kissed the book. At this moment a signal was given by raising a flag upon the cupola of the hall for a general discharge of the artillery of the Battery. All the bells in the city rang out a peal of joy, and the assembled multitude sent forth a universal shout. The President again bowed to the people, and then retired from a scene such as the proudest monarch never enjoyed."

After taking the oath the President with the company in the balcony returned to the Senate Chamber, where he delivered his inaugural address. He, then, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Speaker, and the two Houses of Congress, proceeded on foot to St. Paul's Church, where service was conducted by the Chaplain of the Senate, the Right Rev. Samuel Provoost, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York. At its conclusion Washington entered the State coach and was escorted home.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Donor of \$20,000 to the Work of Foreign Missions was being spoken of as a most munificent giver. "Not quite so," was the answer. "I know of at least one more generous giver." "Really?" "Well, that gift is known to very few except the Lord. The other day I was calling on a friend of mine, a very aged man, who told me, with tears running down his cheeks, that his only son was about to leave home for missionary work in a far-away land. The father had discovered that the young man felt called of God to such service, but was tarrying at home for his sake. 'How could I keep him back?' said the old man. 'I had prayed nearly all my life, "Thy kingdom come," "Send forth laborers into Thy harvest," and with all the pain of parting with my boy, in the certainty I shall never see him again on earth, there is a deep joy in giving him up for Christ's sake.'"

Riding Out the Gale.—Dr. Pentecost said: "I was once out in a small sailing vessel on the American coast, when suddenly the wind rose, blowing a furious tempest right on shore. Our bluff, old New England captain did all he could to keep away from that rock-bound coast, but all was of no avail. The ship was too small in the teeth of that gale to labor against a head wind, and we were rapidly approaching the shore. Now we could see the breakers and hear them crash over the rocks with a roar like thunder. We passengers gave ourselves up for lost. I at least felt very much alarmed when the captain gave the order to cast the anchor. Soon we saw we had ceased to drift; and were riding out the storm; yet some of us, as we looked at the thin cable chains, and then at the great fury of the storm, were inclined to doubt if indeed we were safe. But the captain went up to the chain, and pressing it down with his foot, remarked, 'Ah, it has good holding-ground, and it is a good anchor. I have proved it often. It will hold us till the morning.' And, thank God, it did. The Christian's hope that holds him steady through this world's storms is Christ: He is our only true and firm ground of hope, and we are bound to Him by His Word, His promise, and His oath."

Safer To-Day than To-Morrow.—Dr. Pentecost related the following incident at a Glasgow meeting: "At the close of one of the services of a well-known clergyman, a young man came up to him and said, 'Doctor, I am very anxious about my soul.' The minister kindly spoke to him, showed him the way of salvation, and finally, marking some passages in the young man's Bible, advised him to go home, prayerfully read them, and come to him to-morrow. The inquirer was about to go, when suddenly turning round and again confronting the doctor, he said, 'But, sir, if I should die to-night?' The clergyman was quite taken aback, but recovering himself he said, 'Young man, that is serious. Come and kneel in this room, and here and now you can give yourself to Christ.' In that room accordingly they both knelt, and our

Heavenly Father again heard and answered the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' The prayer was not long, but it was from the heart, and God heard it as it left the young man's lips, and swiftly on the wings of love and grace came the answer, 'I will, be thou clean.' Then the supplicant rose a justified man. Friends, do not put off the matter of your soul's salvation. What if you should die to-night? You may. Realize the terrible consequences attendant upon that possibility, and just now, while Jesus whispers to you, come."

A Heroic Blue-Ribbon Sailor.—The Rev. Mr. Gordon observes: "A wild and drunken sailor, notorious even among his rough shipmates for his drunken habits and his fluency in foul language, was passing along a street near the Docks, when he was attracted by singing. Having nothing special to do he walked towards the direction from which the sound had come, and there saw a company of God's people gathered together holding a Gospel meeting. He stood and listened, and God's Spirit laid hold upon him, and showed him his sinful and lost condition, and also the way to escape condemnation. The sailor resolved to change captains, no longer to serve under the pirate skipper, Satan, but under Captain Jesus, and at once he showed his colors and donned the blue ribbon. The ship in which he was went to Rangoon, and while he was there he was attacked by fever, and removed to the hospital. At first his life was despaired of, but one day the doctor said, 'Well, Jack, there is a faint chance of recovery, and we must feed you up on brandy; you'll not think that bad medicine, eh? it is the only thing that may save you.' Jack looked at the doctor and said, 'Doctor I have been a drunkard, and Jesus has saved me from sin, and from the power of strong drink. Brandy might save my body, though I doubt it, but it might kill my soul. Whether I die or not I will not touch it!' I do not know whether he lived or died, but in either case he was a noble man, a true hero, and a consistent and firm Christian."

A Brave Roman Legion Destroyed.—A Minister relates: "There was a Christian legion in the Roman army. In the north of Italy dwelt a great number of Christians, whom the Roman Emperor had determined to extirpate, and this legion was ordered to carry out his ferocious resolution. In vain they implored that they should not be forced to butcher their brethren in the faith. It was part of the policy of the cruel despot, that by doing this duty they should sever themselves from their fellow-Christians, and then he thought they would readily fall back to the worship of their old idols. When the time for action came, and the Christian legion was ordered to do its sanguinary work, they firmly refused to obey. In vain they were alternately threatened and importuned; they were determined to obey God rather than man. Word was sent to headquarters. A large number of soldiers were sent down; the legion was surrounded and given the option of obeying or being decimated; yet not a man wavered in his resolution. Every tenth man was killed, and the exasperated officer in command gave them only a short time to consider whether they who were left would obey or be slaughtered where they stood. Even in the face of certain death not one faltered, but falling on their knees they prayed God to have mercy upon their fierce destroyers. The general, now frantic with rage, could not bear the sight of the kneeling saints; he ordered his men to rush upon them and put every man to the sword. Not one tried to escape. How do many Christians of the present day compare with these splendid and heroic Christians of the early ages? I fear many of us have not such magnificent courage. The reason is because we do not keep close to our Master and follow in His footsteps."

Volume XL., of the Christian Herald, Containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887 are also for sale. We can also furnish complete volumes for 1884, 1885, and 1888, unbound, price \$1.50, including postage.

THE NATION'S PROTECTOR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday,
April 28, 1889.

"And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." II Kings 6: 17.

The Prophet's Supernatural Guards—Our National Perils—Fiery Deliverances from Enthrallment—Elevation through Tribulation—The Upper Forces on the Side of the Nation—The Perils of the Thirteen Colonies—The Ordeal of Civil War—The Deliverance in 1876—God the Friend of the Nation—How Deliverance has Come—Registering the Vagabond Voters—Further Steps Needed—The Liquor Menace—Deliverance Sure—Faith in the Upper Forces—A Political Party with a Christian Platform—Purification of Presidential Campaigns—A National Religion Needed—The Name Cut in the Rock.

As it cost England many regiments and two million dollars a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the king of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—perhaps 50,000 men—to take Elisha. During the night the army of Assyrians came around the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the man-servant of Elisha rushed in and said: "What shall we do? there is a whole army come to destroy you! We must die! we must die!" But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and saw the mountains all around full of

Supernatural Forces,

and he knew that if there were 50,000 Assyrians against him there were 100,000 angels for him; and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his affrighted man-servant, the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire, and warriors of fire with brandished swords of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalcade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." I have often spoken to you of the Assyrian perils which threaten our American institutions, but now, as we are assembling to keep centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington, I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and chariots of Divine rescue.

You will notice that the Divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John, when they come to describe the Divine equipage, always represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered conflagration. It is not a chariot like kings and conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, deliverance through burning escapes. Chariot of rescue? yes, but chariot of fire. All

Our National Disenthrallments

have been through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulation nations rise. Chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire. But how do I know that this Divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last one hundred and eight years. The American Revolution started from the pen of John Hancock in Independence Hall in 1776. The colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side, the mightiest nation of the earth, the largest armies, and the grandest navies, and the most distinguished commanders, and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing, as against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the quarreling of the generals, and through the jealousies at small successes, and through the

winters which surpassed all predecessors in depth of snow and horrors of congelment. Elisha surrounded by the whole Assyrian army did not seem to be worse off than did

The Thirteen Colonies

encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The Green and White mountains of New England, the Highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges were full of reinforcements which the young man Washington saw by faith; and his men endured the frozen feet, and the gangrened wounds, and the exhausting hunger, and the long march, because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." *Washington himself was a miracle.* What Joshua was in sacred history, the first American president was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in different things, but he excelled them all in roundness and completeness of character. The world never saw his like, and probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will be another such exigency. He was let down a Divine interposition. He was from God direct.

I do not know how any man can read the history of those times without admitting the contest was decided by the upper forces. Then,

In 1861,

when our civil war opened, many at the North and at the South pronounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large States against small States. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many generations against the resources of generations, it was the prayer of the North against the prayer of the South, it was one-half of the nation in armed wrath, meeting the other half of the nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States forces was a man who had been great in battle, but old age had come, with many infirmities, and he had a right to quietude. He could not mount a horse, and he rode on the battle-field in a carriage, asking the driver not to jolt it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest, on the Southern side was a man in mid-life, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of Cherubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years passed on and

The Scroll of Carnage

unrolled, there came out from both sides a heroism, and a strength, and a determination that the world had never seen marshaled. And what but extermination could come when Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from North and South, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet, we are a nation, and yet we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the conflict. The upper forces of the text. They tell us there was a battle fought above the clouds on Lookout Mountain; but there was something higher than that.

Again, the horses and chariots of God came to the rescue of this nation in 1876, at the close of a Presidential election famous for ferocity.

A Darker Cloud Yet

settled down upon this nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in every town and village and city of the United States seemed imminent. The prospect was that New York would throttle New York, and New Orleans would grip New Orleans, and Boston, Boston, and Savannah, Savannah, and Washington, Washington. Some said Mr. Tilden was elected; others said Mr. Hayes was elected; and how near we came to universal massacre some of us guessed, but God only knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and

righteousness of infuriated politicians, but ascribe it to the upper forces of the text. Chariots of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard, and the flash was not seen, yet all through the mountains of the North and South and the East and the West, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavalry of God galloped by. I tell you God is the friend of this nation. In the awful excitement at the massacre at Lincoln, when there was a prospect that great slaughter would open upon this nation, God hushed the tempest. In the awful excitement at the time of Garfield's assassination, God put His foot on the neck of the cyclone. To pre-

God is on the Side of This Nation,

I argue from the last eight or nine great national harvests, and from the national health of the last quarter of a century, epidemics very exceptional, and from the great revivals of religion and from the spreading of the Church of God and from the continent blossoming with asylums and reformatory institutions, and from an Education which promises that this whole land to be a paradise, where God shall walk.

If in other sermons I showed you what the evil that threatened to upset and demolish American institutions, I am encouraged more than I can tell you as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turn into doologies, and that which was the Good Friday the nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morn of its resurrection. Of course, God works through human instrumentalities, and this

National Betterment

is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot-box. By the law of registration is almost impossible now to have illegal voting. There was a time—you and I remember it well—when droves of vagabonds wandered and down on election day, and from poll to poll, and voted here, and voted there, and voted everywhere, and there was no challenge; or there were, it amounted to nothing, because nothing could so suddenly be proved upon the vagabonds. Now, in every well-organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with severe scrutiny. I must tell the registrar my name and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the State, and how long I have resided in the ward or the township, and if I misrepresent fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot-box. Is not that a great advance? And then notice the law that prohibits a man voting if he has bet on the election. A step further needs to be taken, and that man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink, cash paid down, the suspicious cases obliged to put their hand on the Bible and swear they will vote in if they vote at all. So, through the sacred chest of our nation's suffrage, redemption will come.

God Will Save This Nation

through an aroused moral sentiment. There has never been so much discussion of morals as in our immorals. Men, whether or not they acknowledge what is right, have to think what is right. We have men who have had their hands in the public treasury the most of their lifetime, stealing all they could lay their hands on, discussing eloquently about dishonesty in public servants; and men with two or three families of their own, preaching eloquently about the beatitudes of the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness is thrust in the face of this nation as never before, and takes a part in our political contests. The question of national sobriety is going to be respectfully and deferentially heard at the bar of every Legislature, and every House of Representatives, and every United States Senate; and an omnipotent voice will ring down the sky and across this land and back again, saying to these rising tides of drunkenness which threaten to overwhelm home and church and nation: "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall proud waves be stayed."

I have not in my mind a shadow of dishonourment as large as the shadow of a houseful

ing. My faith is in the upper forces, the upper armies of the text. *God is not dead!* The chariots are not unwheeled. If you would only pray more, and wash your eyes in the cool, bright water fresh from the well of Christian reform, it would be said of you, as of this one of the text: "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

When the army of Antigonous went into battle his soldiers were very much discouraged, and they rushed up to the General and said to him: "Don't you see we have a few forces, and they have so many more?" and the soldiers were affrighted at the smallness of their number and the greatness of the enemy. Antigonous, their commander, straightened himself up and said, with indignation and vehemence: "How many do you reckon me to be?" And when we see the vast armies arrayed against

The Cause of Sobriety

It may sometimes be very discouraging, but I ask you in making up your estimate of the forces of righteousness—I ask you how many do you reckon the Lord God Almighty to be? He is our commander. The Lord of Hosts is His name. I have the best authority for saying that the chariots of God are twenty thousand, and the mountains are full of them.

You will take without my saying it that my only faith is in Christianity and in the upper forces suggested in the text. Political parties come and go, and they may be right, and they may be wrong; but God lives, and I think He has ordained this nation for a career of prosperity that no demagogism will be able to halt. I expect to live to see a political party which will have a platform of two planks—the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. When that party is formed it will sweep across this land like a tornado, I was going to say, but when I think it is not to be devastation but re-education, I change the figure and say, such a party as that will sweep across this land like a gentle breeze from heaven.

Have you any doubt about the need of the Christian religion to purify and make

Decent American Politics?

At every yearly or quadrennial election we have in this country great manufactories—manufactories of lies; and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prurient. Lies cut bias, and lies cut diagonal. Long-limbed lies, and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary, and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels, and scales like crocodiles, and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope's, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready-wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a Presidential campaign.

I confess, I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in such times. I should think he would stand dazed, his hand on his pocket-book, and dare not go out nights. What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is, many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German and Italian and Swedish and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after a while. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade every year or every four years, must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountain intoning the com-

mand, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mountain making plea for kindness and blessing rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have

A National Religion.

There are two kinds of national religion. The one is supported by the State, and is a matter of human politics, and it has great patronage, and under it men will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of \$75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and canonicals, and room for a thousand people, yet an audience of fifty people, or twenty people, or ten, or two.

We want no such religion as that, no such national religion; but we want this kind of national religion—the vast majority of the people converted and evangelized, and then they will manage the secular as well as the religious.

Do you say that this is impracticable? No. The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God, and that this is His book, and that He has the strength and the honesty to fulfil His promises. One of the ancient emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counsellors said was impossible, and I have to tell you to-day that man's impossibles are God's easies. "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Hath He commanded, and will He not bring it to pass?" The Christian religion is coming to take possession of every ballot-box, of every school-house, of every home, of every valley, of every mountain, of every acre of our national domain. This nation, notwithstanding all the evil influences that are trying to destroy it, is going to live.

Never since, according to John Milton, when "Satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as now.

What a Jewel it is

—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic Ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific Ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic Sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation! One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien, the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and

All Free, and All Christian.

and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, He shall at last set up His throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere, Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring Straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all human computation? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind, and soul on the right side of all moral, religious, and national movements.

Ah! it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven

feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon—the youngest of us. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulchre, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden.

The Name in the Rock.

One of the seven wonders of the world was the white marble watch-tower of Pharos of Egypt. Sostratus, the architect and sculptor, after building that watch-tower, cut his name on it. Then he covered it with plastering, and to please the King, he put the monarch's name on the outside of the plastering; and the storms beat and the seas dashed in their fury, and they washed off the plastering, and they washed it out, and they washed it down, but the name of Sostratus was deep cut in the imperishable rock. So across the face of this nation there have been a great many names written, across our finances, across our religions, names worthy of remembrance, names written on the architecture of our churches and our schools and our asylums and our homes of mercy; but God is the architect of this continent, and He was the sculptor of all its grandeurs; and long after—through the wash of the ages and the tempests of centuries—all other names shall be obliterated, the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and the world shall see that the God who made this continent has redeemed it by His grace from all its sorrows and from all its crimes.

Have You Faith?

in such a thing as that? After all the chariots have been unwheeled, and after all the war chargers have been crippled, the chariots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in triumph, followed by all the armies of heaven on white horses. God could do it without us, but He will not. The weakest of us, the faintest of us, the smallest brained of us, shall have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name, like the name of Sostratus, cut in imperishable rock and conspicuous for centuries, but we shall be remembered in a better place than that, even in the heart of Him who came to redeem us and redeem the world, and our names will be seen close to the signature of His wound, for, as to-day He throws out His arms to us, He says: "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hand." By the mightiest of all agencies, the potency of prayer, I beg you seek our national welfare.

A Marine Post-Office.

Some time ago there were 4,600,000 letters in the dead letter post-office at Washington—letters that lost their way—but not one prayer ever directed to the heart of God miscarried. The way is all clear for the ascent of your supplications heavenward in behalf of this nation. Before the postal communication was so easy, and long ago, on a rock one hundred feet high, on the coast of England, there was a barrel fastened to a post, and in great letters on the side of the rock, so it could be seen far out at sea, were the words "Post Office;" and when ships came by a boat put out to take and fetch letters. And so sacred were those deposits of affection in that barrel that no lock was ever put upon that barrel, although it contained messages for America, and Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. Many a storm-tossed sailor, homesick, got messages of kindness by that rock, and many a home-ward heard good news from a boy long gone. Would that all the heights of our national prosperity were in interchange of sympathies—prayers going up meeting blessings coming down; postal celestial, not by a storm-struck rock on a wintry coast, but by the Rock of Ages.

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A PRAYER ABOUT A NOTE.

AN incident mentioned at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting illustrates the methods God uses in answering prayer. Among the requests which Mr. Lanphier read was one from a man in pressing need of money, and a gentleman present referring to this request, described how such a prayer had been answered in his experience. He had been induced to indorse a note for a heavy amount. He fully expected that his friend who had drawn the note would meet it at maturity, or would, at the most, require but little assistance in doing so. But when the note matured, he had to pay the whole amount. It came at a time when he had no money at command. His legitimate business had absorbed all available funds, and this unexpected demand meant bankruptcy and ruin. In his extremity he went into his closet "and shut to the door." He prayed earnestly for a long time without light coming. Presently, with no association to suggest the process of thought, the image of a friend floated before his mind. Why he should have seen that friend's face during his prayer he could not conceive, but thinking it might be a suggestion in answer to his prayer, he rose and went directly to his house, and told him the circumstances. "I can help you," said his friend; "it happens that I have just now a considerable sum lying unused at the bank, and you can have it as long as you need it." A cheque was written, and the thankful man left with a heart relieved. The note was taken up on the very last day of grace, only five minutes before the bank closed; but that was sufficient, his credit was saved. Business prospered, and he was soon able to refund the money advanced to him in his emergency. It is his solemn conviction that he was saved from ruin by being directed of God to apply to that friend, who was not a man to whom otherwise he would have thought of going for assistance.

MEDICAL WORK ON THE CONGO.

A LETTER which Dr. Dowkontt publishes in his *Medical Missionary Record* gives an idea of the character of the work medical missionaries are doing in the Congo state. It is from Dr. Charles B. Banks, and is dated from Equator Station. "Dr. Banks says: When we first came here a great many of the people were dying, and when we went into the town to speak to the people, many objected to our speaking; others allowed us to speak, and then, when we were done, changed the subject, and said, 'Your words are good, but you kill our people.' 'How?' I asked: and they answered, 'Since you came many people have died, and we believe you have killed them.'"

"No," I said, "I have not done this, but if your sick people will come to me, I will do what I can for you." This went on for several Sundays (I had not then sufficient knowledge of the language to speak to them more than once a week without repeating myself too much), and then one day a woman who had been given up as incurable by the native doctors was brought to me. She complained of intense pain in the chest. After a careful examination I was unable to discover anything organically wrong. There was palpitation only. I could not speak enough of the language then to ask and understand the answers to the questions I would like to have put for the purpose of diagnosis. But I came to the conclusion that it was an aggravated case of atonic dyspepsia, and as I found that the local bleeding to which she had been subjected had not relieved the pain, I determined to treat her for that complaint. In six weeks the woman was well again.

As she got better, so my patients began to increase and multiply. The next time I went to the town to speak to them about the love of God, one cried out that we were the cause of the people dying in the town. This time I had no need to defend myself; I had plenty of defenders among the people themselves.

Dr. Dowkontt is doing a most excellent work in preparing men for medical mission work in

foreign lands. Incidentally he is also doing a grand work among the poor of New York. The young men, who are being trained for missionary work abroad, gain experience, both medical and spiritual, in the homes of the sick poor. *He needs funds to support his dispensaries, etc. His address is George D. Dowkontt, M. D., 118 East 45th Street, New York.*

A LADY IN THE SLUMS.

IN a recent letter to a missionary in New York, a Christian man writes: "In 1880 I visited London, called upon my uncle and his family, and asked for Cousin Carrie. In a sneering manner they told me she had made a fool of herself, and was now trying to convert the heathen in London. I was surprised, for I had only known her as a wealthy heiress, fond of the opera and gay society dances. I visited her three days before Christmas. How changed! She had forsaken the luxurious home of an English squire and was working for Jesus in the district of squalor and wretchedness, 'Seven Dials.' I remember the tears came to my eyes as she told me how she became a changed woman."

"One day she accompanied a friend on a visit to Rev. Charles Spurgeon's—his wife had been a schoolmate—and before they left, Mr. Spurgeon quietly asked her if she 'loved the Saviour,' and invited her to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. She went; that night she turned her back to the world. Her father, brother, and sister, being Ritualists, spurned her, as she insisted upon spending her life and annuity for Christ."

"Having expressed a desire to see the nature of her work, I accompanied her on her rounds, and as we wandered up dangerous old stairs, wended down alleys into filthy cellars, everywhere met with sickening odors, I wondered how one nurtured in the cradle of luxury could endure it. It made my head ache, and brought on nausea. What scenes of woe and misery I witnessed! How the sick seemed to adore her very shadow! I said, 'Carrie, how on earth can you stand it?' She quietly replied, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

"Last week I had a letter from her, saying her work had grown, and that she has now three lady and two male missionaries with her."

A FRENCH OCTOGENARIAN'S DEATH.

A VENERABLE friend of the McAll Mission in Paris is dead. Our readers who have taken an interest in Mr. McAll's work have noticed frequent references in the reports to M. Saint-Hilaire. It is he who is dead in his eighty-seventh year. Mr. McAll, writing to his friends here, gives some interesting details about his lamented friend and helper. He says:

M. Rosseeuw Saint-Hilaire's was one of the most honored names among French Protestants, and yet he was by birth and education a Roman Catholic. Indifferent to religion, he had never lapsed into atheism, but it was not until after the sudden death of his young wife and infant child that he felt the need of something more satisfactory than the philosophic deism which he then held. A professor of history in a provincial college, and already beginning to collect materials for that History of Spain which was his lifework, he had acquired a hatred of religious oppression, and when he married for his second wife the daughter of a Protestant, and became connected through her with a Protestant Church, he was prepared to find in the Gospel that which met all his need. Up to that time he had been an enthusiastic political writer, being devoted heart and soul to the liberal cause, and to M. Thiers, its advocate. He afterwards said, "*Politics were my religion until religion became my politics.*" It was about the year 1848, when he had been for six years associate professor of history in the Sorbonne, that this change took place. From that time religion was the absorbing interest of his life.

His lectures were kindled with this new flame, and with a fresh enthusiasm he sought to convey his own convictions to his pupils. One of

the most celebrated historians of Hungary had lately said that it was while a student under M. Rosseeuw Saint-Hilaire that he turned from scepticism to the Christian faith. His writing breathed the same spirit.

M. Rosseeuw Saint-Hilaire became devoted to "his friends of the McAll meetings." He once said to M. Bersier that certain evenings in a *salle* in one of the *faubourgs* of Paris had given him more of true joy than all his former brilliant successes.

A DAUGHTER'S EXCUSE REMOVED.

A SINGULAR instance of conversion in old age is reported from Kalgan, in North China, by Mr. Sprague in a letter to the *Missionary Herald*, referring to the recent death of a Christian in that town. His widow was anxious to have the usual heathen ceremonies, but her son, a Christian boy of great promise, earnestly protested. He had often joined his deceased father in urging the mother to become a Christian, but she had one unfailing excuse. She said that she must wait till her father died and had been properly worshipped before becoming a Christian. This father, now seventy-five years of age, was present at the funeral of his son-in-law, and manifested great interest in listening to the Christian doctrine there preached. Mr. Sprague says:

"We conducted the first Christian funeral ever witnessed in that village, and committed the dust to dust in hope of a joyful resurrection with us at the great day. Many were interested; especially the old man was led by the Spirit to decide to give up all those vanities that had given him no comfort or hope, and commence the worship of his Creator. He was quite ready to go home and destroy his idols. We visited him some days afterwards at his home (in another village, two miles away), and saw him tear down, and destroy and burn his idols. Then at the earnest request of the Christians present, I baptized him after explaining the creed, and hearing his assent to it. This is the first convert in that village. Several of his family looked on, and listened with interest. We hope and pray for more to follow."

The woman who with strange significance uttered the plea of the man in the gospel (Matt. 8:21), "Suffer me first to bury my father" will, it may be hoped, find no further excuse for delay in coming to Christ.

MARKETING IN AFRICA.

IN a letter to the *African News*, William Rasmussen, one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries, gives some curious details about the purchasing of food and other necessities from the natives on the Congo. He says: "Brother White and I have lived mostly on native food here at Isangala. It is good, substantial, and cheap. It may interest you to know what we pay for provisions, so I will give you the price list: For a bunch of plantains, containing from 30 to 60, according to size, we pay 2 yards of cloth, equal to about eight cents; for a bunch of bananas, 2 yards; for a tin bucketful of sweet potatoes, 2 yards; for 6 kwanga, about 3 and 6 inches long, 2 yards; for 8 lbs. of ham, 2 yards; for 6 tin cupfuls of beans, 2 yards; for 6 eggs, 2 yards; and for a good-sized chicken, 4 yards. So you can see that native food is cheap, and we have had plenty, ever during the dry season. At Vivi, the price is a little higher, as there are so many white men to buy, and at Manyanga, they say, it is more than twice as high."

When Mr. Rasmussen wrote he had just returned from a journey to Vivi to transmit a conference report. On his way back to his station at Isangala he stayed at Matamba for lunch and then went on again. "In about two hours," he says, "I heard a noise in the brush, and, looking up, I saw an elephant coming right toward me. Well, I felt considerably surprised, and, having no weapons besides my knife, umbrella, and walking-stick, I thought the best

plan was to get up in a tree as soon as possible, and when I got up in a good strong one, and saw the elephant pass by in a hurry, I felt much more comfortable.

"At night I camped at Pampa Ngulu, on the bank of the Congo, a place generally used by the carriers for camping. I put my bed under a large rock that would protect me if it should rain, and, having a fire built to keep hippopotami and buffaloes away, I slept as well and felt as safe as if I had been in the city of New York. The next day, I arrived at Isangala, and was truly glad that I was home again."

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

By Canon Faussett.*

This Period a Perplexing Problem—The Key in the Christian's Hands—I. The Closing of the Gentile Times—Israel's Approaching Restoration—II. The Revivals in Various Lands—III. The Gospel Preached as a Witness—IV. The Appearance of the Three Frog-like Spirits—V. The World and the Apostate Church Preparing for Antichrist—VI. Appearance of Predicted Types of Heresy—VII. The Prophecies Being Unsealed—VIII. Signs in the Natural World—IX. Men Becoming Cosmopolitan.

THE prevalent feeling as to unfulfilled prophecy has undergone a great change. Formerly the mind of most men, even in the Christian world, was expressed in the witticism, "Its study either finds men mad, or makes them so." Now, all thinking men recognize that in the social, political, and moral world our times are pregnant with issues of the most momentous kind. The Christian has what the mere worldly politician has not, a key to the solution of the perplexing problems of our age. We have "the word of prophecy made more sure" by past and present fulfillments, and "shining as a lamp in a dark place until the day-dawn." Hence, to neglect this divinely given lamp would involve us in our Lord's rebuke to the Pharisees, "Ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

1. The present age is defined by our Lord as "the times (the opportunities) of the Gentiles." (Luke 21 : 24.) In the Gentile season of grace, "the fulness (the full number) of the Gentiles" (the Judæo-Gentile elect Church) is coming in. The times of Israel's depression are closing by

The Emancipation of the Jews

in almost all countries in this century; and, simultaneously, the near-ending of the times of the Gentiles is marked by the revolutionary disintegration of the monarchies and republics (succeeding the Roman Empire) where the Jews have been scattered. The preliminary stages of Israel's restoration, as foretold by Ezek. 37, are already being realized. The Turkish Government, which for centuries has held the Holy Land, is slowly but surely falling to pieces. The restrictions which had forbidden the Jews settling in their own country are removed; and not only in the country of Judea, but in Jerusalem itself, there is a considerable Jewish population, which is ever on the increase through accession of fresh immigrants.

Then the outbreak of persecution against the Jews in continental lands, Russia and Germany, is something surprising in an age of light and toleration. The Jews had been acquiring wealth and standing in Gentile lands, and were beginning to give up the hope of Israel. But prophecy solves the enigma. We see fulfilled before our eyes the words (Ezek. 20 : 32-34), "That which cometh into your mind shall not be at all, that ye say, We will be as the nations. . . . I will bring you out from the countries wherein ye are scattered." But, politically, statesmen are now entertaining seriously the question, hitherto outside the range of practical politics, whether the best solution of the Eastern difficulty would not be the restoration of the Jews as a nation to their own land? The Turk must soon give up his hold on it, and the mutual jealousy of European nations will not allow Russia or any other great power to seize it.

2. The droppings of the spiritual showers, foretold as precursory to the Lord's coming to reign, are already falling. The prophet Joel (2 : 23, 28, 29) foretells an

Outpouring of the Holy Spirit

towards the close of our age, even as it began with the Pentecostal outpouring. The spiritual movement among the Jews of Bessarabia towards Jesus Christ, whom they and Rabinowitz, the leader, claim as their "brother," illustrates this. The special revivals of religion in various lands of Gentile Christendom by evangelistic missions also attest it. Before the Lord comes to take His saints, and to inflict vengeance on apostate Christendom, as we might expect from His loving character, He gives one last message of mercy. Before the tempest the Good Shepherd gathers all His sheep into the fold.

3. Connected with this is the sign of His coming which the Lord Himself gives (Matt. 24 : 14): "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for

A Witness Unto All Nations;

and then shall the end come." The end meant is plainly not the end of the world, *kosmos*, but of the age, *aiōnos*. Nor does the Lord say that all nations are in this age to be converted. If He had said so, there would have been ground for the charge laid against Christian Missions, that after the preaching of eighteen centuries they are a failure. The Lord's command is, that His disciples shall preach the gospel as a witness to the world; and His revealed purpose is, when that witness shall have been completed, that He will come Himself to convert first Israel, and then the nations. Thus missions are doing successfully the very work which God appointed; they are being used by God, in "the times of the Gentiles," "to take out of them a people for His name." (Acts 15 : 14.) The sign of His near approach is the fact that there is now scarcely a nation where the gospel has not been preached for a witness.

4. About the time of the end, the apocalyptic seer "saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and of the beast, and of the false prophet." (Rev. 16 : 13.) As before the First Advent, Satan, by his demons, took possession of men's bodies, so before the Second Advent

The Anti-Trinity of the Evil Spirit

seeks to counterwork the good Spirit of God. "The unclean spirit out of the dragon's mouth," now especially repeats the old serpent's lie, "yea, hath God said?" denying the inspiration of Scripture: "ye shall not die," denying the eternal punishment of the lost; "ye shall be as gods," proclaiming man's apotheosis. "The unclean spirit out of the beast's mouth" is in these "last days," especially seducing men to intense worldliness, selfishness, and lawlessness. Worldliness is what our Lord fixes on as the feature of likeness between the people just before the flood, and men at the time of His manifestation for judgment. St. Paul (II Tim. 3) gives us marks of the last days: "Men shall be lovers of their own selves, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having the form of godliness, but denying the power." Could there be a better photograph of Christendom?

5. But the full manifestation of the false prophet is yet future. The last Antichrist to whom he shall minister is only manifested fully when he *shall have stripped* of all her possessions

The Apostate Church.

or Babylon (*i. e.*, all outward Christendom, of which Romanism is the prominent representative, Rev. 13, 16, 17, 18, 19). The beginning of the process is one of the most significant signs of our times, that we are on the eve of the consummation. When the professing Church forsakes the Lord her husband for the world, she becomes spiritually "the harlot." Jerusalem the holy becomes Babylon, mother of abominations of the earth." The world-power on whom she rested, and whose scarlet livery she wore, being conformed to the world instead of being transformed to Christ's image, at last wearies of and casts her off. France, which first

by the usurper Pepin gave the usurping see of Rome temporal dominion, was the first under the usurper Napoleon to strip her of it. The beast has similarly stripped the harlot in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Belgium. But the process is not yet complete.

6. The waning faith of our day, with its impatience of dogma, its unblushingly avowed

Positivism, Secularism, and Agnosticism,

is fulfilling the predicted sign of His approach, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" The growing realization of the communion of saints at this very time, when "they that fear Jehovah speak often one to another, and Jehovah hearkens, and a book of remembrance is written before Him for them that fear Jehovah and think upon His name; and they shall be His in the day that He does make a peculiar treasure." (Mal. 3 : 13-16, 4 : 1.) How sweetly suggestive it is that the same Greek word which expresses the assembling or gathering of the saints for communion on earth, expresses also their gathering together to Jesus at His appearing. The frequent conferences of Christians for prayer and study of the Word, are fulfillments of this appointed sign of the end.

The Prophecies Unsealed.

7. Growth in knowledge of the prophecies but little understood in past times, is another of the foretold signs of the time before the end. This sign is certainly being now fulfilled. In Daniel 12 : 4, 8, 9; 8 : 26, the Divine direction is, "Seal the book to the time of the end." But at the time of the Gospel revelation of what had been previously veiled, it is "Seal not the sayings of the prophecy, for the time is at hand." (Rev. 22 : 10.) "It was sealed to Daniel, for then the time was distant; it is unsealed to us, for the end is near." The fuller understanding of it at the close of our age is further foretold: "Many shall run to and fro (*i. e.*, scrutinize every word; as the phrase means in Amos 8 : 12, run to and fro in diligent search), and so the knowledge (of it) shall be increased."

8. Earthquakes, famine, pestilences, in divers places; "wars and rumors of wars," are another sign. The peculiarity of our day is, those

Physical Phenomena

foretold as signs by our Lord, seem to be intensifying and converging now towards a focus. Scientific men have noticed the increase of earthquakes in this century above any preceding one. Mr. Mallet, C. E., states that the number recorded from 1800 to 1882 is 6,637; whereas from 1500 to 1800 it is 2,804. All the great powers are armed, expecting at any day a universal and deadly conflict.

9. One last sign remains to be noticed: the remarkable analogy between our times and those preceding the First Advent, as respects

The Unification of the World.

The providence of God then remarkably prepared the nations for the manifestation of Messiah. Had He come earlier, the progress of the Gospel must have been slow, owing to the isolation of nation from nation, and the barbarism in which so many countries lay; and also the barrier which the want of any generally understood language and literature interposed. But precisely at the time when Rome combined the nations in one almost universal polity, and with one state language—significantly marked by the emperor's decree that all the world should be registered for taxation (Luke 2 : 1), "the days were accomplished" for Jesus' birth; so now the hedges are being broken down between the peoples, not merely of Europe, Western Asia, and North Africa, as at the First Advent, but on a grander scale between all nations near and far. "The languages of all nations are becoming known and being put within the reach of all. Thought is communicated with the rapidity and by the power of lightning." By the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, and kindred appliances uniting the peoples in solidarity, the grand field is all but ready for the manifestation of the Lord Jesus to sweep out the unbelieving, and then to "take His great power" and reign as "King over all the earth" with His transfigured saints.

*Part of a valuable article in the *Prophetic News* for April. For sale, price six cents, at this office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.



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Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Prohibition Defeat in Massachusetts last week has been a severe disappointment to many who hoped against hope to the last. The Prohibitionists had many reasons for hoping for success. They had on their side an overwhelming majority of the clergy, and among the prominent advocates of the amendment were Senator Hoar, ex-Governor Claflin, and many other men of ability and influence. The public was well informed by the press and public meetings of the merits of the question, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union worked and prayed with more even than their usual zeal for a victory. But the defeat was decisive. It is claimed that the amendment was rejected by a majority of more than 44,000, which was about one-fifth of the total vote, Boston contributed 20,015 to the total majority, and Lawrence 2,490. Salem and Waltham were the only two cities that voted Prohibition. A remarkable fact is, that Cambridge, which recently voted Prohibition for itself, under the law of Local Option, by a vote of 4,483 to 3,819, voted last week against Prohibition for the State by 4,621 to 1,983. There was a similar reversal of the local vote in Quincy, Brockton, and Malden. The total vote was much smaller than was anticipated, indicating that many friends of Prohibition must have abstained from voting. The number of votes against the amendment proved that there was no apathy among the anti-Prohibitionists.

Ominous News of a Case of Yellow Fever at Sanford, Fla., was received by Surgeon-General Hamilton on April 23. Sanford is only six miles from the scene of last year's epidemic, and was not thoroughly disinfected when it ceased. After the Government ceased to pay for articles destroyed, the people declined to give up property which was not clearly proved to be infected. It is feared that in this way some of the germs may have escaped destruction. As there was an epidemic in Sanford in 1887, and there were 150 deaths from the plague, the people are fully cognizant of the danger with which they are threatened now, and are prepared to take heroic measures at the outset. This fact minimizes the danger, and Dr. Hamilton believes an epidemic may be averted, as it would not be if unwise concealment were practiced. He says a well-organized and efficient system of inspection exists, and the utmost vigilance will be exercised, and he has gone to Jacksonville to confer with the State authorities as to the best measures to prevent the infection spreading.

The Safety of the "Danmark's" Passengers and crew, as was announced in part of our edition of last week, was reported on April 22. It appears that on April 4 the *Danmark*, which had left Christiansand on March 26 for New York, broke the tail-end of her propeller. The exact cause of the fracture will never be known, as her engineer was found dead with his skull crushed in. All that was known at the time was that there was a terrific explosion, and the end of the screw revolved furiously, splintering the timbers of the keel, and causing a tremendous leak. The holes were filled temporarily, but the steamer was at the mercy of the waves. On April 5 the *Missouri*, of the Atlantic Transport line, sighted the *Danmark*, and went to her assistance. An attempt was made to tow her to

the nearest port, but the *Danmark* was filling rapidly, and it became necessary to take off the passengers and crew. The captain of the *Missouri* threw overboard a part of his cargo to make room for the 787 imperiled persons. As there were not sufficient provisions for so large a number the *Missouri* steered for the Azores, which were 720 miles away. There 370 of the passengers and crew were landed, fresh provisions were taken on board, and the *Missouri* resumed her voyage to America. She arrived at Philadelphia on April 22, and received a joyful welcome. Her captain, Hamilton Murrell, who made such energetic efforts to rescue the people, and who so skillfully provided for their transfer to his ship, is only twenty-nine years old. His conduct deserves, and has received the highest praise. An interesting incident of the rescue was the birth, on the day after the transfer, of a little girl, whose mother, one of the *Danmark's* passengers, was a bright little Danish woman only eighteen years old. The baby received the name of "Atlanta Missouri," in allusion to the strange circumstances of her birth.

The Death of Postmaster Pearson, of New York, which occurred on April 20, has a sad pathos in the circumstances of his removal from office. It appears that he has been suffering for many months from an abdominal tumor, and knew that it must overcome him in the end. His conscientious devotion to the duties of his office, however, kept him until this year from taking the rest and change of scene which alone could have prolonged his life. His wonderful power of will enabled him to be at his post as lately as April 16, and then it was with difficulty that he was almost forced to leave it and submit to proper care and medical attention. He was a target for the attacks of the Democratic press all through President Cleveland's administration. As the President could not be forced to remove him from office on the ground of his politics, efforts were made to prove him inefficient, but they always failed. They were, however, a constant reminder to the sick man that a jealous watch was kept upon him and rendered him almost morbidly anxious that no duty should be neglected. It must have embittered his last days to know that his own party had yielded to the pressure that had been withstood by his political opponents. His last words were: "I have spent my life fighting the spoils system, and it grieves me to know that those for whom I have fought have misunderstood me." It is the curse of our political system that those who shout, and work, and pay out their money to elect a President, expect to be rewarded by the gift of an office for which they may not be fitted by capacity or experience, and that too often their expectation is fulfilled.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the New British Minister to Washington, arrived in New York on April 21. The long-delayed appointment of a successor to Lord Sackville had excited some curiosity about the attitude of the British Government on the question of his dismissal, which was said to be regarded as an affront. The new Minister is sixty-one years of age. Though new to his duties, he is familiar with diplomatic affairs. He has never represented England at a foreign court, but has held a prominent position in the Foreign Office in London as Assistant Secretary. For some time prior to his holding that office he was Attorney-General at Hong Kong, and afterward Chief-Justice of the Leeward Islands. The reporters, who eagerly endeavored to interview him, found that he was not so communicative as his predecessor, and may therefore be expected not to err in the same manner.

A Railroad Change in the Right Direction goes into effect from this date. It is well known that for some time past Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has been strenuously urging the decrease of Sunday work on the railroads controlled by his house. It is now announced that after May 1 all the Vanderbilt roads east of Chicago will abandon the largest portion of their Sunday freight trains. Mr. Vanderbilt would doubtless

be glad to stop all freight traffic on the Lord's Day, but his roads are under contract to connecting roads, and also some of the freight is live-stock and perishable articles. More than half of the freight traffic may, however, be stopped without loss to the consignees, and without breaking contracts, and this is to be done. Sunday passenger traffic is also curtailed by an absolute refusal to run excursion trains, and in other ways. Mr. Vanderbilt is in Europe, but when Mr. Depew was questioned about the change, he said it was mainly due to Mr. Vanderbilt's persistence, and his reasons for making it were not economical but religious. The change will not bring about an ideal state of things, but it approaches it by one step.

Serious Labor Troubles Have Developed in Vienna. On three days last week a large number of street-car drivers and conductors, with their sympathizers, attacked the cars, which were run by their substitutes, and much damage was done. The police failed in their attempts to suppress the riot, and the military were called out. The soldiers and police then charged the crowd with swords. Many of the rioters received bloody wounds, and about one hundred were arrested. The mob replied by throwing stones. The rioters tried to set fire to a gun factory at Hernals. The troops fired a volley into the mob, and wounded many persons. Several shops were looted. A commissioner of police was nearly stoned to death by the mob, and was rescued with much difficulty by a party of dragoons. Spectators who are well acquainted with the workingmen of the city state that they retired early in the fight, but the conflict was continued by Socialists and loafers for purposes of plunder.

General Boulanger has Found a Refuge in England, as so many eminent Frenchmen of all classes and parties have done before him. The Belgian Government, on April 23, politely intimated to him that he was not a welcome guest in Brussels, and the General would confer a favor in curtailing a visit that promised to be a source of complication with the French Government. He accordingly sailed the next day for Dover. On the arrival of the steamer at that port, the General, who had been dreadfully searsick during the passage, entered the railroad car and travelled to London. There was a crowd of fully two thousand persons at the London station to meet him, but they appeared to be chiefly newspaper men and curious citizens. No prominent men, English or French, could be recognized among the sea of faces. As he emerged from the station there were cheers and hisses from the people, and a few Frenchmen shouted "*Vive Boulanger!*" Two ladies presented him with bouquets. As the General drove to his hotel there was more cheering and hissing, the former predominating. He bowed formally in response, but appeared dejected. Soon afterward, though it was only 4 o'clock, a strange darkening of the atmosphere occurred, following a heavy fog, and the General is said to have regarded it as a bad omen.

A Statement of the Samoan Question, which is intended to form the basis of discussion in the approaching conference in Berlin, has been prepared by the German Government. The Berlin correspondent of the *New York Herald* says that it has been submitted to and approved by Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador, who was in all probability consulted while it was being drafted. If the American Commissioners accept the statement the conference ought not to last more than a week. Germany concedes the principle of absolute non-interference in Samoa, and the natives are to be left free to choose as their ruler either Malietoa, Tamasese, or Mataafa. No claims for compensation for German subjects are mentioned in the statement, and practically the work of the conference is limited to defining explicitly the power of consuls in regulating trade and shipping, the boundaries of and rights over Pago-Pago, and other virtual stations, and the formation of a tribunal for the protection and trial of foreigners.

Miss Alice Fletcher's Extensive Experience among the Indians has satisfied her of the enormous temporal benefits of mission work among them. Speaking recently at the Central Presbyterian Church in New York to the Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Society, she said: "The Indian mission question, especially among the five civilized tribes, is beginning to lose its distinctive features. The mission work is beginning to take on more of the character of that which you carry on here at home. A large number of Indians are now turning to farming. They live in houses, cultivate the ground, attend worship, and are comfortable to a degree. The great bulk of this is the direct outcome of your mission work."

A Temperance Lesson Having the Merit of being true was published in the New York *Sun* last Wednesday. A reporter on that journal met a man who for years kept a well-known up-town grog shop. "I've given up the business; sold out and quit for good," said the ex-saloon keeper. "I couldn't stand drunken men. Oh, I could handle them all right—I wasn't afraid of them; but the idea of taking so much money that deprives women and children of necessities and comforts was too much for me. I used to see poor fellows who got ten or twelve dollars a week come in of a Saturday and blow in half their earnings, and I knew that it meant distress for hard-working women and innocent children. I couldn't keep on taking their money. It broke me up."

A Puzzled Surveyor was Enlightened by a scientific friend recently at Kingston, N. Y. The surveyor was engaged in running a line, but at the outset of his work his compass failed him. To use his own expression, his "line ran in the air." The compass had never played him such a trick before, and he examined it carefully, but found no cause for the aberration. "I looked up to the sky," he said, laughingly, "to see if the North Star could be out of gear." He moved his position, and tried again, but no sooner had he levelled his compass and bent over it than he was foiled again. He called the attention of a friend to the circumstance, and his friend watched the strange performance attentively. "Ah!" he said, "you have a new hat on; let me look at it." The surveyor removed his hat, and handed it to his friend, whereupon the friend showed the puzzled man that in the stiff brim of the hat a steel wire had been placed to keep the form perfect, and the wire had affected the needle; as the surveyor bent over the instrument working without his hat, the compass did its duty faithfully, but by hanging his hat upon it the needle went up instantly. A similar phenomenon takes place frequently in spiritual matters. The conscience, which should direct its owner faithfully, becomes useless when strong inclination to evil or the sophistry of the tempter perverts it. (Titus 1: 15.)

A Palace on Wheels was Completed Last week, and was inspected by a large number of visitors. It is the new Wagner stateroom car Lorraine, and will be put on the Chicago Limited Express of the New York Central Railroad. The car contains ten staterooms, six in front, with windows on the left, and four in the rear with windows on the right. Each room in its day dress presents a picture of handsome plush velours upholstery, highly finished wood trimmings, tapestry wall decorations, stained-glass interior windows, nickel basins, with hot and cold water attachments, velvet carpeting, silk shades, and such other improvements as skill has devised and experience suggested in this line. A burnished reflector in the top of each compartment throws the light of four burners into the room. The disposition of the staterooms on each side of the car ensures balance and evenness in running, and the arrangement of some of the rooms is such that families or parties may throw two or more compartments into one, and seclude themselves from the rest of the car. A library and buffet are connected with the car, although for dining purposes a separate car will be used; and there

is provision for heat either by steam or hot water pipes. Special arrangements have been made to minimize vibration so that passengers will scarcely be conscious, except by looking out of window, that they are travelling, and not comfortably at home in their own houses. That will be a great advantage in a railroad journey but people are too apt to lose that consciousness also in the journey of life, and to forget that they are travelling rapidly toward one of two worlds, and that this world is not their rest. (Heb. 13, 14.)

The Re-union of Two Sisters After Twenty-five years separation took place in Ansonia, Conn., a few days ago. In 1864 a man and his wife living at Bethel, Conn., were attacked by small-pox, and died within two days of each other. They left two baby girls, whom at first it was intended to send to the poorhouse. A kindly lady living at Redding, however, heard of the orphans, and offered to take one of them, and bring her up as her own daughter. Soon afterward the other baby was adopted by a family at Ansonia. Both have grown up beautiful, well-educated ladies. Recently the Bethel girl was married, and among the friends who came to call upon her was a lady who had known the bride's parents. "How is your sister getting on?" the lady asked; "is she still at Ansonia?" "My sister!" said the bride; "I have no sister." This led to the visitor telling her the story of her parents' death, and the adoption of the two babies. The bride was much excited by the story, and at once instituted inquiries about her sister, which were successful. She, too, was in ignorance of her sister's existence. When they were brought together no introduction was needed. They rushed into each other's arms with cries of joy, and exchanged tokens of endearment. Something like this takes place in every genuine conversion. The heart that is brought to Christ overflows with love to others, and recognizes brethren in persons to whom it was previously indifferent. (1. John 4: 21.)

A Curious Question of Personal Identity came before the Courts of Kansas City, Mo., last week. A wealthy gentleman of that city recently died intestate, and a youth who had been supposed to be his son claimed the bulk of the estate. Other relatives, however, interposed and disputed the claim on a singular plea. They said that the wife of the deceased millionaire died in giving birth to a son. The child was thereupon placed in charge of his mother's sister, who also had given birth to a boy on the same day. The two children were brought up together, but one of them died, and the nurse could not, or would not, say which of the two it was. The millionaire, however, was told that the living boy was his son, but the relatives contend that his son was the child who died. Much evidence of a circumstantial character was introduced on both sides, and the result was so extremely uncertain that a compromise was advised. The boy's friends eventually agreed, on his behalf, that he should share the estate with the contestants and abandon his larger claim. This arrangement was probably the wisest thing to do, as it was difficult, if not impossible, to prove that the boy was really the heir, though, if he is the son of the deceased, he is being unjustly defrauded of part of his inheritance. It is cheering to know that no question of identity can ever arise to invalidate the Christian's claim to his heavenly inheritance. We have apostolic assurance that "the Lord knoweth them that are His." (11 Tim. 2: 19.)

A Story of a Disappointed Wedding Party is told in a sketch of the life of the late Isaiah V. Williamson, the philanthropist, in the Philadelphia *Record*. It states that Mr. Williamson, who lived and died a bachelor, was once engaged to be married. The lady was in every respect suitable: wealthy, beautiful, accomplished, and of distinguished family. The wedding-day was fixed, and the guests invited. The wedding was to take place at the bride's home, and on the

day appointed a large and brilliant company assembled. The bride was looking her loveliest, and the clergyman was there, ready to read the service; but the bridegroom was missing. Two of Mr. Williamson's friends went in search of him. They drove to his house, but he was not there. Then they went to his favorite haunts, but nowhere could they find him. At last they drove to his office, in Bank Street, and there he was. He was dressed in his wedding-suit, but his brows were overcast, his knees trembling, and every feature expressing intense nervous distress. "Don't talk to me," he said; "I can never face all those people." They argued and encouraged him; but, after an hour of talk, they could get no other answer from him. Finally, they gave up in despair, and returned to the bride's house and dismissed the guests. The bride was nearly distracted with mortification for a day or two, but soon recovered, and is still living, and much respected by a large circle of friends. Of course the engagement was broken off and never renewed. Probably a man of so nervous a temperament was happier as a bachelor than he would have been as a married man, so the rupture of the engagement was no misfortune to him. But it will not be so with those who shrink from public union with Christ. He plainly said that they who do not confess Him before men He would not acknowledge at His coming. (Matt. 10: 32, 33.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A railroad within the Arctic circle is proposed. The route is through western Siberia and the extreme north of Russia.

There are three Protestant churches in Lisbon, Portugal, and the pastors of all three were formerly Roman Catholic priests.

The Alabama Legislature, through the influence of the State W. C. T. U., has passed a bill for the establishment of night-schools in convict stations.

Forty students of Yale Divinity School have volunteered to take each a section of work in house-to-house visitation in the ten wards of New Haven, Conn.

A native newspaper of India makes this pertinent remark: "Our liquor traffic begins by hanging a sign over the door, and ends by hanging a man on a gibbet."

The population of Japan at the end of last year, according to the *Official Gazette*, was 39,069,007, of whom 19,731,354 were males and 19,339,653 were females.

Noon-day services "for busy men" are held daily in one of the bank buildings in the heart of Omaha, conducted by Dean Gardner, with an attendance of forty.

United States Senator Platt, of Connecticut, says: "The most difficult phase of the drink problem is, that those who drink least most effectually hinder temperance progress."

Miss Fabian, a devoted English woman, passed through New York recently on her way to the Sandwich Islands, where she is going as a volunteer nurse to the leper colony at Molokai.

A Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Home is about to be established by the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Toledo, O. Gospel total abstinence will here find receptive seed-ground.

A new monthly paper, *The Banner of Asia*, is to be published at Bombay. Its primary object will be to urge the immediate stoppage of the Government traffic in vice, liquor, and opium in the British territory.

Subscribers who may have back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, or religious literature of any kind, to give away, are informed that Mr. William Marcham Bowry Louis, Province of Quebec, Canada, would be glad to receive, and distribute them where such reading is much needed.

During the year 1888 the following cities have dedicated new Y. M. C. A. buildings at the following costs: Toronto, \$80,000; Detroit, \$125,000; Albany, \$100,000; Indianapolis, \$100,000; Worcester, \$140,000; St. Joseph, \$125,000; New York (railroad), \$100,000; Yorkville Branch, \$30,000.

The medical mission of Philadelphia has followed the example of the Florence Mission in New York in providing a free meal for women after the service every Thursday night. This mission, which is located at 519 South Sixth Street, is doing excellent work among the vicious class. It is supported by voluntary contributions.

Lord Randolph Churchill is a new addition to the ranks of Prohibitionists. He said recently, in reference to an opponent of Prohibition, "I would like to take him into some parts of London after dark, when he would soon declare that a strong despotic administration with regard to the liquor traffic would be attended with the most unmixed and unadulterated good."

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then Mordecai commanded to answer Esther, Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther 4: 13, 14.

The Pre-eminence of the Anglo-Saxon Race—Elevated for a Purpose—The Responsibilities of Churches—Individual Responsibility Not Merged—Four Pointed Words—I. Harken—A Warning Against Isolation—Separation Impossible—The Danger of Living in Polluted Air—No Man Essential to God's Purposes—Possibility of Losing Opportunity—II. Consider—What God has Given—Spiritual and Temporal Wealth—The Character of the Crisis—Preparation for Specific Work—III. Aspire—Louis Napoleon's Ambition—No Insurmountable Obstacles—God's Lamps Being Made—IV. Confide—Safety Assured—A Statesman's Successful Fanaticism.

THE appeal of Mordecai in his pressing time of distress was to one single person, namely to Esther. I believe that I shall do better this morning by making my sermon an address to individuals than by speaking of nations or churches. I assuredly believe that England has been raised up as a nation and brought to her present unique position that she may be the means of spreading the Gospel throughout all the nations. I judge that God has blessed

The Two Great Nations,

of the Anglo-Saxon race—England and the United States—and given them pre-eminence in commerce and in liberty on purpose that in such a time as this they may spread abroad the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Woe to these nations if they fail to fulfil their solemn obligations! If, being raised up for a purpose, they refuse to perform it, they shall melt away. We are intrusted with great opportunities: if we do not rightly use them the New Zealander of Macaulay may yet survey the ruins of this empire-city. "Thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed," said Mordecai to Esther, and he says the same to us.

We might properly say of any Christian church that it has its own appointed place in the purposes of divine mercy. If the candle is lighted, even though it be set upon a golden candlestick, it is not lighted for itself, but that it may give light to all that are in the house. If any church fail to bless others, and so proves unfaithful to

Her Solemn Trust,

the Lord will take away the candlestick out of its place, and leave the unfaithful to mourn in darkness. The Church in Rome was once a church of high commanding influence for good; you know what it has become. Some other churches are on the way, I fear, to the same dreadful end. God grant that none of the churches with which we are connected as Christian people may ever either apostatize from the faith, or grow lax and worldly, or become indifferent to the glory of God and the salvation of men. I might thus speak to each church and say, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

My brethren, it is a wonderfully easy thing to denounce the faults of a government or of a nation, to complain of this being done, and of that being left undone; and this amusement may only serve to divert our conscience from its more profitable duties at home. The same is true with regard to a church. Men are too apt to condemn in the mass what they tolerate in themselves as individuals. But why are we so ready to accuse the churches? Why are we so censorious as to what the churches do, and what the churches are? Who make up the churches? Why, we each one by our influence help to make the churches good, or bad, or indifferent, as the case may be. Therefore, I will not waste time in generalities, but I will come to personalities. I will follow Mordecai's tack, and speak alone to Esther, that is to say, to

each one who may happen to be here to whom God has intrusted opportunity, talent, and position; I would urge them to remember that there is a something for each believer to do, a work which he cannot delegate to another, a task which it is his privilege to be permitted to undertake, which it will be to his solemn disgrace and detriment if he do not execute, but which will be to his eternal glory under God if he be found faithful in it. I shall lay out my sermon in four parcels, arranging it under four words.

I. The first word is "harken!" Harken to my word, as Mordecai desired Esther to harken to him. Harken while God the Lord speaks to your heart, and calls you to your high vocation. Harken, first, to a question. Brother,

Will You Separate Your Interests

from those of your people and your God? I do not think that Mordecai was afraid that Esther would do so; but still it is sometimes as well to prevent an evil before we perceive it; and he did so by saying, "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house." It was possible that, being a queen, it might enter into her mind that she would be safe even if all the rest of the Jews were put to death. It would be a painful thing that her countrymen should be destroyed, but still the stroke might not touch her in the seclusion of the palace, where she had "not yet showed her kindred nor her people." She would still remain the favored wife of the great king; and she might, therefore, selfishly look to herself, and leave those who were in peril to look to themselves or to their God, while she coldly hoped that the Lord would somehow or other give them deliverance. Does that temptation come across the path of any one of us? It may. You may say, "I shall be saved though the city should perish in its iniquity. Though the people are steeped in poverty and ignorance, I shall enjoy plenty and live in light. I know the Lord, and that is

My Main Concern;

if the heathen perish, I am not one of them, and I am thankful that it will not interfere with my destiny." Will you argue in this selfish manner? Do you wish to be joined with Jesus so as to be rescued from hell? I tell you, sirs, there is no receiving Christ unless you receive His doctrine and rule. You must receive this grace also, namely, that you give yourself to Him to make His interests your interests, His life your life, His kingdom your kingdom, His glory your glory.

Harken to a second question. If you could separate your interests from those of the cause of God, would you thereby secure them? Is it so, that because you are yourself a member of a flourishing church, and because you enjoy all sorts of Christian privileges, you therefore harden your heart concerning dying churches and desponding saints? Do you imagine that the body can be sick, and yet you as a member of it will not suffer? I tell you, if the Church of God goes aside it will be to your injury; if the truth of God be not preached

You Will Be a Loser;

if Christian life be not vigorous you will be weakened. When a baneful atmosphere is over other Christians you will breathe it. Sinners cannot be left in their spiritual death without creating a *foulness in the air* which is to the peril of us all. If this great city is left to seethe and rot in its infidelity and misery and filthiness, fancy not that you Christian people will escape. You dwell with these outcasts, and you are already feeling their influence, and will feel it still more if they do not feel yours. How far and how deep that participation will go I will not venture to prophecy, for I am no prophet, neither the son of a prophet; but there are elements now fermenting which threaten, first, the existence of the commonwealth, and next, the liberties of Christian worship. Take you good heed, my brethren; things cannot long remain as they are. *This great flood of wretchedness must be assuaged, or it will sweep us all away.* This may be a selfish argument; but as we are battling with selfishness, we may fitly take

Goliath's sword with which to cut off his head. You Christian people suffer if the Church suffers; you suffer even if the world suffers.

Next, remember, for your humiliation, that **God Can Do Without You.**

Enlargement and deliverance will arise to His people from another place if it come not by us. If the Lord were tied up to any one man, or any one church, or any one nation, it were treasonable for that person, church, or nation to be negligent; but as the Lord waiteth not for man, neither tarrieth for the sons of men, it becomes them to mind what they are at. He can do without us. When He looked and there was no man, His own arm brought salvation; and as it was of old, so will it be again. Mark you that. He will effect His purpose; He will fetch home His banished; He will gather together His scattered sheep; He will cause the earth to be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; and if we do not gather in the wanderers, or spread the knowledge of His grace, it will be done by more faithful men.

Here follows a still more sobering reflection. Recollect, that as God can do without us, it may be He will do without us. It might come to pass that God would say, "I will no more bless the world by this England; she has become

Selfishly Mercantile;

she cares more for commerce than for righteousness; she is drunken and infidel; I will give her up. Her merchants care nothing for the poor, whose labor is ill-requited; let her pass away, as all oppressors must, and let the nations say, 'Alas! alas! that great city, that mighty city!' For in one hour so great riches is come to nought." He may say to any church: "Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth." "Ichabod" has been written aforetime, and may be again, on places where once there shone upon the forefront the inscription—"Holiness unto the Lord." So also any man may be set aside, even as the Lord put away Saul, and said to him, "Thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel." Harken, I pray you, to this warning from the Lord. Hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord will judge His people, and to whom much is given, of him shall much be required.

Harken to one thing more. How will you bear

The Disgrace,

if ever it come upon you, of having suffered your golden opportunities to be wasted? What if Israel had been destroyed for lack of Esther's intercession? Her name would have been a byword among other nations as a base and traitorous woman. If the people had been spared by some other means, and she had refused her mission, as long as there lived a Jew they would have kept no feast of Purim, but have cursed her memory. When I think of the neglects of our own ancestors, I am anxious that we take warning by them. There are at this moment straths in the Highlands which are thoroughly Romish. Why? They were not carefully evangelized at the time of the Reformation. If the workers of that period had done their work thoroughly there would have been no Romish valleys in Presbyterian Scotland. Ireland still cowers under the shadow of the Pope; there was a hopeful time when better things were promised, but this was allowed to pass by; and what can be done to rescue Ireland now? Times do not tarry, and tides do not wait; and if we do not avail ourselves of them while they are with us, our sons may lament our neglects.

I fear that the best among us can recollect with regret times which we have suffered to pass over us unimproved. We can never call them back again. You did not train your children; they are men and women now, and will not listen to you. O parents, why did you not speak to them when they would have listened? But what if a whole life should glide away in living for yourselves, in living for your own comfort and enriching? Let every Esther resolve that she will never bring this ban upon

her name; let every man, woman, and even child, among us, knowing the Lord, feel that the vows of the Lord are upon us, and that by imperative necessity we must serve according to our capacity the cause of God and truth.

II. I change a little, and the call is now

"Consider."

Consider to what some of you have been advanced. You have been raised to salvation. What manner of persons ought we to be? You have been raised to that honor, walk worthy of it. If I had said that you had been elevated to be queens, like Esther, it would have been a poor elevation compared with that which you have actually received. Some of you who are the favorites of heaven have leaned your head on Christ's bosom, and have been permitted to sit where angels would wish to be; you are near and dear to Jesus, and espoused to Him in love.

In addition to all this, the Lord has raised some of you out of poverty and brought you to comparative wealth, perhaps to positive wealth; and He has given you positions which once you never dreamed of. To this He adds domestic comfort, and health, and prosperity in all its forms. The Lord has also given you talent. I fear we have all of us more ability than we use—but some have more talent than they themselves are aware of, and this perhaps they display in business, but never in the cause of God.

Thus you are brought to the kingdom; but why is it so? I want you to consider *why the Lord has brought you where you are*. Do you think that He has done it for your own sake? Does He intend all this merely that you may practice self-indulgence? Can this be the design of God? Do not think so. Whatever you have is yours,

Not to Hoard for Yourself,

or to spend upon yourself, but that you may use it as a good steward of God. Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom which God has given thee for such a time as this, when there is need of thee and all that thou hast?

Consider, next, at what a time it is that you have been thus advanced. You have been instructed in the faith in a time when unbelief is rampant. What for? You have wealth when many are starving. Why is this? Do you think you are the proprietor of what you have amassed; or do you admit that you are a steward? If you are a steward, use not the goods intrusted to you for your own ends, but for your Master; for if you do not, you are a thief. Whenever a steward considers that the estate is his own property, and not his Master's, he is a thief, and before long his Master will deal with him, and say, "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward."

Consider, also, I pray you, under what very special circumstances you have come where you are. Many a man of business here to-day obtaining a satisfactory livelihood has a dozen times been within an inch of bankruptcy, and yet he has obtained help, and passed the rock in safety. Some of you have been wellnigh ruined several times; and yet you still have bread to eat and raiment to put on. It is a miracle in your eyes that you have not come to beggary. Let your special deliverances and memorable mercies be as the tongue of persuasion, constraining you to grateful service.

Then I beg you to consider once more, with what singular personal adaptations you are endowed for the work to which God has called you. I believe you are endowed with special capacity for a certain work, so that no one is so fitted for it as yourself; you are a key to a lock which no other key will fit so well. God has prepared you for the work for which you are appointed. You are equipped for such work as

The Lord has Appointed You;

will you not at once get to your post? You say, "If I could preach, I would do it gladly." You would not preach worthily unless you are even now prepared to do other service for which you are fitted. You would be a disgrace to the pulpit if you are useless in the home circle. If God entrusts you with a single talent, and you

do not use it, neither would you use ten talents; for he that is unfaithful in that which is least, would be unfaithful in that which is greatest.

III. Thirdly,

Aspire.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Rise to the utmost possible height. Fulfill your calling to its loftiest degree. Not only do all that you are sure you can do, but aim at something which as yet is high up among the questions. Say to yourself, "Who knoweth?" That is what the ambitious man says when he aspires to be great. When Louis Napoleon was shut up in the fortress of Ham, and everybody ridiculed his foolish attempts upon France, yet he said to himself, "Who knows? I am the nephew of my uncle, and may yet sit upon the imperial throne;" and he did so before many years had passed. I have no desire to make any man ambitious after the poor thrones and honors and riches of this world; but I would fain make you all ardently ambitious to honor God and bless men. Who knows? Does anybody know what God may do by you?

Young man, I trust you have given your heart to the Lord; what are you going to do? You have come into some property unexpectedly; or you are promoted in a house of business—what is the meaning of it? "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" I believe that in dark times

God is Making Lamps

with which to remove the gloom. Martin Luther is sitting by his father's hearth in the forest when the Pope is selling his wicked indulgences; he will come out soon, and stop the crowing of the cock of the Romish Christ-denying Peter. John Calvin is quietly studying when false doctrine is most rife, and he will be heard of at Geneva. A young man is here this morning—I do not know whereabouts he is, but I pray the Lord to make this to be an ordination sermon to him, starting him on his life-work.

Further, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" *You do not yourself know.* I speak experimentally, using my own self as an instance in the work which God has enabled me to do. If it had been revealed to me that I should have enjoyed the opportunities which have fallen to my lot, I could never have believed it. If the Lord could use *me*, He can also use *you*. Only stand in a waiting posture, saying, "Here am I, send me!" and you shall see things which you dare not expect. Who knoweth, brother or sister, whether thou art put in thy family to save thy family? Who knoweth whether thou art made to live in a back street to bless that street? Who knoweth whether thou art set down in a forlorn district to upraise that district? Who knoweth whether thou art put into that nation to save that nation? Ay, put into the world in Christ's name to save the world? Aspire to great things for God.

IV. Our fourth word is

Confide.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" If thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this, *be confident that thou art safe*. If God has brought Esther to the throne that she may go in unto the king and save her people—go in, good Esther! Fear not the risk. Fast and pray your three days before you go, but be not dismayed. If the womanhood in you trembles in the prospect of a possible death, let confidence in God override your fears. Cromwell's Ironsides to a man believed in the everlasting purpose, therefore they were invincible, for no fear ever breathed upon them. Though the hosts of the tyrant may be innumerable, yet with

The War Cry,

"The Lord of hosts is with us," we will ride forth conquering and to conquer. Settle it in your mind that the Lord has called you to the work, and then advance without question or fear. Put your hand to the plough, and pause not. Do the work with your might. Do not

stand asking how; do it as you can. Do not stand asking when; do it directly. Do not say, "But I am weak"—the Lord is strong.

There was a man who strove in the House of Commons for what he thought would be a great boon to seamen, but he could not prevail. At last he broke through all the rules of the House, and acted like a fanatic, and when everybody saw that the man was so in earnest that he was ready to faint and die, they said, "We must do something;" and it was done. An enthusiasm which overpowers yourself is likely to overpower others. Do not fail from want of fervor. Never mind if men think you crazy. When you are overwhelmed yourself, the flood of zeal will bear all opposition before it. When you become so fanatically insane as to be absorbed by a passion for the glory of God, the salvation of men, the spread of truth, and the reclaiming of the fallen masses, there shall be about you the truest sanity and the mightiest force. May you feel such a passion to-day.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

ZACHARY TAYLOR'S HEROISM.*

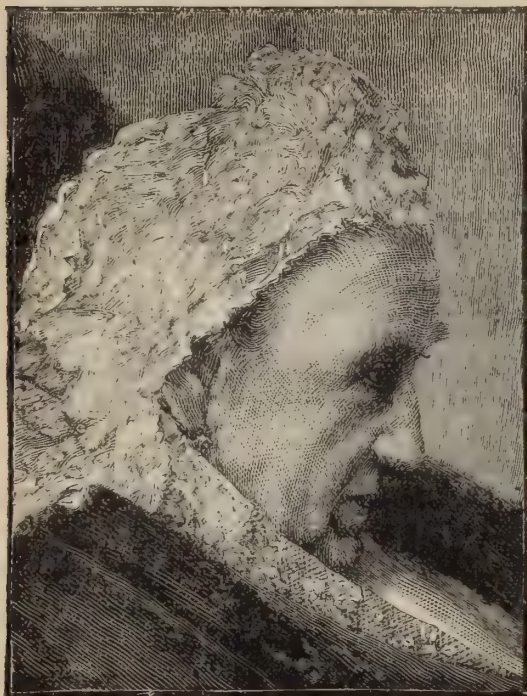
THE younger Taylor, Zachary, is said to have had a boyhood filled with adventure, and touched with the bold characteristics and heroic traits which afterward distinguished his life. Raised on the frontier, exposed daily and nightly to sudden attacks from the surrounding Indian tribes, *in danger of being scalped on his way to school*, buffeted by the rough wind of adverse circumstances, he attained a character of a strength which no gentler rearing could have given. His opportunities for the discipline of the schools were meagre enough, but his great will-power and untiring perseverance enabled him to master an education where others would have failed.

In 1808 Taylor made application to Jefferson for a commission in the army, and on the third of May in that year, was made first lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment United States Infantry. In 1812 he was promoted to a captaincy, and having been placed in command of Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, about fifty miles above Vincennes, Ind., he successfully repelled an attack of savages greatly outnumbering his own little band, and, by his skilful strategy and heroism, covered his youthful name with glory. It was within an hour of midnight when the fort was fired and the attack commenced. Surrounded by a yelling horde of four hundred and fifty Indians, this boy captain calmly gave his orders amid the rushing of the flames, and the cries of the women and children inside, who had sought the protection of the fort. By heroic efforts the flames were extinguished, temporary breastworks were erected, and such a storm of shot poured into the enemy's ranks that by morning they were overpowered, and Captain Taylor and his men were left victors of the field. The country resounded with the praises of this officer, of only twenty-one years, and the brave defence won for him the brevet rank of major.

An Indian Legend.

The following tragic story is current among the Indians and white settlers in the neighborhood of Saint Anthony's Falls, Minnesota: Ampato Sapa, an Indian girl, whose name signifies "dark day," was united in marriage to an Indian of the Dakota tribe. For several years they lived happily, and two children were born to them. Both parents doted on these children with a depth of feeling seldom equalled by civilized whites. The man became great as a hunter, and many of the surrounding families sought his guardianship and friendship, and shared the products of his chase. Some of them, anxious to strengthen their interest with the successful hunter, urged him to form a connection with their tribe, telling him that a second wife was indispensable to a man of his talent and im-

* From "Down the Great River: Embracing an Account of the Discovery of the True Source of the Mississippi, together with Views, Descriptive and Pictorial, of the Cities, Towns, Villages, and Scenery on the Banks of the River," By Captain Willard Glazier. Pp. 496. Published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.



The Late Duchess of Cambridge.

portance, who would probably soon be acknowledged as a chief. The daughter of an influential man was presented to him, and, animated by the ambition of attaining to high honor in his nation by union with the daughter of a man of great influence, he took her as his second wife without telling the young mother of his children.

Desirous of conciliating the first wife, he introduced the subject to her in these words: "You know, Ampato, that I can love no woman as fondly as I do you. With deep regret I have seen you, of late, subject to toils which must be oppressive, and from which I would gladly relieve you, yet I know of no other way of doing so than by associating with you, in the duties of our household, one who will relieve you from the trouble of entertaining the numerous guests whom my growing importance in the nation collects around me. I have, therefore, resolved upon taking another wife, but she shall always be subject to your control." With the deepest concern his wife listened to this unexpected announcement. She remonstrated with him in the kindest terms, and tearfully entreated him not to let another take her place in his affections. . . . He at length told her that he had selected another partner, and was resolved that she should reside with him.

Ampato, deeply distressed, stole away from the cabin with her children, and launching a light canoe entered it with the babes. She paddled down the stream chanting a death song. Her friends saw her only too late, and their attempts to rescue her were of no avail. Her voice was soon drowned in the roar of the cataract; the rapids carried down her little bark; it was seen for a moment among the spray; then it went over, and never again was it or its hapless freight seen by mortal eye.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

ONE of the most interesting members of the English aristocracy died on April 6. In the Duchess of Cambridge, those who were privileged to enjoy her society found a most intelligent and entertaining companion. She had enjoyed exceptional opportunities of knowing the great warriors and statesmen whose exploits marked the closing years of the eighteenth and the opening years of the nineteenth centuries, and as her memory was prodigious, she could relate most interesting personal details about them. A bright, observant, witty woman, she had been, and in her old age her friends hung



A Missionary's Visit to a Dying Pupil in India.

entranced on the reminiscences she delighted to unfold.

The Duchess was the youngest daughter of Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. She was born July 25, 1797, and was, therefore, *ninety-two* years old when she died. On May 7, 1818, she married Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of King George III. of England, and uncle of Queen Victoria. He died in 1850, but his widow has lived on for thirty-nine years, cheered by the devotion of her three children and her royal niece. The present Duke of Cambridge, who is commander-in-chief of the British army, is her only son. One of her daughters is Mary, Duchess of Teck, and the other, Augusta, married the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

During the past fifteen years the Duchess has been absent from court society. She had a stroke of paralysis about that time, from which she never fully recovered. She spent her time in the magnificent suite of apartments assigned to her use in St. James's Palace, and was remarkably happy and cheerful. The Queen was a frequent visitor, and her son, the Duke of Cambridge, never allowed a day to pass, when he was not on duty out of London, without visiting his mother. She entertained many other guests, who delighted to hear her talk of Wellington, whom she knew intimately; of the first Napoleon, whom she had seen; and of other illustrious persons. Though so long a confirmed invalid, the old lady will be much missed by English society.

A VISIT TO A SICK PUPIL.

(See Illustration.)

AN interesting story is told by a missionary in India. He set up a school in a native village, but for some time could get none of the parents to send their children. They said they had heard that the missionaries had built a big town a long way off, called Jesus-town, but they could not get anybody to go and live there, and had therefore sent this teacher to open a school, and when he had got a big lot of boys together, some night he would carry them all away to Jesus-town. After a time this suspicion was set at rest, and the children gradually began to come. Among the first was a little boy, nine years old, of high caste, named Badlu, who was very bright and intelligent. The missionary felt a deep interest in him, and at last grew to love him dearly.

Badlu was taught to read the Bible, and studied it more earnestly than the missionary knew. The school was eventually placed under the charge of a native teacher while the mis-

sionary broke up new ground. Shortly afterward a messenger summoned him to Badlu's home. He went, and the illustration is from a sketch he made of the place. Badlu was sick. His father and the family had brought their idols to his side, but the boy refused to worship them. As he grew worse, and the father became alarmed, he yielded to the boy's importunate request to see the missionary, and had sent for him. The meeting was most affecting. The boy declared his faith in Jesus, and that he might conclusively cast in his lot with the Christians, he desired the missionary to make some tea for him, and give it to him in the missionary's own cup. He drank it eagerly, and called his father's attention to the significance of the act. In drinking from the Christian's cup he had abandoned his caste and the heathen faith. Not long afterward he died. His last words were, "I am trusting in Jesus."

A MERCHANT'S MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

(See Illustration on page 285.)

"WHY, Crawford, is that you? I am glad to see you," said a prim, neatly dressed merchant as he met a younger man on whose face sat a look of recognition. "I have worried about you a good deal. I am glad to see you looking well and prosperous. Thought you must have started on the down track, and I was sorry. I have to keep an appointment now, but I wish you would come and dine with me this evening. I want to talk to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown, I shall be glad to come. I meant to have looked in upon you before I went home. I'll come to-night. What time?"

"Six sharp. I'll expect you."

The pair separated, but that night Charles Crawford made his way to the cozy quarters in which Mr. Brown spent his bachelor evenings. A bearskin rug lay in front of an open fire grate, and the comfortable armchairs and every arrangement about the room betokened that its occupant understood and practiced the art of making himself comfortable. The cloth was spread for dinner, and as Crawford entered, his host came from an inner room, and extending both hands gave him a cordial welcome and then rang the bell for the meal to be served. During the dinner the conversation was on the topics of the day, but afterward, when the wine was placed on the table and the two gentlemen were alone, Mr. Brown wheeled his chair around to the fire and said, "Now, Crawford, I want to hear what you have been doing. You are a puzzle to me. I have wondered about you ever

since you left us, and have been worried many a time by thinking you had fallen into trouble. Now, fill your glass and tell me your story."

"I will tell you my story without filling my glass, Mr. Brown," said Crawford, rising and taking a standing posture opposite his host. "In fact, the question of the glass is the point of my story. It might have been a sadder one than it is, and I am not proud of it by a long way, though I am humbly thankful. It is ten years now since I left you. I never expected to have done that, for I could see that I not only enjoyed your favor, but that of your partners, and that I might count on a very bright future. Then when you sent me to establish the branch house in the West I had a practical proof of your confidence, and I looked upon it as the stepping-stone to fortune."

"So it might have been, my boy," interjected Mr. Brown; "so it might have been, and I have never been able to understand why you did not put your foot upon it and mount. Why, you might have been a partner in the house, sir, before you were forty."

"I know, I know," continued Crawford, "but I will tell you how I slipped from it. You remember that the night before I started for Chicago you invited me to dine with you, and I was proud to accept your invitation. I looked upon you as my best friend, as you had been ever since I entered the employ of the house, and I knew it was mainly owing to your influence that I was appointed. Well, sir, you gave me some very good advice that evening, and I meant to follow it. When I was leaving, something occurred which you have probably forgotten, but which had consequences that make it very memorable to me. You invited me to share a bottle of some wonderful wine with you, and drink success to the new enterprise."

"Yes, I remember it very well," said Mr. Brown; "it was some I had kept for twenty years; I have some of it now."

"Well, sir, I was a different man after I had tasted that wine. My father died when I was a boy, and I have heard that the real cause of his death was delirium tremens, though that was kept secret. I suppose my blood must have had a taint. The wine I drank that night was like blood to a tiger. I was mad. I went to my boarding-house that night with a strange sense of exhilaration within me, and the next day started for Chicago. For several days I tried to attend to business; but the craving for wine like that you gave me was intolerable. I could do nothing that I meant to do. My whole being was monopolized by the one craving, like thirst embodied. I went to the bar of the hotel at which I was staying, and before night I was intoxicated for the first time in my life. The next morning I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, but the craving was intensified. I was scared. I felt utterly helpless, as if I were in the grasp of some giant force. I believed myself to be utterly and irretrievably ruined. But I did not want to be dishonest to you. You had trusted me, and had been so kind to me for so many years that I resolved that you should not suffer by my misfortune. I knew whatever was done must be done quickly, for after a few days the temptation to use your money might be too strong to be resisted—or, rather, I might grow too weak to resist it. I therefore telegraphed my resignation, and placed your money beyond my reach."



The Merchant Hears a Solemn Warning.

"You acted nobly, Crawford," said Mr. Brown. "I always had confidence in you. Many a man in that position would have used the money."

"Yes, I know, and I was afraid, so I took measures to protect myself and you. Well, sir, after that my downward course was rapid. I had saved nearly a thousand dollars, and I spent it all. I was not riotous nor vicious when I was drunk; I was simply heavily, dreamily happy. The next morning after a debauch I was intensely miserable, and then I rose and drank myself into comfort again. This continued as long as my money lasted, and then I procured work enough to keep me from starvation and to pay for liquor. I sank into a position more degraded than a beast. I was following rapidly in the footsteps of my father, and should before this have come to the same end had not God in His mercy interposed. He sent one of His servants to me, and though I had no hope then of rescue, he never lost hope. One memorable day I put away the liquor from me, and from that day to this, more than eight years now, I have never tasted it. I soon began the ascent of worldly progress, and have succeeded well through God's help. This is my first visit to New York since I left it ten years ago, and I promised myself that I would come and tell you my story so that you might never again, through motives of kindness and hospitality, unintentionally kindle such a flame in another breast."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 271.)

Mormon Prophecies Falsified.

MARY BURTON'S narrative of the terrible journey across the plains thus proceeded:

"Then—the middle of August being passed—we left Florence behind us, and began our

weary journey across the Plains in much the same fashion as we had already travelled through Iowa. We had, however, taken fresh provisions to last us until we reached Utah, and as the oxen could not draw so much extra weight, one sack, weighing about a hundred pounds, was placed on each of the hand-carts, in addition to the other baggage. This was a severe tax upon the endurance of the people, but most of them bore it without a murmur. On the other hand, we fared a little better in the matter of provisions, for we were allowed a pound of flour a day each, and also, occasionally, a little fresh beef, and besides that each hundred had three or four milch cows, which were a blessing to the children.

"As we continued our journey, and the provisions were consumed, the burdens on the carts grew lighter. But this was only the beginning of our pilgrimage; the end we could not foresee. Every evening when we pitched our tents, we endeavored by a variety of means to beguile the tediousness of the way. The days were not quite so warm now, and the nights were more chilly: but altogether, it was much more pleasant travelling than it was in the earlier part of the journey, and no one seemed to remember the almost prophetic remonstrance of Brother Savage.

"Still we travelled very slowly, for the carts were always breaking down; the wheels came off, and we had nothing to grease them with. The boxes of the wheels were made of unseasoned wood, and the heavy pressure upon them, and the dust that got into them, soon wore them out. Some of the people cut off the tops of their boots and wrapped them around the axles, and others cut up their tin plates and kettles for the same purpose; and for grease they used soap, and even their pitiful allowance of bacon. But as the days passed, and the flour began to be used up, these accidents became less frequent. Upon an average, they said, we travelled about fifteen miles a day, which I think was very good. Some few days we even made a little over twenty miles, but they were balanced by the shortcomings.

"We tried to feel happy and hopeful, and even the aged and infirm tried to make light of their toil and privations, for we did not see that heavy cloud which was looming across our way. I frequently talked with the old and weakly among the people, to whom both my husband and I were able to offer little kindnesses, and they all spoke cheerfully of our prospects. Such faith had they in the promises of the elders.

"Just before we reached Wood River, vast herds of buffaloes appeared in our vicinity, and one evening all our cattle stampeded, and the men had to go in search of them. About thirty were lost, and after hunting after them for three days, we gave them up. We had only one yoke of oxen now for each wagon, and as the wagons were loaded each with three thousand pounds of flour, the teams could not move them. So they yoked up the beef-cattle and cows and heifers, but they were unmanageable; and at last we were obliged again to place a sack of flour upon each hand-cart. This sorely tried us all. Some of the people even complained, but the greater part of us bore up bravely, believing that it was the will of the Lord. We still had faith that all would yet be well. This was, however, a hard blow. Our milch cows were useless to us, our beef-rations were stopped, and

the burdens which we drew were doubled. Every one did his or her best, but many of us began to be disheartened, and could hardly get along.

"One evening there was quite a commotion in the camp. We had pitched our tents for the night, on the banks of the Platte River, I think, when suddenly quite a grand turnout of carriages and light wagons came up from the east and joined us. Each carriage was drawn by four horses, and the outfits were in first-class style. I was anxious to know who they were, but was not long in finding out. There was the Apostle Franklin Richards, and Elders Webb and Felt, and Joseph A. Young, the son of the Prophet, and Elders Dunbar and Kimball and Grant—all returning missionaries. They stayed with us all night, and in the morning called a great meeting and the Apostle Richards delivered a speech, which since has troubled me not a little, and made me very sorrowful.

"He had heard of what Brother Savage had said, and then and there, before us all, he rebuked him. He then exhorted us to remember the hope set before us, and told us to pray and work on, and especially to be obedient to counsel; and he finished by solemnly prophesying in the name of the God of Israel that the Almighty would make a way for us to Salt Lake, and that though the snow might fall and the storm rage on the right hand and on the left, not a hair of our heads should be hurt. Some of the people wept with joy as they heard these words. My own heart was full. To me this was as the voice of inspiration, the voice of God; how could I doubt again?

"Sister Stenhouse, before a month was over I saw with my own eyes that prophecy, those promises, falsified to the very letter; and yet, at the time, they came to me, and to all else, as the word of the Lord from heaven. Tell me, if men can thus deceive themselves—for I cannot doubt for a moment that the Apostle believed his own prophecy—and if we could be so sadly deluded as to believe that what was said was divine, what surety have we for our religion at all? I strive against these sinful doubts, but they will creep into my heart unbidden.

"The apostle and the elders with him told Captain Willie that they wanted some fresh meat, and the elders killed and gave them of our very best. What could be denied to the servants of the Lord? We were then more than four hundred in number—aged men and feeble women, with babes and poor little children too young to walk; many of them infirm and sick, all of them footsore and weary. We were far away from home, traveling slowly hundreds and hundreds of miles, worn out, and without sufficient provisions for the way, or the remotest chance of obtaining any. And yet, oh Heaven! I shame to tell it; these servants of Heaven—our leaders, our guides, our examples—these chosen vessels who came to us, riding comfortably, and at ease in their well-appointed carriages, took of our poverty—took the very best we had!

"As they left the camp, I looked up into my husband's face, and our eyes met. We said not a word, but in our hearts there was the same thought. Sister Stenhouse, there must have been that selfsame thought in the mind of many another poor soul who watched those elders depart after they had lectured us on faith and patience and obedience.

"They crossed the river pleasantly enough, and pointed out the best fording-place, and then they watched us wade through—the water there being nearly a mile in width, and in some places two, and even three feet in depth; and though many of the heavy-laden carts were drawn by delicate women and girls, they never so much as offered to lend us the aid of their handsome teams. One sister told me that they watched the poor people, crossing through glasses, as if it were an entertainment; but I did not see that, and can hardly believe it was true. All that they did, however, was to promise that when we reached Laramie we should find provisions

and bedding, and other necessities ready for us, and that they would send help from Salt Lake Valley to meet us.

"It was early in September when we reached Laramie, but we found nothing awaiting us there. We were all very much discouraged at this, and Captain Willie called another meeting for consultation. We knew, of course, beforehand, that our position was very bad; but figures, when stated plainly, become startling facts. We now learned that if we continued at the same rate as that at which we had previously been travelling, and received each the same allowance daily, we should be left utterly destitute of provisions when we were yet 350 miles from the end of our journey. Nothing remained, therefore, but to reduce our allowance; so, instead of one pound, we were rationed at three-quarters of a pound a day, and at the same time were forced to make incredible exertions to travel faster.

"Not long after this, Captain Willie received a message from the Apostle Richards. It is the custom, you know, for people who want to send messages to emigrants who come after them to write a note on a scrap of paper, and tie it to a stone or a piece of wood, and leave it on the way. No one disturbs it, as no one but the emigrants travel along that road, and they are sure to find it. It was from a rough post-office like this that Captain Willie got his letter. In it the apostle told him that we should receive supplies from Salt Lake when we reached the South Pass; but that we knew would be too late. So our allowance was again reduced, and after that we were rationed at an average of ten ounces for every person over ten years of age. The men who drew the carts received twelve ounces, the women and aged men nine ounces, and the children from four to eight ounces, according to age. Before this, the men with families had done better than the single men, as they had been able to save a little from the children's rations, and, of course, they did not like this new arrangement so well.

"Picture to yourself these men—in the cool air of September, drawing after them each one a loaded cart, with one or more children most frequently superadded to its weight, trudging wearily every day, ten, fifteen, or twenty miles over the rough desert, wading across streams with the women and children, setting up tents at night, working as they never worked before in all their lives, and withal keeping soul and body together upon twelve ounces of flour a day. This is but one side of the picture—the physical toil and endurance of the workingmen. Think what the feeble and aged, the sick, the women and children, must have endured!

"By this time many of those who had hitherto held out bravely began to fail, and the people in general were greatly discouraged. Captain Willie and the elders who assisted him did their best to keep up the spirits of the people, and to get them over as much ground as they could each day. The captains over the hundreds had, also, no little work to perform in distributing provisions, helping the sick and infirm, and, in fact, superintending everything.

"For some time the nights had been getting colder and colder, and by the time we arrived at the Sweetwater River we suffered considerably from that cause; winter was fast approaching. In fact, it came earlier and more severely last year than at any time before since the Saints settled in Utah. Does it not seem strange that at the very time when they were offering up special prayers for us in Salt Lake City, that we might be defended from cold and storm, the terrors of a more than ordinary winter overtook us, and proved fatal to so many of our company? The mountains were covered with snow; and it was soon quite evident, even to those who had prophesied most loudly that the Lord would work a special miracle in our behalf, that the storm-clouds of winter would soon burst upon us.

"You have never seen the Sweetwater River, so I may as well tell you that it is a very irregular stream, and we had to cross it again and

again upon our way. As usual, we had to wade through the water each time; and though the men helped over the women and children as well as they could, many of us got very wet indeed, and quite chilled, and we were all cold and miserable. Still, our faith never gave way; some, I know, began to doubt a little, but they had not yet lost all faith, and discouraged and exceedingly wretched, as indeed we were, the greater number bore up with heroic resolution. I noticed, however, on the faces of some poor souls—men and women—a peculiar expression which it is quite impossible for me to describe. Later on I was led to believe that at that time they, perhaps unconsciously, felt the presentiment of that fearful death which so soon overtook them.

"We suffered much at night. You may remember that I told you we were only allowed seventeen pounds of clothing and bedding, and that, of course, was of little use. Sleeping in a tent, under any circumstances, is not pleasant to those who are accustomed to the shelter of a house; but sleeping in a tent exposed to the keen night air of a wilderness, and with scarcely a rag of covering, was almost sufficient to prove fatal to the stoutest and strongest. During the summer-time, although our fare was scanty and our labor incessant, we rose each morning refreshed and strengthened, and ready for the toils of the day. But now we crept out of our tents cramped and miserable, half-frozen, and with our eyes red and tearful with the cold. We seemed to have no life left in us.

"These things soon began to tell upon the health of every one of us, especially upon the aged and those who were sickly. Hope at last died out in their poor weary hearts. One by one they fell off—utterly worn out. Poor things! how they had longed to see the promised Zion, and now all expectation of peaceful rest on earth was over—the bitter end had come.

"We dug graves for them by the wayside in the desert, and there we laid them with many tears, scarcely daring to look one another in the face, for we felt that our own time might perhaps be nearer than we thought. One by one at first they fell off, but before long the deaths became so very frequent that it was seldom that we left a camp-ground without burying one or more. This was, however, only the beginning of evil. Soon it was no longer the aged and sickly who were taken off, but the young and strong, who under other circumstances would have set disease and death at defiance. Cold, hunger, and excessive toil brought on dysentery; and when once attacked by that there was little hope for the sufferer, for *we had no medicine*, and it was quite out of our power to give them relief in any other way.

"I now began to fear for my husband, for I had noticed for some time an expression of extreme weariness in his face. Our trials had not hardened our hearts; on the contrary, I think, as death seemed to be drawing near, our affection for each other grew more pure and devoted, and in my heart I often prayed that if it were His will, God would let us die together, and rest in the same grave. We never spoke a word to each other on this subject, but we felt the more. I exerted all my remaining strength, and day after day toiled along at his side, helping him all I could; but although he never complained, I saw in his eyes a dull and heavy look, which, more than any words, told unmistakably of failing strength and the approach of disease, and my heart sank within me.

"But my own troubles did not alone engross my attention; there was too much wretchedness around us to allow anyone to be absorbed entirely in his own griefs. Acts of devotion on the part of both parents and children came before me daily, such as would have put to shame the stories of filial and parental piety which we used to be taught at school.

"Most of those who died, as far as I could tell, seemed to pass away quietly and with little pain, as if every feeling of the heart were numbed and dead. But my own sufferings and

fears at that time were so great that I could not be a very close observer. Strange as it may seem, the fear of death did not so much appear to terrify these poor victims as the thought that their bodies would be buried by the wayside in the desert, instead of in the sacred ground, as they considered it, of Salt Lake City. Poor souls! the passion was strong in death.

(To be Continued.)

THE ANOINTING IN BETHANY.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for May 12, Mark 14: 1-9. Golden Text, Mark 14: 8.

A Previous Anointing—The Perverse Expectation of the Disciples—The Woman's Better Enlightenment—Her Act Recorded by All the Evangelists—The Most Momentous of All the Passovers—The Broken Box a Type—The Protest Against Waste—Christ's Appreciation—More Than Sufficient Compensation—The Contrasted Occupation of Judas—How Jesus is Betrayed.

"SHE hath done what she could; she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying." Such is our Lord's short commendation of Mary! Jesus had been anointed long before. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me," He said, quoting from Isa. 61: 1, 2, "because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." This was the anointing of Jesus for His ministry. He had yet to be anointed

For His Sacrifice,

and this must be by the hand of a sinner; a woman, for "woman being deceived, was in the transgression." (1 Tim. 2: 14). Anointed of God the Father, by the Holy Ghost, Jesus was the Father's representative in His works of power and love and mercy, but anointed by a sinner, Jesus was the sinner's representative, to bear sin and shame, reproach and death. Of old, kings were anointed to power and dominion, priests to offer gifts and sacrifices for sin, prophets for the special service to which God called them; but here was one anointed to die, anointed to be made a curse, anointed to be made sin, and that by one who had merited death, had committed sin, had come under the curse.

In vain had Jesus, on five different occasions, taught His disciples that He must die; their expectations were still of earthly pomp and glory; and even when He was risen they asked the question, "Wilt thou not at *this* time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts 1: 6.) He had taught them "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation" (or with outward show), "neither shalt they say, Lo, here, or lo, there, for lo, the kingdom of God is within you." (Luke 17: 20, 21.) And yet they held to their own ideas, and never saw, until after His resurrection, when He breathed the Holy Ghost upon them (John 20: 22), and opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures" (Luke 24: 45), that His kingdom was "not of this world." (John 18: 36.) One only, of all His disciples, understood, and she it was, unknown in public but for this, who anointed His body for the burying. But her divinely recorded biography is so widely published that Jesus' word regarding it is fulfilled. "Whosoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." Thus it happened. Two days after His last public teaching, and His last instructions to His disciples about His second coming, "was the feast of the Passover." Never since its first institution was there

Such a Passover,

never to the end of time can there be such another. The destinies of all men hung upon that extreme movement. Heaven and hell were breathless; it was the redemption of a world which hung in the scale; but of all the millions then living, whose eternal life or eternal death were bound up with that moment, only one human being understood the transaction, and she

anointed Him for His burial. The chief priests and scribes, full of their contemptible jealousy of Him who was about to bear their sin, were racking their brains for an excuse to apprehend Him and put Him to death. Oh how truly they knew not what they did! No fear of God hindered them, but they feared the people, and said, "Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar of the people." Such was the aspect of things outside in the world; such is the aspect of things in the world still. We will not have Jesus, "we will not have this Man to reign over us." (Luke 19: 14.)

But within, where Jesus was in the midst of His disciples, it was far otherwise. "Being in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, as He sat at meat there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on His head." The Apostle John says she anointed His feet; probably it was both head and feet, and he adds: "The house was filled with

The Odor of the Ointment."

(John 12: 3.) The box was broken, but it had served its purpose; such an anointing could not be repeated. It was a type of the broken heart of the sinner, who alone could anoint Jesus; it was a type, too, of His body, so soon to be broken, but to spread abroad a savor of Christ upon the world.

Mary was more quick to hear than to do (James 1: 19), she "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word." (Luke 10: 39.) She was not full of human energy, like Martha, but when she acted it was in the mind of the Lord, and the whole house was filled with the influence. There are some people who are always full of bustle and energy; they wear themselves out, and are on from morning till night, and the amount they do is marvellous, but the result is by no means proportionate to the labor they expend. There are others who *do* very little, but are so full of God that every word tells, their presence in a home is felt, and what they do leaves lasting results. A Christian worker was staying lately in the house of one who lives before God. She said, on leaving: "I thank God I ever went into that house; it is not so much what Miss B. says, but her life speaks. I always feel God is with her."

"There were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor, and

They Murmured Against Her."

One who walks with God is sure to be misunderstood, not only by the world, but by the Church too. There are many children of God who cannot accept that they should be misunderstood by Christians; they expect something different from them. But it is through Christians, more than any others, we are called to suffer. The contradiction of sinners (Heb. 12: 3) is nothing to the contradiction of Christians. But if Christ has satisfied our hearts, we can be content if no one understands us, even if we are called to tread a path as lonely and as little to be comprehended by others as was the path of Mary when she anointed Jesus for His burial. They thought Mary extravagant, and heartless about the poor, and if God had not revealed to her her wondrous task, they would have been right. Let us be tender to those who oppose us; they often do so from the best and purest motives. Let us be able to commit our cause to the Lord, and rejoice to walk alone with Him. Jesus took up her defence, and said, "Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work upon Me." Was it not worth all the reproach she had had to hear these words of Jesus? "For," He continued, "ye have the poor with you always, and whosoever ye will, ye may do them good; but Me ye have not always. She hath done what she could; she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying." Dear reader, have you done what you could? Have you anointed Him to take *your* place as the Bearer of *your* sin? Do you understand His

sacrifice for you? Have you appropriated Him as the Propitiation for *your* sins? Can you see Him anointed, and therefore set apart to obtain salvation for you, and now at God's right hand interceding for you? Is this all a blessed reality to you? Mary's anointing was costly; probably a large share of her earthly goods went in that box of ointment. But she counted Jesus worthy of all. How much is Jesus worth to you? The answer is in the time, strength, love, money, and honor you give Him.

It was probably about the same time that this one disciple of Jesus anointed Him in Bethany, and drew down upon herself the criticisms of all, that another disciple was engaged in a vastly different undertaking. "Judas Iscariot, one of the twelve, went unto the chief priests

To Betray Him

unto them." What a strange proceeding! And yet disciples are doing the same thing by thousands to-day—Judas was one of the twelve whom He had chosen (Mark 3: 19). He had gone out with the others, and preached that men should repent, and cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them (Mark 6: 7-13), and yet he would now betray that Lord who had given him such power and authority! How we are reminded of the words, "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven. Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name have done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from Me ye that work iniquity"! (Matt. 7: 23.) Judas had prophesied in the name of Christ, and had cast out devils, but he was not doing the will of our Father which is in heaven. He was like the stony-ground conversions, which last until there is something which crosses their will. Oh how solemn it is that no unrenounced will can live in the atmosphere of heaven! Our wills must be laid down here, or nowhere.

When the chief priests knew that there was

A Traitor in the Camp,

one who could be bought with money, one who cared more for himself and his gains than for his Lord, they were glad. Nothing rejoices the ungodly so much as an inconsistent Christian, for they make his example an excuse for their own continuance in sin. But oh how common are such! It is the few, the very few, who do not betray their Lord! It is the few, the very few, who do not prize money, reputation, comfort, position, more than Jesus Christ. Many are called, but few are chosen. They "promised to give him money, and he sought how he might conveniently betray Him." Judas did the deed which could never be undone again. Mary's anointing, and Judas's betrayal are irrevocable facts in history. Shall we follow Mary, and esteem it, above all else, or shall we follow Judas, and betray Him?

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The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for April:

End of the Times in the Year 1900.
The Signs of the Times. By the Rev. Canon Fausset, of Durham.
The Millennium. Predicted by J. G. O.
The Pretensions of the Future Man of Sin of Thess. 2.
The Four Holy Cities of Judea.
Historical Fulfilment of the Third Trumpet. (Continued.)
Enoch and Elijah's Translation. By the late Mrs. Baylee. (Concluded.)
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And, longing your burden to bear,
He asks that you come in your weakness,
And bring Him your sorrow and care.

And for all of the gifts that He offers,
And the blessing He waits to impart,
He asks only this, that you give Him
Your sin-stained and world-weary heart.

Oh! how can you turn from His pleading,
And so cruelly wound him anew?
Oh! think of the thorns, and the scourging,
And remember he bore them for you.

Then go to the cross where they nailed Him,
And measure His love if you can,
Or tell what it cost for your ransom,
Ere Christ could redeem fallen man.

And yet you are slighting his mercy,
You are turning in coldness away,
From the warm tender love that is yearning,
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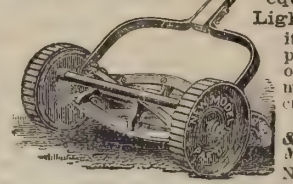
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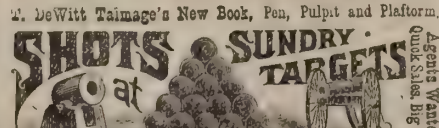
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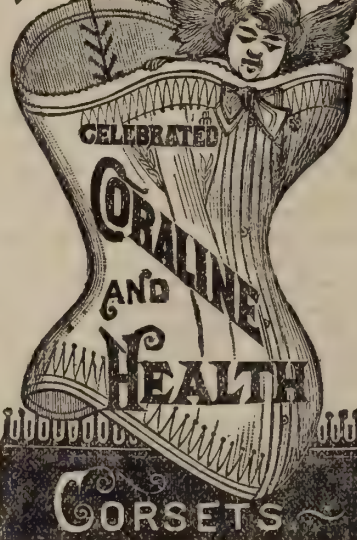
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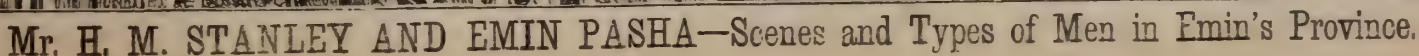
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graphical Story by Mrs. Stenhouse. (Continued.)



MR. H. M. STANLEY'S WONDERFUL ADVENTURES.

As was briefly mentioned in this journal on April 10, the long and anxiously expected news of Stanley has at last come to hand. Since he left Yambuga on June 28, 1887, and plunged into the unknown country between that place and Wadelai where Emin was, no reliable news of him was received. Reports came that he was killed, that he had died of fever, that he and Emin were both prisoners, and though they were distrusted they were sufficient to cause apprehension. It was known that he expected to reach Wadelai by November, 1887, at latest, and the fact that in February, 1888, Emin had heard nothing of him could not but excite fears for his safety. Now, however, letters in Stanley's own hand have come, and the whole civilized world is thankful that the heroic explorer is still living. Realizing how keen is the public interest taken in the wonderful man and his gallant effort to succor the brave Emin, we this week give portraits of the two men and extracts from Stanley's narrative, with pictures of phases of their surroundings. Of these pictures on the first page, No. 1 shows three types of the Babulu Wasongolo tribe and the Relief Expedition House at Stanley Falls. No. 2 gives types of the singular people who live near the River Aruwimi. No. 3 depicts a scene on the shore of the river Congo at Yahsuta, with some canoes used for fishing. No. 4 illustrates the hostility of the natives of Bangala, on the N'Imbo River, and No. 5 is a portrait of Majuta, the boy-attendant of Mr. Jamieson, one of Mr. Stanley's lieutenants.

Mr. Stanley's Life

having been more than once sketched in these pages, it is only necessary here to give but a brief summary of its chief events. He was born in 1840, near Denbigh, in Wales, in poor circumstances. He emigrated to America while a mere boy and was adopted as a son by a distinguished American citizen, served in the Confederate service; subsequently, after being a prisoner of war, entered the Union army, took part in the battles of Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and Pittsburg Landing, became a war correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and after the war continued his services on that journal. In October, 1869, the proprietor, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, offered to send him to the interior of Africa to find Dr. Livingstone, the Christian missionary-explorer, who had been so long lost to the ken of the civilized world that he was believed to be dead. Stanley tramped across Africa searching for him, and eventually found him, relieved his pressing needs, gave him news of the civilized world, and carried dispatches home from him. Stanley afterwards took up the work of exploration which Livingstone left unfinished, and, aided by the King of the Belgians, has established the Free State of the Congo. When the news came that Emin was surrounded by cruel and treacherous enemies, and was in need of help, Stanley was in New York enjoying a brief holiday, but he promptly responded to the call when the Emin Relief Association invited him to lead the expedition, and on January 21, 1887, he set out for Africa on his mission.

EMIN PASHA.

THE name by which the able administrator and intrepid general whose portrait appears with that of Mr. Stanley on the first page is known is an assumed name, taken or conferred upon him in his connection with his work in Africa. *Emin signifies the faithful one*, and thousands of helpless women and children in his province know by experience how worthy he is to bear it. His reply to Stanley, when the latter urged him to leave his dangerous post, was that he could not desert the people who were trusting in his protection. *His real name is Edward Schnitzer.* He is a German physician of delicate physique, with shy, sensitive manners and gentle bearing. He was born in Oppeln, in Silesia, on March 28, 1840, and is therefore now in his fiftieth year. His family were all Protestants, and occupied a

respected position amongst the trading classes of the district. In 1842 the Schnitzers removed from Oppeln to Neisse, where Emin's friends still reside. After a course of study at Neisse, young Schnitzer was sent to attend the lectures of the medical professors at the famous University of Breslau. He completed his medical education in the hospitals and surgical classes at Berlin, and graduated in 1864. As a boy he had a strong taste for the study of natural history and books of travel; and his friends were not at all surprised to find that he had made up his mind, on taking his degree, to become

A Surgeon in Turkey

if he could obtain employment under the Sultan. He was appointed, on his arrival in Syria, to the post of surgeon on the staff of Ismail Hakki Pasha, and served for some time in Antivari, and at Scutari; but on the death of the Pasha, in 1873, Schnitzer went to Constantinople and resigned his commission, and returned home to Neisse, where he occupied his leisure for some months in the further pursuit of his favorite study of natural history. In 1876, wearied by the inactivity of his life at Neisse, he made his way to Cairo, where he was made

An Officer of the Khedive

of Egypt, and was sent in 1875 to join the staff of Gordon, the Governor-General of the Soudan, who had his headquarters at Khartoum. From Khartoum, Emin was sent to act as Surgeon-General of the Equatorial Province, the southernmost limit of Egyptian territory on the Nile, of which region General Gordon was then Governor. Gordon at once saw the value of the young German doctor, and found him invaluable as a diplomatist, and sent him on tours of inspection through the more remote and unsettled districts of the province, and selected him as his second in command when he himself visited Uganda, the White Nile, and the populous shores of the Albert Nyanza.

When Gordon went to Khartoum he made Emin Governor of the Province, with the rank of Bey, which the Khedive subsequently raised to Pasha. General Stone, the American officer who, while serving under the Khedive, was brought into communication with Emin, said that he had never met a man so earnestly and conscientiously zealous for the good of those around him. Impartial justice, and an enlightened solicitude for the welfare of the people, won for him their confidence and affection, and kept them faithful to the Khedive when the other provinces of the Soudan rebelled. The danger to which Emin has become exposed is therefore not from his own people, but from the Arabs, who want his province to be in line with the rest of the Soudan, independent of Egypt.

MR. STANLEY'S EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

A GRAPHIC and thrilling story of the events which followed Mr. Stanley's departure from Yambuga for Wadelai on June 28, 1887, is told in his letters received April 1, 1889. He had carried his whole force so far, but at that point he was entering a country utterly unknown. He therefore resolved to leave there the bulk of the ammunition and other stores which he had brought for Emin, under the care of Barttelot and Jamieson, and with only a part of his force, strike due east through the country to Wadelai. He expected that it would not take him more than two weeks to accomplish the journey, and he would then return and fetch the stores for the relief of Emin. As it turned out, however, it took him and his party over five months to cut his way through the forest lands between the two places, as he encountered unexpected obstacles in the opposition of the natives and the physical character of the country.

The First Skirmish.

Mr. Stanley says: My advance column, consisting of 389 officers and men, set out from Yambuga, June 28, 1887. The first day we followed the river-bank, marched twelve miles, and arrived in the large district of Yankondé. At our approach the natives set fire to their villages, and under cover of the smoke attacked the

pioneers, who were clearing the numerous obstructions the natives had planted before the first village. The skirmish lasted fifteen minutes. The second day we followed a path leading inland, but trending east. We followed this path for five days through a dense population. Every art known to native minds for molesting, impeding, and wounding an enemy was resorted to; but we passed through, without the loss of a man. Perceiving that the path was taking us too far from our course, we cut a northeasterly track, and

Reached the River

Aruwimi again on the 5th of July. From this date until the 18th of October we followed the left bank of the Aruwimi. After seventeen days' continuous marching, we halted one day for rest. On the twenty-fourth day from Yambuga we lost two men by desertion. In the month of July we made four halts only. On the 1st of August the first death occurred, which was from dysentery; so that for thirty-four days our course had been singularly successful. But as we now entered a wilderness which occupied us nine days in marching through it, our sufferings began to multiply, and several deaths occurred. The river was of great use to us; our boat and several canoes relieved the wearied and sick of their loads, so that progress, though not brilliant, was still steady.

On the 13th of August, 1887, we arrived at Air-Sibba. The natives made a bold front. We lost five men through poisoned arrows, and to our great grief Lieutenant Stairs was wounded just below the heart; but though he suffered greatly for nearly a month, he finally recovered.

An Unfortunate Meeting.

On the 31st of August we met for the first time a party of Manyema belonging to the caravan of Ugarowwa, who turned out to be a former tent-boy of Speke's. They tampered with my men and tempted them to desert by their presents. Twenty-six men deserted within three days of this unfortunate meeting. On the 16th of September we arrived at the camp of the native chief, Ugarowwa. As food was very scarce, owing to his having devastated an immense region, we halted but one day near him. Such friendly terms as I could make with such a man I made, and left fifty-six men with him. All the Somalis preferred to rest at Ugarowwa's to the continuous marching. Five Soudanese were also left. It would have been certain death for all of them to have accompanied us. At Ugarowwa's they might possibly recover. Five dollars a month per head I agreed to pay to this man for their food.

An Awful Month.

On September 18 we left Ugarowwa's, and on the 18th of October entered the settlement occupied by Kilinga-Longa, a Zanzibari slave belonging to Abed bin Salim, an old Arab, whose bloody deeds are recorded in "The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State." This proved an awful month to us; not one member of the expedition, white or black, will ever forget it. Our party numbered 273 souls on leaving Ugarowwa's, because out of 389 we had lost sixty-six men by desertion and death between Yambuga and Ugarowwa's, and had left fifty-six men sick in the Arab station. On reaching Kilinga-Longa's we discovered we had lost fifty-five men more by starvation or desertion. We had lived principally on wild fruit, fungi, and a large, flat, bean-shaped nut. The slaves of Abed bin Salim did their utmost to ruin the expedition, short of open hostilities. They forced us to sell to them our rifles, ammunition, clothing, so that when we left their station

We were Beggared,

and our men were absolutely naked. We were so weak physically that we were unable to carry the boat and about seventy loads of goods; we therefore left these goods and boat at Kilinga-Longa's, under Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, the latter of whom was unable to march, and after twelve days' march we arrived at a native settlement called Ibwire. Between Kilinga-Longa's and Ibwire our condition had

not improved. The Arab devastation had reached within a few miles of Ibwiri—a devastation so complete that there was not one native left standing between Ugarrowwa's and Ibwiri, and what had not been destroyed by the slaves of Ugarrowwa and Abed bin Salim, the elephants destroyed, and turned the whole region into a horrible wilderness. But at Ibwiri we were beyond the utmost reach of the destroyers; we were on virgin soil, in a populous region bounding with food. Our suffering from hunger, which began on the 31st of August, terminated on the 12th of November. Ourselves and men were skeletons. Out of 389 we now only numbered 174, several of whom seemed to have no hope of life left. A halt was therefore ordered for the people to recuperate.

We halted thirteen days in Ibwiri and revelled in fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, beans, &c. The supplies were inexhaustible, and the people glutted themselves; the effect was such that I had 173—one was killed by an arrow—mostly sleek and robust men when we set out for the Albert Nyanza on the 24th of November, 1887. We were still 126 miles from the lake Nyanza, but, given food, such a distance seemed nothing. On the 5th of December we emerged out of the forest, in which we had had **160 Days' Continuous Gloom;**

but now we saw the light of broad day shining all around us and making all things beautiful. We thought we had never seen grass so green or country so lovely. The men literally yelled and leaped with joy, and raced over the ground with their burdens. Ah! this was the old spirit of former expeditions all of a sudden revived. Now woe betide the native aggressor we may meet, however powerful he may be; with such a spirit the men will fling themselves like wolves on sheep. Numbers will not be considered. It had been the dreadful forest that had made them abject, slavish creatures, plundered by Arab slaves at Kilinga-Longa's.

A Powerful Chief's Hostility.

On December 9, 1887, we came to the country of the powerful Chief Mazamboni. The villages were scattered over a great extent of country so thickly that there was no other road except through their villages or fields. From a long distance the natives had sighted us, and were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived in the centre of a mass of villages, about 4 P. M. on the 9th of December, and occupied it, building a zariba as fast as billhooks could cut brushwood. The war-cries were terrible from hill to hill; they were sent pealing across the intervening valleys, the people gathered by hundreds from every point, war-horns and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as were too bold we checked with but little effort, and a slight skirmish ended in our capturing a cow, the first beef tasted since we left the ocean. The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow. On the morning of December 10 we attempted to open negotiations. The natives were anxious to know who we were. Hours were passed talking, both parties keeping a respectful distance apart.

A Battle.

The morning of December 11 dawned, and at 8 A. M. we were startled at hearing a man proclaiming that it was Mazamboni's wish that we should be driven back from the land. A choice body of our sharpshooters then crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of natives, and assaulted the first village and took it. The sharpshooters did their work effectively, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until they fled. By 3 P. M. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us. On the morning of December 12 we continued our march; during the day we had four little fights. On the 13th we marched straight east; *attacked by new forces every hour* until noon, when we halted for refreshments. We successfully overcame these natives. At 1 P. M. we resumed our march.

Fifteen minutes later I cried out, "Prepare yourselves for a sight of the lake Nyanza." The men murmured and doubted, and said, "Why does the Master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us." At 1:30 P. M. the Albert Nyanza was below them. Now it was my turn to laugh at the doubters, and many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon, but I could not say a word. This was my reward. Kavalli, on the lake Albert Nyanza, the objective point of the expedition, was six miles from us as the crow flies.

The Meeting With Emin,

however, was not yet achieved. Mr. Stanley's letter, which must, from this point, be briefly summarized, relates how he was attacked again in his descent toward the lake. He repelled the onslaught, but was again attacked in the night. That attack, too, was repulsed. He had expected that Emin would be at the south of the lake to meet him, but he was not there, and now he was in imperative need of the boat, which, owing to the weakness of his men, he had been compelled to leave behind. There was no other way but for Stanley to turn back with part of his force and get that boat. A fort was built near the lake for the protection of the men he must leave there, and then, on December 15, 1887, Stanley retraced his steps over the 190 miles to Kilinga-Longa's, where the boat was. On the way he was prostrated by sickness, and only recovered by careful nursing. It was not until April 26, 1888, that they reached the lake with the boat. They had been met on the way by a messenger bearing a letter from Emin, who, hearing of their coming, sent to greet his rescuer, who, by this time, was himself almost in need of rescue. On reaching the lake, Emin's steamer was seen seven miles away, and that night Emin and Stanley were together in camp.

Emin supplied Stanley with an escort, and the explorer, after remaining with Emin until May 25, once more retraced his steps to Yambuga, to bring up the stores left there under Barttelot and Jamieson. They arrived on August 17, only to find that their own misfortunes had been paralleled by those that

The Rear Column

had undergone. Barttelot had been murdered, Jamieson was dead of fever, two other white men had succumbed to hardships and gone home, and Bonney alone, of all the white men, was left. Of the two hundred and fifty-seven natives, only seventy-one remained, and of these only ten were fit for work. Mr. Stanley had also the mortification of discovering that, owing to a report of his death, his personal kit, medicines, provisions, etc., had been sent down the Congo as superfluities, and he found himself naked and deprived of even the necessities of life in Africa. His own followers, and the escort lent to him by Emin, were, however, set to work to carry back to the lake what remained of the stores, and Stanley's letter was written just as they were setting out. He says that Emin Pasha had soldiers under him, sailors, artisans, clerks, servants, men, women, and children, and if he moved out with his people 8,000 would follow in his train. But Emin seemed disposed to remain; Stanley, however, resolving to return with the expedition to the Nyanza. The latest rumors brought by Arabs to Stanley Falls, and forwarded thence on February 28, 1889, down the Congo, say that he was on his way to Zanzibar, in company with Emin Pasha, several thousand men, women, and children, and 6,000 ivory tusks, having left Bungangeta, on the Aruwimi River, on or about September 4.

The Seeking Saviour and Other Themes, by

the late Dr. Mackay, of Hull. This work has been published since Dr. Mackay's death, but the greater part was ready for publication when he died, and to that has been added the striking discourse which he delivered the last time he entered the pulpit, and a few manuscripts found among his papers. 247 pages, cloth cover; price 75 cents, including postage. For sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Wretched Millionaire.—The Rev. Mr. McGregor observes: "Just before I left Chicago, recently, I called on a very wealthy man, whose name is known all over the world, to request a subscription for the poor of Scotland. That man in his youth had set out to save his own life, but he had lost it. He had determined to make his aim the gathering together of wealth. He had succeeded. Yet though he could write a cheque for a million dollars, and feel it even less than I would the loss of one dollar, he was not happy; though surrounded by every luxury and comfort he was profoundly miserable, and acknowledged it. He found that neither wealth, luxury, nor reputation can satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul. The poor rich man wants Christ, and none but Christ can satisfy. Before I left him, I urged him to drink of that living water, which Christ offers to all such as he, which after drinking he should never thirst."

A Sight which Drove a Man Mad.—Mr. J. Thomson observes: "There was a dear friend of mine who lost his reason some time ago, but after three years in an asylum he recovered and again entered his old position. I one day asked him, 'Do you know the cause of the loss of your reason?' He replied, 'I thought I was standing on a green spot surrounded by thousands of merry-makers who were singing and dancing. In the distance I saw a great wheel revolving, and toward it all the dancers were slowly making their way. I could not see the other side of the wheel where I was standing, and I thought I shifted my position until I could get a better view of that stupendous wheel. I saw the merry-makers step from the greensward, and being caught by this wheel were thrown into a great chasm on the other side. As I saw the people fall into that fearful abyss, I turned with a cry, and my reason was gone.' I myself was present when that dear friend of mine turned with that cry, and I was the first to take the strong man in my arms and hold him. If the thought of so many people falling into an abyss was enough to turn a man's reason, what must be the thought of men and women going in thousands toward the brink of the bottomless abyss? Lost, and with Christ at hand. Horrible, truly horrible!"

Mission Hall, Hospital, and Heaven.—Mr. Stoney says: "Some years ago in a London mission conducted by one of my friends, a young woman entered the hall, and took her seat on one of the front benches. As the sermon went on a lady who sat near noticed the tears running down the young woman's cheeks. At the close of the service the girl rose quickly, and left the hall, but the lady followed her, and overtaking her in the street, kindly asked her what her sorrow was, and showed her Christ the balm for every sorrow. The girl did not accept Christ that night, but promised to come to the hall on the following night. For several nights she came, and at last she humbly cast herself upon Christ, and besought His forgiveness. As she was leaving on the night she found Christ, the lady said to her, 'I'll give you a text to take away with you—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' The girl said she had not a Bible, and the lady, marking the place in her own, put it into the girl's hand saying, 'Be sure and read it every day.' The girl promised, and went away saying she would be at the meeting the next evening. But the next night she was not there, and when several nights passed and she did not come, the lady began to fear she had gone back into the world. One day as the lady was visiting one of the hospitals, one of the nurses said, 'I wish you had been here a little while ago. We had a young woman who had been run over by a wagon. Poor thing, she was fearfully crushed, and died almost at once. She had a Bible in her hand, with your name inscribed in it, and she said when she was brought in, 'Thank God, I found Christ as my Saviour last night. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."'"

AROMATICS FOR EASTER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, April 21, 1889.

"Bringing the spices which they had prepared." Luke 24: 1.

"The trumpet shall sound." 1 Cor. 15: 25.

Why the Women Took Spices to Christ's Tomb—Emblematic of the Gospel—Its Sweetening and Deodorizing Influence Needed—God's Delight in Fragrance—The Tomb Opened by Concussion—What the World Owes to Concussion—A Messianic Force—The Angel Seated on the Stone—Every Obstacle to Become a Throne—Horace Greeley's Triumph—Edward T. Taylor's Work—The Glory of Resurrection Day—The Dead Awakened by Music—What Music has Done for Dead Souls—The Sleeping Army at Sharpsburg—The Inscriptions in the Catacombs.

ENCHANTING work have I before me this Easter morning, for, imitating these women of the text, who brought aromatics to the mausoleum of Christ, I am going to unroll frankincense and balm and otto of roses and cardamon from the East Indies, and odors from Arabia, and, when we can inhale no more of the perfume, then we will take to sweet sounds and hear from the music that shall wake the dead. Having on other Easters described the whole scene, I need only in four or five sentences say: Christ was lying flat on his back, lifeless, amidst sculptured rocks—rocks over him, rocks under him, and a door of rocks all bounded by the flowers and fountains of Joseph's country-seat. Then a bright immortal, having descended from heaven, quick and flashing as a falling meteor, picks up the door of rock and puts it aside as though it were a chair and sits on it. Then Christ unwraps Himself of his mortuary apparel, and takes the turban from His head and folds it up deliberately and lays it down in one place, and then puts the shroud in another place, and comes out and finds that the soldiers who had been on guard are lying in a dead swoon.

The Illustrious Prisoner

of the tomb is discharged, and five hundred people see Him at once. An especial congress of ecclesiastics called, pay a bribe to the resuscitated soldiers to say that there was no resurrection, and that while they were overcome of slumber the Christians had played resurrectionists and stolen the corpse. The Marys are at the tomb with aromatics. Why did not these women of the text bring thorns and nettles? for these would more thoroughly have expressed the piercing sorrows of themselves and their Lord. Why did they not bring some national ensign, such as that of the Roman eagle, typical of conquest? No, they bring aromatics, suggestive to me of the fact that

The Gospel is to Sweeten

and deodorize the world. The world has so much of putrefaction and malodor that Christ is going to roll over it waves of frankincense, and sprinkle it all over with sweet-smelling myrrh. Thousands of years before this Solomon had said that Christ was a lily, and Isaiah had declared that under the gospel the desert would bloom like the rose; but the world was slow to take the floral hint. And so now the women of the text bring hands full and arms full of redolence, and perhaps unwittingly confirm and emphasize the lesson of deodorization. When Christ's gospel has conquered the earth the last offence to the olfactories will have left the world: sweet, pure air will have blown through every home, and churches will be freed from the curse of ill ventilation, and the world will become two great gardens, the empurpled and emblazoned and emparadised hemispheres. Sin is a buzzard, holiness is a dove.

Sin is Nightshade,

holiness is a flower. If you are trying to reform the world, open the windows of that tenement house and pour through it a draught of God's pure atmosphere, and set a geranium or heliotrope on the window-sill; cleanse the air, and you will help cleanse the soul. How dare this world so often insult that feature of the human face which God has made the most prominent feature in human physiognomy? To prove how

He Himself loves aromatics, I bring the fact that there are millions of flowers on prairies and in mountain fastnesses the fragrance of which no human being ever breathes, and He must have grown them there for His own regalement. And for the compliment the world paid Christ by giving Him a sepulchre in Joseph's garden, He will yet make the whole earth a garden. Yes, He expressed

His Delight with Fragrance

in the first book of the Bible, when He said: "The Lord smelled a sweet savor;" and He filled the air of the ancient tabernacle and temple with sweet incense; and there are small bottles of perfume in heaven, described in Revelation as golden vials full of odors. I preach an ambrosial gospel which will yet extirpate from the world all foulness and rancidity, and the last noisomeness and the last mephitic gas. Glad am I that, though the world had chiefly spikes for the Saviour's feet and thorns for the Saviour's brow, the Magi put frankincense upon His cradle and the Marys brought frankincense for His grave.

Notice, also, that Christ's mausoleum was opened by concussion. It was a great earthquake that put its twisted key into the involved and labyrinthine lock of that tomb. Concussion! That is the power that opens all the tombs that are opened at all. Tomb of soul, and tomb of nations. Concussion between England and the thirteen colonies, and forth comes free government in America. Concussion between France and Germany, and forth comes republicanism for France.

Concussion Among the Rocks

on Mount Sinai, and on two of them was left a perfect law for all ages. Concussion among the rocks around Calvary, and the Crucifixion was made the more overwhelming. Concussion between the United States and Mexico, and a vast area of country becomes ours. Concussion between England and France, and most of this continent west of the Mississippi becomes the property of the American Union. Concussion between iceberg and iceberg, between boulder and boulder, and a thousand concussions put this world into shape for man's residence. Concussion between David and his enemies, and out came the Psalms, which otherwise would never have been written. Concussion between God's will and man's will, and, ours overthrown, we are new creatures in Christ Jesus. Concussion of misfortune and trial for many of the good, and out comes their consecration.

Do not therefore be frightened when you see the great upheavals, the great agitations, the great earthquakes, whether among the rocks, or among the nations, or in individual experience. Out of them God will bring best results, and most magnificent consequences. Hear the crash all round the Lord's sarcophagus, and see the glorious reanimation of its dead inhabitant. Concussion! If ever a general European war, which the world has been expecting for the last twenty years, should come, a concussion so wide and a concussion so tremendous would not leave a throne in Europe standing as it now is. The nations of the earth are tired of having their kings born to them, and they would after a while elect their kings, and there would be an Italian republic, and a German republic, and a Russian republic, and an Austrian republic, and out of the cracks and chasms of that concussion would come resurrection for all Europe. Stagnation is deathful; concussion is Messianic.

Notice also

What the Angel Did With the Stone

after he had rolled it away from the mouth of the Saviour's mausoleum. The Book says he rolled away the stone from the door, and sat upon it. All of us ministers have preached a sermon about the angel's rolling away the stone, but we did not remark upon the sublime fact that he sat upon it. Why? Certainly not because he was tired. The angels are a fatigueless race, and that one could have shouldered every rock around that tomb, and carried it away, and not been besweated. He sat upon it,

I think, to show you, and to show me that I may make every earthly obstacle a throne of triumph. The young men who get their education easy seldom amount to much. Those who had to struggle for it come out atop. There is no end of the story of studying by pine-kn lights, and reading while the mules of the top path were resting, and of going hungry and patched and barefoot, and submitting to all kinds of privation to get scholastic advantage. But the day of graduation came, and they took the diplomas with a hand nervous from night study, and pale from lack of food, and put their academic degrees in the pocket of their threadbare coat. Then starting for another career of hardship, they entered a profession or a business where they found

Plenty of Disheartenment

and no help. Yet saying, "I will succeed God help me, for no one else will," they went on and up until the world was compelled to acknowledge and admire them. The fact was that the obstacle between their discouraging start and their complete success was a rock fifty tons, but by resolution, nerved and muscularized and reinforced by Almighty God they threw their arms around the obstacle and with the strength of a supernatural wrestler rolled back the stone, and, having become more than conquerors, they sat upon it. Men and women are good and great and useful just in proportion as they had to overcome obstacles. You can count upon the fingers of your one hand all the great singers, great orators, great poets, great patriots, and great Christians who never had a struggle. That angel that made a throne of the boulder at Christ's tomb went back to heaven, and I warrant that, having been born in heaven and always had an easy time, he now speaks of that wrestle with the rock as the most interesting chapter in all his angelic lifetime. Oh men and women with obstacles in the way, I tell you that those

Obstacles Are Only Thrones

that you may after a while sit on. Is the obstacle in your way sickness? Conquer it by accomplishing more for God during your invalidism than many accomplish who have never known an ailment. Are you persecuted? By your uprightness and courage compel the world to acknowledge your moral heroism. Is it poverty? Conquer it by being happy in the companionship of your Lord and Master, who in all His life owned but sixty-two cents, and that He got from a fish's mouth and immediately paid it all out in taxes to the Roman assessor, and who would have been buried in a potter's field had not Joseph of Arimathea contributed a place; for He who had not where to lay His head during His life had a borrowed pillow for the last slumber. There is no throne that you are sure to keep except that which you make out of vanquished obstacles.

An ungrateful republic at the ballot-box denied Horace Greeley the highest place at the national capital, but could not keep him from rising from the steps of a New York printing-office on which he sat one chilly morning waiting for the boss printer to come that he might get a job, until he mounted the highest throne of American journalism. He rolled back the stone and sat upon it.

A Poor Orphan Boy.

picking up chips at Richmond, Va., accosted by a passing sea-captain, and invited to come on board his vessel, drops the chips and starts right away, and is tossed from port to port, and, homeless and friendless, wanders one day along Tremont Street, Boston, and sees Park Street Church open, and, speaking of it afterward on a great occasion and using sailors' vernacular, as was usual with him, he says: "I put in, I up helm, unfurled sail, and made for the gallery, and scud under bare poles to the corner pew. Then I hove to and came to anchor. The old man, Dr. Griffin, was just naming his text. Pretty soon, he unfurled the mainsail, raised the topsail, ran up the pennants to free breeze, and I tell you the old gospel ship never

ed more prosperously. The salt spray flew every direction, but more especially did it down my cheeks. Satan had to strike sail, guns were dismantled or spiked, his various ts by which he led sinners captive were all dead, and the captain of the Lord's hosts e forth, conquering and to conquer." Before t sailor-boy was poverty, but

He Conquered.
and orphanage, but he conquered it; and orance, but he conquered it; and the scoff the world, but he conquered it; and he rose every sailors' Bethel in the world blessed , and great anniversary platforms invited t, and Daniel Webster and Charles Dickens, Frederika Bremer, and poets and orators senators sat electrified at his feet, and his pelizing influence will go on until the last e tar is converted and the sea shall give up dead. All the obstacles of his life seemed hered into one great bowlder, but Edward T. rlor, the world-renowned sailors' preacher, ed back the stone and sat upon it.

et do not make the mistake that many do sitting on it before it is rolled away. It is and to go if you only tug away at it. If not ore, then I think about 12 o'clock noon of

Resurrection Day

I will see something worth seeing. The ernal impression is that the resurrection will e place in the morning. The ascent to the es will hardly occur immediately. It will e some hours to form the procession sky- d, and we will all want to take a look at this ld before we leave it forever, and see the oundings of the couch where our bodies e long been sleeping. On that Easter morn- e the marble, whether it lay flat upon your ve or stood up in monument, will have to be eled and shaken and rolled aside by the gel of Resurrection, and while waiting for ur kindred to gather and the procession to m, your resurrected body may sit in holy mph upon that chiseled stone which marked place of your protracted slumber. On that what a fragile thing will be Aberdeen granite column of basalt, and the mortar which will e out of the wall of vaults that have been led a thousand years, and the Taj, built for a en in India, a sepulchre two hundred and enty-five feet high, and made of jasper and elian, and turquoise and lapis-lazuli, and ethyst and onyx, and sapphire and diamond, l which shall that day rain into glittering t on groves of banyan and palm. And all

Under What Power?

nderous crowbars wielded by giants? No. nderbolt cleaving asunder the granite? No. ndering-ram swung against the walls of ceme- es? No. Dynamite drilled under the founda- ns of cenotaph and abbey? No. It will be e by music. Nothing but music, sweet but penetrating music. The trumpet shall sound! u say that is figurative; how do you know? t, whether literal or figurative, it means music how. The trumpet, that stirring, incisive, ghty instrument, with a natural compass from below the staff to E above, blown above Sinai en the law was given, blown around Jericho en the walls tumbled, blown when Gideon comfited the Midianites, blown when the ient Israelites were gathered for worship, to blown for the raising of the dead in the last at Easter. The mother, who, when the child st be awakened, kisses its eyes awake, does l. But the trumpet, which when the dead are e aroused kisses the ear awake, does better. not surprised if the dead are to be

Awakened by Music.

y, that is the way now we raise the dead. e the statistics, if you can, of the millions of ls that have been raised from the death of y by hymns, by psalms, by solos, by anthems, flutes, by violins, by organs, by trumpets. der God what hosts have been resurrected ra D. Sankey, by Thomas Hastings, by Wil- n B. Bradbury, by Lowell Mason, by motherly abies, by church doxologies, by oratorios. If raise the dead now by music, be not surprised

that on the last day the dead are to be raised by music.

The trumpet shall sound! And that instru- ment shall have plenty of work to do on the day mentioned. It will have to sound through all the pyramids, which are only names for sepul- chres, and liberate the buried kings. And through hypergean graves which were built in mounds and the hypogean graves which were dug in rocks, and through the nine hundred winding miles of catacombs under and around the Roman Campagna, where over seven million human beings sleep. And through all the crystal sarcophagi of Atlantic and Pacific and Medi- terranean and Caspian and Black sea deeps. And over all the battle-fields of continents, un- til all the fallen troops of English and French and Italian and German and Russian and Per- sian and American and the world's battle-fields answer the call. Marathon, come up! Agincourt, come up! Blenheim, come up! Acre, come up! Hohenlinden, come up! Sedan, come up! Gettysburg, come up! Near Sharpsburg during our civil war, when I was, with some others under the auspices of the Christian commission, looking after the wounded, Federal and Con- federate, one moonlight night I was where I could look down upon the tents of the sleeping army. Oh what

An Imposing Spectacle!

But my subject calls us to look down upon a mightier host of soldiers slumbering their last sleep in the bivouac of the dust: the seven hundred and fifty thousand slain in the Crimean War, the eight hundred thousand slain in our American war, the fifteen million slain in the wars of Sesostris, the twenty-five million slain in Jewish wars, the thirty-two million slain in the wars of Ghengis Khan, the eighty million slain in the wars of the Crusaders, the one hundred and eighty million slain in the Roman wars. Ay, according to Dr. Dick, the dead in war, if each one occupied four feet of ground would make enough graves to reach four hun- dred and forty-two times around the earth.

The most of people are dead. The world is a house of two rooms, a basement, and a room above-ground. The basement has two to one, three to one, four to one, more occupants than the superstructure. Sickness and war and death have been stacking their harvests for near six thousand years. Where are those who saw the Pilgrim Fathers embark, or the Declaration of Independence signed, or Franklin lasso the lightning, or Warren Hastings tried, or Queen Elizabeth in her triumphal march to Kenilworth, or William, Prince of Orange, land, or Gustavus Adolphus crowned, or Jerome of Prague burned at the stake, or Tamerlane found his empire? Gone! Gone!

But the trumpet shall sound. Music to raise the dead. Oh, how much the world needs it. You take a torch, and I will take a torch, and we will go through some of the aisles of

The Roman Catacombs

and see the expectant epitaphs on the walls and right over where the departed sleep. You know that these catacombs are fifty or sixty feet un- derground, and if one loses the guide or his torch is extinguished, he never finds the way out. So let us stay close together, and with our torches, as we wander along a small part of these nine hundred miles of underground pas- sages, see the inscriptions as they were really chiseled there on both sides the way. On your side you read by the light of your torch: "Here rests a handmaid of God, who out of all her riches now possesses but this one house. Thou wilt remain in eternal repose of happiness. A. D. 380." On my side I read by the light of the torch: "Aurelia, our sweetest daughter; she lived fifteen years and four months. A. D. 325." On your side you read: "Here hath been laid a sweet spirit, guileless, wise, and beautiful. Buried in peace. A. D. 388." On my side I read, "You well-deserving one, lie in peace. You will rise. A temporary rest is granted you. Plaucus, her husband, made this." On your side you read: "Nicephorus, a sweet soul, in

the place of refreshment." On my side I read: "In Christ, Alexander is not dead, but lives be- yond the stars, and his dead body rests in this tomb." On your side you read: "Here, happy, you find rest bowed down with years." "Irene sleeps in God." "Valeria sleeps in peace." "Arethusa sleeps in God." "Navira in peace, a sweet soul who lived sixteen years, a soul sweet as honey; this epitaph was made by her parents."

But let us come out from these catacombs and extinguish our torches, for upon all these long- ings and expectations of all nations the morn- ing of Resurrection dawns. The trumpet shall sound! And the sooner it sounds, the better. Oh how we would like to get

Our Loved Ones Back Again!

If we are ready to meet our Lord, our sins all pardoned, what a good thing if this moment we could hear the resounding and reverberating blast! Would you not like to see your father again, your mother again, your daughter again, your boy again, and all your departed kindred again? Roll on, sweet day of resurrection and reunion! Under the hoofs of the white steeds that draw thy chariot we strew Easter flowers. Would it not be grand if all rise together?

You know that the Bible says we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. What if we should be among the favored ones who never have to see death, and that while in the full life of our body we should hear that trumpet sound and these mortal bodies take on immortality! Oh, how I would hasten to two places before the close of such a day—peaceful Greenwood, and the village cemetery back of Somerville. And I would cry aloud: "The hour has come, the trumpet has sounded, the resurrection is here. Father and mother, you were the best of all the group, now lead the way!" The earth sinks out of sight. Clouds under foot. Other worlds only milestones on the King's highway. We rise! We rise! We rise! to be forever with the Lord, and forever with each other. May we all have part in that first resurrection!

In this dark world of sin and pain,
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We there shall meet to part no more.
The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away.

MRS. RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

(See Portrait on page 268.)

THE wife of the President's son is a daughter of ex-Senator Saunders, who in 1883 was one of the representatives of Nebraska in the United States Senate. At that time Benjamin Harrison was Senator from Indiana, and the two families became intimate. One result of their intercourse was that Senator Harrison's son, Russell, and Senator Saunders's daughter, Minnie, conceived a regard for each other which ripened into love. They were married, and went to live at Helena, Montana, where Mr. Harrison was interested in a stock farm. He has now become chief man there, is wealthy, and exercises considerable influence for so young a man. It is expected that young Mrs. Harrison will be frequently at the White House during the term, and assist her mother-in-law at the receptions. Her beauty and graceful manners impress all who come in contact with her, and she, with Mrs. McKee, the President's daughter, who is also exceedingly attractive in person and conversation, will doubtless become well known and popular in Washington society.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

END OF THE TIMES IN THE YEAR 1900, SHOWN BY SIX SCRIPTURE DATES,

by a French Roman Catholic writer, fifty years ago, as set forth in a French book entitled "*Le Fin des Temps, par Pierre L., a Roman Catholic, of Paris,*" published in the year 1840, by Debre-court, of Paris.

The Unsealed Book—In Accord with Daniel and Habakkuk—I. The Forty-two Months—Beginning in 636—Ending 1896, Three and a Half Years Before the Consummation in 1900—II. The Time, Times, and Half a Time Covering the Same Period—III. The Forty-two Months of Mohammedan Supremacy—IV. The 1,290 Literal Days From 1896 to 1900—V. The 2,300 Years Dating From 400 B. C.—VI. The Midst of the Years—1,253 Years Before, and 1,253 Years After the Central Date of 647 A. D.

THE Apocalypse of St. John, that Book which is not sealed (Rev. 22: 10), and which is, consequently, left to the interpretation of the servants of God—*Palam facere servis suis* (Rev. 1: 1)—invariably fixes the End of this Age at the year 1900; this is also the term of Daniel and Habakkuk. This is shown by six prophecies: 1. The 11th chapter of Revelation; 2. The 12th chapter of Revelation; 3. Its 13th chapter; 4. The 7th chapter of Daniel; 5. The 8th chapter of Daniel; 6. The 2d chapter of Habakkuk.

The Forty-two Months.

I. It was said to John in Rev. 11: 1, 2: "Arise, and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and the adorers, but the court which is outside the temple cast out, and measure it not, because it is given unto the Gentiles, and the holy city they shall tread under foot *two-and-forty months*." "This temple, this altar," these adorers, are in the Holy City, in Jerusalem.

Now, at what epoch were Christians no longer permitted to adore Jesus Christ in the places hallowed by His passion and death? When were the faithful deprived of the liberty of adoring God in His temple? When was the court outside the temple cut off, and given to the Gentiles? When was exterior

Worship Prohibited in Jerusalem?

Mahomet appeared, and subsequently, in the year 636, Omar, his successor, having taken the city, signed these articles of capitulation: "In the name of God, clement and merciful, from Omar, son of Itab, safety is granted to the people of the city of *Ælia* (Jerusalem), for themselves, as well as for their children, their wives, their goods, and for all their churches, they shall neither be destroyed nor closed."

Thus the temple, the altar, the adorers, were preserved by the words of the Caliph Omar, which were respected even at the time of the Crusades. But upon what hard conditions! In all times heavy imposts were exacted for praying to God in His temple, because such was the law of the Koran in its 8th and 9th chapters. It was then only by measure and by the weight of gold that Christians were permitted to remain in Jerusalem. Thus were those words accomplished: "*Measure the temple of God, and the altar, and the adorers.*"

But the court outside the temple, the exterior worship, was abolished: "It happened," says the historian Fleury, "that when Omar desired to build a mosque in Jerusalem, the edifice could not be made to stand, . . . but on removing the cross which was erected on the Mount of Olives, the building remained firm, and this was a reason for removing many other crosses. . . . It is still more remarkable that the Mohammedans took half of the porch belonging to the Church of Constantine, where the steps were upon which Omar had prayed, to build a mosque over them." Thus those words were accomplished: "But the court outside the temple cast out and measure it not, because it is given to the Gentiles." It is then

From the Year 636,

when Jerusalem was taken by Omar, that we must count the *forty-two Greek months* (the prophet wrote in that language) of thirty days, or, altogether, 1,260 days; that is to say—taking the days for years, as is usual with the prophets

—the Gentiles should occupy the Holy City for twelve hundred and sixty years, until 1896, and four months, the time when the Jews, led back into their country by Enoch and Elias, will drive out the Mohammedans. Afterwards those two prophets will be slain by the beast—the Antichrist, who will come out of the bottomless pit. Then follows the reign of Antichrist during three days and a half, or three years and a half at the close of which the End will come in 1900. (Rev. 11: 7-11).

The 1,260 Desert Years.

II. The Church is represented to the prophet in the next (twelfth) chapter of Revelation, under the figure of a woman in the pains of labor—denoting, according to the opinion of St. Bernard,

The Church Persecuted,

—tortured in her martyrs, which brought forth a son, who was taken up to God, and to His throne. Then she takes flight into the desert unto her place, where she is nourished during *twelve hundred and sixty years*, or for a time, and times, and half a time. The desert, to which the Church is obliged to fly with the two wings of a great eagle (Rev. 12: 6-14) as she had only two patriarchal sees, Antioch and Alexandria, left to her after the taking of Jerusalem by Omar, is Rome, where Jesus Christ has fixed the seat of His Empire. *Rome is a desert*, a place of exile, far from Jerusalem, her country and her birthplace.* And whilst the earth protects her against Abderam, who spreads out and rushes on like a river, the demon, who persecutes her, places himself upon the shore of the Mediterranean Sea: *Stetit super arenam maris* (Rev. 12: 15-18). We must then again count from Omar's taking of Jerusalem, in 636, the twelve hundred and sixty days, or the twelve hundred and sixty years, during which the kings will nourish the Church of Jesus Christ in the wilderness until 1896. Afterwards the empire of Antichrist will appear for three years and a half. Thus we arrive at the same conclusion for the End of the Times in the year 1900.

The 1,260 Years of Mohammedan Supremacy.

III. The Prophet John in the next (thirteenth) chapter of Revelation, sees a beast coming up out of the Mediterranean Sea, who had succeeded to the power of Satan, who had been vanquished by St. Michael and his angels in heaven, and who was to be bound and cast into the bottomless pit and sealed up for a thousand years. The demon who has replaced the idolatry which Satan protected is the evil genius of Mahomet, whose conquests have invaded a part of the Greek Empire, figured in Daniel 7 by the leopard, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. In the same prophecy, Tartary, where the ancient empire of the Medes and Persians was situated, was figured by the bear, and the old empire of Assyria was represented by the lion. And this is why the beast which figures Mahomet in the Apocalypse was like a leopard, and his feet were the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion. And when

The False Prophet

by his mouth speaking great things and blasphemies, begins to subject the greater parts of this vast empire to his laws, power is given to him for *two-and-forty Greek months, or twelve hundred and sixty days, i. e., twelve hundred and sixty years*.

Here we must then again count from 636, the taking of Jerusalem by Omar, the most important epoch for sacred history, these twelve hundred and sixty years, and this brings us again to the year 1896. And then, when those shall have led into captivity those who had led them into captivity, the reign of Antichrist will follow for three years and a half—from 1896 to 1900. So that we arrive at the same conclusion for 1900, as in the former chapters.

The 1,290 Literal Days.

IV. Daniel, in his seventh chapter, saw the Assyrian empire under the form of a lion, the empire of the Medes and Persians under the

form of a bear, the Greek empire under form of a leopard, and the fourth beast, fourth empire more terrible than the others was the Roman Empire, which had ten horns or ten kingdoms: viz., France or ancient Gaul, Spain, Italy, part of Germany, Illyrium, Pannonia, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and its other possessions in Africa. And from these ten horns among these ten kingdoms another horn sprung up which was to destroy three powers, Syria, Egypt, and the possessions in Africa. This new empire is that of Mahomet who had power to change *times* by his *Hic, Calendar and laws* by the Koran. And from the time when this little horn shall thus have overthrown the East and Jerusalem in 636, there will be *a time, and times, and half a time*, as stated in Daniel 7: 25, or, according to interpretation given to the time, times, a half time, in the 6th and 14th verses of the 12th chapter of the Apocalypse, there will be twelve hundred and sixty days, *i. e., twelve hundred and sixty years*, and thus we again arrive at the year 1896. After which judgment will sit, that Mahomet's power may be taken away, be broken in pieces, and perish even to the end. And from the abomination of desolation Dan counts in another passage 1,290 literal days that is to say, *three years and seven months* from 1896 to 1900. (Daniel 12: 11). Thus we arrive at the same conclusion for the year 1900 to the end.

The 2,300 Years.

V. There is another vision of the prophet Daniel in his eighth chapter relating to the End of Times: a period of 2,300 days or years is revealed; and Daniel 11: 2 contains the entire explanation of it from Artaxerxes Mnemon, the first of the four kings there mentioned to the End of Times. Thus the vision of these two thousand three hundred days or years of Daniel, begin in the year 400 before Christ, at the moment when Artaxerxes-Mnemon is firmly seated on the throne of Persia: *Stabant in Perside*, by his victory over his brother Cyrus, and continue unto the End in the year 1900.*

VI. In the prayer of Habakkuk (3: 2), who prophesied touching the siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar in the year 606 before Christ, that prophet prays the Lord to bring His work to life

"In the Midst of Years,"

and there he represents God crushing to pieces the ancient mountains—the empires of the earth—and bowing down the hills under the steps of His eternity (Habakkuk 3: 2, 6). Now the empires of the earth were crushed in pieces, and the nations of the world were bowed down before God, when the Western Roman Empire was dispersed by the Barbarians, and at the same time the Eastern Roman Empire was changed by the Mahometan nations, and all was overthrown in the world by the greatest revolution which ever occurred. This was the epoch when the Mahomedans after the reign of Omar achieved their

Most Important Conquests in 647,

and this is in the *midst of years*. For it is from the moment when the prophet Habakkuk wrote, namely, in the year 606 before the Christian era that we must count the years up to the end. Now by adding 606 B. C. to 647 A. D. we obtain the number 1,253, and by subtracting 647 from the year of our Lord 1900 we again have the number 1,253; thus the year A. D. 647 is the midst of years, *i. e., the midst of twice 1,253*.

* We reprint this interpretation of the 2,300 years ending in 1900, as it was published fifty years ago. It may be regarded as an *additional* fulfilment of the 2,300 years, but its *principal* fulfilment is from Passover Week, 445 B. C., when Nehemiah was commanded to rebuild Jerusalem, until Passover Week, 1856, when the Crimean War closed with a treaty of peace under which the initial "cleansing of the Sanctuary" commenced. The period from 1856 to 1901 is that forty-five years spoken of in Daniel 12: 11, 12. The prophet had asked what would be the end of those things, and he was answered explicitly, but, lest he should suppose that the date given him would be the final end of the troubles of his people, he was pointed to a date forty-five years later—that is 1901—as being better worth his attention. He was told that he who would see that date would be blessed. That is the date which will witness the inauguration of Christ's millennial reign.

* It is a singular fact that this Roman Catholic writer should identify Rome as the wilderness.—Ed.

years—the whole period of 2,506 years from B. C. 606 to A. D. 1900. Hence by Habakkuk's prophecy we arrive at the same conclusion for the year 1900 to be *Le Fin des Temps*.

A HUSBAND REPROVED.

THE disappearance of a lady in a Boston street a few days ago astonished a gentleman who was walking a hundred yards behind her. He saw her one moment and the next she had suddenly vanished. He heard a cry, but could not account for it until he came to the place where she disappeared. There he saw an open coal-hole, and surmised that she must have fallen in. He heard a scream from below which confirmed his idea, but as several persons came running to the spot and proceeded to extricate her, he left them to attend to her, and went on his way. He thought no more of the matter until night, when, on arriving at home, his wife made some remark about the carelessness of persons who left their coal-shutes open, and then he related what he had seen. He had better have remained quiet until she had finished her story, for she speedily informed him that she was the lady whom he had seen fall through the opening, and had left for other people to assist. She entertained very decided opinions as to his lack of humanity, which she expressed clearly and forcibly, contrasting his indifference with the kindness of strangers. His plea that he had not recognized her was not admitted, if it was believed, though he insisted that if he had known that the lady in trouble was his wife he would have exerted himself on her behalf. That was doubtless true, and he only acted as so many who call themselves Christians do when they see persons outside their own circle in spiritual peril, and make no effort to save them. (Luke 10: 29, 37.)

A BRAZILIAN'S TWO VOWS.

AN ingenious way of keeping a vow is described by Dr. Chamberlain in *Brazilian Missions*. He says that a Roman Catholic in Brazil, during a fit of sickness, made a vow that if he should get well he would carry a certain stone to one of the crosses which in Roman Catholic countries are set up in public places. The cross indicated by the sick man was one of peculiar sanctity, and was twenty miles from the place where the stone lay. Recovering from his sickness, he attempted to fulfil his vow, but found the stone so heavy that he could not lift it to his knees, much less to his head. He consulted his priest, to see if he could not commute the vow and pay in some other form, but was informed that he must fulfil it literally. He called to his help some slaves, and taking an ox-cart, brought the stone to the yard of the house and built a fire over it. It burst into many pieces, which he gathered in baskets. He divided the whole into four lots, and thus carried the stone over twenty miles on his head, walking with bare feet. Some years after this, a copy of the Bible was put into his hands, and the reading of it led him to make another vow, that if God would send some one to preach the doctrines of that book in Botucatu, he would build a house for the book.

Two years after this, Dr. Chamberlain was at that place, and was invited to spend the night at the house of the man who had made that vow. Dr. Chamberlain says: "After dinner he asked me to walk with him, and confided to me his vow, but added, 'I have made known my thought to some friends, but they make light of it. Now, what am I to do? Here you have come preaching the doctrines of the book, and I am under promise to God to build a house for preaching. But no one here takes any interest in the matter. Shall I keep my vow?'"

"I replied, 'Your vow was made to God. God has sent me to preach. You have no occasion to consult with flesh and blood about it, either with your friends, or with me. It lies betwixt you and God.'

"Two weeks later, on my return from Lençoes, I was again welcomed as a guest by the old man,

who took me to see a lot of ground for which he was negotiating for the projected building, only waiting for my approval of the site. A few months later he notified me that the house was ready. As soon as my duties in Sao Paulo would allow, I devoted a week to the inaugural services, preaching every night for eight or ten days. Divine service has never been intermitted since in that house. In fair weather it will hardly hold the believers who meet there on communion Sabbaths to celebrate the Lamb of God slain for our sins. The old man still lives to see the fruit of his labor."

A TRAMP'S RENOVATION.

AT a meeting in a sailors' mission in New York a few evenings ago, a well-dressed, intelligent man rose and told the history of his life. Its concluding passages stirred every hearer. He said: "I sank lower and lower until I was a poor gutter tramp. I never cared about the dear ones at home, or their sufferings: my wife without a gown, and the children without shoes.

"Three years ago, walking through Water Street, I saw the words in letters of light, 'McAuley Mission.' I went in, sat by the door, no shirt on, an old linen duster pinned up around my neck, old shoes, with my toes out; had had no bed for many nights. There I sat, a sad-looking specimen of wrecked humanity! I heard the wonderful story of Jesus, from men who had been lifted out of the mire and clay; how they had been saved and made happy. 'That's what I want! I need the lifting power of God's grace in my heart,' I said to myself.

"Talk about *shame!* what was I that I should be ashamed to go to the mercy seat? I knelt at the foot of the cross. Jesus heard my prayer, and with one stroke of the hammer of His love shattered forever the chains which bound me! And though I walked the streets that night and the next too, they were the *happiest* nights I ever spent. Songs of praise were bubbling up, and have been ever since!

"In addition to spiritual gifts, God has blessed me in temporal things. God did not allow me to walk the streets long. Inside of three weeks, the dear ones were back again, and we began to build up the home, and ever since have been making it brighter and happier. Most precious of all is the *Christian Altar*, where we kneel night and morning to thank God for our blessings.

"Come, sailors, penitently, come *believing*, and you can go out of this house to night saying, '*Deliverance has come!*'"

ONE OF DR. SUMMERS'S LAST LETTERS.

THE sympathy aroused by the death of Dr. William R. Summers, whose portrait and life were published in this journal on November 29, 1888, is deepened as the sad facts come to light of his last days. His friend and teacher, Dr. Dowkontt, publishes this month in his *Medical Missionary Record* a letter which Dr. Summers wrote shortly before his death to his missionary brother, Dr. A. Sims, whose portrait and life we published on July 14, 1887. From this it appears that his sufferings were very severe, and were not alleviated by ordinary food and medicine. Yet he was still hopeful, and anxious to resume work. He said:

"Of the journey I will say nothing but that it was full of interest, and that the road is perfectly open; but being a white man, I had to pay 'right of way' to the principal chiefs, who, by the way, are anxious for white men to live with them. We arrived here in 100 marches, the marches averaging six hours. Here my heart was overwhelmed at the reception I everywhere got from the Bashilange. Every hill dotted with large and beautiful villages, the country teeming with people, who have abandoned fetishism, and are waiting for what the white man can bring them; all anxious to learn, intelligent, have now some idea of God, want to know about everything, faces always smiling, and everyone polite. Go anywhere over the country,

and great villages encounter the eye. The population is enormous, and is marvellously thick. Truly "the harvest is great, but the laborers are few." Few! *one only*, and that one worth almost nothing.

"In the beginning of December I had a sudden attack of pleurisy and pericarditis. Next day Lieutenant Le Marinel went down with hæmaturic fever, and I had to leave my bed to treat him. The third day I had the fever under control, and on the fourth day convalescence set in. It was sharp work, it was a bad case. My leaving my bed these days left its mark upon me; the pleurisy extended; there were adhesions in several directions; the pain was fearful, and there was much *angina pectoris*. These continued with steady high fever for two weeks, then septic fever to wind up. By the end of December convalescence had set in, but temperature never went lower than before the pericarditis. I was a perfect skeleton, but gradually gained in flesh, but not strength. To-day I cannot walk a mile."

In the third week of February he had a relapse. He says: "A few days of terrible sickness; three days in bed, unable to eat; *no one visited me, no cooling drink for raging fever*; in great despondency, as I thought no one but my boy Chico cared a cent for me, when all at once I had a remarkable manifestation of Jesus, as He said, '*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee*. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

A CONVERSION IN A PRISON.

A REMARKABLE conversion, showing how the Holy Spirit may work without human means, occurred recently in a prison in New York. An Irish sailor was arrested for being drunk and disorderly, and was sent to the Island for ten days. He had a shrewd suspicion of the man who must have caused his arrest, and he vowed vengeance on him. He solemnly resolved that the first thing he would do when he regained his liberty should be to go and take that man's life.

The man himself is not clear about the process of thought which followed. It is evident, however, that he grew thoughtful, realized that he had played the fool in his intoxication, and that he was on the road to a felon's death. He went further, and perceived that he was a sinner against God. He was a Roman Catholic, but he went to God for pardon without the intervention of a priest. He says that at night in the solitude of his cell he cried with all his might to God, begging for mercy and forgiveness. To his own surprise, his distress and anxiety suddenly ceased, and he had somehow the feeling that what he had craved was given to him.

When he was released his first impulse was to seek instruction, but he shrank from going to a priest, and he dared not go to a Protestant. He did not know what to do. Providentially he was taken sick, and was sent to a hospital, where a city missionary visited him, heard his story, and taught him the way of salvation more perfectly. The man listened eagerly and read the Bible with avidity, his peace and joy increasing from day to day. His change of heart and character is unmistakable, and he gives all the evidences we look for of a renewed heart. But the singular fact is that he has never gone over the ground again. The missionary found him a converted man, and his progress has been growth in grace and knowledge. Regeneration evidently took place in the jail, and was so decisive and complete that the man himself recognized it, though he knew nothing at the time in theory of the Spirit's work.

NOTICE TO READERS OF THY HEALER.

On January 1 the size of *Thy Healer* was reduced to 20 pp, and the price changed from 75 cents to 50 cents. Those whose subscriptions run into 1889 will have their time extended, to credit for the difference in size and price. It is hoped that by reducing the price the circulation will be extended, otherwise it will be a considerable loss. Will not those who have found blessing through its pages recommend it to others?



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Important and Responsible Office was filled by the President on April 17. In appointing Mr. E. S. Lacey, of Charlotte, Mich., to be Comptroller of the Currency, he has the general approval of the country, and especially of the banking class, which is the class most directly interested. Mr. Lacey has had twenty-five years' experience of banking business, and may therefore be supposed to know its needs, and in what way it can best serve the public, both as to security and efficiency. The fact that any laxity on his part may involve heavy losses to private parties renders the character of the Comptroller a matter of serious public concern. It is therefore gratifying that Mr. Harrison has resisted the pressure brought to bear upon him to appoint a man in whom the public has not confidence, and has selected Mr. Lacey, whose skill and integrity are well known.

Fuller Details of the Terrible Marine Disaster at Samoa were brought to San Francisco by the *Alameda* on April 14, which also brought thirty-six of the American wounded sailors. The report states that no such storm as that of March 16, in which the six war-ships were wrecked, had ever been known on that coast. At the time of the disaster there were three American men-of-war, three German, one English, and ten schooners in the little bay of Apia. Only the English war-ship and two of the little schooners escaped the fury of the storm. The vessels were necessarily close together, and when the German corvette *Olga* began to drift she came in collision with almost every vessel in the harbor. The wind shifted considerably, and though all the vessels had their anchors out and their steam up, they drifted all across the bay, jostled together, and were forced, one after the other, upon the reef. There were only two exceptions, that of the English steamer *Calliope*, which, having very powerful machinery, slipped her anchors and steamed out to sea in safety, and that of the American steamer *Nipsic*, which the captain succeeded in running on a mud-bank, and which, ten days later, was towed off. She remains still on guard, though in an injured condition. The two navies lost 142 of their officers and men.

The Wreck of the Steamer "Danmark," of the Thingvalla line, was reported by the *City of Chester* last week. On her passage from New York to Liverpool the *City of Chester* on April 8 passed the *Danmark* in an apparently sinking condition. Her stern was level with the sea, while her bow was high out of water. No boats could be seen on the vessel, and the natural inference was that the crew and passengers must have used them to escape from the sinking ship, but there were no boats visible on the sea to the *City of Chester*, nor did she see any during her voyage. The cable reports that there were 650 passengers on board the *Danmark*, most of whom were immigrants in the steerage. She sailed from Christiansand, having previously called at Stettin, Copenhagen, and Christiania on March 26, and should have reached New York on April 10. News of the passengers and crew was anxiously expected from day to day. It was hoped that some passing steamer might have seen the shipwrecked people in their boats, and have taken them aboard, bringing them to America, or taking them to Europe.

As the days passed, however, bringing no tidings, these hopes grew fainter. Several vessels arrived on both shores which had passed the spot where the *Danmark* was seen, but had not seen her or her boats. It is now, therefore, feared that all must have been lost.

The Experiment Adopted by the New York Legislature, of keeping convicts in enforced idleness, is involving serious suffering and danger to the convicts themselves. At a public meeting held in New York on April 15, a letter was read from the Warden of Sing Sing declaring that sickness and insanity would inevitably befall many of the men in his charge if they were not allowed to work. The chairman of the Executive Committee added to this testimony his belief that it would be less cruel to hang a man, twice convicted of felony, than to weaken his intellect by keeping him in idleness in solitary confinement. An effort is now being made to pass a bill permitting the prisoners to work, and it has the further advantage of giving them knowledge of a trade, so that when their terms of imprisonment expire they may be able to earn a livelihood without resorting to dishonest ways. The bill prohibiting the prisoners working was passed to win the labor vote, and other States that may be tempted to follow the example of New York in that matter, will do well to take note of New York's experience.

The Mormon Conference at Salt Lake City has elected Willford Woodruff as President of the Church, George Q. Cannon and Joseph T. Smith as Councillors, and Lorenzo Snow President of the Twelve Apostles. The new President has been President of the Twelve Apostles since the election of John Taylor to the Presidency of the Church. On his election he preached an inaugural sermon, exhorting the saints to piety, faith, and obedience. The statistics of the Mormon Church, as reported by George Q. Cannon, are: Twelve apostles, seventy patriarchs, 3,719 high priests, 11,805 elders, 2,069 priests, 2,292 teachers, 11,610 deacons, 81,899 families, 115,915 officers and members, and 49,302 children under eight years of age, a total Mormon population of 153,911. [The total population of Utah in 1880 was only 143,963.] The number of marriages for six months ending April 6, 1889, was 530, births 3,754, new members 488, and excommunications 113. Cannon said that many young men were leaving the Territory to take up land elsewhere. The saints, he said, had been called together to build up Zion, and this scattering must be stopped.

Serious Riots Resulting from a Labor Dispute are reported from Minneapolis, Minn. The horse-car companies all through the city are paralyzed by a strike of their drivers and conductors. For several days last week not a car left the yards. Lavish offers of high wages for "determined men" were advertised in the Missouri and Kansas newspapers. Fifty men from Kansas responded, and on April 17 were placed on the cars. When they went out on their routes the strikers boarded the cars, crowding the policemen off, filling them inside and out, while several strikers climbed upon the roof of each car. They played havoc with windows and seats, and finally the "determined" Kansas drivers, fearing that the cars would become a complete wreck, turned them back to the yards. Several times the cars were thrown from the tracks, and at some points were halted for the police to make an attack with their clubs on the men in possession. There was savage fighting, and it is feared there will be more of it before the strike ends.

The German Government is Preparing for the Samoan conference by the issue of a "white book," which will disarm the conference of the censure it might pass on German interference in Samoan affairs. It contains a dispatch to the new German consul, in which Prince Bismarck severely condemns the former consul for officious meddling. He dwells upon the deplorable fact that with an inadequate force, and without authority, urgency, or a likelihood of suc-

cess, Consul Knappe took measures on December 17 which resulted in the death of a large number of persons, and an undesirable change in the position of planters, besides jeopardizing peace with America, while quiescence would have preserved a tolerable state of affairs. The sanction of the other treaty Powers being lacking, he says, Consul Knappe's demand for the control of the foreign relations of Samoa was of no force, and compelled him (Bismarck) to notify Great Britain and America of its withdrawal. The Chancellor concludes by declaring that Germany has nothing to do with the internal affairs of Samoa; that her mission is restricted to protecting Germans and enabling them to develop commercial interests.

The Trial of General Boulanger by the French Senate is expected to be a very lengthy affair. An effort is being made by the prosecution to enlarge the scope of the inquiry so as to cover his record as an army officer and his private financial transactions, as well as his connection with the Patriotic League. Two journalists were witnesses on April 18, and testified as to the dealings of the General with certain English capitalists. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that evidence will be laid before the Senate which will place General Boulanger in a position which he will find it very difficult to satisfactorily explain. On the other hand, the prosecution is embarrassed by the fact that in some of his most questionable transactions the General had for his colleagues some of the men now most relentless in prosecuting him. His friends are urging that the inquiry ought to be limited to his political conduct, and contend that if he has committed a military offence he should be tried by court-martial, and if he has been guilty of a civil offence he should be tried in a civil court. The main issue before the Senate is whether General Boulanger has been plotting for the overthrow of the Republic.

The English Annual Balance-Sheet was Submitted to the House of Commons on April 15. The usual success which attends liberal financiers has not deserted Mr. Goschen while working in a Tory Cabinet. He had the pleasure of announcing that the income of last year had exceeded his estimate, and the expenditures were less than his estimate, thus producing a surplus of nearly thirteen million dollars. The largely increased expenses of naval construction during the coming year are to be paid in part out of this surplus, and Mr. Goschen proposes to make up the amount by increasing the duties paid by the heirs of property on entering upon possession of estates, and by putting a tax on beer. The latter is only a small tax—about a seventh of a cent on every gallon, but it is likely to cause unpopularity. The beer-sellers have hitherto regarded the Conservatives as their best friends, and they have done much to ensure the success of the party. They had not calculated on the Tories putting a Liberal into the Treasury who would tax their beer. It is not improbable that this small tax will have important political results.

Mr. John Albert Bright, the Son of the Late John Bright, was elected to Parliament by his father's district on April 15. His opponent was a Gladstone man, who made a hard fight for the seat, but was defeated by the combination of Conservatives and Unionists. The Conservatives are not rejoicing in their victory. They wanted to have a candidate of their own, and claim that a bargain was made with them by the Unionists, guaranteeing them the seat in the event of a vacancy occurring. They wanted Lord Randolph Churchill as their member, and if he could have been persuaded to run, he would have been elected. His motive for declining is said to have been a fear of causing a rupture between the Conservatives and Unionists. If such a rupture was made, and extended to the House, the Conservatives would be driven from office, as without Unionist aid they are in a minority in Parliament. Mr. Bright received 5,610 votes against 2,560 for the Gladstone candidate.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$2.50. They are from: North Greenfield, N. Y., \$1; a Friend, \$1; Orange City, Iowa, 50c. Last year about this time some seventy dollars were received for this fund, and the same number of ministers have since that time been receiving the paper each week, and, as we learn, have derived from it much needed help in their work. Letters come asking if they may not have the paper for another year, and pathetically pleading that, as the writers have no libraries, and its help was so timely and so beneficial to them and their congregations, it would be true Christian charity to continue it. All we can do is to lay the case before our readers and pray that God will incline them to meet the appeal.

A Jewish Rabbi is Reported to have Announced his conversion at Montgomery, Ala. A press dispatch to the New York Times from that city states that the Rev. F. S. Cramer, D. D., who came to Montgomery from Louisiana, has, after conversation with Dr. M. B. Wharton, pastor of the First Baptist Church, sought baptism at his hands. Dr. Cramer is about thirty years of age. He has diplomas showing that he received a finished education in the first colleges of Germany, and was educated for the ministry. He came to this country several years ago, and has resided most of the time in Louisiana, where he was at different times rabbi of several Jewish congregations. He says he has given the prophecies and the gospels deep study, and has been thoroughly convinced that Christ was the true Messiah of whom Moses and the prophets did write.

An Affecting Scene in a Cemetery was Witnessed on April 13 in Staten Island, N. Y. The remains of a girl twenty years of age, who had been employed as milkmaid on a farm near Stapleton, were being interred in the Cooper's Cemetery, when an unseemly struggle took place among the mourners, and the solemn ceremony was interrupted. The cause of the disturbance was an effort on the part of the dead girl's lover to jump into the grave. He was caught in the act by two other mourners, and after a violent struggle was held back. He wept copiously, wrung his hands, and cried piteously to be let go. "Lena! Lena!" he shouted, "I must go with you." He was restrained with difficulty until the ceremony was concluded, and was then persuaded to enter a carriage and return home. His friends fear that his grief will dethrone his reason. Sorrow so bitter cannot but awaken sympathy, though such sorrow argues an unenlightened mind. The desire for reunion which found its expression in trying to join the loved one in her grave implies that the love was merely animal and physical. Love springing from communion of soul would have found no satisfaction in the presence of the body from which the soul had departed. They alone are safe from crushing sorrow who set their affections on the unseen and eternal. (11 Cor. 4: 18.)

The Responsibility of Wives Formed the subject of a remarkable ruling by the presiding Justice of the Supreme Court of New York on April 2. The case came before him on an appeal from the court below, by a husband whose wife had obtained there a decree of divorce on the ground of ill-treatment. The court had refused to allow the husband to show that the wife by misconduct had provoked violence, and he asked the Supreme Court to order a new trial at which he might introduce that evidence. His request was granted, and the Justice said it was contrary to justice that a wife might, by her own misconduct, provoke ill-treatment upon the part of the husband, and then claim rights because of such ill-treatment, which had been caused entirely by her own provocation. He added: "It has always been deemed important for the court to know what has been the conduct of the wife toward the husband as well as what his conduct has been toward her, in de-

fending the question whether it is a proper case for a decree of separation. If it should appear that had the wife performed her duties toward her husband she would have suffered no ill-treatment at his hands, it is difficult to understand upon what principle a court of equity could grant her relief." Whether any misconduct on the part of the wife can be legal justification for violence may now be decided, but in other matters the principle laid down by the Justice is sound. It would be well if this were more generally remembered than it is. Those who, by their inconsistencies and provocations, are the cause of others falling into sin will not escape the judgment of God. (Luke 17: 1, 2.)

A Prisoner Has Rejected a Pardon by the Governor of West Virginia, and insists that he will remain in prison. About a year ago a man in that State was convicted of grand larceny, and was sentenced to four years in the penitentiary. Some of his friends have been making efforts to obtain his release, and have collected a quantity of testimony which they laid before Governor Wilson. Having carefully examined it, the Governor decided to issue a pardon, and in doing so, said that he had reason to believe that the prisoner was not sufficiently intelligent to distinguish between right and wrong. When the prisoner heard that a pardon had been issued he was delighted, but when he found on what grounds he had been pardoned his indignation knew no bounds. He declared that it was an insult, and he would not accept a pardon on any such terms. He would rather serve out his term with the cloud on his character, than be released with a cloud on his reputation for sanity. There are cases in which pride similarly prevents sinners accepting the pardon of God. They would be willing to earn their salvation by penances or good works, but to accept it freely through Christ, on the ground that they are themselves weak and helpless, is too great a humiliation to be borne. (John 9: 41.)

A Heroic Farmer in Minnesota had a Terrible experience in the recent prairie fires. While engaged in his work he saw the fire coming; the wind was blowing at the rate of nearly sixty miles an hour, and the flames rolling up to a height of nearly twenty feet. He realized that the farm-house must be burned, and his wife and child were there. He ran home as fast as he could, and took them to some ploughed land, where he believed they would be safe. Then he returned to try to save some of his stock. A short time afterward, his wife, seeing the flames approach, grew terrified, and left the ploughed land where she was safe, to go to her husband, and her boy eight years old followed her. Seeing them coming, the man left his stock and ran to save his wife and child a second time. Before he could reach them, the fire was upon them and their clothes were quickly in flames. Both mother and child died of their burns, and the brave farmer will have a hard struggle to get well. The death of the woman, child, and in great part her husband's suffering, are due to the perversity of the woman in not remaining in a place of safety when she was put there. Had she obeyed her husband and trusted to his superior intelligence, instead of yielding to her fears, neither she nor her child would have been hurt. Many of the trials of Christians arise from the same disposition. They do not trust in God's guidance, but in times of trouble prefer to exercise worldly wisdom, which leads them astray and causes them suffering from which they might have escaped. (Prov. 3: 5-7.)

The Recovery of a Runaway Wife is Reported from Wilkesbarre, Penn. During the past few weeks a tall man with iron gray hair, looking fully fifty years old, but really only thirty-seven, has been searching through the town for a woman whose portrait he carried with him, and showed to persons likely to know of strangers in the town. Eventually he discovered that she was living there, but on going to the house, he learned that she had heard of his coming and had taken flight. He followed her to Pennhaven, where he found her. They had

a long interview, and then the woman, her eyes swollen with tears, but looking happy in spite of them, went with him to the depot, where they took the train for St. Louis. Inquiries about them elicited a strangely romantic story. Five years ago the man was on a boat on the Mississippi when a lady fell overboard. He plunged in after her and held her up until a boat was lowered and both were saved. She was deeply grateful to him for saving her life, and he fell in love with her, and without making any inquiries as to her antecedents married her. They were very happy for about two years, but at the end of that time the wife showed signs of restlessness, and one day she disappeared. The husband was overwhelmed with grief, and set out on a long search for her. He sought her anxiously in most of the large cities of the Union, sometimes getting trace of her, and again losing it. She knew of his search, but eluded it, believing that he was only seeking her to punish her. When he found her at Pennhaven and assured her of his love and forgiveness, she was completely melted, and joyfully returned with him to the home she had deserted. The sinner's reconciliation with God is accompanied by a similar experience. He dreads to meet God, knowing himself to merit only anger and condemnation, but when he hears of forgiveness through Christ, fear is changed to love. (1 John 4: 18, 19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Sixty-five of the Indian students at Carlisle, Pa., have been placed with farmers for the summer.

Mr. E. P. Telford is holding farewell services in England preparatory to a preaching tour around the world.

The delegates to the approaching World's Sunday-school Convention in London will be too numerous to be accommodated on the Cunard Steamer *Bothnia*. An additional steamer is to be engaged.

Dr. Pentecost continues his work with much success in Glasgow. The Bible-readings are given in Camphill U. P. Church every afternoon, and the evening evangelistic meetings are held in Pollokshields' Free Church.

Major Whittle's Bible-readings at Dundee, Scotland, are doing much good. The interesting and forcible manner in which he expounds the Scriptures wins large audiences. Several afternoons have been set aside for children's service.

Rev. George C. Needham returned last week from his evangelistic tour in Europe. His labors in Ireland were especially blessed. He spent some time in Paris, France, and encouraged the McAll Mission workers by speaking at several meetings.

A telegram has been received by the Universities Mission to Central Africa, dated Zanzibar, March 30, informing them that Bishop Smythies, the Rev. J. Key, and Dr. Ley had arrived at Zanzibar via Wanga. They reported all well at Magila.

Rev. J. H. Wallfisch, Secretary of the Jewish Missionary Society, of Sherrill, Dubuque Co., Ill., is prepared to supply tracts written especially for Jews to any person having facilities for distributing them. They are in English, German, Hebrew, or German in Hebrew characters.

The Washington anniversary of the American Tract Society was celebrated in the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C., on the evening of the 7th inst. The attendance was large, including Secretary Windom, and other prominent officials. Justice Strong presided.

Seventy plans of cathedrals for the proposed cathedral of New York have been submitted to the Board of Trustees. The Board have selected four as the best. It is now decided to submit all the plans to a committee of architects and engineers. The estimated cost of building in some cases is three million dollars.

The question of Prohibition submitted to the clergymen of Massachusetts has elicited replies showing a large preponderance in favor of the amendment. Of 1,036 replies, 934 responded positively in the affirmative, 91 in the negative, and 11 were undecided. Every denomination was represented.

Garenganze, the deeply interesting work by Mr. F. S. Arnot, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on April 10, is being reprinted in this country by Fleming H. Revell, 12 Bible House, New York. It is to be ready by May 1, and will be sold at \$1.25. It is a record of Mr. Arnot's seven years' missionary work in Africa.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Macon, Ga., are stirring that city as it was never stirred before. The Macon *Evening News* says that "the great tabernacle is literally jammed at the meetings for men only." Hundreds rise at each meeting to ask for prayer, and at the meeting on April 14 one hundred men made profession of faith.

LIVING TRUMPETS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For from you sounded out the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad; so that we need not to speak anything." 1 Thess. 1:8.

Paul's Converts at Thessalonica—An Earnest, Enthusiastic People—The Sound they Gave Out—I. The Trumpeters—Had the Three Cardinal Graces—Received the Word with Power—Their Constancy Proved—Their Loving Service—Looking for the Second Coming—A Stirring Truth—The Time Now Near at Hand—II. Their Trumpets—The Uses of a Trumpet—How they were Sounded—By Wonderful Conversions—By Unmistakable Character—By Efforts to Spread the Truth—III. Present Need of a Trumpet Blast—A Silver Cornet at the Orphanage—The Gospel Against the Down Grade.

PAUL went to Thessalonica from Philippi with a sore back, but with a sound heart. He went resolved to spend and to be spent for his Lord in that city. On the first three Sabbaths he spake to the Jews in the synagogue, but he soon found that they were obstinately resolved to reject Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah; and therefore he directed his attention to the heathen of Thessalonica, and among them he had wonderful success. Large numbers of persons, some of honorable rank, turned from their idols to worship the living God, and he soon gathered about him

An Enthusiastic People.

The Thessalonians not only received the Word with joy of the Holy Ghost, but became zealous in making it known. Their intensity of faith helped to spread the gospel, for their lives were notably affected by it; and for their earnestness and godliness they were everywhere talked of. In their case learners speedily become teachers. The Lord Jesus had thus not only given them to drink, but He had made them into a well overflowing to refresh the thirst of thousands. They had heard the gospel trumpet, and now they had become trumpeters themselves. In their lives the echoes of Paul's preaching were preserved. This was a very happy circumstance for the apostle, and greatly cheered his spirit.

These Thessalonians must have been specially gracious people for Paul to praise them so heartily. That praise was all the more precious because it was not indiscriminate—"not laid on with a trowel," as the proverb puts it. The Thessalonians had faulty ones among them. But, then, there are spots on the sun, and yet we do not speak of it as a dark body, since its light so much preponderates. Grave faults in the Thessalonian Church did not prevent our honest apostle from awarding praise where praise was due. When a man is sound at heart, praise does not become an intoxicating wine, but an invigorating tonic. Feeling a modest fear that he does not deserve the warm commendation, the good man is anxious to live up to the character imputed to him. This will be the case, however, only with those whose spiritual life is vigorous.

I entreat you, dear friends, practically to learn from these Thessalonians by being led to imitate them. May it be truly said of us also: "From you sounded out the word of the Lord"! It is true even now in a measure: may it be far more so! The expression to which I would call your attention is this—"From you sounded out the word of the Lord." It reminds us of a trumpet and its far-sounding notes.

I. We begin by looking at

The Trumpeters.

Who are these by whom the word of the Lord is sounded out? I shall hastily give you a picture of these Thessalonians drawn from Paul's letters to them. Observe, at the outset, that they were a people in whom the three cardinal graces were conspicuous. Kindly look at the third verse: "Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope. The three divine sisters—Faith, Hope, Love—linked hands in their lives. Paul saw the Thessalonian believers to be fulfilling the life-work of a true faith. Nor was

faith left to work alone; but at her right hand was love, sweetening and brightening all. Their love did not consist in words, or in mere amiability of temper; but it wrought with a will. They exhibited a labor of love; it was not work only, but in intensity it deserved to be called "labor." As for hope—that bright-eyed grace, which looks within the veil, and realizes things not seen as yet—it was peculiarly their endowment—this enabled them to bear with patience their suffering for Christ, whether it lay in false accusation, or in the spoiling of their goods. Thus of them it could be said, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three." Brethren, it is of no use for us to attempt to sound out the word of the Lord, if we have not the spiritual voice-power, which lies in

Those Three Graces

which are of first importance. Those precious truths, which faith believes, which love delights in, which hope relies upon—these are the truths we shall diligently make known. We believe, and therefore speak; we love, and therefore testify; we hope, and therefore make known.

These trumpeters had received the Word of God themselves in much assurance, and with much power. Note the fifth verse: "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." The apostle also says, in the thirteenth verse of the second chapter: "For this cause, also, thank we God without ceasing, because, when ye received the Word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the Word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe." Beloved, it is a poor thing to receive the gospel in word only. Then you say, "Yes, it is true, I believe it;" and there the matter ends. It is a far different matter to feel the power of the word as it comes from the omnipotent Lord, so as to have your heart broken by it, and then healed by it. To receive the gospel as indisputable, infallible, and divine, is to receive it indeed. He who believes and is sure, is the man who will propagate the faith, and desire that others should accept it.

A Tried People.

The Thessalonians were a people whose constancy was proved. They received the word "with much affliction." The apostle says: "For ye, brethren, became followers of the churches of God which in Judæa are in Christ Jesus: for ye also have suffered like things of your own countrymen, even as they have of the Jews." The assault by the mob, recorded in Acts 17, was, doubtless, only one of their many trials. They remained steadfast, enthusiastic under all their tribulations; and hence the gospel was sounded out by them. Brethren, unless you can hold on in rough weather, and bear up under opposition, you will do little in sounding out the word of God. Trumpets must be made of hard metal, and trumpeters must have something of the soldier about them, or little will come of it.

Practical Religion.

Hence, again, these people really and lovingly served God. Look at the ninth verse: "For they themselves shew of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God." I doubt not that these Thessalonians became as earnest worshippers of the living Jehovah as they had once been earnest votaries of their idols. They turned from idols, but they turned to serve God. They were not turned in opinion only, but in a practical manner. What a pity it is, that to many Christian professors religion is opinion, and conversion a feeling! Do not many live as if God were a myth, and the service of God a sham? If God be God, serve Him: service is the due of Godhead. Does not the Lord Himself say, "If, then, I be a father, where is Mine honor? and if I be master, where is My fear?" Oh that to us the service of the Lord may be a delight, and then it will be as natural to us to sound out the word of the Lord as it is to birds to sing!

For one thing the Thessalonians were peculiarly notable: they were enthusiastic

Expectants of the Second Coming

of the Lord Jesus Christ. Paul says of them in the tenth verse, that they waited for the Son of God from heaven. They really expected Christ to come, and to come speedily. They even carried this expectation beyond its proper bounds, for they grew impatient of the Lord's apparent delay; and it was needful for Paul, to prevent their becoming fanatical, to say, "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto Him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand." Paul delighted to see them waiting for the coming of Christ; but he also prayed, "The Lord direct your hearts into the patient waiting for Christ." He wishes rest to the troubled. But this unrest was a virtue carried to excess. We are not, many of us, in danger of exaggeration in that direction. I fear that we are more likely to forget the Lord's coming, or to treat it as an unpractical speculation. If any truth should arouse us, this should do it: yet even the wise virgins, as well as the foolish, are all too apt to slumber and sleep because the Bridegroom delayeth His coming. Hear ye not

The Midnight Cry?

Does not this startle you? "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet Him." If you hearken to that call, you will be the men to sound out the word of the Lord in every place. If we, as a church and people, are more and more influenced by the expectation of our Lord's appearing, we shall be more eager to spread His gospel. Remember that now He may come at once. Those things of which Paul spoke as hindering His coming, have now come and gone. Eighteen centuries and more have passed away since Paul wrote, and *the Lord cometh quickly!* Rouse, then, yourselves to use all diligence. Proclaim His word, and according to your ability, go forth into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. O ye that look for your Lord, ye are the men who should herald His coming by a clear testimony to His name in every place.

Thus I have given you hints as to what kind of men are likely to sound forth the word of God. Judge ye, my brethren, whether you yourselves have these qualifications. It is my impression that they are to be found in you.

II. Secondly, let us notice

Their Trumpets.

"From you sounded out the word of the Lord." Their testimony was distinct, clear, resonant, and far-sounding. We may find an illustration in the silver trumpets of the sanctuary which were sounded to gather the people together. Let your trumpets ring out the call to assemble to our Lord Jesus, the true Shiloh, unto whom shall the gathering of the people be. We may further think of the Jubilee trumpet, which early in the morning proclaimed clearance of debts, release from bondage, and restoration to lost heritages. Such are the glad announcements of the gospel; let us hasten to make them.

Trumpets are also blown in time of war: many are the allusions to this in Scripture. Oh that the Church of God may boldly sound the war-trumpet at this time against impurity, intemperance, false doctrine, and loose living! Our Lord has come to send a sword upon earth in these matters. Oh that from each one of us the war-blast may be sounded without fear or hesitation! Fain would we also earn the name given to the apostles, "They that turn the world up-side down;" for at this present it is wrong-side up. A trumpet is also used simply for musical purposes, and the testimony of the Church to her Lord Jesus should be the most melodious sound the ears of man have ever heard. Oh to sound forth the glorious name, "with trumpet and sound of cornet," that multitudes might be compelled to hear it! Each

church should find in its living members its best peal of bells. Every individual, great and little, should give forth his sound: not one should be dumb. Oh that it were always so!

What was the means by which these excellent people made the gospel to sound out? It was made known by the

Remarkable Conversions

which happened among them. These men had been idolaters, and had fallen into divers lusts common in those times. Paul's preaching had made a change which none could have looked for. They had been brought to worship the true God, and to look for His Son from heaven, and to walk worthy of their high calling. Everybody asked, "Why, what has happened to these Thessalonians? These people have broken their idols; they worship the one God; they trust in Jesus? They are no longer drunken, dishonest, impure, contentious." Everybody talked of what had taken place among these converted people. Oh for conversions, plentiful, clear, singular, and manifest; that so the word of God may sound out! Our converts are our best advertisements and arguments. Have you not known a whole town startled by the conversion of one great sinner?

The attention commanded by their conversion was further secured by their unmistakable, unquestionable character. They became such godly, honest, upright, sober, saintly people, that all who observed them took note of their excellence. Holy living is a grand pulpit. A godly character has a louder voice in it than the most eloquent tongue.

Character is Our Chrysostom:

holiness has a golden mouth. The apostle says that their lives were so complete a publication of the gospel, that he did not need to call attention thereto. He writes, "We need not to speak anything:" as much as to say, "We have only to point to you." Shall I ever feel that I have little need to preach in words, since my people preach far better by their lives? Yes, there are many cases among you concerning which I might say, There, watch that friend's life, and see what the gospel is: there is no need for me to tell you. Oh that all of us were of such a character that none should mistake us! Till we have more grace in the heart, and more holiness in the life, we shall lack the greatest means of making the gospel known. We must shine by our works if men are to see our light.

I have no doubt that the Thessalonians added to their character many earnest efforts for the spread of the truth. They went about telling what they had heard, believed, and enjoyed. Some of them became preachers of the Word at home, and others went abroad to publish the glad tidings. Jesus would be made known to the poor in the back slums of Thessalonica, and talked of to the sailors on board the vessels, and to the merchants on the quays. Are you, beloved, all of you, making Jesus known? Are there none of you silent? Have we not among us some who should now be working in foreign lands? Have we not in these pews many whose voices should be heard in our streets? We shall never be as we ought to be till every talent is utilized. We must be all at it, always at it, and at it with all our might. We have not come to this yet. May the love of Christ constrain us!

III. Oh that the Holy Ghost would put fire into my sermon, that its live coals may touch your hearts, while I say that there is now

Need for a Trumpet Blast

of this kind! Brethren, the Word of the Lord ought to be sounded out, because it is the Word of God. If it is the word of man, let him spread it as he can; we are not concerned to help him. The word of man comes from a dying source, and it will return to it; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever. The Word of the Lord is so all-important that it should have free course, run, and be glorified. When He gives the word, great should be the company of them that publish it. If you believe the gospel to be the divine word, you dare not withhold it. The stones would cry out if you were silent.

With many of us, this is a matter of solemn obligation. The Word of God has been to us life from the dead, deliverance out of bondage, food for our hunger, strength for our weakness, comfort for our sorrow, satisfaction for our hearts. Spread it, then. Seeing that God's Word has come to you with power, and has saved you, you must sound it abroad.

Remember, too, that this is salvation to the perishing. Did not one dear brother and deacon, on Monday night, pray to the Lord with great fervor, reiterating these words, "They are perishing, they are perishing, they are perishing; Lord, save them!"? You believe that men are diseased with sin, and that Christ is the only remedy; will you not tell them the remedy? You see men

Dying Without Hope;

will you not tell them where there is hope as to the hereafter? You tremblingly feel that for souls to die without accepting the Saviour is eternal woe; will you not pray them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God? O sirs, by everything that is terrible in the doom of those who die in unbelief, I charge you, sound out the Word of the Lord! As you will shortly appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, be clear of the blood of all men. The gospel has power to save to-day, and to save forever: sound it out.

At this time many other voices are clamoring to be heard. The air is full of din. Men have devised new methods by which to elevate the race, and loud are the voices that proclaim the man-invented nostrums. "Shall we be heard," cries one, "if we lift up our voices?" Yes, if you take the gospel trumpet, you will enforce a hearing. It chanced, one evening, when there was a large gathering of

Friends at the Orphanage,

that our boys were sweetly discoursing a hymn-tune upon their bells, the American organ was being played as an accompaniment, and all the gathered company were singing at their best, making a rushing flood of music. Just then I quietly hinted to our friend Mr. Manton Smith to put in a few notes from his silver cornet; and when he placed it to his lips, and threw his soul into it, the lone man was heard above us all. Bells, organ, voices, everything, seemed to yield before that one clear blast of trumpet music. So will it be with the gospel. Only sound it out as God's own word, and let the power of the Holy Ghost go with it, and it will drown all music but its own. At any rate, you will have done your part, and will be no longer responsible, even if men do not hear it, if from your very soul you sound out the word of the Lord.

You have stood with me in protest against

The Declensions of the Age.

He who knoweth all things knows what this has cost me; but your love has been a great relief to me in the bitter sorrow. We will have no complicity with error: we will not aid the Philistines in shearing away the locks of the gospel's strength. Having protested, we must justify our position by our lives. We shall be dishonored unless we have the power of God specially resting upon us; that may be a small thing; but the truth itself will be dishonored; and this we cannot bear. If the gospel be indeed true—and we have no doubt about it—we beseech the God of truth to grant us the sign and seal from heaven by baring His holy arm in our midst. To-day, again, I lay the sacrifice upon the altar, by reasserting the old gospel against the down-grade of the times. The God that answereth by fire, let Him be God! On you may the tongues of fire descend and rest. May you, who are with me, whether in London or in the utmost parts of the earth, be inflamed with zeal and fired with love. May the water in the trenches be licked up by the flame, and the whole sacrifice be consumed with heaven's own fire, till the people, once deluded by Baal, shall be forced to cry, "Jehovah, He is the God! Jehovah, He is the God!" May the substitutionary sacrifice of Christ triumph in the midst of the earth, and become, as it always has been, the truth by which the glory of the Lord shall

be revealed. The Lord grant it. Labor, all of you, to secure it.

I have not preached to sinners; I leave that, for once, to you. I lay on you this burden, that you each one make the word of the Lord to sound out, "so that we need not to speak anything." God grant it, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

PAUL'S BELOVED DISCIPLE.*

TIMOTHY was a native, possibly, of Derbe, but more probably of the neighboring town of Lystra, where he was piously brought up in a knowledge of the Jewish Scriptures by his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. It was probably during Paul's first visit to Lystra, on his first missionary journey, that he became the boy's spiritual father, by converting him to the Christian faith. It was at Lystra that the Apostle was stoned by the mob and dragged outside the city as dead; and there is no improbability in the suggestion that when he recovered consciousness and re-entered the town, it was in the home of Timothy that he found shelter. In any case, Lystra was to the Apostle a place of strangely mixed associations; the brutality of the pagan multitude side by side with the tender friendship of the young Timothy. When St. Paul, on his next missionary journey, again visited Lystra, he found Timothy already enjoying a good report among the Christians of that place and of Iconium, for his zeal and devotion during the six or seven years which had elapsed since his first visit. Perhaps he had been engaged in missionary work in both places. The voices of the prophets had singled him out as one worthy of bearing office in the Church; and the Apostle, still grieving over the departure of Barnabas with John Mark, recognized in him one who with Silas could fill the double vacancy.

His Life and Work.

In the Troad they met Luke, the beloved physician, and took him on with them to Philippi. Here, probably, as certainly afterward at Berea, Timothy was left behind by Paul and Silas to consolidate their work. He rejoined the apostle at Athens, but was thence sent back on a mission to Thessalonica, and on his return found St. Paul at Corinth. The two epistles written from Corinth to the Thessalonians are in the joint names of Paul and Timothy. At Corinth, as at Lystra, Iconium, and Philippi, Timothy became prominent for his zeal as an evangelist; and then, for about five years, we lose sight of him. We may think of him as generally at the side of Paul, and as always working with him, but of the details of the work we are ignorant. About A. D. 57 he was sent by Paul on a delicate mission to Corinth. This was before the first epistle to that church was written, for in that letter Paul states that he has sent Timothy to Corinth, but writes as if he expected that the letter would reach Corinth before him. When Paul wrote the second epistle from Macedonia, later in the year, Timothy was again with him, for his name is joined with Paul's; and he is still with him when the apostle wrote to the Romans from Corinth, for he joins in sending salutations to the Roman Christians. We find him still at Paul's side on his way back to Jerusalem through Philippi, the Troad, Tyre, and Cæsarea. And here we once more lose trace of him for some years. We do not know what he was doing during Paul's two years' imprisonment at Cæsarea; but he joined him during his first imprisonment at Rome, for the epistles to the Philippians, the Colossians, and Philemon are written in the names of Paul and Timothy. We may conjecture that Timothy went to Philippi, and returned before the apostle was released. At the close of the epistle to the

* From "The Pastoral Epistles." By the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M. A., D. D. One of the volumes of the Expositor's Bible, a series which has been of incalculable value in opening up the treasures of the Word, and enabling ministers and students to understand the circumstances in which each book was written, and its chief purpose. This volume is one of the most useful of the series. Pp. 435; price \$1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, N. Y.



Mrs. Russell B. Harrison. (See page 261.)



The Sun Dance of the Cree Indians of Athabasca.

Hebrews we read, "Know ye that our brother Timothy hath been set at liberty." It is possible that the imprisonment to which this notice refers was contemporaneous with the first imprisonment of Paul.

The few additional facts respecting Timothy are given to us in the two letters to him. Some time after Paul's release, the two were together in Ephesus, and when the apostle went on into Macedonia, he left his companion behind him, to warn and exhort certain holders of erroneous doctrine to desist from teaching it. There were tears, on the younger friend's side at any rate, to which Paul alludes at the opening of the second epistle. The task imposed on Timothy was no easy one; and after the dangers and sufferings to which the apostle had been exposed, and which his increasing infirmities continually augmented, it was only too possible that the friends would never meet again. So far as we know, these gloomy apprehensions may have been realized. In his first letter written from Macedonia, Paul expresses a hope of returning very soon to Timothy; but, like some other hopes expressed in Paul's epistles, it was perhaps never fulfilled. The second letter, written from Rome, contains no allusion to any intermediate meeting. In this second letter he twice implores Timothy to do all he can to come to him without delay, for he is left almost alone in his imprisonment. But whether Timothy was able to comply with this wish we have no means of knowing.

Tradition and ingenious guesswork add a little more, which can be neither proved nor disproved. Eusebius tells us, more than two hundred years after his death, that he is related to have held the office of overseer of the diocese of Ephesus, and five centuries later Nicephorus tells us that he was beaten to death by the Ephesian mob for protesting against the licentiousness of their worship.

THE SUN DANCE OF THE CREE INDIANS.

(See Illustration.)

No better proof can be given of the terrible need of the civilizing influences of the Gospel among the Cree Indians of Athabasca, in Northwest Canada, than the celebration of the Sun Dance as it was witnessed in 1886 by Captain R. W. Rutherford. He says that as the time for holding the dance approached, the Crees formed "a Thirst Lodge," which is constructed of a circular framework of tree stems, with a large pole or trunk in the middle, the whole being covered in with tree branches, generally birch. Inside there is a sort of fence, or dress

circle, as it were, of tree boughs with their foliage on, intertwined, behind which is a row of the principal braves. At the top of the centre post is a large bunch of foliage, decorated with strips of cloth of all colors, which also hang down the post itself. The young brave holds in his hands a couple of flags on crossed sticks, and in his mouth a bit of wood.

The object of the dance is to give the young braves an opportunity to prove their powers of endurance by self-inflicted torture. The man who passes through the ordeal without a groan or a cry is henceforth entitled to a place in council. The young men who wish thus to qualify, work holes in their breasts, first cutting two slits in either side, and pulling away the flesh until two loops are made, through which they pass a couple of lariats, the other ends being fastened to the top of the centre pole of the lodge. They then jerk themselves against the strain until the flesh is torn away, and the amount of torture they can bear in this way gauges the valor of which they are supposed to be possessed. A brave has only to prove himself such in this way once in his life. The other Indians sit round singing, beating their tom-toms, and shaking their rattles, the squaws meanwhile blowing away on whistles, and making a deafening chorus.

The beginning of mission work among this and other benighted tribes of the far Northwest is singularly interesting. In 1821 John West, a devoted chaplain of the Hudson's Bay Company, succeeded in getting possession of two Indian boys, whom he educated and brought up. The first English words he taught them were: "Great Father give me thy Spirit, for Jesus' sake." Both these boys became evangelists among their people. One of them, known as Henry Budd, died in 1875, after twenty-two years' faithful work, in the course of which he translated the Bible into the Cree language. The other, James Settee, is still living and working for the Master at Red River. He has been preaching and teaching for thirty-three years. The Church Missionary Society has now a devoted band of laborers in the field, with Dr. Robert Young as Bishop of Athabasca.

THE IMMIGRANT'S INDICTMENT.

(See Illustration on page 269.)

"You do not feel so much like putting an end to yourself now," said Mr. Booth, a prosperous Christian merchant, addressing a miserable looking young man to whom he had just given a substantial meal in an east-side restaurant in New York.

"Not just now, thanks to you, sir," was the

reply, "but I was very near it when you took compassion upon me. Oh, sir, hunger is an awful thing to bear; it maddens one."

"What brought you into such a condition?" Mr. Booth asked. "You seem to have had some education, and are able to work."

"Oh yes, sir; I am able and willing. I emigrated to this country a few months ago because I heard that here any man who was willing to work could get on. I was making only a bare living on the other side, and was saving nothing toward my support in old age. But here I cannot get employment of any kind. There are thousands like me for whom the world has no use, and the number is increasing."

"I suppose so," said the merchant. "It is a very difficult problem. No man ought to starve in a Christian country."

"Do you claim that this is a Christian country?" the young man asked, with a wan smile.

"Certainly; why not?"

"They make the claim, too, on the other side the Atlantic, but I should dispute it. I fancy if Christ were on earth now He would think His teachings had little influence in either country."

"I do not agree with you," said Mr. Booth. "Our Christian charities are magnificent, and our wealthy men give very largely. There are many noble Christian philanthropists, too, on the other side."

"Still," said the young man, sadly, "the problem is not solved. Here are Christian men, Christian ministers, too, who have more money than they or their families can spend, while men in the same city with them are starving, and they know it. Why, the other day I saw one of your prominent ministers drive down Broadway in a carriage and pair, and some one told me he was almost a millionaire. He wore a diamond ring worth two or three thousand dollars. When such a man stands before God, will not the Maker of the rich and poor ask him why he spent his money on luxuries instead of supplying the necessities of his poor brother?"

"That is an exceptional case, probably," said Mr. Booth, "but I dare say he gives largely in charity."

"Perhaps so; but it does not solve the problem. Has a man the right to keep more than he can use when his brother is dying for want of it? If a man had a store of barrels of water in the desert, and saw men dying of thirst, and yet did not give them to drink, what would you call him? See here sir, here am I, and thousands like me, in absolute want. We are willing to work, but cannot get work. Suppose we starve to death, or commit suicide to escape the lingering suffering, will wealthy Christians be held

guiltless? There are sick men—I have seen several—who might be brought back to life if some one would pay for a doctor. Others see their wives and children drifting to the grave while they could save them if they had the means of giving them proper food and pure air. What will He who told the Parable of the Good Samaritan say when some wealthy man calling himself a Christian appears before Him, and admits that he died rich, and took no thought of the sufferers at his door? No, sir, it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God, and I fancy that some who think they are sure of admittance will find more obstacles than they expect."

"Perhaps so," said the merchant, "but the minister you mention could not give you work, and you would not expect him to provide free meals for any one who chose to come. In many cases it would be only a premium on idleness. It would not be so in your case, but it would in many."

"Oh, I admit there are difficulties, but the problem is not mine. It belongs to those who have the means of solving it. You admit that it exists, and that it ought not to exist. Have wealthy Christians grappled with it? Here is the anomaly: one man with a superfluity, another man perishing for lack of what the other man has and cannot use. Apart from humanity Christ explicitly said that such a state of things must not be. Now, when His followers sit quietly by and allow the state to continue, how will they meet Him? Of course the work is difficult, but the command is imperative, and every man who possesses more money than he needs is disobeying it. He ought to have studied how to employ his money so that it should have relieved distress without encouraging idleness. Do you not think that if the wealthy Christians realized their responsibility, and were in earnest to obey Christ, they would meet together and find out a way? I tell you, sir, that poor as I am, I would not have their wealth if with it I had to stand before God and tell Him that I had kept it for myself while my brother was dying of want."

The vehemence of the young man, the contrast between his words and the squalor of his appearance, attracted the attention of others in the restaurant. Presently one of the gentlemen came to the table, and said to Mr. Booth, "What is the difficulty with your young philosopher?"

"He is indicting the whole Christian community," said the merchant. "I have been providing comfort for his physical man, and he has retaliated on me by providing discomfort for my conscience. Ungrateful, is he not? and the worst of it is that there is some reason in what he says."

"Yes, it would not make you uncomfortable if there were no truth in it. Well, sir," turning to the young man, "here is my card. Come to my office to-morrow and I'll provide honest work for you, at any rate. I don't like your wholesale accusations, but I should like to see more of you. Perhaps you will not be so dreadfully minatory when you are better clothed and fed."



The Immigrant States His Case.

"Thank you, sir," was the reply; "perhaps I might not have felt the facts so keenly if I had not known hunger; but I hope I shall never shut my eyes to them now."

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 254.)

The Hand-cart Experiment.

FROM the first moment when the heresy of the plurality of wives was announced, the leaders had strictly forbidden the missionaries to enter into any alliances with the sisters abroad, or to make any proposals of marriage to them, or to enter into any matrimonial covenants. In the language of Kimball—Brigham's first counsellor—they were "not to pick out from the flock the young, fair, and tender lambs," but were to bring them all safely to Salt Lake.

This counsel was very well, for it tended to keep the elders out of mischief, and afforded an opportunity to the brethren at home to select more and more youthful wives from the fair converts who were gathered in to Utah. But the missionaries found it very irksome to obey this counsel, and, in point of fact, those who did so formed a very small minority. One of the missionaries, who had just returned from Europe, came one day to our house in New York, and brought a youthful sister with him. He was by no means a handsome man, or prepossessing in his appearance, but I saw at once that he had succeeded in obtaining considerable influence over the young sister's mind. He said she was not very happy, and he wanted her to stay with some respectable family for a week or two until they set out for Utah, and I agreed that she should stay with us.

She began to play with the children, and took one of them in her arms in a way which attracted my attention, for I noticed that tears were in her eyes, and she excited my sympathy. I asked her as gently and as delicately as I could what was the matter with her, and what

her sorrow was, and she told me as soon as she was able to do so that she herself had two little ones at home and was wretched at being parted from them. She had obeyed counsel, and had left her husband and a happy home to go to Salt Lake City. She loved them all dearly; but, deluded by false teachings, and promises that she should soon have her children again, she had clandestinely stolen away and left all.

I reasoned with her, tried to make her see how very wrongly she had acted, and persuaded her to return to her husband and seek his forgiveness. But it was all in vain. The salvation of her soul she thought was beyond all earthly considerations; she must stifle the suggestions of her heart within her; she must hasten to the City of Saints. Thus she left me, and, like many another victim, I never expected to see her again.

One morning, a few months later, I was astonished to receive a visit from her. After expressing my pleasure at seeing her once more, she told me that what I said had so impressed her that when the emigrants had arrived

at St. Louis she had refused to proceed any further on the journey, had written to her husband, had made everything right with him, and was now on her way back to her home in England.

My story is so full of painful reminiscences, that it is with pleasure that I record this incident—one of the rare cases in which folly was not succeeded by utter ruin and misery. Alas, how many instances I might mention, which fell beneath my own personal observation, of wives and mothers led away by the delusive doctrines which they mistook for inspiration, and who sought vainly, through years of misery, for peace and rest, until at length they found it the darkness of the tomb.

In sad contrast with the foregoing incident was the experience of my friend Mary Burton, who, as the reader will remember, was journeying with her husband to Utah in the Hand-cart company. The following letter, which I received from her, gives a vivid account of her dreadful journey:

"I promised to write and tell you all about our journey across the Plains, but I little expected to have such a terrible tale to tell. You have heard so much of the journey to Salt Lake Valley that you know pretty well how we must have traveled to Iowa City, where it was necessary that we should wait until the whole company was quite ready for the long journey which lay before us.

"Our life up to a certain point was much the same, and we met with the same difficulties as all other emigrants who had gone before us. But there the comparison ends. Privation and toil and weariness, and not unfrequently sickness and death, wore out many of the companies that went before us, but they never suffered as we did. It is utterly impossible for me to tell you all that we went through. It is indescribable. And when I finish this letter, and lay down my pen, and even when you read the fearful story of my experience during that journey, you will still have but the faintest idea of the horrors and sufferings which we endured.

"At Iowa City we found nothing prepared for us. When we left Liverpool we were told that hand-carts, provisions, and all that we needed, should be provided before we arrived. If this had been done we should have had just barely time enough to travel over the Plains and reach Salt Lake before the terrible cold of winter set in. As it was, everything went wrong. The elders who had been sent out before us to buy tents and carts, and all that we wanted, had either been unfortunate or very careless, for, as I said, when we arrived in Iowa City, not the slightest preparation of any kind had been made.

"You know how strong my faith was when we left New York, and how Brother Shrewsbury and myself were ready to sacrifice everything. I can assure you that we were fully tested, and I do think that but for our strong faith not a single soul of all that company would have survived that journey. Three companies had, after a long delay, been sent out before we reached Iowa City. As it was then early in the season, they completed their journey before the cold of winter set in. I afterwards heard that Brigham Young and the elders, when they saw the companies arrive safely in Salt Lake City, spoke of the scheme as a *successful experiment*. We had been positively taught that the scheme came directly from heaven, and was neither speculation nor experiment, and when I heard that, after all, the Prophet himself spoke of it as a matter of doubtful issue, I asked myself—whom, then, can we believe?

"We waited three weeks in Iowa Camp while they were making the hand-carts. They were very lightly made, and I think not at all suitable for such a long and wearisome journey; and being so hastily put together, and most of the wood unseasoned, they were utterly unfit for the rough work for which they were constructed. Twenty of these carts—one to every five—were allowed to every hundred persons, who were also allowed five good-sized tents and one Chicago wagon, with three yoke of oxen, to transport the baggage and provisions. We were only allowed seventeen pounds of bedding and clothing each, which, with cooking utensils, etc., made up about one hundred pounds to each cart, and that was quite as much as the cart (itself only sixty pounds in weight) could carry.

"You can see, Sister Stenhouse, how difficult it must have been out of every hundred persons—men, women, and children—to find twenty who were strong enough to pull even such frail things as those hand-carts were. The married men and the young men and boys did the best they possibly could, but they could do no more, and some of the carts were *drawn by young girls alone*. The girls and women who had no husbands used to occupy a tent by themselves at night; but in the other tents whole families, without respect to age or sex, together with the young men who assisted them during the day, used to find shelter. This you will see at once was exceedingly inconvenient; but we had no choice, and we had been so long associated, and had suffered so much together, that we did not feel it as much as we otherwise might have done.

"What weary days we spent! Hour after hour went by, mile after mile we walked, and never, never seemed to be a step the further on our way. Sometimes I recalled to mind a hymn which we used to sing at Sunday-school when I was a child—an evening hymn in which we returned thanks that we were

"A day's march nearer home."

"But day after day went by—wearily, hopelessly—and when the darkness of each night came on, and, tired and footsore, we lay down to rest, we seemed no nearer to our home in Salt Lake.

"Do not think, Sister Stenhouse, that we gave way to despondency. What we felt, God alone knows; but our poor, weary hearts were full of confiding faith in Him, and we placed undoubting confidence in the promises and prophecies which we had received through His

chosen servants, as we believed them to be. The young folks were light-hearted and gay, and with all the enthusiasm of youth they pressed on, thinking not of the way, but only of the end; and their example was most encouraging. My husband was one of the bravest and truest of all that band. He drew the cart which we shared with another elder and his wife and their grown-up daughter. They were old people—I mean the elder and his wife—and the daughter was an unpleasant person, and too feeble to do anything. There were reasons why I was excused from taking any share in hard work; but I felt as zealous as the rest, and day after day walked beside my husband, thinking that, if nothing more, my companionship might cheer him. The old folks walked behind, and so did the children; but sometimes when the little ones were very weary indeed, the parents would place them on the top of the bedding in the hand-cart, and give them a lift. But some of the elderly people who were unused to walking far, and whom it was impossible to carry, suffered a great deal; and sometimes mothers with children at their breasts would trudge on mile after mile in all the heat and dust without a murmur or complaint, until they almost dropped down with fatigue.

"What some of those poor creatures suffered, no words could tell. The sun shone down upon us with intense heat as we travelled through Iowa, and the people from the farm-houses and villages came out to see us, and wondered at our rashness in undertaking such a journey. They were very kind to us, and came and visited us in our camps, and offered some of the men work and good wages if they would stay there instead of going on to Salt Lake. A few of the people accepted these offers; but the elders, as you may suppose, watched carefully every company and every man; and in the evening, when meetings for prayer and preaching were held, we were earnestly exhorted to obedience, and the sin of acting upon our own judgment was set forth in the very plainest terms. The kindness of the Iowa people, however, encouraged us, and they freely gave to those who most needed whatever they could to help us. And we needed help and sympathy.

"Of course, with only one wagon to carry all the provisions for a hundred persons, besides five tents, our supply of food was very limited. At that period of the journey the grown-up people were allowed ten ounces of flour a day and a little—and but a very little—coffee, sugar, rice, and bacon. This was a very scanty allowance for people who all day long had to draw the hand-carts or to trudge mile after mile in all that burning heat and dust—but we never complained. Some of the men ate all their rations at breakfast, and went without anything more until the next morning, unless they were able to beg a little of some friendly farmer by the way. The little children received just half as much as the others.

"With a very small amount of management this inconvenience might certainly have been avoided, for provisions of all sorts were very cheap in the districts through which we passed. Some of the more thoughtful saints, I know, felt very bitterly the injustice of this; for, as you are aware, we had paid *all* our expenses *in full*—even to the uttermost farthing; and we had been promised in return a safe and sufficient outfit, with plenty of provisions, and in fact all that was necessary. Had we been left to ourselves, we should of course have provided for every contingency; but we came in obedience to counsel under the direction of the Church, and after we had paid for everything; the Church even 'took care' of our money, so that we therefore could not procure necessities by the way, as otherwise we might have done. Thus wearily, and suffering not a little privation, we travelled all through Iowa, until we came to the Missouri River, and encamped at Florence, a place about six miles north of Omaha, and there we remained about a week, preparing for our journey across the Plains."

"It was the middle of August, 1856, when we arrived at Florence, Neb.; and we had been delayed so much on the way that it appeared to many of the more experienced that it would now be the height of imprudence for us to cross the Plains at that season. With old people, delicate women, and little children, and without carriages of any sort—except the frail hand-carts that carried our bedding—it would be a weary, long time before we could reach Salt Lake. Every step must be trudged on foot, and it was quite impossible that we could walk many miles a day, while there was before us a journey of over a thousand. Some of the elders proposed that we should settle where we were, or somewhere near by, until the following spring, and then go on to Salt Lake; but others, who were more confident, urged that we should proceed at once. The elders called a great meeting to settle the matter, at which we were all present. I should tell you that when we first started our whole company was placed under the guidance of Elder James G. Willie as captain; and we were again subdivided into five parties of about one hundred each, and over every hundred was placed an elder or sub-captain. The first hundred was headed by Elder Atwood, the second by Levi Savage, the third by William Woodward, the fourth by John Chislett, and the fifth by Elder Ahmensen. About two hundred of the people were Scotch and Scandinavians; nearly all the rest were English. All were assembled at the meeting.

"You know, Sister Stenhouse, how meetings were held at home. Well, it was just the same there. We, of course, had nothing really to say—we had only to obey counsel and sanction the decision of the leading elders. I used to feel annoyed rather at that sort of thing in London, as you may remember; but now, when life and death depended upon the wisdom of our decision, with all my faith I felt worse than annoyed, wicked as I have no doubt it was for me to feel so. My husband never uttered a word, but I know he felt as much as I did, and in that he was not alone among the elders. We had neither vote nor influence—the elders held our destiny in their hands.

"In all our company there were only three or four men who had been out to Salt Lake before, and of course they could not be overlooked, so they gave their opinion at the meeting. They must have fully known the dangers and difficulties of the way, and what hardships must overtake a company so scantily provided for as was ours, if we continued our journey. But, for all that, they not only spoke slightly of the danger which threatened us, but prophesied, in the name of the Lord, that we should pass through, and suffer neither loss nor harm.

"One man alone—Levi Savage—dared to tell the truth. People well mounted, or even with good ox-teams, could safely and easily make the journey, he said; but for a band of people like ourselves, with aged folks, and women, and a number of little children, to attempt it so late was little short of madness. He strongly urged that we should take up our quarters there for the winter, when, he said, as soon as spring came on, we could safely and successfully perform the remainder of our journey.

"The other elders thought that he was weak in the faith, and plainly told him so; and one of them even said 'he'd eat all the snow that fell between Florence and Salt Lake City.' The people, of course, believed without question what they were told to believe, for they had long ago made up their minds that the leaders were inspired, and therefore they dared not doubt them, and the prudent counsel of Brother Savage was rejected accordingly. I was not near enough to hear his words, but I was afterwards told that he said: 'What I have said, I know is the truth; but as you are counselled to go forward, I will go with you; I will work and rest and suffer with you; and, if God wills it so, I will also die with you.' Never was man more faithful to his word than was Brother Savage; and often, after that, when sickness and weariness

ness and cold and hunger and death overtook us—as he had foreseen—he never for one moment forgot the promise which he had so solemnly made.

(To be Continued).

THE COMMAND TO WATCH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for May 5, Mark 13 : 24-37. Golden Text Mark 13 : 33.

The Watchman's Duty—Recognizes Signs Unnoticed by Others—The Day and the Night Isaiah Saw—The Watchers for the First Advent—The End of the Sixty-Nine Weeks of Years—The Watch for the Seventieth Week—A Sign to be Visible in Jerusalem—Two Momentous Dates—Signs in the Sun and Stars—The Two Stages of Christ's Second Coming—Watching Against and Watching for—Hindrances to Watchfulness—A Work for Every One.

"TAKE ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is." "Watch." The watchman must be awake when other men sleep. "Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober," says the Apostle Paul (1 Thess. 5 : 6.) Let us observe what others take no notice of, and see signs of which the world cannot detect the meaning. God said to Ezekiel, "I have made thee a watchman to the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at My mouth, and give them warning from Me." (Ezek. 3 : 17.) He calls to Isaiah out of Seir, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" (Isa. 20 : 11.) Isaiah saw what other men of his time did not see: "The morning cometh," he said, for he saw that in the last days the mountain of the Lord's house should be established in the top of the mountains, and should be "exalted above the hills," and all nations should "flow unto it." (Isa. 2 : 2.) But he said, "and also the night," for he saw the coming Saviour, "despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," he saw Him "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53 : 3, 5); and he saw the day of the Lord when He should arise "to shake terribly the earth." (Isa. 2 : 19-21.)

What are We to Watch For?

What does God want us to perceive to which the world in general is asleep? "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." (Matt. 24 : 42; 25 : 13.) It is our blessed Lord's coming for which we have to watch. There were a few who watched for His first coming—a Simeon, to whom it was revealed "by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death until he had seen the Lord's Christ" (Luke 2 : 26); a Zacharias and Elizabeth, who were called to be the parents of him who should go before his Lord "in the spirit and power of Elias; to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, to make ready a people prepared for the Lord" (Luke 1 : 17); an Anna, who "served God with fastings and prayers night and day," and when she saw the infant Jesus, she "spake of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Israel." With the exception of the wise men from the East, and the shepherds of Bethlehem, these were all who were awake to the first coming of the Lord, and yet it was clearly predicted, and these few saw the signs of it.

Daniel had foretold in his days that seventy weeks were determined upon his people, the Jews, "to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy." (Dan. 9 : 25.) Thus he went on to give the starting-point of this date: "Know, therefore, and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince, shall be seven week and three score and two weeks." The book of Nehemiah shows us that the command to restore and to build Jerusalem was in

the twentieth year of Artaxerxes (Neh. 1 : 1; 2 : 1); and counting from this time—445 before Christ—to the time of our blessed Lord's crucifixion, about the year A. D. 38—i. e., 69 weeks of years, as foretold—we get 483 years. Consequently, it is generally understood that the seventy weeks are weeks of years; as in Num. 14 : 34 God says: "After the number of the days in which ye searched the land, even forty days, each day for a year, shall ye bear your iniquities, even forty years." And again (Ezek. 4 : 6), "I have appointed thee each day for a year."

It seems to have been at the same date that the 2,300 days of Dan. 8 : 14 began; and if these are taken as years, it is noteworthy that when they expired, in 1856, religious liberty was granted to Jews and Christians; the treaty of Paris, which assured this liberty, was signed in Passover week—the same week of the year, A. D. 38, on which Christ was crucified, and the same week of 445 before Christ, on which Artaxerxes gave the command to restore and build Jerusalem. From that time

The Jews

have become more and more prominent in the political, the literary, and, above all, in the financial world; and as the last week of these seventy weeks of years has yet to be fulfilled, and the Jews must come to the front as soon as the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled, part of our watch for the coming of Christ and the end of the age must be upon the Jewish people. Jerusalem must be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled. (Luke 21 : 24.) These Gentile powers are all showing signs of decay; there is trouble in political and commercial life, and it seems as though all the foundations of the earth were out of course. Men's hearts are "failing them for fear;" every one expects war, prepares for war, and the nations are holding in their breath. All men feel we are on the verge of a tremendous crisis, the ruling powers are in perplexity, and no one knows what is coming.

There are two dates in the end of the book of Daniel, which, if explained aright, lead us to think that the end of the age may be near. Many believe that the 1,290 days spoken of in Dan. 12 : 11, and the 1,335 in Dan. 12 : 12, are also to be taken as years, and refer to the duration of the Papal and Mahomedan antichrists ("the abomination that maketh desolate"). If they began about the middle of the sixth century, the first, at least, must have terminated already, and the other cannot extend many years longer. But the consideration of dates, although it may help us in some measure, may lead to speculation rather than to close dealing with God, and constant faithfulness to man, in view of the shortness of the time which remains to us.

Jesus, speaking to His disciples, says, "In those days shall be affliction such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created unto this time, neither shall be. . . . But in those days, after that tribulation,

The Sun Shall be Darkened,

and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars of heaven shall fall. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds with great power and glory." This is a distinct sign of the Lord's coming, foretold in Isa. 13 : 10; Ezek. 32 : 7; Joel 2 : 31; 3 : 15; Matt. 24 : 29; Acts 2 : 20; Rev. 6 : 12; and here His coming is distinctly said to be after the tribulation. But there are passages which distinctly refer to a coming of Christ before the tribulation: "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" (Luke 21 : 8, 6); and again: "Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." And it is for this coming before the tribulation which we have to watch. Undoubtedly that time of tribulation will last three years and a half (Dan. 12 : 7; Rev. 12 : 6, 14;

12 : 5), the latter half of the one week of years to be yet fulfilled in the history of the Jewish nation, when the time of the Gentiles shall have come to an end, and when the Jews shall confirm a covenant with some prince that shall come, the great future Antichrist (Dan. 9 : 27), or "man of sin" (II Thess. 2 : 3).

But we have to

Watch Against

as well as to watch for. Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." (Luke 21 : 34.) Just those very things which make a bad conversion—"the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in," which "choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful"—are the hindrances to watchfulness for the Lord's coming. "The lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,"—anything and everything which proves that self, and not God, is the mainspring and centre of our life—hinders us from a watchful spirit for our Lord. And, on the other hand, if He is more to us than all the world; if, translated into their relation to Him, things have an interest in our eyes, but apart from Him they are dead and worthless, then the expectation of His coming and the making ready for Him makes the very thought of money-making as an object in life to be an impertinence, intolerable, and altogether beneath our dignity. His coming makes an earthly reputation such as is built up by a family name, by a fortune acquired, by literary or political fame, a thing so small that it makes one smile to think of it. The little rush-light loses itself in the refulgence of the coming Sun. All things earthly are but *pro tem.* in the light of His coming; but saved souls, the living stones which shall build His temple; His Word, which shall stand when heaven and earth shall pass away; His presence in the spirit, which shall so soon be sight and faith no longer—these are the tangible realities of such as watch for Him and love His appearing.

"Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and

To Every Man His Work.

and commanded the porter to watch." Praise God, He gives to every man, and every woman, and every child his work. Just that which our hand findeth to do, just that which is next to us, just where we are, until God calls us to something else. The home duties, the work of the business, but done as by men that wait for their Lord; the Christian work which is already open to us, until God calls us to something else, and in it to watch for His coming. "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh—at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning, lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." Watching leads to prayer, to a habit of talking with God about the signs of His coming. God bring us into a constant habit of watching unto prayer! Amen.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for April:

End of the Times in the Year 1900.

The Signs of the Times. By the Rev. Canon Fausset, of Durham.

The Millennium. Predicted by J. G. O.

The Pretensions of the Future Man of Sin of Thess. 2.

The Four Holy Cities of Judea.

Historical Fulfilment of the Third Trumpet. (Continued.)

Enoch and Elijah's Translation. By the late Mrs. Baylee.

(Concluded.)

The Great Famine in China.

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(Continued.)

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For the little needs and longings
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And when we dare not whisper
A want that lieth dim,
We say "Our Father knoweth,"
And leave it all to Him.

For His great love has compassed
Our nature, and our need
We know not; but He knoweth,
And He will bless indeed.
Therefore, O Heavenly Father,
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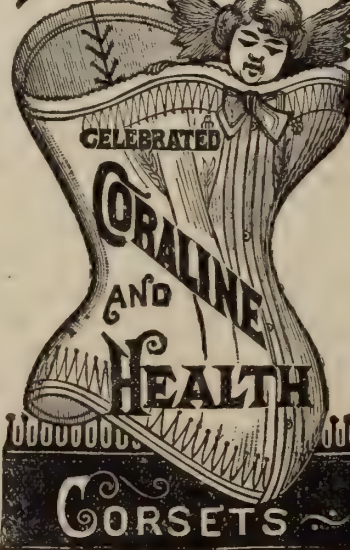


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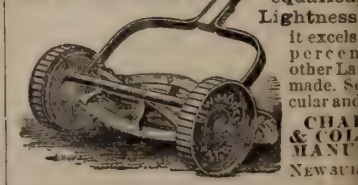
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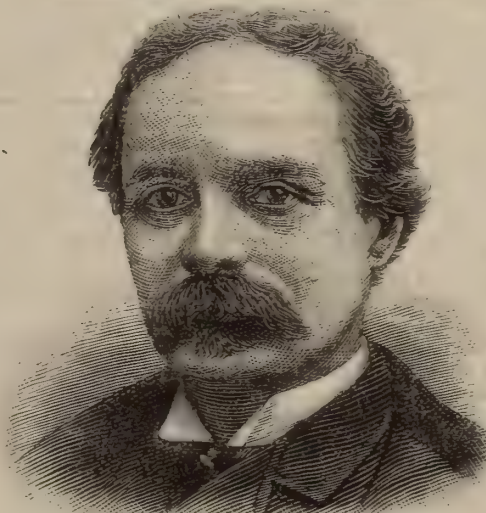
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THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE FORETOLD. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



FREDERICK D. GRANT, Minister to Austria.



WHITELAW REID, Minister to France.



WILLIAM W. THOMAS, Minister to Sweden.



ALLEN T. RICE, Minister to Russia.



ALBERT G. PORTER, Minister to Italy.



JOHN A. ENANDER, Minister to Denmark.

SEVEN UNITED STATES MINISTERS TO EUROPEAN COURTS.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN,
Minister to England.

THE prize of the diplomatic service has fallen to a man of honored name, and one who is worthy of the name he bears. Mr. Lincoln has never thrust himself on the public notice, nor attempted to make his name a stepping-stone for ambitious projects. In this case, as in his former elevation, the office sought the man, not the man the office. He has modestly gone about his business, and it needed effort to convince him that it was his duty to serve his country in a public capacity. If all our public men were similarly minded, the disgraceful scramble which takes place after every presidential election would cease, and American politics would have more dignity, and public offices would be far better filled.

Robert Todd Lincoln, the eldest son and only surviving descendant of President Lincoln, was born at Springfield, Ill., on August 1, 1843, and is, consequently, in his forty-sixth year. His first names come from his mother's family, she having been the daughter of the Hon. Robert Todd, of Kentucky. When he was born, his parents owned no home, but were boarding at the Globe tavern, and it was in that hostelry that the child first saw the light. When Robert was about a year old, the family moved into the house which continued to be their home until the father became President of the United States. Robert went to school at Springfield, and after getting through his primary studies, was sent to the Illinois State University. He went East in 1859, and in 1860 entered the Phillips Academy of Exeter. While he was there his father paid him a visit, and it was while passing through New York on his way, that he delivered his famous speech at Cooper Union on February 27, 1860, which first made him personally known to the Metropolitan public.

After a brief attendance at this school, Robert was admitted to Harvard as a member of the class of '64. Graduating in due time, he entered the law school of the University, from which he retired after a brief stay to accept a commission as Captain in the regular army and Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Gen. Grant. This modest rank the son of the President himself suggested, as he did not desire to rank any of the officers then on Gen. Grant's staff. The President wished him to have neither rank nor allowance, but Gen. Grant objected to that arrangement, and urged that he should be treated neither worse nor better than his equals in rank. That he should never have had promotion is a very significant fact in view of his service and abilities. He witnessed the fall of Petersburg and the pursuit and capture of Lee's army. After Petersburg was evacuated he was sent back with an escort to bring his father up to the front.

He was at Appomattox and witnessed the surrender of Lee. The next day he started with Gen. Grant for City Point. The railroads were destroyed and the roads very bad, so that the party made slow progress. Arriving at the James River, they took a steamer for Washington and reached that city on April 14, the day of the assassination. Robert made haste to reach the White House, and was first to give the President personal news of the surrender of the Confederate army. The murder of his father threw on young Lincoln the responsibility of the management of the family. After the funeral he left Washington with his mother without waiting to witness the grand review, and hastened to Chicago.

After making arrangements for his mother's comfort he looked around for means of earning his own livelihood, and ultimately commenced the practice of law in Chicago. He was admitted to the bar in 1867. In the following year he married a daughter of ex-Senator Harlan, of Iowa, and shortly afterward made an extended visit to Europe. On his return he entered into partnership with Edward S. Isham, a business connection which is still maintained.

The political situation in 1880 interested him

deeply. He was an earnest advocate of a third term for Gen. Grant, and worked for that project with might and main. When Gen. Garfield was nominated, however, with the manly self-forgetfulness that has always characterized him, he worked in the campaign for the nominee of his party. It was a genuine surprise to him when Garfield telegraphed the offer of a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of War. His first impulse was to decline, as he was succeeding in his practice as a lawyer, and shrank from public life. His friends, however, induced him to postpone a refusal for twenty-four hours, and in the interval he was brought to a change of feeling, and the next day he telegraphed his acceptance of the office. After the death of President Garfield, Mr. Lincoln, with the other members of the Cabinet, placed his resignation in President Arthur's hands. But the new President was aware that Mr. Lincoln was the one member of the late Cabinet whom he could not afford to lose, and he succeeded in inducing him to retain his portfolio.

Since Mr. Lincoln left office at the end of the Arthur Administration, he has attended closely to his law practice in Chicago, and has become very prosperous. He has three children—two daughters of twenty and fourteen years old, respectively, and a son of sixteen.

FREDERICK D. GRANT,
Minister to Austro-Hungary.

THE President pays a tribute of respect to the national hero in appointing his eldest son to this dignified position. The country recognizes this fact, and is as well aware as is the President that in providing a comfortable post and income for Colonel Grant it is the merits of General Grant, and not those of the Colonel, that are considered. But for that fact the appointment would have been received with ridicule. It is tolerated, however, because the country loved the old hero, and is willing that this indirect tribute to his memory should be rendered. The duties of the Minister to Austria are chiefly ornamental, and Colonel Grant will be able to perform those as well as another. His friends endeavored to secure for him the mission to China, but this was refused by the President, on the ground that the Minister to China should be a man of more experience. It may also be suspected that it was thought best, if the Colonel was to be a Minister, it would be better to place him where the Government could have him well in view.

Frederick Dent Grant is in his thirty-ninth year, having been born at St. Louis, Mo., May 30, 1850. His father had at that time resigned his commission in the army, and was engaged in business. Fred was sent to the public schools at St. Louis and Galena, and afterward was appointed a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he acquitted himself with credit. He accompanied his father in the Vicksburg campaign, and subsequently in the Virginia campaigns, though he was too young for active service. He received the appointment of Second Lieutenant in the Fourth United States Cavalry in 1871, and was promoted to First Lieutenant 1873, and became an aide-de-camp on the staff of Lieutenant-General Sheridan, with the temporary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and in this capacity he served until June, 1881, when he resigned his position as aide-de-camp and his Lieutenant's commission in the Army. In 1879 he joined his father in his tour around the world. Soon after his resignation from the Army, Colonel Grant married the daughter of H. H. Honore, of Chicago, and he has a daughter about eleven years old, and a son a few years younger. When General Grant removed to New York in 1881, Colonel Grant made his home with his father. In 1885 he became a director in the New York Steam Company. He withdrew from the company early in 1887. In the fall of 1887 he was the Republican candidate for Secretary of State of New York, but was defeated by his Democratic opponent.

WHITELAW REID,
Minister to France.

If appointments in the public service ought ever to be a reward for party service, the appointment of the editor of the New York *Tribune* to a first-class position is one that was well deserved. Few men in the country have labored so hard and so heartily for the success of the Republican party as Mr. Reid. He stood manfully by President Garfield in his fight with the New York stalwarts; and when Mr. Blaine was nominated in 1884, and so many Republican editors turned in disgust from the nomination, Mr. Reid heroically stood in the gap and fought valiantly for the candidate. One Republican newspaper after another deserted the Republican standard, and threw mud at the nominee, but the *Tribune* held undaunted on its way, glorifying the party, and holding up Mr. Blaine not only as the ablest of American statesmen, but as a model of honor, integrity, and virtue.

Whitelaw Reid is in his fifty-second year. He was born at Xenia, O., October 27, 1837. At the age of fifteen he entered Miami University at Oxford, Butler County, O., and graduated therefrom in 1856. He was then made principal of the graded schools in South Charleston, Clark County. Out of his salary he paid his father the cost of his senior year at college.

Having saved a few hundred dollars, young Reid in 1857 purchased the *Xenia News*, which he published successfully for two years. His editorials on local and political topics attracted much attention, and he was engaged by the *Times* and *Gazette*, of Cincinnati, and the *Herald*, of Cleveland, as "special correspondent" at Columbus. Over the signature of "Agate" he was, in 1861-1862, war correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and in the latter year became a stockholder in that paper. He subsequently became associate editor, and also held the position of Librarian of the National House of Representatives, and had charge of the Washington bureau of the New York *Tribune*.

In 1865 he published "After the War—A Southern Tour." This volume was the result of an extended journey through Dixie with his friend Chief Justice Chase. In 1868 his records entitled "Ohio in the War" were issued.

In 1870 he permanently attached himself to the *Tribune*, and on Horace Greeley's nomination for the Presidency, Whitelaw Reid became the managing editor, and finally editor-in-chief. On the death of Mr. Greeley, in 1872, his friends enabled him to purchase a controlling interest in the paper, which has since then been a steadfast Republican organ.

For many years Mr. Reid has been president of the Lotos Club, and as such has heartily welcomed many foreign men of letters and other celebrities. Several years ago he married a daughter of D. O. Mills, and is the father of two children. In 1884 he went abroad for a few months—his first long vacation since he joined the *Tribune*—and received a flattering reception from foreign journalists, many of whom were anxious to repay the courtesies they had received at his hands on their visits here.

WILLIAM W. THOMAS,
Minister to Sweden and Norway.

THE most experienced diplomatist of the seven is the new Minister to Sweden, who has once before held this post. Mr. Thomas received from President Lincoln his first appointment as Vice-Consul-General at Constantinople, and he was subsequently made Consul at Galatz, and Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden. His administration of these consular offices was such that Secretary William H. Seward conveyed to him the "special thanks of the Department of State."

William Widgery Thomas comes of old New England stock, being a direct descendant in the ninth generation of George Cleeve, who founded the city of Portland in 1632. Mr. Thomas graduated at Bowdoin College in 1860 with the highest honors. He studied law and commenced practice, but was called from his pro-

mission by the State of Maine, which desired to attract Swedish immigration within its borders, and in 1870 he sailed to Sweden and recruited a colony of fifty persons, with whom he founded the settlement of New Sweden. This colony is now grown to nearly 2,000, and is the only successful agricultural colony founded with foreigners in New England since the Revolution. Mr. Thomas has been a member of the Maine House of Representatives for three sessions, during two of which he was Speaker. He has also been a member of the Maine Senate.

In 1883 he was appointed by President Arthur Minister to Sweden and Norway. He was the first Minister of any Power to address the King of Sweden, in an official speech, in the Swedish language; the first Minister to hoist his country's flag at Stockholm; and the first to actively and successfully assist in establishing a line of direct steamers between Sweden and the United States. He is *persona grata* at the Swedish Court and among the Swedish people. It is of him that the King publicly said: "I esteem it an honor that the President of the United States has sent to my court an American who speaks the language of my country;" and on his recall the Swedish newspapers declared, "He will be missed by all, from the King to the peasant."

Mr. Thomas has another qualification which will make his residence in Sweden mutually agreeable; his wife is a beautiful Swedish lady very popular in her native country—the daughter of a Swedish Senator, and once the belle of the court at Stockholm.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

Minister to Russia.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE was born in Boston, Mass., June 18, 1853, and is therefore now nearly thirty-six years old. His parents, who were wealthy people, took measures to give him the very best opportunities of education and development. He studied the German language and literature in Germany, and was sent to Paris to acquire a similar knowledge of the French language and literature. He then entered the University of Oxford and graduated from Christ Church College with honors in 1873. He afterward studied at Columbia, New York.

Although he inherited a large fortune from his parents, Mr. Rice has always been a man of tireless industry and of marked literary tastes. He has been a contributor to many magazines and periodicals, his best-known works being his introduction to "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln" (1886), which he edited, and his contributions to "*Ancient Cities of the New World*" (1887). In 1876 he purchased *The North American Review*, of which he still remains the editor. Mr. Rice also holds a controlling interest of "*Le Matin*" of Paris.

In 1879 he organized and directed what was known as the Charnay Expedition, which was sent under the auspices of the United States and France to investigate the remains of the ancient civilizations of Central America and Mexico. Plaster casts of the most characteristic and interesting portions of the ancient architecture of those countries have been placed in the Trocadero at Paris, and duplicates of them will soon be suitably exhibited at Washington.

ALBERT G. PORTER,

Minister to Italy.

THE ex-Governor of Indiana, who has been appointed to represent our Government in Rome, is sixty-five years of age. He was born at Lawrenceburg, Ind., April 20, 1824. His early education was acquired in the schools of his native State, and he was graduated at Asbury University in 1843. He immediately took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. He removed to Indianapolis to pursue the practice of his profession, and there became a member of the City Council, and afterward Corporation Attorney for the city. He made rapid progress at the bar, and in 1853 received the appointment of Reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana. In 1858 he was

elected a member of Congress, taking his seat in the House of Representatives in December, 1859, where he served two terms. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee, and the Committee on Manufactures, and was better known for his faithful and efficient work on the committees than for any special brilliancy or power in debate. After his service in Congress Mr. Porter returned to his legal practice at Indianapolis, but continued to take a prominent part in politics. He was appointed First Comptroller of the Treasury in March, 1878, a position which he held until in the fall of 1880 he was elected Governor of Indiana by a majority of about 7,000. His term of office was four years from January, 1881. His administration was exceedingly popular, especially among the workmen, whose confidence he has won by his sterling integrity and independence of the control of the millionaire politicians.

JOHN A. ENANDER,

Minister to Denmark.

THE large Scandinavian population of the West and Northwest are gratified by the appointment of the Minister to Denmark. Mr. Enander is a hard-working journalist, who has done much for their gratification and enlightenment. He is the editor and one of the proprietors of *The Hemlandet*, a Swedish Republican paper at Chicago. He was born in Sweden in 1842, was graduated from Wenersberg College in 1869, and came to the United States in the same year. He is the author of the first "History of the United States" published in the Swedish language (1874-1881). He has contributed to the magazines and reviews on Northern Mythology, has been a lecturer on similar subjects, and for many years has been one of the leading Scandinavian Republican speakers in the West. In 1870 Mr. Enander was appointed by the Governor of Illinois a member of the State Board of Education, and was reappointed in 1881. This is the only office he has held.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Made Whiter than the Snow.—The Rev. Mr. Wilson remarks: "I knew an aged woman who was not very sure as to whether she was a Christian or not. One day she was on the heights of joy, and the next perhaps sunk in the depths of despair. One day she went to church, and there the preacher faithfully and plainly showed how Christ clothes us with His own righteousness; how it was not our own filthy rags of good works, words, or thoughts we had to trust to, but to His righteousness. The woman was delighted. Christ she saw had done it all, and done it well. When she was returning from church it began to snow, and as it fell thickly all around, covering the earth with a white mantle, she murmured as she looked at it, 'Once I was black, black like the ground, but now Christ's righteousness covers me, just as the snow covers the earth and makes it white and pure.' Yes, Jesus makes us pure; and if we but let Him He will keep us pure—purify our thoughts, our words, and our actions."

Drunken Hugh Made a New Man.—Mr. Dunn relates: "I knew a man in Maryhill, called Hughie, a great drunkard, and who, when in drink, often abused his wife most cruelly. One day he came home in his usual state of intoxication, and commanded her to go and get him more drink which she refused to do. Attacking her, he kicked her most unmercifully, until she lay on the floor quite unconscious. Seized with remorse for his brutality, and fear of the consequences, he rushed from the house toward the canal, and threw himself in. But two or three men had witnessed the suicidal act, and one of them, leaping into the water, succeeded, after a struggle, in bringing him to the bank. When asked the reason of the rash act he had committed, he confessed to them the true state of affairs, and was advised to go home and start life afresh. When he knocked at the door it was opened by his little daughter, who the night

before had gone to a gospel meeting, and there had given her heart to Jesus; and she, seeing tears in her father's eyes, at once thought of that dear Saviour who had dried her eyes. 'Don't weep, father,' she said, soothingly; 'just go into that corner and tell it to Jesus.' The words seemed a message straight from heaven. The man did as he was bidden, and poured out his heart to God. Next evening he went to an evangelistic meeting. He attracted the attention of the speaker, to whom his character was well known, and who, at the end of the address turned to him and said, 'Hughie, will you cast your burden upon Christ, and let Him be to you the power of God unto salvation?' 'That I will,' came the hearty response, and from that time Hughie has been a consistent Christian."

Obedying the Captain's Orders.—Mr. Scott relates: "I once stood on the deck of a ship while it was toiling up-stream, both wind and water strong against her, and I have gone up to the man at the wheel and said, 'Jack, why don't you ease her off a point or two? you see how it would relieve her.' But the answer was, 'No, I can't luff; that is the point of the compass the captain gave me, and I must keep her to it.' 'But man,' I remonstrated, 'if you keep her as she is, soon the bulwarks will be stove in, and there is every chance that under this fearful strain she may spring a leak.' 'That is none of my business; it is the captain's look-out. All I have to do is to obey his orders,' was the man's answer. Christian friends, we have the orders of our Captain plainly given to us in the Bible, and may know exactly the course He would have us steer. Yet, sometimes, if we do exactly as Christ commands, it appears as if our business would be ruined, our reputation lost, as if indeed we should be totally wrecked. That, however, is the Captain's look-out. All we have to do is implicitly to obey. He will surely bring us safely into the harbor."

Execution of a Greek Nobleman.—Mr. McPherson observes: "In the legal code of one of the minor states of Greece there was a law which enacted that for what would appear a comparatively trivial crime the punishment should be death. It happened that a young nobleman, the king's chief favorite, committed this very crime, and accordingly was imprisoned, tried, and condemned to die. But it was the king's prerogative that he might save any one condemned for this offence if the transgressor would but supplicate the royal mercy, and say, 'O king, save me!' Immediately the death sentence was passed, all the young man's friends came and urged him to implore the royal clemency at once. Then the representative of the king called, and told him that if he would only kneel there in the cell and say, 'O king, save me!' his life would be spared. But the prisoner replied, 'No, I will not so humble myself; if the king loves me as he said he did, then let him save me without my beseeching it.' The day of execution dawned, and the king, anxious to save his friend, sent his messenger two hours before to see if the approach of death had not softened his heart; but still the young nobleman would not yield. Swiftly the time glided past, one hour, half an hour, fifteen minutes, and it will be too late, and still the king's messenger lingered. The hour has come; there is still a moment ere the knell tolls. The ambassador continued to plead. The young man wavered, but hardening himself for the last time he turned away. The guard entered, and ten minutes later the stubborn nobleman was dead. Like that prisoner, many people are too proud to humble themselves before God to obtain salvation. Now, ere the final hour of mortal life strikes, come to Christ and ask Him to forgive."

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

THE REMNANT OF THE CENTURY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday
April 14, 1889.

"Amen! Alleluia!" Rev. 19:4.

The Approaching Final Decade—A Favorite Grouping—The Last Decades of Centuries Often Momentous—Preparation for the Divine Crusade—A Short-Cut to Victory Proposed—Reasons for Thinking the World May be Converted—I. God is Ready—II. Abundant Forces for the Work—A Mathematical Professor's Calculation—Mathematics in the Bible—III. Each Denomination Doing a Share—IV. The Machinery All Ready—V. All the Money Needed—VI. Theological Institutions Prepared—VII. The Spirits of the Departed to Help.

THE Nineteenth century is departing. After it has taken a few more steps, if each year be a step, it will be gone into the eternities. In a short time we shall be in the last decade of this century, which fact makes the solemnest book outside the Bible the almanac, and the most suggestive and the most tremendous piece of machinery in all the earth the clock.

The Last Decade

of this century, upon which we shall soon enter will be the grandest, mightiest, and most decisive decade in all the chronologies. I am glad it is not to come immediately, for we need by a new baptism of the Holy Ghost to prepare for it. That last ten years of the Nineteenth century—may we all live to see them! Does any one say that this division of time is arbitrary? Oh, no; in other ages the divisions of time may have been, but our years date from Christ.

Does any one say that the grouping of ten together is an arrangement arbitrary? Oh, no; next to the figure seven, ten is with God a favorite number. Abraham dwelt ten years in Canaan. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom. In the ancient tabernacle were ten curtains, their pillars ten and their sockets ten. In the ancient temple were ten lavers, and ten candlesticks, and ten tables, and a molten sea of ten cubits. And the Commandments written on the granite of Mount Sinai were ten, and the kingdom of God was likened to ten virgins, and ten men should lay hold of him that was a Jew, and the reward of the greatly faithful is that they shall reign over ten cities, and in the effort to take the census of the New Jerusalem the number ten swings around the thousands, crying "ten thousand times ten thousand." So I come to look toward the closing ten years of the Nineteenth century with an intensity of interest I can hardly describe.

I have also noticed that the favorite
Time for Great Events

in many of the centuries was the closing fragment of the century. Is America to be discovered—it must be in the last decade of the Fifteenth century, namely, 1492. Was free constitutional government to be well established in America—the last years of the Eighteenth century must achieve it. Were three cities to be submerged by one pitch of scorice—Herculaneum and Strabie and Pompeii in the latter part of the First century must go under. The Fourth century closed with the most agitating ecclesiastical war of history—Urban the Sixth against Clement the Seventh. Alfred the Great closes the Ninth century, and Edmund Ironsides the Eleventh century, with their resounding deeds. The Sixteenth century closed with the establishment of religious independence in the United Netherlands. Ay, almost every century has had its peroration of overpowering achievements.

As the closing years of the centuries seem a favorite time for great scenes of emancipation or disaster, and as the number ten seems a favorite number in the Scriptures, written by divine direction, and as we are soon to enter upon the last ten years of the Nineteenth century, what does the world propose? What does the Church of Christ propose? What do reformers propose? I know not; but now in the presence of this consecrated assembly I propose that we make ready, get all our batteries planted, and all our plans well laid, in what remains of this

decade, and then in the last decade of the Nineteenth century march up and take this round world for God.

When I say we, I mean the five hundred million Christians now alive. But, as many of them will not have enough heart for the work,

Let us Copy Gideon,

and as he had thirty-two thousand men in his army to fight the Midianites, but many of them were not made of the right stuff, and he promulgated a military order, saying: "Whosoever is fearful and afraid let him return and depart early from Gilead," and twenty-two thousand were afraid of getting hurt, and went home, and only ten thousand were left, and God told them that even this reduced number was too large a number, for they might think they had triumphed independent of divine help, and so the number must be still further reduced, and only those three hundred men with the battle shout, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," scattered the Midianites like leaves in an equinox; so out of the five hundred million nominal Christians of to-day let all unbelievers and cowards go home and get out of the way. And suppose we have only four hundred million left, suppose only two hundred million left, suppose only one hundred million left, yea, suppose we only have fifty million left, we will undertake

The Divine Crusade,

and each one just scooping up a palm full of the river of God's mercy in one hand, and a palm full of the river of God's strength in the other, let us with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," the sword of the Lord and of John Knox, the sword of the Lord and of Matthew Simpson, the sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine, the sword of the Lord and of Adoniram Judson, the sword of the Lord and of Martin Luther, go into the last decade of the Nineteenth century.

Is it audacious for me to propose it? Oh, no; a captive servant in the kitchen of Naaman told the commander-in-chief where he could get rid of the blotches of his awful leprosy, and his complexion became as fair as a babe's. And didn't Christ, in order to take the ophthalmia out of the eyes of the blind man, use a mixture of spittle and dust? And who showed Blucher a short-cut for his army, so that instead of taking the regular road, by which he would have come up too late, he came up in time to save Waterloo and Europe? Was it not an unknown lad, who perhaps could not write his own name? And so I, "who am less than the least of all saints," propose

A Short-Cut to Victory,

and am willing to be the expectoration on some blind eye, and tell some of the brigadier-generals of the Lord of hosts how this leprosed world may in the final decade of the Nineteenth century have its flesh come again as the flesh of a little child.

The whole trouble is that we put off the completion of the world's redemption to such long and indefinite distances. The old proverb, that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," might be changed a little, and be made truthfully to say what is the gospel business of all the ages is the gospel business of no age. We are fighting at too long a range. That gun called the "Swamp Angel" was a nuisance. It shot six miles, but it hardly ever hit anything. It did its chief destructive work when it burst and killed those who were setting it off. Short range is the effective kind of work, whether it be for worldly or religious purpose. Some man with his eyes half shut drones out to me the Bible quotation, "A thousand years are as one day;" that is, ten centuries are not long for the Lord. But why do you not quote the previous sentence, which says that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years? That is, He could do the work of ten centuries in twenty-four hours. The mightiest obstacle to Christian work is the impression that the world's evangelization is away off. Many of us act as though we thought that when Macaulay's famous New Zealander in the far distance is

seated on a broken arch of London bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, his grandchild might break in and jolt his pencil by asking him if he thought the millennium ever would appear. Men and women of the eternal God! sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! we may have it start in the decade that is soon to commence, and it will be done if we can persuade the people to get ready for the work.

What makes me think it can be done? First, because

God is Ready.

He needs no long persuasion to do His work for if He is not willing that any should perish, He is not willing that any of the people of the next decade shall perish; and the whole Bible is a chime of bells ringing out "Come! come! come!" But He is waiting, as He said He would, for the co-operation of the Church. When we are ready, God is ready. And He certainly has all the weaponry ready to capture this world for the truth, all the weapons of kindness or devastation. On the one hand the Gospel and sunshine, and power to orchardize and gardenize the earth, and fountains swinging in rainbow and Chatsworthian verdure, and aromas poured out of the vials of heaven, while on the other hand He has the weaponry of devastation, thunderbolt and conflagration, and forces planetary, solar, lunar, stellar, or meteoric, that with loose rein thrown on the neck for a second would leave constellations and galaxies so many split and shivered wheels on the boulevards of heaven. And that God is on our side, all on our side. Blessed be His glorious name!

II. If you continue to ask me why I think that the world can be saved in the final decade of the Nineteenth century, I reply, Because it is not a great undertaking, considering

The Number of Workers

that will go at it, if once persuaded it can be done. We have sifted the five hundred million of workers down to four hundred million, and three hundred million, and two hundred million, and one hundred million, and to fifty million. I went to work to cipher out how many souls that number could bring to God in ten years, if each one brought a soul every year, and if each soul so brought should bring another each succeeding year. I found out, aided by a professor in mathematics, that we did not need anything like such a number of workers enlisted. You see it is simply a question of mathematics and in geometrical progression. Then I gave to the learned professor this problem: How many persons would it require to start with if each one brought a soul into the kingdom each year for ten years, and each one brought another each succeeding year, in order to have fourteen hundred million people saved, or the population of the earth at present? His answer was, Two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand three hundred and seventy-five workers. So you see that when I sifted the five hundred million nominal Christians of the earth down to fifty million and stopped there, I retained for this work forty-seven million people too many. There it is in glorious mathematics, *quod erat demonstrandum*.

Divine Mathematics.

Do you tell me that God does not care for mathematics? Then you have never seen the Giant's Causeway, where God shows His regard for the hexagonal in whole ranges of rocky columns with six sides and six angles. Then you have not studied the geometry of a bee's honeycomb with six sides and six angles. Then you have not noticed what regard God has for the square, the altar of the ancient tabernacle four square, the breastplate four square, the court of the temple in Ezekiel's vision four square, the New Jerusalem laid out four square. Or you have not noticed His regard for the circle by making it His throne, "sitting on the circle of the earth," and fashioning sun and moon and stars in a circle, and sending our planetary system around other systems in a circle, and the universe sweeping around the

throne of God in a circle. So I enlist mathematics for the demonstration of the easy possibility of bringing the whole world to God in the coming decade by simple process of solicitation, each one only having to bring one a year; although I want to take in forty thousand, and I know men now alive who I think, by pen or voice, or both, directly or indirectly, will take hundreds of thousands each. So you see that that will discharge some of the 2,754,375 from the necessity of taking any.

III. Another reason why I know it can be done is that we may divide the work up among the denominations. God does not ask any one denomination to do the work or any dozen denominations.

The Work Can be Divided, and is being divided up, not geographically, but according to the temperaments of the human family. We cannot say to one denomination, You take Persia, and another, You take China, and another, You take India, because there are all styles of temperaments in all nations. And some denominations are especially adapted to work with people of sanguine temperament, or phlegmatic temperament, or choleric temperament, or bilious temperament, or nervous temperament, or lymphatic temperament. The Episcopal Church will do its most effective work with those who by taste prefer the stately and ritualistic. The Methodist Church will do its best work among the emotional and demonstrative. The Presbyterian Church will do its best work among those who like strong doctrine, and the stately service softened by the emotional. So each denomination will have certain kinds of people whom it will especially affect. So let the work be divided up.

There are the seven hundred and fifty thousand Christians of the Presbyterian Church North, and other hundreds of thousands in the Presbyterian Church South, and all foreign Presbyterians, more especially Scotch, English, and Irish, making, I guess, about two million Presbyterians; the Methodist Church is still larger; the Church of England on both sides of the sea still larger; and many other denominations as much, if not more, consecrated than any I have mentioned. Divide up the world's evangelization among these denominations after they are persuaded it can be done before the Nineteenth century is dead, and the last Hottentot, the last Turk, the last Japanese, the last American, the last European, the last Asiatic, the last African, will see the salvation of God before he sees the opening gate of the Twentieth century.

The Machinery Ready.

IV. Again, I feel the whole world can be saved in the time specified, because we have all manner of machinery requisite. It is not as though we had to build the printing-presses; they are all built, and running day and night, those printing religious papers (925 of those religious papers in this country), those printing religious tracts, and those printing religious books. And thousands of printing-presses now in the service of the devil could be brought and set to work in the service of God. Why was the printing-press invented? To turn out bill-heads, and circulars of patent medicines, and tell the news which in three weeks will be of no importance? From the old-time Franklin printing-press, on up to the Lord Stanhope press, and the Washington press, and the Victory press, to Hoe's perfecting printing-press, that machine has been improving for its best work, and its final work, namely, the publication of the glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. We have the presses, or can have them before the first of January, when the new decade is to begin, to put a Bible in the hand of every son and daughter of Adam and Eve.

V. But this brings me to the adjoining thought; namely, we have

The Money to Do the Work. I mean the fifty million of Christians have it. Ay, the two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand Christians have it; and the dam

which is beginning to leak will soon break, and there will be rushing floods of hundreds and millions and billions of dollars in holy contribution when you persuade the wealthy men of the kingdom of God that the speedy conversion of the world is a possibility. I have no sympathy with this bombardment of rich men. Almost every paper I take up tells of some wealthy man who has endowed a college, or built a church or a hospital or a free library, and that thing is going to multiply until the treasury of all our denominations and reformatory organizations will be overwhelmed with munificence if we can persuade our men of wealth that the world's evangelization is possible, and that they may live to see it with their own eyes.

I have always cherished the idea that when the world is converted, we would be allowed to come out on the battlements of heaven and see the bannered procession and the bonfires of victory. But I would like to see the procession closer by, and just be permitted myself to throw on a fagot for a bigger bonfire. And if you persuade our men of wealth that there is a possibility for them to join on earth in the glee of

A Redeemed Planet.

instead of laborious beseeching for funds, and arguing and flattering, in order to get a contribution for Christian objects, our men of wealth will stand in line as at a post-office window or a railroad ticket-office, but in this case waiting for their turn to make charitable deposit. The Gentiles are not long going to allow themselves to be eclipsed by Mr. Hirsch, the Jew, who has just given forty million dollars for schools in France, Germany, and Russia. I rejoice that so much of the wealth of the world is coming into the possession of Christian men and women. And although the original Church was very poor, and its members were fish dealers on the banks of Galilee, and had only such stock on hand as they could take in their own net, to-day in the hands of Christian men and women there is enough money to print Bibles and build churches and support missionaries under God in ten years to save the world.

VI. Again, I think that the world's evangelization can be achieved in the time specified, because we have already the theological institutions necessary for this work. We do not have to build them; they are built, and they are filled with tens of thousands of young men, and there will be three sets of students who will graduate into the ministry before the close of this century; and once have them understand that instead of preaching thirty or forty years, and taking into the kingdom of God a few hundred souls, right before them is the Sedan, is the Armageddon, and these young men, instead of entering the ministry timid, and with apologetic air, will feel like David, who came up just as the armies were set in array, and he left his carriage and shouted for the battle, and cried: "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" and with five gravel stones skillfully flung, sent sprawling the bragging ten-footer, his mouth into the dust, and his heels into the air.

What but such a consummation could be

A Fit Climax

to this century? You notice a tendency in history and all about us to a climax. The creation week rising from herbs to fish, and from fish to bird, and from bird to quadruped, and from quadruped to immortal man. The New Testament rising from quiet genealogical table in Matthew to apocalyptic doxology in Revelation. Now, what can be an appropriate climax to this century, which has heard the puff of the first steamer, and the throb of the first stethoscope, and the click of the first telegraph, and the clatter of the first sewing machine, and saw the flash of the first electric light, and the revolution of the first steam plough, and the law of storms was written, and the American Bible society and American Tract society were born; and instead of an audience laughing down Dr. Carey for advocating foreign missions, as was done at Northampton in England in the last century,

now all denominations vying with each other as to who shall go the furthest and the soonest into the darkest of the New Hebrides; and three hundred thousand souls have been born to God in the South Sea islands; and Micronesia and Melanesia and Malayan Polynesia have been set in the crown of Christ, and David Livingstone has unveiled Africa, and the last bolted gate of barbaric nations has swung wide open to let the gospel in. What, I ask, with a thousand interrogation points uplifted, can be a fit, an appropriate and sufficient, climax except it be a world redeemed?

Invisible Coadjutors.

VII. Yea, I believe it can be done if we get prepared for it, because the whole air and the whole heaven is full of willing help. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth?" We make an awful mistake if we calculate only on the forces we can see. The mightiest army is in the air. My brethren, so much of selfishness and pride and rivalry and bad motives of all kinds get into our work here that we are hindered. But the mighty souls that have gone up to the flying armies of the sky have left all imperfection behind; and these souls are with us, and, without a fault and with perfect natures, are on our side. You cannot make me believe that, after toiling here for long years for the redemption of the world, until from exhaustion some of them fell into their graves, they have ceased their interest in the stupendous conflict now raging, or that they will decline their help.

Irenæus Prime! Honored on earth but now glorified in heaven, have you forgotten the work toward which you gave for more than half a century your gracious life, your loving voice, and your matchless pen? No! Then come down and help. David Brainerd! Have you forgotten the aborigines to whom you preached and for whom you prayed until you could preach and pray no more, lying down delirious amid the miasmas of the swamp? No! Then come down and help. Moncrieff and Freeman and Campbell! Have you forgotten Lucknow and Cawnpore? No! Then come down and help. I rub out of my eyes the stupidity and unbelief, and I, the servant of these great Elishas in the Gospel, see the mountains all round about are full of horses of fire and chariots of fire; and they head this way. Hovered over are we by

Clouds of Witnesses and Helpers!

Clouds of apostles in the air led on by Paul! Clouds of martyrs in the air led on by Stephen! Clouds of prophets in the air led on by Isaiah! Clouds of patriarchs in the air led on by Abraham! Clouds of ancient warriors in the air led on by Joshua; and that Bible warrior at whose prayer astronomy once halted over Ajalon and Gibeon seems now to lift one hand toward the descending sun of this century, and the other hand toward the moon of the last decade, saying: "Stand thou still till the Church of God gets the final victory!"

Then let us take what remains of this decade to get ready for the final decade of the Nineteenth century. You and I may not live to see that decade or may not live to see its close, but that shall not hinder me from declaring the magnificent possibility. I confess that the mistake of my life has been, not that I did not work hard—for I could not have worked harder and lived, as God knows and my family know—but that I have not worked under the realization that the salvation of this world was a near-by possibility. But whether we see the beginning or the closing of that decade is of no importance, if only that decade can get the coronation; and then all decades shall kneel before this enthroned decade, and even the gray-grown centuries will cast their crowns before it, and it will be the most honored decade between the time when the morning stars sang together as the libretto of worlds was opened, and the time when the mighty angel, robed in cloud and garlanded in rainbow, shall, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer. Alleluia! Amen!

A BLIND CHINAMAN'S WORK.

THE *Record* of the United Presbyterian Church contains a striking account of "Blind Chang," who came to Moukden in 1886 seeking baptism. Unknown to the missionary, and untested, he returned to the village greatly disappointed that he was not permitted to be baptized, but he took back some books which were read to him, and he instantly began to tell the story of the gospel. Four months later Rev. Mr. Webster went from Moukden to the village where Blind Chang lived, and found, not this man alone, but the whole village ready to welcome him, where four months previous he would have found it difficult to find a place to lay his head. It seems that Blind Chang went from house to house, and then from village to village, telling the story of the gospel. At first everybody laughed at him and thought him crazy, but those who laughed soon began to listen, and Mr. Webster found the whole neighborhood "ringing with the name of Jesus," and over a score of men and women desiring baptism, giving good evidence of a change of heart. Besides these there are others who are listening earnestly to the truth. In 1887 Blind Chang went to Peking, and came under the care of Mr. Murray, whose labors for the blind in China have been frequently alluded to. It seems that in China blindness gives especial privileges; the blind are treated with greatest consideration, and although a blind man may be a beggar, he is addressed as a scholar and a gentleman would be, and doors ordinarily closed are open to him. And now Blind Chang, having a Bible in the raised characters, so that he can readily read it, is going from house to house as a privileged man, reading the Word of Life, and commending the gospel with great ardor. The work he has done is described as wonderful.

FEEDING THE STARVING IN CHINA.

In attempting to relieve the sufferers by the famine in China, the China Inland Mission has undertaken a work of enormous proportions, involving great labor as well as expenditure of money. Mr. Dennis Mills, who has been engaged in the work, sends the following report, which will show some of the difficulties encountered:

"Chau-kia-k'eo, January 7.—We left here December 18, taking with us a thousand taels (about \$1,375) in silver. Mr. Johnston and I, having engaged a small boat, suitable for reaching the district we intended to visit, and having all our arrangements completed, left Fu-keo on Saturday afternoon, December 22, and began work on Monday morning about twenty li south-east of Fu-keo, in which part, on our previous journey, we had seen the greatest distress of any in all the flooded district we then passed through, viz., the whole of that part lying north of this place, and extending to the Yellow River itself.

"Our plan, on reaching each village, was to visit every house, and if, after thorough examination, we were convinced the inmates were really, wholly destitute of every means of support, we then gave a ticket, which was proportioned according to the greater or lesser need of the household. Having completed the circuit of the place, we would then call for the ticket-holders, and give in exchange the silver.

"The weather did not interfere with our work till the Monday following, when much snow fell, and we found ourselves frozen in, though anchored in a place where the current was very considerable. By this time, however, all our funds were gone, and sufficient time had not elapsed for our messenger, whom we had dispatched to Chau-kia-k'eo for more, to return. During the seven days, we had visited *twenty-five villages*, and given relief to *nine hundred and fifty-one families*. The length of time taken in visiting so few places may be explained by the difficulty of getting from place to place; no place was inaccessible—men often wading to the waist in thick mud, and carrying us on their shoulders rather than we should pass them by. From the surrounding villages invitations for us to go and help them also came crowding in every day. Their need was equally great, but

our fund was all gone, and had not the weather set in as severely as it did, we must have perforce left them for the time.

"Hundreds upon hundreds of villages all in dire need! The havoc wrought by the inundations is greater at Fu-keo than anything we have seen elsewhere, in some cases half or more of the houses being levelled to the ground, while those remaining present such a picture of desolation and ruin as it would be difficult to conceive of had we not seen them; and this, too, when the water has sunk several feet, as is the case now; many a cottage floor is nothing else than a quagmire, only passable by means of old doors and pieces of plank thrown down to make a road from the door to the bed and cooking-stove. Many of those whose houses are totally destroyed have built themselves straw huts, in which they and their families reside, even this poor shelter being better than being herded together with the thousands already residing at the centres of relief to the loss of all privacy and decency, and exposed to no small risk of pestilence and death.

"Many old people we found thus eking out an existence, their sons having left them and gone to where work could be obtained: for, let it be remembered that the land, on which alone they have depended hitherto for a living, is all under water, or, if at the present the water has receded—even supposing the breach is closed at once—it is so saturated with water as to be utterly useless for a long time to come, and, should the breach remain still unclosed, must inevitably, when the spring freshets come, be again covered with water. Savings which have hitherto helped them to exist are now all gone. The long continuance of this calamity must be one of its most terrible features.

"We do not, cannot hope, or ask to be enabled to support these people; an enormous sum would be required for this; but we do earnestly ask that we may be enabled to help them in their dire distress. Private individuals are doing this among their own countrymen. Pah-takia (the eight great families) from Shanghai itself are doing this. This fact alone seems to me indubitable evidence of the reality and intensity of the need. The Chinese are not accustomed, I think, to lavish money where it is not needed."

PUERILE WORSHIP IN CHINA.

AMONG the strangest forms of idolatry prevalent in China is that of the worship of ancestors. Miss Bastone, of the China Inland Mission, recently witnessed one of those celebrations. She writes: "To-day is the feast of the moon; people here make it a holiday and go visiting their friends, something like Bank holiday in England. Early in the morning the people go to the temples and burn incense and candles before the idols, and worship. In the evening they worship the moon, bringing out into the open air cakes and incense to offer up to it. We were so saddened this evening with a sight we saw from our door. The people in the house opposite had been unfortunate in business, trade had been bad, so they were having outside of their house a grand worship of their ancestors. They had the outside of the house lit up with candles; just in the doorway was a table raised on a platform, on which were candles and incense burning, and before these was placed a large paper house. Then on another table immediately opposite this were more incense and candles burning. On the right-hand side of the house, a little lower down, was another table with a small paper house, with candles and incense burning in front. At the side of this small house was an effigy of one of the ancestors, and above on either side were cardboard tablets hanging, on which were written the ancestors' names. To the right of this table there was a bonfire of perforated paper, called paper money, which they burn, and suppose it goes to their dead ones. Paper clothes were also burnt. Before the bonfire were two money hills, sugar loaf in shape, not solid, but just a framework covered

with paper, and a candle burning in the inside. These hills indicate that they will give the ancestors hills of money. Several priests were officiating in the worship, some chanting and wailing, others playing instruments, drum pipes, cymbals, triangles, horns, etc. This ceremony lasted for more than *three* hours, and to be repeated for several nights. The whole performance is in recognition of the sins of the present generation, and to turn away the anger of their forefathers. These poor darkened souls think that in so doing they will turn the misfortunes, and trade will prosper again."

AMONG THE KORKOOS IN INDIA.

A LETTER has come to hand from Mr. William E. Cooper, an evangelist, who went to India in labor for Christ from Mrs. Baxter's Missionary Training Home at Drayton Park, London. He thus describes his reception by the tribes of Korkoos and Gondos:

"The Rev. G. L. Wharton and myself were upon a camping tour to the Gond and Korko Hill Tribes. One of our objects was to examine the work carried on there by our native preacher Anand Ras—a half Korkoo. We travelled there chiefly by moonlight. In our preaching of the gospel we could only teach the very elements of Christianity, on account of the ignorance of the people. We realized how near creation and salvation were brought together. When we once got our hearers to acknowledge that there is one Great Being over all—and that is no very difficult—we told them that this Person was the *Creator*, and that therefore they should not worship *creatures*, but Him. This reasoning they seemed readily to understand; and they would remark that they had not seen it in the light before. It was then shown that not only was idolatry wrong and sinful, but also untruthfulness, deceit, thieving, etc., was wickedness; and that its punishment would be death.

"That God was forgiving, and loved to save was our next proposition. We spoke of Jesus as the Son of God. We told them that Jesus was a Saviour from sin and from sinning, and the Giver of Eternal Life. We informed them that this was not our Word, but God's; and that they should obey Him; forsake their idols and repent of every sin; believe and confess Him and be baptized into His name. Sometimes we would sit among a small group and sing a hymn; this would invariably furnish a text for our conversation. The Broad and Narrow Way was a simple illustration which their minds could easily grasp. A reference to the fact that all earthly things are transitory opened up a way for introducing the gospel—good news to men of them.

"Our reception was various in different places. In some villages we were listened to with great attention, as at Daria, Borpani, and Unchabovari. In another place, Bonsa, the people were so frightened that they took refuge in their houses, and would not be induced to come out. At Maligoan we were so well received that we made arrangements to spend a whole day there. We took some lunch with us, and during the heat of the day refreshed and rested ourselves under a magnificent banyan-tree with not less than thirty living supporting stems that had thrown into the ground.

"The villagers heard the Word gladly. Here let me add that these hill people, as a whole, were far more polite than the educated Hindoos and Mohammedans of the plains. Sometimes we would be asked a few questions, and even met with opposition. I shall never forget one man acting going to sleep and waking to illustrate his question, 'Does God sleep and the wake up as we do?' At Keli, our mission was I think, well understood, for one person remarked in angry tones to the others that 'These men want you to give up worshipping *stones* for some other god.' At this they took to arguing, and gave as reasons for their idolatry of stones—Are not our houses built upon stones? if we forsake worshipping them, our houses will be razed to the ground, and we shall all die. At some of our meetings we showed magic-lan-

tern slides of scenes in the life of Christ. These tribes are very ignorant, and primitive in their customs. They plough with wooden ploughs.

"We had the pleasure of witnessing the native Anand baptize a convert in the Ganjal River. It was a most impressive and soul-stirring sight. We have concluded from experience that if these people are to be reached it must be by one of themselves. All we can do at present is to superintend the work and exercise faith for blessing. If we are to be of any practical benefit to them we must live among them.

"For two months' work it is with humbleness of heart and gratitude to God that we report twenty-five baptized converts. Arrangements are being made for Anand to live among these people to teach them (for they need much instruction) and to care for their soul's welfare."

THE RAPTURE OF THE FIRST-FRUIITS.

A Momentous Question—Who Will be Taken up Before the Great Tribulation—How to get a Clear View of the Subject—The Scriptures the Only Source of Knowledge—Only Watchful Christians to be Taken—Why That Doctrine is Unpopular—It Involves Separation—The Preparatory Process—The Type of the Wave Offering—The First Fruits to be Only 144,000—The Queen and the Virgins.

WHEN the question, "Who will be taken up when the Lord comes?" is taken beyond the range of speculation and curiosity, and duly estimated in all its bearings, it will be found to be of great practical importance and intense interest to the true-hearted child of God.

In the endeavor to obtain a clear view of it, many circumstances require to be taken into account. As the times of the Gentiles are closing, the Holy Ghost is manifestly awakening the Church from the slumbering condition into which it has been brought through its unhallowed alliances and compromises with the world. He is likewise endeavoring to place the members of the Church in that

Position of Watchfulness

for the return of the Lord with which so many privileged blessings are connected. We thus find that of late years the "sure word of prophecy," that "burning and shining light," shining in a "dark place," has become increasingly attractive to many of the Lord's people, and during the prayerful investigation of the wonderful parabolic mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, from the knowledge of which the world is shut out (Matt. 13 : 11), fresh light is being continually added. But in the study of this branch of the tree of knowledge, as in that of every other, Satan has been successful in mixing the tares of human wisdom with the wheat of Divine light.

All preconceived notions that are not in full accordance with Scripture, all natural tastes and inclinations how refined and importunate soever they may be, all æsthetic proclivities, all bowing down to the idol of human intellect, all cleaving to Church traditions, whether from choice or moral coercion, must be set aside without restriction, and a *tabula rasa* must be made and prepared by strict self-discipline, to receive upon it the impression of the only safe rule and infallible guide, "What saith the Scripture?" "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isa. 8 : 20.) Unless these rules be adhered to, we shall of necessity fall back upon "self" in some form or other, and, under the influence, it may be, of natural affection, resist any

Unwelcome Truth

as somewhat too stringent and unnecessary, and then, perhaps, find ourselves in principle in the position of Peter when he said, "Be it far from Thee, Lord," and when he received the withering rebuke, "Get thee behind me, Satan," the quick eye of the Lord having at once detected the wiles of the wicked one acting on the natural affection of Peter.

Some say they do not *like* to believe that only watchful Christians will be taken up when the

Lord comes; but it is not what we like that should influence us in gathering up the choice truths that are so profusely placed in our path; and in selecting them, and separating them from the equally profuse snares that the enemy has mixed up with them, we have Divine wisdom to assist us ready at hand, (James 1 : 5). In searching after truth we shall be much hampered unless we can get out of the deep ruts of opinions long since formed, and taken for granted, it may be from natural inclination, or from undue deference to human tradition and teaching.

If, as we hold, the interpretation of prophecy should prove to be correct, which entertains the idea that when the Lord comes "one shall be taken and another left" (Luke 17 : 34), and that the one that is left is an

Unwatchful, Lot-Like Christian,

then any undue anxiety about any one dear to us being left to pass through "the great tribulation," while we ourselves are "counted worthy to escape," because of our obedient, prayerful watchfulness (Luke 21 : 36), would open us to another rebuke of the Lord to Peter, "What is that to thee, follow thou Me," (John 21 : 22.)

Another reason why the idea of an eclectic rapture of the Church is distasteful is, that the opposite popular opinion requires less separation from the world. To suppose that the whole number of the Lord's children will be simultaneously gathered into the garner—especially in the present state of the Church—would greatly tend to keep the Lord's chosen people from the watch-tower, and retain their minds in a dim obscurity by the consequent neglect of the assistance offered in the "light shining in a dark place." (II Peter 1 : 19.) Such

A Contracted View

of unfulfilled prophecy, and consequent shutting out of the numerous details that are "written for our instruction" (II Tim. 3 : 16), obtains in some degree with those who exclusively adopt what is called the year-day theory, which complacently leaves out of consideration the various incidents which are prophesied to take place during the running out of the great tribulation, and confounds in one dogma the ecclesiastical and infidel Antichrist.

Here, as in all other cases, it is useful, if not indispensable, to draw an outline, but in doing so we must not keep too close to the shores of truth, or we may rest satisfied with that simple, grand outline, "Christ the first-fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at His coming, then cometh the end," without heeding any of the details, which are equally "written for our instruction." It needs, indeed, a strong and fixed look to Jesus with the eye of faith, to be able to press forward from the shelving shores and tread the *deep waters* of Divine truth, but His hand is ever ready to hold us up.

It is this too great generalization of God's purposes as revealed in His Word, and neglect of

Practical Details,

that causes so much shutting up of the Word. Many valuable portions are regarded as inexplicable at the present time, and only to be revealed at some future period. It is an old and successful device of Satan. It was carried out in the days of Josiah, the youthful king of Judah, when Hilkiah the high-priest found the book of the law which had been practically lost (II Kings 22 : 8-13). It is a system that is a powerful help to priestcraft. It puts an extinguisher on the lights "shining in a dark place," and keeps the soul in obscurity and spiritual slothfulness, and causes it to rest satisfied with compromising with the world.

Multitudes are under the impression that the world is to be converted by the preaching of the Gospel during the "times of the Gentiles," and are willingly ignorant (the worst kind of ignorance) that the designed end of the Gospel is to gather out from the world a people for the Lord. There is a vague idea prevailing that when what is popularly called "the end of the world" comes there will be one simultaneous resurrection of the dead, and one general day of judgment.

In order to obviate such misleading views the mystical union of Christ and the Church should be steadily kept in sight. Before this union is ultimately completed a long and

Painful Process of Preparation

is needed. As in the natural body, so in the mystical body, all the members are fashioned in continuance (Psalm 139 : 16). Even the Head, though faultless throughout, was not perfected till the appointed amount of suffering was passed through (Luke 13 : 32; Heb. 2 : 10 and 5 : 9). The body, still in formation, is awaiting its union in glory with its already glorified Head (John 12 : 28 and 17 : 5). Such is the present Scriptural position of the Church.

But this great work is now, and will be, till completed, a gradual progress. The completion of it is necessarily in connection with its resurrection. As one star differs from another star in glory, so also will the glorified members of Christ's mystical body. Scripture is full of comparisons to teach us every particular.

The Wave-Offering

(Lev. 23 : 10, 11) is replete with typical instruction. Not only is Christ declared to be the antitype of the wave-sheaf, but they likewise are who are referred to in James 1 : 18, and Rev. 14 : 4. In the harvest of corn the first fruits were gathered in and waved before the rest of the grain. So we may learn that it will be when the Church is gathered into the garner. Mark, especially in Revelation 5 : 9, and 7 : 9, the difference between the two groups. They are both in resurrection, and are both culled from the same source—viz., "every kindred and tongue and people." The one group crowned and reigning (Rev. 4 : 10), and the other with palms of victory, having triumphed in great tribulation through the blood of the Lamb, but uncrowned and serving (Rev. 7 : 14, 15).

One of the reasons for believing that only *watchful* Christians will be caught up to meet Christ in the air at the first-fruits translation before the final three and a half years' tribulation is that in Rev. 14 : 1-5, those *first-fruits* are distinctly stated to be only 144,000, whereas the *harvest*, consisting of Christians caught up in the second translation, *after* the three and a half years, are stated to be "a great multitude which no man can number." (Rev. 14 : 15; 7 : 9-12.) This coincides with the *man-child* caught up before the three and a half years, and the *woman* left to go through those three and a half years, in Rev. 12.

Only *watchful* Christians are clearly implied to escape and be kept out of the final tribulation of three and a half years in Luke 21 : 36. "Watch and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape those things that shall come upon the earth, and to stand before the Son of Man," and in Rev. 3 : 10, "Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the season of temptation, that shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." In the parable of the Ten Virgins the wise virgins are watchful Christians; the foolish are unwatchful Christians.

Careful and prayerful attention should be given to the similitude of the Church in glory to the Bride of the Lamb, as depicted in Psalm 45. The comparison is full of variety. We have the queen in gold of Ophir, the king's daughter, all-glorious within, and the virgins, her companions and *followers*, all brought to the king. The same variety in unity is also shown in the figurative language of the Canticles 6 : 8. As "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," so it may be said, with equal or greater truth, that there are more things hidden in the Bible, but open to our research, than are dreamed of in the philosophy of many Christians.

The Seeking Saviour and Other Themes. by the late Dr. acQkay, of Hull. This work has been published since Dr. Qackay's death, but the greater part was ready for publication when he died, and to that has been added the striking discourse which he delivered the last time he entered the pulpit, and a few manuscripts found among his papers, 247 pages, cloth cover; Price 75 cents, including postage. For sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Three Commissioners Appointed by the President to represent the United States at the approaching conference with England and Germany on Samoan affairs sailed from New York on Saturday. They are Messrs. John A. Kasson, William Walter Phelps, and George H. Bates. Lieut. Parker, of the navy, will accompany the commission in the capacity of secretary. He has been attached to the *Adams* for three years, and it is expected that his knowledge of Samoan affairs, acquired during the stay of the *Adams* at Apia, will be of assistance to the commission. Lieut. Buckingham, formerly an attaché of the Berlin mission, will join the commission at Berlin, and also act in the capacity of secretary. The three Powers have reached an understanding, by the terms of which they will each keep but one war vessel at Samoa pending the termination of the Berlin conference. The vessel to be sent there by the United States will be the *Alert*, a 1,000-ton ship, now at Honolulu. The German corvette *Sophie*, now on her way out from Zanzibar, will represent German interests, while England will doubtless order the *Calliope* to return to Samoa from Sydney, or will replace her if she was materially damaged by the hurricane.

An Angury of Success for the Coming American Conference was given last week. It is stated on good authority that the five Central American Republics, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Salvador, and Honduras, have agreed upon a treaty, which provides that if any difficulties shall arise between any of them it shall be settled without war, by the arbitration of any one of the following nations: United States, Argentine Republic, Chile, Mexico, Switzerland, or of any of the great European Powers; that none of the five Republics shall form alliances with outside nations without the consent of all; and that delegates from the five Republics shall meet annually to consider matters of mutual interest. It is the hope of the ablest men in these Republics that this will help to bring about a federal union of these States.

The Announcement that the President is to take a few days' rest is accompanied by a statement that the persistent pressure of office-seekers is telling upon him. His private secretary says that besides personal applications, about a thousand letters a day reach him by mail urging removals and appointments, and complaints are made that he does not move fast enough, though the changes are much more numerous than those made by President Cleveland during the first two months of his term. It is matter for general regret in New York, outside the circle of practical politicians, that among these changes is that of the Postmaster. Mr. Pearson is a Republican, but he has kept the Post Office out of politics, and since he was appointed by President Garfield in 1881 the business of the office has been most efficiently managed. As President Cleveland did not remove him to make room for a Democrat, it was hoped that President Harrison would not remove him to make room for another Republican. Mr. Pearson's apathy in the campaign of 1884 is supposed to be the cause of his removal. It is gratifying to learn that the President does not intend to limit the appointments to Federal offices in the South to Republicans. He told a South Caro-

lina deputation last week that he should pursue a line of policy that would prove a benefit to every citizen of the South, white and colored, and secure a fair vote and an honest count at the elections. None but the best men, the most influential, the most respected, he said, are to receive office in the Southern States, and if he can't find Republicans who answer this description he will take Democrats. It may be hoped that the day will come when the President, be he Republican or Democrat, will have but one policy for North and South in the matter of appointments—the policy of appointing to office the most efficient man, without regard to his political affiliations.

The Celebration of the Centennial of the Inauguration of George Washington has been extended by the Committee in charge, and, according to the official programme issued last week, will occupy three days. It is intended to make it in every respect worthy of the occasion, and it is expected that fully a million visitors will come to New York to witness it. The President of the United States is expected to arrive at Elizabethport on *Monday*, April 29. Accompanying him are to be the Vice-President, the members of the Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and representatives of both Houses of Congress. A barge, manned by a crew of shipmasters from the Marine Society, is to meet the President's steamer and row him ashore, as the shipmasters of the same society rowed Washington ashore a century ago. The procession, consisting of the Governors of all the States and Territories, and other distinguished persons, is to be formed at the landing, and will proceed to the Equitable Building, where a reception will take place. In the evening the President will attend a grand ball in the Metropolitan Opera House. On *Tuesday* thanksgiving services are to be held in the churches at 9 o'clock, and a commemoration ceremony at the Sub-Treasury at 10 o'clock. In the afternoon the President will review the military parade, and in the evening the city will be illuminated. On *Wednesday*, May 1, there will be an enormous civic and industrial parade.

The Texas Spring Palace, Now in Course of erection, will deserve a visit from all persons in the North interested in the development of the State, and the promotion of closer union between North and South. The citizens who are managing the enterprise earnestly hope that it will have that result. The palace is to be opened on May 29. Its area will be 60,000 square feet, and in its construction there will not be a single article used that is not produced in Texas. The stone for its foundation will be taken from Texas quarries. The timber used in the superstructure will be culled from the pine forest, the cedar brakes, and oak groves of Texas. The product of the field, the forest, the garden, the orchard, the mine, the flock, the herd, the gulf, the rivers, the lakes, the Panhandle country, extending northward into the temperate zone, and the tropical productions from the extreme southern shores will all be called upon to furnish material with which to beautify and embellish this palatial structure. The exhibits will include every known variety of fruit and vegetable raised in the United States, and all produced on the soil of Texas. All kinds of minerals, stones, and lumber found in the State will be represented. The whole will be a wonderful object lesson of the extent and resources of the great State.

An Eloquent Speech in Defence of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues occupied the time of the Commission all of last week. Sir Charles Russell, who represents the Parnellites, is himself an Irishman, and his speech fully sustained the reputation of his countrymen for eloquence. At its conclusion on Friday, Sir James Hannen, the President of the commission, is reported to have sent a note to the brilliant lawyer, in which the judge said: "I congratulate you. Your speech was a great one, and worthy of a great occasion." The primary object of the speech was to show that the Parnellites had never ap-

proved of the projects of the violent wing of the party, and had endeavored to repress crime, but Sir Charles in his peroration had a less difficult and more congenial task in speaking of the larger question of Home Rule for Ireland. He said that the commission was really trying the history of the Irish revolution. He asked that fair and generous consideration be given it. If prosperity was returning to Ireland, thanks be to God, but affairs were unhealthy in that country, where the people considered the imprisoned members of the House of Commons heroes and martyrs. Sir Charles declared that he did not speak merely as the advocate of the accused members of the House of Commons, but for the land of his birth, and, he believed, in the best interests of England. The inquiry, which was intended to be a curse, had been a blessing. It had been designed for the purpose of ruining one man, but had proved the means of his vindication.

A Mysterious Rumor of an Attempt to assassinate the Czar of Russia was circulated on Thursday last. It was stated on the Paris Bourse that an attempt has been made upon the life of the Czar, but no confirmation of the rumor was received in any quarter in Paris, which would be likely to be promptly informed in case of an attempt to kill his Majesty. It is significant, however, that in Bucharest, and apparently from an independent source, the same news was made known. There the report was more circumstantial. It was that the attempt was made on Sunday April 7, and that his Majesty was wounded by an exploding shell.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley's Letter was Read before the Royal Geographical Society of London on April 8. It gave fuller details of his difficulties in reaching Emin than were contained in the summary cabled to the American press. He described at length the various devices by which the natives endeavored to prevent the advance of the expedition. One of these was to dig shallow pits across the path of the column and fill them with skewers, which were deftly covered with leaves. The skewers pierced the feet of Stanley's men, inflicting wounds that in many cases developed into gangrenous sores. The men who were lamed in this manner were seldom of further service. Mr. Stanley calls the natives "cunning rogues," and says that for purposes of extortion they always pretended that the country was suffering from a famine.

The Trial of General Boulanger by the French Senate, sitting as a judicial tribunal, commenced on April 12 in the absence of the defendant. A casual observer detected at a glance who were the General's friends and who were his enemies. The Senators had been requested by the Government to appear in their judicial capacity in evening dress. Naturally the General's friends disregarded the request, and all of them wore frock coats, while the friends of the prosecution wore dress coats and white ties. Separating the tribunal according to dress, there could be no doubt that the verdict of the court would be against Gen. Boulanger. That the trial will be impartial, the French people do not believe. They regard it as persecution rather than prosecution, and believe that he has been arraigned before the Senate instead of in an ordinary court of justice, in order that a severe sentence may be secured. This opinion is confirmed by the fact that Gen. Boulanger's colleagues of the so-called Patriotic League have escaped in an ordinary court with a fine of \$20, when the prosecution asked for a sentence of two years' imprisonment. The temper of the people implies that the prosecution is a blunder, and that the Ministers, instead of getting rid of the man they dread, have only increased his already dangerous popularity.

Very Liberal Terms are Offered to any Person canvassing for subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Sample copies will be sent, postage paid, on application from any one desiring to undertake the work. Ministers and others will find it easy to obtain subscriptions. Send postal card for terms, and state number of sample copies required. Address The Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

How a Christian Minister Endures Trial is told in a letter from Mrs. Edward Beecher to a friend. As mentioned in these columns last week, Dr. Edward Beecher, a brother of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was injured on April 3 by a railroad-car, and the surgeons had to amputate his leg at the knee to save his life. Writing to her sister-in-law about her visit to her husband in the hospital, Mrs. Beecher said: "Edward had had a good night, and was glad to see us, and seemed cheerful, but did not know of his loss. He spoke about his fractured limb, but thought it would soon be well. I felt it my duty to make known to him his sad loss. I said to him: 'My dear husband, you don't seem to be aware of all that has happened to you, and before I tell you I want you to be prepared for it, and ask God's help for this.' Then I told him his mangled limb had been taken off the night before, just after the accident. It was hard for him, and for me. It cut deep. I knew by trembling lip and moistened eye. But he soon said: 'I will trust in God; He doeth all things well.'"

A Curious Method of Treating Disease was discussed recently in the Twilight Club in New York. The *Sun* says that several doctors who have had some experience of the treatment related some singular cures, especially of imaginary ailments, which are ailments that often defeat the regular practitioner. The practitioners tell patients that their illness is imaginary, which is often true, and that it is a mental state, not a physical fact. "You must not think of it; you must drive away the sense of it; you must believe yourself to be well." This prescription is repeated again and again, with emphasis, and it is said to be sometimes effective in these imaginary cases, especially when accompanied with the advice to avoid excitement, late hours, heavy suppers, wine-bibbing, and other health-destroying practices, to which the regular physicians are apt to fail to give due heed in their medical practice. Unhappily, a similar mode of treating awakened souls is often adopted, with the most disastrous results. If the anxious sinner can be brought to believe his distress is unnecessary, and he is better than he feared, he does not go to Christ for salvation. (Jer. 6: 14.)

A Balloon Race for a Choice Claim in Oklahoma is to take place on April 22. An enormous number of persons are gathered on the borders of the new territory waiting for the long-looked-for morning when, under President Harrison's proclamation, they may enter and locate claims. The agents are receiving telegrams daily, asking them to hire horses, have them saddled and bridled, and in waiting on the arrival of trains at Oklahoma City at noon on April 22. The object of the applicants is to mount at once, distance the rival boomers on foot, and capture choice claims. A party of four men from Indiana with a balloon are camped near Antelope Hills. They will make an ascent in the morning, drift in mid-air until noon, and then descend, as they hope, hours in advance of the settlers in wagons and on horseback. If the wind, however, should be unfavorable, the balloonists will find themselves distanced by those who travel by land. It will not be so with the hundred and forty and four thousand, who at the Lord's coming will ascend to meet Him in the air. Their glorious inheritance, and their privileges, are secured to them, and they will far surpass those of their unwatchful brethren who remain on the earth during the Great Tribulation. (1 Thess. 4: 17.)

A Valentine that has Cost a Fortune was sent to a Pennsylvania farmer half a century ago. Two weeks since a wealthy gentleman died at Ballietville, and his will has been offered for probate. In the division of his property, after leaving large sums to his widow and other relatives, the testator mentioned his daughter's name, and directed that a sealed package, tied with green ribbon, and which would be found in his desk, was to be given to her as her share of his estate. When the package was opened it was found to contain a valentine which the

farmer had received in 1839—fifty years ago—and which was addressed in his daughter's hand-writing. The valentine was a caricature of a miser gloating over his treasure. It appears that in 1839 the daughter, then fifteen years of age, asked her father for money to buy a new dress. He refused her, and the girl took the matter very much to heart. Shortly afterward he received the valentine, and charged his daughter with sending it. She denied the charge, but he did not believe her. From that day to the day of his death, fifty years afterward, he never spoke to her, and though she married and lived near him, and he saw her frequently, he treated her as a stranger, and now his will disinherits her. The man was probably one of that numerous class who pride themselves on the tenacity with which they adhere to a resolution when it is once taken. All such forget the awful warning Christ uttered when He was upon earth. (Matt. 6: 15.)

A Struggle for Water Caused the Death of a man near Sigourney, Iowa, on April 11. It appears that two farmers, who occupy adjoining farms, have heretofore used one well in common. A short time ago they had a dispute about the ownership of the land in which the well is dug. Finally one of the farmers went to the house of the other in his absence, and told the wife that she must draw no more water out of that well on peril of her life. When her husband returned in the evening there was no supper for him, and she told him what the neighbor had said, and that she had been afraid to go to the well for water. He took a pail in one hand and a loaded pistol in the other and went to the well. There he found his neighbor standing guard over it and daring him to touch the windlass. A struggle ensued, and the man being as fully determined to get the water as the neighbor was to prevent his getting it, he fired several shots at him and killed him. The selfishness that would deprive a neighbor of water met an awful punishment at the hands of the wicked and lawless man who disregarded Christ's injunction against resisting evil; but there is a worse form of selfishness yet, which consists in hindering others from obtaining the water of life, and the time is coming when that will be visited with a yet more terrible but righteous punishment. (Luke 11: 52.)

A Famous War Ship Sank at a Dry-Dock at Portsmouth, Va., on April 7. During the war there was no ship more dreaded by the enemy than the *Pensacola*, because none did more terrible execution. She carried a war complement of six hundred men and sixteen 9-inch Dahlgren guns, besides smaller rapid-fire guns. She took a prominent part in the opening of the Mississippi, and later was one of the vessels guarding New Orleans. Since then she has been the flagship of the Pacific squadron for eight years, and the flagship of Rear-Admiral Franklin on the European station. A few weeks ago she put in to Portsmouth for repairs, and was placed in the dry-dock. Her sea valves were opened for inspection, and one of them was being cut out. On April 7 there was a high tide which flooded the dry-dock, and the *Pensacola* easily floated off the keel. The valves being open, she filled rapidly and sank before she could be brought back again. It is a curious fact that she should have passed safely through the dangers of warfare and the dangers of ocean storms, and have sunk in the comparative safety of a dock at home. That is often the case with human life. The Christian, in the midst of enemies and exposed to trial, is upon his guard and constantly looking to his God for protection, but when in peace and prosperity watchfulness is remitted he is liable to fall. (1 Thess. 5: 3.)

An American Traveller's Amusing Blunder was related by himself last week on his return from a tour in Europe. He said that on arriving in London he went, by the advice of a friend, to the Westminster Palace Hotel. It was evening, but he was anxious to see the city, so, after registering, he went out for a stroll. He care-

fully located the hotel, so that he might find it easily on his return. He came back about midnight, but on reaching the entrance he found his way barred by an iron gate. He rapped upon it, but for some time could make no one hear. After considerable difficulty, he succeeded in arousing a sleepy porter, who drew the bolts and demanded his business. "I want to go to my room, of course," said the American. "Let me see your order," was the reply. The American had no order, but insisted that as he had engaged a room he should be allowed to go to it at once. The porter contradicted him, and said no room had been engaged there. "This is a hospital," he said; "I think you are looking for the Westminster Palace Hotel, and that is round the corner." As the traveller was not sick, and did not need surgical treatment, but rest and comfort, he speedily made his way, according to the porter's direction, round the corner to the hotel. An opposite mistake is sometimes made by awakened sinners needing spiritual healing; they go where temporary ease and rest are to be had, instead of the place where they would meet the Great Physician. (Matt. 9: 12.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Dixon C. Williams has been holding services at Danville, Ill. An extensive revival has followed them, and the meetings are being continued.

The Canadian Revenue Report for 1888 shows a decrease in the consumption of spirits compared with 1887 of twenty per cent. The operation of the Scott act is believed to be the cause.

The McAll Mission has now 124 mission halls in Paris and other parts of France, and applications from Christians in other districts for the work of the mission are constantly coming in.

Prof. D. B. Towner will conduct a training-school for gospel singers at the annual convocation of evangelistic workers at Northfield, Mass. It is expected to continue through July and August.

Major Blandy, who has been laboring at the Berea Mission, New York, for the past year and a half, asks us to say that he is now open for another engagement in evangelistic work.

The Rev. E. P. Hammond's services at Buchanan, Mich., have been much blessed, especially among young people. Six pastors, with their churches, united in the work. Thence he went to Rochelle, Ill.

Mr. C. S. Mason, the Young Men's Evangelist, has been engaged by the Y. M. C. A. of Santa Barbara, Cal., to follow Mr. D. L. Moody there and carry on his work. His Bible readings are attracting large numbers.

A telegram from Shanghai to the New York Committee for the relief of the famine sufferers in China received last week says: "We send grateful thanks for American subscriptions. Your generosity has saved many thousand lives."

The Liberian colony is asking the intervention of the United States Government in a controversy with England. Liberia is anxious to recover possession of Lagos, at the mouth of the Niger, which England seized during our civil war.

Among the students in Mr. D. L. Moody's school at Northfield, Mass., is a Norwegian girl, who made the journey thither alone from Norway, attracted by notices of the school in the Norwegian press. A Bulgarian girl is also among the students.

The Christian convention and school for Bible study at the Chicago Avenue Church, Chicago, has attracted a large gathering from many distant points. Mr. D. L. Moody presides at all meetings of the convention held in the forenoon of each day, except Saturday.

Bishop Riley delivered his popular stereopticon lecture on Mexico and Central and South America on April 11, in the East Side chapel, East Fifteenth Street, New York. On April 12 he lectured in the Mission Hall, Monmouth Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. These lectures are deeply interesting, and are making the needs and opportunities on our borders widely known.

Mr. Yaroo M. Neesan, the young Nestorian student who has been preparing in New York for missionary work in his native land, sailed in the *Gellert*, on April 12, for Hamburg. He expects to journey thence to Odessa, across the Black Sea to Poti, thence by rail to Tiflis, and thence by caravan 400 miles to Oroomiah in Persia, where he will commence his labors.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has commenced services at Macon, Ga. They opened on April 7, with promise of much blessing. Great crowds collected at the place of meeting, and showed a deep interest in the services. Meetings were held every afternoon and evening last week. At Dr. Munhall's closing services at Pottsville, Pa., on March 20, over 130 persons made a profession of faith.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." Heb. 9:12.

The Veil in the Temple—Lifted Once a Year—Jesus Without the Veil—In the Place of Sinful Men—I. The Sacrifice of His Entering—Unique—Substitutionary—Personal—Of Transcendent Value—Its Reference to Human Guilt—To God—II. The Manner of His Entrance—The Veil Rent—III. The Objects of His Entrance—To Prepare the Heavenly Places—As Representative of His People—To Perfect Them—To Abide There—IV. The Glories of His Entrance—The Redemption Eternal.

UNDER the old covenant the Lord was set forth to the people as dwelling apart, within the veil. A thick tapestry hung before the most holy place, and thus concealed the light which symbolized the presence of God. Within the inner sanctuary Jehovah dwelt apart, and none entered the sacred precincts save one man, and he but once a year. The great teaching was—God is hidden from men; sin has made a division between man and God;

The Way of Approach

is not yet made manifest. Yet even then there was a hint given that an entrance would be made manifest; for the division was not a piece of brickwork, nor even an arrangement of cedar overlaid with gold: it was a veil, which, once in the year, was solemnly lifted, that the high priest might pass beneath. This hinted that sinful men were yet to be permitted to draw nigh unto the Most Holy God, through the Christ of God.

Now, beloved friends, the priests of old, the holy and the most holy place, were only "patterns of things in the heavens;" they were not the things themselves. In them we see instructive types and symbols, but nothing more. How greatly we may rejoice as we read the eleventh verse of the chapter before us! It begins with "But"; and, oh, what a blessed "but" for you and for me! Up till then religion dealt with externals, such as meats and drinks and washings, and carnal ordinances, and priests who could only offer the blood of bulls and of goats; but the coming of the Messiah changed all this. We pass from shadow to substance.

Read on: "Christ being come." How the joybells ring out—"Christ being come"! It was

The Music of Bethlehem—

"Christ being come." It was the song of Anna and Simeon—"Christ being come." This will be the joy of the whole earth when once earth understands her truest privilege—"Christ being come." The good things were still to come for many a year; but now "Christ being come," we have them in possession.

The striking point to which I call your attention is this: while our Lord was here, He was comparable to the High Priest when He stood on the outside of the veil. I want you to recollect that fact. Outside is the place of sinful men. Did the holy Jesus ever stand there? He did. But after He had presented His sacrifice, after it had been consumed with fire, He passed within the veil, and rose to the throne of the eternal God. He entered heaven as a priest, in all the solemnity of accomplished sacrifice. "By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption." Upon that august entrance I shall try to speak this morning.

I. First, I shall call your attention to

The Sacrifice of His Entering.

We note concerning it, first, that the sacrifice presented by our Lord was *unique*. It was "His own blood" that He offered—blood from the veins of a man; but what a man! Remember how He Himself said it: "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not; but a body hast thou prepared Me." The body of Christ was specially prepared of God for this great sacrifice. He was pure and holy, and therefore able to bear the sin of others, since He had none of His own. God especially prepared His body for the indwelling of the Deity, and He stands before

us as a personage the like of which neither heaven nor earth containeth. God is a pure spirit, but this sacred Person has a body; man hath no pretensions to divinity, but this glorious One counts it not robbery to be equal with God. He is God and man in one person, by a marvellous unity which we believe but can never comprehend; and as our Mediator, He offered Himself without spot unto God.

The sacrifice of our Lord was, in the highest sense, *substitutionary*. The penalty of sin is death; and Jesus died. All through the old law there is no atonement, except by the death of a victim. Just as the calves and the bullocks in the type were slain, and their blood poured out before God, so must Jesus be slain in the sinner's place. Oh beloved, let us cling to the great truth of

The Vicarious Sacrifice,

which is the chief teaching of this sacred Book. Take this away, and I do not see anything left in the Bible at all which can be called good news. The very soul of the doctrine of Christ is atonement by His death.

The victim was killed, but it was also consumed by the holy fire, upon the altar of God. Our Lord offered up Himself unto God, not only by the death which came from the cross, but by the consuming of soul which came from the horror of bearing human sin. The tempest of sin's consequences burst upon the innocent head of the great Substitute; the thundercloud emptied its dire contents upon his soul. He, voluntarily putting Himself in our place, bore the result of that substitution. Out of infinite love, Jesus became an offering for sin. Not of compulsion, but of His own sacred choice, He became the sin-offering for the sinner, that the sinner might be made the righteousness of God in Him, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." This we know, and in this great truth we steadfastly abide. What other hope have we?

The sacrifice which our Lord presented before He went within the veil was *personal*. Stress should be laid upon the word "own" here. "Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His *own* blood." The Lord Jesus did not bring before God the sufferings of others or the merits of others, but His own life and death. "He poured out His soul unto death." Our Lord owed nothing to the justice of God on His own account; He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners;" and when

He Took Our Place,

it was that He might voluntarily offer up His own sacrifice, of personal suffering, and personal death, yielding up His whole being as a sacrifice in our stead. When He hangs naked upon the tree, I dare not look; but, with tears in my eyes, I worship. I own with deepest love how absolutely He gave up everything on my behalf, reserving not even a rag for Himself, nor an atom of Himself. "He saved others; Himself He could not save." It was, in the most emphatic sense, a personal sacrifice.

Even in sympathy we cannot enter the inner shrine of His sacrifice; in their innermost depth they are unapproachable. Jesus treads the wine-press alone. Gethsemane!—who can stand in the garden, and view the bloody sweat, and hear the deep groanings of that mighty heart? Even the favored three are overcome with sorrow, and fall asleep. But as for Calvary, where the darkness was denser still, till midday turned to midnight, as an emblem of what was going on; into that awful blackness we cannot peer. "Thine unknown sufferings" still remains one of the best descriptive expressions concerning that which can never be described. All this, I say, was his own sole, personal grief for sins in which he had no personal share; this was His sacrifice of entrance.

I cannot dwell long on any one point; but, I pray you, treasure these truths, which are more to be valued than the much fine gold. This sacrifice of His was of *transcendent value*. I cannot imagine a limit to the value of the sacrifice of Christ: I hope none of you will ever try to

do so. When He gave Himself up as a sacrifice, there was a greater recompense made to the justice of God than if the whole human race had been consumed. When God Himself comes here to stand in the sinner's place, the law obtains a fuller vindication than if worlds of guilty ones had borne its penalty. When the Law-giver Himself bears the penalty of the law-breaking, the law is made honorable, and it is plainly demonstrated that

God Will Not Spare

the guilty, but that every transgression must receive its penalty. When even the innocent Substitute is made to die because sin is laid upon Him, we are sure that sin is exceedingly hateful to God. Hence, the sacrifice of our Lord was of transcendent value.

This sacrifice, let men nowadays say what they will, was made in reference to human guilt. His death was not merely an example, nor simply a display of divine love. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." His death dealt with our uncleanness: it cleanseth us from all sin. "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." And this had reference to God. Jesus did not die to make God merciful, as some falsely say that we teach; but because God was merciful Jesus died, that there might be a clear passage for divine mercy, without the violation of divine justice. Jesus did not die to make God love sinners, for He always did love them; but that His love might be exercised in consistency with holiness it was needful that the law should be vindicated, and the threatening should not become a dead letter.

II. Let us now notice

The Manner of His Entrance.

We are told in the text, "He entered in *once* into the holy place." Much emphasis is to be laid upon that word "*once*." It has been done, then, *once*. Once has He offered up Himself without spot unto God; once has He lifted the veil, and passed into the holy place of fullest fellowship with God on our behalf. It has been done! Jesus has entered in. Our Head and Representative is with God. It is not a thing to be wrought in the future, but it has been accomplished. His sacrifice had an immediate efficacy. On the spot it availed to open the kingdom of heaven. From the cross the Forsaken One entered into His kingdom as the Beloved of God. To prove how complete was the effect of His sacrifice, He went into the heaven of God at once. "It is finished." The proof is that Jesus entered in within the veil.

It means, however, that it was *only once*. Once only has Jesus made entrance officially into the heavenly places; for, by that one entrance, He has made the way open and manifest. The entrance of our Lord once for all into the holy place has secured the entrance of His people. It was once, and it cannot be twice, because it was so effectual; and this is set forth by the evangelists, for

The Veil was Rent.

The holy of holies was laid open; its enclosure was thrown down. What if I say that the inner shrine has expanded itself and taken in the holy place, and now all places are holy where true hearts seek their God? Had our High Priest merely lifted the veil and passed in, we might have supposed that the veil fell back again; but since the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom, there can be no need for a new entrance; for that which hinders is taken away. No veil now hangs between God and His chosen people: we may come boldly to the throne of grace. Blessed be the name of our Lord who has entered in "*once*!"

And now, beloved, He has entered into the holy place once in the sense that He has entered in the fullest and most complete manner. When the High Priest went up to the mercy-seat, he drew near to the symbol of God, but not necessarily near to God Himself. But our Lord Jesus Christ, as Mediator, came so near to God that no nearness could be greater. He always was in His Godhead one with the Father; but as

God and man in one person He is now for ever with God. He saith, "I and My Father are one." The nearness of the God-man Christ Jesus to His Father is something to think upon with reverent pleasure; for, remember, Christ has gone into the glory of the Father, and He has made a way for us to enter into like nearness. The road is open, the access is free; God meets us, and invites us to meet Him. He waits to speak to us, as a man with his friend.

III. But now, thirdly, let us consider

The Objects of His Entrance.

What did our Lord Jesus Christ do by His entrance within the veil? What comes of it? It means, first, that He made atonement within the veil. He cleansed the heavenly places. Albeit that the guilty are taken up to dwell with God, and our poor prayers are accepted of God, neither we nor our prayers carry any defilement into the holy place, because the atoning blood is there beforehand. After heaven hath sucked up into itself so much of the sinnerhood of earth, it remains as pure as it was when only God and His holy angels dwelt therein. While men that were once steeped in sin are permitted to come and sit at the right hand of God, God remains as rigorously righteous as if no guilty one had been forgiven: the great sacrifice has secured this.

Then, next, He enters there to appear for us. He hath gone there to put in an appearance on our behalf. As in a court of law, when a man appears by his attorney or legal representative he is in the court, even though he may be miles away; so are we, to-day, in possession of our eternal inheritance through Him who has put in an appearance for us. God sees His saints in heaven in the person of their glorious representative. In Him we are raised up together, and made to sit together in the heavenly places. Is not this a subject for quiet enjoyment? The Forerunner has for us entered upon the purchased possession.

He is there, next, to perfect us. Look at the tenth chapter and fourteenth verse: "For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." His one sacrifice hath made the comers thereunto perfect; and to show their perfectness, they enter into the holy place. His work is done, else he would not be within the veil; His being there is proof that everything is complete, and that His people are complete in Him. The set-apart ones are accepted, for He in whom they stand is accepted.

He has entered in once, also, that He may abide there. Look at the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the tenth chapter: "But this man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool." Jesus is with God in glory, and always must be there till the purposes of grace are accomplished. He holds a permanent session at the right hand of the Father in everlasting triumph. Till our representative is expelled from heaven, we cannot lose it. As that can never be, look up, O believer, and see where you are, and where you always must be; accepted in the Beloved, made nigh by the blood of Christ!

IV. But now, lastly, let us review

The Glories of His Entrance.

We have seen the sacrifice of our Lord's entrance, the manner of His entrance, and the objects of His entrance; and now let us muse upon the glory of His entrance, which is this: "having obtained eternal redemption." The words, "for us," are supplied by the translators, and therefore we leave them out. Our Lord entered the most holy place "having obtained eternal redemption." When Aaron went in with the blood of bulls and goats, he had not obtained "eternal redemption;" he had only obtained a symbolic and temporary purification for the people, and that was all.

Our Lord enters in because, first, His work is all done. We do not read, "He entered in that He might obtain it," but "having obtained." There is no getting redemption out of the Bible. I bless God for this. Many cannot endure the

word, but it is there; and it is redemption by price too—"a mercantile transaction," as they profanely speak. "Ye are bought with a price." Redemption is deliverance through payment: in this case, ransom through one standing in another's stead, and discharging that other's obligations. Brethren, when the Lord Jesus Christ died, He paid our redemption price; and when He entered within the veil, He entered as one who not only desired to give us redemption, but as one who had "obtained eternal redemption." He has won for us redemption both by price and by power.

This is, indeed, a great redemption. We are redeemed from all the bondage that ensued from sin. We are no longer the serfs of Satan, nor the slaves of the world, neither are we subject to bondage through fear of death. That last enemy shall be destroyed, and we know it. The Son hath set us free, and we are free indeed. He entered into the heavenly places with this for His everlasting renown, that He has obtained redemption for His people.

When our Lord entered in, He had by His sacrifice also dealt with eternal things, and not with matters of merely passing importance. He offered Himself by the Eternal Spirit, and by that offering He took off the mortgage from the eternal inheritance, and

Bade Us Freely Enter

upon the predestinated possession. Sin, death, hell—these are not temporary things: the atonement deals with these, and hence it is an eternal redemption. Let me cheer the heart of anyone here who is burdened with sin with this reflection, that the redemption of Christ deals with the whole of past sin. From every soul that has by faith part and parcel in this redemption, all the olden curse of the race is gone. You have no cause to fear the ancient past; nothing lies buried there which can ever rise to accuse you. Who shall lay anything to the charge of him for whom Christ has obtained eternal redemption?

Now, look forward into eternity. Behold the vista which has no end! Eternal redemption covers all the peril of this mortal life, and every danger beyond, if such there be. You know not how much you are to be tempted and tried before the end cometh. Peradventure, you will live to extreme old age, and you dread the decay of intellect, and the increase of infirmity; and well you may. Nevertheless, be glad that He has obtained eternal redemption for you. You cannot possibly outlive the redemption of Christ, neither can any temptation for which He has not provided by any possibility assail you.

Leap to the end. Think of the future of prophecy. Anticipate the seven trumpets,

The Pouring Out of the Dread Vials!

You need not fear any of these, seeing your Lord has obtained eternal redemption. Our Lord has obtained eternal redemption for His people, and we shall rest contented even though the star Wormwood should fall, and the waters should be turned into blood, and all these things should be dissolved. When prophecy is all fulfilled, and we pass into the *dread future*, we fear not death, since our Lord has obtained eternal redemption. "Eternal punishment" is a word of unspeakable terror; but it is met and fully covered by "eternal redemption." Be not afraid, O ye that put your trust in the Lord Jesus as your Sacrifice and Priest! There is nothing in the mystery of eternity that need appal you.

I have done, but let me ask my beloved hearers, one by one, Have you this eternal redemption? Do you believe in the Lord Jesus? He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life, and that is the outcome of eternal redemption. Dost thou believe in the Son of God? Into the holiest of all you may enter; nay, you have entered there already in Jesus, and you are there permanently, because He abides there for ever. Your Substitute, your Covenant Head, your Representative is in the glory, and there thou shalt be ere long. Wherefore, if thou believest in Jesus Christ the Son of God with all thine

heart, comfort thyself with these words. Since the veil is rent, hide not thyself from God who unveils Himself to thee. By and by thou shalt be with Him where He is. Rejoice that even now He is with thee where thou art. The Lord bless this congregation, and may we all meet within the veil around the great Forerunner whom we love and adore! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS. TWO THANKSGIVING DINNERS.*

A NEW ENGLAND divine not long since related a personal experience, which, as nearly as the writer can remember, was as follows: While making a round of calls one Thanksgiving Day, he dropped into an "Old Ladies' Home" just at dinner-time. A sumptuous repast was spread before them, and thinking how well they were provided for, the minister stepped up to one old lady and remarked upon the bountiful dinner. "Well, yes; good enough, I suppose, but there ain't no onions." This surprising answer turned the clergyman's thought in the direction of another home, less comfortable than this, where another poor old body lived by herself, and where Thanksgiving turkey was an unknown quantity. He next sought this humble abode, and found the solitary woman dining upon dry corn bread. "Well," said he, "my good sister, you have not much to be thankful for to-day." "Oh, yes I have, sir," she responded, cheerfully; "you don't know how thankful I am that the two teeth the Lord has left me are opposite each other!"

A Clergyman's Conversion.

Who would not say at first sight that Miss Wigton's scope of labor and usefulness was very limited? She was sick, weak, in pain, confined to her room, subsisting upon the benefactions of others; withal she had no superior intellectual gifts, and had very little advantage of education. And yet her influence was felt in the far west of America and in Europe. By the assistance of her friends, she maintained a correspondence with Christians at great distances, who had been profited by her example and conversation. I acted as her amanuensis in writing to a clergyman in the West, who had entered the ministry as a man would enter upon the practice of the law. After a few years of almost utter uselessness, he became acquainted with Miss Wigton. She soon found that he had not the root of the matter in him, that he was destitute of a proper knowledge of salvation, and had no personal interest in the atonement. She commenced to make his deficiencies manifest to himself. He became convinced that he was a sinner. His agony for some time was very great; but with a holy wisdom she led the stricken sinner to the Lamb of God, and there at her feet he was converted, and returned to his people a new man in Christ Jesus, ready to do a great work.

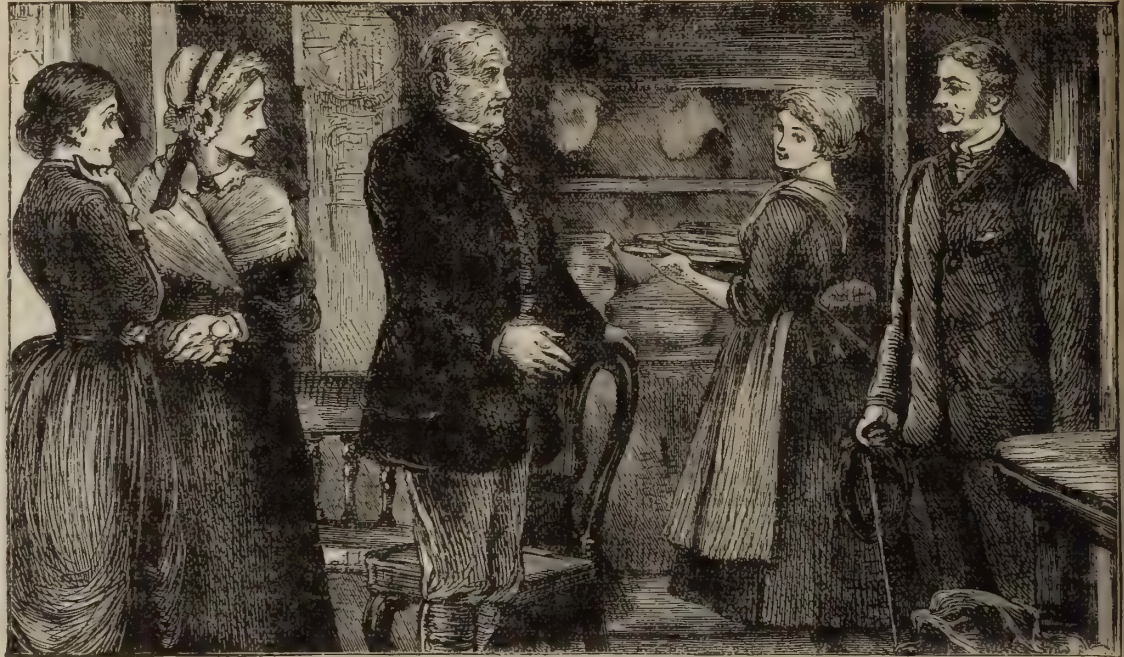
The Students' Charge.

While I was a student at Hampden Sidney College there was a young man in the County of Prince Edward who was afflicted with one of the most painful of all the diseases to which the human frame is liable. It was a spinal affection of the most aggravated character. Being entirely dependent on others for support, it became necessary to make some permanent arrangement which would secure for him the constant attention he required. Through the intervention of some benevolent persons connected with the institution, he was transferred to one of the rooms of Union Theological Seminary, and an arrangement was made by which the students of the Seminary, in turn, waited upon him day and night. After he was transferred to their care I often visited him, and had abundant opportunity of knowing what he suffered, and how he bore the painful visitation to which he was subjected. So contorted was he by his malady that he could not lie in a

* From "Sunshine for Dark Hours." By Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., LL.D. A singularly bright and cheering little volume for any who are in affliction, physical or mental. Pp. 96; price in paper covers, 30 cents. Published by *Wilbur B. Ketchum*, 71 Bible House, New York.



Hadji Hussein Gouly Khan.



The Farmer Welcomes His Repentant Nephew.

horizontal position, but was propped up by pillows placed under his head and shoulders; and he was so bent that usually his chin rested on his breast. At times it gave him acute pain to partake of his necessary food. In some way the optic nerve was implicated, and so keenly sensitive did he become to the light that it was necessary to exclude it from his room.

And yet amidst all these complicated and bodily distresses, such was his patience and serenity of spirit, so hopeful, and even cheerful was he in the tone of his conversation, so quick was his sympathy in all that concerned others, that his room, so far from being a place of gloom, or in any way repellent, was an attractive resort to the students of the seminary, and to his friends in the neighboring college. He never murmured, but he often gave thanks. . . . Thus racked and consumed with bodily pains, and thus replenished and comforted by divine grace, he lingered on, until a late hour one night, while absorbed in study, I was startled by hearing the tolling of the bell, which announced that his weary, worn, and emaciated body was at rest, and that his patient un murmuring spirit was among the just made perfect.

HADJI HUSSEIN GOULY KHAN.

(See Portrait.)

FOR the first time in the history of the United States the diplomatic circle at Washington includes a Minister from the ancient empire of Persia. This is Hadji Hussein Gouly Khan, whose portrait appears on this page. He is a very pleasant gentleman, a little below the medium height, and has an olive complexion. He dresses in the Eastern costume, and is always seen, in or out doors, wearing the fez cap, even at his meals, as is the custom in the East. He is much pleased with America, and desires to enlarge commercial and social intercourse between the two countries. The Minister is accompanied by Dr. Torrence, a citizen of Chicago, but for some years a resident of Teheran, as Counselor of Legation; Mizra Mahmoud Khan, private secretary; and a Persian valet, about eighteen years old. His Excellency speaks Persian, Arabic, and French with great volubility. He is a person of much distinction in his own country, having been President of the Court of Justice at Ispahan, and second Secretary of State. He has also been Consul-General of Persia in India.

A VISIT TO THE OLD FARM.

(See Illustration.)

"THAT is the last sight of the dear old flag we will have for a year, I suppose," said Ephraim Sewell, as he leaned over the rail of an Atlantic steamer and watched the Stars and Stripes fading from view astern. "I presume you cannot

feel exactly as a Yankee feels in quitting 'the land of the free and the home of the brave,' though you are a citizen, and the most thorough-going patriot I ever met with who was not born on the soil. I guess you have a sneaking idea that you are going home, though you have abjured Queen Victoria and all the works and ways of monarchical institutions. Own up, now, George, I won't give you away in the caucus; ain't your home over yonder?"

"Nonsense!" said George Craycroft; "my home is behind us; I'm going on a visit to England, like yourself. I'm more an American than you are. Your nationality is a mere accident. Your mother happened to be in the U. S. when you were born, that is all. I am an American by my own enlightened volition. If Uncle Sam wants to know who are his best, his most intelligent and faithful friends, he must look for them among those who have come to him of their own accord. Where a man is born don't affect his principles. For pure patriotism give me the naturalized citizen every time."

"You must have been quite a youngster when you came, George. I've known you ten years, and you are not thirty yet, are you? What made you come?"

"Ah! that's a sad story. I've never told it to any one except the dominie, but we've been friends so long I don't mind telling you. I was only fifteen when I left England, but there were not many grown men who knew more about wicked ways than I did. Both my parents died when I was an infant, and I was brought up by my uncle. Somehow I got the idea that as he was not my father he had no right to have a father's control over me. He was strict, there is no doubt about that. I guess he saw I was inclined to be wild, and he drew the reins rather tighter, perhaps, on that account. He had a bad time with me. I have seen the old man almost shed tears when the neighbors told him how I was going on. He would beat me pretty severely, on Solomon's principle that the rod was good for a child. I suppose he did it for the best, but it did not suit me. I only grew more stubborn. I grew to regard him as my natural enemy, and delighted in any ingenious device to torment him. I tormented the neighbors too, but it was chiefly because of the annoyance it gave him when they went to complain that I had killed their cats, or opened their gates and let their cattle loose."

"A regular little pickle, eh?"

"Yes, but nothing exasperated him so much as the way I behaved at family prayers and at church. I am ashamed now, when I think of that. That hurt him worst of all, for the old farmer was very pious, and was a member of the

Methodist church, and had been from a lad. Well, I played truant from school so often that he took me away when I was fourteen and apprenticed me, for I would not work on his farm. I chose the worst sort of companions in the little market town, and led a bad life. Boy as I was, I used to drink with them, and once when I had no money I sold my Sunday clothes and drank with the money. I was quite tipsy, and my master went over to the farm and told my uncle about it. I knew what that meant for me, so I ran away to avoid punishment."

"And that was the last you saw of him?"

"No; I had another experience. He had a little daughter, my cousin, you know. She was about three years younger than I, and I loved her. She saved me many a beating, and used to beg me to behave. I had made up my mind to come to America, but I wanted to kiss her good-by first, so I sneaked down to the farm to try to see her, but her mother and father, I suppose, were on the alert and kept her indoors. I was so vexed and mad about it that I tried to set fire to uncle's barn. He caught me just as I was putting the lighted match in, and I had a pretty hard job to get out of his hands. Then I made tracks for Liverpool as quickly as I could, and got a passage across by serving as cabin-boy."

"Well, that was rather an unpromising beginning for such a respectable fellow as you are. Does your firm know that you were drunk before you were fifteen and distinguished yourself as a fire-bug?"

"No, that was not the record I was likely to give them. I told the dominie, though, and you know the kind of man he is. I owe him, under God, all I am. I came to America to carry on the same wild life, but after he got hold of me, I soon learned what that meant. He taught me that sin was a wrong to myself, and led me into the better life. I am going back now, for one thing, to see my uncle and beg his pardon."

"And is the little cousin the other thing?"

The young man blushed, and admitted that he was anxious to see his faithful little friend.

Not many days afterward George Craycroft entered the kitchen of the old farmhouse just as the farmer and his wife and daughter rose from their mid-day meal. The twelve years which had elapsed since they met had made more difference in his appearance than in theirs, and none of them recognized him at the moment.

"Uncle," he said, "I have come to ask you to forgive me; I am your wicked, ungrateful nephew George. I—"

"Gladly, my boy, gladly!" said the old farmer, cutting short George's speech, and holding out his hand. "Say no more about that. Dear!

dear! I'm glad to see you. Mother," turning to his wife, "I believe our prayers are answered. Thank God!"

There was a wedding in that village about three months later, and when George Craycroft once more beheld the Stars and Stripes he had a lady with him whose name was entered on the ship's books as Mrs. Craycroft, and who carried with her to her new home the blessings of father and mother, from which her repentant husband was not excluded.

JOHN BRIGHT'S HOME.

(See illustration.)

THE death of the distinguished English statesman, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on December 27, 1888, has called forth a remarkable tribute of respectful homage from English newspapers of all shades of politics. Some thirty years ago it was the fashion among Conservatives to speak of him in terms of unmitigated detestation. One prominent Conservative when asked what was his political creed said, "I hate John Bright and all his principles." But after Disraeli had lowered the franchise, and his party had held office without attempting to reverse John Bright's free trade policy, there was less antagonism to the great statesman. His matchless powers of eloquence were recognized, and, above all, his sterling nobility of character was seen and admired. In the House of Commons and in the press his death was deplored by Conservatives and Liberals alike, and his political foes joined his political friends in declaring that "There is a prince and a great man fallen this day."

The accompanying illustration shows One Ash, the modest residence in which John Bright spent his time when not in attendance in Parliament. During the later months of his life, when illness had so reduced his strength that he was unable to walk about the grounds around his house, it was his delight to be pushed around the familiar scene in a wheeled chair, accompanied by his favorite skye-terrier, who, with almost human affection, made himself his constant companion day and night, and lay on the foot of his bed almost to the last hour of his life, manifesting a dejection indicative of her intelligence of his approaching end.

Mr. Bright was buried in the grounds attached to the Friends' meeting-house at Rochdale, which he attended regularly when Parliament was not in session, and he could be at One Ash. The meeting-house is about a mile from One Ash, but the aged statesman never allowed bad weather to prevent his being regularly in his seat every Sunday, taking part in the simple worship. His body lies near those of his first and second wife, his father and stepmother, which are all buried there, though in accordance with Quaker principles, no stone marks their last resting-place. American visitors for many years to come will doubtless pay a respectful visit to that plain burial-ground, for the United States



One Ash, the Residence of the Late John Bright.

had no more faithful friend in England than John Bright; and it will never be forgotten that in the darkest hour of our country's history his voice, almost alone among men of eminence, was raised in defence of our Government, and his confidence in the eventual triumph of our principles of government never wavered. John Bright's memory belongs not to England alone; he was, above all, a Christian statesman, faithful to his God, and the determined opponent of oppression, war, and injustice, wherever they existed, and the warm advocate and friend of the rights of the poor.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 239.)

The Fatal Migration.

THE Hand-Cart Company left New York for Utah—a long and formidable journey at best—but in that instance, through mismanagement and neglect, one of the most fatal expeditions that imprudent man has ever undertaken; and it was not until months had passed away, and another season had come round, that we heard anything of their fate.

And time went on, but my troubles did not lighten. My husband still continued to work at the Mormon office, and after a while his salary was slightly increased from time to time; but still his earnings were altogether inadequate for the support of a family, and I found it absolutely necessary to obtain some employment for myself. It cost me many a long and weary day of search and inquiry, and many a battle with my pride, before I could get anything to do; but at last I was successful; and although my little ones required constant attention, I con-

trived to add a very decent quota to the scanty family purse. And thus matters continued until the following year, our life of uncertainty and care unchanged.

Little in my life at that time is worth recording; to me it was one long, painful struggle, and any change which could come I felt must be for the better. My experience of Mormonism was of course enlarged as new facts presented themselves to my observation, and by nothing was my faith so much shaken as by the discrepancies between the written and spoken Mormonism, which was presented with fair face to the European Saints and the world at large, and the actual conduct of the Elders.

Toward the end of the year 1857 the difficulties in Utah, and a financial panic in New York, resulted in the discontinuance of the Mormon. My husband was thus thrown out of employment, and, to add to our difficulties, the people for whom I worked suspended business operations. This new trial of our faith, however, was not long; out of apparent evil good came. Released

from his obligations to the Apostle and the Mormon paper, my husband now set earnestly to work to obtain a living without the crippling influences of "counsel" or the dictates of those whom his religion taught him unhesitatingly to respect.

I had always believed that if suffered to act for himself his energy was such that he would certainly carve his way to a respectable position in the world. In this I was not deceived, either at the time of which I speak or at a later period, when, in Salt Lake City, he engaged in active business on his own account. In New York, where he had been, by this time, appointed President of the Eastern Mission, and was actively engaged in advocating the claims of the Mormon Church, he sought and found employment on the staff of the *Herald*, and in connection with other daily papers; and such was his success, that from a condition of dependent misery and poverty we were very soon raised to a position of comparative comfort, and surrounded by every luxury suitable to our station in life; and this position we enjoyed until called upon to leave all and journey across the Plains to Salt Lake.

Our own journey to the City was postponed for awhile; but not long before we set forth I received the long-expected letter which Mary Burton had promised me; and as it contains a vivid picture of a mode of transit—the only mode which could then be used—across the Plains, and shows what people were forced to endure so recently as a few short years ago, I shall reproduce it; for I feel sure that if the reader did not peruse the story in the exact words of my unfortunate friend, he never would believe that in this country, and in our own times, such a terrible tragedy could have been enacted.

There is much in the sufferings of the emigrants of the Hand-cart Company that had its counterpart in the exodus from Nauvoo to Salt Lake, to which we have previously referred, but as the particulars of that journey are not generally known, I will here make a digression, and give some details which the reader can compare with Mary Burton's narrative of the Hand-cart journey. Owing to the persecutions which the Mormons had to undergo in their own territory, the High Council issued a circular to the "Church" throughout the world, dated 20th January, 1846, announcing that the Mormons of Nauvoo had resolved to seek a home beyond the Rocky Mountains, and that the pioneers were to depart in March, for the purpose of putting in early spring crops on the way, building houses, and preparing temporary resting-places for those who were to follow.

On the 2d February a council of the apostles and leading elders was held in Nauvoo, to deliberate upon a speedy departure. It was then thought that upon the breaking up of the ice on the Mississippi, the pioneers would be able to commence their pilgrimage, and before their enemies had any knowledge of their departure they would be some distance on their journey. Captains of hundreds and captains of fifties had been chosen, and these were now instructed to hold themselves in readiness to move at an hour's notice. They, however, did not wait for the breaking up of the ice, but three days later the first company crossed the river on the ice, and on the following day the main body began to move, and during February about 1,200 wagons were transported to the Iowa shore.

The following particulars of the journey are from Colonel Thomas L. Kane's narrative, who, from a feeling of compassion accompanied the pilgrims on their journey, and on more than one occasion rendered them very valuable assistance. He remarks: "They began their march in mid-winter, and by the beginning of February 1846, all of them were on the road, many of the wagons having crossed the Mississippi on the ice. Under the most favorable circumstances, an expedition of this sort, undertaken at such a season of the year, could scarcely fail to be disastrous. But the pioneer company had set out in haste, and were very imperfectly supplied with necessaries. The cold was intense. They moved in the teeth of keen-edged northwest winds, such as sweep down the Iowa peninsula from the ice-bound regions of the timber-shaded Slave Lake, and Lake of the Woods; on the Bald Prairie there, nothing above the dead grass breaks their free course over the hard-rolled hills. Even along the scattered water courses where they broke the thick ice to give their cattle drink, the annual autumn fires had left little wood of value. The party, therefore, often wanted for good camp-fires, the first luxury of all travellers; but to men insufficiently furnished with tents and other appliances of shelter, almost an essential to life. After days of fatigue, their nights were often passed in restless efforts to save themselves from freezing.

"Their stock of food, also, proved inadequate; and as their systems became impoverished, their sufferings from cold increased. Sickened with catarrhal affections, manacled by the fetters of dreadfully acute rheumatism, some contrived for a while to get over the shortening day's march, and drag along some others. But the sign of an impaired circulation soon began to show itself in the liability of all to be dreadfully frost-bitten. About the same time, the strength of their beasts of draught began to fail. The small supply of provender they could carry with them had given out. The winter-bleached prairie straw proved devoid of nourishment; and they could only be kept from starving by the men seeking barks, buds, and other stunted growths of the hollows.

"The spring came at last, but it brought its own share of troubles with it. The months with which it opened proved nearly as trying as the worst of winter. The snow and sleet and rain,

which fell, as it appeared to them, without intermission, made the road over the rich prairie soil as impassable as one vast bog of heavy black mud. Sometimes they would fasten the horses and oxen of four or five wagons to one, and attempt to get ahead in this way, taking turns, but at the close of a hard day's toil for themselves and their cattle, they would find themselves only a quarter or half a mile from the place they left in the morning. The heavy rains raised all the water-courses; the most trifling streams were impassable. Wood fit for bridging was often not to be had, and in such cases the only resource was to halt for the freshets to subside, a matter in the case of the head waters of the Clariton, for instance, of over three weeks' delay. The women complained that the health of their children suffered more; and it was the fact that the open winds of March and April brought with them more mortal sickness than the sharpest freezing weather. Graves mark all the line of the first year of the Mormon travel—dispiriting milestones to falling stragglers in the rear.

"It is an error to estimate largely the number of Mormons who died of starvation, strictly speaking. Want developed disease, and made them sink under fatigue and maladies that otherwise would have proved trifling. But only those died of it outright who fell in out-of-the-way places, that the hand of brotherhood could not reach. Among the rest, no such thing as plenty was known, while many went an-hungered. If but a part of a group were supplied with provision, the only result was that the whole went on the half or quarter ration, and this so ungrudgingly and contentedly that, till some crisis of trial to their strength, they were themselves unaware that their health was sinking and their vital force impaired. In a kindred spirit of paternal forecast, others laid out great farms in the wilds, and planted in them the grain saved from their own bread, that there might be harvests for those who should follow them.

"In the summer we arrived at the ferry over the Missouri, a trading-post of the American Fur Company, where they gained a favorable crossing by making a deep cut for the road through the steep right bank, and here, without intermission, the flat-bottomed scows of the villagers plied, crowded with the wagons and cows and sheep and children and furniture of the emigrants, who, in waiting their turn, made the woods around smoke with their crowding camp-fires. The heavy cattle, however—and there were 30,000 at this time on their way westward—had to swim across, which was rendered an exceedingly difficult task through a heavy freshet having swollen the river to a width of about a mile and a half, which dashed past its fierce current as if thrown from a mill-race. In the camp nearest us on the west, I found, as early as the 31st of July, that 37 per cent. of the inhabitants were down with the fever, and a sort of strange scorbutic disease, frequently fatal, which they called the Black Kanker. The camps to the west of us, which were all on the eastern side of the Missouri, were yet worse fated.

"The climate of the entire upper 'Misery Bottom,' as they term it, is, during a considerable part of the summer and autumn, singularly pestiferous. Its rich soil, which is, to a depth far beyond the plough, as flat as the earth of a kitchen garden or compost heap, is annually the force-bed of a vegetation as rank as that of the tropics. To render its fatal fertility the greater, it is everywhere freely watered by springs and creeks and larger streams, that flow into it from both sides. In the season of drought, when the sun enters Virgo, these dry down till they run impure as open sewers, exposing to the day foul broad flats, steaming up thick vapors redolent of death.

"Then the plague raged. I have no means of ascertaining the mortality of the Indians who inhabit the Bottom. In 1845, the year previous, which was not more unhealthy, they lost one-ninth of their number in about two months.

The Mormons were scourged severely. The exceeding mortality among some of them was no doubt in the main attributable to the low state to which their systems had been brought by long-continued endurance of want and hardship. It is to be remembered also that they were the first turners up of the prairie sod, and that this of itself made them liable to the sickness of new countries. It was where their agricultural operations had been most considerable, and in situations on the left bank of the river, where the prevalent southwest winds wafted to them the miasmata of its shores, that disease was most rife.

"In some of these the fever prevailed to such an extent that hardly any escaped it. They let their cows go unmilked; they wanted for voices to raise the Psalm on Sunday; the few who were able to keep their feet, went about among the tents and wagons with food and water, like nurses through the wards of an infirmary. Here, at one time, the digging got behind hand; burials were slow; and you might see women sit in the open tents keeping the flies off their dead children after decomposition had set in.

"At this season I was myself incapacitated for nice observations by an attack of fever—mine was what they call the congestive—that it required the utmost use of all my faculties to recover from. I recall but one fact going far to prove a considerable mortality. Earlier in the season, while going westward with the intention of passing the Rocky Mountains that summer, I had opened, with the assistance of Mermon spades and shovels, a mound on a commanding elevation, the tomb of a warrior of the ancient race, and continuing on my way, had left a deep trench excavated entirely through it. Returning fever-struck to the Papillon Camp, I found it planted close by this spot. It was just forming as I arrived; the first wagon, if I mistake not, having but a day or two halted into place. My first airing upon my convalescence took me to the mound, which, probably to save digging, had been re-adapted to its original purpose. In this brief interval they had filled the trench with bodies, and furrowed the ground with graves around it, like the ploughing of a field. The lengthened sojourn of the Mormons in this insalubrious region was imposed upon them by circumstances over which they had no control.

"The heavy winter of 1846-1847 was the severest of their trials; and if I aimed at rhetorical effect, I would be bound to offer you a minute narrative of its progress, as a sort of climax to my history. But I have, I think, given you enough of Mormon sorrows. We are all of us content to sympathize with a certain extent of suffering; but very few can bear the recurring yet scarcely varied narrative of another's distress without something of impatience. The world is full of grief, and we cannot afford to extend too large a share of our charity, or even of our commiseration, in a single quarter. This winter was the turning-point of the Mormon fortunes; those who lived through it were spared to witness the gradual return of better times, and they now liken it to the passing of a dreary night, since which they have watched the coming of a steadily brightening day."

Such is the summary of Colonel Kane's narrative, and it will be seen from the narrative of Mary Burton, which follows, how similar was the experience with the emigrants of the Hand-cart expedition in 1856.

(To be Continued).

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NOTICE TO READERS OF THY HEALER. On January 1 the size of *Thy Healer* was reduced to 20 pp., and the price changed from 75 cents to 50 cents. Those whose subscriptions run into 1889 will have their time extended, to credit for the difference in size and price. It is hoped that by reducing the price the circulation will be extended, otherwise it will be a considerable loss. Will not those who have found blessing through its pages recommend it to others?

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE FORETOLD.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. Lesson for April 28; Mark 13: 1-13. Golden Text, Matt. 12: 6.

Christ's Warning against Pride and Covetousness—His Notice of the Widow's Offering—Outweighing in Value all the Others—The Beauties of the Temple Pointed Out to Him—The Glory of the Jews—His Perception of its Degradation—When the Temple Could Rightly be Gloried in—Standing as a Witness for God—Superseded by the Living Temple—The Question of the Disciples—What they Had to Fear More than Wars—Other Signs—Closed Doors Opened to the Gospel—Direction for Times of Persecution.

JESUS had been teaching in the temple, and the common people had heard Him gladly. All His teaching tended to the abasement of man and the exaltation of God. He had warned the people to "beware of the scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and love salutations in the market-places, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts;" everything, in fact, which should attract attention to themselves, and bear indication of their own importance! The same spirit obtains in the present day. How many there are who will spend any amount on clothing, in the hope that it will ensure them more respect! And yet their grammar, their abuse of the letter *h*, and, far more still, their vulgar selfishness, betray them. How many there are who love salutations, especially from rich or titled people, and speak of their acquaintance with Lord so and so, or some other distinguished personage, as though it reflected some credit on themselves! How many love the chief seats in the synagogues, and like to be churchwardens in the church, or deacons in the chapel, even when their names are not written in heaven; and the chief seats at feasts when they do not yet know if they shall be shut out from the marriage supper of the Lamb! These, whose affections are all set upon themselves, have no heart for others; "they devour widows' houses," are hard upon their workmen, and all with whom they have to do. They "for a pretence make long prayers; these shall receive the greater damnation." In immediate contrast with these

A Poor Widow

comes amidst the throng of those who cast money into the treasury. Rich merchants put in gold, the elders of the people did what was expected of them. But this one was specially known to the Searcher of all hearts, the God of the widow; she cast in only two mites, which make a farthing. It was in itself a gift hardly worth reckoning, but it was, in the sight of God, a gift which outweighed in value all the gold and silver which was cast in. The widow went home to an empty cupboard, but conscious that

God had her All.

There were no salutations in the market-place for her, neither uppermost nor lowermost rooms at feasts, but there was the joy that God had her all, and accepted it and herself with it; she had sought first the kingdom of God, and she trusted that all other things should be added to her. And Jesus said to His disciples, "Verily, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

"And as He went out of the temple, one of His disciples saith unto Him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" Poor human nature will always find something to glory in. If it is not the long or the rich clothing, the chief seats in the synagogues, or at the feasts, if it is not the salutations, and the notice they attract, then it will fall back upon the church architecture as a means of self-glory. The temple was the glory of the Jews, it was spoken of by the heathen as one of the wonders of the world, and the Jews of our Lord's time took credit to themselves for the restoration of the temple under Herod the Great. But Jesus

saw not as man saw. Under the symbolism of the temple and its worship He saw great realities which His disciples were too earthly minded to discover. He saw a house of prayer for all nations degraded to become an object which ministered to human pride. When it was first built, the greatest and most glorious of Israel's kings dedicated it as a house of prayer, by there leading the prayers of his people in person, bowing in heart and spirit before God. Then the glory was not in the stones of the temple, but in God's presence there. At

The Time of the Dedication,

"it came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voices with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever; that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." A God who dwelt with His people! This was something to glory in. Oh, how different from buildings and stones! There is something heart-breaking when we hear one and another boasting of his beautiful church, and splendid choir, or beautiful chapel with cushioned seats, and eloquent preacher—but with no record of an indwelling God who answers prayer, no record of immortal souls snatched as brands from the burning! The disciples looked with proud satisfaction on what was about to be destroyed. The outer temple was, after all, but a scaffolding, a temporary thing, whereas there is "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (II Cor. 5: 1), built up of living stones, once lost souls, but now "an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." (I Peter 2: 5.)

"Jesus, answering, said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." Such is the end of all that is earthly. If we live in the light of eternity, it is wonderful how small and unimportant all these external things become. As the permanent building rises, the scaffold comes down, it has served its purpose, and is needed no more. The temple was a witness for God until Christ came to lay the foundation of

His Living Temple.

Oh how we need to be delivered from externalism, from laying stress on mere outside things! Many a church has been full of blessing and rich in soul-winning when the place of meeting was like the stable in Bethlehem, poor and despised, but as soon as some grand church was built to replace it, the prayer-meetings fell off, the conversions became few; it was too fashionable for the humble Carpenter of Nazareth. In the lowly place, the widow who gives her mite is honored; in the gorgeous church there is no room for her, but only for those who love salutations, and for a pretence make long prayers; but the glory is not there, man takes too prominent a place.

The disciples were silenced for the time, but the more inquiring among them, "Peter and James and John and Andrew, asked Him privately, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled? And Jesus, answering them, began to say, Take heed lest any man deceive you. For many shall come in My name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many. And when ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled, for such things must needs be; but the end shall not be yet." This would seem a strange answer if we did not find in St. Matthew's gospel that they had asked also, "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the age?" "Take heed, lest any man deceive you." God does not call us to follow man's theories about His coming, but He does expect us to know intelligently all which He says about His coming. Men may deceive us,

and the deceivers we are to beware of are such as come in His name, saying, "I am Christ," like the poor deluded man who is the head of the Agapemone, or Mr. G. Monod, or the Mahdi. These

Things the Christian is to Fear

far more than wars and rumors of wars. In the time of war, there may be loss of property, but a true Christian has nothing which he counts as really his own; there may be changes of government, but he looks above, and recognizes a King of kings and a Lord of lords; such things are not to trouble him; the end which he longs for, when Christ shall reign, will have more distinct signs than this: "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be earthquakes in divers places; these are the beginnings of sorrows." All these things have been more or less common to the whole dispensation. But no doubt the greater frequency and violence of these things points to the approaching end of the age.

Next He speaks of persecution as a mark of discipleship throughout the dispensation, "Ye shall be brought before rulers and kings for My sake, for a testimony against them." Perhaps the only chance Felix and Agrippa ever had to hear the gospel faithfully preached was when Paul was brought before each of them; and wherever the gospel is faithfully preached Christ's witnesses have to appear before the civil and ecclesiastical tribunals at some time or other. Christ and the world never could agree, and never will. "And the gospel must first be published among all nations." We almost hold our breath to listen,

His Coming Must be so Near.

The doors of all the nations, closed for the most part thirty years ago against the gospel, are now thrown wide open, China itself is open from end to end to Christian teachers, and those who formerly went out one or two in a year, are now going out by hundreds. Surely the end is near.

Jesus makes a promise so precious, and, where it has been put to the proof, so infallible, that it is a wonder any Christians have substituted the miserable policy of civil law and human wisdom to supersede it, "When they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate, but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye; for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost;" or, "I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." (Luke 21: 15.) But who dares thus to trust the living God? Who is there that is courageous enough to trust God for His defence? Alas, alas! we might write "Ichabod" over the Christianity of the day, and say, "The glory is departed." But, thank God, He is not departed, God is still with us; let us return to the old simplicity of the gospel, the old simplicity of faith, and though we may be misunderstood, and hated of all men for Christ's sake, yet "he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." We can never expect the world to understand us, "the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not," and the world hates all that is not of its own. Let it keep the glory of its buildings and its stones, but let our glory be an indwelling God and a coming King.

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“For my sake” check the quick rebellious feeling
Which rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

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Although the race be hard, the battle long;
Within my Father’s house are many mansions,
There thou shalt rest, and join the victor’s song.

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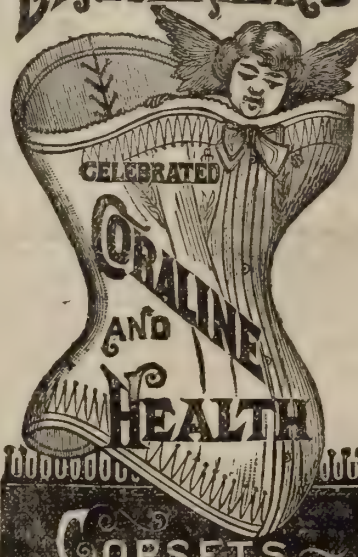
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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Vol. XII., No. 15. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

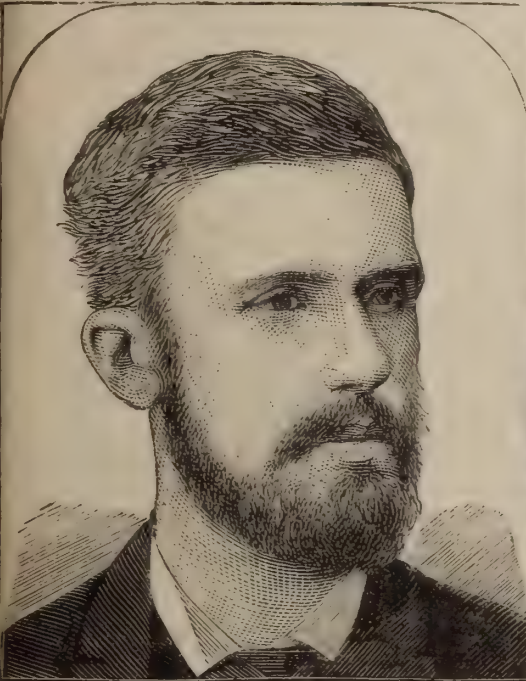
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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Mr. F. S. ARNOT, the Missionary Explorer of Equatorial Africa—Scenes in His Travels.

MR. F. S. ARNOT,

Missionary Explorer in Central Africa.

Born in 1859—Influence upon Him of an Address by Dr. Livingstone—Goes to Africa in a Business Capacity—Resolve to Devote Himself to Missionary Pioneering—Sets Out for the Zambesi in 1881—Receives Aid from the Chief Khama—Kind Bushmen—The Tsetse Fly—In Search of Water—Welcomed by the Chief Liwanika—African Fever—A Brave Boy—Some All-Day Meetings—Chiefs Anxious for the Gospel—A Powerful Chieftainess—Moshide's Hospitality—Quarantine—An Adventure with a Lion.

At various times incidents connected with Mr. F. S. Arnot's work in Africa have appeared in these pages, and we are now able to give the portrait of the intrepid missionary explorer, and a fuller account of his latest journey. Probably few men now living have furnished a more complete proof of God's care of His servants. Mr. Arnot penetrated into the interior of Africa unprotected, with no show of arms, and accompanied only by natives, trusting in God for support and guidance. In both his journeys he was kept in safety, and he is now starting on his third journey, relying on the same omniscient and all-sufficient Power.

Frederick Stanley Arnot is about thirty years of age. He was born in Glasgow, and is the son of pious parents. In his youth he had the privilege of listening to a lecture by Dr. Livingstone, and from that time his earnest desire was to give his life to the cause of Christ in Africa. When school life was ended, young Arnot was put to business, in which he displayed such industry and sagacity that when he was only a youth he was sent as an agent of the Glasgow firm by which he was employed, to represent them.

In South and West Africa.

But he soon gave up all thoughts of prosecuting what was undoubtedly a most promising commercial career, that he might carry the good news of the Gospel to the unevangelized millions of the interior. Throwing himself, therefore, entirely on the Lord for guidance and support, he went forward on his beneficent and Christ-like errand. This was in 1881, when Mr. Arnot was *only twenty-two years old*; and after having qualified himself as well as he could for helping the people of the interior of the Continent, Mr. Arnot set out to reach the tribes north of the great river Zambesi. His object was to reach the high water-shed of Africa, thinking it would be possible to find some healthy country, habitable by Europeans, where missionaries could carry on preliminary work in training natives for evangelizing the people who reside in the lower and less healthy parts.

He Started From Natal

by the ordinary bullock wagon, and succeeded in reaching the first native station at Shoshong. The missionaries of the London Missionary and Wesleyan Methodist Societies at Shoshong have for some time been greatly blessed. The young native Christians go out in all directions to the villages, and carry the gospel message to their fellow-countrymen. Mr. Arnot saw there that the only way to evangelize Africa is by means of Africans themselves.

He had no proper means of crossing the desert, but he secured three donkeys, and was planning a start on foot, when the great Christian chief Khama came to his help. He became interested in the mission, and placed at Mr. Arnot's disposal his own wagon, with twenty oxen and some of his men, to accompany him as far as they could towards Zambesi. This chief Khama not only desires to see the gospel prosper in his own country, but to carry it forward to those in the regions beyond. "We succeeded in crossing the first part of the desert," says Mr. Arnot, "and, after many delays, we started on the most trying part of the desert journey." They soon travelled past the springs of water, and got into

The Great Untrodden Region.

They pushed on day and night, not knowing when or how they would reach water, but hop-

ing to strike it somewhere. "At this time, says the missionary, "we were dependent on a few Bushmen, who provided us with water. These inhabitants of the desert, about four feet in height, are supposed to be amongst the lowest types of humanity in existence, yet we found them capable of wonderful kindness. They came and dug pits alongside of our wagon. At the bottom of these they sank long, hollow reeds, which acted as a kind of artesian well. By and by we reached a spot where good, sweet water was fairly plentiful."

Presently it was found that the party could not proceed with the oxen, owing to

The Tsetse Fly,

which is fatal to them. The oxen and wagon, therefore, had to return, and the young explorer had to look about for means of transport on foot. He was able to muster twenty men in all, gathered from the villages. Each man carried a supply of water, and off they started. The first point of destination aimed at was the river Chobe, a tributary of the Zambesi. The country, however, proved very difficult to travel through. The water supply became less and less, and it had to be served out in cupfuls. At one point they hoped to reach a pool where they expected to find water. Just before they got there they came on the track of elephants; the animals had been to the pool and had drained it of its last drop. The men were completely discouraged; they threw down their loads, and from the look of things, Mr. Arnot saw no chance of starting again unless water could be obtained. They went out in all directions

In Search of Water.

At last they came back more cast down than ever; no signs of water had been seen, and there seemed no hope of life to the men unless they ran away and left their loads behind them. One lad, however, who had gone out in a different direction, fell in with some Bushmen, who were on the trail of elephants. Meeting the boy, they left the trail and took him to one of their own deposits of water in the desert. They fill ostrich shells with water and bury them in the sand, so that they can be found when needed. These men took some of the water to the white man and his famished party, and they were so refreshed and invigorated by it that they were enabled to start and traverse the remaining sixty miles that lay between them and the river Chobe. "You can imagine," writes Mr. Arnot, "the effect it had upon us when we saw the great rolling stream. We sat down on the bank, and, like children, gazed at the river; and though we could only swallow a few cupfuls, we felt as though we would like to drink bucketfuls, after our long journey of two months."

The party rested at this river about ten days, and, starting again, at length reached the Zambesi. While turning over in his mind what God would have him next do, and whither he ought to go, Mr. Arnot was told that some distance up the river there lived a powerful chief, Liwanika, who was paramount ruler over all the country to the north of the Zambesi; and that no one could cross the river without his permission. The white traveller sent a courteous message to him, and immediately he sent down three boats for the party. Meantime, Mr. Arnot had returned to Panda-ma-tenka, to procure some things necessary for the journey up the river. On his way back to the Zambesi he was struck down with his first touch of

African Fever.

He thus describes it: "It comes so suddenly that before one knows its effect, he is unconscious. We were nearly half-way on our journey when I was seized. I was behind my party, and had with me only a little boy. I felt myself growing more and more unfit to travel, and I was obliged to lie down, sending the boy after the carriers, to call them back. He missed them, however, as, not knowing I was so ill, and thinking that I would follow on, they had pushed on for the river, without any instructions from me. The lad started a second time to find them. He went on all that night and till about 11 o'clock

next day, through a country which was literally infested with wild animals. He had really run the whole of the way—fully thirty miles. When he reached the station he told a trader that I was out in the desert, dying. There I lay until the third day, when a messenger that the trader had sent reached me. This kind man found me in a desperate condition from thirst and fever. My tongue was swollen so that I could not speak a word, and I was so feeble that they had to lift me up and nurse me for five weeks. It was entirely owing to the kindness of that little boy that my life was saved at that time. On recovering strength, I started back to the Zambesi, and the king's boats reached that point on the river two days after my arrival. These five weeks of sickness had not been lost time after all, as I was in plenty of time to meet the messengers from the king."

Liwanika Cordially Welcomed Arnot,

and was willing that he should remain in his capital. He did not at all approve of the white visitor going to the north, though he acknowledged it was a very healthy country. It was inhabited by a class of people whom he called his "dogs;" they were reserved by him to be raided upon at his pleasure, and to replenish his own villages as he desired. So the traveller thought it was better to remain there for a few months, to see how things would be ordered by God, meanwhile learning the language, and gathering strength, as far as it was possible to do so in such a country.

This particular region, it seems, is called the Barosse country, and here Mr. Arnot found Mr. and Mrs. Coillard, of the French Mission, enduring for Christ's sake hardships and privations scarcely credible.

Mr. Arnot returned a second time to Panda-ma-tenka, hoping to hear of the arrival of a friend who had promised to join him in his missionary work. He was disappointed in this, and resolved to go towards the West Coast. On the way thither he passed through

A Most Interesting Country.

He says: "My idea of Africa had been that of a land very much desert, or else marshy and almost uninhabitable. But here was a region, rich, fertile, and beautiful, well watered, and, better still, with many people living all along the banks of the rivers. At one place, among the Bakuti, it was remarkable how the people seemed to open their ears and hearts, and gave their time. I spent ten days among them. The first five I went among their villages, having large meetings, at which I told them of Jesus and His love. As I could speak a dialect which many of them understood I could explain myself quite freely to them. They became very much interested in what they heard me say, and they said among themselves, 'We are only tiring the white man out by coming day after day to our villages; we will go to him.' So, for the last five days, we had

All-Day Meetings

--a most extraordinary time, I might say, for Africa. They kept up the discussions among themselves, and before I left, at least two of the men stood up in the midst of their tribe, and declared for Jesus before all their friends, in their own simple language. They acknowledged that the things that we said to them were true, and they renounced their superstitions and fetish worship. Since then I have heard that they are still longing for a return visit from me, or that some other white teacher should go to their country."

While on his journey there was a chief who had heard about the God and Saviour of whom the white man had been telling the people, and was so intensely interested that he came forward to meet Mr. Arnot. He said, almost as soon as the meeting took place: "All the huntsmen have been called in; the women are in from the fields; we are all here, and we want you at once to begin your conversation with us about the Great Spirit, and those things you have been talking of along the road." And talking with them for some hours, the chief

d Mr. Arnot to go with him to their village. said there were some old people there who d not come down to hear him with the rs, and he wanted him very much to go and hem. He went up to the village and coned with these poor old broken-down people, the scene was most touching. oceeding, Mr. Arnot came upon a very in- rious people. He met a chieftainess who most helpful to him. She was a very erful woman, and was

The Mother of Several Chiefs.

n the first she proved a true friend to the eller. Before reaching her town his porters every day getting more and more discon- ed. They were getting homesick, and d run away to get back to their wives and ilies, leaving their loads. At last they all e to a standstill, and struck work. Mr. ot could only leave the matter in the hands e Lord. He was perfectly willing to remain e if it seemed His will that he should do so. e sat, he looked up in the direction of the pand saw that there was a stir among the

He noticed that one by one they lifted r loads, and without any more talking or uting they rushed off, loads and all. At he could not understand it, but at length ound the whole camp swarming with little k creatures that sting like wasps. There aw the men going off holding the loads on r shoulders with one hand, and with the r picking off these little creatures from r bodies. Mr. Arnot had to follow on be- f as quickly as he could. On they went out a word, but at the next camp they had a laugh about the way in which they had a routed, that they were completely re- ed to good-nature and discipline. So God e to His servant's help in that way.

he remainder of the journey to the Lualaba er, which is one of the main sources of the go, was accomplished by forced marches, and pite of many impediments. From the Lual- the missionary sent on two messengers to

The Court of Moshide,

is ruler of that great and populous district. s answer was propitious, but before Mr. Ar- could reach Moshide's court, some Arabs come there who tried to prejudice the king inst the white man. The Arabs, being the at slave traders, have a dread of the coming white traveler, having learned by experience t where he comes, their trade is menaced. y succeeded in exciting the suspicions of the ple, so that Mr. Arnot on his arrival had to nto a kind of quarantine for six days, so t they might test whether his heart was as te as his skin. The doctors and medicine- went through their ceremonies, making ocutions with a certain kind of bark in it. If y found, each morning, that the wood was nd, that proved that the heart of the visitor ound. If the wood proved to be rotten, t would show that the heart of the visitor rotten. Happily it turned out in his favor, t the order was given that the people should ber and give him a grand reception. Three s were occupied in gathering the people to- her. Then he had to march down through m and receive a military salute. In the cen- of the court was the chief, surrounded by his wives, and the reception was imposing and ressive. "I cannot say the king is a Chris- t," writes Mr. Arnot, after staying with him some time, "but he has opened his ear to d's word, and is willing to listen."

Mr. Arnot was reinforced in 1887 by Mr. an, from Sunderland, and Mr. Faulkner, from ada, and for some months they enjoyed mu- l fellowship and labor in the Gareganze ntry, where they now are at work for the ster. Gareganze borders on Katanga, not from Lake Tanganyika. "The object I had view in going to Africa, namely, to establish tion in a healthy part of the interior, was mplished after seven years," says Mr. Arnot. lthough I travelled without a white or even ack companion, and with no body-guard or

show of arms, I never received any ill-treatment. Repeatedly the natives expressed their joy and satisfaction at the way I had treated them by coming amongst them with open hands. As the result of seven years' experience, I would say that you could go anywhere in Africa, if you only go in peace and love. I pray that God may thrust forth more laborers into Africa."

Our Frontispiece Pictures

illustrate: 1.—*Mr. Arnot's Cottage at Gareganze*; 2.—*A Kind African Herdsman*. It appears that the African tribes who possess cattle are devoted to them, and in their defence become brave and warlike. Sharing the vicissitudes of life together, in times of war and peace, a strong attachment springs up between herdsmen and cattle. 3.—*A Remarkable Adventure with a Lion*. Mr. Arnot thus describes the incident: "While resting near the Lukuruwe River, near Mirambo, we had quite a remarkable adventure with a lion, which but for the protecting care of God would have ended more seriously. All night we were kept awake more or less by three lions serenading us, and the lads had enough to do to keep their bivouac fires burning. I, however, got a good night's rest. Next morning, when passing through a clump of long reedy grass, I heard distinctly in front the low,

Angry Growl of a Lion.

The man who was before me stopped, saying it was a buffalo, and asked for my gun that he might shoot it. I urged him to push on, and tried to prevent the three boys from stopping, but it was too late to avoid the brute's charge. He made straight at the hindmost lad, who was carrying my mat and blanket. I ran back, and succeeded in intercepting him, so that in his spring he fell short a few feet from his intended victim, and before my very face—too near, indeed, to allow me time to use my rifle. The man and the three lads dropped their loads, and were off like deer, leaving me and my royal friend alone in the reed thicket face to face. For a moment it was a question what the next scene would be. He was raging fiercely, and would fain have sprung on me, but seemed to lack the nerve. Holding him hard with my eyes, and slowly cocking my rifle, I lifted it to my shoulder for a steady aim, when he suddenly gave in, his huge tail dropped, and drawing his teeth under his lips he made off. Daniel's God is still the same to us. All God has been to His people in ages past, and all He has promised to be throughout eternity, He now is to us—"This God is our God."—4. *Mode of crossing an African river on the back of an Ox*: not a desirable means of locomotion, as the accounts of those who have tried it show; and 5.—*The American Missionaries' Tent at Bailundu*, between Benguela and Bihe, in the western part of Central Africa, through which Mr. Arnot passed on his way to Gareganze.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Visit to the Blue Grotto of Capri.—Mr. W. A. Campbell said: "Some years ago I, with some friends, was visiting Naples. While there we heard much of the famous Blue Grotto of Capri, and one day we hired a boat, and set out to see it. We knew very little about boats, especially of the kind in which we were then sailing, but we could plainly see that they had very little grip on the water, and would not be safe on a rough sea. We saw the Grotto, and were on our return voyage when a storm came on. As the wind increased and the sea rose, our worst fears were fulfilled. The boat made scarcely any progress. To add to our alarm the sailors seemed disorganized, and making very faint efforts to manage her, and we were debarred even from giving advice, as none of us could talk Italian. We were momentarily expecting nothing less than to be capsized, and I, with a feeble effort at cheerfulness, was saying something about our taking off our boots and coats and trying to swim to shore, which, as we looked at the bare and rugged rocks seemed far from pleasant, when suddenly our boat rounded a

point, and we found ourselves in a safe harbor. We did not know of the harbor, but the captain of our boat did, and when to us all hope seemed gone, and there was nothing before us but a desperate and almost helpless struggle for life, he guided us into safety. Similarly, some Christians, out in the sea of adversity, look round and see only, as it were, the bare, jagged rocks. They almost despair. But the Lord Jesus, with a touch of His guiding hand, will steer their boat into the safe harbor of His gracious protection, which is always close by, though the imperilled voyager knows not of it."

Grapes Coming Back.—St. Macarius, the hermit, lived in the desert in a little community of solitaires. One day there was brought to him that which in the hot desert is the most tempting and exquisite of all luxuries, a bunch of fresh purple grapes, with the bloom and mist of their delicious ripeness upon them. Macarius hated the thought of taking them himself; he handed them to one of the brothers, but the same motive was strong in him, and he gave them to another. But again, this other preferred the enjoyment of a companion to his own; and so, in the absolute unselfishness of that community, the untouched, tempting grapes were handed from one to another, none wishing to keep what would be pleasant to his fellow, till at last they were handed back to Macarius again. Unselfishness had become as completely the law of that little brotherhood as selfishness is the law of the common world.

A French Laborer, Painfully Anxious About the fate of his little family should death take him away, one day found in a bush two birds' nests near each other. Constantly he watched them, till he saw a hawk pounce upon, and destroy the parent birds belonging to one of them. Sadly distressed, thinking that the fate of the little birds betokened the fate of his own little children, in the event of their losing him, he avoided the place for some time, but at last was drawn to look at the nest, expecting to find the fledgelings starved to death, but, to his surprise, they were alive and healthy. Standing by in astonishment he saw the parents of the other brood equally distribute the food they brought between their own young ones and the orphan birds, and took comfort in believing that the great Father would provide in a similar way for His children. So in truth should all the victims of want and woe find rescue and remedy for their sadness and their sorrow.

Story of the Heroic George Audley.—Mr. McKay said: "One stormy night the fisher-folk of Peterhead, on the East of Aberdeenshire, saw a large ship unable to battle with the wind and waves, being driven on to the rocks. No life-boat was at hand, nor would it have been of any use if there had been. The ship was plainly doomed, but thanks to the rocket apparatus the crew might still be saved. From a high cliff they discharged rocket after rocket, but all seemed to fall short. As the fated ship drifted nearer and nearer the shore, they distinctly saw three or four rocket lines fall on board, but the crew made no effort to use them. Either they did not know their use, or were too benumbed to avail themselves of them. George Audley had been on the cliff with the others, but suddenly he appeared on the shore, stripped. Then before anyone could interfere, he plunged into the raging sea. At last he gained the ship and was drawn on board. At once he set to work drawing in the lines of the rockets, and presently a good stout cable stretched between the ship and the shore. Upon this a cradle was swung and drawn to the ship, and one by one, the poor weary, half-drowned sailors were pulled to the shore, and, last of all, George Audley himself, almost dead with fatigue and exposure, but still living. What a cheer burst from the people as he was helped out of the cradle. How many poor sinners are being dashed on the rocks of distraction. But see through the sea of death and sin there comes a Saviour. The strong cable of faith is soon established between the ship of Mansoul and the golden shore."

THE SLAUGHTER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached at St. Louis, Mo., Last Sunday, April 7, 1889.

"As an ox to the slaughter."—Prov. 7:22.

The Ox an Unwitting Victim—Young Men Unconscious of their Peril—I. Society Slaughtering—The Ethics of Debt—Vagabond Debtors—A Leaf from Experience—The Misery of the Hunted Debtor—II. Irreligion Slaughtering—The Victim's Bible Captured—The Worst of all Larcenies—Where the Slaughtered Are—How to Stop the Slaughter—A Young Man's Bulwarks—The God-Given Outfit—A Young Englishman at the Tabernacle—Ole Bull's Watch.

THERE is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going on to a rich pasture-field of clover, where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance; but after a while the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars and into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with a well-aimed stroke the axe falls him; and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture-field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisiacal enjoyment; but after a while, influences with darker hue and swarthier arm close in upon him, and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden, he has gone "as an ox to the slaughter."

Slaughtered by Society.

I. We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed, when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the behest, "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others; you must wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding-house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry, or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or in a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it; nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man in the house but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of

Borrowed Money.

Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes, and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken-hearted at Abbotsford. Kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiseled over the fireplace at Abbotsford, "Waste not, want not."

The trouble is, my friends, the people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you

cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store, and I buy sugars and coffees and meats, with no capacity to pay for them, and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham. In the one case I take the merchant's time, and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him. In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts for debts he never expects to pay.

Peripatetic Debtors.

Yet in all our cities there are families that move every May-day to get into proximity to other grocers, and meat shops, and apothecaries. They owe everybody within half a mile of where they now live, and next May they will move into a distant part of the city, finding a new lot of victims. Meanwhile you, the honest family in the new house, are bothered day by day by the knocking at the door of disappointed bakers, and butchers, and dry-goods dealers, and newspaper carriers, and you are asked where your predecessor is. You do not know. It was arranged you should not know. Meanwhile your predecessor has gone to some distant part of the city, and the people who have anything to sell have sent their wagons and stopped there to solicit the "valuable" custom of the new neighbor, and he, the new neighbor, with great complacency and with an air of affluence, orders the finest steaks, and the highest priced sugars, and the best of the canned fruits, and, perhaps, all the newspapers. And the debts will keep on accumulating until he gets his goods on the 30th of next April in the furniture cart.

Now, let me say, if there are any such persons in the house, if you have any regard for your own convenience, you had better remove to some greatly distant part of the city. It is too bad that, having had all the trouble of consuming the goods, you should also have the trouble of being dunned! And let me say that if you find that this pictures your own photograph, instead of being in church

You Ought to be in the Penitentiary!

No wonder that so many of our merchants fail in business. They are swindled into bankruptcy by these wandering Arabs, these nomads of city life. They cheat the grocer out of the green apples which make them sick, the physician who attends their distress, and the undertaker who fits them out for departure from the neighborhood where they owe everybody, when they pay the debt of nature, *the only debt they ever do pay!*

Now our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain results. There is a law which controls even those

Things That Seem Haphazard.

I have been told by those who have observed that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be sent to the Dead Letter Office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be detained for lack of postage stamps through the forgetfulness of the senders; and that it is possible to tell just how many people will fall in the streets by slipping on an orange peel. In other words, there are no accidents. The most insignificant event you ever heard of is the link between two eternities—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Head the right way, and you will come out at the right goal.

Bring me a young man and tell me what his physical health is, and what his mental calibre, and what his habits, and I will tell you what will be his destiny for this world, and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make

five inaccurate prophecies out of the five hundred. All this makes me solicitous in regard to young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts. I give you a paragraph from

My Own Experience.

My first settlement as pastor was in a village. My salary was \$800 and a parsonage. The amount seemed enormous to me. I said to myself, "What! all this for one year?" I was afraid of getting worldly under so much prosperity! I resolved to invite all the congregations to my house in groups of twenty-five each, began, and as they were the best congregations in all the world, and we felt nothing was good for them, we piled all the luxuries on the table. I never completed the undertaking, the end of six months I was in financial despair. I found, what every young man learns time to save himself, or too late, that you must measure the size of a man's body before you begin to cut the cloth for his coat.

When a young man wilfully and of choice having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts, he knows not what he goes. The creditors get after the debtor, the pack of

Hounds in Full Cry.

and alas! for the reindeer. They jingle the door-bell before he gets up in the morning, they jingle his door-bell after he has gone to bed at night. They meet him as he comes off his front steps. They send him a postal-card, a letter, in curtest style, telling him to pay. They attach his goods. They want cash, note at thirty days, or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They discipline him at the church. They want turned out of the bank. They come at him from this side, and from that side, and from before, and from behind, and from above, from beneath, and he is insulted and gibbered and sued, and dunned, and sworn at, until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets consumptive disorder, gets consumption.

Now he is dead, and you say: "Of course they will let him alone!" Oh, no! Now they are watchful to see whether there are any necessary expenses at the obsequies, to see whether there is any useless handle on the ket, to see whether there is any surplus on the shroud, to see whether the heart is costly or cheap, to see whether the flowers to the casket have been bought by the father or donated, to see in whose name the deed the grave is made out. Then they ransack the bereft household, the books, the pictures, carpets, the chairs, the sofa, the piano, mattresses, the pillow on which he died. *Can he debt!* For the sake of your own happiness for the sake of your good morals, for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, you man, as far as possible, keep out of it!

II. But I think more young men are

Slaughtered Through Irreligion.

Take away a young man's religion, and make him the prey of evil. We all know the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now, if you want to destroy the young man's morals, take his Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures; you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirthful—Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's rib, then you will caricature eccentric Christians, inconsistent Christians; then you will pass as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity, which are as old as Time, Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Then you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress; the way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive him to stake for their encampment.

A steamer fifteen hundred miles from shore with broken rudder and lost compass, the hull leaking fifty gallons the hour, is be-

an a young man when you have robbed of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how meanly it is to take away the world's without proposing a substitute? It is easier than to come to a sick man and steal medicine; meaner than to come to a cripple steal his crutch; meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust; meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house. It is

The Worst of all Larcenies

steal the Bible, which has been the crutch, medicine and food and eternal home to so many! What a generous and magnanimous man is infidelity! This splitting of life-boats and taking away of fire-escapes, extinguishing of light-houses! I come out and say to such people, "What are you doing for?" "Oh," they say, "just for fun." It is such fun to see Christians try to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones, and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them there is no resurrection! Many of them have loved that Christ came to carry the burdens to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them they will have to be their saviour! Think of the meanest thing you have heard of; then go down a thousand feet beneath it, and you will find yourself at the bottom of a stairs a hundred miles long; go to the top of the stairs, and you will find a ladder a thousand miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as far as from here to China, and you will find the headwaters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace, death, and its only hope for immortality. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and you are is

Not Much Left to Slaughter.

Now, what has become of the slaughtered? Well, some of them are in their father's or mother's house broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital; others are in the penitentiary, or, rather, their bodies are, for their souls have gone on to retribution. Not much respect for a young man who started life with good health, and good education, and a Christian example set him, and opportunity of usefulness, who gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and dropped it into the sea. Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person in the house who is interested in that question. Young man, save yourself! The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defense. Wait not for Young Men's Christian Associations to protect you, or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help,

Take Care of Yourself.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor, a fashionable boarding-house, or a room in the fourth story of a cheap lodging, I care not. Only have that one room your fortress. Do not the dissipator or unclean step over the threshold. If they come up the long flight of stairs and knock at the door, meet them face to face, and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, you brought them with you from your country home. Have a Bible on the stand. If you can afford it, and you can play on one, have an instrument of music—harp or flute, or cornet, or clodeon, or violin, or piano. Every morning before you leave that room, pray. Every night after you come home in that room, pray. Make at room your Gibraltar, your Sebastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room, any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stairs; your help will come, through the roof, down from heaven, from God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say, regard to your adverse worldly circumstances,

in passing, that you are on a level, now with those who are

Finally to Succeed.

Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who thirty years from now are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and state—are this morning on a level with you, not an inch above you, and in straitened circumstances now. Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the fields of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers. No outfit, no capital, to start with! Young man, go down to the Mercantile Library and get some books, and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no

Capital to Start With.

Equipped! Why, the poorest young man in this house is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him. Then his body—a very poor affair compared with his wonderful soul—oh, that is what makes me solicitous. I am not so much anxious about you, young man, because you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have much to risk, and lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store and most of the operatives in the factory.

The Rapids of Temptation

and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat headed upstream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under. Ah! when I told you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me if you thought I meant you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine cup, or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply, and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right thinking, and right believing, and acting will take you in safety through this life, and in transport through the next.

I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer: "Oh Lord, help us. We find it so very easy to do wrong, and so hard to do right. Lord, help us." That prayer, I warrant you, reached the ear of God, and reached His heart. And there are in this house a hundred men who have found out—a thousand young men, perhaps, who have found out—that very thing. It is so easy to do wrong, and so hard to do right.

I got a letter, only one paragraph of which I shall read: "Having moved around somewhat I have run across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after that will-o'-the-wisp, fortune, and of one of these I would speak. He was

A Young Englishman

of twenty three or four years, who came to New York, where he had acquaintances, with barely sufficient to keep him a couple of weeks. He had been tenderly reared; perhaps I should say too tenderly, and was not used to earning his living, and found it extremely difficult to get any position that he was capable of filling.

After many vain efforts in this direction he found himself on Sunday evening in Brooklyn, near your church, with about three dollars left of his small capital. Providence seemed to lead him to your door, and he determined to go in and hear you.

"He told me his going to hear you that night was undoubtedly the turning-point in his life, for when he went into your church he felt desperate, but while listening to your discourse his better nature got the mastery. I truly believe, from what this young man told me, that your sounding the depths of his heart that night alone brought him back to his God whom he was so near leaving."

The echo, that is, of multitudes in the house. I am not preaching an abstraction, but

A Great Reality.

Oh! friendless young man, Oh! prodigal young man, Oh! broken-hearted young man, discouraged young man, wounded young man, I commend you to Christ this day, the best friend a man ever had. He meets you this morning. You have come here for this blessing. Despair not that emotion rising in your soul; it is divinely lifted. Look into the face of Christ. Lift one prayer to your father's God, to your mother's God, and get the pardoning blessing. Now, while I speak, you are at the forks of the road.

One Sabbath morning, at the close of my service, I saw a gold watch of the world-renowned and deeply lamented violinist Ole Bull. You remember he died in his island home off the coast of Norway. That gold watch he had wound up day after day through his illness, and then he said to his companion, "Now I want to wind this watch as long as I can, and then when I am gone I want you to keep it wound up until it gets to my friend Dr. Doremus, in New York, and then he will keep it wound up until his life is done, and then I want the watch to go to his young son, my especial favorite."

The great musician who more than any other artist had made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph—for it seemed, when he drew the bow across the strings, as if all the earth and heaven trembled in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While

All the World was Mourning

at his departure, sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland. There were fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheatre of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak, the fifty thousand people burst into tears.

Oh! that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy. But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right, and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the one hundred and forty and four thousand shall accord with Christ in crying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children, until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress, because time itself shall be no longer.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 328 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?

By Rev. L. W. Munhall, M. D.*

The Bible Distinction—Are Atrocities on the Increase?—The Massacre of the Innocents Eclipsed—A Worse Persecution than Nero's Coming—Intemperance Increasing—Betrayal of Trusts—Desecration of the Lord's Day—Sunday Trains and Newspapers—The Church Corrupted.

THE above question is often asked. I answer, Yes! and, No! If by "the world" is meant the mass of the earth's population, I answer, Yes! I believe there are more churches in the world to-day; more Gospel agencies employed; more Christians (save possibly in the early part of the third century); more pure Gospel preaching (the while there is more error promulgated); more educational, benevolent, and elevating agencies at work (the direct and indirect result of the Gospel of the Son of God), than ever before. In this sense, this is the best day the world has seen. If it is meant by "the world"

What the Bible Means.

I answer, No! The Holy Scriptures recognize but three classes of persons, viz.: The Jews, the Church, and the "world that lieth in wickedness." These are never confounded in the Word of God. According to the Holy Scriptures, the world will wax worse and worse unto the end. The following are a few of many passages on the subject:

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron." (1 Tim. 4:1, 2.) "But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived." (II Tim. 3, 13.)

"But, beloved, remember ye the words which were spoken before of the Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ; how that they told you there should be mockers in the last time, who should walk after their own ungodly lusts. These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the spirit." (Jude, 17-19.)

But it is alleged that far greater atrocities were committed in the early part of the present era than in these times. This I do not believe. Of course this is a question that can never be settled to the satisfaction of everybody. However, it may be profitable to draw a few contrasts. But before doing so, let me insist upon it that the standard of judgment indicated in the Scriptures, "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required," (Luke 12:48) shall be observed. The greater light, intelligence, and refinement of our boasted civilization makes the same offence, committed by a lot of pagans and barbarians centuries ago, the more heinous and inexcusable.

The Massacre of the Innocents

by Herod's order is cited as a case that cannot be repeated in these days. But Herod is out-Heroded by the *dicta* of the world's so-called first society, in so-called Christian lands. Said society has decreed that maternity is unfashionable; and, as a result, one thousand innocents are murdered every year in these lands, to one murdered in obedience to Herod's decree.

The cruel persecutions and slaughter under the early Roman Emperors, more especially under the Neronian despotism, has not been repeated in these times, nor can they be, say some. Even now I hear of similar atrocities being perpetrated in the interior of Africa, at the command of a despot no more or less barbaric than was Nero. But the Word of God tells us plainly that

More Fearful Atrocities.

by far, than the Neronian, will befall God's people in the last days. Here is the testimony; "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel, the prophet, stand in the holy place (whoso readeth, let him understand). Then let them that be in Judea flee to the mountains: let him which is on the house-top not come down to take anything out

*From his new work, "The Lord's Return, and Kindred Truth." Published by Fleming H. Revell, 148 Madison Street, Chicago.

of his house: neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes. And woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days! But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day: for then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." (Matt. 24:15, 22.)

Thus the Word of God settles this part of the question. Also the tortures of the Inquisition, though they are not to be placed upon a plane with the Neronian persecutions, as they were committed by the Church of Jesus Christ, so-called (Roman Catholic), which is no more tolerant and Christlike now, but reckoned to be Christian, to the last member, by all well-regulated optimists. Don't we all know that

Intemperance is Upon the Increase?

The ever rapidly-increasing manufacture and consumption of intoxicating liquor makes it very certain that this is so. Don't we all know that "John Barleycorn" comes more nearly dominating the civil and social affairs in the United States than Christian principles? Does he not dictate nearly all the laws that would affect him, directly or indirectly? Does he not override whatever laws he pleases? The Congress of the United States can't put him out of the Capitol building. Haven't they tried it more than once? and isn't the cursed bar still there? Why don't the United States Government collect the millions of dollars due it on the whisky tax? It don't; it never will. The whisky pool, at Washington, is too big; they have too much money. John Barleycorn controls nearly all the elections and pretty much all the politics in the United States. He has laid his ruthless and un pitying hand upon nearly all commerce and trade; and his dark shadow is flung across the threshold of nearly every home in the land. When were these things ever so certainly and extensively true as now? And all this in a so-called Christian land, in the face of the heroic and persistent efforts of the Christian and other temperance people.

Were public and commercial trusts in the United States so extensively betrayed fifty years ago, in proportion to population and the monetary transactions of the land, as now? When ever in the history of civilized nations was crime so prevalent and lawlessness so alarmingly general? Let the records answer. How about the

Desecration of the Lord's Day?

Twenty-five years ago a Sunday railway train was scarcely heard of. But now nine-tenths of the railroads in the United States use Sunday as a "clearing-up day"—doing more work on that day than any other of the week. There are thousands of professing Christians who have no conscience about riding on the cars on Sunday, and thus keep thousands of the employes of these corporations from the house of worship, and deprive them of the rest God designed every living creature should have, who wouldn't have thought of doing such a thing a dozen years ago.

Twenty-five years ago a Sunday issue of a secular newspaper was a rare thing. Now, there is not a score, of the hundreds of leading morning newspapers in the land, that do not issue a Sunday edition, which is quite twenty-five per cent. larger than that of any other day of the week. Thousands upon thousands of professing Christians, who a few years ago would spend the early hours of the Lord's day reading God's Holy Word, and in meditating upon eternal verities, and be by these means prepared to enter upon the worship of the assembly of the saints, now spend these hours in reading in the

Sunday Secular Papers

the reports of the commercial transactions and society and political events of the day before; and the appalling record of crime and shame that these enterprising papers have been able, by their great "Muck Rates," to gather from

the gutters and slums of the earth; and, with their minds filled with such things, they go some of them—to church, and if the minister gives the congregation the "heavenly manna" they have no appetite for it, and insist that a sermon was very stupid, dull and long, and must have a new minister, one who is abreast the times, who has a new theology, and will preach upon the practical subjects of the day. A result of this is, the faithful minister preaches to empty pews, oftentimes. Another result many ministers have yielded to the pressure and are preaching "another gospel that is in another." (Gal. 1:6, 7.)

The Church Corrupted.

Do we not all know that the world has brazenly intruded itself into the visible Church and is even now dictating to Christians how they shall live—what shall be their pleasure pastimes, and occupations. Twenty-five years ago, dancing, card-playing, wine-drinking, theatre-going, etc., were not allowed in nine-tenths of our so-called Protestant churches. We have known not a few persons expelled from the Church for indulging in such things. It is so no longer. Let the Church authorities attempt to enforce the rules relating to such things, if they dare, and they will find, very quickly, that the camel is in the mill and proposes to stay.

Are not these things but the fulfilment of the prophecies? "Must not judgment begin at the house of God?" (1 Peter 4:17.) Ought not "the axe" to be "laid unto the root of the trees"? (Luke 3:9.)

PROGRESS IN COREA.

IN view of the recent reports widely circulated, that Christian work in Corea has been stopped by the royal interdict, a letter just published in the *Independent* from the Rev. H. G. Underwood, who writes from Seoul, in Corea, contains welcome news. He says: "For the amount of labor expended, and seed sown, no work has yielded a better increase, no field a better harvest than that in Corea during the past year. Still further, I think I may be safe in stating that leaving entirely out of the question the labor expended and the seed sown, in no land on the face of this globe has the Church shown as great a proportionate increase during 1888 as the native Church of Christ in Corea. A year ago we were small in numbers, and, being an infant church, weak in faith. Now we have increased to almost six times what we were then, and a decided growth 'in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ' is seen."

The applicants for baptism have been more numerous, more decided in their belief, more zealous in their desires to profess a faith in Christ, than ever before. The very talk about the "Royal decree" opened the door for the preaching of the gospel to many an official who came to call. Officials in high rank are inquiring the way. Christian books are more read and more sought after than ever before. Our services, which are now public, are more largely attended. The old fear of outsiders has been put aside, and the sacraments are administered before men who know not Christ. Mr. Appenzeller, in a trip north last fall, was entertained at the magistracy of a certain town. There inquirers after truth came to learn about the Gospel. In the presence of petty officials they were taught the way of life, and before he left, right in the magistracy itself, a number were baptized. The work that we are doing is known to the officials, and yet we are treated as friends. They call on us, and in every way show at least their kindly feelings toward us.

A winter theological class has just closed, and eight earnest devoted men have gone back to their homes and work to teach the truth. They spent the whole time they were here in earnestly studying the Bible and inquiring as to the latest means of spreading a knowledge of the truth.

Among the women of this land it is hard to work. None but women can reach them, and

there are but few here that are able to do anything for them. Mrs. M. F. Scranton, of the Methodist Church, and Mrs. Dr. J. W. Heron, of the Presbyterian Church, have each of them been doing a good work in this line, and their influence is reaching farther and farther. As a result of their labors several have been baptized, and there is the prospect of having, at no very late date, a number of Christian mothers training their sons and daughters for the Lord.

A CHILD LOBBYIST.

WHEN the question of submitting a Prohibition Amendment to the people of Nebraska was before the Legislature of that State, it was evident that the vote would be very close. Indeed, submission was only carried by the change of two votes from nay to aye. Mr. McNickle, one of the members who so changed his vote, made a speech in explanation, which is thus reported in the *National Temperance Advocate*:

"Mr. Speaker, I wish to change my vote. I am placed in a very trying position. I represent two counties, and one of these counties favors the submission of a prohibitory amendment, while the other is opposed to it. I was nominated under the firm conviction that I should be defeated in the county which is opposed to submission, but some of my supporters induced me to make that county a promise that I would vote against a submission bill, and upon that ground they claim that I secured my election. But you can understand my predicament when I tell you that people from both these counties have been urging me to vote in accordance with their wishes. I realize that it will be an impossibility for me to please both sides. I have been very greatly troubled over this matter. I have lost a great many nights' sleep thinking what is best to do. Yes, I have even been looking for guidance from some higher power in this very difficult question to decide, but I have about come to the conclusion that the Lord has little to do with the affairs of a Nebraska legislature. I have consulted with my family upon the question, and the other evening my little five-year-old boy climbed upon my knee, and putting his arms around my neck, he said: 'You will vote right on submission, won't you, papa?' I shall now say to both the counties I represent that I cannot please you both, I will disregard the wishes of the county on my right and the county on my left, but with the grace of God helping me, I will vote for the salvation and welfare of my boy; I therefore vote aye, Mr. Speaker."

A DRUNKEN MERCHANT SAVED.

AMONG the reminiscences of Mr. J. C. Lanphier, the founder of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, is a remarkable instance of the rescue of a despairing merchant. He says: A merchant in a neighboring city stood very high in social life. He was an earnest, devoted Christian, and took an active part in Sunday-school and mission work. Financial reverses overtook him. He yielded to the intoxicating cup, and fell from his high position. Full of shame and mortification at his disgrace, he signed the pledge and resolved once more to be a man. Though he stood pledged to abstain, the love of intoxicating drink was very strong, so strong that it overpowered him the second time. The ruin of the man seemed complete. His family became alienated, and left him. He seemed to have no friends. Poverty came upon him like an armed man, and he was literally an outcast. He came to New York in the hope of picking up some work, but was disappointed. He resolved to put an end to his life, and purchased laudanum with that intent.

Something held him back, and he started for Fulton Street, where in sunnier days he had enjoyed the presence of the Lord. He took a back seat. Among the requests read at the meeting was for a poor, unfortunate drunkard, who was struggling with his appetite. He was moved to send a request for himself. Perhaps here might be found the help for which he had

sought in vain elsewhere. He went home and wrote a request asking the meeting to pray for "one who was an outcast from his house, from his Church, and from his friends, by reason of strong drink." This was sent to the room by a little boy. He was present when the request was read. In the meeting was one who related his experience. This speaker said he had fallen six times, and had been taken up each time by a Christian brother, and it was not until he had committed himself wholly to the Saviour that he found his appetite for drink conquered. The desperate man took courage. He went to his room, locked the door, fell on his knees and told the Saviour all. Before he arose he felt that he was fully pardoned. He arose with the love of strong drink taken wholly from him, as he believes, in answer to earnest prayer. Months have passed, and the desire for strong drink has never returned. He has been readmitted to the Church of God, and a happy home and good business await him.

A BOHEMIAN REPROBATE CONVERTED.

IN a recent report to the American Bible Society Mr. Clark, the Secretary, mentioned an incident reported to him by a colporteur in Bohemia. The colporteur said: "Some months ago I came in contact with a very bad man. He was not only intemperate, but guilty of gross immorality. At first I was afraid of him, but God's Word, which he finally bought, softened his heart. Soon he began visiting our Bible meetings instead of spending the evening in some drinking-saloon. For weeks he was a very attentive listener. One day in his work in repairing a pump, he fell twenty feet or more into the well. As soon as I had time, I visited him in the hospital, where he lay seemingly unconscious. My first duty was to comfort his weeping wife. Soon he opened his eyes. To my question, 'Do you know me?' he replied, 'Yes,' and began repeating the hymn, 'Come to Jesus.' His wife remarked, 'We sang that hymn the morning he met with this severe accident.' After a little rest he said, 'I would like to hear that hymn to-morrow in the meeting.' 'Do you believe that Jesus has received you, and that His blood has cleansed you?' 'Yes, I believe that He has pardoned all my sins.' He soon fell asleep, to wake no more in this life."

A MISSIONARY'S ARGUMENT.

AN illustration of the discussions which arise in missionary work is given in Dr. Cullis's *Times of Refreshing* in the course of a letter from Rev. W. A. Moore, who is laboring at Basim, India. Mr. Moore says: One night was especially interesting. While I was talking, a man asked, "Sahib, are we not to worship idols?" I asked, "What is the good of worshipping idols?" Another then asked, "Is God only in one place, or is He everywhere?" I replied, "He is everywhere." "Then, Sahib, if God is everywhere, He is in the trees, and stones, etc., and if I believe that God is in this tree, won't I find Him there?" A good number thought that was a very conclusive argument. Said I, "You believe that God is in everything—trees, stones, etc.?" "Yes." "Granted, for a moment, that that is true. If I put up a stone here, none of you will worship it. No; first a Brahman must come and repeat a munvaa over it, and bring the divinity into it, and then you will worship it. Now I want to know where the Brahman brings his divinity from into the stone, if the divinity was in that stone before?" It was good to see the astonishment of the people. They looked at each other and wagged their heads, saying, "Whha!" (an exclamation of approbation). I then said: "Some have asked us whether God has not given us all these gods because He was invisible. Which man of you here would say to his wife when coming to the jatra, 'Bai, I am going to the jatra, and you won't see me for some days. Now, to remind you of me, I bring these four men for you to keep as your husbands till I return; which of you would do it?' Many of

them, with a look of disgust, said, 'Chee! chee what man would do that?' Said I: "Do you think that God would give human beings idols to worship because He is invisible? Never. He says that whoever worships idols commits adultery. He is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth."

The services continued increasing in interest, and the congregations increased also.

SCHOOL WORK IN SYRIA.

IN a letter from the Rev. F. E. Hoskins, a Presbyterian missionary at Zahleh, to the *Church*, he thus describes the difficulties of conducting Christian schools in Syria: "We have had trouble in Zahleh from several quarters, but are unmolested now, and the schools are doing nicely. The Governor seems friendly. He showed his feeling a few weeks ago in a curious way. The teacher of the girls in the small school complained of having been stoned by the boys near the school. We tried in vain to prevent it, but at last appealed to the Governor. He struck a stunning blow at the root of the trouble by arresting the mothers of all the troublesome boys. He kept them in ward until sundown. Since then we have had nothing to complain of."

"We are just about closing two small schools near Baalbec. One of them was new, in the Metawali village of Yaat; the other at Ain Burdhai, where a school was begun nine years ago, but discontinued four years ago. The kaimakam at Baalbec was implacable. He sent for the parents of the scholars, and threatened to imprison them. When Mr. Ford and I called on him he said he meant to turn over all the schools, and close those that had not special orders from Constantinople. He said that for the present we might keep our schools open, but he would see that the children did not come. We have sent the teacher of Yaat back to Schleja, whence he came, so that we have only one school less in that region. The school in Ain Burdhai was closed by the opposition of the bishop, who very recently visited the village."

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY AS A DENTIST.

IN a magazine devoted to the profession of dentistry Mr. Edward Ayton says that before Stanley started on his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha his teeth needed professional attention, and the great explorer consulted Mr. Ayton. "Among other things, he told me," says Mr. Ayton, "that he also was a dentist, but that his practice extended only to the extraction of teeth. A set of forceps always formed part of his baggage. The extraction of a tooth was a great event in a native village, the inhabitants turning out, and assembling in large numbers in front of the tent of the wonderful white medicine man, to witness what to them was almost a miracle. Stanley, who knew the value of 'effect' on the natives, and the advantage to be gained by impressing them with the greatness of the white man, encouraged this curiosity, and with laudable intention gave himself a certain amount of airs, which increased the solemn gravity of the situation. The critical moment arrived, the chattering of the negroes would cease, and the rolling white eyes would be concentrated on the movements of the operator and on the victim. The operation over, the offending member would be eagerly examined, amid much gesticulation and delighted exclamations of astonishment."

"I suppose," said I, "your patient was usually grateful, and his gratitude took some tangible form."

"No," replied Stanley, slowly; "not often. They have nothing to bring. A young fowl, some bananas, or a few edible roots they sometimes brought me; but they are very poor."

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfillment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate Adjourned Finally, After Electing Mr. Ingalls President pro tem., on April 2. During its session it received from the President 284 messages, containing 350 nominations. Of these only two were rejected. They were Murat Halstead, to be Minister to Germany, and I. S. Loventhal, to be Postmaster at Modesto, Cal. Eight others, six of which were postmasters, were not acted upon, and are therefore void. Twenty-two States shared in the distribution of the greater offices, New York getting the largest share. She had one Cabinet-officer—General Tracy—and three important foreign missions, those of France, Russia, and Austria, besides the Commissioner of Pensions and two Assistant Secretaries, those of the Treasury and Interior. The most important of the foreign offices in which no change has been made are the missions to the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, China, Germany, Greece, the Hawaiian Islands, Liberia, Paraguay, Persia, Roumania, Serbia, Siam, and Turkey.

The Representatives of the United States at the Congress of American Nations to be held in Washington in November next have been selected by the President, and on April 2 were approved by the Senate. They are ten in number, and three of them are said to be Democrats. They are: John B. Henderson, of Missouri; Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York; William Pinckney Whyte, of Maryland; Clement Studebaker, of Indiana; T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Massachusetts; William H. Trescott, of South Carolina; Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania; John R. G. Pitkin, of Louisiana; Morris M. Estee, of California; and J. F. Hansom, of Georgia. The nations to participate in the Congress are the Republics of Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo, and the Empire of Brazil. They will send delegates on the invitation of our Government for the purpose of discussing some plan of arbitration for the settlement of disagreements and disputes that may hereafter arise between them, and for considering questions relating to the improvement of business intercourse.

Confirmation of the News of the Marine Disaster at Samoa reached the Department of the Navy on March 30. It appears that a terrific hurricane struck the ships in the harbor at Apia on March 15. The British steamer *Calliope* had her steam up, and put out to sea, and was saved. The German man-of-war *Eber* was the first to drag her anchor, and she drifted helplessly on the reef that runs around the harbor. She sank a few minutes after striking, and as the majority of the crew were below-deck at the time, it is thought that none escaped. Her sister ship, the *Adler*, followed her, and was lifted by a huge wave and dropped with a terrific crash on the reef. Her captain and a few officers and seamen saved themselves by swimming. The United States war-ship *Nipsic* was the next to yield to the storm, but her captain steered her for a sandbank, where she ran aground. All her crew were saved in the boats, but seven were lost in the capsizing of one of the boats. The *Vandalia's* disaster was much more fatal. She struck the reef, and her captain, several officers, and most of the crew were washed off and drowned. Soon afterward the *Trenton*, which had so far held fast, though much battered, began to drift.

She struck on the wreck of the *Vandalia*, and a large hole was stove in her keel. Happily, all on board of her were saved. The loss of life is very mournful. The American ships lost four officers and forty-six men, and the Germans ninety-six. It is deeply significant that these mighty vessels, representing two great powers, were powerless before that great Power which rules the winds and the waves, and the people of the islands could see that He was mightier than the mightiest.

Extensive Preparations are Being Made for the celebration of the Presidential Centenary in April next. On April 30, 1789, George Washington formally took the oath of office in New York, and efforts will be made to commemorate the day in a fitting manner. The Committee in charge of the affair suggest that at 9 o'clock in the morning religious services should be held in every church in New York in commemoration of the services that took place in 1789. It is hoped that similar services will be held throughout the nation. A special service will be held in New York, in St. Paul's Church, and will be attended by the President and Vice-President of the United States, just as Washington and John Adams worshipped there 100 years previously. It will be conducted by Bishop Potter, and the Rev. Morgan Dix of Trinity Church. After the service at St. Paul's the scene will be changed to the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building, which is on the site of Federal Hall, in front of which Washington took the oath of office. A prayer will there be offered by the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, and an oration by Chauncey M. Depew. The President of the United States is expected there also, and it is hoped that John Greenleaf Whittier will be able to read an original poem. Then a great military and industrial procession will pass in review before the President of the United States. There is also to be a naval display in the harbor, and France has been invited to send ships to take part, in recognition of the aid she gave to the young nation a hundred years ago. A proclamation issued by the President on April 5, makes the day a day of National Thanksgiving.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker's Address on prohibition, in the Bethany Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday March 31, has surprised many Republicans, who cannot understand a member of the Republican Cabinet taking so decisive a stand as he did in favor of the prohibition amendment. It is clear that Mr. Wanamaker did not sell his conscience when he accepted office. He said: "Just as the saloon keeper must answer for every glass he sells, so we must answer for voting for liquor. It is simply a question of whether or not we are in favor of the saloon. It isn't a question of high license. The quibble that prohibition does not prohibit has nothing to do with it. The law against stealing does not prevent stealing. The same power that puts the amendment in our Constitution will attend to the enforcement of the law. It is our duty to make it as difficult to get liquor as it is to get poison. License means that the city, the State, and the saloon keeper, shall go into partnership to ruin men, to build up jails, almshouses, hospitals, and houses of correction, and to keep up the taxes. God's going to count the votes. Vote for prohibition and you will be voting for Him, for order, for religion, and for the highest civilization. He will see every ballot. When you go home to-night go down on your knees, every one of you, and pray God to help you to carry the amendment."

The Flight of General Boulanger to Brussels last week was a fruitful subject of European discussion. He heard that the Government had decided to prosecute him for disloyalty, and he promptly fled, under an assumed name, and did not rest until he was safe beyond the frontier. In an interview with a reporter he professed to believe that he feared he would not get justice at his trial if he remained behind in Paris. The general impression, however, is that there was a strong probability of his getting justice, and

that it was precisely the realization of that fact that prompted the General to run away. The French law allows a man to be prosecuted in his absence if he does not choose to be present, and the Government therefore has decided to go on with the trial, and the Legislature has endorsed the prosecution. In asking its permission to proceed, Premier Tirard said: "We desire to prosecute a man who is seeking to overthrow the Republic. It is our duty to defend the institutions of our country against the intrigues of factions, and to take every means to safeguard France from the horrors of civil war." After speeches by other members, a vote was taken sanctioning the prosecution of General Boulanger. The Chamber decided, by a vote of 355 to 203, in favor of prosecution.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley's Thrilling Story of his long journey was given to the press on April 2. It is a record of misfortune, danger, toil, and disaster. Setting out from Yambuga on June 28, 1887, with 389 officers and men, he did not meet Emin until April 29, 1888, having made a land journey of 1,705 miles through a country full of natural obstacles and infested with enemies. During 160 days the expedition wandered in a vast forest, from which it emerged with only 173 men, having lost some by death, some by desertion, and having left some sick in a camp. Stanley's worst difficulty arose from the conduct of the Arabs, who devastated the country and burned the villages on his route, so that no food could be obtained. On the second day of the march the expedition was molested by the natives, but did not suffer loss. On August 13, however, a more serious engagement took place, and Stanley lost five men by poisoned arrows, and Lieutenant Stairs was dangerously wounded. On October 18, the men were so weak through living solely on nuts and roots, that it was decided to leave the boat at Killinga Longa, with seventy loads of goods, under the care of Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson. On November 12 food became plentiful, and the expedition halted for thirteen days to recuperate. Marching on, it came to the country of the chief Mazamboni, and here the expedition was again attacked by the natives, and severe fighting occurred. The natives were eventually driven off, after a hard struggle, and the march continued. On December 17 the weary men were gladdened by the sight of the Albert Nyanza. There Stanley expected to have met Emin Pasha, but evidently Emin had not received news of Stanley's coming, for he did not come down the lake. Their own boat had been left behind, and they could get no canoes. There was no other resource but for Stanley to turn back and fetch his boat. In this emergency Stanley himself was stricken down with sickness, and it took a month to nurse him back to health. The boat recovered, and carried back to the Nyanza, its crew sighted the southernmost point of Emin's territory on April 26. Three days later Emin came to the camp, and he and Stanley remained together until May 25. Stanley then set out to meet the column under Major Barttelot, which should have followed him. He came upon it on August 17, fearfully thinned and discouraged. Eleven days later he completed his letter and dispatched it. He was then about to return to Emin, and ascertain if he was willing to leave. Emin was partly persuaded to do so, when Stanley left him, but was hesitating, because he had 10,000 people with him, many of whom were women and children, whom it would be difficult to transport to the coast. What was finally done we do not know. It is rumored that Stanley and Emin are now on their way with their large cavalcade to Zanzibar, but there is no reliable intelligence since the date of Stanley's letter, August 28, 1888.

Very Liberal Terms are Offered to any Person canvassing for subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Sample copies will be sent, postage paid, on application from any one desiring to undertake the work. Ministers and others will find it easy to obtain subscriptions. Send postal card for terms, and state number of sample copies required. Address The Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

Encouraging Reports of the Progress of Bishop Riley's work in Mexico are given by Mr. L. B. Heller, who has recently returned from a business tour in that country. Mr. Heller's object in visiting the country was to introduce several valuable inventions and useful patents, in which he is financially interested, but being an earnest Christian he always endeavors, wherever he goes, to do some work for his Master. In the city of Mexico he made inquiries for an evangelical place of worship, and as to the various missionary efforts being made there. He found that the Mexican people are extremely jealous of their nationality, and suspicious of any movement, religious or otherwise, having foreign origin. He found that they regard Bishop Riley's services and institutions as a national Church, and are therefore more favorable to it than to missionary efforts, which excite fear and prejudice. Mr. Heller attended the service in Bishop Riley's cathedral, and was much impressed with the earnestness and power of the preacher, and the large and attentive audience. He also visited the schools in connection with the work, and speaks highly of their efficiency. It is his deliberate judgment, from personal observation, that the work under Bishop Riley's leadership is the most important of all the efforts now being made to evangelize Mexico.

Two Girl Stowaways Arrived in Philadelphia on board the *S. S. Ohio* on April 3. They were involuntary voyagers, and had no fraudulent motive. It appears that some friends of theirs were coming to America, and the two girls boarded the vessel at Queenstown, Ireland, to wish them farewell. They were in the "between decks" when the notice, "All ashore that's going," was given before the tender cast away to take back to Queenstown, three miles away from the vessel, those who had come to the *Ohio* to say good-by. The two girls did not hear the warning, and the steamer was under way and the tender a spot in the distance before the girls knew they were on the way to America without their passage paid, and without even a change of clothing. Their friends cared for them, and they weren't thrown overboard, as they had feared they would be when the captain sternly questioned them as to why they were on the vessel without paying their passage. As they are strong and intelligent, and able to earn their livelihood here, they are to be allowed to remain, and are glad to do so. It will be very different with those worldly Christians who fail to hear and obey the warning cry now being raised to come out from the world and be separate, lest they be partakers in its plagues. (Rev. 18:4.)

An Extensive System of Forgery and Fraud has been brought to light in New Orleans by the death of a prominent official. He had lived in high social circles, and was much respected by a large number of personal friends, and the public generally. He lived expensively, but as he had a very extensive connection in his business as a notary public, no suspicion of his integrity was entertained. On March 29 his executors were astonished to receive, among the claims for which they had called, a large number of promissory notes, for which the deceased was liable as collateral security. On examination, all these notes proved to be forgeries. When a person came to him in transactions of real estate, the notary had made two sets of mortgage notes, one set of which was genuine, and properly signed, while to the other he forged all the names required, copying the signatures from the genuine notes, and this second set he had disposed of for his own benefit to persons seeking good investments for their money. No inquiries were made, as he paid the interest regularly; and he had carried on the business in this way for twenty years, no one apparently having the slightest suspicion. It was only when his death was announced, and the holders of the forged mortgaged notes presented their claims, that his crime was discovered. It is so with other forms of sin. Even if the perpetrator conceals his wickedness for many years, and

dies without suffering human retribution, the claims are presented then, for all the evil he has done, and if not expunged by the blood of Christ, an account must be rendered of all the deeds done in the body. (Rom. 2:5, 6.)

A Marriage on the Bank of a Brook is Com-memorated in the quaint name still borne by a stream which runs between Massachusetts and Connecticut. A contemporary replying to a question as to the origin of the name Bride Brook says that it was given by John Winthrop, who in 1646 was Governor of Massachusetts. A couple living in Connecticut applied to him to unite them in marriage, as there was no person in their neighborhood authorized to perform the ceremony. Mr. Winthrop's commission extended only to Massachusetts, he therefore suggested to them that they should come to the brook which formed the western boundary, and he would meet them there. They agreed, and on the bank of the brook, in the midst of a dreary waste of snow, far away from human habitation the two were united, and Mr. Winthrop gave the name of Bride Brook to the stream in memory of the event. Probably few persons knew before this why the brook was so named, but to the young people united there, the name would be full of meaning so long as they lived, reminding them that it was there they began their new life. It is so with those who have passed from death into life. The place where Christ met them and gave them new life in Him, may be to others a common place soon forgotten, but to them it is henceforth a sacred spot, hallowed by holy memories. (Ps. 137:5-7.)

A Surgical Remedy for Lying and Stealing was tried recently in New York. A distinguished physician told the reporter of a daily journal that he was called to attend a boy of twelve years of age, who had received a blow on the head from a board which fell upon him while he was playing in a half-built house. The wound soon healed, but the boy showed a remarkable change of character. The physician knew him before the injury, and said that he possessed many excellent qualities, being amiable, truthful, and affectionate. After his recovery from the wound, he manifested a complete change of character. He would steal, tell lies, and act brutally. His parents were heart-broken, and mentioned the sad change to the physician. He studied the case, and at length advised that the boy be trephined. The operation was skillfully performed, and, after the piece of skull was removed, a small splinter of bone was found pressing on the brain. It was taken away, the section of skull replaced, and the boy rapidly recovered. To the delight of his parents, the evil traits which had caused them so much sorrow entirely disappeared, and their son was once more the truthful, honest, and obedient boy that he was before his injury. The surgical remedy was successful in this case because the cause of the trouble was physical, but in the majority of cases of lying and stealing the source of the evil is moral and spiritual, and then nothing but the touch of the Great Physician can cure. (Deut. 30:6.)

A Term of Imprisonment as a Cure for the opium habit was recommended a few days ago by a man who returned from Sing Sing to New York after a prolonged residence in the Penitentiary. Several years ago the released prisoner, then a man of thirty-five years of age, was an habitual opium eater. His business was ruined, his memory impaired, and he was a physical wreck, but he could not abandon the habit. The quantity of the drug necessary to satisfy his craving cost two dollars a day, and, after practicing all kinds of meannesses to obtain money for the purpose, he tried to rob a grocer's till. He was detected and arrested. He sent word to a friend, who was also a victim of the habit, that he was in prison, begging him for pity's sake to bring him a little opium to relieve his sufferings. His friend kept him supplied while he was in the Tombs, but after he was sent to Sing Sing he could do no more for him. The enforced abstinence from the drug in the

Penitentiary produced its usual results. The man suffered absolute torture with cramps in the stomach, aching of every limb and joint, and excruciating, lacerating pains in the back. The prison physician was summoned, and grew interested in his case. He kept life in the prisoner while he went through the ordeal of deprivation of the drug, and as, being a prisoner, there were no means of evading vigilance and getting a fresh supply, he gradually struggled through. By the time his term expired he was completely emancipated from the awful slavery of his habit. Meeting his friend on Broadway after his release from prison, he gravely and sincerely urged him to get arrested and go through the same experience, assuring him that the joy he would feel in deliverance would amply compensate him for the agony he would endure in the process. That is the experience of the sinner after he has been delivered by Christ from the chains of sin. What he cannot do himself is done for him, and he has no desire to return to the sins which once he loved. (Rom. 6:21, 22.)

BRIEF NOTES.

More than \$6,000 worth of temperance literature has already been shipped to Paris for the W. C. T. U. exhibit at the World's Fair.

Major Cole has been laboring at Brookfield, Mo., with great success. The services have been largely attended, and the interest most marked.

Dr. Duane B. Simmons, who went to Japan as medical missionary in 1859, and has labored there ever since, died at Tokio in February last. He was fifty-seven years old.

Gen. Neal Dow has been appointed to represent the State of Maine as commissioner at the Paris exhibition. It is hoped that the trip may be beneficial to him, and that he may stay a long time.

The many friends of Dr. Charles F. Deems will be glad to learn that he is again able to resume his pastoral duties. His rest of a few weeks at Dansville, N. Y.—the first he has taken for many years—appears to have fully restored him to health.

The Revs. Ostrom and Karlson are holding evangelistic services at Marinette, Wis. The addresses are in Swedish and English, and are attracting large gatherings. The *Eagle* of that town says that at each service the Opera House is crowded.

Miss Frances E. Willard and Miss Anna Gordon have started for a six weeks' trip in the South, during which time they will attend the annual W. C. T. U. Conventions and visit the leading cities in Georgia, South Carolina, and other Southern and Southwestern States.

The branch of the White Cross Army connected with the Y. M. C. A. at Twenty-third Street, New York, now numbers 2,201 members. Any church or association desiring to organize a branch may obtain information by writing to Mr. E. L. Bentley, 52 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy held its monthly meeting at its rooms, 4 Winthrop Place, New York, on April 4. The subject for discussion was the Attitude of the Secular Press of America toward religion. Mr. A. H. Sigfried, of the Chicago *Daily News*, read a paper on the subject.

A missionary in the West reports, as the result of God's blessing on his twenty-one years' labor, the organizing of 400 Sunday-schools and about 8,000 conversions. All his expenses have been defrayed by Mr. Hiram Camp, of New Haven, Conn., who has also supported another missionary for several years.

The missionaries at Victoria Nyanza and Usagara, Africa, for whose safety fears were entertained, owing to the disturbances in Eastern Africa, are not in danger. The Church Missionary Society, under whose auspices they are working, has received word that the amicable relations existing between them and the far inland tribes are still maintained.

Dr. Edward Beecher, the venerable brother of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was severely injured on April 3. In stepping from a car at the Culver Railroad Depot, Brooklyn, he slipped and fell. The wheels of the car passed over his left ankle, and it has been found necessary to amputate his foot. He is eighty-five years old, and has been a minister fifty-four years.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, the well-known friend of the Indians, gave an address on April 9 at the Central Presbyterian Church, New York, at the anniversary of the Ladies' Missionary Society. She is acting as special Government agent in the allotment of lands in severalty to the Winnebago Indians. Since she took up the cause of the Omahas some years ago, all her time has been given to the work of securing better treatment of the Indian tribes.

TWO ESSENTIAL THINGS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.
 "Testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Acts 20: 21.

A Puritan Preacher's Sobriquet—The Door and Door-post—I. A Repentance not Toward God—Produced by Shame—By Painful Consequences—By Dread of Hell—By a Sense of the Unworthiness of an Ill Life—Partial Repentance—A Cobbler's Debts Paid—II. Repentance Toward God—Consciousness of Neglecting God—Of Offending Him—Of Sin as Sin—III. Repentant Sinners Permitted to Believe—IV. Repentance Linked to Faith—The Result of an Unperceived Faith—The Gemini of the Heavens—Grow Together—Increase Each Other—A Forgetful Minister.

THIS was the practical drift of Paul's teaching at Ephesus, and everywhere else. He kept back nothing which was profitable to them; and the main profit he expected them to derive from his teaching the whole counsel of God was this, that they should have "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." This was the great aim of the apostle. I pray that it may be so with all of us who are teachers of the Word; may we never be satisfied if we interest, please, or dazzle; but may we long for the immediate production, by the Spirit of God, of true

Repentance and Faith.

Old Mr. Dodd, one of the quaintest of the Puritans, was called by some people "Old Mr. Faith and Repentance," because he was always insisting upon these two things. Philip Henry, remarking upon his name, writes somewhat to this effect: "As for Mr. Dodd's abundant preaching repentance and faith, I admire him for it; for if I die in the pulpit, I desire to die preaching repentance and faith, and if I die out of the pulpit, I desire to die practicing repentance and faith."

Beloved friends, we cannot at this time do without either of these any more than could the Greeks and Jews. They are essential to salvation. Some things *may* be, but these *must* be. Certain things are needful to the well-being of a Christian, but these things are essential to the very being of a Christian. If you have not repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, you have no part nor lot in this matter. Repentance and faith must go together to complete each other. I compare them to a door and its post. Repentance is the door which shuts out sin, but faith is the post upon which its hinges are fixed. A door without a door-post to hang upon is not a door at all; while a door-post without the door hanging to it is of no value whatever. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder; and these two He has made inseparable—repentance and faith.

I. Let me observe, in the first place, that there is a repentance which is not toward God. Discriminate this morning. Paul did not merely preach repentance, but repentance *toward God*; and there is a

Repentance Fatally Faulty,

because it is not toward God. In some there is a repentance of sin which is produced by a sense of shame. The evil-doers are found out, and indignant words are spoken about them; they are ashamed, and so far they are repentant, because they have dishonored themselves. If they had not been found out, in all probability they would have continued comfortably in the sin, and even have gone further on in it. It is said that among Orientals it is not considered wrong to lie, but it is considered a very great fault to lie so blunderingly as to be caught at it. Many who profess regret for having done wrong are not sorry for the sin itself, but they are affected by the opinion of their fellow-men, and by the remarks that are made concerning their offence, and so they hang their heads. Do not mistake a little natural fluttering of the heart and blushing of the face, on account of being found out in sin, for true repentance.

Some, again, have a repentance which consists in grief because of the painful consequences of sin. The man has been a spendthrift, a gambler, a profligate, and his money is gone; and now he repents that he has played the fool. Another has been indulging the passions of his corrupt nature, and he finds himself suffering for it, and therefore he repents of his wickedness. There are many cases that I need not instance here, in which sin comes home very quickly to men. Certain sins bear fruit speedily: their harvest is reaped soon after the seed is sown. Then a man says he is sorry, and he gives up the sin for a time; not because he dislikes it, but because he sees that it is ruining him: as sailors in a storm cast overboard the cargo of the ship, not because they are weary of it, but because the vessel will go to the bottom if they retain it. This is regret for consequences, not sorrow for sin. It is repentance that can never be acceptable in the sight of God.

Some, again, exhibit a repentance which consists entirely of horror at the future punishment of sin. This fear is healthful in many ways, and we can by no means dispense with it. But if this fear goes no further than a selfish

Desire to Escape Punishment,

no reliance can be placed upon its moral effect. If they could be assured that no punishment would follow, such persons would continue in sin, and not only be content to live in it, but be delighted to have it so. Beloved, true repentance is sorrow for the sin itself: it has not only a dread of the death which is the wages of sin, but of the sin which earns the wages. If you have no repentance for the sin itself, it is in vain that you should stand and tremble because of judgment to come.

Another kind of repentance may be rather better than any we have spoken of, but still it is not repentance toward God. It is a very good counterfeit; but it is

Not the Genuine Article.

I refer to a sense of the unworthiness of an ill life. I have known persons, upon a review of their past, rise above the grovelling level of absolute carelessness, and they have begun to enjoy some apprehension of the beauty of virtue, the nobleness of usefulness, and the meanness of a life of selfish pleasure. They regret that their story will never be quoted among the examples of good men, who have left "footprints on the sands of time." Musing upon their position in reference to society and history, they wish that they could blot out the past, and write more worthy lines upon the page of life. Now, this is hopeful; but it is not sufficient. Repentance toward God is the only thing which can effectually cut the cable which holds a man to the fatal shores of evil.

Once more, there is a repentance which is partial. Men sometimes wake up to the notice of certain great blots in their lives. They cannot forget that black night: they dare not tell what was then done. They cannot forget the villainous act which ruined another, nor that base lie which blasted a reputation. The man who only repents of this and that glaring offence, has not repented of sin at all. I remember the story of Thomas Olivers,

The Famous Cobbler Convert,

who was a loose-living man till he was renewed by grace through the preaching of Mr. Wesley, and became a mighty preacher, and the author of that glorious hymn, "The God of Abraham praise." This man, before conversion, was much in the habit of contracting debts, but could not be brought to pay them. When he received grace, he was convinced that he had no right to remain in debt. He says, "I felt as great sorrow and confusion as if I had stolen every sum I owed." Now, he was not repentant for this one debt, or that other debt, but for being in debt at all, and, therefore, having a little coming to him from the estate of a relative, he bought a horse, and rode from town to town, paying everybody to whom he was indebted. Before he had finished his pilgrimage, he had paid seventy debts, principal and interest, and

had been compelled to sell his horse, saddle, and bridle to do it. During this eventful journey he rode many miles to pay a single sixpence: it was only sixpence, but the principle was the same, whether the debt was sixpence or a hundred pounds. Now, as he that hates debt will try to clear himself of every sixpence, so he that repents of sin repents of it in every shape. No sin is spared by the true penitent. He abhors all sin.

Though no man is free from the commission of sin, yet every converted man is free from the love of sin. Every renewed heart is anxious to be free from even a speck of evil.

II. I have said enough to show that there is a repentance which is not toward God; and now let us observe that repentance is

Repentance Toward God.

Lay stress on the words, "*toward God*." True repentance looks toward God. I will endeavour to show you this. A boy is rebellious against his father. The father has told him such a thing is to be done, and he determines that he will not do it. His father has forbidden him certain things, and he therefore defiantly does them. His father is much grieved, talks with him, and endeavours to bring him to repentance. Suppose the boy were to reply, "Father, I confess that I am sorry for what I have done, because it has deprived me of a good deal of pleasure." That would be a selfish and impudent speech, and show great contempt for his father's authority. Before he can be forgiven and restored to favor, he must confess the wrong done in disobeying his father's law. He must lament that he has broken the rule of the household; and he must promise to do so no more. There can be no restoration of that child to his proper place in the family till he has said, "Father, I have sinned." He is stubborn, unhumiliated, and rebellious till he comes to that point.

Oh sinner, you must repent before God, or you do not repent at all; for here is the essence of repentance. The man repenting sees that he has neglected God. What though I have never been a thief nor an adulterer; yet God made me and I am His creature, and if throughout twenty, thirty, or forty years I have never served Him, I have all that while robbed Him of what He had a right to expect from me. Hear how the Lord cries, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." That is where the sin lies.

The penitent man sees that

The Greatest Offence

of all his offences is that he has offended God. Many of you think nothing of merely offending God; you think much more of offending man. If I call you "sinners," you do not repel the charge; but if I called you "criminals," you would rise in indignation, and deny the accusation. A criminal, in the usual sense of the term, is one who has offended his fellow-man; a sinner is one who has wronged his God. You do not mind being called sinners, because you think little of grieving God; but to be called criminals, or offenders against the laws of man, annoys you; for you think far more of man than of God. Yet, in honest judgment, it were better, infinitely better, to break every human law, if this could be done without breaking the divine law, than to disobey the least of the commands of God. Knowest thou not, O man, that thou hast lived in rebellion against God? Thou has done the things He bids thee not to do, and thou hast left undone the things which He commands thee to do. This is what thou hast to feel and to confess with sorrow; and without this there can be no repentance.

To sum up: evangelical repentance is repentance of sin as sin; not of this sin nor of that, but of the whole mass. We repent of the sin of our nature as well as of the sin of our practice. We bemoan sin within us and without us. We repent of sin itself as being an insult to God. Anything short of this is a mere surface repentance, and not a repentance which reaches to the bottom of the mischief. Repentance of

the evil act, and not of the evil heart, is like men pumping water out of a leaky vessel, but forgetting to stop the leak. All that is done by way of amendment without a bemoaning of sin because of its being rebellion against God, will fall short of the mark. When you repent of sin as against God, you have laid the axe at the root of the tree.

III. Thirdly, I am going to throw in a bit of my own. I confess that it does not rise to the glorious fullness of the text, but I use it as a stepping-stone for feeble footsteps. I thus apologize as I say—Those who have evangelical repentance are

Permitted to Believe

in Jesus Christ. Paul says that he testified of "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ;" and, therefore, where there is repentance, faith is allowable. O penitent sinner, you may believe in the Saviour! While you are laboring under your present sense of guilt, while you are loathing and abhorring yourself, while you are burdened and heavy laden with fears, while you are crushed with sorrow as you lie before the Lord, you may now trust the Lord Jesus Christ. Before you have any quiet of conscience, before any relief comes to your heart, before hope shines in your spirit; now in your direst distress, when you are ready to perish, you may at once exercise faith in Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. There is no law against faith.

You may pluck up courage to believe when you remember this—first, that though you have offended God (and this is the great point that troubles you), that God whom you have offended has Himself provided an atonement. The sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ is practically a substitution presented by God Himself. The Offended dies to set the offender free. God Himself suffers the penalty of His law, that He may justly forgive; and that, though Judge of all, He may yet righteously exercise

His Fatherly Love

in the putting away of sin. When you are looking to God with tears in your eyes, remember it is the same God who is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and this offended God "so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

We testify to you "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." But that faith must be toward the Lord Jesus Christ. You must look to Jesus, to the substitute, to the sacrifice, to the mediator, to the Son of God. "No man cometh unto the Father," saith Jesus, "but by Me." No faith in God will save the sinner except it is faith in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. To attempt to come to God without the appointed Mediator, is again to insult Him by refusing His method of reconciliation. Do not so, but let your repentance toward God be accompanied with faith toward our Lord Jesus: you are warranted in thus believing.

IV. And now I come to my last point. Oh, that I might be helped by the Holy Ghost! Here I come back to the text, and get on sure ground. Repentance is linked to faith, and

Faith Linked to Repentance.

We testify not only of repentance toward God, but of faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. *Repentance and faith are born of the same Spirit of God.* The Old Testament, with its law of repentance, must be bound up in one volume with the New Testament of the gospel of faith. These two, like Naomi and Ruth, say to each other, "Where thou dwellest, I will dwell." There are two stars called the Gemini, which are always together; faith and repentance are the Twins of the spiritual heavens. What if I liken them to the two valves of the heart? They must be both in action, or the soul cannot live. They are born together, and they must live together.

Repentance is the result of an unperceived faith. When a man repents of sin, he does inwardly believe, in a measure, although he may

not think so. There is such a thing as latent faith: although it yields the man no conscious comfort, it may be doing something even better for him; for it may be working in him truthfulness of heart, purity of spirit, and abhorrence of evil. No true repentance is quite apart from faith. To the dark cloud of repentance there is a silver lining of faith; yet at the first the awakened soul does not know this, and therefore laments that he cannot believe; whereas, his very repentance is grounded upon a measure of faith.

Repentance is also greatly increased as faith grows. I fear that some people fancy that they repented when they were first converted, and that, therefore, they have done with repentance. But it is not so; the higher the faith the deeper the repentance. The saint most ripe for heaven is the most aware of his own shortcomings. As long as we are here, and grace is in active exercise, our consciousness of our unworthiness will grow upon us. When you have grown too big for repentance, depend upon it you have grown

Too Proud for Faith.

If there could be such a thing as a man who was a believer without repentance, he would be much *too big for his boots*, and there would be no bearing him. If he were always saying, "Yes, I know I am saved; I have a full assurance that I am saved," and yet had no sense of personal sin, how loudly he would crow! Faith cheers repentance, and repentance sobers faith. The two go well together. Faith looks to the throne, and repentance loves the cross. When faith looks most rightly to the Second Advent, repentance forbids its forgetting the First Advent. When faith is tempted to climb into presumption, repentance calls it back to sit at Jesus' feet. I will not believe in that faith which has no repentance with it, any more than I would believe in that repentance which left a man without faith in Jesus.

I have almost done; but the thought strikes me, Will these good people go home, and remember about repentance and faith? Let each one ask himself, Have I a repentance which leads to faith? Have I a faith which joins hands with repentance? Mind you do this; for there is a sad aptitude in many hearers to forget the essential point, and think of our stories and illustrations rather than of the practical duty which we would enforce. A celebrated minister, who has long ago gone home, was once taken ill, and his wife requested him to go and consult an eminent physician. He went to this physician, who welcomed him very heartily. "I am right glad to see you, sir," said he: "I have heard you preach, and have been greatly profited by you, and therefore I have often wished to have

Half an Hour's Chat

with you. If I can do anything for you, I am sure I will." The minister stated his case. The doctor said, "Oh, it is a very simple matter; you have only to take such and such a drug, and you will soon be right." The patient was about to go, thinking that he must not occupy the physician's time; but he pressed him to stay, and they entered into pleasant conversation. The minister went home to his wife, and told her with joy what a delightful man the doctor had proved to be. He said, "I do not know that I ever had a more delightful talk. The good man is eloquent and witty and gracious." The wife replied, "But what remedy did he prescribe?" "Dear!" said the minister, "I quite forget what he told me on that point." "What!" she said, "did you go to a physician for advice, and have you come away without a remedy?" "It quite slipped my mind," he said: "the doctor talked so pleasantly that his prescription has quite gone out of my head." Now, if I have talked to you so that this will happen, I shall be very sorry.

Come, let my last word be a repetition of the gospel remedy for sin. Here it is. Trust in the precious blood of Christ, and make full confession of your sin, heartily forsaking it. You must

receive Christ by faith, and you must loathe every evil way. Repentance and faith must look to the water and the blood from the side of Jesus for cleansing from the power and guilt of sin. Pray God that you may, by both these priceless graces, receive at once the merit of your Saviour unto eternal salvation. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

TWO SCOTTISH BISHOPS.*

It may be said that for several centuries, preaching, as a recognized institution of the Christian Church, had been non-existent. Bishops who preached were rare exceptions. As a rule they were occupied in contests for power and honor, many of them being feudal lords, who headed their vassals clad in armor, while not a few of them led lives of shameless and unconcealed immorality. You have but to read such a book as Ranke's "Lives of the Popes" to see this. Better that these men did not try to preach, even if they were able. It would have been to add scandal and hypocrisy to sin. Scotland was then as bad as the rest of Europe—in some respects worse. You may remember the anecdote of the bishop who came to head a fray in the High Street of Edinburgh with armor beneath his gown; protesting eagerly about something, he struck his breast and the coat of mail rattled. "By my conscience!" he said. "My lord," said one of the bystanders, "*your conscience is not gird, for I hear it clattering.*" When George Wishart was preaching in Ayr, Dunbar, Bishop of Glasgow, who had never before preached, took possession of the pulpit to exclude the reformer, but all he could say was, "They say we sold prieche. Why not? Better late thryve nor never thryve. Hold us still for your bishop, and we sall provide better the next time."

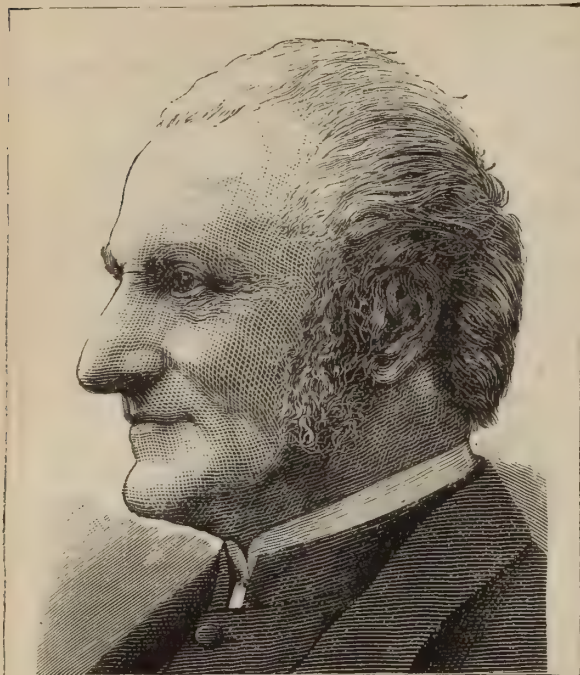
Luther's Advice.

As to the form of the sermon, Luther recommends the use of a text; but every text, even a single verse, has many things in it, and may lead many ways. The preacher, then, while he may use other parts, should seize fast hold of the main thought and keep a firm grasp of it. He cannot speak on everything; men who try to do so never reach the end. In his quaint way he compares them to a maid-servant going to market, who wastes her time in talking with this one and that one on the road, and arrives too late. We should impress the leading thought, and send away the people saying, "The sermon was on such and such a point." He makes little of the beginning or close of a sermon, of fine introductions or brilliant peroration. It is the main body of it that should be considered, and in this the preacher has two things to do—to instruct and to impress; he must tell his hearers something for the understanding, and give them some things for the heart and conscience.

A Romantic Life.

Though Hamann never founded a system of philosophy, nor wrote any epoch-making book, his conversation and his occasional writings filled men like Jacobi and Goethe with the highest admiration of his acuteness, and depth, and force of intellect. The name by which he was known among them was, "The Wise Man of the North." There was something of romance in the changes and struggles of his life. He was born in 1730, in Königsberg, in East Prussia, the country of Copernicus and Kant and Herder. The son of religious parents in humble life, he was driven from place to place till he reached London. There he fell into sin and dissipation, had to seek support by playing on the lute, and was at last struck down by disease. His distress led him to study the Bible as he had never done before, and he persevered in reading it till he became a new man. Having found in it a cure

*From "Lectures on the History of Preaching." By Rev. John Ker, D. D.; with an Introduction by Rev. William Taylor, D. D. Sketches of great preachers, chiefly in Germany, from the third century to recent times, with specimens of their sermons and an analysis of their style add to the value of this work, and make it deeply interesting and useful. Pp. 407; price \$1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.



The Late Rev. J. Denham Smith.

for his own sin, he learned that it supplied a test of all human knowledge and philosophy. Returning to Germany, he set himself with wonderful energy to complete and extend the education he had begun in youth, and ere long he proved himself equal to the first thinkers of his time, and superior in depth to its greatest theologians. He had a strong originality which made room for him wherever he went, and when he appeared in the circle of the Princess Galitzin, he was its presiding power. He died suddenly while on a visit there, at the age of fifty-eight, and was buried in her garden, with the inscription on his tomb: "We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." He was perhaps the first to strike an effectual blow at that form of Illuminism which is known as "the flat rationalism of Germany."

The Princess Galitzin.

The seat of the Princess near Münster, in Westphalia, became the resort of Germans who were interested in general literature, but specially of those who were still concerned for religion. Most of them were Protestants, although the Princess was a Roman Catholic. At that particular time Romanism was not ultramontane; the Jesuits were in discredit, and the tone of Roman Catholic devotion was that of Fénelon and Pascal. The Princess was a woman of genius and of high accomplishments. She had been one of the gayest of a gay circle, when the hollowness of the prevailing life impressed her, and she turned another way. While attracted by all questions that touch the mind and soul, by literature, art, and philosophy, she was most frequently engrossed by religious topics, which were to her of the deepest personal moment. In her doubts she turned to Hamann, who exercised a powerful religious influence over her, and all who came in contact with him.

THE LATE REV. J. DENHAM SMITH.

FEW names are more closely associated with revival work on the other side the Atlantic than that of the saintly man who entered into rest on March 5, whose portrait appears on this page. He was seventy-one years of age when he died, having been born in Hampshire, England, in the year 1818. His mother belonged to the Denham family, several members of which attained eminence—one as a poet, and one as Chief Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer. On his father's side, too, one of his ancestors was notable. He was an Irish magistrate, and earned some unpopularity by refusing to commit John Wesley to prison when that illustrious



The Family Council.

man's enemies brought a charge of riotous assemblage against him.

Mr. Smith was converted in early life, and having consecrated his time and talents to God, he was educated at Dublin Theological Institute, and ordained in 1849 pastor of the Congregational Church at Kingstown, Ireland. During his ministry there, the condition of the fishermen on the western coast, who were sunk in a state little short of barbarism, weighed heavily on his mind, and he spent considerable time in laboring among them. This gradually led him into evangelistic work, and from that time until last year, when he was stricken down by illness, he went from city to city holding evangelistic services with extraordinary success. Wherever he went, God blessed his preaching to the salvation of many souls.

Mr. Smith was an earnest and enlightened student of prophecy. He firmly believed and taught that the Man of Sin, or Antichrist, is an actual individual person, who will presently rise to great political power in Europe, and will make a seven years' covenant with many of the Jews, according to Dan. 9: 27, but in the midst of the seven years will break that covenant and commence the final persecution of God's people for three years and a half, as predicted in Daniel 7: 25, 12: 7; Rev. 11: 2, 3; 12: 6, 14; 13: 5—this three and a half years being a time of universal Great Tribulation (Dan. 12: 1; Matt. 26: 21). He believed, also, that the personal Second Advent of Christ to raise the deceased saints from their graves, and to translate the living saints to meet Him in the air is very near at hand, and will take place before Antichrist's reign of terror.

THE DIVIDED FAMILY

(See illustration.)

"DON'T you think that you are—well, say Quixotic, to give up such a prospect as you have before you here, for the sake of those wretched Mongols?" The question was addressed to a bright, intelligent-looking young man, by a companion, as the two walked out of a medical college into the street of a large city.

"I suppose that will be the general view of it, Oscar," was the reply. "I have thought the thing out, and my conscience bids me do it; so I must let the community form its own opinion. If you had arrived at the conclusion that it was your duty, I am sure you would not falter in dread of what any one would say. That is my position, and I am going through with it. I hope inside a year I shall be preaching the gospel and healing the sick in China."

"Do the girls know?"

"Not yet; but I shall tell them to-day."

"It will be a shock for them, will it not? I fancy Maud will quarrel with you over it. The idea of her brother Harold, of whom she is so proud, deserting her and her two sisters will exasperate her. Lydia may take it better; I should not be surprised if she approves. She has your altruistic temperament. Marian is too young to count. I suppose they can get along financially without you?"

"Oh, yes; I am entitled to one-fourth of the property. Since my mother's death we have held it jointly, according to my father's will, and each of us was entitled to take a fourth on marriage or removal, but I shall leave my fourth with the girls. I can get along. I am determined to go out in apostolic fashion, exercising faith, and God will not let me starve. But I suppose that will not reconcile the girls to my going. As you say, Maud will probably be very angry about it. Well, I shall know in a very few minutes, for I am going to announce it at luncheon now. Good morning."

"Good morning, and good luck to you. I should like to see Maud's magnificent face when the bomb bursts."

The three sisters took the startling announcement very much as Harold Stanley's friend had predicted. Maud, as the eldest, and the one who had necessarily since her mother's death assumed the chief place in the household, heard her brother's announcement of his resolve to become a medical missionary with indignation. Lydia looked at him with admiration, and Marian, the youngest sat in silence, awed by her eldest sister's anger. Maud was much the best dressed of the three, and set an example of attention to her toilette that Lydia especially neglected to follow. Maud had a shrewd suspicion that the money which Lydia had to spend on dress was given away during those visits to the poor and sick, in which Lydia spent most of her time. Her dresses were worn until long out of fashion, and her general appearance indicated that she spent far less time in arranging her hair, etc., than Maud thought she ought to have done. At this very luncheon, before Harold came in, she had referred to the old-fashioned collar and loose body as unbecoming a young lady in her position, and threatened, as she had done more than once before, to stop Lydia's allowance and spend it for her in the purchase of proper attire. Harold's arrival, however, and his news diverted the storm from Lydia's quarter.

"I wonder," Maud said, "what dear papa would have said if he could have foreseen such conduct. He expected you to be our protector,

and to stay with us and practice here. You would soon have plenty of patients, and might do well. I wonder how you can reconcile it to your conscience and your respect for papa's memory to desert us."

"Oh! you will be safe enough, Maud," Harold answered. "You speak as if you were in a hut surrounded by savages. What protector do you need in a city like this? You will not miss me in that capacity."

"But you seem to ignore natural affection. I should think your sisters have more claim upon you than those miserable Chinese whom you have never seen."

"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," quoted Harold.

"Oh, I have no patience with such fanatical, self-sacrificing ideas!"

said Maud; and she sat staring before her into vacancy, her anger rising as she brooded over her brother's resolution, and all it implied. Marion rose, and bending over her, tried to soften her mood, but she turned her head away, and refused to be mollified.

Lydia had sat silent during her sister's ebullition, but now she held out her hand to her brother, and gave his, which he placed in hers, a hearty pressure. She was too much in awe of Maud to express her approval in words, but Harold understood her.

"When do you go, dear?" she asked.

Harold drew his chair close to hers, and explained his plans fully as far as they were yet made. Lydia listened intently, her warm sympathy glowing in her face, and her heart full of love and pride in her heroic, self-sacrificing brother. He was sure, evidently, of all her love and her prayers. It had cost him a struggle to make up his mind to expatriation, and the renunciation of his lucrative and honorable career in his native place. He loved his home and his sisters, and was not without ambition. He had decided, but even yet the cords of his nature were tugging hard on him to make him untrue to his conscience and his duty. Maud was making the struggle more bitter for him; but Lydia, by her love and approbation, braced him and encouraged him as only a woman can do, and in after years, when his labors were bringing forth fruit, he thanked God that in his hour of conflict his beloved sister's influence was cast on the right side.

LIMA.

THE capital city of Peru, a view of which appears on this page, is a surprise to every visitor who has not heard or read a description of it before his arrival. Though situated in the tropics, and only twelve degrees south of the Equator, he naturally would expect intense heat. Instead of this he finds the thermometer very seldom reaching eighty-two degrees in the summer, while in the winter it ranges from fifty-seven to sixty-two degrees. This is partly due to the fact that it stands on an elevation of 512 feet above the sea-level, and partly to its proximity to the snowy Cordilleras. Another surprise for the visitor comes from the absence of the splendor he would expect in the capital of a country famed for its wealth. The private houses are frail and mean looking. The necessity for this he soon learns. Lima is situated in a region notable for frequent earthquakes, and to erect high, massive structures would only be to increase the danger of its inhabitants.



The City of Lima, the Capital of Peru.

The most important buildings in the city are the Government House and the Cathedral, which occupy two sides of the wide Plaza seen in the illustration. The Plaza itself covers nine acres, and its other two sides are occupied by arcades, behind which are stores. These arcades are a favorite resort for the ladies of Peru, who there get protection from the sun, and avoid the moist and uncleanly soil of the open streets. In the centre of the Plaza is a beautiful bronze fountain supported by lions and griffins, the whole surmounted by a statue of Fame. It is of very skilful workmanship, and is believed to have been erected in 1578. The city also contains the famous university of San Marcos, founded in 1551, which is the oldest institution of learning in this hemisphere. It was erected and devoted to its present uses nearly seventy years before the *Mayflower* touched these shores. The city, which now contains about 100,000 inhabitants, was designated the capital of Peru by Pizarro, in 1535, and was originally called the City of the Three Kings, in reference to the visit of the Magi to the birthplace of our Saviour; and the Emperor Charles V., in allusion to the same event, granted, as the arms of the city, a rayed star on an azure field, and three crowns.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 223.)

A Talk with Mary Burton.

I MET at Castle Garden many whom I had known in the old country; but it was one particular face which I was anxious to see. A man wrapped in a thick coat, and with a fur cap upon his head, brushed against me, and before I had time to raise my eyes, my hand was grasped in his, and I heard Mary's husband say, "Oh, Sister Stenhouse, I'm so delighted to see you! I knew we should meet you in New York. Come and see Mary. She's my Mary now!" I went with Elder Shrewsbury, and I saw Mary. But oh, how greatly was she changed! When I returned from our Swiss mission and saw her after an interval of several years, I was, of course, struck with the alteration which had then transformed her from a pretty little fairy-like girl into a decorous young lady contemplating matrimony; but although I had now been absent from England a few months, I observed a much more striking alteration in her than on the previous occasion. It was not now, I thought, so much outward and personal change, as a new and

striking development of her inner consciousness—her soul itself. Her form was as graceful, and her eyes as bright as ever; but from those eyes there now shone forth another light than that which I had thought so charming in the by-gone time.

Her affection for me was as warm and demonstrative as when we first met. She recognized me in a moment, before her husband had time to say a word; and, throwing both her arms round me, she kissed me again and again with all the effusion of her childish days. Taking my hand, she led me gently into a quiet corner and seated me beside her on a big trunk, and then she began to talk. It was the same soft sweet voice again, which used to be so dear to me when I was left all alone in

Southampton, soon after my marriage, while my husband was on a mission in Italy.

She told me the story of her courtship—all and much more than she had told me in her letter. But it was when she came to speak of her marriage, of her husband, and especially of their pilgrimage to Utah, that I observed more especially the change which had taken place in her. She was no longer the light-hearted girl, half doubting her strange religion, and rejecting it altogether when it did not coincide with her own ideas and wishes. No; Elder Shrewsbury—had he been ten times a Mormon elder—could not have wished for a more obedient, a more earnest, I might say, a more fanatical, believer than was now to be found in his young and beautiful wife. Her eyes really glowed with enthusiasm as she spoke of "the work of the Lord" and of "gathering to Zion;" and her voice, though soft and sweet as ever, had in it, now and then, a tinge of sternness which told of a determination and spirit which the casual observer would never have suspected. I expressed some surprise that she and her husband, not being without funds, should have gone with the Hand-Cart Company when they might have waited and have gone with so much more comfort with one of the independent companies. "Why, Sister Stenhouse," she said, "we have done it simply and entirely as a matter of faith. Certainly we could have afforded to go in any way we chose, but my husband said we ought to be an example to the poorer Saints; so we gave away nearly all our money to help the emigration fund, and then we came, just as you see us, along with the rest."

"But the danger and the discomfort of emigrating to Salt Lake with the Hand-Cart Company is so great," I suggested to Mary, and added, "Surely the Lord does not want us to sacrifice ourselves when no one is benefited by it?"

"Not a bit," said she; "there's no danger, Sister Stenhouse, and if there were, it would only please me all the more. As for discomfort, why, we should have that any way, and we glory in making sacrifices. Besides which, we have been told by the Apostle that this will be the most pleasant and successful journey across the Plains that has ever been made."

"I am a little doubtful of the promises of apostles and elders," I said; "and I remember, Mary, when you used to agree with me."

"I know I did," she answered; "but Brother Shrewsbury has shown me how wrong I was—I never doubt now. I think you have a wrong

notion about this Hand-Cart scheme. It is not an ordinary plan such as any man might have made. This plan has been revealed from heaven to Brigham, and in fact we call it 'the Divine plan' in our songs! Oh! you should hear our songs. They're a little rough, but the singing is so earnest, and the voices of the men and girls blend so well together, that I know you'd like them. There's only one thing that I don't like about this plan, and that I daresay is all right if only I knew it."

"I think, Mary," I said, "I could tell you a good deal that you wouldn't like if you knew it."

"No, dear," she replied hastily, as if afraid to hear me, "don't tell me any unpleasant matters. I'll tell you all I meant. The Prophet and Heber C. Kimball, and Jedediah Grant, counselled the richer emigrants to give as much as they possibly could—all their property, if they had faith enough—to help the poor brethren to emigrate; but the American elders had private instructions—so Brother Shrewsbury told me—to use the money to help out all the unmarried girls who are willing to go. I confess that this troubled me not a little; but my husband says that when we get to Salt Lake we shall find all will be perfectly right, and of course I believe him."

Mary's conversation puzzled me a good deal at the time. She had formerly been so clear-sighted and so unbiassed by prejudice, and now she seemed ready to believe anything. All her husband's enthusiasm was now her own; she saw with his eyes, and in the intensity of her love for him she believed all that he accepted as true. Long after, when I thought of that short interview, I called to mind her impulsive earnestness, and I felt that a secret misgiving, unconsciously to herself, was partly the cause of it. Unknown to herself, her excess of zeal was the offspring of doubt. Life in the future was, in anticipation, to my poor friend one long day of hope and happiness. She could not see the shadow of a cloud. Salt Lake, to her excited imagination, was the abode of peace and sanctity and joy.

I should here explain that when the Mormons quitted Nauvoo and migrated to the Great Salt Lake, that territory belonged to Mexico, but scarcely had they settled there when, by the treaty of March, 1848, it was made over to the United States, with New Mexico and Upper California, much to the annoyance of the Mormons, who well knew that they would not be able to dictate their own terms so easily with the States' Government as with the Mexican. The United States, however, were slow to extend their political jurisdiction over the new territory, and this furnished the Mormon leaders an opportunity to create a provisional, independent government for themselves, to which they gave the name of "The State of Deseret," over which Brigham Young was elected Governor. The Congress of the United States, however, ignored this State, and in 1850 included it in the State of Utah, reserving to themselves the right at any time to divide it as they might think proper. At the same time Brigham Young was appointed Governor by the President of the United States, and six other officers were appointed to assist him, three being Gentiles and three Mormons, which, with Brigham, gave the preponderance to the "Saints."

The Gentile Federal officers arrived in July, 1851, and, very soon after their arrival, found that Utah was anything but a pleasant place for unbelievers. They attended a special conference of the Church, held in September, at which Justice Brochus spoke irreverently of their practices, going so far as to assure the ladies of its immorality, and reproved the leaders for their disrespectful language concerning the Government, and their consignment of the late President Zachary Taylor to the nether regions. Such unexpected language raised a storm of indignation, and when Brigham replied, the people would have torn the Judge to pieces, had they not been restrained by their prophet. Brigham reiterated the statement as to the perdition of the recently deceased President, but the Judge

put in a demurrer, on which Kimball facetiously touched him on the shoulder, and assured him that he need not doubt the statement, for he would see him when he got there; a promise that was not very reassuring to the Judge.

The outcome of this was that the Judge, thinking his life not safe, retired from the Territory, accompanied by the other two Gentile Federal officers. They were replaced by three others, of which two, though Gentiles, were very friendly to the Mormons. These remained but a short time—two of them dying, and the other removing to California—when others were sent in their place.

At this period the Government at Washington was seemingly very kindly disposed towards the Saints, for only two of the Federal offices were held by persons who were not Mormons. But a change was coming over the feelings of those in power. Not only did they feel that the general teaching of the Mormons was a grave danger to the morality of the States, but Brigham's remark of the late President, "Old Zachary (Taylor) is in hell, and I am glad of it," stirred up the anger of Taylor's friends, and in course of time Brigham's removal from the governorship was resolved upon. Brigham, however, felt secure, and he greatly annoyed his enemies by saying, "I am and will be Governor, and no power can hinder it," although he added in the printed copy of the sermon in which he had uttered the words the proviso, "Until the Lord Almighty says, 'Brigham, you need not be Governor any longer.'"

The next year—1854—Lieutenant-Colonel Steptoe, who was already in the territory, was appointed Governor, but upon a memorial from the inhabitants, to which the newly appointed Governor attached his signature, this appointment was rescinded, and Brigham reinstated. In 1855 Brigham and his council appointed a State marshal, an appointment which belonged to the President of the United States, acting under the advice of the Senate. They appointed a different man, and instantly there was a conflict as to who was to stand. Judge Stiles, who tried the case in Salt Lake City, favored the United States marshal, and brought such a storm of wrath upon his head that he hastily adjourned his court.

Some of the "good brethren" had now their attention directed to the renegade judge, and while he was absent from his office they gathered up the records of the United States District Courts, placed them in safe-keeping, and afterwards made a fire of books and papers found in his office. On his return, when he saw the fire, and saw his office ransacked, he very naturally concluded that all the books, records, and papers, were destroyed. That outrage created a great sensation throughout the United States adverse to the Saints. The attack upon Judge Stiles in a public court of the United States, and the subsequent outrage in his office, would be inexplicable to the reader had it transpired outside of Utah. To the people of that Territory it presented no such difficulty, for it occurred during that fearful period of fanaticism, known as "The Reformation," of which we shall say more further on. But from this digression I now return to the narrative of my conversation with Mary.

I asked Mary whether the Saints in England had heard any of those strange reports about Brigham Young defying the Government, which had attracted so much attention in this country.

Mary replied, "Certainly; it is because the day is so very near when all intercourse between God's people and the Gentile world shall be cut off forever that these great efforts are being made to gather the Saints together. Of course you know this, but I don't think you know all. Why, at the last general conference in Liverpool, the president had instructions from Salt Lake to propose Brigham Young as 'Prophet, Seer, Revelator, and King'!"

"King?" I said. "How can President Young ever be 'King'? Utah is part of the

territory of the United States, and under their jurisdiction; it is not even a State itself yet, and Congress has refused to sanction the name of *Deseret*. This country will never suffer a kingdom to be set up in Utah; you must be totally misinformed, Sister Mary."

"No, Sister Stenhouse," she exclaimed, "I am under no mistake. My husband assured me that the conference accepted the proposition, and that it was received unanimously. The Saints are gathering in from all parts of the world, and when war is declared they will not be found unprepared. Why, here on board with us the American elders are all provided with swords and revolvers of the very best make that could be got for love or money, and I myself have heard them say that Brigham Young intends shortly to declare his independence of the United States. We didn't know this before we left England, but we felt sure that he had some great purpose in view which had been revealed to him."

"Before we left," I said, "the Saints were all eager to emigrate."

"Yes, dear," she answered, "but nothing like they are now. You have no idea how excited and anxious everybody is. Some of the people, in order to obey counsel, sold their watches and jewelry, and even their best clothes, scarcely keeping enough for the journey, and every one who had any money gave it away. Brigham Young set a noble example in that; why, we had on board ship with us Brother Tenant, the rich new convert, who paid \$30,000 for the property which Brigham Young so generously gave to help the Emigration Fund. He hardly had enough left to carry him and his family to Salt Lake; and now he is going to cross the Plains with us, to settle in the City. He is somewhere here among the emigrants, I believe, at the present moment, and you could ask him all about it if you liked. The brethren assure him that Brother Brigham is so liberal that he will get vastly more than the value of his \$30,000 when he reaches Salt Lake, and I hope he will, for I like both him and his wife."

All this was thus far true, but it was with some misgivings that I heard Mary talk about it. Still I tried to persuade myself that it was a sin to doubt. How little did either of us imagine that after poor Mr. Tenant's miserable death upon the Plains we should live to see his amiable and genial wife—destitute and defrauded of her property by generous-hearted Brigham—dragging out a miserable existence in Salt Lake, and dependent even for a crust of bread upon the kindness of the brethren. And yet, as I have previously stated, this was how the prophet, under the mask of liberality, contrived, for his own selfish purposes, to cheat this unfortunate and too-confiding Saint.

Then we talked of what more nearly interested ourselves, and Mary asked me when Mr. Stenhouse and myself were coming out. I told her that it was quite uncertain, but that we expected to do so before long.

"At any rate you will come out before the season is over?" she said.

"Most likely so," I replied; "but you will be safely there, and settled before we arrive." How little did she anticipate the fearful scenes she was to witness—the terrible sufferings she was to endure—before the season she spoke of had passed away. Could I at that time have known all, I would have prayed that sooner than set out on that fearful journey she might find refuge in the grave from the horrors which, unknown to her, were brooding over her way.

We talked long, and then my husband joined us—Elder Shrewsbury was called away by some necessary duty—and when we parted it was with many promises to write frequently to each other of our common religious interests, as well as the welfare of ourselves and those we loved. Then I spoke with several other old friends, and we exchanged greetings with all sorts of people, for my husband is always sure to be upon speaking terms with almost everybody he meets.

(To be Continued.)

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for April 21, Mark 12: 28, 37. Golden Text, Rom. 13: 10.

The Law Fulfilled Through Love—Traps Set for the Great Teacher—Working Up a Charge of Sedition—The Question on a Higher Plane—A Frivolous Question—An Authoritative Statement on the Future Life—A Sincere Questioner—The Essence of the Law—The Measure of Love—A Constraining Power—Not From Without—Becomes a Second Nature—Love to Man a Test of Reality—Loving the Unloving and Unlovely—The Scribe's Answer.

"LOVE worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law." (Rom. 13: 8, 10.) "God is love," and His law is like Him. Love is the name and nature of God, and His law is love. Every sin is a sin against love; it worketh ill to his neighbor, but "love worketh no ill to his neighbor."

The Pharisees, who were the ceremonialists, or ritualists of the day, joined with the Herodians, who were thoroughly irreligious, to perplex Jesus with questions. They approach Him with flattering words, "Master, we know that thou art true."

What Hypocrisy!

If they knew this, why did they not believe on Him? "And carest for no man; for thou regardest not the person of men, but teachest the way of God in truth." No doubt this was the reputation which Jesus had at the time among those who believed in Him. But His persecutors were only seeking to put Him off His guard. Then they proposed to Him the question, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not?" Some of His enemies had construed into an act of sedition and insurrection the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, sitting on an ass's colt. Now, if they can only get Him to say it is unlawful to give tribute to Cæsar, on account of the law of God that one of their brethren should reign over them, and not a stranger (Deut. 17: 15), they would have proof sufficient to convict Jesus of rebellion against the authority of Rome. But they were unprepared for the answer, which took them on to another and a higher ground than that of political questions, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

Now the Sadducees, the agnostics of the day, who did not believe in any resurrection, proposed to Him a question which showed how

Material and Unspiritual

was their conception of another state of existence. According to Jewish law, when a man died childless, his brother or nearest male heir was to take his wife, to raise up seed unto his deceased brother, that the entail of the land should not be cut off. They suppose a man with six brothers; that he died childless, and that each brother in succession took her, and also died childless—whose wife should she be in the Resurrection? This is the class of question which infidels, sceptics, and agnostics make to puzzle our sons and daughters, and to break their confidence in the Word of the living God. Jesus always took His questioners on to ground which they had never trodden. He showed them that in the Resurrection the present state of things would not exist, that marriage is a thing of time, not of eternity, and that, as regards the Resurrection, God, who calls Himself the God of Abraham and Isaac and of Jacob, is not the God of corpses, but of living men in another state of existence. Let us learn never to attempt to answer those who would puzzle us with questions, until God has told us what to say. Powerless answers only increase the darkness of those who are without God, and put us at a disadvantage. It is the entrance of His Word which gives light, and the Holy Spirit who convinces.

"And one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that He had answered them well, asked Him, Which is the first commandment of all? And Jesus answered him, The first of all the com-

mandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment."

"Thou Shalt Love."

It is as though God would say, I love, and thou shalt love also. God's love is unlimited love, and He would have ours to be the same. "With all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." This was the measure of Jesus' love for His Father. "I came down from heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." (John 6: 38.) "I do always those things that please Him." (John 8: 29.) "The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of Myself, but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works." (John 14: 10.) His first recorded utterance on earth was, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" (Luke 2: 49.) And again, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." (John 4: 34.) There was in the life of Jesus no question about anything else. His only consideration was His Father's will, His Father's pleasure. It is our privilege, our life's vocation, to follow Him, and live as He lived. A life less absorbed is not a life of love. But how can we ever attain to such devotion. Some will say,

Where is Your Heart?

Is God really to you nearer and dearer than husband, child, or friend? Is your life more bound up in God than in them? Is God more necessary every hour than any human being? Can you do without the counsel of even those you most esteem, and yet you cannot do without the counsel of God? Can you do without the sympathy of the tenderest heart you know, but your heart would break if, in all your affliction, He was not afflicted? If this is so, you will find no difficulty whatever in such demands upon you by Him who possesses your heart; you would count it a wrong if you were not permitted to be all for God, to give all to God.

But this law of love does not begin its action from without. It is not, "I ought to love God, and so I will force myself to undertake the difficult task." We love those on earth whom we love, not from duty, but because we cannot help it; something in them attracts us, and draws out our hearts to them. And so it is with God. By His Word, by our acquaintance with Him, by His answers to our prayers, by His strengthening and comforting us, He wins our hearts, and then He writes His law upon our hearts, until it becomes a second nature to do all and think all in relation to God. He shows us His unspeakable love in giving us Jesus to die for us, and to live in us, and to make intercession for us, and how can we not respond to such love? He is so true a Father, numbering every hair of our heads (Luke 11: 7), it would be strange if we did not love Him. The very apple of His eye is touched by one who touches us. (Zech. 11: 8.) How shall we not love Him? A less love than an all-absorbing love is not a fulfilling of the first great command, and the only possibility of obeying it is in yielding ourselves up to be filled with the Holy Ghost, who testifies of Christ, and makes us to comprehend "the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge" (Eph. 3: 18, 19), and which "is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." (Rom. 5: 5.) "And the second is like; namely, this, Thou shalt love

Thy Neighbor as Thyself."

But here comes a difficulty. God is worthy to be loved; my neighbor is not worthy; he has wronged me, traduced me, spited me; how shall I love him? There is but one way, and that is yielding ourselves to the Holy Ghost, to manifest Christ's love in us. There is no guarantee that we love God, if we do not love our neighbor. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how shall he love God, whom he hath not seen. And this com-

mandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also." (1 John 4: 20, 21.) It is an evidence that we have passed from death unto life, that we "love the brethren."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

This does not mean that you shall notice every fault in him, and despise him for it, and draw the attention of others to it, and treasure it up to tell other people of it. This is not how you would have him deal with you, and yet how many, who profess to be Christians, indulge in this spirit of backbiting! "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God, and whosoever loveth Him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of Him." From this it is clear that an unloving spirit to another Christian, however much he may provoke us, is an evidence of want of love to God. When we were yet enemies Christ died for us, and it is our divine privilege to love our enemies, especially our Christian enemies. Our love to one another as Christians is the true gauge of our love to God. The world is selfish. "Every man for himself" is the world's law, and the world's gospel. But Christ "died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." (11 Cor. 5: 15.)

The cause of death in many of our churches is want of love. Wherever two or three bodies of Christians meet together for prayer, there always comes blessing and awakening. The Apostle John says, "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." Then, on the contrary, he who is unloving is not born of God, and does not know God. One who is much in communion with God becomes very tender of the faults of others; he learns that if a brother be overtaken in a fault, it is his precious privilege to "restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering himself lest he be also tempted." (Gal. 6: 1.) When we live near God we cannot help looking at Him, and "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, (we) are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even 'as by the Spirit of the Lord.'" (11 Cor. 3: 18.)

God Loves the Unlovely,

and "is kind to the unthankful, and to the evil." Being the source of love, He can love where there is nothing to call out His love, and if, in very deed, Christ dwells in our hearts by faith, then we shall love those who have nothing pleasing in them, those who wound and try us, for we shall see them with the eye of God, and see the possibilities of what He can do in them. Let us not deceive ourselves, no devotion to God which we feel in our hearts goes for anything unless we love others as Christ has loved us.

The scribe answered, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and there is none other but He, and to love Him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices." This man saw deep; he comprehended that outward service went for nothing, that everything which is not heart-deep is of no account with God; and Jesus answered him, saying, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." This silenced other questioners. Now it was Jesus' turn, and He asked, "How say the scribes, that Christ is the Son of David? For David himself said by the Holy Ghost, the Lord said to my Lord, Sit thou on My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool. David therefore himself calleth Him Lord, how is He then his son?" "God manifest in the flesh" is the only answer. This the Scribes refused to see, but for this, thank God, we can praise Him forever.

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But then I thought on Jesus, and was glad;
My heavy grief was turned to joy again.

I thought upon the Law—the fiery Law,
Holy, and just, and good in its decree;
I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw
That Law fulfilled—its curse endured for me.

I saw my sad estate—condemned to die;
Then terror seized my heart, and dark despair:
But when to Calvary I turned my eye,
I saw the cross, and read forgiveness there.

I saw that I was lost,—far gone astray;
No hope of safe return there seemed to be:
But then I heard that Jesus was the way,
“A new and living way,” prepared for me.

Then in that way—so free, so safe, so sure,
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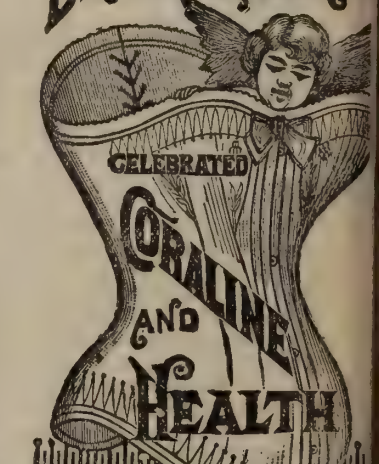
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Vol. XII., No. 14. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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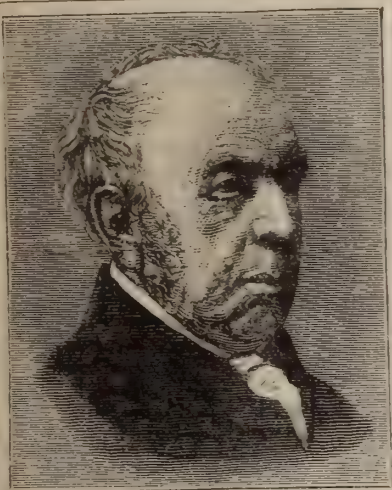
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THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.



THE LATE MISS M. L. WHATELY.



A STREET SCENE IN EGYPT.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Born in 1787—Brilliant University Career—Appointed Bampton Lecturer in 1822—Accepts the Living of Halesworth—Professor of Political Economy at Oxford—Appointed Archbishop of Dublin in 1831—Writings, and Death in 1863.

THE sad news of the death of Miss Mary L. Whately at Cairo, Egypt, just received, has caused sorrow to all who knew her, or who knew of her noble work. A few short weeks ago, the fellaheen of many a village on the Nile, within a certain distance south of Cairo, were doubtless saying to one another, according to their wont in early spring, "Where is Sitt Mariam? Where is the lady of the Book? Will she come again this year, and read us the 'good words'? It is time for her to come!" Sitt Mariam came. But she had taken cold before she stepped on board the hired dahabieh. It was hoped that rest and nursing after her annual tour would have repaired the mischief. But the bronchial trouble increased, spread to the lungs, and on March 9 the self-sacrificing servant of Christ entered into rest. The lesson of her life is worth learning, so THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week publishes a brief sketch of it, with her portrait and that of her famous father, the late Archbishop of Dublin.

The Most Rev. Richard Whately was born in 1787, and died in 1863 at the age of seventy-six. He was the son of Rev. Dr. Whately, of Non-such Park, Surrey, England. His career at Oriel College, Oxford, was a very brilliant one. In 1811 he was elected a Fellow, and took his M. A. degree in the following year. Oriel was the leading college in the University; and at that time among the members of its common-room were Keble, Arnold, Pusey, Copleston, and J. H. Newman, whose names have since become historical. Whately was appointed Bampton Lecturer in 1822, in which year he accepted the rectory of Halesworth, in Suffolk, where he labored with great energy, and found time besides for writing. In 1825 he was re-called to Oxford, and appointed Principal of St. Alban's Hall. During his tenure of that post he was regarded as one of the men of most weight in the University. For one year, from 1830 to 1831, he was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, which post he resigned in 1831, on being appointed by Earl Grey

Archbishop of Dublin.

His position was a difficult one, for the Roman Catholic Relief Act had been passed only two years previously, and to him fell the duty of carrying out the principle which it embodied. After about twenty years of energetic work, particularly towards the promotion of unsectarian education, he retired from the National Board because he and Cardinal Cullen could not agree on certain points which were considered vital. He continued to interest himself, however, in educational and philanthropic work, and in addition to his archi-episcopal duties filled various offices. He was a Commissioner of National Education in Ireland until 1853; was a visitor of Trinity College, President of the Royal Irish Academy, and Chancellor of the Order of St. Patrick. He also founded a much needed professorship of political economy in the University of Dublin. Among his

Valuable Works

may be mentioned his "Elements of Logic," a book which was a leading hand-book of the school of logicians in all English-speaking lands; "Elements of Rhetoric;" "Errors of Romanism Traced to their Origin in Human Nature;" "Introduction to Political Economy;" and "Historic Doubts respecting Napoleon Bonaparte," a *jeu d'esprit* intended to confute the argument employed by Hume's fallacious "Essay against the Credibility of Miracles."

His end was, like his life, that of an earnest and devout believer. Once, at a crisis of his disease, which threatened immediate dissolution, he calmly asked, on observing the anxious looks of those around him, "What is the matter?" On being told, he replied, "Do you suppose I fear to die?" When informed that the im-

mediate danger had passed away, he gently added, "I am sorry to hear it." He longed to depart and be with Christ. A friend, who knew how earnestly he had prayed and hoped that he might retain his faculties to the last, said to him, "The Lord has heard your prayers and preserved your intellect unimpaired." He replied, with a look full of devout meaning, "It is not intellect which can avail me now, but only faith in Christ Jesus."

MISS MARY L. WHATELY.

Birth in 1824—Girlhood and School Work—Helping in Relief in the Irish Famine—First Visit to Cairo—Attendance on Her Father—Fixes Her Home in Cairo—Her First Pupils—A Boy's Pathetic Wish—The Medical Mission Founded—THE devoted Christian lady, whose nearly thirty years of missionary labor in Egypt closed on March 9, was sixty-five years of age when she died, having been born in 1824. She was the second daughter of the Archbishop, and her early years were spent in the quiet English parsonage, where she and her elder sister busied themselves, even as children, in the schools and homes of the poor. After her father's promotion to Dublin, her opportunities of usefulness extended. During the Irish famine she took an active share in the organizations the Archbishop formed for the relief of the starving poor. Thus Mary Whately passed her youth in varied and active usefulness, till, after having lost her beloved mother, her health failed, and she was ordered abroad for part of a year. Her

First Visit To Cairo

was thus paid in the character of an ordinary tourist. She returned thither in the autumn of 1860, with the intention of opening a school for Moslem girls, and did it, notwithstanding the opposition such a Utopian idea, as it was then considered, had to encounter even in missionary circles. She went about very quietly in the lanes and by-streets near her hired house, and at length some poor mothers were persuaded to send their children, and a small troop of little dusky maidens, ragged and dirty, but full of life and spirits, were gathered in a simple school-room. The first text taught the little scholars was, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" the second "Jesus said, I am the way, the truth, and the life." The Bible was the foundation of everything from the first but good secular teaching was added by degrees. A traveller, who visited the country shortly afterward, saw her with her first little group of about a dozen scholars seated round her on the ground. The next winter saw her once more in Cairo, but in 1862-3 home duties claimed her. Her distinguished father's health was rapidly declining, and she could not leave his side. Unable at length to hold a book himself, he still enjoyed being read to, and one of his last interests was listening to the proof-sheets of her second volume of "Ragged Life in Egypt," which peculiarly pleased him.

Her home in Dublin being broken up by his death, she fixed it in Cairo for the remainder of her life. Once in three years she indulged in a visit to her native land, contenting herself with going to the Lebanon at the hottest season of the intermediate years.

Her Assistant Missionaries

were Syrians from the Lebanon, and from the family of one of the well-to-do landed proprietors in the district above Beyrout, she chose a young, bright girl to educate, who became to her as a daughter, and, when old enough, was married to the chief missionary and superintendent of her schools in Cairo; for "the little one" she began with had speedily become, if not a thousand, more than half that number; and in response to the phenomenal utterance of an Arab lad, who envied his sister's reading,

"I Wish I Were a Girl,"

a boys' school had been added to the girls'. The boys learned English, and were soon able to pass an examination in Scripture history and doctrine that would have done credit to any English school boys of their standing. (On page 220 is a sketch of the interior of the school.)

In 1869 the Khedive was so much impressed with the value of Miss Mary Whately's educational work that he gave her an excellent site on which to build her

Mission-House and Schools.

She sank much of her own capital in this important work, to which she latterly added the Dispensary and Patients' Waiting-room, needed for the Medical Mission, which originated in her own unassisted efforts to relieve the sick, and is now thoroughly organized and under the care of a skilful Syrian Christian doctor. Meanwhile generations of pupils have passed through her schools. They usually remain about three years, and, it is no exaggeration to say, carry away with them a competent knowledge of at least the facts of Christianity. Many of them fill good positions under Government, in merchants' houses, and on the railways. Thus "good ground" has been prepared; and "good seed" falling into it, whensoever times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord, may therefore have opportunity to bring forth fruit abundantly.

Two young girls who attended the schools, and who died at an interval of about a year, gave unmistakable evidence of a conquering faith in an atoning Saviour. Miss Whately also visited, during a short illness, which terminated fatally, a Mohammedan youth, who died rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour. Among the slaves there have also been many very cheering instances of good realized, one of them being that of a poor negro who found peace through Jesus' blood by the simple reading and still more simple explanations of her master's little sons who attended the school. The work has steadily increased from year to year. At present the two schools receive an average of

Six Hundred Scholars

of various nationalities, but Egyptians form the great majority. About two-thirds of the girls and half of the boys are Moslems, the rest mainly Copts, the descendants of the original Egyptians. Miss Whately labored on earnestly and quietly, thankful to see the fruit of her labors and enjoying the satisfaction of her home life with her adopted daughter, who, after she became a widow, still continued to be Miss Whately's zealous fellow-worker, and herself the mother of a son and daughter whose education was a source of constant interest; of late years. She had also the happiness of her elder sister's annual winter visits, and the sweet converse two such richly furnished spiritual minds were wont to hold together on the deep things of God, further helped to make good to her the promise of the life which now is, which belongs to those who follow the Lord fully; to say nothing of the intense interest of the busy days she passed, and of her opportunities of insight into many of the political problems so difficult to understand at a distance. As the years passed, her attention was given more and more to

The Medical Mission.

She said in one of her letters: "This mission to poor Moslems who come for *bodily* relief is the only opportunity they have of hearing anything of the good tidings of God's love through the Saviour. As a rule, the Moslem is shut out by circumstances, by bigotry, and by ignorance from hearing any good. In the lower class none of the women, and but few of the men, can read. All they have ever heard of Christianity is against it. They have been told Christians are infidels, and all that is bad. The sufferers come to our dispensary, and for the first time hear of the Physician of souls. The Egyptian peasant feels kindness, especially help in bodily suffering, very strongly; his bigotry is softened and his heart opened. He must wait awhile for his turn for the doctor, and he cannot help listening. Many a voice I have heard saying, 'I never knew these things before, this is truly a blessed word.' The poor women cluster round with sick babes on their knees, or with eyes which tell their own story of suffering; and they hear of Him who says, 'Come ye, buy and eat, without money.'

"I could give many cases that would touch

heart to read; of the poor old woman who the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," written out for her on a paper, that she should read it to her daily till she knew the words perfectly; of the poor negress in the Soudan, deserted by a soldier husband, and if her poor babe (cured by the doctor) did "to grow big," she would bring her to us at she might learn to read "in that book;" a patient who was rather longer under treatment than some others, and was heard explaining in her simple way the portion of a Scripture to a more ignorant friend, and saying, "it was our sins the Lord came to die."

'Read Me All; I Want It All.'

Id a poor old woman, who had listened more tentatively than all the rest, though many were interested, to the Scripture reading at our dispensary. I explained that she could not hear on one occasion, and told her to come again next Monday. "Then you will read it bit by bit, will you not?" she said, with deep earnestness. "A little every day, till I have heard all; want to hear those good words, and all about it."

As I warmly agreed, she repeated, "Bit by bit." Three days ago (this was written in 1886) this woman had never heard of a Saviour, and but for the Medical Mission would most likely have gone to her grave doubly blind; for she is under our doctor's care for very bad eyes."

Of the many trials, self-denials, and disappointments incident to her laborious work, Miss Whately seldom spoke, and never complained. Sometimes, however, the burden of straitened resources which hindered her from entering many an open door, notably on the Nile, pressed heavily. But she had full confidence that so long as the Lord had work for her to do, He would supply her with means for doing it. That her working day was so nearly ended, she seemed to have no presentiment. When in her native country last summer, in reference to advancing years, she once alluded to her possible eventual retirement. But it has been otherwise ordered for her. She has died in harness. Her regular annual Nile Boat Mission trip was accomplished at the usual season. Then she came home to die. (She always called Cairo "home.") Her beloved sister was with her, and other dear ones on whom she had bestowed so large a share of her warm affections. As to the result of her well-nigh thirty years' work in Egypt, "the day shall declare it"—the day to which she looked forward with such joyful hope, the day of

The Lord's Second Coming.

If she were at any time depressed, "Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?" was her constant exclamation, and at all times, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," her continual prayer. "The Lord gave the word and great was the company of the women that published it." The words seem prophetic of these latter days. And among all such favored women, one more simple, more trustful, more single-eyed, more self-forgetful, would be hard to find. She rests from her labors, and her works do follow her, and when at length it shall be said, "Blessed be Egypt, my people," it may become manifest that her patient pioneering was used to prepare the way of the Lord. Meantime, who shall take up her fallen mantle?

THE EGYPTIAN BAZAR.

[See Illustration on first page.]

IN the foreground of the *sook*, or bazar, depicted in the illustration, is a water-carrier with his skin, or as it is called in the New Testament (Matt. 9:17), bottle. A little in the rear is a lady on an ass, accompanied by her servant, taking an airing. As is usual with ladies in the East, her face is partially hidden from view, to prevent the gratification of a too impertinent curiosity on the part of strangers and the sterner sex. On the left, and occupying an elevated position, are several of the tradespeople of the city, waiting patiently under a rude sort of shelter from the rays of the sun, for customers, two of them smoking strange-looking pipes, and their neighbors apparently absorbed in con-

templation. "The majority of the stores," said Miss Whately in her book, "Among the Huts in Egypt," "are small concerns, and it often happens that you are obliged to visit half a dozen to get a very few things from the small stock in hand with each. However, the habit, still adhered to, of having particular streets for particular articles, facilitates the search a good deal. For example: you want some native slippers or shoes, for wear in hot weather; you must then go to the 'Shoe Bazar,' and find yourself in a long street with two or three very narrow ones leading out of it, all lined with small shops displaying red and yellow leather slippers of various forms and sizes: some pointed and turned up at the toe, some very wide and rounded (these are specially worn by countrymen, and have very thick soles, and are always a great deal too large) others are elegantly embroidered; these are for ladies' wear—in short, the variety is endless, and the colors being always red and yellow, the effect of the stalls is very pretty. The makers of saddles and housings for horses and donkeys, also usually in bright-colored materials, have their *quarter* in the same way, as have the less lively manufactures of sieves, combs, palm frames, etc., and the brass-workers, whose region is almost intolerable from the noise of their hammers on the brazen vessels used in the East."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Soldier's Testimony after Parade.—Mr. D. McLauchlan remarks: "One day I saw a soldier get up among his fellows and boldly, but most tenderly, speak for Christ, as they were lounging about after parade. 'Comrades,' he said, 'I am not much of a speaker, yet I want to tell you of my conversion. Before it I was as if I had turned my back upon God, peace, hope, salvation. But a few days ago, God said to me, "Right about turn! Quick march!" I obeyed orders, and am now going in the opposite direction to that which I pursued most of my life, and I am now serving under the Lord Jesus Christ.' That testimony was uttered before a large number of men, and God blessed it to the saving of many souls among them, who gladly enlisted under the banner of Christ that very day. 'Right about turn! Quick march!' very aptly expresses conversion, which is a turning round. We then fight against our former friends, and march shoulder to shoulder with those whom we heretofore regarded as our enemies. No longer enemies to God by wicked works; but obedient children."

How Saint Patrick Escaped Assassination.

Mr. J. H. McEwen relates: "It is told of Saint Patrick that while driving in his chariot, one day, through a certain part of Ireland, his charioteer leaned back and told him of a plot of some of his enemies to murder him while driving, and that that day, and that time, was the occasion chosen. The servant dearly loved his master, and prayed him to exchange places and clothes. For some time Saint Patrick refused, but ultimately yielding to the solicitation of his servant, he consented, and soon was seated on the driver's seat, while his charioteer reclined in the interior. As they were passing a dangerous part of the road, an arrow, sent by an unseen hand, but with unerring aim, was launched at the occupant of the chariot, finding a place in his heart. They thought they had killed the Saint, but, thanks to the self-sacrifice of his servant, he escaped. Would not Saint Patrick forever revere the memory of that noble man, when he called to mind that he had died for him? And should not we for ever honor and praise Him who died for us? How can men repel such a Saviour!"

A Fatal Fall From a Scaffold.

"I Remember a man who was being earnestly pressed by his friends to give himself to Christ. When I had opportunity I spoke to him, and, poor fellow, he was the very picture of indecision. He fidgetted to and fro, he twisted his hat in his hand, and in his distress of mind could not sit an instant at rest. He knew he was face to face

with Christ, but he would not accept Him. At last he rose and slowly walked to the end of the little room. At the door he drew up, and leaning against the doorpost the battle was renewed. He was almost persuaded, but would not take the decisive step. Then he passed along the lobby, and at the outside door he brought up again; then he passed out into the night with darkness still reigning in his soul. Soon afterwards, while engaged on a scaffold at his usual employment as a builder, he fell over with a crash to the ground below. It is not for me to say if he ever had another offer of salvation, but I know that that night the Holy Spirit was striving with him."

A Slayer of Several Souls.—An Evangelist

said: "I was asked to visit a poor drunken fellow whose mother had just died, and see if by this affliction he might not be led to consider his perilous position with regard to eternity. When I called, the deceased woman's other son, a fine, manly fellow, six feet in height, and broad in proportion, of considerable intellectual ability, and comparatively spotless life, was also there, with his wife. I spoke to them of death and eternity, emphasizing my remarks by reference to the dead in whose presence we stood. I soon discovered that the younger brother, resolute, temperate, and respectable, was the key-stone to the whole position. I knew if he came to Christ the others would follow. As I was about to leave I said to this man, 'There rests a fearful responsibility on you. If you come to Christ, so will your brother, your wife, and your children. Beware how you reject Him, and lend the power of your example to a wrong course!' While I spoke, the older brother and his own wife turned their eyes towards him with watchful looks that seemed to say, 'Oh, just accept Christ and we will follow.' The man wavered; then mastering his emotion, his face hardened, and he turned away. He would not come to Jesus; neither did his wife, his children, nor his brother. Nor has one of them come yet. No man lives to himself."

The Buried Treasure Recovered.—Mr.

Willington observes: "A young man in France, received, upon the death of his grandfather, who had been a general in the French army, his grandfather's diary. Written therein he found the amount and description of a treasure which the deceased general had obtained during the campaign in Russia. But he had not been able to bring it in safety to France. Pursued by the enemy, and fearful lest it should fall into the hands of the Cossacks, he bade his soldiers halt, and dig a deep hole. Into this the casket was lowered, and hastily covered up. The general and his men escaped, but never had he the opportunity to return for his buried treasure. In the diary was a most minute description of the place where the treasure was concealed, and directions of the nearest route to the place, that the treasure lost to him might be found by his heirs. The young man applied to the Russian Government for permission to seek for the lost casket. His request was granted on condition that two-thirds of it went to the Russian Government. A party of men arriving at the place began to dig, and soon they had the oaken casket raised out of the earth, which had been buried there so many years before. That young man read in his grandfather's book of the treasure, he believed what was written, sought, and found. Similarly, our heavenly Father's book tells us of a treasure of great price. If we seek it, we shall find it; but how many do not believe the news, or believing, do not heed, and spend their life in the miserable poverty of sin, when they might enjoy the riches of God's bounteous and unspeakable grace."

The Seeking Saviour and Other Themes.

by the late Dr. acQkay, of Hull. This work has been published since Dr. Qackay's death, but the greater part was ready for publication when he died, and to that has been added the striking discourse which he delivered the last time he entered the pulpit, and a few manuscripts found among his papers, 247 pages, cloth cover; Price 75 cents, including postage. For sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

WONDERS OF DISASTER AND BLESSING.
Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached in Kansas City,
Mo., Last Sunday Morning, March 31, 1889.

"I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth." Joel 2:30.

The Eventful Nineteenth Century—A Period of Great Disasters—An Epileptic Earth—A Series of Earthquakes—The Appalling Cyclones—A Cyclone at Sea—Disasters Oceanic—The Roll of the Dead Shipping—The Epidemics of the Times—An Era of Blessing—Longevity Increased—Intelligence Advancing—Information Spreading—Christianity on the March—Christians in High Position—The Dying Words of Judge Black—Wonders of Self-Sacrifice—A Missionary in Rabbit-Skins—A Ride on a Locomotive—The Incoming Fleet.

DR. CUMMING—great and good man!—would have told us the exact time of the fulfilment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris just after the French had surrendered at Sedan, the good doctor said to me: "It is just as I told you about France: people laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw all this from the Book of Daniel and the Book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of the passage, I simply assert that there is in it suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens in its pulsations as we read of events in the Third century, the Sixth century, the Eighth century, the Fourteenth century, but there are more far-reaching events crowded into

The Nineteenth Century

than into any other, and the last quarter bids fair to eclipse the preceding three quarters. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph, and without any special emphasis—of events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon, would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time, we must cry out, in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue this day that our time is

Wonderful for Disaster?

Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth; convulsion after convulsion; frosts pounding it with sledge-hammer of iceberg, and fires melting it with furnaces seven hundred times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it, and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the *Etruria* and the *Germania* and the *Arizona* and the *City of New York* rush by. Besides that, our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking-beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition. But it seems to us as if our century were especially characterized by

Disaster—Volcanic, Cyclonic

oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic, because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth beware! Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British Association! Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch, and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful at 1 o'clock on the 1st of November, 1755, in six minutes 60,000 have perished; and Voltaire writes of them: "For

that region it was the last judgment, nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the throb; 1,500 chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed!

But the disasters of other centuries have had their counterpart in our own. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of the earthquake; in 1822, in Chili, 100,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation; in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857; Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manila terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871; Antioch in 1872; California in 1872; San Salvador in 1873; while in 1883 what subterranean excitement! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering-place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder, Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder, Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8,000 merry-makers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them, as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy,

All Europe Weeping,

all Christendom weeping where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down, and city after city, until that island, which produces the healthiest beverage of all the world, has produced the ghastliest accident of the century. One hundred thousand people dying, dying, dead, dead!

But look at the *disasters cyclonic*. At the mouth of the Ganges are three islands—the Hattiah, the Sundeep and the Dakin Shabazpore. In the midnight of October, 1877, on all those three islands the cry was: "The waters! the waters!" A cyclone arose and rolled the sea over those three islands, and of a population of 340,000, 215,000 were drowned. Only those saved who had climbed to the top of the highest trees! Did you ever see a cyclone? No? Then I pray God you may never see one. I saw

A Cyclone on the Ocean,

and it swept us eight hundred miles back from our course, and for thirty-six hours during the cyclone and after it we expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we retired at 9 o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at 11 o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out! Crash! went all the lifeboats. Waters rushing through the skylights down into the cabin, and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the deluge. Seven hundred people praying, blaspheming, shrieking. Our great ship poised a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire, and then plunged down, down, down, until it seemed as if she never would again be righted. Ah! you never want to see a cyclone at sea.

But I was in Minnesota, where there was one of those cyclones on land that swept the city of Rochester from its foundations, and took dwelling-houses, barns, men, women, children, horses, cattle, and tossed them into indiscriminate ruin, and lifted a rail train and dashed it down, a mightier hand than that of engineer on the air-brake. Cyclone in Kansas, cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa! Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbances as he has in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

But look at the disasters oceanic. Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? Ye monsters of the deep, answer when I call your names. The

Ville de Havre, the *Schiller*, the *City of Boston*, the *Melville*, the *President*, the *Cimbria*. But w should I go on calling the roll when none them answer, and the roll is as long as the wh scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatter breakers! If the oceanic cables could reco all the scattered life and all the bleached bon that they rub against in the ocean, what

A Message of Pathos and Tragedy

for both beaches! In one storm eighty fishes men perished off the coast of Newfoundland and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea, and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darling and the Ida Lewises and the lifeboat men hovering around Goodwin Sands and the Skerries! The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth, and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of our hotels at Brighton Beach backward one hundred yards from where the once stood, a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead Sea rolls to-day where ancient cities stood. Pillars of temples that stood on hills, geologists now find three-quarters under the water or altogether submerged. The sea, having wrecked so many merchantmen and flotillas, wants to wreck the continents, and hence disasters oceanic.

Look at the *disasters epidemic*! I speak now of the plague in the Fourth century that ravaged Europe, and in Moscow and the Neapolitan dominions and Marseilles wrought such terror in the Eighteenth century, but I look at the yellow fevers, and the choleras, and the diphtherias, and the scarlet fevers, and the typhoid of our own time. Hear

The Wailing of Memphis

and Shreveport and New Orleans and Jacksonville of the last few decades. From Hurdwar India, where every twelfth year three million devotees congregate, the caravans brought the cholera, and that one disease slew eighteen thousand in eighteen days in Bossorah. Twelve thousand in one summer slain by it in India and twenty-five thousand in Egypt. Disasters epidemic! Some of the finest monuments in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn are to doctors who lost their lives battling with Southern epidemic.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm-tree amid the night-shade and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by *wonders of blessing*. Blessing of longevity the average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth four hundred years once. Now I can travel from Manitoba to New York in three days and three nights. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days and three nights now are worth three months of other days. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived his 950 years and Methuselah lived his 969 years.

Blessings of Intelligence:

The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine-knot lights, or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of the last century were called up to recite in a class with our boys at the Polytechnic, or our girls at the Packer, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class, because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land. Historical alcoves and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all that desire to walk through them, or sit down at them.

Blessings of quick information; Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News three days old, rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast-table,

through the newspaper at the tea-table, an "extra" here and there between. *Pressing of Gospel proclamation:* Do you not know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born in this century? and nearly all the Bible societies, and nearly all the great philanthropic movements? A secretary of one of the denominations said to me the other day in Dakota: "You were wrong when you said our denomination averaged a new church every day of the year; they established nine in one week, so you are far within the truth." A clergyman of our denomination said: "I have just set out establishing five mission stations."

Christianity is on the March,

Infidelity is dwindling into imbecility. Infidelity is thus dwindling and dropping down into imbecility and indecency, the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. All the copies of Shakespeare and Tennyson and Disraeli, and of any of the most popular writers of the day, less in number than the copies of the Bible going from our printing-presses. A few years ago, six weeks, more than two million copies of the New Testament purchased, not given away, purchased because the world will have it. More Christian men in high official position in Great Britain and in the United States than ever before. Stop that falsehood going through the newspapers—I have seen it in print—that the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are all infidels except one. In personal acquaintance I know three of them to be old-fashioned evangelical Christians, sitting at the holy sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I suppose that the majority of them are staunch believers in our Christian religion. And then hear

The Dying Words of Judge Black,

man who had been Attorney-General of the United States, and who had been Secretary of the United States—no stronger lawyer of the century than Judge Black—dying, his aged wife kneeling by his side, and he uttering that sublime and tender prayer: "O Lord God, from whom I derived my existence, and in whom I have always trusted, take my spirit to thyself, and let thy richest blessing come down upon my family." The most popular book to-day is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the Church, and the greatest name among the nations, and more honored than any, is the name of Jesus. *Wonders of self-sacrifice:* A clergyman told me in the Northwest that for six years he was a missionary at the extreme north, living 400 miles from a post-office, and sometimes he kept out of doors in winter, the thermometer sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero, wrapped in rabbit-skins woven together. I said: "Is it possible? You do not mean sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero?" He said, "I do, and was happy."

All for Christ!

Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers to educate their boys for the gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through grammar school and college and theological seminary be completed. Poor widow putting her mite into the Lord's treasury, the face of emperor or president impressed upon the coin not so conspicuous as the good with which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first, and Christ last, and Christ forever. Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in the chime, and sound all the organs in one apasion, and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one Gloria in Excelsis. Mighty camp meetings! Mighty Ocean Groves! Mighty hautauquas! Mighty conventions of Christian workers! Mighty general assemblies of the Presbyterian Church! Mighty conferences of the Methodist Church! Mighty associations of

the Baptist Church! Mighty conventions of the Episcopal Church! I think, before long, the best investments will not be in railroad stock or Western Union, but in trumpets and cymbals and festal decorations, for we are on the eve of victories wide and world uplifting.

O you dead churches, wake up! Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism, and let the light of the spring morning come in! Morning for the land! Morning for the sea! Morning of emancipation! Morning of light and love and peace! Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate. O Christ, descend! Scarred temple, take the crown! Bruised hand, take the sceptre! Wounded foot, step on the throne! "Thine is the kingdom."

These things I say because I want you to Be Alert.

I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified them, whether calamitous or pleasing. The divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break, and in girths that cannot slip, and in buckles that cannot loosen, and are driven by reins they must answer. I preach no fatalism. A swarthy engineer at one of the depots in Dakota said: "When will you get on the locomotive, and take a ride with us?" "Well," I said, "now, if that suits you?" So I got on one side of the locomotive, and a Methodist minister, who was also invited, got on the other side, and between us were the engineer and the stoker. The train started. The engineer had his hand on the agitated pulse of the great engine. The stoker shoveled in the coal, and shut the door with a loud clang. A vast plain slipped under us, and the hills swept by, and that great monster on which we rode trembled and bounded and snorted and raged as it hurled us on. I said to the Methodist minister on the other side of the locomotive: "My brother, why should Presbyterians and Methodists quarrel about the decrees and free agency? You see that track, that firm track, that iron track; that is the decree. You see this engineer's arm? That is free agency. How beautifully they work together. They are going to take us through. We could not do without the track, and we could not do without the engineer. So I rejoice day by day."

Work for All to Do,

and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents; but there is the track laid, so long ago no one remembers it, laid by the hand of Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect. And along that track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central Depot of the millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by. If things seem to turn out right, give wings to your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, throw out the anchor of faith, and hold fast.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived awhile when he was moving through the land incognito and in workman's dress, that he might learn the wants of the people. A stranger was visiting at that house recently, and saw in a dark attic an old box, and he said to the owner of the house, "What's in that box?" The owner said, "I don't know: that box was there when I got the house, and it was there when my father got it. We haven't had any curiosity to look at it; I guess there's nothing in it." "Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you two pounds for it." "Well, done." The two pounds are paid, and recently the contents of that box were sold to the czar of Russia for fifty thousand dollars. In it the lathing machine of Peter the Great, his private letters, and documents of value beyond all monetary consideration. And here are the

events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they incase treasures of divine providence and eternities of meaning which after a while God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value.

When Titans play quoits they pitch mountains; but who owns these gigantic forces you have been reading about the last two months? Whose hand is on the throttle-valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot, suddenly planted on the footstool, makes the continents quiver? God! God! He looketh upon the mountains, and they tremble. He toucheth the hills, and they smoke. God! God! I must be at peace with Him. Through the Lord Jesus Christ this God is mine and He is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion, against all the down rockings of the centuries. This God on our side, we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

Those of us who are in mid life may well thank God that we have seen so

Many Wondrous Things;

but there are people here to-day who may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world lifted. Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courser of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed, and Morse and Bell and Edison have tried to control, will become completely manageable, and locomotion will be swiftened, and a world of practical knowledge thrown in upon the race. Whether we depart in this century, or whether we see the open gates of a more wonderful century, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him, he went up and looked out. He said: "We are expecting the *Arizona* to-night." I said: "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said: "Yes, I never make a mistake; before I see the hulls, I often know them by the masts; I know them all, I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long-absent loved ones! So to-day we take our stand in the watch-tower, and we look off, and through the glass of inspiration we look off and see a whole fleet of

Ships Coming In.

That is the ship of Peace, flag with one star of Bethlehem floating above the top-gallants. That is the ship of the Church, mark of salt wave high up on the smoke-stack, showing she has had rough weather, but the Captain of salvation commands her and all is well with her. The ship of Heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as if they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours; they went out from our own households. Ours! Hail! Hail! Put off the black, and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot. Now, the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw on the planks. Block not up that gangway with embracing long lost friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come on! Farewell to sin! Farewell to struggle! Farewell to sickness! Farewell to death! All aboard for Heaven!

A GOD-DIRECTED VERDICT.

AMONG the reminiscences of Mr. J. C. Lanphier, the founder of the Fulton Street Daily Prayer-Meeting, is the following instructive incident: A short time since a young lawyer appeared in the Fulton Street meeting. He told a simple, touching story of great faith and great deliverance. He was counsel for a young man incarcerated in a Jersey prison. He said, "My heart died within me when I saw the array of counsel, read the proof on which the prosecution relied, and the slender defence I could put forth. Believing in prayer, and as I seemed to have no other refuge, I came to this meeting and laid the case of the poor prisoner before you. The burden of my prayer was that God would appear for his deliverance, and open a way for his escape; that, if innocent, it might be made manifest, and he be saved from the brand of a felon, and an honored name be saved from disgrace. I well remember how you prayed; how fervent, how affectionate, and how effectual it seemed to me. The corporation was represented by able legal talent. It filled the court-room with prominent citizens, and brought its wealth and social influence to bear against the young man at the bar. On my conscience, I had to say that if I were on that jury I should have to bring in a verdict of guilty. I made a very short opening, and then placed my client on the stand. He told a straightforward, simple, touching story. The cross-examination failed to shake him in the least. The judge charged strongly against the prisoner, and, on the proof, could not do otherwise. As the jury drifted out the lawyers said: 'Poor fellow! he is in for it; nothing can save him from State's-prison.' In a few minutes the jury returned, and astonished everybody by rendering a verdict of 'Not guilty!' The prisoner wept like a child. 'How could you bring in that verdict in the face of such testimony?' said a man to one of the jurors. 'I cannot tell,' was the reply, 'except that his simple story carried us all with him.'

A CHRISTIAN MEXICAN PREFECT.

READERS who have been contributing to help Bishop Riley in his arduous work of spreading the gospel in Mexico will be pleased to learn that the principles of Christianity are reaching some of the governing class. A correspondent of a contemporary, who has been travelling in Mexico recently made the acquaintance of a gentleman whose conversation interested him deeply. He says: "I soon discovered that my companion was the prefect of Minatitlan, in the state of Vera Cruz, and that he had gone to Jalapa to seek an interview with the governor relative to certain difficulties which he had encountered in the faithful execution of the laws of reform, against certain priests who had thought to trample upon these with impunity. Like so many in Mexico, he had been completely alienated from Romanism in his youth, by what he had observed of its corrupting influence upon the morals of his countrymen. Being more favored than many, he had come into the possession of the Bible, which he had read with devout attention and accepted cordially as the revelation of God's will to man.

"In spite of the opposition of relatives and friends, and at the cost of social position and intercourse, he had firmly and consistently observed the scriptural precepts in the economy of his household, and had refused absolutely to receive priestly visits or to permit that his wife and children should conform to Romish customs. A true liberal at heart, as husband, father, citizen, and public official, he had long devoted himself to the emancipation of his people from ecclesiastical superstition and demoralization, and to the elevation of the family and the community, by means of intellectual culture and the diffusion of a sound, Biblical morality.

"To know the man was to love him. It is rare to find among the Mexicans so much of independent thought, so true a moral heroism and so elevated a social standard. We became

fast friends, and in my next trip to Tabasco, I had the pleasure of visiting him in Minatitlan and confirming all that he had told me, by observing how, by his personal integrity, public spirit, unflinching loyalty, and general intelligence, he was aiding to lift the whole district under his jurisdiction out of the depths of ignorance, fanaticism, and social degradation under which the people have so long suffered."

TRANSFORMATION OF A VILLAGE.

IN a letter to the *Independent*, the Rev. H. Loomis thus describes a remarkable movement in the village of Oyama, in the province of Chikugo, Japan: The people of this village, being in great poverty, and in great distress, appealed to their deities in vain for relief, and, hearing of Christianity, and its promises of peace and rest, they decided that they would become Christians. The people of a neighboring village, learning of their resolve, undertook to prevent them by force from carrying out their purpose, but were driven off. Then the Governor of the Province attempted to influence them, and he was followed by a Buddhist, and then a Shinto priest. But all was of no avail. They destroyed their idols, removed their names from the Buddhist records, and two men were sent to Nagasaki to obtain a Christian teacher. These carried a petition signed by the heads of twenty-six families, asking for some one to come and teach them the religion of Jesus. This paper was given to the delegates who went to Nagasaki, as Cornelius journeyed to Joppa to find Peter.

The delegates there found at Nagasaki a Bible seller, who took them to the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, who by careful inquiry satisfied himself of their honesty, and sent two native helpers to instruct the people as they desired.

After some months, an earnest request was sent for Mr. Hutchinson to come himself and visit the place. On reaching the village he was astonished to find that apparently the whole population had turned to the Lord—every one seemed to be seeking the way of life. After a careful examination, as we are told, one hundred and eight persons received baptism on the profession of their faith in Jesus as their Saviour, or because of the faith of their believing parents.

At a subsequent visit, fifty more adults and children were added to this number, and, remarks Mr. Loomis, "their new found peace and comfort are so manifest, that others who opposed at first have been made to admit that this is indeed the hand of God."

DIVINE HEALING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

A LETTER from Mrs. Georgina Morton, dated Milton, Queen's County, N. S., is published by Mrs. M. Baxter in the current number of *Thy Healer** in which she thus describes her restoration to health: "I was an invalid for thirteen years. During that time I was called upon to endure many trials, both domestic and financial, but God sustained me, and I ever found His grace sufficient. During the first eight years my constant prayer was for restoration to health. At the end of that period I concluded to cease praying for health, and give myself up entirely to God's holy will, asking Him to do with me just what seemed best in His sight, knowing that He did all things well. That prayer I offered day and night for five years, at the end of which time I was entirely healed. Whilst reading my Bible one morning I was impressed with the command to 'Arise and go.' I immediately understood what was required of me. The thought of such an undertaking almost overpowered me. I dreaded a failure, and the consequent ridicule to which I should be exposed,

* *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription 50 cents, may be sent to Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

but I knew in whom I believed; and, after short communion with God, I hastily dress and walked out. I felt my weakness, and occasionally leaned against something to rest moment. After having walked over a mile turned to go home, when all at once the strength seemed to leave my back, but I firmly put my trust in God for His help; the weakness was instantly forgotten, and I went on my way praising and glorifying God.

"I returned home to my family safe and well. My husband was afraid I had lost my reason, but was soon convinced to the contrary. In conclusion, I would add that my chief aim in life now is to serve God. It is my constant prayer that I may know His will, and do it faithfully. He is dealing so lovingly with me, and feel that I can trust Him."

A TRUSTEE'S DIFFICULTY.

"I HAVE a hundred dollars for the poor," said a well-known city missionary in Brooklyn, N. Y., "and it came in one of the most wonderful ways I ever knew." This was the story some months ago he met a Christian man whom he knew slightly, and on his face he recognized the marks of deep trouble. He soon learned its cause. His friend was a man with many and extensive business concerns on his hands, and though not very methodical was as honest as the day, and his record showed no blemish. All his neighbors believed in him and trusted him implicitly. But a serious charge was hanging over him. He was being called to account for a very large sum of money that he had once held as a trustee for a dear friend. He knew perfectly well how it had been used. He knew that it had been invested strictly in accordance with the terms of his trust. But it was twenty years ago; he had removed his residence more than once; he had had a fire, and in other ways the records of the transactions of that long past time had disappeared. He had no receipt, no voucher, no record of any kind. He had been engaged in so many transactions during the twenty years that had intervened, that he could not recall the names of any of the men who had been connected with him in the investment of the particular fund. He searched carefully through enormous masses of business papers, but not a clue could he find. "It will ruin me," he said, "to repay that money. It will destroy my good name; no one will ever trust me again; it will kill me." "Let us take it to God in prayer," said the city missionary. "God knows a way about it; let us ask Him to make it clear. He can vindicate you. Perhaps you may think of some collection of papers that you have forgotten." They knelt and prayed. Later, other friends were told, and together they united in prayer for the same purpose. But no light came. The missionary met the accused man frequently, and saw the traces of acute mental suffering growing deeper on his countenance day by day. "No light yet?" he would ask. The man would shake his head sorrowfully and go his way.

The day before the trial came on the missionary met his friend again, and asked him what he meant to do. "I can do nothing," he said. "I shall go on the stand and tell the plain story, and some friends are coming to say how long they have known me, and that they believe me to be an honest man. I can do no more, but they will not believe me without any documentary proof." "Trust in God," said the missionary. "I am persuaded it will come out right."

At the trial the evidence against him was very strong, and when he went on the stand and related the circumstances, and admitted that he held no receipts—had nothing whatever to show in proof—significant looks of incredulity were exchanged by the lawyers and spectators in court. It seemed, as he had expected, that his good name and all his property must be swept away. All was gloomy until the judge spoke. He reviewed the evidence against the

defendant and then came to the defence. He said, "The story he tells seems incredible, but I happen to know that it is true. The deeds he speaks of were drawn out in my office, and I distinctly remember the whole transaction. It was just as he says, and it is a very strange coincidence that the case should have been called in this court."

As the man left the court, saved from ruin, he met his friend, the missionary, and grasped his hand while he raised his eyes in heartfelt gratitude to God, "Here, H—," he said, "let me give a thank-offering for this marvellous deliverance. You know, better than I do, who is in want. Take this hundred dollars and let some poor creatures have it. They are Christ's representatives. I must do something."

SIGNS IN THE STARS.

By W. Appleford.*

Signs in the Stars Predicted—Greater Frequency of Them in These Days—New or Temporary Stars—A Star on Fire—A Star Transformed Into Nebula—Lost Stars—Creation and Destruction in Progress—A Strange Appearance in Jupiter.

THROUGHOUT the whole Bible, in both the Old and New Testaments, we have numerous prophecies that in the last days of the present dispensation there will be extraordinary convulsions of nature, both in the sidereal and aerial heavens, and on the earth. Amongst the former are to be signs in the sun, moon, and stars, and tempests with fearful thunders, lightnings, and hail; while on the latter there will be earthquakes, storms, devouring fires, famines, and pestilences.

Such signs as these have not been unknown in the history of our world in the past ages. But if similar preliminary signs are now being given, shall we refuse to accept them simply because they are similar to like events that have been more or less common in all ages of the world? or shall we, as we see the greater frequency of some of these signs, and the new phenomena displayed in others,

Accept Them as Tokens

that the day of the Lord draweth nigh? When that day commences we shall doubtless see similar signs multiplied, both in frequency and power, to an alarming extent, but they will still be regarded as purely natural. These will be soon followed by others, which the most unbelieving will have to recognize, as did Pharaoh's magicians, that they betoken the finger of God. How much better to acknowledge this at the first, if we see that there is sufficient evidence to show that the Most High is at work in a special manner.

In Luke 21 : 25 we read, "And there shall be signs in . . . the stars." We ask the question, "Have there been any special signs in the fixed stars and planets lately?" Our reply is, "Yes;" and we will at once proceed to mention some of them.

One very striking feature in the sidereal heavens that has been observed of late years is the occurrence of

New or Temporary Stars.

During the last twenty-three years there have been five of these stellar apparitions observed; or, if the so-called Star of Bethlehem, seen in 1887, may be reckoned as one, then six, while another was seen no further back than April 27, 1848. We will mention two principal ones.

It was on the evening of May 11, 1866, about fifteen minutes before midnight, that Mr. John Birmingham saw with astonishment a bright star of the second magnitude, unfamiliarly situated in the constellation of the Northern Crown. Four hours earlier, Schmidt, of Athens, had been surveying the same part of the heavens, and was able to testify that it was not visible then. On May 16th it was examined by the spectroscope, and it was found that the cause of the outburst was the eruption or ignition of vast masses of hydrogen. Even in

this short space of time—five days—it had declined in brightness from a star of the second to below the third magnitude, while nine days later it was invisible to the naked eye. In 1887 it was to be seen by the telescope as a star of about the tenth magnitude.

On the 24th of November, 1876, at Athens. Dr. Schmidt discovered a new star in the constellation Cygnus. It was then nearly of the third magnitude, but in its previous state, if visible at all, must have been below the ninth, since it is not shown on Ayelander's star map. Like the other one, it steadily but rapidly faded. By the end of the year it was no more than of the seventh magnitude. From March to September, 1877, it was not possible to get observations, but on September 2 it was found to be below the tenth magnitude; but stranger still, the spectroscopic lines had altogether changed from the bright ones of hydrogen, &c., to a single bright line of green, which is characteristic of gaseous nebulae. The star had, in fact, so far as outward appearance was concerned, become transformed into a planetary nebula. This star has now dropped to the sixteenth magnitude.

Although these new or temporary stars were not unknown in the past centuries, yet the records of them are few and far between, while now they appear to be getting more common.

Lost Stars.

Not only are there new stars, but there are numerous instances on record of stars formerly known which cannot now be found. Several stars in Ptolemy's catalogue, four of them of the third magnitude, are not to be seen now. In 1783, Sir W. Herschel, in a paper read before the Royal Society, mentioned eleven stars that were on Flamstead's catalogue, published about 100 years before, which, from his own observations, he could testify did not exist at that time. In 1782 Sir W. Herschel observed star 55 Herculis, magnitude 5; but nine years afterwards it could not be found, and has not been seen since. In May, 1829, Sir J. Herschel missed one in Virgo. Unfortunately, I have not at present come across a modern list of such lost stars, although several modern books on astronomy speak of them as though there had been a comparatively large number recently. In the absence of such a list I will quote a passage from Professor Steele:

"It would appear that for some time past astronomers have remarked

Phenomena of an Unprecedented Kind

among the heavenly bodies: through the whole system of the universe a change seems to be proceeding. New stars have twinkled into being, *old ones have burned out or dropped from their places.* Stars which for centuries since they were first noted have been marked on every chart as of inferior magnitude, have suddenly increased in brilliancy and size in an extraordinary manner."

In another work he remarks: "The process of apparent creation and destruction is going on in the heavens immediately before the eye of the astronomer. New stars flash light, *old stars are lost*, worlds burst into flames, and their glowing embers fade into darkness. Are they re-created into new worlds? We know not. We only perceive that the same Almighty power which fitted up this earth for our home is yet at work among the worlds about us, and we are thus witnesses of His eternal presence."

In coming from the stars to the planets we have recently had a very

Remarkable Appearance in Jupiter.

In 1878 M. Niesten, of Brussels, was struck with a rosy cloud attached to a whitish zone beneath the dark southern band of this planet. It was of an enormous size, being in length 8,000, and in breadth 2,000 miles. In the following year it attracted the wonder and attention of almost every astronomer. By this time its color had deepened to a full brick-red, which was set off with a white spot of unusual brilliancy. The conspicuous brilliancy of this astonishing object lasted three years (from 1879 to 1882); but it had faded so considerably by May, 1883, that it was not expected that it would be seen again. It,

however, began to recover its brilliancy in December, and continued to increase till in the beginning of 1886 it presented much the same appearance as it did in 1882. While much speculation has arisen as to the cause of this phenomenon, no satisfactory solution has been given.

COMING GREAT PROPHETIC EVENT THIS YEAR.

Namely, the Third of the Four Steps or Stages in the Cleansing of the Jewish Sanctuary Predicted by Daniel to Occur Respectively in 1844, 1856, 1889, and 1901.

APRIL 2, 1889, being the first day of Nisan, and the beginning of the Jewish ecclesiastical year, is the exact termination of Daniel's Great Date of 2,345 years, starting from Ezra's completions of his Reforms of the Jewish polity and ritual at Jerusalem (Ezra 7 : 9; 9 : 17), on the first day of Nisan, 457 B. C. Hence we may expect in the Jewish year beginning April 2, 1889, an increased cleansing of the Jewish sanctuary by some further step of progress toward the deliverance of the Holy Land from the despotic rule of Turkey, such as the Sultan, by some Official Deed or Declaration, granting enlarged rights and liberties to Jerusalem and Judea (perhaps in exchange for a loan of money, or to satisfy some of his pressing creditors). The whole period of 2,345 years is foretold in two sections: viz., its first 2,300 years is mentioned in Daniel 8 : 14, and is stated to end with "the cleansing of the sanctuary" of the Holy Land, which, in an initial and primary fulfilment, took place exactly 2,300 years from Ezra's above-mentioned completion of Jewish Reforms on Nisan 1, 457 B. C. : viz., on Nisan 1 (March 21), 1844, on which day the Sultan of Turkey issued an Official Declaration of the Abolition of execution of Mohammedan converts to the Jewish or Christian religion. This remarkable ending of the 2,300 years was pointed out at considerable length in the "Guide to the Prophecies" in 1844, by Rev. E. Bickersteth, uncle of the present Bishop of Exeter. The additional forty-five years of the 2,345 years then follow from Nisan 1 (March 21), 1844, to Nisan 1 (April 2), 1889, when, therefore, a further cleansing of the sanctuary of the Holy Land from the Turkish-Mohammedan abomination of desolation may be expected. These forty-five years are the excess or overplus of the 1,335 years over and beyond the last 1,290 years of the 2,300 years according to Daniel 12 : 11, 12—the 1,290 years being stated to be the whole time of the abomination of desolation during the concluding portion of the 2,300 years.

The ultimate and secondary fulfilment of the 2,300 years was from Nisan 22, 445 B. C., when Artaxerxes gave the command to Nehemiah on the last day of Passover Week in Nisan to rebuild Jerusalem, as mentioned in Nehemiah 2, and Daniel 9 : 25. From thence the 2,300 years reached to Nisan 22 (April 27), 1856, on which day a still further "cleansing of the sanctuary" of the Holy Land took place by the ratification of the Treaty of Peace closing the Crimean War, which stipulated for religious and civil liberty and political equality and other rights and privileges for Jews and Christians in Judea and Turkey. The additional forty-five years, following this fulfilment of the 2,300 years, extends, of course, from Nisan 22, 1856, to Nisan 22 (April 11), 1901, as the End of this Gentile Age and beginning of the Millennium and the full restoration of the Jewish nation to Judea, as predicted in Dan. 12 : 12: "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end of the 1,335 years," which therefore we may expect on Nisan 22 (April 11), 1901. (See "Coming Wars and End of this Age," price twenty cents at this office, 63 Bible House, New York).

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

* An extract from a valuable article published in the *Prophetic News* for March. May be had, price 6 cents, from this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Appalling Naval Disaster at Samoa was briefly reported by cable on Saturday last. A dispatch from London stated that news had been received there of the wreck of three American and four German war vessels. Another dispatch, which comes from Auckland, confirms the news, but gives the names of only three German vessels. It says that dispatches had come in from Samoa stating that the American men-of-war *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic*, and the German men-of-war *Adler*, *Olga*, and *Eber*, were driven on a reef during a violent storm and totally wrecked. Of the American crews, four officers and forty-six men were drowned, and of the German crews, nine officers and eighty-seven men lost their lives.

The Opening of the Oklahoma Lands to Settlers was duly proclaimed on March 27 by the President, in conformity with the act of Congress of March 2. The day fixed for entrance is April 22, and two land offices for the reception of claims were promptly opened. That for the eastern division of the Territory is at Kingfisher stage station, and for the western district at Guthrie. The lands have been acquired from the Muscogee or Creek nation, and from the Seminoles. The boundaries are clearly described in the President's proclamation, and he emphatically warns settlers against going beyond them, or entering before the day fixed. Transgressors are to be punished by being forever excluded from acquiring land in the Territory. A large number of boomers have disregarded the warning, and United States troops have been sent to clear them out. It is stated that near San Reno alone, upward of two thousand have congregated. There is not sufficient land to satisfy all the claimants, and it is feared that bloodshed will result from their struggle to get ahead of each other.

The Remainder of the First-Class Diplomatic places were filled on March 22, so far as the Presidential nominations could do so. The chief prize—that of Minister to England—was given to Robert T. Lincoln, the son of the martyred President. Murat Halstead, editor of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, was nominated Minister to Germany; Allen Thorndyke Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, to Russia; George B. Loring, of Massachusetts, to Portugal; John Hicks, of Wisconsin, to Peru; Thomas Ryan, of Kansas, to Mexico; and Patrick Egan, the Irish leader, to Chili. The appointment of Mr. Lincoln caused general surprise, as his name had not been associated with the English mission. It is, however, well received, and the country approves the choice, not only for his father's sake, but on account of his personal qualities. Another reason for the popularity of the nomination is that it is supposed to indicate the President's independence of spirit and freedom from Cabinet control. Mr. Blaine is credited with having urged another name for the post, and having decided objections to Mr. Lincoln on account of his remaining in the Cabinet under President Arthur after President Garfield's death. Mr. Halstead's nomination, however, is the one that has caused the greatest discussion. About three years ago, Mr. Halstead disapproved of some proceedings in the Senate, and in his paper denounced it as a whole, and singled out certain Republican

Senators for particular castigation. He went so far as to say that the august body was "made up of millionaires, servants of corporations, and corruptionists. There was not a vote cast that was actuated by the slightest regard for the honor of the Senate or of purity of politics." And after mentioning several Republican Senators by name, he went on to say that he accepted "it as the highest honor of his life that he has acquired certain enemies. He has earned them by many years' hard work and close attention to business, and enjoys them. They are variously useful to him." As Democratic Senators would oppose Mr. Halstead's nomination on principle, it needed only that the few Republicans whom he had so savagely attacked by name should join the Democrats to secure the rejection of the nomination. This was done on March 28, by a vote of 27 to 13, but Mr. Sherman, who championed Halstead's cause, induced the Senate to reconsider. It is a characteristic and instructive fact that the Senators did not oppose Mr. Halstead's nomination on the ground of unfitness for the post to which he was nominated. That question does not seem to have been considered. The country might benefit, or not benefit, by the service he could render at Berlin—that was a minor consideration compared with the wounded vanity of the Senators.

The Approaching International Maritime conference is anticipated with growing interest, and it is hoped that its results will lead to the diminution of the risks of ocean voyages. The United States delegates are holding preparatory meetings to discuss the questions likely to arise. Among these are: signals and other means of indicating the movements of vessels in fogs; life-saving devices; reporting, marking, and removing wrecks and obstructions to navigation; warnings of approaching storms; fixing safe load-line of vessels; uniform system of buoys; the establishment of a permanent international Shipping Commission; regulations for determining the seaworthiness of vessels. It was suggested to the delegates that they should urge the exclusion of steamers from the neighborhood of the Newfoundland banks, on account of the danger of collision with fishing vessels, but the suggestion has not been accepted.

A Revolution in the Navy-Yards is Proposed by the new Secretary of the Navy, Gen. B. F. Tracy. In a recent speech he said: "I know that politics play a great part in the navy-yards of the country. But I say, and I will adhere to what I say, that the navy-yards during my administration shall not be asylums for the careless, poor, and incompetent workman. Whether republican or democratic, I shall insist that there shall be skilled foremen and worthy mechanics. That much I shall do. That much I promise. I propose to rid myself of every obstacle to the faithful discharge of the duties of that high office." The magnitude of this change will be understood by any one who has lived within a hundred miles of a navy-yard. Probably the Secretary will find the political pressure too strong to allow of his doing all he promises, but the effort will be worth making.

A Long and Acrimonious Debate in the Canadian Parliament on the Jesuit question was carried on through last week. It was only the legislative phase of a controversy that has agitated every city in the Dominion. It arose out of the passage of a bill by the Quebec Legislature appropriating \$400,000 as compensation for certain lands once the property of the Jesuits, but now confiscated to the Crown. The land is about five hundred thousand acres, and when Great Britain acquired Lower Canada the ownership by the Jesuits appears to have been recognized. In 1763 the Pope suppressed the order of Jesuits, and the Government thereupon took possession of the land, and in 1800 issued a warrant declaring it confiscated. The priests contended that it should have reverted to the Pope. By way of compromise the Quebec Legislature appropriated the \$400,000, and made the Pope a party to the bargain. This evoked a protest from the

Orangemen, who objected both to the appropriation and to Papal recognition. A motion was made in the Dominion Parliament on March 26, asking the Governor-General to veto the act of the Quebec Legislature. The debate that ensued did not close until early Friday morning, when the motion was rejected by a vote of 175 to 13. The question has aroused strong religious animosity, and has threatened to split up political parties, as each party contains both Protestants and Roman Catholics. The government of Sir John Macdonald has supported the action of the Quebec Legislature, and it is expected that in doing so it will alienate the support of all Protestants.

The Death of John Bright, the Venerable and eminent English statesman, which occurred on March 27, has occasioned almost as much regret in this country as in England. It is not forgotten that during our civil war he was almost alone among English statesmen in his friendliness to the United States, and when the trouble arose over the seizure of the Confederate commissioners, and there was danger of war with England, he steadfastly and earnestly urged courteous and conciliatory measures on the English Government in dealing with the Washington Cabinet. Mr. Bright had been in failing health for over a year, and last December his death was momentarily expected. He rallied, however, but two weeks ago he had a relapse, from which he did not recover. He was seventy-eight years of age. His portrait and life appeared in this journal on Dec. 27, 1888.

News of a Victory Won by Emin Pasha over the followers of the Mahdi, was received by way of Cairo on March 23. It was to the effect that an expedition of six thousand Mahdists had been sent in steamers and barges to make an attack on Emin, who met them at Bor, which is three hundred miles from his station at Wadelai, and defeated them. The victory appears to have been overwhelming, for the messenger said that Emin captured the steamers and inflicted severe slaughter on the enemy. The messenger said that he had accompanied the expedition, and his narrative was consequently that of an eye-witness. The report lacks confirmation, but intrinsically is considered to bear the stamp of truth. If, as is probable, the Mahdists moved against Emin, they would naturally make Bor their point of entrance to his territory. It would also be his wisest policy to meet them there, as the report says he did. If the battle took place as represented, Emin probably owes his victory to the ammunition which Stanley carried to him with so great labor and peril. It is also stated, from the same source, that Emin was in good health, and that all his people and some European travellers were with him in Bahrgazel.

A New Penal Code for Germany, Which is to be submitted to the Reichstag this month, is causing some concern to the advocates of free speech in that country. On the face of them the provisions are unobjectionable, but in the hands of an unscrupulous statesman they are sufficiently elastic to silence criticism. The Code provides that persons found guilty of inciting one class against another, or of publicly attacking the bases of public and social order, especially religion, the monarchy, marriage, or property, shall be imprisoned for a term not exceeding three years. Persons convicted of a second offence may be forbidden to reside in certain places. Newspapers which have been twice convicted of any of the offences mentioned in the code shall be suppressed. Socialists who have been expelled from the country shall not be permitted to return within five years after the adoption of the code, unless by special permission of the police authorities.

Very Liberal Terms are Offered to any Person canvassing for subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Sample copies will be sent, postage paid, on application from any one desiring to undertake the work. Ministers and others will find it easy to obtain subscriptions. Send postal card for terms, and state number of sample copies required. Address The Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$16.05. They are: from Tallman, Mich., \$1; Beaver Dam, Wis., 25 cents; Talladega, Ala., \$1.50; Centerville, Miss., \$1; Tonkers, N. Y., \$1; Lancaster, Pa., \$1; Brick Church, N. J., \$3; Bethel, Conn., \$1; Brooklyn, N. Y., \$2; Chicago, Ill., 30 cents; Monroe Co., Tenn., \$2; Seaward, Me., \$2. Our readers who are contributing to this fund will be pleased to learn that the pastors who receive the paper through their kindness are deeply grateful, and say that it is helping them very materially in their work, and God is blessing its teachings also to their own souls.

The Young Women's Christian Association of New York is undertaking a work of genuine Christian usefulness. It has hired a cottage for the summer at Asbury Park, N. J., capable of accommodating thirty girls. It is intended for the use of girls employed in stores, offices, etc., where they will have excellent board at bare cost. This arrangement will enable many to get rest and recuperation in congenial society, who would be unable to pay the cost of a week at the seaside. The Association is to be highly commended in this matter: it is practical Christianity—the kind that Jesus taught. We are also glad to learn that Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard proposes to build and furnish a house to connect with the Association building in Fifteenth Street, to be used as a lodging-house and restaurant. This will supply a long-felt want, and will materially increase the Association's opportunities of usefulness.

An Unexpected Mourner at a Funeral Caused some curiosity recently at Voluntown, Conn. The obsequies were those of a good old physician, whose practice was largely among the poor, and who was as attentive to cases from which he expected no fee as to his wealthy patients. As the procession was leaving the country church, on March 21, for the distant rural cemetery, a little girl ran across an open lot and called to the driver of the first carriage to stop. She wore very old patched clothes, and her uncovered hair was blown about by the March wind. "What is it?" asked one of the occupants of the carriage. "Oh! I want to see the doctor before you bury him," said the child. "I want to go to his grave. He was so good to me when I was sick." The tears were in her eyes, and her forlorn, and grief-stricken appearance touched the mourner. He took her into the carriage. At the grave, the little girl stood in the front rank of mourners, and watched, through her falling tears, the ceremony of committing dust to dust. No manifestation of grief that day was more sincere than hers. There are many who owe, not only all they are, but their hope of eternal life, to the Great Physician, who show no such love to Him, and who are unmindful of His claims. (Luke 7: 44-47.)

A Strange Story of a Famous Vagrant is told in connection with the discovery of a dead body found on March 24, in a cave near Sing Sing, N. Y. Two persons who visited the cave on that day were horrified to find there a corpse, which they immediately recognized as that of a tramp who has been a familiar figure for nearly forty years in New York and Connecticut, and who was known as *the Old Leather Man*. Since the year 1850 he has been met on the country roads of the two States, walking regularly over routes that he appeared to have laid out and followed punctually. He was clad, summer and winter, in a queer suit of leather, made of old boot-tops, which he had sewn together with string. How he lived was a mystery. Occasionally, but very seldom, he would do a day's work, taking pay in food or tobacco. Sometimes a compassionate person would give him food, but he did not beg. He had found a chain of caves on his routes, where he would sleep at night, or if he had no cave in the locality where he might be, he would creep into a barn and sleep there. About ten years ago a Frenchman came and searched for him, saying that the old tramp be-

longed to a wealthy family in Lyons, France, who wanted to provide for him. He found the vagrant, but could not induce him to return. It is now stated that in his youth he fell in love with a girl who worked in a leather factory in Lyons, but was prevented marrying her. She disappeared mysteriously, and he, thinking that she had been murdered in a plot to thwart the marriage, resolved to make the rest of his life a penance. Whether or not that is the true version, it may be presumed that the man was partially insane, as, if he had possessed the use of his reason, he must have seen that his life was one of inconsequent foolishness, unavailing as an atonement for his own sins or those of others. There are many people, however, who are perfectly sane, yet persist in equally futile efforts to atone for their sins, and remain strangers to their Heavenly Father's house, when they might be forgiven and received if they would accept the atonement God has provided. (Heb. 10: 8-10.)

Beauty Made to Order Forms the Basis for a novel which is having an extensive sale. The authoress does not explain the method in her work, but an enterprising reporter has gained from her conversation the principles of the beauty-producing treatment. Calisthenic exercises are to be used for developing the arms, straightening the back, and expanding the chest. Half an hour's vigorous brushing morning and night is prescribed for the production of luxuriant hair, and chewing rubber to enlarge the muscles of the face and fill out cavernous cheeks. Mechanical applications are to be used to raise the bridge of a snub nose. Bandages will compress projecting ears. Sleeping with gloves on is recommended for whitening the hands. And ladies who are anxious to keep the face free from wrinkles are advised, when drying their faces after their ablutions, to give the towel an upward motion, as rubbing it downward tends to deepen and fix the lines traced by time and trouble. It is a pity that the authoress should have omitted from her long list of recipes the most effectual of all, that which gives to the plainest woman a charm that mere personal beauty cannot give—"the meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price." (1 Peter 3: 4.)

An Interesting Set of Books Belongs to the town of Norwich, Conn. The books are one hundred in number, and contain the record of every real-estate transaction since the town has been in existence. The first volume was begun in 1668 with the conveyance of lands by Uncas and Oneec of the Mohegan Indians. This book was sufficient for the transactions of forty-four years. When the reign of King George III. terminated in Norwich, volume sixteen had been reached. The town-clerk continued his entries in the volume, though the spaces for each record bore the words, "In the year of our sovereign lord, George III. of Great Britain, &c., King." On April 20, 1776, there was a record made, and the date was duly filled in after the printed words; but when the next record was made, which was on May 12, 1777, the reference to his majesty was erased, and continued to be erased in each succeeding record as long as a blank remained with the words upon it. The erasure is done with a black bar of ink, which seemed to portray the determination of the time to blot out all allegiance to royalty forever. There is an epoch like that in the history of every true Christian. It marks the period when his allegiance to the world, Satan, and self ended, and every act, word, and thought was consecrated to Christ. (Rom. 6: 22.)

A Cargo of Human Bones from Egypt Arrived in New Jersey on March 25. The steamer *Wingates* from Alexandria brought to Communipaw, N. J., eighty thousand pounds of bones to be used in fertilizing American fields. A reporter, who watched the process of discharging the cargo, was horrified to see that a large portion of the bones were human, and asked the mate of the steamer about them. He admitted that, in every bucketful taken out of the hold,

there were many human bones, but said that others were those of beasts of burden. He said the cargo of the *Wingates* was bought of a German dealer in Alexandria, who has made a fortune by his business. He sends out caravans into the deserts, and there the natives glean a harvest without any other effort than picking it up. The great quantity of bones now found is the *accumulation of thousands of years*. Those who died were quickly buried in a foot or two of sand, and thus every strong wind that blows reveals new mines of ghastly treasure. This is precisely the use that the prophet said should be made of the bones of those who in his day despised God's Word. (Jer. 8: 1, 2.) It is a ghastly business and would appear more horrible to an Oriental mind than it does to us. But it is of no moment to those whose bones are being thus desecrated. For them the one overwhelming question is whether through the blood of Christ their souls are saved. (Luke 12: 4, 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison's services at the Beekman Hill Church, in New York, were continued last week with increasing tokens of the Divine blessing.

Gipsy Smith commenced meetings at Asbury Park, N. J., last Sunday, and expects to remain there ten days. Afterward he is to return to Long Island City for a few days.

Mr. Thomas Houston, the blind evangelist, is conducting revival services in the Mercer Street Church, Jersey City. Both his singing and preaching are being blessed to the conversion of souls.

A series of conferences with objectors to the Christian faith will be held at the church on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, on Sunday afternoons at 4 o'clock, to be continued until May 26.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America will meet on May 16 in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby is pastor, and continue in session two weeks.

Wanted, by a subscriber, the first, second, and third volumes of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, or unbound copies prior to January 1, 1881. He is willing to pay an advance of price if they are clean and in good condition. Address, Manager, 63 Bible House.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Brooklyn has received a gift from Mr. S. B. Chittenden of a piece of land consisting of three ordinary building lots at the junction of Schermerhorn Street and Flatbush Avenue, on which to erect a building of its own. The association has 1,070 members.

Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea's four weeks' meetings at Picton, Ont., Canada, closed on March 21. A subscriber in that town writes that they "have been the means of great blessing to hundreds in Picton and the surrounding villages. One man over seventy years old was converted at the last meeting."

Arrangements are being perfected for the next national convention of Christian Endeavor Societies, at Philadelphia, July 9-11. It is expected that all the leading railroads in the country will give greatly reduced rates, and accommodations have already been secured at hotels and boarding-houses for three thousand guests.

The Rev. William W. Clark has been giving Bible addresses in Dr. Cuyler's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. The results are described as astonishing. The pastor speaks in the highest terms of the value and power of Mr. Clark's teaching. He is to be one of the lecturers at Mr. Moody's Bible Institute in Chicago this month.

The Rev. E. W. Oakes, of Manchester, N. H., expects to sail for England on April 6, by the *Aurania*. His church has voted him a three months' leave of absence. During the three years he has been at Manchester he has done a great work among the non-church-going population, and we hope that, through God's blessing, he will return to it with renewed energy.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections in New York realized \$43,843.75. Of this the exchanges and trades contributed \$15,076.38, and the boxes at the Elevated stations, \$457.45. The largest contribution from churches was the Episcopalian, \$17,497.14. The Roman Catholic was \$77.34. The money was distributed last week among the hospitals, on the basis of the number of days of free treatment to patients.

The Rev. John Dooly preached his farewell sermon in the Broome Street Tabernacle, New York, last Sunday night. This closes a term of seventeen years' missionary labor in the Fourteenth ward of the city, during which time Mr. Dooly has done invaluable service in both religious and philanthropic departments. New York will miss him sorely, and we earnestly hope that God's blessing will follow him in his new sphere at Albany, N. Y.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE SPIRIT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." John 14: 17.

The Teacher of Truth—Works Truthfulness—Signs Surely Following—The Distinction Between the World and the Christian—I. The Spirit Known by Believers—Through Believing What is Taught by Christ—By the Spirit's Operations—Convincing, Comforting, Guiding—As a Person—II. The Spirit Known Through Himself—All Other Means Inadequate—III. A Sacred Intimacy—In the Church—In the Home—In the Body—IV. The Intimacy to Continue.

THE part of the text on which we shall meditate is this: "The Spirit of truth; ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Observe that the Holy Spirit is here called the Spirit of truth. There is much meaning in this expression. He is the teacher of truth, unalloyed truth, practical, divinely effective truth. He never teaches anything but the truth. If it comes from the Spirit of God, we may receive it from Him without any hesitation.

He is the Spirit of truth in this sense, too, that He works truthfulness in His people. In those with whom the Holy Ghost works effectually "there is no guile;" they are open-hearted, honest, sincere, and true; they have an intense affection for the truth, and a zeal for it. They are by His truthful influence preserved from error. As He is the Spirit of truth, we may be sure that whatever He sets His seal upon is true. He will only bear witness to truth; but He will not assist in maintaining error. Mark this word: careful observation will show that in proportion as the nominal Church of the present day has departed from the truth of God, the Spirit of God has departed from her. He can never set His seal to a lie; the testimony of His sacred operation, in

"Signs Following,"

is borne only to the truth of God. Let us not talk, as some do, as if Scriptural doctrine were of little or no consequence; for where the doctrine is not of God, the Spirit of truth is grieved, and He will depart from such a ministry. Except we keep close to the words of the Lord Jesus, and the revelation of the inspired Book, the Spirit of truth will show His displeasure by refusing to use our utterances. In vain your music, your architecture, your learning, and your "bright services," if the truth be given up.

This is the distinction between the men of the world and the disciples of Christ. The world knows nothing of the Holy Spirit; but the disciples of Christ know Him; for the Lord Jesus saith, "He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Forms of Church government, and modes of worship, may be important in their own place: but before the Lord the infallible test is this—Do you bear the fruit of the Spirit of God in you? Doth He indwell you? "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His"; but he that hath the Spirit dwelling within his soul, he it is that is a true-born heir of heaven.

I. To come close up to my subject the first head will be

Believers in Jesus Know

the Holy Spirit. They know Him, to begin with, by believing what has been taught them concerning the Comforter by the Lord Jesus Christ. When Jesus Christ had taught His people concerning the Holy Spirit, and they had received His teaching, He said, "Ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." If they had refused the sayings of Christ, if they had possessed no love, if they had not kept His commandments, if they had arrogantly resolved to find out this mystery for themselves by their own thinking, apart from the instruction of their Master, they would not have known the Spirit of God. We must begin our acquaintance with the Spirit by sitting at the feet of Jesus, and accepting His testimony as sure.

We know the Holy Spirit, next, by His operations upon us. We not only know about His operations, but we have been the subjects of them. All those who are true disciples of Christ have felt a divinely supernatural power working upon them. First, the Holy Spirit operates to our spiritual quickening. There was a time when we were dead in trespasses and in sins: holy feeling was unknown to us, and the life of faith was far from us. At that time we did not desire nor even know spiritual things: we were carnally minded, and the carnal mind knoweth not the things which be of God. The Spirit of God came upon us, and we were awakened, aroused, Made to Live.

Many of us can distinctly remember when we passed from death unto life. With others the visible life may have been made manifest more gradually, but even in them there was a moment when the vital force entered the soul, and they can now rejoice that they have been quickened who were once spiritually dead. You know the Spirit in measure when He breathes upon your dead heart, and it begins to throb with the heavenly life. In connection with that quickening there was conviction of sin. This revelation is the effect of light, the light of the Spirit of God; and when He convinces us of sin we begin to know Him.

When, after having convinced us of sin, He leads us to repentance, and to faith in Jesus Christ, then we know Him! How many a promise did some of you hear, but you could not receive it! How many a comforting discourse did you listen to, and yet it did not comfort you! but when the Spirit of God came, as in a moment, you saw Jesus as the consolation of Israel, the Friend of sinners, the atoning Sacrifice, the Surety of the covenant of grace, and sweet peace came streaming into your soul! At that time you did not only know that the Holy Spirit leads to Jesus Christ, but you knew that He was leading you. In that respect you knew Him by experimental acquaintance, which is

The Best of Knowledge.

Since that time, beloved brethren, we have known the Holy Spirit in many ways: restraining from evil, stimulating to good, instructing, consoling, directing, and enlivening. He has been to us full oft the Spirit of reviving; we have grown dull and cold and sleepy, but no sooner has the Spirit visited us than we have felt all alive—bright, cheerful, and intense. Then our whole heart has run in the ways of God's commands, and we have rejoiced in His name. How true is that word, "He restoreth my soul"! Thus have we known the Holy Spirit by His operations within us.

I specially note that we also know Him as the Comforter. Alas for the disturbance of heart which we receive in the world; perhaps even in the family! Few things, it may be, are as we could wish, and therefore we are sore troubled; but when the Spirit of God comes, peace flows to us like a river, and Jesus breathes on us and says, "Peace be unto you." Do you know that peace? Many saints of God have enjoyed a heavenly calm upon their sick-beds: when pain would else have distracted them, the Spirit of God has rested them in Jesus. I have heard of one saint near his end who asked, "Is this dying?" Then I should like to keep on dying for ever." May God give us the Holy Spirit as our Comforter! Happy knowledge!

I trust that we have oftentimes known the Holy Spirit as

Guiding Us

in various ways. I will not speak largely on this, for some might not understand it; but I know of a surety that the Holy Spirit does give to his favored people hints as to things to come. I say not that any man is inspired to tell the future; but I do say that choice saints have received preparations for the future, and fore-shadowings of their coming experiences. When believers come into difficult circumstances, they bow the knee, and cry for guidance, even as David said, "Bring hither the ephod." The oracle is not dumb, but in some way, not always

to be explained, the Spirit of God guides our steps through life, if we are willing to obey His monitions. Is it not written, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it"? The

Divine Communications

of the Holy Spirit are the precious heritage of true saints; but they are a peculiar voice to their own souls, and are not to be repeated.

But I do not think we have entered the centre of the text even yet. "Ye know Him," says the text: ye know not only His work, but Himself. I may know the great achievements of an artist in marble, but I may not know the sculptor himself. I may know a man's paintings, and therefore I may guess somewhat of his character, but yet I may not know the man himself. "Ye know him," says our Lord; and truly we know the Holy Ghost as to His personality. If the Holy Ghost were a mere influence, we should read, "Ye know it." Let us always shun the mistake of calling the Holy Ghost "it." It cannot do anything. It is a dead thing; the Holy Ghost is a living, blessed Person, and I hope we can say that we know Him as such. Others may doubt His personality; but we believe in the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ, and behold, in the names given to Him, the emotions ascribed to Him, and the acts performed by Him, abundant proofs of His sacred personality.

II. The second head is this: *Believers know the Holy Spirit through Himself.* Let us read the text again: "Ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." It is not, "Ye know Him; for ye have heard gracious preaching;" nor, "Ye know Him; for ye have read about Him in the Scriptures." No—"Ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." The moon cannot help us to see the sun, nor can man reveal God. God can only be

Seen in His Own Light.

No one can reveal the Holy Spirit but the Holy Spirit. I thought, this morning, coming along—I have to preach about the Holy Spirit; but what can I do without the Holy Spirit Himself? I can only preach aright concerning Him by His own presence with me; and if He be not there, I shall only darken counsel by words without knowledge. Why is it that we know the Holy Ghost only by the Holy Ghost?

I answer, first, on account of the inadequacy of all means. By what methods can you make a man know the Holy Ghost? He is not to be discerned by the senses, nor perceived by eyes or ears. What if the preacher should be as eloquent as an angel, in what way would that make you know the Holy Ghost? You would probably remember more of the man than of his subject. Nothing is more to be deplored than a hungering after mere oratory. No outward ordinances can reach the point any more than human speech. We greatly rejoice in the baptism of believers, and in the breaking of bread, in which the death of the Lord Jesus is set forth before us; but in what symbol could we fully see the Holy Spirit? It is not possible for God to reveal Himself fully by His works: He is seen only by Himself. Hence the Son of God himself has come to us as "God with us." In Him we see God. The Holy Spirit must Himself come into the heart to which He

Makes Himself Known.

The facts of the case prove this. I shall not it to any believer here who can humbly say, "I know Him; for He dwelleth with me, and is in me." How do you know the Holy Ghost but by the Holy Ghost? Did you learn your religion of me? Then you have it all to unlearn. Did you learn it out of a book? You have need to begin again. Did you inherit it from your parents, or borrow it from your friends? Then you are still ignorant of the vital point. God is only known through Himself; the Holy Spirit by the Holy Spirit. Have you not found it so in your own case? Why, you have sat and heard a sermon which was in itself cheering, comforting, and quickening; for your neighbor said, "What a happy time we have enjoyed!" Alas! you thought you had never felt more stupid and

lifeless. Have you not gone down the Tabernacle steps, and said to yourself, "I am as hard as stone, and as cold as a winter's fog. What shall I do?" Thus are you without the Spirit of God; but when the divine Spirit comes upon you, such complaints are at an end; then doth the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb is made to sing. Then are you full of living joy in listening to the gospel; every word you hear seems to be on wheels; and towards you the cherubim fly swiftly, bringing live coals from off the altar.

III. My third head is, believers enjoy

A Sacred Intimacy

with the Spirit of God. I am not going to withdraw that word intimacy. It is warranted by the language of our Lord; for He says, "Ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." First, He says, "He dwelleth with you." The Holy Spirit is now upon earth, the vicar and representative of the Lord Jesus Christ, who said, "I will send you another Comforter"—that is, another Helper and Advocate, like Himself. Consider how our Lord dwelt with His disciples; for after the same fashion the Spirit of truth dwells with us. Jesus permitted to His disciples the most intimate intercourse with Himself; they ran to Him with their troubles, they told Him their difficulties, they confessed their doubts. He was their Master and Lord, and yet He washed their feet. He ate and drank with them, and permitted the freest intercourse. You never find our Lord repelling their approaches, or resenting their familiarities. He did not draw a ring round Himself and say, "Keep your distance!" Now, in the same manner, the Spirit of truth deals with believers. "He dwelleth with you."

Dwelling with us, He is in our assemblies. It is He who fulfils the promise of our Lord, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." He also comes into our homes—"He dwelleth with you." Where do you dwell, O true believer? Is it in a very poor lodging? "He dwelleth with you." It may be, dear friend, you live on board ship, and are tossed upon the sea; but "He dwelleth with you." Perhaps you go to work in a mine, far beneath the surface of the earth; still, "He dwelleth with you." Many choice saints are bed-ridden, but the Spirit dwells with them. I commend to all of you who love the Lord these gracious words: "He dwelleth with you."

The second sentence runs, "He shall be in you." This is

A Greater Marvel.

"Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" Take care of them; never defile them; let not the idea of drunkenness, gluttony, or lust come near you; for it is written, "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." With what reverence should we look upon the body, now that it has been redeemed by the Lord Jesus, and is indwelt by the Holy Spirit! The Spirit also dwells within your minds. We possess Him, and He possesses us. "He shall be in you," as a king in his palace, or a soul in its body. I am afraid that many professors know nothing about this. I must be talking nonsense, in the esteem of some of you; if it seems nonsense, let that fact condemn you. You cannot be right before God unless the Spirit of God be in you, in your mind, your heart, your desires, your fears, your hopes, your inmost life.

Brethren, when our Lord Jesus Christ came upon the earth, and was beheld as God in human flesh, that was to us the pledge of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in us: for, as God dwelt in the human person of the Lord Jesus Christ, even so doth the Spirit abide in our humanity. Our Lord's life on earth was the picture of the Spirit's indwelling. As He was anointed of the Spirit, even so are we in our measure. "He went about doing good." He lived consecrated to God, loving the sons of men; and thus will the Spirit of God within us cause us to live: we shall imitate Christ through the Spirit.

When our Lord rose from the dead we had

the guarantee that even so the Spirit of God would quicken our mortal bodies, and renew us into newness of life. But it was when our Lord ascended up on high, leading captivity captive, that the Holy Spirit was, *to the full, actually given.*

Your ascended Lord gives you this token of His love—the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in you: prize it above all things. Do you know it? It seems like an impertinence for me to put this question to some of you, who are gray-headed, and yet there is need. I trust you knew the Holy Spirit before I was born; but yet I cannot help pressing the inquiry, for you may not know Him even now. I have urged the question upon myself, and therefore I urge it upon you. Does the Spirit of truth dwell in you? If not, what will you do?

IV. I come to a conclusion with one more observation. Believers shall have

A Continuance and an Increase

of the Spirit's intimacy. "He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Mark well the increase. Is it not a blessed step from *with* to *in*? "He dwelleth with you"—that is, a friend in the same house; "and shall be in you," that is, a spirit within yourself; this is nearer, dearer, more mysterious, and more effective by far. The bread yonder is "*with*" me. I eat it, and now it is "*in*" me. It could not nourish me until it advanced from "*with*" to "*in*." What a distinct advance it is for the child of God when he rises from the Spirit of God *being with* him to the Spirit of God *being in* him! When the Spirit of God helped the apostles to work miracles, He was *with* them; but when they came to feel His spiritual work in their own souls, and to rejoice in the comfort which He brought to them, then He was *in* them.

As we have noticed the increase, so remark the continuance: "He shall be in you." There is no period in which the Holy Spirit will have finished His work so as to go away and leave the believer to himself. Our Saviour says of the Comforter, that He "shall abide with you for ever." Grieve not the Spirit of God, I pray you; quench Him not, resist Him not, but carefully cherish in your hearts this divine word, "He shall be in you." What comfort is here! You dread the days of age and infirmity, but "He shall be in you." You tremble before that trial which threatens you, but "He shall be in you." You do not know how you will answer the gainsayer: take no thought what you shall speak, it shall be given you in the self-same hour what you shall speak, for He shall be in you. And when the last moment approaches, when you must breathe out your soul to God, the living Spirit who dwelleth with you shall then be *in* you, and by His living power within, shall transform death into

The Gate of Endless Life.

This is our great reliance for the future upholding of the Church as a whole, and of each individual believer: the Spirit of God dwelleth with us, and shall be in us. The Church of God will never be destroyed; the gates of hell shall not prevail against her; for the Holy Ghost dwelleth with us, and shall be in us to the end of the world. This is the reliance of the child of God personally for his perseverance in grace. He knows that Jesus lives, and therefore he shall live; and the Holy Spirit is within him, as the life of Christ, which can never die. The believer pushes on, despite a thousand obstacles, knowing that God gives him the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ, out of whose hand none can pluck him.

I have done; and yet I have done nothing unless the Spirit of God shall bless the word spoken. Oh, that some of you who have never known the Spirit of God, may feel His power coming upon you at this moment! Come, Holy Spirit. Come even now. Let us implore His presence and power. Pray for a closer, clearer knowledge of Him, O ye children of God. Pray also that sinners may be met with by His grace. The first token of the Spirit's work will be that they will begin to feel their sin, and cry for

mercy; and when that is done, the glad tidings of pardon are for them. To them we say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." The Lord make the word effectual, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

DANIEL'S EARLY DAYS.*

THE age of Daniel being only vaguely described, we may not be far from the truth, perhaps, if we suppose him to have been about seventeen years old at the time of his captivity. Assuming this to have been the case, and working backwards from the year 606 B. C., in which he first appears to us, we are brought to the year 623 B. C. as the possible date of his birth. In any case Daniel must have been born during the reign of Josiah. The year which has been suggested as Daniel's birth year is one of vast importance in Jewish history, being that in which Josiah effected his notable reformation in Church and state.

Daniel as a child must have heard of all these events, and of the horrors which had accompanied idolatrous worship. He had been educated upon the principles of the Bible, though his Bible was small compared with that which we now possess. However, with such a solid foundation of true practical religion laid in him, we shall not be surprised when we see what was his conduct in Babylon, when he was brought into contact with idolatry as a living power; when, in the very centre of heathenism, we find him bravely refusing to comply with a royal edict, though his refusal would cost him his life.

His Education.

We would gladly learn what secular education was common among the Jews at this period of their history; but, unfortunately, little can be discovered about the matter. We know that "Schools of Prophets" had formerly existed throughout Palestine. We are also informed that, in Hezekiah's time, a college of learned men had been very active in collecting what remains of ancient Hebrew literature could then be recovered. One subject, evidently, was taught, namely, geography, for without a knowledge of this a large portion of the sacred Scriptures would have been unintelligible. We may be sure, however, that whatever subjects of study may have been prescribed, the Hebrews took immense pains with the education of those who were destined to rise in life. They were aware that the main purpose of education was to form habits of attention, and that when these had once been secured, the pupil would be capable of mastering any subject that Divine Providence should put before him. Upon such principles must Daniel and his three companions in exile have been educated. We shall shortly see that they had not been so very long in Babylon, before those habits of attention and application which had been formed by their education at Jerusalem enabled them not only to master the wisdom and learning of the Chaldeans, but actually to surpass these Gentile scholars in their own science.

A Walk in Babylon.

When Daniel first arrived in Babylon the city retained much of its old form. It was not till many years afterwards, when the outlying provinces of Nebuchadnezzar were quieted, that the old city was restored, and the new public buildings were erected. However, the old city must have been a magnificent place, even before the great alterations were made; and as Daniel walked along one of the broad quays abutting

*From "Daniel: His Life and Times." By H. Deane, B. D. One of the excellent series of works entitled "Men of the Bible," which includes lives of Abraham, Moses, Solomon, etc. 203 pages; price 5s. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



Interior of Miss Whately's Mission-School at Cairo, Egypt. (See page 210.)

upon the river, he would have pointed out to him the tower of Babel, the ruins of which were then of a far greater size than they are at present. . . . Daniel turns from the quays to one of those streets or squares which distinguish Babylon from other Oriental cities. The houses are different from what may be seen elsewhere. They are lofty, extending to three or even four stories, and are alive with business.

At every corner of the streets stands a temple dedicated to one or more of the many gods of Babylon. The walks are made of plaster, in which here and there a row of bricks is imbedded. The portico stands before us, and a grand flight of steps leads up to the temple door. The lintel, bolt, and lock are overlaid with gold, and the cedar roofs are overlaid with silver in some parts, and in others with fine burnished gold. The external decorations are of the most magnificent description; massive bulls of bronze and huge serpents guard the entrance. As Daniel passes by, he sees the provisions being delivered for the daily use of the gods—that is, of the priests: "A fine bullock a fatling, a bullock full grown, food of fish, fowl, flesh, vegetables, tokens of abundance, mead, spiced wine, date wine, heady liquor of the hills, pure wine, honey, milk, curd, the first of the oil"—all these provisions are being carried into the temple. And how is it that the temples are able to provide such rich stores? It is because they are endowed.

A DEAD FATHER'S INFLUENCE.

AN incident reported by the Rev. Maurice Phillips, a missionary in India, shows how the example and teaching of a Christian father may be blessed, though he may not live to see it. Mr. Phillips says:

"One very interesting incident came under my notice. Some years ago a Sudra farmer in one of the out-of-the-way villages was baptized under the name of Israel. He had a wife and a large family, but they positively declined to follow him to Christianity. At first they gave him a great deal of trouble, refusing to associate with him for fear of defilement, and his wife even declined to give him food. He gradually overcame these difficulties, but his family seemed as far as ever from Christianity. When I visited the family in 1884, just before going home, I asked his wife and each of his sons whether they intended to become Christians, and the answer was 'No.' I prayed with them, and urged them to follow their father, who was following Christ;

but I had no reason to believe that any impression had been produced.

"When camping last month within seven miles of Israel's village, a young man came to the tent, and said he was Israel's eldest son."

His father, he said, was dead. The family had respected his faith, and had not burned his body, as the heathen do, but had dug a grave, and given him Christian burial. The son himself had officiated, reading the twenty-third Psalm at the funeral. Asked about Israel's last days, the son said that during his father's sickness he wanted some one to read the Bible to him, and he (the son) had done so. He had read all the Psalms and the Gospels. Not only had the reading been a comfort to the dying Christian, but it had led to the reader's conversion, and now both he and his wife wished to be baptized, and make public confession of Christ. More than that, the young man was anxious for the salvation of the other members of the family, and, as he departed, asked our prayers for a blessing on his efforts to win them.

CRUELTY OF AFRICAN HEATHEN.

IN a survey of the work in Africa, the *Missionary Herald* groups together some startling facts from various reports. It says: The Batende are only a few hours' distant from Bobangi, and a feud is kept up between the two tribes. Dr. Sims, of the Baptist mission, recently went to a point about an hour inland, reaching the Batende plantations, where he was anticipating a friendly interview, when an angry man appeared on the scene, and others came and leveled their guns at the doctor. He says in his letter that "the muzzle of any gun within a foot of the pit of my stomach always makes me feel creepy." For some reason the guns did not go off, and the doctor fled, and reached his place of safety, sore from the blows of sticks and stones.

As to the character of the people, Mr. Grenfell says that it is terribly bad, "untellably bloodthirsty and lascivious." "Their laws are ratified by blood, and their burials are opportunities for gratifying the public taste for it." A few weeks ago, in coming up the river, they saw the body of a man hanging from a tree, and found that the chiefs had had a council and passed certain laws, and as a seal to these laws these chiefs immediately purchased a slave and killed him on the spot, and hanged his body in this conspicuous place. Mr. Grenfell tells of the burial of a young man the previous week. One of his wives was made to sit in the grave

and support the corpse on her knees, and thus was buried alive with him. Four people were decapitated as a testimony of their respect for the dead. How much the gospel is needed in this land of darkness and cruelty!

A STRANGER AT CHURCH.

(See illustration on page 221.)

A LOVELY summer morning in the village of Cleethorpe. It was Sunday, and the old gray stone church was filled as usual with the farmers and their families, the farm-hands, and the few store-keepers of the village.

This morning, however, in a pew far away from the pulpit, sat a stranger. She was attired in deep mourning, and seemed desirous of avoiding the inquisitive looks of the people. She kept her veil down during the earlier portion of the service, but the vicar could see that she was weeping bitterly. Who could she be? The vicar asked himself the question, not in idle curiosity, but because he felt drawn toward her in a strange, unaccountable manner. He did not give the question a second thought, however, but resolved that if a wounded heart had come there for comfort, he would, with the help of the Holy Spirit, endeavor to administer it.

Mr. Fairbairn's sermons were not of the polished, carefully prepared type. His hearers would not have understood them if they had been anything but what they were—the simple exposition of the Word, and the offer of salvation made in the plainest and most homely language. It cost him no effort to lay aside the sermon he intended to preach, and leaning forward on the cushion, as his manner was when very much in earnest, he spoke from the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But a few words had been spoken when the vicar noticed that the strange lady put aside her veil and looked at him steadily, drinking in every word.

Earnestly and pathetically he pleaded with the sorrowing and despairing, preaching Jesus as the Redeemer, the panacea for all woe. He preached no theory, no doctrine; it was the Saviour, who had comforted his own heart in many a bitter hour, that he held up before the people, and urged them to apply to the same Source for relief.

The service concluded, Mr. Fairbairn waited in his vestry until all the congregation had left the building, hoping that his strange hearer might confide to him the story of the sorrow which he felt sure filled her heart. But she did

not come, and at last he rose to return to his home.

As he passed through the churchyard he looked a man whom one might well confide in. A refined, gentle face, framed in a setting of long white hair, and his bent form speaking of years that had not been passed without their tale of trouble. Yes, he was a man who would sympathize with the despairing; and one whose heart was breaking watched him as he wended his way between the gravestones, and vaguely hoped that he might sympathize with her.

He had been at home some two hours when he was informed that a lady desired to speak to him. He at once divined who was his visitor, and entering his library he found there the hearer whom he had seen in his church that morning. She rose as he entered, and he said, "I am glad to see you; you were in church this morning, and I feared you were suffering under some bitter sorrow."

"I am indeed, sir," she answered; "it is too deep for healing, but I thought I would like to tell my story to you before I die. I meant to have carried my secret to the grave untold, but your sermon this morning drew me toward you, and I should like to confide it to you."

"I wish my sermon had drawn you toward Jesus, my dear lady; 'He has carried our sorrows.' I can do little for you, but if I can lead you to Him you will find peace."

"There is no hope of that, sir, there is no peace in this world for such as I. I do not deserve it if there were. But you will hear my story?"

"Assuredly; but it can contain no evil that the Saviour is unable to relieve."

She told her story, one of the saddest this world of sadness sees, but which it sees only too often. It was one of a deserted home, loving parents forsaken for a comparative stranger unworthy of her; of the enjoyment of the pleasures of sin for a season, and then to the very dregs the bitter cup of shame, humiliation, and remorse. In her agony she had resolved on suicide, but determined once more to look on the home she had deserted seven years before, and if possible see her father and mother again before she died. Travelling on wearily, on foot, for her money had been exhausted in the long journey, she had passed through the village of Cleethorpe on her way, and had rested for an hour on the bank of the deep, swift river. Arrived at her village home, she found the farmhouse closed, and learned that both father and mother were dead. Then her heart broke, and she traveled back to Cleethorpe, drawn by the recollection of that river by which she had rested. That, she resolved, should be her grave. She arrived on the Sunday morning, and had entered the church that she might hear a prayer before she died, feeling too sinful to pray for herself.

It was in truth a pitiful story, and the sorrow of it was that she had returned too late. Her father and mother could never know now that she had been sorry, and had come back. Mr. Fairbairn listened attentively and with much sympathy. He knew that the balm of consolation would not be readily received into a heart so torn by unavailing sorrow. He must have time. Gently he pleaded with her, and finally



The Vicar's Walk Homeward.

induced her to remain for a few days as his guest at the vicarage, she giving her solemn promise not to make any attempt to commit suicide.

The few days stretched to weeks, and Mr. Fairbairn saw with gratitude a more hopeful spirit springing up within her. His wife grew to love her as a daughter, and in the quiet atmosphere of that Christian home the girl's soul thawed from its icy bonds. It was long before she would admit that there was a possibility of forgiveness for her, but at last the light broke upon her, and she was melted in a flood of grateful tears. Mr. Fairbairn succeeded in procuring employment for her in the village, and he had, to the end of his life, no more devoted friend than she whose soul had been given him from the verge of the grave.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 207.)

A Welcome Arrival.

UP to the year 1856 the Mormon emigrants made the journey from the frontiers across the plains by ox-teams, as I have already described, and every season some of the wealthier Mormons formed themselves into an independent company, paid their own expenses, and travelled with more comfort. The expense to the poorer emigrants was very small, for they performed the greater part of the journey on foot—the ox-teams being used for transporting provisions and baggage—100 pounds of the latter being allowed to each emigrant.

Brigham Young's "plan" of emigrating by ox-teams was, so far, a success, and the settlements of the Saints increased thereby, slowly, but surely, in population and wealth. There were, however, at that time, thousands of saints in Europe anxious to emigrate, but too poor to pro-

vide the small sum requisite for that purpose. During the winter of 1855 this difficulty was discussed in conference by Brigham and the leading men in Salt Lake, and some one suggested what was afterwards known as the "hand-cart scheme."

The idea of this "scheme" was to transfer the people from Liverpool to the frontiers in the cheapest possible way, and for them then to cross the Plains with light-made hand-carts, just strong enough to carry the fewest possible necessary articles, but sufficiently light for the men, women, and even young girls to draw them. This "plan" would not perhaps have been a bad one if it had been properly carried out, and if Brigham Young had seen, as he might have done, that suitable preparations were made beforehand. But the Hand-Cart Emigration Scheme began with a lie and ended in ruin.

The confiding Saints were told that "God" had specially inspired His servant Brigham for this purpose, and that the scheme was a revelation direct from on high. No proper measures were taken to provide for the emigrants—all was done upon faith—faith on the part of the people in their—as they supposed—inspired leaders; deception on the part of those leaders towards the people, whose only fault was that they trusted them too well, and were deceived by them.

Mormonism from the first was founded and built up upon false prophecies and spurious revelations. The founder, Joseph Smith, was a man of obscure origin, and if we may believe the testimony of his "Gentile" neighbors, of a most disreputable character. According to the statement of his friends, about the year 1820 or 1821 he came under the influence of some revival meetings, conducted by the Presbyterians, Baptists, and Wesleyans, under which he was greatly exercised in mind, but could not determine which sect to join. In his bewilderment he gave himself up to prayer that the truth might be revealed to him; when, one day, while so engaged, he states he saw a very bright and glorious light in the heavens, which descended to the earth and enveloped him in its midst, when he saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled each other in their features and form. After informing him that his sins were forgiven, they told him that none of the sects was the true Church of God, and he was not to go after them, but that in due time the fulness of the Gospel should be revealed unto him.

On September 21, 1823, he alleged that he had a second vision in which the house seemed to be filled with fire, enveloping a glorious personage, who declared himself to be an angel of God, and who stated that God's covenant with His ancient people Israel was about to be fulfilled; that the preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was about to commence; and that he (Smith) was to be the instrument in the hand of God to bring about some of His marvellous purposes in this dispensation.

He was further informed that the North American Indians were a remnant of Israel, who, upon their first arrival in America, possessed a knowledge of the true God, enjoyed His favor, and had continued revelations until they wandered

from Him, when they were brought down and many of them destroyed; but the records of the revelations had been preserved, and were now hidden, and if faithful he would be the instrument who should bring them before the world.

During that night and the following morning he had several other visions in which he was instructed to go to the place where they were hidden and view them. He repaired to the Hill Cummorah, near Palmyra, New York, where he found the treasures in a stone chest, but was prohibited by the angel, who, according to his statement, again appeared, from touching them, being informed that they were only to be obtained by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. Four years later, on September 22, 1827, the angel delivered the records into his hands.

The records were said to be engraved on gold plates, from seven to eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. With them was found an instrument, consisting of two clear crystals set in the two rims of a bow like a pair of spectacles, called the Urim and Thummim, which had the wonderful property of enabling the wearer to translate the plates, to see any distance, and to obtain revelations upon every kind of subject he desired.

According to Orson Pratt, "The plates were filed on both sides with engravings in *Egyptian* characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. The volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed." A *fac-simile* of three lines was published several years before Smith's death in *The Prophet*, a Mormon journal, but instead of the characters being Egyptian, they were the pure invention of some ignorant person, and bear no resemblance to any ancient writings whatever. It is one of those self-evident frauds by which an ignorant impostor is almost sure to expose himself sooner or later.

When Smith lyingly affirmed that these records had been placed in his hands by the angel, several attempts were made to rob him of them, which, although unsuccessful, caused him so much trouble that he left his home and settled in Pennsylvania. From December, 1827, to February, 1828, he translated several of the plates by means of the so-called Urim and Thummim, which, with a copy of the characters, he sent by his friend, Martin Harris, to Professor Anthon, of New York, a celebrated classical scholar and Egyptologist. Harris states that the Professor pronounced the characters to be Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyrian, and Arabic, and that he entirely approved of his translation. The Professor, however, in a letter dated January 17, 1834, distinctly denies having seen a translation of any kind, and asserts that the characters which Harris showed him were anything but Egyptian.

Mr. Anthon says in this letter that the copy exhibited by Harris contained characters arranged in columns, imitating Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses, flourishes, Roman letters inverted, and that these columns were terminated by a clumsily-drawn circle, divided into several compartments decked with various strange marks evidently copied from the Mexican calendar given by Humboldt, but so copied as to conceal the source from which it was taken.

Harris, upon his return, commenced his functions as secretary to Smith, and while separated from him by a curtain so as not to see the plates, he copied out what the translator read by means of the Urim and Thummim. When he had thus written out 116 pages, he obtained permission to take away his copy to read to his wife and some other persons pointed out by special revelation, but by the connivance of his wife he was robbed of it, and this portion of the manuscript was for ever lost to the Mormon prophet.

It would naturally occur to any one that with his constant visits from the angels, and with the supernatural powers of the Urim and Thummim, there would have been no difficulty in getting another translation of the lost manuscript, espe-

cially as the original plates were still in his possession; but no: he received a special revelation warning him to avoid the attacks of the wicked, who would not fail to compare the new translation with that which had been stolen, and to single out any discrepancies between them; to prevent which he was to abstain from re-translating the stolen part. A neat way this to escape the detection of an imposture, but scarcely a way out of a difficulty that we should expect from an heavenly messenger.

The translation was continued; and during its progress the plates were by special revelation shown first to three witnesses in a vision; and afterwards the identical plates were shown by Smith to eight others, and were by them handled and examined. The translation was completed in March, 1830, upon which a revelation was made to Joseph Smith commanding Martin Harris, under pain of damnation, to sell his effects to cover the expenses of its publication.

Such, in brief, is a history of the Book of Mormon, and indeed of the origin of Mormonism. It is easy to see that having begun this religion with forged revelations, it was necessary to support it with others of a similar character. Thus Smith was always receiving alleged Divine messages, and those who had accepted the first lie could not but regard the voice of such a man as the voice of God, to disobey which was a deadly sin. This gave him an authority and power that his successor, Brigham Young, was not willing to forego, but to possess which he also must have revelations. They came at his bidding, and notwithstanding the events proved many of them false, still the people were so deluded by believing the first lie, that they accepted any explanation rather than acknowledge that they had been deceived by a false prophet.

It was thus that the "Hand-Card Scheme" was so readily accepted by the Mormon emigrants as a Divine plan. The prophet had given it out as a revelation, and it must be so, to entertain doubt of which would bring trouble on the doubter.

The *Millennial Star* proclaimed the Hand-Card Scheme to the Saints in Europe, and so great and immediate was the response to this special summons that in that year—1856—it was estimated that no fewer than five or six thousand Mormon emigrants travelled from Liverpool to Salt Lake City. It was the first company of these emigrants that Brother Benton alluded to when he told Mr. Stenhouse that "they" were expected that night or the next; but in those days emigrant vessels were frequently delayed by adverse winds and other circumstances, and no one could calculate upon the exact time of their arrival.

The following morning, my husband, when he returned from the *Mormon* office, brought with him a letter bearing the English post-mark, and addressed to me in the neat, unmistakable handwriting of Mary Burton. I had been waiting and watching for a letter from her ever since our arrival; I was anxious to hear from her, and I hastily tore it open, so impatient was I to know how she was getting on. What I read interested me deeply, though it did not surprise me. I had seen Mary many times after the interview which I have already related, and our conversations and discussions were to us of all-absorbing interest; but as they were mostly personal I have not cared to record them in this narrative.

To tell the truth, her love affairs with Elder Shrewsbury occupied more and more the most prominent place in all our discussions. His enthusiasm was perfectly infectious. As long as Mary absolutely refused to see him, her love for him, and her faith in Mormonism were anything but overpowering. But Elder Shrewsbury was one of those peculiar persons who have a sort of magnetic charm about them; who, without our knowing it, or even, in some instances, contrary to our will and reason, enlist all our sympathies and leave behind them an impression that we vainly try to efface. He only wanted *opportunity*, and his success was sure. Opportunity he had had for pressing his suit with Mary and making

an impression upon her heart, ever since the day when they met at my door, and had taken that walk together, as Mary said, for the purpose of discussing important matters.

Now the letter which I received opened to me another chapter in Mary's life, which without the gift of prophecy I might have easily predicted. Elder Shrewsbury's unwearying patience and perseverance met with their due reward, and Mary promised to become his wife; but fascinated though she was, and herself almost as deeply in love as he was, she nevertheless made one condition, which showed that she had not entirely lost that prudence and determination which she had shown in the early days of their courtship.

"When he spoke to me in *that* way—you know *how*, Sister Stenhouse"—she said in her impulsive way, "How could I persist in saying *No* to him? It wasn't in my heart to do so. I didn't say 'Yes' in so many words, but I simply said nothing, and he took my silence for consent. Then—but no, I won't even tell *you* everything. I know he thought he was going to have it all his own way; but I didn't think so. I told him then that I had firmly resolved upon one thing—that I never would marry him unless he made a solemn vow and promise before God that he would not countenance the heresy of a plurality of wives. I could not hide from him that I loved him—he knew it, and could see it; but I said I *never* would go to Salt Lake alone, and I certainly never would marry at the risk of my husband taking another wife. No; I was willing to give him my heart, my all—it was only fair for him to do the same by me."

"He was very near me then, and my hand was in his; and he was looking into my eyes. Then he whispered the promise I had asked of him, and, dear Sister Stenhouse, I *know* I can depend upon *his* word. We shall be happier in this world *by ourselves*, and we feel quite sure that God will not ask us to do anything in heaven that would make us miserable. Perhaps I oughtn't to say this, but I'm so happy that I cannot allow myself one single wretched doubt about the future or *my* husband, such as I used to have. We were married on the 27th of January."

"And now we are getting ready for Salt Lake, and are busy day and night. Of course you have heard of the 'Divine Plan'—the Hand-Card Scheme. Oh, Sister Stenhouse, I am so very, *very* much ashamed of myself for all the unjust things that I used to say about the Apostles and the Elders. Since our marriage Elder Shrewsbury has explained everything to me and set things in their right light. It is a glorious privilege for us to be permitted to gather to Zion, and now that I know my dear husband will never even think of another besides myself, I glory in the thought of leaving the Gentile world and all its wickedness. We go with the first company this season. I will tell you all the rest of the news when I meet you."

So Mary Burton was married, and coming with the Hand-Card Company. "Why," I said, turning to my husband, "they'll be here in a day or two now." "Perhaps to-day," he replied. They did not, however, arrive either that day or the next; but toward the end of the week we were told that their vessel was in the river, and I accompanied my husband to Castle Garden.

A very strange spectacle was presented to our view. More than six hundred Mormon emigrants were gathered there, all on their way to Salt Lake, and burning with zeal and enthusiasm worthy of a better cause. There were aged men and women, whose heads were hoary with the snows of many a winter, and whose tottering steps had borne them to the verge of three-score years and ten; there were stout-hearted fathers of families, and matrons with sons and daughters growing up around them; there were young men in the pride and strength of manhood; and maidens in the modest blush of womanly beauty; and little toddling children, and babes in their mother's arms—all obedient

to what they thought was the command of God Himself—all with their faces set Zionward.

Let not the reader smile at the blind infatuation of those poor emigrants. Would he or she have suffered so confidently—so faithfully—for his or her religion? They might be mistaken; but truly theirs was a faith which "hoped all things, believed all things, endured all things." Surely, in His sight—who judges the heart—the blind obedience of those men and women to the craft of the Mormon leaders who were ready to suffer and to endure unto the bitter end, because in their child-like faith they thought it was His holy will—such practical devotion was more truly acceptable than the formal professions of an untested faith.

(To be Continued.)

THE REJECTED SON.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for April 14, Mark 12: 1-12. Golden Text, John 1: 11.

No Home for Him in Jerusalem—The Fig-Tree a Type of the City—The Faith that Moves Mountains—Jesus Challenged by the Pharisees—His Rejoinder—A Test for Critics—The Vineyard Planted—His Demand Strictly Just—The Messengers—The Coming Catastrophe Foreseen—The Fruits of the Vineyard Still Refused.

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." It was strangely significant that Jesus, after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, should have found no lodging-place within her walls! "He left them and went out of the city into Bethany, and lodged there." The stones of Jerusalem were as dear to Him as the stones of Bethany, but at Bethany were hearts which owned and loved Him, while Jerusalem said, "Who is this?" God had chosen Zion; He had desired her for His habitation; He had said: "This is My rest forever: here will I dwell, for I have desired it." (Ps. 132: 13, 14.) Yet Zion

Knew Him Not,

and found no beauty in Him that she should desire Him. He wept over her, yearned to save her, fain would have gathered her children as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, but she would not.

On the following morning, as He took His way into Jerusalem, He saw a fig-tree, which, in its leafy promise, but real fruitlessness, was like Jerusalem, and like every human soul where Jesus does not dwell. Jesus said unto it: "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever." And the word which called all things into being was as powerful in taking away life. "Presently the fig-tree withered away." It was the exception when Jesus exercised His mighty power in destruction. Generally He spoke—sight, hearing, life, health, reason, comfort—into souls and bodies. But Jerusalem was courting judgment, rushing to destruction, and choosing

The Fate of the Fig-Tree.

The disciples remarked on the suddenness of the fig-tree's withering, and Jesus took occasion to tell them that if they had faith, and doubted not, all things, whatsoever they should ask in prayer, they should receive. Jesus would encourage us to ask in faith, just as though He entreated us to stay Him from words and works of judgment, by showing the almightiness of real faith in God to stay it. It is as though He said, "I am powerless; I must judge, but I put in your power authority to move mountains if you have faith and doubt not." Jerusalem was destroyed, but not before thousands of redeemed souls were safe in the arms of Jesus—men and women who, at this very time, took their part against Jesus, and, so soon after, swelled the cry, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!"

When He was come into the temple, the chief priests and elders of the people, who always stood upon their dignity, came unto Him, as He was teaching, and said, "By what authority loest Thou these things?" What things? Jesus had never worshipped any God but One, His Father; Jesus had made no graven image

to worship; Jesus had never taken His Father's name in vain; had never really broken the Sabbath-day; had never failed to honor His father or His mother; had not killed, but saved life, and healed disease; had never done, thought or spoken impurely, but had saved many, many an outcast; had never borne false witness, but was Himself the Faithful and the True; had never coveted, for all things were delivered unto Him, both in heaven and on earth. And now the elders of the people want to know by what authority He lived a life so holy and so faultless,

By What Authority

He "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil." (Acts 10: 38.) Alas, the same spirit is abroad to-day. A man swears, gambles, commits the most flagrant sins against common morality, and no one asks him his authority! But let this man be converted, and stand up in the street to warn others of the ruin he has escaped, and of the sin from which God has delivered him, and, very often, clergy and magistrates come and ask him "by what authority" he does these things! A so-called aristocrat, who is really only a bond-slave of Satan, may ruin the life and break the heart of a fair young girl, but if any one pulls off the mask and exposes the hideous wickedness of her betrayer, the authorities compass sea and land to know "by what authority" sin is dragged to light, as though sin were not sin unless people know about it! As though the guilt did not lie in the breaking of God's law, and the ruin of a fellow-creature, but only in the widely deserved shame of a man whose interest it is to walk about as a whitened sepulchre! Man needs no authority for doing evil—alas, it is such a common thing!—but he needs

Authority for Doing Good!

He may ruin souls, and no one interferes with him; but he must ask the clergyman, the minister, the magistrate, the mayor, the police, for leave to do what he can in saving them. Perhaps nothing more manifests the spirit of enmity to the gospel than this common interrogation, "By what authority" do you do this? Oh how men reject the Son of God! Men make up their minds that there is something unlawful in people being healed of disease by the hand of Jesus alone, and that it is absolutely wrong, sinful, and "tempting Providence," as it is called, to go out as a missionary on apostolic lines, without purse or scrip or outfit, living on the food and wearing the clothing of the natives, and trusting God for supplies day by day. Whence comes this thought? Surely from an absolute disbelief in God, a putting of God out of the question. If God were shut out of the universe we should have to do the best possible for ourselves, but the terrible anomaly that we see around us is that God is outwardly acknowledged; but when it comes to a practical issue, God is set aside, and man's devices take precedence.

Jesus answered by another question, "The baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven, or of men?" The elders, who were ready enough to assert their dignity when questioning Jesus, quite forgot themselves when He questioned them. There was no dignity, but quite the contrary, in their reasoning with themselves. "If we shall say, From heaven, He will say unto us, Why, then, did ye not believe him? But if we shall say, Of men, we fear the people; for all hold John as a prophet." These would-be administrators of justice and righteousness did not want to know what was true, or what would be a righteous answer, but only what would

Suit Their Purpose

best. They would not say, "From heaven," or they would condemn themselves; they would not say, "Of men," because of the popular voice; so they took neutral ground, and said, "We cannot tell." Whereupon He also said, "Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things." What a lesson for us in dealing with questioners. First prove them, as to whether they are real. Then, if they shuffle, simply re-

fuse to enter into an argument. There is such a thing as casting pearls before swine. Jesus next spoke the parable of the two sons; the professing Jew, who said, "I go, sir; and went not" into the vineyard, and the converted Gentile, who said, "I will not," but afterwards he repented and went. And Jesus showed them how publicans and harlots are the first to enter into the kingdom of heaven. These appreciated John the Baptist, whom the scribes could not condemn, and yet the rulers of the people received him not.

Thus Jesus Was Rejected,

not only in His own person, but in that of His forerunner, and always because of the pride and self-sufficiency of those who rejected Him. He then spoke another parable: "There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country; and when the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruits of it." It was but his right; it is true he was a non-resident landlord, but it was his due that he should get in the rents or the crops, at any rate a large share of them. But his claim was disputed, and his messengers killed. He sent again a larger deputation, but with a similar result. Last of all, he sent unto them his son, saying, "They will reverence my son." Now things came to a crisis, and the revolt in the vineyard grew desperate. They said, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, let us seize on his inheritance. And they caught him and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him." It was a prophecy, in large part, fulfilled. "This people have I

Formed for Myself"

(Isa. 43: 21), was God's claim, yet the house of Israel had gone astray from Him, turned every man to his own way, rejected God's rule, chosen them a king, and then fallen into idolatry. And now, centuries after their return from captivity in Babylon, their religion was all outside; they drew near to God with their lips, but their hearts were far from Him, and, whether in worldly matters or religious, self was still their centre; if they prayed, it was to be seen of men; if they did alms, it was to gain glory for their religiousness; they disputed the fruit of the vineyard with the Owner, and persecuted all who asserted His claim! But is not this the spirit of the age in which we live? Is it not still a fact that "all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's"?—from the comfortable minister who rides to church in his carriage, in spite of the fourth commandment, and when he gets there, enjoys the flattery of the people, to the millionaire who gives his thousands, and then expects to get the worth of it in flattery, or the luxurious hearer who enjoys the eloquence of the preacher, or the earnest worker who loves to be the idol of the souls which he has gathered. Where is God getting the fruits of the vineyard? Where is the evidence that He rules, and that He is Lord and Master? The object of the vineyard is that God shall have His due, and that Jesus, the Son of God, shall be glorified. "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken." Jesus has power to break down the pride and self-importance, and use His vessel to His own honor, "but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." Christ must either break our hearts with His love now, or execute vengeance by and by.

The Christian Herald Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar. We have also a cheaper binder, with lace instead of steel fastenings, for 50 cents, postage paid. Subscribers in Canada ordering the binders are, we believe, required to pay customs-duty upon them.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me—sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
—J. H. Newman.

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ASTOUNDING ATTACK UPON THE
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In a recent number of a trade paper devoted to the interest of the retail clothing trade, an article appears which, after discussing the causes for last year's depression in ready-made clothing, concludes as follows: "Perhaps not all of our members appreciate the effect upon our trade of the enormous business that the PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO. is doing through EVERY post-office and express office in the UNITED STATES. It is not an uncommon sight to see of a Saturday a line of people waiting at some post-office in Maine, Illinois, or even California for parcels of this concern's custom clothing to be delivered there. Backed by ample capital, and with astonishing energy, they have pushed their business up to such a magnitude, that a profit per pair which to us would hardly pay rent, to them means a handsome return upon their capital. Representing as they probably do over a MILLION CONSUMERS of cloth, they demand and obtain cloth in the woolen markets of the East at LOWER figures than ever before quoted. By the system that they originated, they never have to carry any ready-made clothing, but CUT EVERY GARMENT TO ORDER, which of course attracts a great many customers, as their prices are even lower than the same garment ready-made. It is useless to deny that they have treated their customers with a liberality which THEY CAN AFFORD TO DO, where our trade cannot, even to the extent of refunding money at a buyer's request, or making a new garment when customers sent wrong measures. It has been suggested that a memorial be addressed to Congress by the clothing dealers, calling attention to the operations of this company through the post-offices and express companies, asking if some action cannot be taken to protect the trade against such competition."

We have read the above with great attention, but fail to see how Congress could be induced to interfere with a business that has REDUCED THE COST OF CLOTHING to the people. We leave it for our friends and customers throughout the country to let their representatives in Congress understand whether or not our enterprise has been a benefit to the people.

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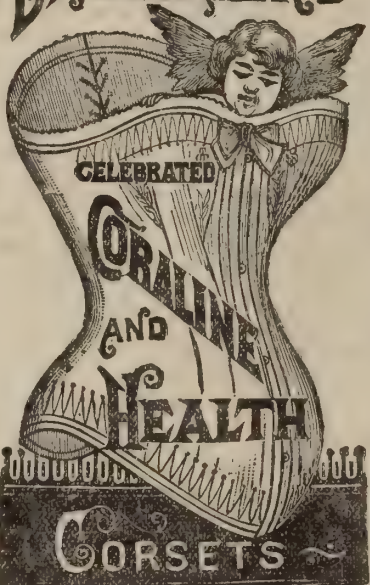
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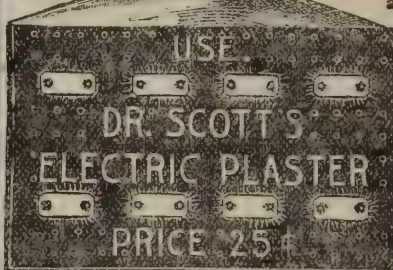
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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1889, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XII., No. 13. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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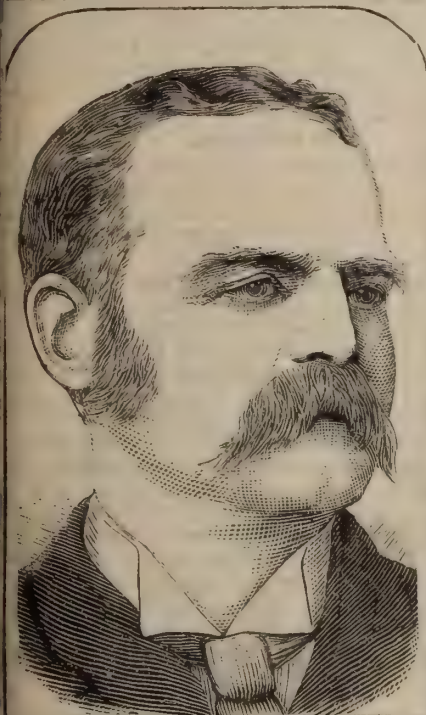
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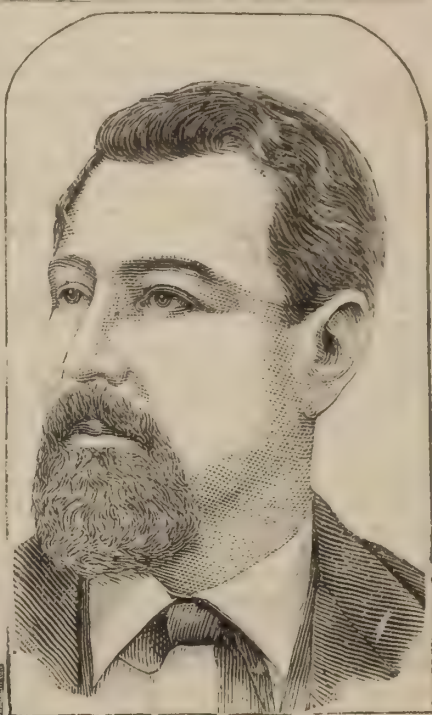
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JUSTO RUFINO BARRIOS.



A SCENE ON THE ROUTE OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

THE HON. JAMES R. HOSMER,
United States Consul General in Guatemala.

THERE is a very rapidly growing public interest in the countries of Central America which is due to the importance they must assume to this country when the canal that is to pierce the isthmus is completed. That work will undoubtedly lead to the development of those lands, and to bringing them into closer relations with the United States. Recognizing this natural interest, we this week publish a description of one of those lands—Guatemala—with an account of the journey thither by the Hon. James R. Hosmer, and, on the first page, his portrait, and that of Barrios, the patriotic ruler of Guatemala, and a picture of the route through which M. de Lesseps attempted to cut the Panama Canal. A glance at the map will convince any one of the inestimable value of a waterway through the isthmus. When it is cut, as it undoubtedly will be, by the Nicaragua Canal Company, a vessel from New York bound for San Francisco will no longer have to sail southward the whole length of the coast of South America, and then rounding Cape Horn to sail northward a corresponding distance, but will pass through the canal and avoid the long and dangerous voyage. The traffic through the canal will be enormous, and the countries that abut on the great highway of commerce cannot fail to become better known to us. Of these Guatemala is one of the most important.

Mr. James R. Hosmer, who is our Consul General there, is fifty-five years of age. He was born in New York in 1834. He studied in Columbia College, and after his graduation read law in the office of Charles O'Connor. He subsequently practiced in New York, Chicago, and Baltimore. During the war he served with distinction in the Union Army, and after the war he held for a time a post in the United States Legation in London. He was appointed by Mr. Bayard to his present position, which includes the oversight of diplomatic relations with Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua, and San Salvador. His bright and lucid description of his experience cannot fail to interest our readers.

JUSTO RUFINO BARRIOS.
The Garibaldi of Guatemala.

A REMARKABLE combination of soldier and statesman is found in the character of the man who so long governed Guatemala. He was fifty years of age when he died, having been born at San Lorenzo in 1835. He was educated for a lawyer, but the miserable condition of his countrymen aroused his patriotism, and he set himself to the task of their deliverance. He hated with the intensity of a fiery nature the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the nobles, both of whom he recognized as jointly responsible for the degraded condition of the people. In 1867 he had sufficiently aroused public opinion to make an insurrection possible, and at the head of an armed force he scored his first success by capturing the barracks of San Marcos. It was not until 1871 after hard fighting, in which Barrios had been severely wounded, and after many battles, with varying results, that the insurrection finally triumphed, and Granados, the ally of Barrios, was made President. Barrios had command of the western departments, and the people were not long in perceiving that those departments were the best governed in the country. The result was that Barrios was called to the Presidency, to which he was continuously re-elected until 1885. He suppressed monasteries and convents, and drove the Jesuits out of the country. He governed with a strong hand, but under him the country thrived, and his patriotism was undoubted. In 1885 he was seized with an ambitious desire to unite all the Central American countries in one federation, and failing to accomplish this scheme peaceably, he took up arms. San Salvador was his first opponent. A fierce battle was fought at Chalchuapa on April 2, in which Barrios was killed. He was succeeded by the Vice-president, Manuel T. Barillas, who has been elected President.

A JOURNEY TO CENTRAL AMERICA.

By the Hon. James R. Hosmer, United States Consul General in Guatemala.

I EMBARKED on board of the fine steamer *Newport*, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's line, on the 10th of December last, bound for Central America, via the Isthmus of Panama. Almost immediately after losing sight of land we fell into the rough embrace of a triple cyclone. The Atlantic Ocean is, as you may know, very like the little girl of the nursery rhyme—"When she is good she is very, very good, but when she is bad, she is horrid." Out of our smooth bay into rough seas, the first night's promise was decidedly discouraging. The wind increased to a terrific gale, and on the second and third days from port there seemed to be a genuine knock-down and rough-and-tumble encounter of the storms which were struggling for an "outing" upon the ocean. Happily, and I should say providentially, for our safety the northern cyclone prevailed in the free fight for supremacy between the conflicting gales, and assisted rather than retarded our voyage down the coast toward the Caribbean. When we reached the Windward Passage all signs of elemental disturbances ceased. The turbulent sea became as smooth as a millpond; the waters a turquoise blue, and the verdure of the islands, with the charming effects of light and shade in color, gave a restful influence to eye and mind.

We arrived off the port of Colon (Aspinwall) on the evening of the 18th, and rode at anchor all night within sight of the electric lights of the town. On the morning following the steamer fastened to the company's wharf, and we made ready for our prompt departure, by rail, to the city of Panama. I found Colon improved, physically at least, since my visit of some twenty months previous. The main street on the sea front had been relaid with solid planking, and the sidewalks evidently renewed with more substantial timber. The shops, too, looked cleaner, and in the distance along the shore, several new and comfortable cottages had been erected, showing signs of a respectability to which the town had been hitherto a comparative stranger.

The Canal.

The French settlement, at the entrance of the canal, known among foreigners generally as "Frenchtown," but styled by the company "Cristofer Colomb," presented a very pretty combination of tropical verdure surrounding tastefully constructed residences, and wide avenues macadamized with shells. Beyond this, however, on the line of the railroad, the transition to huts which rose out of black mire, the embodiments of an indescribable squalor, was very sudden, and the more painfully evident by their sharp contrast.

The canal work seemed to be going on in patches, as it were, here and there, over the line. Apparently there were as many idlers hovering about the stations, like birds of bad omen, and lounging around the numberless shanties devoted to the sale of a variety of cheap wares as well as beer and fire-water, as there were in active employment on the canal itself. A motley and a dangerous crowd, I thought, in case of trouble in the company's affairs. And strange enough, when we reached Panama, I was shown the telegraphic announcement of the withdrawal of the head and front of the undertaking—Monsieur de Lesseps. But this fact, shortly followed by the discomfiting news of the refusal of the company's agents in New York to honor the drafts of the creditors of the canal, was not generally known at that time. Since then I have been informed that our Government, as well as that of the English and French, have taken precautions to protect the lives and properties of the people of the Isthmus against any possible riotous indulgences growing out of the stoppage of the work.

At Panama we were transferred, without delay, by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's tender to the steamer *San José*, Captain William

T. Russell commanding, bound for San Francisco, up the Pacific coast. Like the rest of the steamers of this old and well-regulated line, the *San José* was a model of cleanliness and comfort with the best of captains; polite to his passengers, efficient and attentive to his duties, and adding much to the pleasure of the voyage by his unvarying kindness to all with whom he came in contact.

Owing to the unusually large amount of war freight, our steamer was obliged to stop at all the ports of the five Central American Republics, on its voyage north. Although this circumstance somewhat protracted the length and duration of the trip, it added, nevertheless, much to its pleasurable enjoyment. It gave the charm of variety and novelty, by finding its way into snug harbors of picturesque locality, and quaint looking little *pueblos*, while cool breeze wafted over the ocean made the rest at anchor refreshing and comfortable in spite of the burning tropical sun.

At Guatemala.

Our sea voyage came to an end with the old year. We landed at San José de Guatemala on the morning of the 31st of December, and took the train, at once for the capital city of the Republic, the city of Guatemala.

It would be impossible to convey by pen a word of mouth, an adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty of the scenery which is the remarkable feature of the journey by rail from the port to the capital, a distance of seventy-two miles, and an ascent of nearly five thousand feet. The first twenty-eight miles present nothing particularly attractive to the eye beyond the novelty, to a stranger from the north, of profuse tropical vegetation, with an occasional *potrero*, or pasturage ground, where cattle are browsing; and a small stream of limpid water courses through the rank growth of grass and bush and tree. But the significant fact that the time of the year was December, and that doubtless, our northern home was sheeted over with snow and in the icy embrace of winter rendered the contrast of a temperature of perhaps 80° in the shade the more vivid and extraordinary. So it was, and hard to realize when the mind dwelt upon a retrospection of comparatively few days' time, while the eye roamed over the fresh verdure of one's surroundings.

On the Heights.

The grand scenery opens out at a point just beyond Escuintla, a small town, and the breaking station *en route*. Then begins the steep climb of a five per cent. grade up the mountains. Here it is that the extinct volcano "Agua" raises its lofty peak some 12,000 or 13,000 feet above the sea, while near at hand "Fuego," out of which a thin column of smoke constantly ascends, and "Acateango," its close companion, respectively 13,000 and 14,000 feet above the sea level, confront the view. A series of foothills roll up, like the undulating waves of the sea, to the base of these volcanoes, broke into various fantastic shapes, and all covered with a dense growth of shrub and tree, rich in verdure, and occasionally tipped with a fleecy fringe of floating clouds of vapor.

Looking backward one can now see the valley which had been passed over, with its sugar plantations and their mills and viaducts, and the occasional *pueblo* of whitewashed wall thatched huts, and the chapel facing the plaza which invariably distinguishes every collection of inhabited abodes in this Republic, and in the dim distance the streak of silver which marks the smooth surface of the great Pacific Ocean.

Farther on the beautiful Lake Amatitlan is reached, stretching some seven miles in length and about two in width. On all sides the rugged outline of the volcanic foothills pierces the clear blue sky, and thick with natural growth of varied timber tapers down into the waters of the smooth inland sea. This lake is evidently the bowl of an extinct volcano, and the jets of steam, which float above a portion of its border, show that there are still hidden fires in it.

whence He ascended on high, and where soon His blessed feet will again stand at His second advent. It will be cleft in twain, which will be tantamount to being destroyed, and then presumably this Tower will sink into the chasm formed by the parting asunder of the Mountain (see Zech. 14: 4). When we come to consider that the Lord is just in all His dealings, we can account for all.

"The ancient Temple the Lord hallowed by His presence and sanctified, but man defiled it with idols, and, therefore, God destroyed it, as He will the Mount of Olives. The Lord made it holy by choosing it for His frequent resort when on earth, but now men have filled the place with idolatrous worship and defiled it by their practices; therefore the Mount will be destroyed and all the earth will be burnt up, and a new heaven and a new earth shall be, in which dwelleth righteousness: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it (see II Pet. 3: 13)."

PROPHETIC NOTES.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

DANIEL's prophecies clearly show that the Balkan States will become united together so as to form one of the Ten Prophetic Kingdoms denoted by the ten-horned wild beast. The other nine will be Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Turkey. We may therefore expect Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia to be united together, except such part of Servia, as may be added to Austria.

The resignation of King Milan is looked upon as tending to increase Russian influence in Servia. The *Scotsman* says; "The 'powder-magazine of Europe'—the Balkan Peninsula—is once more full of smoke and flying sparks. Bulgaria is unsettled and full of intrigue; there is disaffection in Macedonia and in the Bosnia, and incipient revolt in Albania. Beyond the Danube, in Hungary and in Roumania, there have been outbreaks of popular excitement, and attacks upon the ministry, of almost unparalleled violence. In the midst of all this agitation, Servia can no longer be looked upon as supplying anything resembling a nucleus of peace and settled rule in the East. Instead, it has become for the time the 'danger point' to which the eyes of statesmen are turned." This

Abdication of King Milan

of Servia, is an exceedingly curious one, for King Milan is not yet thirty-five, and his son is only twelve. The ex-king, who was divorced from his Russian wife last October by subservient ecclesiastics, assumed the Government of Servia as prince before he was eighteen, and was proclaimed king in 1882. The quarrel between King Milan and Queen Natalie excited a considerable amount of interest. Queen Natalie, though she had undoubted wrongs, has a great talent for political intrigues. The struggle was, in fact, between Austria, which sided with the king, and Russia, which took up the cause of the wife. For a time Austria prevailed; the Servian Metropolitan took upon himself to dissolve the marriage, and the Constitution was revised to meet the needs of the hour. Now, however, the tables have been turned; it is King Milan who withdraws, and it is thought that his wife will be recalled. The three Regents, of whom M. Ristitch is chief, will of course have the policy of the country in their hands meanwhile, and, though their late master departs with assurances of his sympathy with Austria-Hungary, Russian influence is obviously in the ascendant in Servia. The outgoing monarch remains commander-in-chief of the Servian Army till his son's majority.

Britain's Defencelessness

is thus stated by the senior Admiral De Horsey: "I submit the following axioms as incontrovertible and as supported by the wisdom and experience of all far-seeing statesmen and qualified experts: 1. The population of the British Islands is dependent for its food supply on foreign imports. 2. The financial prosperity of the country is solely dependent upon our commerce by sea. 3. Our commerce by sea is solely de-

pendent on the ability of the navy to protect it. From these axioms it follows as a logical consequence that if our navy suffer defeat we can in a few weeks be starved into submission. No invasion is required for this purpose; not a foreign soldier need be landed on our shores, and if we possessed five millions of the best troops in the world, and if we spent 100 millions in land defences the result would be the same. We should be absolutely at the mercy of the enemy who had acquired command of the sea, and who could impose conditions involving our being stripped of all our colonial possessions, of our position as one of the Great Powers, of our commerce, and of our cash and credit."

THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

By Rev. A. B. Simpson.*

What its Characteristics Will Be—I. A World Without a Church—II. A World Full of Wickedness—III. Overshadowed by the Judgments of God—The Jews the Chief Sufferers—Some Brought to Repentance—The Fall of Babylon the Closing Catastrophe.

DANIEL foretells that there shall be "a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time." Zechariah describes it as a fire, a siege and a sack of Jerusalem. Jesus Himself declares that "there shall be great tribulation such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no nor ever shall be, and except those days should be shortened there should no flesh be saved, but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." And in St. Luke He adds: "There shall be on earth distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things that are coming upon the earth." And John, in the Apocalypse, speaks of "the hour of temptation coming on all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth."

Dark and terrible it must indeed be if it is to be such as was not since the creation of the world unto that hour, for this old world has gone through some awful storms. What will be the special features of this time of trouble?

A World Without the Church.

I remember the weeks I spent in southern Italy before Rome and Naples were open to the Gospel. How desolate and God-forsaken the land seemed! How horrible the universal atmosphere and breath of evil! And when sickness began to steal over the frame, how we fled on wings to find a Christian land, and never rested until, after three days of travel, we found ourselves on a sweet Sabbath morning in Protestant Geneva, and it seemed like heaven to be among God's children once more. But what would it be to live in a world without God's people—a world where the songs of His praise are never heard, and the sweet incense of prayer and all the purifying influences of religion are unknown. Such will be the tribulation time—churches enough there perhaps will be, but not the presence of His Spirit or the preciousness of His name. Nominal Christianity will be the open handmaid of the world and the counterfeit of Satan, and the Church of Christ shall be in the presence of the Lamb.

Take all the sanctified men and women out of the United States, and give up everything to the saloon, the theatre, the trade and the formalities of a religious ceremonialism, and you have some conception of the world's dark future.

A World Full of Wickedness.

In the sixteenth chapter of Revelation, the Holy Ghost gives us a picture of the peculiar forms of evil which are to overshadow the world during these last fearful days. They are described as three unclean spirits like frogs, out of the mouth of the dragon, the beast and the false prophet, who are to possess and instigate the rulers and people of the world in the last conflict. They vividly describe the forms of evil

*From his new work, "The Gospel of the Kingdom." Pp. 288. Price in paper covers, 60 cents; in cloth, 85 cents. Published at the Book and Tract Repository, 1488 Broadway, N. Y.

which are already beginning to muster the alien ranks. They are like frogs in their filthiness, their love of the low and swampy places, their noisy loquacity, their nocturnal habits and love of the darkness, and their low, gloomy, sepulchral notes, and their fitness to represent the under world of evil. The first of these spirits, coming from the dragon, is undoubtedly spiritualism. The second is probably socialism, and all the kindred forms that come from the beast, the world power. The third is false religion, whether Romanism, Ritualism, Mohammedanism or Pagan theosophy. They are all abroad already. But they are to swarm like the spawn of a thousand marshes in the unhealthy waters of the dark night that is coming soon, and to gather the nations to the war of Armageddon.

The tribulation will be overshadowed by

The Judgments of God.

On this devoted earth His hand shall pour the plagues of His wrath. We are strongly inclined to believe that the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh chapters of Revelation describe the events of this period after the translation and resurrection of the saints, and that the horrors and woes there described have, as yet, never been fulfilled in human history. To apply them exclusively to the Saracen and Turkish wars is as unsatisfactory as to find the meaning of the convulsions, described in the closing verses of the sixth chapter, realized in the fall of Rome. They may have been foreshadowed by those events, but they would seem, both by their place in the progress of events and their strange and supernatural character to belong to this time. The trumpet shall seem to belong to the tribulation time, and the "last trumpet" shall usher in the glorious announcement: "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ."

This object of the divine judgments during this dark period, is to bring men to repentance and avert the more fearful judgments of His appearing. These judgments are not altogether in vain. At last "the remnant are affrighted" and "give glory to the God of Heaven." There would thus seem to be some cases of repentance and salvation even through the tribulation times, and these shall doubtless share the resurrection and glory of the saints who shall descend with Christ.

The Chief Sufferers

during this period will be the restored Jews. Probably they will be converted to God at the commencement, and will naturally be the objects of the world's hate and persecution, and at last will be assailed by the whole power of the nations in one closing and terrible conflict, which will be brought to a close by the appearing of the Saviour, and the destruction of their enemies.

Another event which will also signalize the close of this period will be the fall of Babylon—that is, of Rome. It is one of the series of events given in Revelation as just preceding the revelation of Christ, and it will probably be the closing catastrophe of the series of God's judgments. The days shall be shortened for the elect's sake, and shall at last suddenly be brought to a close.

But may God grant that we shall "escape all these things that shall come to pass, and stand before the Son of Man," and that our Lord shall keep us "from the hour of temptation that shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth." Amen.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1889.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Welcome Innovation in Presidential Appointments has been made by President Harrison. Both the political parties have adopted in their platforms the principle of choosing for the Governors and other officers of Territories men actually resident in those Territories. Heretofore Presidents have ignored this principle, though cognizant of party pledges. President Harrison, however, has been guided by it in the nominations he has made so far. A continuance of this course will be gratifying to the citizens of the Territories, and its justice and wisdom will be recognized by the country at large.

The Nomination of Four Ministers for Foreign courts furnished the chief subject of political discussion last week. That the selections should give satisfaction to the whole party could not, of course, be expected, for the President has been beset by crowds of importunate men urging rival claims, some of whom must necessarily be disappointed. Doubtless this fact accounts for much of the unfavorable criticism which the nominations have called forth, and the same fact would probably have led to similar criticism had the President nominated other men. The most important of the nominations was that of *Whitelaw Reid* to be Minister to France. This is in many respects a better choice than if he had been nominated to the English mission, which was the nomination generally expected. Diplomatic business can be conducted with greater advantage to both nations when the representative of one nation has not excited personal prejudice against himself in the other. Mr. Reid wrote so acrimoniously in his newspaper against England during the presidential campaign that he would not have been well received in London, though almost any man representing the United States would be sure of a courteous reception in his representative character. In Paris there will be no prejudice against him, and his residence there will therefore be more congenial. The nomination of *Colonel Fred Grant* to the Austrian mission is understood to be a tribute to the memory of his distinguished father rather than an expression of confidence in himself. The Government has very little business of importance with Austria, so the Colonel's incorrigible faculty for blundering will have but slight opportunity for doing mischief. Our representative at the court of Sweden and Norway is to be *Mr. William W. Thomas, Jr.*, of Maine. This is an excellent nomination. Mr. Thomas has occupied the same position before, and acquitted himself with credit. He is, besides, married to a Swedish lady, and is familiar with the language and

the affairs of the court to which he goes. *Mr. Samuel R. Thayer*, of Minnesota, who was nominated for Minister to the Netherlands, is not so well known to the public, as he has never held office before, but his fellow-citizens in Minneapolis hold him in high esteem, and prominent men in the Republican party, who know him well, vouch for his fitness for his duties in the strongest terms.

The Investigation into the Ceiling Scandal at Albany, N. Y., has been carefully conducted with the evident intention of shielding prominent men whom public opinion holds responsible for the wrongdoing. It has, however, shed light on several points which the citizens will do well to remember. The most important of these came out in the examinations on March 21. It appeared, from the evidence of the Attorney-General, that the law under which frauds such as it is alleged have been committed in the matter of the ceiling should be punished is ineffective. Whether designedly, or through legislative incapacity, the law cannot reach a contractor who has drawn money on false vouchers, or who has charged for more labor and material than has been used under his contract. We are not sure whether the legislators who framed this law are most sensitive as to their character for integrity or their character for skill, but whatever may be the true reason for the state of the law, there can be no question as to its being a bad one, nor as to the advisability of sending to the Legislature in future, men who can and will make a better law.

An Important Question Comes Before the United States Supreme Court this week for decision. It involves the constitutionality of the Chinese Exclusion act, and the admission to the country of about three thousand Chinamen depends on the decision. The appellant in the case is a Chinaman, who in June, 1877, left the United States to visit his native country. He applied for and obtained a certificate authorizing his return. But about a week before he arrived on our shores the President had signed the exclusion bill, and the Chinaman's certificate was declared void. His case is now being made a test case, and the Supreme Court is asked to decide whether the bill is constitutional. On the side of the Government it is argued that the admission of Chinamen is a privilege which could be revoked at any time; and on the side of the Chinaman it is contended that his certificate was a contract the Government is bound to fulfil.

The Death of Mr. Stanley Matthews, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which took place on March 22, removed an official whose name at one time was a signal for fierce contention in whatever company it was uttered. When President Hayes nominated him for the Supreme Court in 1881, the Senate held back confirmation and it was given with manifest reluctance when President Garfield renewed the nomination. Mr. Matthews had displayed eminent legal ability which would have been quite sufficient to prove that he was eligible for the high office, but he had taken so prominent a part in the proceedings of the Electoral Commission of 1876 that opposition to his confirmation was inevitable. Mr. Matthews was sixty-five years of age. He was a native of Cincinnati, and was all his life identified with the State of Ohio. He occupied several important judicial positions in that State, and for about a year and a half was a member of the United States Senate in succession to John Sherman when that statesman was Secretary of the Treasury. He had been in ill health for a long time, but it was only three weeks ago that he was totally laid aside from duty.

Another Manifesto by Mr. Chamberlain on the Irish question was published last week. In a letter to the people of Birmingham, whom he represents in Parliament, he says that the time has arrived when the Government should prove its readiness to propose a substitute for Mr. Gladstone's rejected Irish bills. He thinks that if a large and final land purchase measure were passed with the consent of all parties, it would

immensely lessen the difficulty of giving Ireland a liberal local government measure. He indicates that his land scheme is a measure to enable tenants to become owners on liberal terms. It is substantially a scheme which he has previously explained. The local government project, which he thinks should follow it, has also been defined, but it did not receive the approval of the Irish members. The issue of the manifesto is not important in itself, as it contains nothing new, but it is significant because it is an indication that one of the shrewdest politicians in England perceives that public opinion is veering round in favor of granting concession to Ireland.

The French Cabinet has Gained the Approval of both the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies to the action against the Boulangist organization known as the Patriotic League. It is admitted that the law which is to be put in force against the League has long been regarded as a dead letter, and that many other societies exist in open violation of it. The Government, however, defend their invidious action in singling out the Patriotic League for prosecution on the ground of public danger. They contend that the League has repeatedly shown itself ready to go to any length, even to resort to violence. They allege that it is an army of more than two hundred thousand men which has been organizing itself in Paris, ready to rise at the first signal. The judicial proceedings that have been commenced have in part the object of collecting evidence on which may be founded an indictment against Boulanger and the leaders of the Boulangist party, to be tried by the Senate sitting as a court of justice.

An Important Disclosure Discreditable to Bismarck is made in a book just issued by the British Government. The book contains the diplomatic correspondence relating to Samoan affairs which has passed between England and Germany during the past four years. The dispatches show that England has been throughout in cordial accord with America, and that she declined to accede to Germany's request for assistance and co-operation in the restoring of order in Samoa until she had learned the American Government's views on the subject. On January 29 last Lord Salisbury complained to Count Von Hatzfeldt, German Ambassador in London, concerning Prince Bismarck's statement in the Reichstag that in Samoa Germany and England were "advancing hand in hand." The British Prime-Minister said that the views of the two countries were identical as far as the future government of Samoa was concerned, but not otherwise.

Events in Serbia are Being Watched with apprehension by European statesmen. The little country, insignificant as it is, occupies an important strategic position. It is feared that the long-standing jealousy between Austria and Russia may culminate in that land. The abdication of King Milan is clearly a triumph for Russia, Russian influences having made his position untenable. If, as now seems probable, Queen Natalie, the wife of Milan, recently unjustly divorced from him, returns and becomes the guardian of the boy king, Russian influences will be paramount, Natalie being under Russian protection. Milan anticipated her return, and warned her that if she came, the army, of which he retains command, would be arrayed against her. Press correspondents in Serbia aver that Milan has been promised Austrian support in a civil war, so that Russia and Austria would be indirectly engaged, the one on the side of the wife and the other on the side of the husband. All the efforts of diplomacy are now being directed to avert such a conflict, which would probably involve other Powers.

Very Liberal Terms are Offered to any Person canvassing for subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Sample copies will be sent, postage paid, on application from any one desiring to undertake the work. Ministers and others will find it easy to obtain subscriptions. Send postal card for terms, and state number of sample copies required. Address The Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Christian Convention and Bible Institute, to be conducted by D. L. Moody, in Chicago, for two months from April 4, will open at 10 A. M. on that day in the Chicago Avenue Church, corner Chicago and La Salle avenues. Mr. Moody will lecture on the twelve fundamental doctrines of the Bible; Rev. W. G. Moorhead, D. D., on Systematic Bible Study and kindred topics; and Rev. W. W. Clark, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Methods of Bible Study; others will lecture upon special themes. The afternoons and evenings will be devoted to practical Christian work, under the direction of Mr. Moody. Already quite a large number of churches have applied for Special Services. Several evangelists have signified their intention of being present, so that Mr. Moody will have practical and experienced workmen to assist and direct the labors of the beginners. Board can be had for from \$5.00 to \$8.00 per week. No charge will be made for instruction; the students will pay their own expenses for board and incidentals. The Evangelization Society cannot furnish employment, nor does it promise any financial assistance whatever. A list of boarding-places and further particulars can be obtained of F. G. Ensign, 154 Madison Street, Chicago, by enclosing a two-cent stamp. No reduced rates are expected on the railroads.

An Example of Christian Magnanimity has been recently given by Mr. A. M. Mackay, the intrepid missionary in Uganda, whose portrait appeared in this journal on February 20. Mr. Mackay was kept a prisoner for many months by King Mwanga, who frequently threatened to kill him as he had killed Bishop Hannington. King Mwanga is now himself a prisoner, and is being threatened with death by his Arab captors. In his terror he has made an abject appeal for help to his former prisoner, Mackay, imploring him to come to Magu, where he is imprisoned, and intercede with the Arabs for his release. He offers to go to Europe, or to do whatever Mackay may wish. "Take me anywhere you like, or slay me if you like" was his message. At last accounts Mr. Mackay was setting out to see him, and return good for evil.

A Protest Against a Government Order is being made in the press. The rear-admiral commanding the North Atlantic station has directed the captain of the *Yantic* to prepare to return to Hayti. The *Yantic* was one of the vessels sent a few months ago to Hayti, to demand the surrender of the steamer *Haytian Republic*. On her return voyage yellow fever broke out on board, and two of the crew died of the disease. Since then the vessel has been thoroughly fumigated, and it may be assumed that the Government think there is no danger in sending her back. Specialists say, however, that when yellow fever has once broken out on a wooden vessel, it is impossible to destroy the germs of that disease. Naval officers are of the opinion that it is absolutely wrong to send her to a climate where she will be exposed to every influence favorable to the propagation of the germs. It may be hoped that the protest will lead to the order being countermanded. So long as it is not certain that the germs are exterminated, it would be deplorably imprudent to subject the ship to exactly the conditions which develop such germs. This is generally recognized, but too often the principle is disregarded in far more momentous cases. Young people in whose nature are the germs of evil, are placed in positions involving fierce temptation, if in those positions there is a prospect of worldly advancement. (Rom. 14:13.)

A Coat Cost a Life at a Fire in New York on March 19. Four German bakers were at work in a bakery on Third Avenue, when one of them, who was frying at the furnace, accidentally tipped a pan of fat into the fire. Instantly the flames shot out, and the room was speedily burning. The fire worked its way upward, and when it reached the elevator shaft, it roared through it like a chimney. The alarm was given to the tenants of the upper floors in time for them to make their escape. Some who had not

risen ran out in their night-clothes. The four bakers were the first to rush out, but one of them who had left his coat behind, thought he would be able to get it. He returned in spite of the warnings of his companions. He was seen no more alive. When the fire was extinguished by the firemen, his body was found in the bakery. He had succeeded in finding his coat, but was unable to make his way out of the burning building. He had fallen down, probably suffocated by the smoke, and perished there—the only person in the building whose life was lost in the fire. It will be so with many who to secure worldly possessions, put their souls in peril. The man who risked his life to save a coat, is not so foolish as he who risks his soul to gain a fortune. (Matt. 16:26.)

A Sick Man's Unsuccessful Efforts to Gain admission to a hospital were followed by his death in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 16. He attended the inauguration ceremonies in Washington on March 4, and caught cold while standing in the rain watching the procession. On his return to his home in Brooklyn the cold grew worse. Two friends who saw him a few days later were convinced that he was suffering from pneumonia, and as he was a bachelor advised him to go to a hospital. A hack was brought, and the man was driven to the Homeopathic Hospital, but he could not be admitted there, as the institution was already full, even the emergency beds being occupied. He was then taken to the Brooklyn Hospital, but that, too, was full. He lost heart with this second disappointment, and would try no further. He had a cousin living in the city to whom he went, and was welcomed, but the exposure had given a fatal impetus to his disease, and he died that night. No such calamity can happen to the sin-sick soul who seeks to enter the refuge God has provided. He is sure of admission if he seeks aright, and sure of being cured when admitted. (John 6:37.)

An Interesting Electrical Experiment was witnessed last week in Boston, Mass., by a party of gentlemen concerned in metal working. The manager of an electric company, who invited them to be present, said that he had discovered a simple and marvellously effective method of welding metals by electricity. Two bars of iron, each two inches in diameter, were brought together so that the ends exactly met. An electric current was then run through them, and when the current was established the ends were slightly separated. The resistance of the air to the current produced intense heat, and the ends of the bars soon showed white heat; they were then gently united and the current was shut off. When they cooled it was found that the two bars were firmly united, with scarcely a mark of the join. The same work was done with copper and brass, with the same result. To demonstrate the completeness of the weld the iron bars were bent until one of them broke, but it did not break at the weld. The point of junction was thus shown to be stronger than any other point of the bar. That is the case with the living union which takes place between Christ and the soul that trusts in Him. Affliction and trial may come upon the Christian so heavily that he breaks down under them, but if he has really been united with his Lord, that union is never sundered, neither on this side the grave nor the other. (Rom. 8:35-39.)

A Man's Life Was Saved by His Teeth in a severe storm, according to a report in the *Sentinel*, of Eastport, Me. It states that a fishing schooner was anchored in the harbor, but when the gale blew up in the night she was dragged from her moorings, and went adrift. The captain heard that she had gone ashore at Spruce Island Point. He went there with all speed and found his ship. He climbed on board, and with his own hands hoisted a sail. The vessel soon floated off, but no sooner was she in deep water than she began to sink. She had injured her keel on the rocks, and filled rapidly. The captain jumped into the boat which was made fast

to the stern of the schooner, and tried to untie the line which connected it with the sinking vessel. But the schooner was going down so fast that it drew the line tight, and the knots resisted all the captain's efforts to loosen them. He had no knife with him to cut the rope, and as the boat was fast disappearing below the surface, and himself with it, he grabbed the rope with a splendid set of teeth with which nature had furnished him, and by dint of vigorous gnawing, finally succeeded in cutting in two a nine-strand rope and freeing his boat, but not until his head had been drawn under water a number of times in his efforts to cut the rope. It is doubtful if under any other circumstances he could have gnawed his way through the rope, but when he was being dragged to his death he would make extraordinary exertions. Such a supreme effort is sometimes needed to save a soul from perdition. When evil associations, and evil habits are dragging a man down, no effort to cut himself free ought to be too arduous or too painful for him to make. (Matt. 5:29.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Chicago has now one hundred Societies of Christian Endeavor.

President Harrison took the inaugural oath upon the family Bible brought from his home in Indianapolis.

The Rev. S. H. Pratt and Mr. R. M. Birdsall have been holding successful revival services at Northampton, Mass.

Four hundred and eighty-two works on theology and religion were published in the United States during the year 1888.

A Young Men's Christian Association for French-speaking young men was opened last week at 128 West 23d Street, New York.

The theatre services in Philadelphia, conducted by the Rev. J. E. Johnson, continue to be crowded, and will be carried on as long as funds will permit.

In Delaware the W. C. T. U. is working to secure legislative action raising the age of protection for girls from the present legal period of seven years to eighteen.

Gipsy Smith commenced work in Long Island City on March 17. The pastor, Rev. N. B. Randall, writes that it is being greatly blessed. Thirty-five conversions were reported at the outset.

The Oregon Legislature, through the influence of the W. C. T. U., has voted an annual appropriation of \$2,500 to the work of the "Refuge Home" for fallen women located at Portland.

The committee on transportation for the delegates to the World's Sunday-School Convention in London, in July, have secured the Cunard steamship *Bohnia* as a special transport. She will sail from New York on June 19, and will be due at Liverpool on June 28.

An all-day prayer service was held in Washington, D. C., on March 19, to pray that the President might be divinely guided in the choice of Commissioners of the District. Commissioners are needed who will enforce the Sunday-closing law, grant no new liquor licenses, and suppress disorderly houses.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills is holding union meetings in Springfield, Mass., amid much expectancy and promise of a great blessing. On Sunday, March 17, the large City Hall was twice crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Greenwood has charge of the singing. Daily services are held, and the interest is increasing.

A widespread revival is in progress in Sacramento, Cal. Mr. A. J. Bell, of Chicago, is holding services at the Tenth Street M. E. Church, Messrs Clagett and Avis at the First Baptist, and Mr. C. S. Mason, the Young Men's Evangelist, at the Calvary Baptist Church. All are largely attended and many souls are being saved.

Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea is holding services in Picton, Ont., Canada. The *Times* of that town says that they are crowded to overflowing, and there are no unconcerned hearers. At the men's meeting on Sunday afternoon, twelve hundred men and boys succeeded in getting into the building. The number of inquirers is large.

The Rev. C. H. Yatman's meetings in Youngstown, Ohio, have stirred up the young men to organize a Young Men's Christian Association. Efforts are being made to raise a fund for the erection of a suitable building. Six young men have, through the blessing of God on Mr. Yatman's labors, been led to consecrate their lives to the Christian ministry.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings in the Academy of Music, Pottsville, Pa., were crowded to excess on Sunday, March 17. At the afternoon meeting for women only, there were many affecting scenes. Upward of one hundred women of all classes made profession of faith. At the evening meeting for men only, there was a similar blessing. During the week two services were held each day—the afternoon service in the Evangelical church, and the evening in the Methodist church.

BREAKFAST WITH JESUS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

Jesus Makes the Meal—His Concern for His Hungry Disciples—Workers Refreshed by Communion—I. The Importance of a Meal with Jesus—They Were in Need—Their Night of Fruitless Toil—Converts Taken and Counted—Frogs Among Them—A Preparation for Searching—For Receiving a Commission—II. Jesus Acting as Host—Preparing the Feast—Waiting at Table—Showing Himself—III. The Provision—Two Kinds—Natural and Supernatural—IV. How the Guests Behaved.

"Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord."

Or, as we have it in the Revised Version,

"Jesus saith unto them, Come and break your fast. And none of the disciples durst enquire of him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord."—John 21:12.

THE Lord Jesus is thoughtful of bodily wants. In His earlier days He fed multitudes of people, on two grand occasions, with bread and fish. And now that He has died and risen from the dead, and is in the body of His glory, He still thinks of the hungering bodies of men, and calls to the fishermen, "Children have ye any meat?" Finding that they have nothing, He makes a breakfast for them.

Our Lord and Saviour was particularly mindful in this case, of the wants of His own people. These seven apostles were

Supplied by His Care.

If any of you are in needy and trying circumstances, catch at this fact, and be encouraged. He that said to the seven, "Come and break your fast," will not forget you in the time of your need. On your part, now is the time for the exercise of faith; and on His part, now is the season for the display of His power. If you look to your fellow-men, perhaps they may fail to help you: they are far too apt to give the cold shoulder to those who are not well-to-do; but if you look to Him,

"In some way or other the Lord will provide."

I cannot tell how, any more than I can tell you how our Lord lighted that fire of coals, or how He procured the fish which was broiling on the fire; but there was the fire, and there was the fish; and so, in the Lord's own way, even in the mount of the Lord, it shall be seen that the Lord will provide. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." He that taught you to say, "Give us this day our daily bread" did not teach you an empty phrase. O ye whose need presses so closely as even to make you acquainted with hunger, behold how Jesus pities you, and look to Him to aid you.

The Essential Thing.

Go a step further. As Jesus is so careful of the condition of His people that He will have their bodies fed, we may be sure that He will have their souls nourished. I said to myself, as I considered my return among you, "The first thing we will do when I get home shall be to feed the servants of God, that so they may be in good working order." Our Lord began this third manifestation of Himself, not with prayer, but with provender. Much had to be said and done: but they must breakfast first. They were to be questioned, rebuked, instructed, commissioned, warned; but they must first be fed. The essential thing that morning was a fire of coals, and broiled fish and bread; for they must be put into good condition, and then they would be ready to hear what their Lord should say to them. Now, if it was so with the body, how much more is it so with the soul? I want you, therefore, this morning, to ask the Lord to spread a table for you in the wilderness.

Many things call for your earnest attention; but it will be poor haste if you rush to work without refreshing the inner man. Pause a while, and feast with your Lord, in order that you may be able to attend to your pressing duties. If you had a tree to fell, you would count it no loss of time first to sharpen your axe. When the axe is sharp, then the tree will

come down all the sooner: sharpen, therefore, the axe of your mind. This morning have nothing to do but to attend to the commissariat of your soul.

I. First, I shall invite you to see the importance of a feast with Jesus. It was peculiarly

Needful to These Men,

because *they were in a needy condition*. Jesus does not like to see His servants wet and cold, and hungry; and so He provides for the removal of these discomforts. Depend upon it, what Jesus does not like to see is not good for us. It is not well for us to be unhappy. If, therefore, you feel, this morning, in your inmost souls, uncomfortable, and much out of sorts, your Lord does not wish you to be so. The thoughts of your own misery will hinder your thoughts of Him, and prevent your rendering Him good service. My Master bids me, this morning, see to it that all hands are provided with good cheer. Gladly, therefore, do I invite you to the fire of coals which is furnished by His glowing love. Cheerfully do I set before you the holy food of sacred truth furnished by His word; and I would thus fulfil His command to me, "Feed my sheep."

Besides, they were weary with a night's fruitless toil. As I told you in reading, it was "night" and "nothing" while Jesus was away. Have I not before me some servants of God who have not seen any good following their exertions of late? They have fished for men, but the nets have remained empty. It is dreary work, toiling all night and taking nothing. I know this, because I know still better the reverse of it. Oh, it is a blessed thing to have a successful season by the little river of retirement, when one is away from the city!

In My Late Seclusion

it has seemed to me that the fish kept coming up to my line, and biting at my hook, though I had not of purpose baited it for any. The Lord sent me persons to receive a blessing, and they had a quiet word, and went on their way rejoicing. Alas! it is not always so. You may have a widespread net cast into the great sea, and no end of fishes all around you, and yet you may take nothing: that night's work yielded nothing but splash and haul, disappointment and fatigue. If you are in that condition, you evidently need encouragement. Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord will be your present want. The Saviour calls to you, "Come and breakfast. Leave the boat and the nets, and forget the night's vain toil, and come and commune with me." Weary worker, worried and weeping, cease your complaining, and now come to the fire and the food which Jesus provides for you.

You will remind me that, before the breakfast, the disciples had taken a great number of fish, and had counted them. Just so; and that is another reason for calling them to feast with Jesus. Catching fish is a fine business, but being fed is equally needful. No fisherman can live on catching and counting. It is a very deceptive thing for a man to sustain his faith upon the success of his labors. Our tendency in a revival is to rejoice over converts, and count them: "a hundred and fifty and three." It is not wrong to count your converts if Christ gives them to you: the awkward part of it is, that you are apt to count in with the fish a number of frogs—I mean a sort of convert that Jesus never sent. You may if you please, count every convert, and say, "a hundred and fifty and three;" but do not think that this will nourish your own soul. The successful evangelist, if he attempts to live on his work, will suck up the wind. Again, dear friends, I think it was a very necessary thing that they should break their fast, for the Lord Jesus

Christ was Going to Search

their hearts. "When they had dined": notice that, not till then, Jesus questioned Peter. When they had breakfasted, "Jesus saith, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" "When they had breakfasted," not before. He would not deal with Peter, or any of them, while they

had empty stomachs. I beg you to feed well this morning, because you will have to be overhauled before long, and it will be well to have heart to bear it. Truth will be preached to you another day which will blow quite through you like a mighty wind—truth which will burn as an oven, and like a refiner's fire. Prepare your soul for the hour of trial, when the business of the hour will be to answer the question, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"

Remember, also, that they were about to receive a commission: they were to be told to feed Christ's lambs and sheep. But I think I hear you say, "That commission, like the examination, was directed to Peter." I know it; but I am also sure that when the Lord said to Peter, "Lovest thou Me?"

The Question went Home

to them all. The Lord was going to give them a blessed work to do, and therefore He would put them into working order before He allotted it to them. O brothers and sisters, it may seem a very small thing for you to feed your own selves, but it is not so. I would have you strong yourselves, that you may labor for others. You cannot be made a blessing to those around you till you are blest yourselves.

Once more, our Lord was going to give to one of them a warning, and by that one to hint much the same heritage of trials to the others. "Another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." Crucifixion awaited Peter, and a martyr's death in some form awaited all those who were present, except John. This the Master lets them know; but He does not mention it till they have dined. Do not reckon upon an easy journey between here and heaven. If you do, you will be mistaken; for "in the world ye shall have tribulation." But while we give you that warning, we invite you to come and feed on heavenly bread, and refresh your souls with those spiritual luxuries whereby men are made ready for labor and suffering.

II. Secondly, I want you to see

Jesus Acting as Host.

It was Jesus who cried to them, "Children have ye any meat?" It was He that said, "Bring of the fish which ye have now caught." It is He that gives the invitation, "Come and break your fast." Jesus is master of the feast. Is it not wonderful that the holy Lord should have communion with His faulty followers? Yet He will breakfast with us—with us who doubted Him, as Thomas did; with us who denied Him, as Peter did; with us who forsook Him and fled, as all the rest did. He had risen from the dead, and He did not need to eat, yet did He still have familiar fellowship with sinful man. On one occasion He ate a piece of a broiled fish and of a honeycomb; and I suppose that on this occasion He also ate with them; one does not ask others to come and dine, and then himself refrain from eating. He communed with them by that bread and by that fish. It was wonderful condescension. Come along with you, you child of God, conscious of your gross unworthiness; come, for He invites you now to feast with Himself. This shall be your nourishment not alone the food which He prepares for you, as His own company.

Notice, that Jesus, as the host,

Prepared the Feast.

We shall never know how that fire of coals was kindled; some speak confidently of it as the work of angels; but why introduce angels where they are not needed? Where did He get the fish? All sorts of idle speculations have been raised about His having bought it from a passing boat. There is no need of such inventions. Doubtless both fire and fish were the products of creative power. Dear friends, your soul can never feed except upon what Jesus has prepared for you. His flesh is meat indeed; but there is no other meat for souls. There was never food yet for a true heart but it came from Him. "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" said they of old; but that is exactly what He does. All that He gives to us of spiritual nourishment is of His own preparing.

What is equally wonderful to me is this, that, after the Lord had prepared it, He Himself was **The Waiter at the Feast.**

Read verse 13: "Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise." When there are seven at table, a host might well be justified in saying, "Dear friends, you are welcome to all that is before you; pray help yourselves." But we cannot help ourselves; He who prepares the feast must also bring the food to us. "Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise." Only one serving man, and that the Lord Himself! O Master, we know there is good spiritual food in Thy Word, but we are not able to appropriate it. Come thou, and Thyself lay home the promise to the heart.

All the while He was doing this He showed Himself. "This is now the third time that Jesus showed Himself to His disciples." Jesus feeding us is Jesus revealed. If He had stretched out His hand for them to examine the nail-prints, they would not have seen Him so well as when that hand gave them food. Oh, if the Lord Jesus will come to you individually, as I pray He may, and bring you heavenly food this morning, you will see Him—see Him with eyes full of tears. Are there not times with you when divine truth comes home to you in such a sweet, comforting, nourishing way, that you have said, "It is the Lord; He is Himself the sum and substance of His own blessed gospel"? This is your morning's portion: do not miss it. "He showed Himself."

III. Now see the provision. I have tried to beckon you in to the feast, and I have also tried to point out our Host. Now, attentively regard

The Provisions.

There are two parts. First, there was what He had mysteriously prepared—the fish laid upon the coals; and, secondly, what He had graciously given; for He said, "Bring of the fish which ye have now caught." It was the same sort of fish, no doubt; but it came in two ways.

First, let us note the mysteriously prepared provision. See the fish which is broiling on the coals! Mysterious fish! Mysterious coals! Feed now with all your hearts upon the mystery of everlasting love.

Here is another fish of the kind found only in the sea of mysterious love—I point you to His effectual atonement. He has finished His life-work for you, and poured forth the price of your redemption, minting it from His own heart. He has washed you from your sins in His own blood. He hath made you kings and priests unto God.

He Has Bought You

with a price, so that you are not your own. The dying Christ bore your penalty: the living Christ has ensured your acceptance and your immortality. "Because I live," saith He, "ye shall live also."

But the feast was also made of what the Lord had graciously given, and they had drawn out of the deep. The Lord has caused us to obtain many precious things by His own Spirit; and these we have made our own, taking them in our net and dragging them to shore. Let us feed on mercies experienced. Just now to myself these are very many—"a hundred and fifty and three." I can scarcely count the favors the Lord has given me of late. My net is not broken, but I wonder it is not; for the draught of benefits is so great; He daily loadeth me with benefits. I desire abundantly to utter the memory of His great goodness. Cannot you do the same, and in the memory find a feast for love?

The provision on the lone lake shore was more than enough for seven men, however hungry they might be. Was it not? They might eat as much as they liked without any fear of exhausting the supply. Now, dear friends, try for a minute or two to dwell upon the wonders of God's truth and grace to you. Think of what He did in your conversion; what He has done in the time of temptation; how He supplied your needs; and how He has given

you enjoyments of His love. All this will be to you a fire of coals, and fish drawn from the sea.

IV. But, lastly, see

How The Guests Behaved

themselves. I hope if you are fed well, you will behave in the same way. These guests of our Saviour, we find, "durst not ask Him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord." When a soul draws near to Jesus, *its words are few or none. That devotion which must always show itself by shouting may be very genuine, but it is to be feared that it is superficial.* Deep waters run silently. Great feeling is dumb; there is a frost of the mouth when there is a thaw of the soul. Words are often a wall between our spirit and the Great Spirit. A big mouthful of words is fine food for fools. Some preachers seem to think that saints can feed on their eloquence, but they need more substantial meat.

As there were no words, so there could be no doubtful questions. Whenever a man gets away from communion with Christ, he begins to ask a host of questions. Persons who have no religion have always a selection of religious questions, varying from the stupidity of "Who was Cain's wife?" onward to, "What will man become by evolution?" When a soul has drawn near to Jesus, and has been fed by Him, it is no more troubled with doubts than a man at the equator is bitten by frost. "I believe in the Bible," said one. "How can you do that?" sneered another. "Because I know the Author," was the reply. If you are walking in the light with your Lord, questions and doubts are heard no more, but you adore in restfulness of soul, "knowing that it is the Lord."

They ate the bread and fish that morning, I doubt not in

Silent Self-Humiliation.

Peter looked, with tears in his eyes, at that fire of coals, remembering how he stood and warmed himself when he denied his Master. Thomas stood there, wondering that he should have dared to ask such proofs of a fact most clear. All of them felt that they should shrink into nothing in His divine presence, since they had behaved so ill.

Yet were they also silent for joy. Did you ever feel the bliss of dying to self? As you near the vanishing point of self, the glory of the Lord dawns on you with immeasurable splendor. To grow bigger, and bigger, and bigger, until you fill the halls of fame, and your name echoes round the world, is the ambition of the vain, and it is an abomination. But to grow less and less, till the Lord God is all in all, is the joy of saints.

They were silent in wonder as they gazed on the risen One. He was all over wonder to them—a world of beauties and of miracles. When He fed them, when He gave them the bread, when He gave them the fish, it was a melting season. They remembered how He washed their feet; but then He was in His state of humiliation; and they marvelled yet more that now He was risen He would still be among them "as one that serveth." They were dumb with surprise, and gratitude, and love.

Brethren, have you fed? Have you breakfasted with Jesus? If so, I am well content. But I would remind you that when you come hither again, you must hear what your Lord has to say by way of question and command; for, "when they had dined,"

Solemn Business

began. It must not be with us as with Israel: "The people sat down to eat, and to drink, and rose up to play"; but we rise to work, and suffer, and to go far towards heaven in the strength of the meat we have enjoyed.

Some one will ask, "Have you not a word for the unconverted this morning?" Indeed, I have something better than words. When we set forth the provisions of grace before the godly, we are really inviting poor hungry sinners. The sight of food is a fine creator of appetite. I do hope some people will feel an appetite coming to them this morning, and will

cry, "I long to feed on heavenly bread, and to have my heart refreshed in the presence of the Lord Jesus." O poor heart, believe in Jesus, and He is yours! Children of God, just as you can enjoy Christ, and show that enjoyment in your lives, you will be fascinating others to your Lord, and thus by your means I shall not have preached in vain to the unconverted. The Lord send His blessing upon this word, for His name's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

DRIVEN TO GOD BY SORROW.*

THE old minister loved to preach; but he seldom used much of that order of talk to his son. Once in a while the impulse came over him so strongly that he could not refrain from speaking of that which was uppermost in his thought.

"My boy, you are working too hard," he said one morning when Edgar was hurrying downtown. That was when he was East on his second visit, about five years after his son's marriage. "You are both working too hard. You work beyond all reason. What do you think? Is this sort of life going to pay? . . . No doubt, Edgar, you are planning plenty of good to be done some time or other; but what the Lord wants is you, yourself, now—your heart's confidence and love. And I'm sure He will have you before many years; but I want you to come back before you are driven by sorrow."

"O dear! father," said Edgar, crowding his feet into his rubbers, with an impatient air, "I wish you wouldn't be forever preaching at me."

There was plenty of loving dignity in the answer, "I think, my son, I am pretty careful what I say to you."

"Why, yes, of course—pardon me, father. But then I know what you're thinking about all the time."

"And praying for," said the minister; "and I shall have the answer, even though it comes in a night of storms." And so it did come ten years later.

Edgar Elberton had gone on prospering and to prosper. But one wintry day a bolt fell from the heavens, that seemed to shiver the world. Rob, his brave, beautiful Rob, lay before him—dead!

So while he sat beside his dead son, stunned and helpless, the light that had shone down into his father's place of prayer came into his soul, also; and he saw the rocks upon which his tilting craft was driving.

The text of one of his father's old sermons came to the surface of his thought, and stayed there persistently, like a floating, drowned, reproachful face: "But they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." In the new light that seemed to make its way through his soul slowly and painfully, like the warmth of a fire threading the nerves of a frozen limb, he saw that in his wicked mistake he was losing the best of this life, as well as of that which is to come. He had been bending to the business oars like a galley slave, while all of his, and Anna's plans had gone by the board. He saw, in the sharp and smiting light, how worn and pinched was the face of his once bonnie bride.

Besides keeping up with his financial schemes, and the claims of society, she had to do the work of both parents for the last ten years. But she had done her work well—that was one comfort. . . . She had kept her boy as tender of soul, and pure of thought as any girl could be. Dear little mother heart! How could she live without her child? Yet she seemed braver far than he under this storm of sorrow. He even leaned upon her for help. She had bent, but he was broken.

While his heart rose in rebellion against the loss of what his boy would have become to him, he saw that which he had long shut his eyes from seeing—what he ought to be,

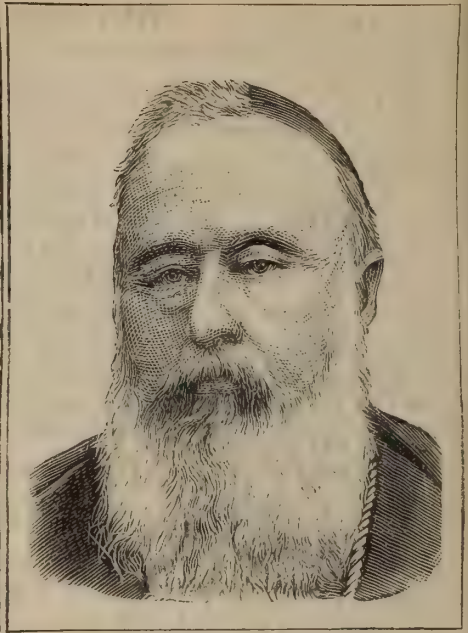
* From "Won." By Jenny Fowler Willing. A story of deep religious power. Pp. 165. Price 75 cents. Published by the Willard Tract Repository, Beacon Hill Place, Boston, Mass.



Mr. Joseph Thompson, the Explorer.



Boy Rescued from a Slave Dhow.



Cardinal Lavigerie.

and was not to his own father. Hurried letters, generous gifts, an occasional flying visit, are a pitiful substitute for the loving care due from a son.

Poor men, wage-workers, with families dependent upon their day's work, might be obliged to neglect wife, children, and father as he had done; but *he* was altogether without excuse. He wondered that his selfishness had not made his heart as hard as the nether mill-stone. For a moment he was almost glad of the blow that had shown him that he was not past feeling.

From this self-reproach, his thought was led into the deeper depths, and he began to see the heinousness of his neglect of the loving Heavenly Father. A sense of sin settled upon his soul, quite outweighing his grief. Beside his dead child, he repeated the promise he had made when the small trembling hand nestled in his for the last time, to seek again the faith of his own childhood.

MR. JOSEPH THOMPSON.

The Explorer of Morocco.

EARLY last year the Royal Geographical Society of England decided to undertake the organization of an expedition into Morocco to study the physical features of the country with its fauna and flora. The expedition was placed in charge of the distinguished naturalist, whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Thompson has now returned with a report that adds materially to scientific knowledge, and is interesting geographers and naturalists all over the world. In the course of his journey he ascended and crossed the Atlas mountains at six different points, collecting specimens, and making photographs of the most important scenes. The work was done at imminent peril, for not only did he travel by paths never before trodden by Europeans, and therefore in constant danger from natural causes, but was several times in jeopardy from fanatical natives.

When at Casablanca in October last, and about to undertake another journey into the interior, Mr. Thompson was suddenly summoned home by the East African Company to take the head of an expedition for the contemplated relief of Emin Pasha; but that project having been abandoned, Mr. Thompson is now preparing a more elaborate account of his journey to the Atlas Mountains, which will shortly be published. He has also, besides contributing papers on Africa to several magazines, produced, in conjunction with Miss Harris Smith, a work called "Ulu," in which are embodied some of his studies of African character, and some sketches of tropical scenery.

This is Mr. Thompson's fourth exploration

in Africa. In 1882 he explored the Rovuma in the employ of the Sultan of Zanzibar. In 1884 he made a thorough examination of Masai land, penetrating to Mount Kenaia, and in 1885 he went across Central Soudan on a diplomatic mission for the British Government.

Mr. Thompson is a Scotchman, and is thirty-one years old. He obtained his early education in the parish school of his native place, from which he went to the University of Edinburgh. There a predilection for natural history which he had early displayed, and which he evidenced by collecting fossils and geological specimens in the ravines and mountain-gorges, in the neighborhood of his home, led him to enter the science classes, in several of which he gained honors, carrying off the gold medal in geology and zoölogy.

A RESCUED SLAVE.

THE picture on this page is taken from the photograph of a boy who was one of a party of slaves kidnapped by the Arabs in Africa. The British ship *Boadicea*, one of the combined English and German blockading squadron, caught sight of a dhow leaving the East African coast. She gave chase and captured her. The little vessel of only four tons burden was found to be crowded with negroes captured in the Nyassa district, no less than forty-six of them being packed on board. The condition of the boy, which may be inferred from the picture, was one of extreme emaciation, and was a specimen of the condition of the whole party. Their persons showed not only that they had been almost starved, but numberless bruises and stripes proved that they had been brutally beaten. The poor creatures, when liberated, were placed under the charge of missionaries.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

WHEN the Protestant Evangelical Alliance is found supporting a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church we may be sure that he is engaged in some work of a supremely beneficent character. It must be a cause of mighty and transcending import that could unite two such colleagues. That cause is opposition to the cruel and iniquitous traffic which the Arabs are carrying on in Africa in human flesh. Cardinal Lavigerie, whose portrait appears on this page, is Archbishop of Algiers, and is sixty-four years of age. He has recently made a tour of Europe with the object of informing the public of the horrors he has witnessed in Africa, and inducing European governments to interfere for the protection of the helpless natives. He told his audiences that 400,000 men, women and children were seized every year in the African

villages, driven to the coast, and sold into slavery. He said that he had reason to believe that this number, actually sold, represented but a small portion of the evil, for they are only those who survive the terrible journey. He believes that when the caravans start the stolen creatures are five times that number. Not less than two millions are seized every year, but so many die on the road that only one in five reaches the coast. The Cardinal thought that Protestants and Catholics alike would be stirred by such a story. It must, however, have surprised him to find that Catholic France was apathetic, and that the two nations who were most deeply moved by his appeal, and took practical measures at great cost to suppress the iniquity, were the two Protestant nations of England and Germany.

THE JUDGE'S REFUGE.

(See illustration on page 205.)

"WHAT a grand old fellow he is!" said a lawyer as he and a friend descended the steps from a law court. "I suppose if he had chosen to decide otherwise he might have made a million, and without taking it as a bribe either. It could have been done easily on Wall Street and no one have been any the wiser. Stern, inflexible justice—that is what any man gets in Judge Bertram's court; no more and no less."

"No mercy, eh?" asked his companion.

"Not a bit. Why the old judge actually tried to put his only son behind the bars a few years ago. The young man was in a scrape, and he helped himself out of the safe of a bank where he was employed. He was not detected, but I suppose he feared it, so he went to his father and confessed, and asked the old man to let him have enough to replace his stealing. Instead of doing so, the judge sent for a policeman, and Ed. Bertram had to jump through a window and run for it, or he would have been caught. He is away in Canada now."

"Bertram did not like to lose the money I guess. Was it much?"

"Oh no! A mere nothing to him. It was not that. He went to the bank the next day and paid the whole of it. It was the crime he looked at. The majesty of the law—that is his pet phrase—the majesty of the law must be vindicated."

"Well, that was pretty hard for a father; but I wish we had more such judges."

While this conversation was going on, the subject of it was making his way homeward. He intended spending the evening on the study of a case in which he had reserved judgment, and he was soon busy in his private sanctum going over the papers. It was late when the work was done, but the judge was satisfied; he

was sure that he thoroughly understood the case, and had expressed his decision lucidly. He read it over when he had finished it, and liked it. He was going to look for his daughter Dora to ask for a little music before retiring to rest, when she knocked at the door.

"May I come in, papa?" she asked timidly, for it was a serious matter to disturb the judge in that room. She entered now, on his permission, and going up to his chair, held a letter out for him to read. "Do read this papa," she said. "It is from Alice, and it is such good news. Edward is doing well now. Alice says that they are both members of a Presbyterian Church, and they are putting aside money every month toward the sum you paid for Edward in that dreadful time. And Edward is really contrite, and is praying always that you will forgive him. Alice thinks if you would do that, he would be the happiest of men. Oh papa, you will forgive him now, will you not?"

"Do not ask me, Dora," said the judge. "You have that false idea of justice that seems inherent in the female mind. Your brother is simply an escaped criminal. His reformation and reparation, if he makes it, will not undo the crime. I am glad for his sake that he has reformed, but the old crime stands against him; he cannot purge himself of that by repayment."

"Oh papa, do forgive him for my sake."

"There are few things I would refuse to do for your sake," said the old man, tenderly; "but I cannot do that."

Dora said no more. She knew too well the inflexibility of her father's character to hope for success after that answer. She wrote cheerfully to her brother and his wife, but she could give them no hope of the forgiveness they craved. She resumed her old life of devotion and loving attendance on her father, and was, as she had long been, the light of his home. The judge seemed to need her more than ever that year. The winter was severe, and a cold which he caught in the early part of the season clung to him. He had always been a robust, healthy man, but this year, for the first time in his career, there were several days when he could not leave his house. He would be all right, he said, when the spring came, and he could shake off that cold; but meanwhile he suffered and grew weaker, until he was confined to his bed.

Dora did her utmost to alleviate the trial. He would have her read the newspapers and the new books, but as the days passed he took less interest in them, and cared for nothing so much as to hear her read the Bible. She read chapter after chapter, and the judge grew to love it more and more. The Epistle to the Romans was his favorite book, and his keen judicial mind followed the masterly argument step by step with evident delight. Dora longed to make another appeal in her brother's behalf, but feared to agitate her father. One day, however, after the judge had been lying silent some time, he said to her, "You may write to Edward, if you will; tell him of my illness, and say I would like to see him now."

Dora wrote immediately, for it was evident that her father was sinking, and even the physician, who had been hopeful until now, was despondent. Fearing that the old man might not live to see his son, and knowing how much



The Judge Listens to Dora's Plea.

in that case Edward would value a message, Dora said to her father, "You will give Edward your forgiveness when he comes?"

"Yes, oh yes! my child," said the judge; "since I have been sick I have seen all things in a new light."

The sands of life ran out very fast. Edward's arrival was eagerly looked for, but it was a long journey, and time had been lost. The judge lay in semi-stupor, and Dora stood watching him, weeping silently. Suddenly a light came on the vacant face. He did not open his eyes, but his lips moved; Dora listened. "I plead guilty," said the dying man, solemnly. Then after a pause, and as if in answer to a question, "Nothing but the merits of Jesus. The law of the Spirit of Life hath made me free from the law of sin and death." They were his last words. The upright judge, the blameless citizen, the honored man, found in death all his record worthless before God, and could find strength alone in the refuge of the sinner—the atonement of Christ.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 191.)
The Mormon Canaan.

SOME years before this—in 1846-47—John Taylor had taken a part with others in another emigration in which great suffering had been experienced. Those who pass through affliction and trouble are generally more sympathetic to others in like difficulties; but sometimes the reverse is the case, it having a hardening influence, making them callous of the sufferings of those who come after them. It appears to have been so with John Taylor. The emigration to which we refer was the exodus of 2,000 Mormons from Nauvoo to the Salt Lake, which is graphi-

cally described by Hepworth Dixon as follows:

"Finding that through recent troubles their position on the Mississippi had become untenable, Young advised his followers to yield their prize, to quit the world in which they had found no peace, and set up their tabernacles in one of those distant wilds in the far West, which were then trodden by no feet of man except those of a few Red Indian tribes, Utes, Pawnees, Shoshones, in what was called the American Desert, and was considered by everybody as No-man's land. It was a bold device. Beyond the western prairies, beyond the Rocky Mountains, lay a howling wilderness of salt and stones, a property which no white man had yet been greedy enough to claim. Some pope, in the Middle Ages, had bestowed it on the crown of Spain, from which it had fallen, as a paper waste, to the Mexican Republic; but neither Spaniard nor Mexican had ever gone up north into the land to possess it.

"In the centre of this howling wilderness lay a Dead Sea, not less terrible than Bahr Lout, the Sea of Lot. One-fourth of its water was known to be solid salt. The creeks which ran into it were said to be putrid; the wells around it were known to be bitter; and the shores for many miles were crusted white with saleratus. These shores were like nothing else on earth, except the Syrian Ghor, and they were more forbidding than the Syrian Ghor in this particular, that the waters of Salt Lake are dull, impure, and the water-lines studded with ditches and pools, intolerable to the nostrils of living men.

"To crown its repulsive features, this desert of salt, of stones, and of putrid creeks, was shut off from the world eastward by the Rocky Mountains, westward by the Sierra Nevada, ranges of Alps high as the chain of Mont Blanc, and covered with eternal ice and snow. The red men who roamed over this country in search of roots and insects, were known to be the most savage and degraded tribes of their savage and degraded race.

"A herd of bison, a flight of gulls, a swarm of locusts, peopled the plain with a fitful life. In spring, when a little verdure rose upon the ground, a little wild sage, a few dwarf sunflowers, the locusts sprang from the earth and strip the few green plants of every leaf and twig. No forests could be seen; the grass, where it grew, appeared to be rank and thin. Only the wild sage and the dwarf sunflower seemed to find food in the soil, plants which are useless to man, and were then thought to be poisonous to his beast.

"Trappers, who had looked down on the Salt Valley from peaks and passes in the Wasatch Mountains, pictured it as a region without life, without a green slope, even without streams and springs. The wells are said to be salt, as the fields were salt. Finding no wood, and scarcely any fresh water in that region, these explorers had set their seal upon this great American desert as a waste unfit for the dwelling, incapable of the sustenance, of civilized men. But Young thought otherwise. He knew that where the Saint had struck his spade into the ground—at Kirtland in Ohio, at Independence in Missouri, at Nauvoo in Illinois—he had been always blessed with a plentiful crop; and the new Mormon seer had faith in the same strong sinews, in

the same rough hands, in the same keen will, being able to draw harvests of grain from the desolate valley of Salt Lake.

"A carpenter by trade, Young knew how to fell trees, to shape logs, to build carts and trucks, to stake out ground, to erect temporary sheds. The Saints whom he would have to lead were inured to labor and privation; being chiefly New England artisans and Western farmers, men who could turn their hands to any trade, who could face any difficulty, execute any work. An equal number of either English or French converts would have perished in the attempt to move across the plains and the mountains; but the native American is a man of all trades—a banker, a butcher, a carpenter, a clerk, a teamster, a statesman, anything at a pinch, everything in its turn—a man rich in resources and ingenuities, so that a baker can build you a bridge, a preacher can catch you a wild horse, a lawyer can bake you hot cakes.

"Young knew that in crossing the great plains and climbing the great ranges, which are loosely clubbed together under the name of the Rocky Mountains, the privations of his people would be sharp; but to his practical eye these sufferings of the flesh appeared to be such as brave men could be trained by example to bear and not die. Food and seed might be carried in their light wagons, and a little malt whisky would correct the alkali in the bitter creeks. In his band of disciples every man was master of some craft; every woman was either a dairy-maid, a baker, a seamstress, a laundress; nay, the children could be turned to account in the desert roads, for every American girl can milk a cow, every American boy can drive a team.

"A party of pioneers having been sent forward to explore and report, the word to move on westward was at length given by Young; and in every family at Nauvoo preparations were made for a journey unmatched in history since the days when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. The Saints broke up their cheery homes. They gathered in their haste a little food, a few roots and seeds, a dozen kegs of spirits. Then they yoked their mules, their oxen, to the country wagons. Those who were too poor to buy wagons and oxen made for themselves trucks and wheelbarrows.

"Pressed upon by their foes, they marched away from Nauvoo, even while the winter was yet hard upon them, crossing the Mississippi on the ice, and starting on a journey of 1,500 miles, through a country without a road, without a bridge, without a village, without an inn, without wells, cattle, pastures, and cultivated land. As Elder John Taylor told me, they left everything behind; their corn-fields, their gardens, their pretty houses, with the books, carpets, pianos, everything which they contained. The distance to be conquered by these emigrants was equal to that from London to Lemberg, six times that from Cairo to Jerusalem. Their route lay through a prairie peopled by Pawnees, Shoshones, wolves and bears; it was broken by rapid rivers, barred by a series of mountain-chains; and the haven to be reached after all their toils and dangers, was the shore of a Dead Sea, lying in a sterile valley; a land watered with brine, and pastures sown with salt."

The sufferings of these Mormon pilgrims from insufficiency of food and clothing, from rheumatism, frost-bites, were such that they were soon unable to travel more than a few miles a day. And in the spring, when the ground became soft with rain, they sometimes only travelled through the mud as much as one mile a day; and had to wait on the banks of some rivers until the floods subsided enough to permit them to cross upon rudely constructed rafts. Their first year's journey was marked by a thinly scattered line of gravestones as their numbers were thinned by death. Their emigration train, consisting of 2,000 wagons, was attacked by Indians in some places. They suffered also from fevers and other illnesses, and at last only a part of the 2,000 emigrants reached Salt Lake.

Having passed through these troubles, Taylor

did not think, or at any rate did not act as if he thought that the European emigrants needed much sympathy. We, however, may be allowed to think differently.

One of these sufferers very recently related to me some of the painful circumstances through which he passed at that time. He told me that he walked the streets of Williamsburgh for three days and three nights without a mouthful of anything to eat, or a place to lay his head; he could obtain no work, and at length, in sheer desperation, he was forced to beg. The Mormon Church authorities knew the misery of the people, but took no adequate steps to alleviate it.

During the first weeks after our arrival in New York city, we had nothing to depend upon but the provisions which we had saved from the ship's rations. I had known what it was to be in a foreign country without money and without food; and on board ship I took care of our rations when they were not consumed by Harry or "the rats;" for I thought that if I did not need them—which, indeed, I sincerely hoped might be the case—I could certainly find some one who would be thankful for them. These rations consisted chiefly of sugar that was almost black; very bad black tea, which when made looked like dye; the poorest kind of sea-biscuit; and other things accordingly. The provisions for the Mormon emigrants were purchased in bulk by the Church authorities, who made their own profits out of them, and the Apostle at Liverpool had the benefit of all that could be saved out of them during the voyage. It was commonly said among the people that the sight of them alone was quite sufficient for any one who was not half-starved; and yet they had paid the price of the best.

We had been in New York several weeks when one day my husband called at the office of a paper called *The Mormon*, and there met with the Apostle Taylor, who conducted that paper. The Apostle expressed great regret that Mr. Stenhouse should be without occupation at that season of the year, and with a family of children upon his hands. This sympathy, coming from a brother missionary, was, I thought, very tardy, for my husband had then devoted *over ten years of his life* to the cause, and his record in the Church had been untarnished. The Apostle was living in an elegant house, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, while he knew that we had not so much as a chair, or even a bed to lie upon. What had he done for the Church more than my husband had done? Indeed, I firmly believed that he had not endured half so much, but—he was an Apostle! His unhelping sympathy appeared to me a little more than questionable.

He told my husband that he might come into the office of *The Mormon*, and write the addresses on the wrappers, and that he would give him a few dollars a week "to help things along," until something better presented itself. My husband thought this a disinterested action on the part of the Apostle John Taylor, but my experience in Mormonism led me to be distrustful and suspicious of everything that an elder or apostle said or did. This offer, however, came when we really had nothing to look to, and dared not refuse any assistance that was offered, however small it might be. But I must admit that my ideas of apostolic liberality were very much shocked when at the end of the week Mr. Stenhouse informed me that he had been allowed four dollars for his services, and that out of that magnificent sum the Apostle John Taylor had deducted twenty-five cents which sheer necessity had compelled him to borrow for the week's ferriage.

The apostle-editor had two assistants from Utah with him in *The Mormon* office—the one a "Seventy," and the other a "High Priest"—terms and titles which I shall presently explain. A few weeks after my husband entered the office, the "Seventy" who had charge of getting out the paper was allowed to return to Zion. The High Priest remained in the Eastern States visiting alternately the various branches of the

Church, and doing some very zealous courting with a young English girl who lived in Williamsburgh, while his two unsuspecting wives at home in Salt Lake City were earnestly praying the Lord to bless him in his "mission." Whatever the Apostle may have thought of his associate, he could not very well remonstrate with him, for he himself was, and had been for some time, doing a good deal in that line with an amiable Connecticut girl, and was only waiting for special permission from Brigham Young to add her to the half-dozen wives he already had in Utah.

There was, moreover, another High Priest attached to that office, but no one seemed to understand his exact position. To all appearance his principal occupation was travelling from New York to Connecticut and from Connecticut back again to New York. He was a very robust-looking man, but it was reported that he was troubled with heart disease, and that the purer air of Connecticut was a great relief to him. This I fully believed when, some time after, I discovered that the young lady engaged to the Apostle had a charming sister, for I thought it very probable that she rendered no small assistance to the Connecticut air in giving relief to his diseased heart.

My husband not being at that particular time under the influence of "heart disease," soon became very useful on the editorial staff. In fact, pretty well everything was left to him, and not unfrequently for two or three days he saw nothing of the Apostle or either of his associates, and the whole responsibility of getting out the paper—at the magnificent salary of four dollars a week!—rested upon him. He was told that he must regard it as a mission, and be prepared to act accordingly.

In course of time, however, the visits to Connecticut came to an end. The Apostle obtained Brother Brigham's permission to marry Miss Young, and she made him an excellent house-keeper in a handsomely furnished house in Brooklyn. The poor High-Priest and the "Seventy" did not fare so well; they were expected to wait until they reached Zion. The two young ladies to whom they were engaged were amiable and good girls, who would without doubt have met with excellent husbands either in or out of the Church; but the name of an Apostle or High-Priest carried with it many charms, and won the hearts of the foolish young ladies and their friends.

The Apostle returned home with his youngest bride; but the High-priests realized the adage "The course of true love never did run smooth." The first wife of one of them refused to have anything to do with his new bride, and kept him at a respectful distance from herself then and for ever afterwards; while the first wife of the other declined to acknowledge the claims of her youthful rival. The first High-priest is now dead; the other, in the course of time, gave a full divorce to his wife. What happiness either of these girls found in the Mormon heresy to which they were parties they best know, but the young widow appears decidedly the happiest of the three.

One Sunday morning in early spring I attended a meeting of the Saints in Williamsburgh. My husband was there, and took part in the service, and so did the Apostle Taylor, and one or two other Utah elders. I went to that meeting in a very desponding state of mind, for our prospects since the day of our arrival had not brightened very much, and I felt the need of some comforting and cheering words. Whether it was the influence of the clear spring morning, or that the elders had noticed the depression of spirit among the Saints, I cannot tell, but I know that on that particular occasion their words seemed to me more earnest and encouraging than they had been for a long time past.

As we came out from the meeting, Brother Benton, one of the elders, stepped up to my husband, and said, "Brother Stenhouse, they are expected to arrive to-night or to-morrow; I suppose you will be down at the 'Garden' to

meet them." I knew well enough who "they" were who were expected to arrive, and so did Mr. Stenhouse. "Yes," he said, "of course I shall be there, but most likely we shall have to wait a few days before they come." Then he stopped and talked over the matter with Elder Benton.

Now it chanced that at that time Brigham Young was trying an experiment. The false "Prophet of the Lord" sometimes finds it necessary—notwithstanding the "revelations" which he is supposed to receive—to try experiments like other men before he can feel sure that his plans are likely to succeed. The only difference between him and other men is, that he—knowing himself that his plans are his own inventions, or the inventions of the leaders—gives out that they come direct from God, thereby deceiving the ignorant, innocent, and confiding people; and when his plans fail, as they often do, he never confesses that he is wrong or mistaken, but lays all the blame on some other person. In the present instance Brigham Young tried an experiment upon a rather large scale.

(To be Continued.)

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for April 7; Mark 11:1-11. Golden Text Zech. 9:9.

The Unique Pageant—Not Captives but Ransomed Followers—The Steed Secured—The Owner's Consent Assured—A Simple but Sufficient Answer—The Essence of Consecration—What the Lord Hath Need of—His First and Last Recorded Ride—The Children's Cry—The Multitude Curious but Engrossed in Business—Christ's Mission to Jerusalem—To Suffer not to Fight—The Believer's Approaching Triumphs.

THE kingdom of Jesus was "not of this world" (John 18:36), and yet it was destined to be "an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed" (Dan. 7:14). Therefore the triumph of Jesus was "not of this world." The kings of the earth, in the hour of their triumphs, seek, by every means, to impress on the crowds who gather to any courtly pageant, how great, how rich, how powerful they are. In old times the captives of war were led in chains, and the spoils of the enemies were displayed. But in the triumph of Jesus, all was different—the only preparation was the finding of an ass's colt; no proclamation announced His coming, and, although multitudes were around Him, it was

No Gorgeous Pageant

which attracted them; they consisted of those whose bodies had been healed, whose sorrows had been taken away, and whose souls had been saved by the humble Son of Man who was in their midst.

A company who hung upon "the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth" (Luke 4:22) followed Him as "He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." He had passed through Jericho, and the once blind Bartimeus now followed Him with the rest. "They came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage, and Bethany, at the mount of Olives." Just there, Jesus paused in His teaching, and sent two of His disciples, "and saith unto them, Go your way into the village over against you: and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him and bring him." Here were plain directions to follow, but to take another man's ass without asking him would be an unrighteous thing, and Jesus would never command an unrighteous act. Thank God He is ever the same.

"The Lord Shall Provide"

runs all through His commands. He never sends us a warfare at our own charges, or puts us into an untenable position. We may find ourselves in such a position by our own foolish haste, but He never sent us where it was impossible to go forward. "And if any man say unto you, Why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him: and straightway he will send him hither." Here was the provision. Jesus

knew that He had a loyal heart which He could count upon in the owner of the ass, before He sent His disciples forth. Where would be nervousness and timidity? where would be anxious forebodings about the result of any trying interview, any important errand, if we were quite sure we were sent of God, and quite sure He had made Himself responsible for the consequences? All the element of fear and of uncertainty in our lives, comes from a want of ascertaining the direct leading of God, and a want of confidence in His certain guarantee that they that trust in Him shall not be put to confusion.

The disciples "went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without [just ready for them], in a place where two ways met; and they loose him." As might reasonably have been expected, they were asked what business they had with the colt, and they gave the answer which Jesus had charged them with, "The Lord hath need of him." So short, but so pithy. There was no further question, no contention, "they let them go." No human argument has the same power as a word from the Master. Just in the measure that the Word of God is a power to our own souls, and in our own lives, shall we use it in our relations with others. "The Lord hath need of him" was enough for one who knew the Lord as his Lord. But this is

The Whole of Consecration.

It does not consist just in the giving up of some habits of self-indulgence, such as smoking, wearing jewelry, novel reading, card playing, or any other form of self-indulgence, it strikes at the root of all this; the Lord hath need, not of thy gifts, or thy sacrifices, but of *thyself*, of all thou art, all thou hast been, all thou ever wilt be, and of course all thou hast. That past of thine with all its sins, and all its failures, He wants it that He may forgive, blot out, remember no more against thee all thou hast been and done. He wants thy present, to cleanse, and sanctify, and conform to Himself. He wants thy future, that in real blessed communion with Himself, He may lead thee into all truth, and use thee as His witness in the world, known or unknown. The Lord hath need of *thee*. As the vocation of the ass's colt was to bear Jesus, and put Him in prominence above the crowd, while itself hidden among the throng, so the Lord needs thee, thy life, to be a pedestal for Him, where He can manifest Himself, and where thou canst be hidden. "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3:30).

"And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him, and He sat upon him." No gorgeous trappings, only the outer garments of one or two of His followers! No harness of any kind, except, perhaps, a bridle; but the unbroken colt knew the Master whom he bore, and, like the winds and waves, was subject to Him. The forces of nature and of the animal kingdom never contended for mastery with the Son of God,—a word, or a touch, and they were subdued; the unclean spirits sometimes attempted it for a moment, but soon yielded; it is man who dares to contend with the Most High, and the clay says to Him that fashioned it, "What makest Thou?" (Isa. 45:9.)

This was the first time that we hear of Jesus during the time of His ministry travelling in any way but on foot, and a kind of enthusiasm appears to have seized upon the multitude to do Him honor. There were many who believed He was

The Promised Messiah,

but He had not fulfilled their expectations: they wanted to have some stir made which should arouse the attention of the great and noble to His claim upon the throne of David. Before this time, they had wanted "to take Him by force to make Him a king" (John 6:15), but He whose kingdom was "not of this world" escaped from them. Perhaps there were some who thought that now they might proclaim Him, and make an impression on Jerusalem. "Many spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches from the trees,

and strewed them in the way. And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

Many took up the cry; the very children, many of whom knew Him, repeated the words, and a questioning arose, "Who is this?" only to bring forth the answer, "This is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee" (Matt. 21:10, 11), and the questioners asked no more, and Jerusalem went on with her buying and selling, and planting, and building, and marrying, and giving in marriage, and little knew that He who just now had entered her streets was indeed the Saviour of the world, and about to die without the gate, tasting death for every man.

Jesus entered into Jerusalem, not to attack the palace of Herod, or to convince the Sanhedrim that He was indeed the lineal descendant of David, and that He claimed the throne, and would exercise His miraculous power to overcome the usurpation of Rome, and deliver His people, as Moses had done, by mighty signs from heaven. No, His kingdom was "not of this world," and the point of attraction to Him was the temple where His Father was worshipped; thither He went, and there the disappointed crowd left Him: He "looked round about upon all things, and now the eventide was come, He went out unto Bethany with the twelve." "But what a waste of His miraculous power!" some of these patriots may have said: "Why does He stop by the way to heal a blind beggar rather than bring fire from heaven to convince the Sanhedrim?" They did not understand that Jesus had a kingdom in the hearts and souls of men; that He was overturning a mightier power than Herod's or Caesar's in the overthrow of the kingdom of darkness, and

Making Way in Human Hearts

for an indwelling God. Kingdoms, circumstances, business, and all outward things form but the scaffolding of the living temple, built without hands, of living stones, and destined to be the Bride of the Lamb. Most surely the kingdom will be restored to Israel; most surely, the promises of God to the Jews will be fulfilled; but, before that external kingdom shall be restored, the kingdom of Christ will become a glorious reality; and Christ shall reign and His chosen people with Him, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." Many of us are looking for perpetual triumphs—triumphs in our work, triumphs in our own souls, which may be visible to other people. Let us take care that our kingdom is "not of this world." Our Master was "despised and rejected of men," not applauded by them, and "it is enough for the disciple that he be as His Master." Triumphs there will be wherever Jesus is exalted, but often they are triumphs which the world will either disbelieve or laugh to scorn. To the world a man who has ceased to live for self is a fool; one who does not resist evil is a milksop; one who loves his enemies deserves to be put upon; and yet such men are triumphs of the kingdom of God. Let us be content with the triumphs of Jesus, and let the world know us not, because it knew Him not.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for March:

The Momentous Day of Days—March 5, 1896. By Editor.
The Wonderful Birthday of 144,000 Translated Ones.
Anti-Christ's Future Actings Described in Dan. 11:21-45.
The Stars and Prophecy. By W. Appleford.
What I Know of Obceyatism. By Roslyn D'Onston.
From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.
Historical Fulfilment of the Third Trumpet. (Continued from January.)
The Great Tower Erected on the Mount of Olives.
Enoch's and Elijah's Translation—A Type of the Coming Translation of Christians. By the late Mrs. Baylee.
On the Meaning of "Generation" in Matt. 24:34. By Joseph A. Seiss, D. D.
General Boulanger and the Future.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

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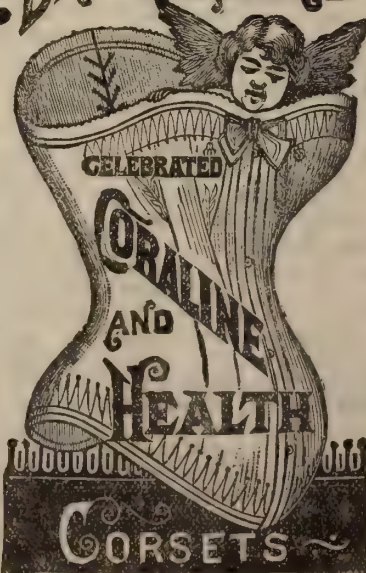
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Vol. XII., No. 12. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1889

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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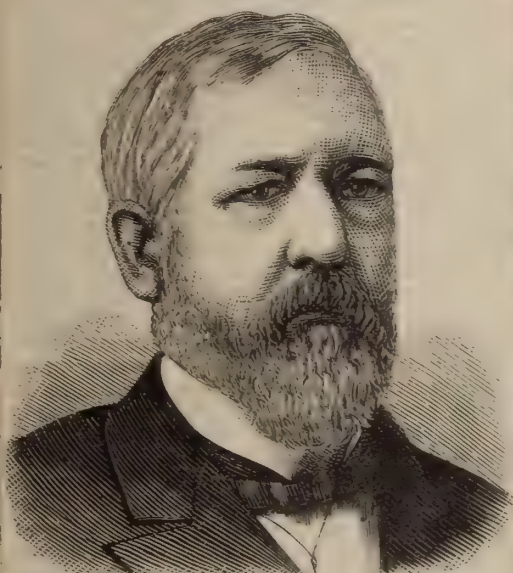
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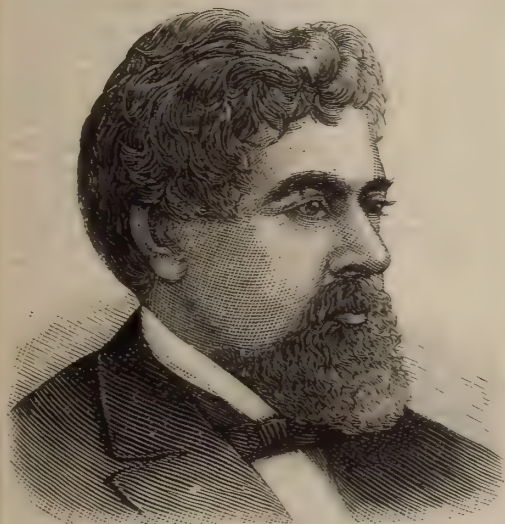
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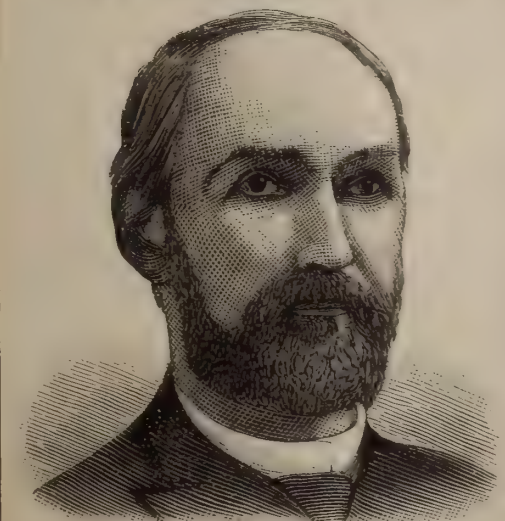
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THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET.

THE CABINET.

PORTRAITS of the eight statesmen whom President Harrison has chosen as chiefs of the respective departments of the Government and members of his advisory council, appear on the preceding page. The task of selecting them was probably the most difficult that the President ever took in hand. There were many considerations which had to be carefully weighed. It was necessary to take the sectional apportionment into account, for every section of the country expects to have at least one representative in the Cabinet. If the President has blundered anywhere, it is here; for the South, which, being solidly Democratic, would naturally be most sensitive on the point, and the section most in need of conciliation, has been left out in the cold.

Then there were personal considerations involved. Though General Harrison was declared to be absolutely unpledged when he was nominated and elected, he could not forget that he was under obligations for important services rendered. Especially in the case of Mr. Blaine the personal element could not be ignored.

With that one position so filled, it became necessary to fill the others with due regard to it. Peace and harmony in the Cabinet being indispensable, no statesman could be invited to enter it who, like John Sherman, had antagonized Mr. Blaine, or who, like Mr. Edmunds, had displayed apathy in supporting him in 1884. This rule barred out many prominent men otherwise eligible, and the result of this and other considerations is the Cabinet as we now see it. It is, on the whole, a respectable Cabinet, and the fact that the Senate confirmed the eight nominations in ten minutes, shows that the leaders of the Republican party are satisfied.

MR. JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

PROBABLY there is no man in the United States whose record is so well known as is that of Mr. Blaine. All that can be said in his favor and all that can be charged against him, was thoroughly canvassed in 1884. The most minute details of his private and public life were fully set before the people then, when they were required to decide whether he was a fit man to occupy the highest place in their gift. How they decided we well know. It is therefore unnecessary here to do more than mention the bare historical facts of his career, without making an attempt to analyze a personal character which has been so exhaustively examined by campaign speakers and writers.

James Gillespie Blaine is fifty-nine years of age, having been born January 31, 1830, at West Brownsville, Washington County, Pennsylvania. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Washington College, Pa., from which he graduated with credit four years later. He taught school in Kentucky for two years, and then commenced the study of law. In 1853 he went to Augusta, Me., and entered into partnership with a prominent lawyer of that city. The two lawyers bought *The Kennebec Journal*, and Mr. Blaine became its editor. On this, and other journals, he did a considerable amount of editorial work for six years, at the end of which time he was elected to the Maine Legislature. He served two years on the floor and two years in the chair, and was then elected to Congress.

He was elected in 1862, and though he did no service in the war that was then raging, he did effective service for his party in Congress, where he soon established a reputation as a ready and effective debater. In 1869 he was elected Speaker, and continued to occupy that post until 1874, when the Democratic party gained control of the House. In 1876, his State sent him to the United States Senate, where he served until 1881, when he left it to become Secretary of State in President Garfield's Cabinet. After Garfield's death he retired to his home in Augusta, Me., and devoted his time to the composition of his history, "Twenty Years in Congress." Mr. Blaine had been a leading can-

didate for the Presidency since 1876. At the Convention held in Cincinnati that year, he and Senator Conkling were rivals. Their friends could not be reconciled, so Hayes was nominated. In 1880 Blaine and Grant led at the Chicago Convention. Once more was Blaine beaten by a compromise, General Garfield being nominated. In 1884 he secured the nomination and was defeated by Grover Cleveland.

MR. WILLIAM WINDOM,
Secretary of the Treasury.

THE brilliant record Mr. Windom made during the few months that he was Secretary of the Treasury in President Garfield's Cabinet renders his selection for the same office by President Harrison thoroughly acceptable. He is sixty-two years of age, having been born May 10, 1827, in Belmont County, Ohio. His father was a pioneer farmer, but he apprenticed his son to a tailor in Fredericktown, Ohio. Young Windom turned from the trade in disgust, and, much to the grief of his parents, who were Quakers, commenced the study of law. He made so rapid progress in his studies that at the age of twenty-three he was called to the bar, and soon established an excellent reputation for learning and talent. In 1855 the West strongly attracted him in common with many enterprising young men, and he went to Winona, Minn., which has ever since been his home.

In 1859, Mr. Windom was elected to Congress, and he was re-elected at four successive elections. He declined a fifth re-election, but accepted a seat in the Senate, to which the Governor appointed him, to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Norton. At the end of that term he was unanimously re-elected by the Legislature, and continued to serve until 1881, when he was chosen by President Garfield for Secretary of the Treasury. The achievement by which he signalized his term of office was one of the most brilliant in financial history. The Government was paying five and six per cent. on the bulk of the public debt, though money was worth only three to four per cent. in the market. He boldly announced that in three months he would pay off \$202,000,000 of the debt bearing six per cent. interest, excepting any of the creditors who might in the interval offer to exchange their bonds for bonds bearing three and a half per cent. Had the creditors chosen to wait for payment Mr. Windom might have found himself embarrassed. It is doubtful if he could have paid, but he knew human nature, and long before the three months had expired the creditors were eagerly rushing in to accept the three and a half per cent. Similar measures were then taken with the \$470,000,000 of five per cents, with a like result. The cost to the country of the exchange was about \$10,000, and the saving was \$10,500,000 a year. And this was achieved without the assistance of Congress, and in the face of the determined opposition of the moneyed class.

COL. REDFIELD PROCTOR,
Secretary of War.

THE new Secretary of War is fifty-eight years old. He was born on June 1, 1831, at Cavenish, Vt. He studied at Dartmouth College until 1851, when he graduated and settled down to farm life. In 1859 he commenced the study of law, but before completing his studies President Lincoln's call to arms stirred his blood and he enlisted as a private soldier. General Davis, however, knew the spirit of the young recruit, and made him quartermaster of the Third Vermont Regiment with the rank of Lieutenant. He distinguished himself at the engagement of Lewinsville, Va., and was recommended by General McClellan for promotion. He was made Major, but soon afterward was prostrated by typhoid fever, and nearly lost his life. On his recovery he rejoined his regiment, and continued to serve until 1863, when he was mustered out with the rank of Colonel.

Returning to Vermont, Colonel Proctor passed

his time partly in the practice of law and partly on his farm until 1869, when he took hold of the affairs of an embarrassed marble industry, which he managed so successfully as to completely rehabilitate it and double its means and value. He served two terms in the Assembly, and one term in the State Senate. In 1876 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and in 1878 Governor of Vermont. He was chairman of the Vermont Delegation to the Chicago convention, and kept his State in line for Harrison.

GENERAL B. F. TRACY,
Secretary of the Navy.

THE representation of the Empire State in the Cabinet has fallen to General Tracy through the irreconcilable enmity existing between the two wings of the Republican party. To have chosen the chief of either wing would have been to repeat the blunder of 1881, when Presidential interference in the New York quarrel led to the disruption of the party, and prepared the way for the Democratic victory in 1884. The choice of General Tracy shows a sagacity on the part of President Harrison that augurs the success of his administration.

Benjamin F. Tracy is fifty-nine years old. He was born at Owego, Tioga County, New York, on April 26, 1830. After completing his school education he entered the law office of N. W. Davis, of Owego, and was called to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He was twice elected District-Attorney for Tioga County, and in 1861 was elected to the Legislature. In 1862 he was appointed by Gov. Morgan military commandant of the Twenty-fourth Senatorial District, with headquarters at Binghamton. There he organized three regiments, and went to the front as Colonel of one of them, the One Hundred and Ninth. He engaged in the battle of the Wilderness, and shortly afterward was breveted Brigadier-General, and placed in command of the prison camp and draft rendezvous at Elmira, a position that he held until the close of the war. In 1866 President Johnson appointed him United States District-Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, and he was reappointed to the same office by President Grant, but declined it. He built up a successful law practice, and for a time avoided politics. In 1881 he was nominated for mayor of Brooklyn, but withdrew in favor of Seth Low when he found that Mr. Low's candidacy would unite his party. In 1882, and again in 1886, he was a candidate for office, but on both occasions was defeated.

GEN. JOHN W. NOBLE,
Secretary of the Interior.

ONE of the best appointments, commanding the approval of men of all parties, is that of John Willcox Noble, of Missouri, to the Department of the Interior. Gen. Noble is a man of integrity, industry, and learning, far removed from the mere politician by his strong principle and sturdy independence. He first came into prominence as Colonel of the Third Iowa Cavalry in the war, having been promoted to that office for distinguished service. A brave, enterprising, and capable officer, his dash and prudence won the esteem of his superior officers, and his name frequently appeared in the dispatches as the leader of some gallant charge. When the war closed he held the brevet rank of Brigadier-General, and none more worthily.

After the war he established a law practice at Keokuk, Iowa, but afterward removed to St. Louis, where he was made United States District-Attorney, and did effective work in breaking up the illicit whisky trade. During the great railroad strike of 1877 he went to the Governor's assistance, and, by organizing his fellow-citizens, did much to prevent the disorder and bloodshed with which the city was threatened. Gen. Noble is an old classmate of President Harrison, and a warm friendship, dating from their youthful days together in Miami University, subsists between them. Gen. Noble is also a graduate of Yale. He is fifty-eight years old, having been born at Lancaster, Ohio, October 26, 1831.

WILLIAM H. H. MILLER,
Attorney-General.

HERE is a touch of sentiment about the ointment of Mr. Miller which renders it interesting. He was the President's law partner in Indianapolis, and will be his personal friend in Washington. By his position the President necessarily be a lonely man. Surrounded by scheming politicians having no interests at all but their own, some of them aspiring to the Presidency, others plotting to advance their local prestige, the President needs some one in his political family to whom he can turn for disinterested advice, and to stand by him personally in the Cabinet in opposition to self-seeking, ambitious men, who would not hesitate to injure the administration if by so doing they could improve their own prospects. Mr. Miller is a man whom the President can trust, and has acted wisely in having such a man near him in Washington.

William Henry Harrison Miller is the youngest member of the Cabinet. He was born at Augusta, N. Y., in 1841, and is now, therefore, forty-eight years old. His father was an enthusiastic admirer of the President's grandfather, and so Mr. Miller comes by his first name. He studied at Hamilton College, and after a brief service in the war he went to London, to study law in the office of Chief Justice Waite. In 1865 he was admitted to the bar, and settled at Peru, Ind. There he became acquainted with General Harrison, who offered him a partnership. That was in 1874, and during the fifteen years that have elapsed since that time, the two men and their families have been inseparable. Mr. Miller has an excellent reputation as an able and careful lawyer.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Postmaster-General.

ONE of the new men has had so remarkable a career as the distinguished citizen of Philadelphia, who is now Postmaster-General. It extends from the brick-field, in which he carried on as a boy, to the magnificent opulence of a merchant's palace. With everything against him, he made his way by sheer grit and business acumen to wealth and honor, and now is selected to manage Uncle Sam's largest business enterprise. If he manages the Post Office with the same success as he has managed his own business, we may hope that the wretched system, a creak of system, which has so long embarrassed persons doing business through the mails—newspaper publishers particularly—will give place to order and regularity.

Mr. Wanamaker is fifty-one years old. He was born in Chambersburg, Pa., July 11, 1838. His father was of German and his mother of French descent. The first money he earned was two cents a day, for which he had to turn in a hundred bricks in a brickyard before going to school, and he assisted in the brick-making on holidays. His father died when John was thirteen years old, and the boy then left home to obtain a situation in a clothing store in Philadelphia. Two years later he became the salaried secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. In 1861 he gave up this position and engaged in the ready-made clothing business with Nathan Brown. Between them they had \$3,500 in cash. In the meantime he had married the sister of Nathan Brown. The business prospered from the beginning. In 1868 Mr. Brown died, and Mr. Wanamaker bought the firm name. Since then he has added other branches of business to the original one, and he now has one of the largest retail stores in the United States.

In 1858 Mr. Wanamaker began a Sunday-school in southwest Philadelphia, out of which grew the Bethany Presbyterian Church. This church and its institutions have received over \$300,000 from him. He was one of the founders of the Christian Commission, and was president of the Young Men's Christian Association in 1883. To this association he has given \$100,000, and it was under his presidency that the present magnificent building was erected.

Mr. Wanamaker gave \$10,000 toward the fund for securing the election of General Harrison, and by personal effort raised among his brother merchants a further sum of \$80,000 for the same fund. The amounts in both cases are said to have been much larger, but the figures here given are correct.

GENERAL J. McLAIN RUSK,
Secretary of Agriculture.

THE gallant hero who takes charge of this newly organized department is a typical Western man. Active, vigorous, and self-reliant, there is no kind of work that his fellow-citizens of Wisconsin would not confidently entrust to his hands, and feel satisfied that it would be well done. He is fifty-nine years old, having been born in Morgan County, Ohio, in 1830. When he was fourteen years old his father died, and the lad undertook the support of his mother and sisters. He managed the farm and drove a stage between Zanesville and Newark, and afterward opened a hotel. In 1853 he removed to Vernon County, Wisconsin, where he took an interest in politics and filled several minor offices. In 1861 he was elected to the Legislature. He could have been re-elected at the end of his term, but he preferred to go into the army. He was made Major of a Wisconsin regiment, and was offered a higher place, but declined it on the ground of inexperience.

His army record is a succession of notable and brilliant achievements, culminating in his command of the Seventeenth Army Corps in Sherman's famous March to the Sea. He came out at the close of the war with the rank of Brigadier-General. After the war he was elected Bank Controller of Wisconsin, retaining that office four years. Then he entered Congress and served six years, distinguishing himself in pension legislation. In 1881 President Garfield offered to send him to Paraguay and Uruguay as Chargé d'Affaires, and offered him the post of Public Printer. He declined these offices, and that fall the Wisconsin Republicans made him Governor of that State. In that office he gave such general satisfaction that he was twice re-elected, and he might now be serving his fourth term had he not declined to run again. He prevented a railroad riot by sending food to the starving laborers instead of troops, and this and similar acts inspired for him the love of the working classes and the confidence of capital. He went out of office the most popular Governor Wisconsin ever had.

**ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT
EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.**

A Twice-Born Brahmin.—The Rev. J. G. Gregson said: "I had a high-caste Hindoo staying with me recently, a twice-born Brahmin, as he had been wont to call himself; one of the proudest of mankind, who would not even deign to return a salutation by a stranger. He said to me, when speaking of his having accepted Christ: 'When I asked God to give me rest, He showed me myself, and I saw that within my breast all was corruption and filthiness; my heart seemed a veritable nest of vipers. But in His mercy and righteousness He gave me more light, which showed me the cross of Christ, where all my sins would fall; and from that cross has continued to come the light which lights me on my road, bringing me closer and closer to God.' The light which led and still leads him who was a Hindoo Pharisee, is able to lead us. Let us look to the cross, and our way will be illumined till we reach the heavenly land."

Six Weeks of Needless Misery.—The Rev. Mr. McKay observes: "I recently visited Inverness, and met there three young men from Skye, whom I spoke to about their souls, and invited to the Saviour. 'No,' replied one, 'I cannot come; the Holy Spirit has not yet called me. For six weeks I have been very anxious and waiting for Him, but He has not yet come to me!' 'You have been troubled about your soul for six weeks,' I answered, 'then who was it that made you anxious?' The young man thought for a time, then said, very slowly, 'I

don't know.' 'Was it the devil?' I asked. He smiled and replied, 'Well, no; that is scarcely in his line.' For six weeks the Holy Spirit had been striving with that young man, and he was most miserable, almost in despair; all that time he had been doing his best to quench Him. I pleaded with him long and earnestly; he wept and sobbed as though his heart would break; but I am glad to say that before we parted he came to a decision, and closed with Christ. How many, like this young man, are waiting for a special manifestation, a special call, while all the time they have the most personal of invitations in the Bible, to trust in Christ for pardon, acceptance, and eternal life."

Story of a Girl from Ireland.—The Rev. Mr. Campbell says: "Some time ago a poor young girl arrived one Sunday morning in the city. All her relatives had died, except two brothers. She lived in Belfast with them until they, too, were taken from her by death, and she was left alone in the world. Christmas-time came on, and brought with it memories of happy days never to return to the heart-broken girl. She could bear her anguish no longer; she left her old home in Belfast, and soon found herself in a hotel alone in Glasgow, without money and without friends. From the hotel she went to lodgings. God guided the poor young woman to a gospel meeting, where she surrendered herself to Christ. And oh! what a beautiful life she lived! She worked and spoke for her Divine Master continually. God raised up friends for her on every side; but a few weeks ago she was laid low with brain fever, which proved fatal. Three friends and myself stood by her as she peacefully passed away."

Clara's Prayer for Her Father.—A Minister remarks: "I knew a young girl named Clara, who by the grace of God had been brought to Christ. No sooner did she realize that she herself possessed eternal life, than she began to yearn after the souls of those around her. She knew her father was not a Christian, and after she had prayed her usual prayer at her mother's knee one evening, she said, 'Mamma, may I pray another prayer?' 'Yes, darling,' her mother answered. Then shutting her eyes and clasping her hands together, she prayed, 'Oh, God, just save my dear father, for Christ's sake. Amen.' And God heard that prayer of the young disciple of His Son, and answered it. The father was almost immediately converted, and is now a most useful man in leading others to the Saviour he himself has found. Many of us say we can do nothing. We cannot speak; we cannot teach; we cannot sing; we are even afraid to lift up our voices in prayer in public. But surely every one can do as that child did, and pray for the soul of one whom we know."

A Beggar Becomes a Daughter.—Mr. D. McLauchlan observes: "When Mr. Moody was last in Edinburgh there was a lady very much impressed at one of his meetings. She waited till the close, that she might have a word with him in private. When most of the people had left the hall, she approached him and said, 'You made the way of salvation very plain. I saw myself as a beggar, who had only to take Jesus as He is offered.' 'Dear lady,' replied Mr. Moody, 'it is not I who would say that, but the Bible does,' and opening it, he read, 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' She marked the place in her Bible, and went home, determined to have the matter settled that night. She sat late, reading and thinking over God's invitation; then by His grace she was enabled to close, accept it, and say, 'Yes, Lord, I come!' Then the beggar was raised from her knees, and accepted as a daughter of the Most High. We must all come as suppliants to the throne of Mercy, pleading no merit of our own, but that Christ died for us."

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE MOONLIGHT RIDE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 17, 1889.

"Then went I up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned." Neh. 2:15.

Jerusalem in Ruins—The Midnight Exploration—The Reticent Leader—His Project Disclosed—The Triumph Achieved—I. Church Affection an Intense Thing—Depression in a Palace—Royal Protection Craved—Eagerness to Rebuild the Temple—Love for the Church—II. Exploration Must Precede Reconstruction—The Cause of Transient Conversions—Defects of the New-Fashioned Way—Not a Complimentary Gospel—III. Busy and Triumphant Sadness—How to Bear Trouble—A Common Temptation—A Bereaved Mother's Work—A Child's Wish for Light—Why a Sexton Cared for the Graves.

A DEAD city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveller after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel, and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you **Jerusalem in Ruins.**

The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body-guard. I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the dragon after which the gate was named.

Heavy hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out; now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering-ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect?

The Midnight Exploration

goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the Fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the King's pool, by the Dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and, to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body-guard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says, "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city!" Some people laughed, and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriate, and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time, in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy,

and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder, but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight moonlight ride of praying, courageous, homesick, close-mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is

Church Affection.

Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cup-bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him, "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that

The Temple Had Been Dishonored

and defaced; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup-bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports, so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the Church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that

You Love the Church

of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it is your own fireside. The Church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the Church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the Temple was in ruins, as ours was years ago, like Nehemiah you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbaths.

What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the Church of God is to you. Sceptics and infidels may scoff at the Church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody-goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the Church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than for any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defence. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that before reconstruction there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider out on some mischief. No. Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making preliminary exploration.

In this gate, out that gate, east, west, nor south. All through the ruins. The ruins may be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in the day lie and forge and steal and commit adultery and go to the penitentiary, is because they first do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, as they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of sins.

The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an ungenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in

The Old-Fashioned Way

—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way. A dentist once said to me, "Do that hurt?" Said I, "Of course it hurts! It is in your business as in my profession: we have to hurt before we can help." You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin. A man tells me that some one is a member of the Church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old-fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the new-fashioned way. If he was converted the old-fashioned way, he will stand. If he was converted in the new-fashioned way, he will not stand. That is all there is about it.

A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he says, "Well, yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that the man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his head, and say: "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, crying, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before thee." Al my friends, you see this is

Not a Complimentary Gospel.

That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in his sins and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independence and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin." Satan sometimes says to me, "Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach a humanitarian gospel with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about redemption?" I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five souls the right way than twenty thousand the wrong way. The redemption of the gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel than this," says the apostle,

him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs of the horse there can be the ringing of the trowels. Again: My subject gives me a specimen of triumph and

Triumphant Sadness.

There was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cup-bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a good place." So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each over sixty feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung in the upholstery. But, my friends, I know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him riding among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn-up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The Temple is disordered. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah uses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets a permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night, on horseback, he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is, with you, **When You Have Trouble,** do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say, "I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say, "I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that solution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to rouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to rebuild.

Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned, Paul went right on. The Italian martyr Alferius sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew

A Mother Who Buried Her Baby

On Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said, "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath-school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At three o'clock this afternoon, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuetted—there will be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock for many years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for many years? I know it in this way. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy, and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idol-

ized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears to-day. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outcry in the room drowned out all the prayer. But

The Lord Comforted

that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go on the snowiest winter afternoon into Laurel Hill you would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour all these years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothers ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed—he has triumphed. Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble to

Never Give Up.

I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? *A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand* in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said: "Oh, I do wish that God had made

More Light for Poor Folks."

My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves, and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Saviour is pleased when He sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is

All Well With the Bairns.

Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by the Church, sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like a snowflake from heaven to hell—
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street—
Fell, to be scoffed at, spit on and beat;
Praying, cursing, wishing to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you to-day, saying, "Go and sin no more," while He cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh! there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are

you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken-hearted? Nehemiah was broken-hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrilegious grave of his father, and by the Dragon well, and through the Fish gate, and by the King's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage, the hope, the enthusiasm, of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilt. I pick you up to-day out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

A LARGER STRANGELY FILLED.

MISSIONARIES whilst prosecuting their work have at times to bear many hardships and to feel many anxieties; but they often find that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Witness the case of the Rev. Dr. Douthwaite, of the China Inland Mission, who thus records the way in which much-needed supplies of food and money were obtained from God in answer to prayer: When I was in the city of Wunchau, with two other families of our missionaries, we were a long time without a supply of funds. We had run very short of money, and, as it drew towards Christmas-time, we began to expect some from England, which was our usual source of supply. All the money was used up, but we said, "The steamer will be in at Christmas, and then we shall surely get some more." Christmas evening came, and with it the steamer, but no money for us, nothing to encourage us at all. Our hopes seemed dashed to the ground. We knew that we could get no more money from our usual source for probably fifteen days. We went as usual, and told the Lord all about it, for we went out to China knowing that we had only God to depend upon; and we were quite satisfied that that was enough for us, and we told our wants to Him.

Now you will see how that day, the Lord having shut up one source to try our faith, opened others. Before dinner-time a Chinaman came along with a large piece of beef, and said, "I want you to accept this as a present. I have received a great deal of medicine from you. You have done me good, and you would not take any money. Will you please take this?" I took it, and thanked God for it. Soon afterwards, in came another Chinaman, a gentleman, with a coolie walking behind him with a large bamboo over his shoulder, and a basket hanging from each end. The man put the things down in the reception-room, and I was asked to come down. I went down and opened the basket, and found in it four hams and some little things besides. He said, "I want you to accept this as a present." I did so, and thanked God for it. In came another Chinaman with a fat pheasant and some chickens and a basket of eggs, and he asked me to accept these; I did accept them, and thanked God for them. But that was not all. Before evening a European, connected with the consular service, came along, bringing with him a coolie carrying a huge turkey. He said, "See, I have been feeding this turkey for you six months. Will you accept it?" Thus the Lord provided for us, and we had an abundance of food for the whole of us, although our usual supply was cut off.

Toward the evening I received a letter from the Custom-house officers, saying that, as I had gratuitously attended to them in cases of sickness, they had subscribed to purchase a case of instruments for me, but not knowing what I wanted, would I kindly accept the money? Of course I kindly did. They sent with the letter a roll of \$70. Our hearts were full of joy. We gave God thanks for all He had done for us; and it is always a joy to me to look back upon that occasion and other similar ones, and remember what God has done.

THE INDIAN ORPHANS.

A LETTER just received from Rev. W. F. Re Qua, contains the welcome intelligence that he has received eight offers from different parts of the country, to adopt the orphans of Indians. The friends who are thus obeying the command of the Master in caring for the poor and friendless, are all Christians, and the orphans will therefore have Christian care and training, and will grow up in Christian homes. After they have been taught, and have learned the ways of civilized life they will be allowed, if they so desire, to return to their tribes, and spread the knowledge they have gained. Mr. Re Qua has applied to the railroad companies for reduced rates in sending them to their new homes. We cannot imagine any work more thoroughly in accord with Christ's example and teaching than this. Our readers who have thus opened their homes to the poor little waifs, may be sure that at the last day such service will receive recognition from Him whom they thus serve.

The work of the Orphanage is to be begun in the best and humblest way. A few children will be taken into the log mission-house, as soon as sufficient clothing and bedding has been contributed. Already several barrels have been sent. As God sends more means, others will be taken. Unhappily there is no lack of the poor creatures. The young lady who has given up her pleasant home and gone out to aid Mr. and Mrs. Re Qua in the work is a thoroughly consecrated, devoted Christian girl, and she will act as matron and teacher. Meanwhile a building-fund is commenced, and as it grows, plans will be made for erecting a substantial orphanage, which will bear the name of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in recognition of the fact that nearly all the funds for Mr. Re Qua's work have come from the readers of this journal, who are thus giving practical evidence that the teaching in its pages is being blessed of God to their consecration.

THE HINDOO CHILD WIDOW.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that the slow-moving English Government has been unable to withstand the pressure of the English Christians, whose indignation was stirred by the story of Lachmin. The details of this shameful story were published in these columns on February 6 (p. 86). She was actually torn from the home of the missionaries by her mother and sold for vicious purposes to a debauchee, and when the missionaries appealed to the law to prevent the outrage, the magistrate declined to interfere, and ordered the child to be given up to her unnatural mother. Mr. Dyer, the missionary who has championed the cause of the girl, sent to friends in England, who made a vigorous appeal in the House of Commons to the statesman at the head of the Indian office, and he also lodged a formal appeal to the High Court in India against the decision of the magistrate, Mr. Quinn. The High Court at Calcutta, in January, issued a rule calling upon the magistrate to show cause why his order, which consigned the girl to an infamous life, should not be set aside.

The case came on for argument on Monday, February 18, and the High Court not only set aside the magisterial order, but took a step towards recovering possession of the child, as will be seen from the following telegram, which has been received from India:

"Rule issued on Radakissen and Mahatabo to show cause why order should not be made to restore *status quo*, and give back Lachmin to Mission, or other suitable order."

Radakissen is the man who falsely claimed to be the husband of the girl, and Mahatabo is the girl's mother, who sold her to Radakissen. They are the two to whom the magistrate consigned her. The cause for anxiety now is lest the girl, who was carried off by her captors directly they got hold of her, may not be found. But with the order of the High Court before it demonstrating the iniquity of Mr. Quinn's unjustifiable order, the Indian Government must

see that it is bound to exert itself to the utmost to find her, that she may be set free.

The Anglo-Indian papers have been asserting that the Government had authorized Mr. Quinn to prosecute Mr. A. S. Dyer for his determined championship of this girl's cause. The decision of the High Court that Mr. Quinn was wrong, demonstrates that Mr. Dyer was right. We shall, therefore, now hear nothing more of these suggestions of a Government prosecution, but may expect a Government condemnation.

A TREACHEROUS MURDER.

THE London Missionary Society has received, through its agents at Zanzibar, a report of a statement made by one Amani-wad-Mabruki, of Mungopani. He arrived at Zanzibar, on the East Coast of Africa, on January 24, with the news that Mr. Brooks, one of the Society's missionaries, had endeavored to make his way to the coast, and had been killed at Mkange on January 21. He gives the following account of Mr. Brooks's murder: "I was engaged as a porter in the caravan of Mr. Swann, and went with him from Zanzibar to Ujiji. I received at Ujiji a note for balance of wages. (This note he produced.) On my return journey I took service at Urambo as porter in the caravan of Mr. Brooks. When we left Mamboia the caravan consisted of Mr. Brooks, twenty-four Wanyamwezi, and ten Zanzibar men, carrying twelve guns in all. At Semagombe Mr. Brooks wrote a letter and forwarded it by two of his men to Bwani Heri, at Saadani. Mr. Brooks went on with the caravan to Mkange. The messengers returned to Mr. Brooks there on January 20, and reported that their guns had been taken from them at Saadani, but they brought no reply to Mr. Brooks's letter. Mr. Brooks then decided to return to Mamboia the next day. On Monday, at sunrise, two armed parties of Wazeguha and Saadani men came round the tent. Mr. Brooks asked them, 'What do you want?' and they replied, 'We come to ask you the news from the interior, and to give you the news from the coast.' One of the men then took Mr. Brooks's hand, as if to shake hands with him, while another shot him in the back, and a third shot him in the chest. I then fled into the bush, and reached Saadani by the road leading from Bagamoyo, and found a dhow, which brought me to Zanzibar. The men who killed Mr. Brooks were Bwani Heri's people. I should not recognize the men who shot Mr. Brooks." The Society's agents add that, although no other porters of Mr. Brooks had arrived, the above account had been confirmed by four slaves of an Arab trader who had travelled with Mr. Brooks from Mamboia.

CHRONIC PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

THAT God is stirring up the Jews to return to their own land by making their residence in other lands impossible, as prophecy indicates that He will do in these last days, is evident from the following remarks by Mrs. E. A. Finn, the well-known evangelist among the Jews, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on Dec. 1, 1887: The position of the Jews in Europe is daily becoming more and more critical and difficult. The persecutions which six years ago roused so much attention have passed from the acute into the chronic stage. The newspapers are no longer filled with accounts of wholesale massacres, though violent outbreaks against Jews do still occur in Russia, and Jewish towns and villages are still burnt down by incendiaries whose object is pillage, often ending in murder.

But there are other ways of harassing and tormenting this afflicted people so as to "make life impossible" for them, at least in Russia. Jews are now shut out of educational institutions and forbidden to open schools of their own. In one place, where the attendance of Jewish boys averaged eighty or ninety, only two were admitted in the year 1887. In the same year only four Jews were admitted into the Technological School, and none at all into the

Institution of Civil Engineers. Jews were expelled at the Universities, and those Jews have, in former years, successfully passed examinations in law, medicine, and chemistry, now forbidden to practice.

By a hundred such contrivances as these is made unbearable for them. Sudden edict expulsion are issued by the police authority and these edicts are enforced with extreme severity. Poor people, who have lived twenty or thirty years in the same city, have been given from three to eight days' notice winding up their affairs. These things were done in the depth of last winter—and now at this year the expulsions have been renewed; the enforced exodus is going on. It has been observed that these expulsions are always incident with the approach of winter, and a high official admitted that, in his opinion, expulsions are happily timed if the inclemency of the season should kill off a few thousand of the Jews. Driven from one trade after another, driven from villages into towns, from towns of the country altogether, what is to become of this unhappy people? It is impossible to see in England, or indeed in any other country, tens of thousands of Jews who are being repatriated from Russia and other European countries. They naturally turn to the land of their fathers, and all who can go thither to seek shelter if not home.

A CHIEF'S REMORSE.

BEFORE the introduction of Christianity to the islands of the South Sea, the inhabitants were accustomed to destroy a large number of their children. At a meeting recently held Raiatea, after many persons had been brought under the influence of the truth, a venerable chief rose, and addressed the assembly with impressive action and strongly excited feelings. Comparing the past with the present state of the people, he said, "You all know me, and you know that I was considered a mighty chief; spot on which we are now assembled was by me made sacred for myself and family; large my family, but I alone remain; all have died the service of Satan; they knew not this good Word which I am spared to see; my heart longing for them, and often says within me, 'That they had not died so soon; great are my crimes; I am the father of nineteen children, all of them I have murdered; now my heart longs for them. Had they been spared, I would have been men and women, learning the Word of the true God. But while I was thus destroying them no one, not even my own cousin (pointing to Tamatoa, the king who presided at the meeting), stayed my hand or said, 'Spare them.' No one said, 'The good word, the true word, is coming, spare your children; and now my heart is repenting, is weeping for them!' To-day there are many sincere Christians in the South Sea Islands."

CONVERSION OF A JAPANESE FAMILY.

IN a letter from the Rev. T. C. Winn, from Kanazawa, Japan, to the *Church*, he thus describes the remarkable conversion of a family in the mountains: Last Sabbath was the regular communion season in the first church here. To attend this service a farmer came in from home eighteen miles distant, a village among the mountains. This man's son went to school of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in Kyoto, and became a Christian while there. He carried to his distant country home the good news of salvation, and now both parents, three sons, and two daughters, are all Christians. There are ten small children in the family who are taught at home, and not allowed to attend the public schools, because their parents are so desirous of guarding them against the evils which they would learn from associating with the children of heathen. As I saw this man sitting with his family in meetings, and at the table of the Lord, I was filled with a feeling of strange joy that the whole family, away out in that mountain town

should be made members of the household of faith. The son was at prayer-meeting last evening, and said he wanted to bear testimony to the fact that, while they had no fellowship with Christians, or very little, at home, yet they enjoyed the presence of God.

When this family first began to talk to their neighbors about Christianity, nobody would listen to them at all. Now everybody is ready to hear what they have to say. The elder son of the family has recently been elected to fill the office of mayor in his town. A few years ago that would not have been thought of. Cases like this show how the truth is finding its way into the remotest parts of this land, and is making conquests over hearts.

MORE LIBERTY ASKED FOR JUDÆA.

THE following recent facts are noticeable as pointing to the approaching fulfilment of our prophetic expectation that some notable step of progress in the increased liberation of Jerusalem and Judæa will take place this year, 1889, as being the end of Daniel's great period of 2,345 years from 457 B. C., when Artaxerxes gave the command to Ezra, as set forth in Ezra 7, to institute certain reforms in the Jewish polity. Then in its secondary ultimate fulfilment the 2,345 years dated from Nehemiah's commission to *rebuild Jerusalem* in 445 B. C., will end in 1901 as the End of this Age.

Mr. H. Guedalla is stated in the *Jewish Chronicle* of February 15, 1889, to have received the following

Letter From Jerusalem,

dated January 23: "The English Jewish press has recently published news to the effect that the decree of the Turkish Government prohibiting new Jewish emigrants coming from foreign countries to settle in Palestine was henceforward to be applied only to Israelites coming in large numbers, but not to Israelites coming in small numbers. The Governor of Jerusalem, however, maintains that this favorable modification of the decree does not apply to Russian and Roumanian Jews, who are, as heretofore, to be sent back to Russia or Roumania by the Government after a stay of three months. It is hoped that the Anglo-Jewish Association and the Board of Deputies will do something in the matter, but letters addressed to them on the subject by the Rabbis of Jerusalem have remained as yet unanswered. You are doubtless aware that a great number of our co-religionists, originally of Russian nationality, have enjoyed British protection ever since

The Crimean War Treaty of Peace, and this protection was extended to their children born in Judæa. Five years ago, notice was given to these British *protégés* that protection would cease in the year 1890. About three years ago an appeal was made by the Jewish authorities here to the Queen, and letters were likewise addressed to the Anglo-Jewish Association and to the Board of Deputies, but the results were not favorable. The present year 1889 is therefore, according to present arrangements, the last year that British protection will be granted to about 500 families, and every European who has visited this semi-civilized country well knows what it means not to be under Consular protection. Could you possibly inquire in high quarters whether something can yet be done in favor of so many families who are guilty of no offence whatever, but who are doomed to forfeit, at the end of 1889, the British protection they have been enjoying to the present? The question of

The Montefiore Property

is a matter that concerns all the community here, and yet nothing is done on the subject. It is clear that the present inhabitants must be turned out, but it is quite as clear that they ought to be compensated in consideration of their great poverty. My personal opinion is, that should the Committee of the Sir Moses Montefiore Testimonial Fund earnestly wish to interfere in the case in favor of the poor of the Holy City, they could achieve a great deal through their former agent, Mr. Pines, should

they be inclined to re-employ him. We have this winter, thank God, a great abundance of rain, thus doing away with the water famine, which so seriously oppressed our poor last year. It is also rumored that a certain English Baronet has gone to Constantinople to obtain permission for carrying out his project to provide Jerusalem with a permanent water supply."

A Railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem

is likewise stated by Dr. Thomas Chaplin to be about to be commenced in March, 1889. He says that the Sultan of Turkey has granted a firman to Mr. Joseph Navon for the construction of a railway from Jaffa, the seaport on the Mediterranean Sea, to Jerusalem, and that a company has been formed to make this railway, which is expected to pass near the Artuf colony of the Jewish Refugees Aid Society.

PALIGGENESIA.

By Rev. A. C. Tric.

(Continued from page 107.)

IN Eph. 1:10 Paul says, "That in the dispensation of the fullness of times (the Father) might gather together in one (head) all things in Christ, both, which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him." This apostolic declaration tallies exactly with Rev. 21:3, 4, 24-26, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them. . . . Come hither, I will shew thee the Bride, the wife of the Lamb . . . that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God . . . the kings of the earth shall bring their glory into it." The pleroma of the times means fullness—means a unit—not only of the arisen bodies and souls of the saints, but also of the members of the Ecclesia, and of the subjects of Christ's kingdom—Christ, the head, Christ, the king, Christ all and in all.

We could adduce more solid proofs, but let them suffice, as giving us incontestable evidences: That the day of death, and the *intermediate state* between the day of our death and the day of the Resurrection is not the goal of the highest glory and joy. Pre-eminently the day of Christ's personal appearance, and the resurrection of the body, united with the sanctified and glorified soul is the mark which is set in the holy scriptures, as the place where the Christian warrior shall be crowned with the garland produced from the tree of life, and which shall be worn through all eternity. (1 Cor. 15:40-49.)

Glorious Thoughts.

What a grand thought it is, to contemplate: that this present earth (11 Peter 3:7, 11) cannot be dissolved by fire until the day of the resurrection shall be passed. The bodies of the saints, moulded to dust, are deposited in the earth as a precious legacy, and as a sure pledge, yea, they keep *this globe as by mortgage-bond*, as the true owners of the earth. (Matt. 5:5; Ps. 37:9); and no dissolution or destruction can come to the earth as long as that mortgage-bond is not cancelled; the precious dust bought by Christ, and once the temple in which the Holy Spirit dwelt, must be redeemed: "And be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." (Rom. 8:21.)

At Home.

What a joyful thought must arise in our minds to contemplate: That the arisen saints shall be in their *natural element*, and will be at home in the fullest sense of the word, and being children of the resurrection of the just (Luke 14:14), they will speak and have communion with Christ and their friends, as Moses and Elijah had with the Apostles on the mount of transfiguration (Matt. 17:2); and, as Christ had during the forty days after His resurrection, "speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." (Acts 1:3.)

Hallowed Spots.

What a glorious thought, that should stir up and quicken our slow hearts to contemplate: That the saints shall revisit their former scenes and their hallowed places—their Bethels and their Peniels, and the places where they suffered for their Lord and Master. We read in Matt. 28:

16, "Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee into a mountain, where Jesus had appointed them." (Matt. 26:32). We find the Master at the Lake of Gennesaret, and on the Mount of Olives "*the most hallowed and sacred spots*," where they had been before, and, if the Master did give such an example in the forty days when He was among His disciples, how can we doubt that the saints after the Resurrection shall not visit those places where their Ebenezers were raised?

Celestial Delight.

Let us stretch out our holy desires in contemplation of the fact: That the Paliggenesia shall be a place of communion so glorious and heavenly, and so full of celestial delight, that no one, at this present time, can make an estimate of "their pleasures for ever more" Ps. 16:11; neither can survey the beauty and the boundaries of the renewed earth; only by comparison can we catch a glimpse of that glorious subject.

Many questions may be asked, which we have to leave to the curious ones, and to the philosophers; we only desire to consider: What hints, we can gather in the Bible concerning this subject, and truly: If Abram had a visit from the Angel Jehovah, and of heavenly messengers, Gen. 28:1-15, and also, as we know, that Archangels talked with men. (Dan. 9:21, Luke 1:19, 1:28), and had intercourse with prophets and apostles yea, that "God the Logos was tabernacled in the flesh" (John 1:14), and has been revealed as the God-man on earth, who of us can doubt that the future shall not be still brighter and more glorious? Who of us will venture to deny that there will not be a daily intercourse between the arisen saints and those beings who belong to the highest celestial orders? The visions in Rev. 1:13-18, and Rev. 5:11 lead us to such a unit, and the Apostle Paul expresses it plainly in Eph. 1:10, 3:10-21.

Finally: Let us never forget: "That He that sat upon the throne said: Behold, I make all things new." (Rev. 21:5), and consequently this marred and sin-stricken earth will be again the theme of song and of joy and melody of the celestial anthem and choir. When the Lord laid or fastened the foundations of the earth, and laid the corner-stone, thereof, then, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." (Job 38:4-7.) When, the God-man, Jesus, the Christ, was born, (Luke 2:14), the fields of Ephraim echoed the sweet strain and melody of a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men;" and no song shall be heard on earth, until that Adonai, (Ps. 110:1, 2,) shall return to the earth. Then (Hebrews 1:6) when the Father "again bringeth in the firstborn into the world, He saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him" (Rev. 5:11-13.) then shall be seen the fulfilment of the anthem sung in Bethlehem, "Peace on earth, the Prince of Peace reigning in the city of Peace, and good-will in men." Indeed the Paliggenesia will be glorious far beyond our comprehension, and the more we have a glimpse of that unspeakable glory, the more shall we cry out with John, in his last words: Amen—Even so, come Lord Jesus." (Rev. 22:20.) Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and princes unto God, and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen." Let it be so.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Three Important Nominations were Sent to the Senate on March 14. They were of the men chosen to represent the United States in the conference on Samoan affairs at Berlin, in which Germany and England are to participate. They appear to have been chosen with excellent judgment. Mr. John A. Kasson, of Iowa, the head of the commission, has been Minister to Germany and is therefore familiar with Bismarckian diplomacy. Mr. William Walter Phelps, the second member, is Mr. Blaine's most intimate friend, and therefore knows the attitude of the State Department. The third member, Mr. George H. Bates, of Delaware, was the American Commissioner sent out by Mr. Bayard in 1886. He made a long and interesting report. Most of it was printed by the State Department. A part, consisting of opinions, and including a strenuous argument for the getting up of an American protectorate, was dropped by Mr. Bayard, and was afterward published by Mr. Bates in an interview in the *New York Tribune*. They are to have the assistance of our ex-consul in Samoa, whose vigorous opposition to Germany led to his recall. It may be hoped that so strong a commission will be able to ensure to the people of Samoa freedom of action, and relieve them of German interference.

Two of the Foreign Missions were Filled on March 12 by presidential nominations. They were those of Italy and Denmark. To the former, Ex-Governor Porter, of Indiana, was nominated. Besides having filled creditably the post of governor of his State, he has served two terms in the House, and the office of First Controller of the Treasury under President Hayes. Mr. Enander, of Illinois, who goes to Denmark, will find himself in familiar ground. He was born in Sweden and did not come to the United States until he was twenty-seven years old. He is the editor and part proprietor of a Swedish journal, published in Chicago, and is the recognized leader of Swedish Republicans in the West. He has written extensively on Scandinavian mythology. Both the nominations are favorably regarded by both political parties. Two other foreign missions have also been filled by Ex-Senator Palmer, of Michigan, who goes to Spain, and Mr. John F. Swift, of California, who goes to Japan. Mr. Swift was one of the Commissioners who in 1880 negotiated the new treaty with China. To the general surprise the nominations for the British, French, and German missions were not sent in last week. It is understood that there is a difficulty about them. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of

the *New York Tribune*, and a close and faithful friend of Mr. Blaine, expected to have the English mission, and the public fully expected that nomination. But it is now stated that the President, in making his Cabinet selections, being obliged to pass over Warner Miller, of New York, for the Cabinet, desires that he should be sent to London. Whether the President or Mr. Blaine will carry the point remains to be seen.

An Important Change in the Inter-State commerce law has been made at the suggestion of the commissioners. As was foreseen, when the much debated measure was passed, its operation would reveal defects in the law, and some of these are remedied by these amendments. One of them deals with joint tariffs, which were not affected by the law. The law only dealt with individual roads, while most of the freight is carried over roads operated at different sections by different companies. The amendment extends the law for individual to joint tariffs. Another amendment provides that directors or officials breaking or evading the law may be imprisoned for two years as well as fined. A third amendment is launched against shippers who by false billing, weighing, or classification obtain transportation at less than regular rates. The offence is made a misdemeanor, and the maximum penalty imprisonment for two years and a fine of five thousand dollars. The same penalty is prescribed for the official who permits such discrimination. These changes will obviously render observance of the provisions of the law a very serious matter for directors and shippers.

An Extensive Strike Took Place in Fall River, Mass., on March 11. About fifty mills, employing six thousand weavers, were involved. The strike was general throughout the city, the number of skilled hands who have not joined in it being not sufficient to keep one mill going. The men say that at present prices the manufacturers could well afford to give the ten per cent. advance in wages asked for, while the demand for goods is so brisk that they cannot afford to have the mills idle. There are 43,000 looms in Fall River, and of these not 500 were in motion. The employers firmly resist the demand of the weavers, and have hitherto rejected all overtures for settlement. The State Board of Arbitration advised a conference with the strikers, but the employers declined.

Considerable Uneasiness has been Produced in Europe by the abdication of the King of Servia. Unimportant as the incident is in itself, it is regarded as an event likely to imperil peace by adding a further strain to the relations of Austria and Russia. A European press correspondent says that as time passes, the danger increases rather than diminishes. As the crisis which the act of King Milan has produced is studied, it means the return of his wife, Queen Nathalie, in triumph, and the restoration of the Pan-Slavist Metropolitan, Michael, and the complete control of the Russian party. St. Petersburg papers in exultation declare that Prince Ferdinand in Bulgaria, and even King Charles in Roumania, must be similarly cleared out without further delay, and, in truth, it looks as if both would have difficulty in riding out of the Slavic storm which has suddenly begun to rock the Balkans.

The Japanese Constitution, Recently Promulgated, is an excellent instrument, showing remarkable sagacity on the part of the statesmen who framed it, and great magnanimity on the part of the monarch who, in endorsing it, voluntarily relinquishes many of his prerogatives. The most important provisions, according to the summary published by the *New York Herald*, are as follows: The Mikado is the source of honors, appoints executive and administrative officers and judges, may proclaim martial law, is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and declares war, makes peace, and concludes treaties. The legislative functions are vested in an Imperial Diet, which consists of two houses—of peers and of representatives. The House of Peers consists of members of the imperial family, princes and marquises in their

own right, and counts, viscounts, and barons, if they have been elected by the members of their respective orders, but in these cases for seven years only. The remaining peers are persons above thirty years of age, who may be named by the Emperor for meritorious services to the state. These are to be life members. The members of the House of Representatives are to be elected by the people. The electors must be male Japanese subjects not less than twenty-five years old, with a fixed residence and paying direct national taxes not less than fifteen dollars a year. Taxes can be imposed only by authority of the Diet, and appropriations must originate in the House of Representatives. The Mikado reserves the right of veto.

The Whole of the Evidence Against Mr. Parnell and his colleagues has now been presented to the Commission. On March 13 the counsel for the London *Times* announced that its case was closed, and the Commission thereupon adjourned to April 2. The *Times* on the last day of the session again had to acknowledge its credulity. It produced a witness named Coffee, a reporter from Cork, who had made a statement to a policeman incriminating Mr. Parnell. The *Times* subpoenaed him, and took him to London to give evidence before the Commission. He was paid \$575. When he was put on the witness stand he nonchalantly said that there was no truth in the evidence he was expected to give. The story he had told the policeman was fictitious, and was gotten up to get money from the *Times*. He wanted to see London, and was aware that if he made up a sufficiently sensational story he would have the expenses of a trip to the metropolis paid for him. The audacity of his admission, and his flippant manner, exasperated the judges, who sent him to prison for contempt of court.

One of the Royal Exiles from France, Banished under the decree issued against all members of reigning families, is permitted to return. On March 9, the official journal published a new decree authorizing the Duke d'Aumale to return to France. The decree is by the President, and was approved by the chamber of Deputies. A representative of the Government, in explaining this step, said that by his three years' exile the Duke d'Aumale had been sufficiently punished. The Duke was exiled not because he was a pretender to the throne of France, but for addressing a disrespectful letter to the President of the Republic. The Government, in revoking the decree of exile, did not act from political motives, but merely desired to do an act of justice to an old soldier who loved France above all things, and whose presence would in no way endanger the country.

Mr. H. M. Stanley is Reported to be Making his way to Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa. The news was cabled here last week, and the best informed geographers and explorers give credence to it. The *New York Sun*, in the course of an article on Stanley's probable route, says: "It is reasonable to suppose that Stanley reached Wadelai with the remainder of Emin's stores about the middle of last November. The purpose for which he went to Africa was then fulfilled. His duty done, it seems evident that he would make his way to the coast as speedily as possible. In the unsettled condition of the Victoria Nyanza region, it might be impossible for any explorer but Stanley to utilize that route. But he has with him a very strong force, and his prestige is great, not only among the natives, but among the Arabs, with whom his relations have been very friendly. At all events, it will not be surprising if we hear, before very long, that the intrepid traveller is nearing Zanzibar, where his eventful mission will terminate."

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stor C. H. Spurgeon, whose Sermons ar from week to week in these columns, returned from Mentone to London, fully red in health. A reporter says that at his service in the Tabernacle, with the excep- of a slight limp due to the injury which he ved to his knee in slipping on a marble case, he looked well and hearty, though at first his voice seemed "rusty," as he self termed it. This, however, speedily ed, and with the old clear tones it rang oughout the building. The Mediterranean zes had imparted a bloom to his cheeks, h rendered the recent additional silvern hes to his locks the more noticeable. He in excellent spirits, overjoyed, as he always t the prospect of again meeting his people. ad a cheery "I shall do" for his friends as owly mounted the staircase leading to the ernacle parlors. An unusual interest ated to Mr. Spurgeon's home-coming, and as welcomed by one of those crowded con- ations which always mark the pastor's re- . When he made his way to his chair on platform the congregation of over six isand persons rose and acknowledged the lness of God in the return of their pastor ing the Doxology.

Major Whittle has been Doing Grand Work in Edinburgh. His first meeting in the circus held on Sunday evening, and on the same noon, at 5, there was a meeting for men he Free Assembly Hall, special seats being rved for students. Professor Henry Drum- nd, who is holding Sunday evening meetings students, as in former years, attended, and t part in the afternoon meeting, with Pro- or Simpson. Fifty young men rose for ver. On arriving at the circus it seemed as if any, nearly, were outside as in, and it was with t difficulty that Major Whittle reached the form. Close on four thousand persons must e been present, and as the Gospel was forcipresented, the vast audience sat spellbound. he Result of the Presidential Election is t appears, formally communicated to the e successful candidate. A gentleman who was in shington on March 4, to witness for the first e an inauguration, was curious to learn all iculars about the system followed, and ng other questions which he addressed to ator Edmunds, was: "Who notified General rison that he had been elected President of United States?" "Nobody," replied the ator. "The law makes no provision for such ification. The President-elect takes cogni- ce of the fact by general report, the same as Supreme Court Justices, and," continued Vermont Senator, with a merry twinkle in eye, "in one hundred years there has never n a case of failure on the part of the right n to learn of his election in time to be pres- on inauguration day." Considering that Presidency of the United States is the high- office on earth, it would have been very re- kable if there had been such a failure, yet en men are told that the still higher privilege being kings and priests unto God may be irs, comparatively few show any concern to ain it. (Rev. 5: 10.)

Four Lives were Saved by a Dog on Sunday, ch 10. About four years ago a little black wfoundland puppy quartered himself on a ily living in the upper part of New York. e family not being able to discover the owner he dog, kept him, and he grew up devotedly ached to the children. On Sunday he ac- npanied two of his young masters, who are ectively eleven and thirteen years old, and o playfellows about the same age, on a walk e riverside. The boys saw an old boat ached to the shore by a rusty chain, and they nbed into it. They were rocking it and ening the fun, when the chain broke and the t drifted out into the middle of the river d floated down. The children were alarmed, there was no oar in the boat, nor anything t could be used as one. They were still e scared when they saw that the boat was

drifting toward a dam where the water falls twenty feet on a mass of jagged rocks. They began to cry and shout for help. The dog swam out to them, and swimming around the boat, whined piteously in sympathy. One of the boys leaned over and patted his head and the dog turned and swam vigorously toward the shore. His act gave the boy an idea. The dog returned to the boat, and the boy took a firm hold of the leather collar around the animal's neck. The dog gave a joyous bark and once more started for the shore, his powerful paws doing good work. In a few minutes he had arrested the boat's progress, when it was only a dozen yards from the dam, and towed it safely to shore. But for his intelligence and power all the boys must have been killed. The awak- ened sinner, drifting to perdition, may be saved as the boys were. He must make no effort to save himself, but simply lay hold on Christ, trusting only to Him. (Heb. 7: 25.)

An Effort to Get Warm Cost a Man His life in New York recently. During the recent cold snap a man was noticed walking on Pier 13 about midnight. He was shivering violently, and appeared to be suffering intensely from the cold. He crept along the pier to a spot where a tugboat was moored. The window of the tug's boiler-room was not fastened, and the man opened it, and crawled in feet foremost. There was but a small space between the boiler and the side of the room, and in some way he got wedged in. He was unable to extricate himself, and in his struggles to get free he kicked the upright glass water-gauge, and broke it. There was a pressure of thirty pounds of steam on the boiler at the time, so that the moment the gauge was broken steam and water shot out into the room. The man's screams aroused the crew of the tug, who went to his rescue. No one, how- ever, could enter the room for some minutes on account of the escaping steam. When at last he was released he was so dreadfully scalded that he died before reaching the hospital. Severe as his sufferings from the inclemency of the weather probably were, they were trivial to those he en- dured in trying to escape them. It is so with those who try to escape poverty and the hard- ships of life by resorting to wicked pursuits. Though they may not be punished under human laws, they cannot escape the judgment of God. (Mark 8: 36.)

A Romantic Marriage is One of the Biog- raphical incidents that have come to light in con- nection with President Harrison's appointments. A Washington journal, in the course of a sketch of the new private secretary, says that some years ago, when he was a reporter on the Indian- apolis *Journal*, he became acquainted with a young lady employed as teacher of music in a seminary in that city. Mutual affection devel- oped, and they were engaged. The young lady after a time left the seminary to accompany her parents to Elgin, Ill. A correspondence was kept up, and separation seemed to increase rather than diminish the love on both sides. It was agreed that they should marry at the first opportunity, and when the reporter was able to furnish a suitable home he should claim his wife. The opportunity soon occurred. The lady, ac- companying her parents on a visit, made a stay for three hours in Indianapolis. She rejoined the party at the depot at the end of that time, and proceeded with them on the journey. In the interval she had been married, but she said nothing about it. The bridegroom went back to his work in the *Journal* office, and he, too, was silent about the important event. He contin- ued to work and save until he had a nice little home furnished, and when everything was ready, he went to Elgin to fetch his bride. He received a cordial welcome, and the lady re- turned with him to her new home. The young man would have been deeply hurt had he found his wife, when he went for her, oblivious of her obligations, engaging in flirtations, and other- wise forgetting her relations to him. Yet that, there is reason to believe, will be the conduct of the Church, Christ's bride, when He returns ac-

cording to His promise to take her to the man- sions He is preparing for her. (Luke 21: 34.)

Christian Worship Was Marred by an Eel at Binghamton, N. Y., on March 3. Elaborate arrangements had been made at Christ Episco- pal Church for an ornate musical service appro- priate to the pre-Lenten season. The congre- gation was, however, astonished when in the midst of one of the finest passages the grand organ was suddenly struck dumb. The residue of the morning service was necessarily clipped and halting. After service an investigation showed that the stoppage was due to a strange cause. The organ bellows is driven by a water motor, supplied from the city water works. An eel, pumped up from the depths of the Susque- hanna River, had got stuck in the pipe which supplies the motor, shutting off the current and silencing the swelling tones of the fine instru- ment. The service rendered by human voices was doubtless quite as acceptable to God with- out the organ accompaniment if it was rendered sincerely and with the heart. Sometimes, how- ever, the song of praise which should contin- ually go up to God from the believer's soul ceases, and the cause of that, too, is generally the pres- ence in the soul of something which should not be there—sin or unbelief. (Isa. 59: 2, 11.)

BRIEF NOTES.

An international Sunday-school Conference is to be held in London in the first week of July.

The Forsyth Street M. E. Church, New York, cele- brated its ninety-ninth anniversary on Sunday, March 17.

The Rev. George C. Needham is holding daily meet- ings at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Aldersgate St., London.

Captain John Ericsson, the famous engineer, and the inventor of the *Monitor*, died on March 8. He was 86 years of age.

The Rev. C. H. Yatman has been conducting union revival services at Youngstown, O. There were 1,000 inquirers. All of the churches are greatly strengthened.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman stayed a few days in Lon- don on his way to Jerusalem. On March 3 he preached for the Rev. J. Jackson Wray in Whitefield Tabernacle.

The Baptist Year-Book for 1889 gives the following figures. Total number of churches, 32,900; ordained ministers, 21,420; total membership, 2,997,794, a net gain over last year of 80,479.

Earthquake shocks were felt in Pennsylvania, Mary- land, and Delaware on March 8. In Baltimore buildings swayed perceptibly, and the people ran terror-stricken from their houses. No damage was reported.

Diphtheria of a violent and malignant type is prevail- ing at St. Petersburg, Franklin County, Pa., to such an extent that the town council has issued an ordinance closing all churches, schools, and singing classes.

The Italian Young Men's Christian Association of New York celebrated its seventh anniversary at Associa- tion Hall, on March 3. The Association now has 200 members, and the Young Women's Association sixty-two.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison's revival services in the Beekman Hill M. E. Church, New York, have so far been blessed to the conversion of over six hundred per- sons. The work is still going on with increased fervor.

Dr. Pentecost's evangelistic meetings in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, have been most successful. On March 3 he began a two-weeks' service in Cowcaddens Free Church; and later on he is to conduct similar work n Bethany Hall, Glasgow.

A wonderful revival is reported from Bainesville, Ga. A correspondent in that city writes: "Pray that the good work may go on. We have 230 students in our school, many of them far away from home. We ask your prayers especially for them."

Isaiah Vansant Williamson, the Philadelphia philan- thropist, died at his home, No. 1,829 Chestnut Street, on Friday, March 8, age eighty-six. He recently gave \$5,000,000 for the founding of the Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades. His gifts to various phil- anthropic institutions include several sums of \$100,000.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills has closed his services in Jersey City. The results have been extraordinary. The num- ber of cards filled in by converts, declaring their resolve, in the power of God, to lead a Christian life henceforth, and applying for membership in various churches, is 1,250. Mr. Mills has now gone to Springfield, Mass., where he is to hold services for three weeks.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding union services in Potts- ville, Pa. He is assisted by Prof. and Mrs. J. J. Lowe. The meetings are held in the Academy of Music, which holds over 1,200 persons. Large numbers were unable to gain admission at the earlier services, and the interest is increasing. In addition to the evening meetings, Dr. Munhall has a Bible Reading every afternoon at 3 o'clock.

A PORTRAIT AND A PROMISE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and . . . trembleth at my word." Isa. 65: 2.

A Gallery of Accurate Portraits—Saints in Low Estate—People Who Tremble at God's Word—
I. Who They Are—Not a Proud People—Not Indifferent—Not Critical—Not Presumptuous—
Not Boasters of Perfection—A People Who Believe in the Word of God—Are Acquainted with It—The Origin of the Name of Quakers—II.
Why They Tremble—Because of God's Majesty—
Because of the Searching Power of the Word—
Lest They Break the Law—Or Miss the Promises—III. What God Compares Them To—
What God Does for Them.

Portrait painting is a great art. Many pretend to it, but the masters of the art are few. In the Word of God we have a gallery of portraits so accurate, so striking, that only the hand of the Lord could have drawn them. Most of us have been startled to see our own portrait there. The best of all is, that at the bottom of each likeness we have the Lord's judgment upon the character, so that we are able to form an estimate of what our true condition is before the Lord. Here you have

A Man Drawn to the Life:

he is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembles at the word of the Lord. Here, also, you have the Lord's estimate of him: "To this man will I look." I hope to dwell chiefly upon the character described in the closing words, "*And trembleth at my word.*" Support the text by the fifth verse, "Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at His word." This trembling is, in God's esteem, an admirable trait in their character. The glorious Jehovah, from His throne in heaven, speaks of those contrite ones who tremble at His word: and then the prophet takes up the strain, and cries, "Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at His word." It is a very great mercy that there are descriptions of saints given in the word of God which go very low, and reach the feeblest degrees of grace, and the saddest frames of mind. We find the children of God sometimes upon very high places: their spiritual life is vigorous, and their inward joy is abounding. Yet, we have to thank God that, in His priceless Scripture, He has painted for us portraits of the believer in his low estate.

In the Picture-Gallery

of those saved by faith we find Rahab as well as Sarah, and erring Samson as well as holy Samuel. In the family register of the Lord we have the names of believers who were weak and sad and faulty. We have instances in the sacred record of undoubtedly gracious men who were in very uncomfortable and undesirable conditions. Men are spoken of as the Lord's people when their souls are sick, when grace is at a very low ebb, and when joy is eclipsed.

"Trembleth at My word." This is the description to which I call your attention. Here are the elect men upon whom the Lord looks, and with whom He dwells. They are not the chivalry of earth, but the chosen of heaven. They are not dancing, but trembling; and yet they have more reason to be happy than those have who laugh away their days.

I. Who are these

People that Tremble

at God's word? I think I hear your hearts crying, "Oh, that we may be numbered among them!" Let me begin to answer the question by telling you who they are not. They are not a proud people: they do not cry, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice!" They are humbly hearing; hearing the word of God, and inwardly reverencing the heavenly monitor. They are no longer careless and reckless, for the voice of the Lord has brought them to their bearings. They have bowed their heads before Jehovah, and they listen with rapt attention to everything that He may speak. They are like the child Samuel when he said, "Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth." They are teachable, and lowly, and by no means belong to the school who correct the infallible.

I must put down the careless in the same list, and say of the Lord's tremblers they are not indifferent people. We have among us a class who cause us great sorrow of heart. They are not likely to jest at God's word, but yet it has no power over them; they do not scoff at it, but they do not feed on it. They have too much thought and sense to become infidels; but yet they overlook the importance of the truth which they accept. God's book lies in their houses honored, but unread. They do not much trouble to go and hear about its meaning; or if, through custom, they become attendants at the house of God, they hear the gospel, but it goes in at one ear and out of the other. There is no practical regard to it, no weighing it, no considering it, no meditating upon it, no applying it to the conscience and the daily life. Those cannot be said to tremble at God's word who neglect the great salvation. These were

Not a Critical People.

They trembled at the word, and did not sit down on the throne of usurped infallibility, and call the Scriptures to their bar. There are men abroad nowadays—I grieve to say some of them in the ministry—who take the Bible, not that it may judge them, but that they may judge it. Their judgment weighs in its balances the wisdom of God Himself. They talk exceedingly proudly, and their arrogance exalteth itself. O friends, I know not how you feel about the prevailing scepticism of the age, but I am heart-sick of it! I shun the place where I am likely to hear men who do not tremble at God's word.

"Oh, but surely you are open to conviction?" they say. We are open to no conviction that shall be contrary to the

Truth that Has Saved Us

from going down to the pit. We are open to no conviction that shall rob us of our eternal hope, and of our glorying in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. We do not deliberate, for we have decided. To be for ever holding the truth of God as though it might yet turn out to be a lie were to lose all the comfort of it. To be for ever prepared to desert our Lord and Master, to follow some brand-new philosopher, would be perpetual disloyalty. Nay, we have not come thus far at a guess. We have known our Lord and His truth for these forty years, and it is not may-be or-may-not-be with us now. We neither speculate, nor hesitate; but we know whom we have believed, and by His grace we will cleave to Him in life and in death.

Those who tremble at God's word are not presumptuous people, who derive fictitious comfort from it. We meet at times with a vain-confident man, who puts behind his back every warning and threatening, and only appropriates to himself every promise, though the promise be not made to him. Some of God's dearest children are so afraid of presumption that they go too far the other way, and hardly dare to be as confident as they might. Some of the holiest people that I know are afraid to say what they might say; for they scarcely dare to call themselves the children of God. On the other hand, I have heard others say what I fear they never ought to have said, for they have boasted that they never had a doubt. I heard one minister of great experience, who believes in

The Doctrine of Perfection,

assert very plainly that he had lived in the midst of the church of God for many years, and that he had seen many persons who claimed to be perfect, but he did not think that any one agreed with them; and, on the other hand, he had known intimately certain other persons whom he thought to be as nearly perfect as men could be, but in every case they had been the first to disown all notion of personal perfection, and mourned their own conscious imperfection. That is my observation also. I distrust the men who publish their own perfection: *I do not believe one of them*, but think less of them than I care to say. There is too much brass, and too little gold, about the perfection of the present day. It hath a brazen forehead, and hath a way of sitting by the roadside—a

way which in old time belonged not to purity. I had rather tremble at God's word than testify to my own excellence.

I have largely told you what these tremblers are not; and I must now tell you a little what these people are. They are

People Who Believe

that there is a revealed Word of God. There plenty of persons who profess and call themselves Christians, and yet do not believe this sacred Book is the very Word of God, that it is inspired, and they answer, "Is the Koran, and so are the Vedas." They after this fashion: "This is the religious of the ancient Hebrew nation. A very respectable book it is, but infallible, certainly, the very Word of God, certainly not." Then, we distinctly part company with talkers. We can have no sort of fellowship with them in any measure or degree with regard to the things of God. They are to us as heathen men and publicans. If we are to come to the head of those that tremble at God's word we must believe that there is a Word of God to tremble at, as we do most assuredly believe, let others talk as they may.

They are a people who are acquainted with God's Word. An

Intelligent Appreciation

of the Word of God can alone make a man tremble at it; and the more he understands the more cause for trembling will he see. Ay, and the more he enjoys it, the more will he tremble. The highest joy which it yields to mortal men is attended with a reverent and a holy trembling before God. If the believer went beyond the enjoyment of the living Word, and saw the Incarnate Word Himself all the splendor of His person, he would tremble still more; for what said John? "When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead." As the Word of the Incarnate Word would create even greater trembling than the full understanding of the Word as it is written and revealed, such trembling is a sign of grace, and by no means to be censured.

But what meaneth this trembling? Believe me, it does not mean a slavish fear. They tremble at God's word at the first may do because the word threatens them with death. But afterwards, as they advance and grow in grace, and become familiar with the God of love, and enter into the secret of His covenant, they tremble for a very different reason. They tremble because they have a holy reverence for God, and consequently of that Word in which He resides so much of the power and majesty of His Most High. These are they that reverence the Word, who would not have a syllable touched, who regard it as being divine after all measure, and therefore sacred as

The Skirts of Deity.

George Fox, the famous founder of the Society of Friends, was called a "Quaker" for no other reason than this: that often, when the Spirit of God was upon him, and he spoke the Word with power, he would quake from head to foot beneath the burden of the message. It was an honorable title. No man need be ashamed to quake when Moses said, "I exceedingly tremble and quake." In the presence of God a man may well tremble. Surely he is worse than a devil if he does not; for the devils believe and tremble. Demons go the length of that; they hate that knoweth God, and hath any sense of His infinite power, and inconceivable purity of justice, must tremble before Him. I believe George Fox not only quaked himself, but made others quake; and if we tremble at God's word, we shall make others tremble. The power, when it rests upon us, will discover our own weakness, but it will not be hindered therefrom.

II. I have described these tremblers so far as my scant knowledge and brief time will allow. The time has now come to inquire,

Why do They Tremble?

I have been trenching upon this field of inquiry already. They do not tremble because they are going to be lost. Those who are going to

lost are pretty generally free from trembling: "there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm." I would, my hardened hearer, that you did tremble; and because you do not tremble for yourself I tremble for you. Oh, that you judged yourself, that you might not be judged! I would that you condemned yourself, that God might acquit you; I would that you were horribly afraid; for then the great cause for fear would be over. See how the text blesses all the contrite and the trembling; and, when you have seen it, seek to be among them.

God's people tremble, first, because of His exceeding majesty. Note what becomes of Ezekiel, of Daniel, of Habakkuk, of John the beloved, when they had visions of God. No man could see God's face and live. There must always be some sort of cloud between. Through the veil of Christ's manhood

We See God and Live.

But God absolutely is beyond all creature ken—the sight were far too much for us. Even a glimpse of His skirts is something overwhelming! They that have seen God at any time have trembled at Him and at His Word. For the Word of the Lord is full of majesty. There is a divine royalty about every sentence of Scripture which the true believer feels and recognizes, and therefore trembles before it.

They tremble at the searching power of God's Word. I can personally bear my witness to the way in which the solemn word of the Lord makes my whole soul tremble to its centre. The word of the Lord has cut very close sometimes with many of you, and made you cry, "Am I saved or not?" The man that did never tremble before the Lord does not know Him. It is very easy to take the matter of your soul's salvation for granted, and yet to be mistaken. It is infinitely better to ask your way twenty times than miss your road home. And I do not blame the man who with holy anxiety says, "Is it so, or is it not so? for I want to know and to be sure." Oh beloved, I am not sorry that you tremble before the refining fire of sacred truth; I should be much distressed if you did not.

He that knows the Lord aright also trembles with fear lest he should break God's law. He sees what a perfect law it is, and how spiritual it is, and how it

Overlaps Human Life,

and the man cries, "It is high; I cannot attain unto it; O my God, help me, I pray thee." "Oh," says one, "if he trembles like that, it shows he does not know the love of God." It shows that he does know it. Have you heard of the boy whose father was exceedingly fond of him? He was asked by some other boys to go and rob an orchard with them, but he said, "No, I will not go." They replied, "Your father won't scold you, nor beat you, you may safely come." To this he answered, "What! do you think because my father loves me, that therefore I will grieve him? No, I love him, and I love to do what he wishes me to do. Because he loves me, I fear to vex him." That is like the child of God. The more he knows of God's love, the more he trembles at the thought of offending the Most High.

We, also, tremble lest we should miss the promises when they are spread out before us, sparkling like priceless gems. We hear of some who "could not enter in because of unbelief;" and we are taken with trembling lest we should be like them. We tremble lest there should be any passage of Scripture or doctrine of revelation that we are not able to believe; we pray for grace that we may never stagger at anything in the Word. We tremble lest we should misbelieve; and tremble more—if you are as I am—lest we should mistake and misinterpret the Word. You and I, who are ambassadors for God, must not trifle, but we must tremble at God's word.

III. Now we have got through the description of these trembling ones, and we have shown why they so exceedingly fear and quake, our third question was to be, What does God compare them to? Harken, for here is a thing to be

noted and thought upon. The Lord compares the tremblers at His word to a temple. "Where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest. To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word."

They Are His Temple.

And to the Jews the temple was something very wonderful. There stood the holy and beautiful house, the joy of the whole earth—lined with unrotting wood, and overlaid with pure gold, and its hewn stones put together without hammer or axe. To the Israelite's mind there never was such a building before. Yet the glorious Jehovah speaks lightly of the temple, and says, "Where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word."

Note that the Lord does not merely compare us with the temple, but He prefers us to the temple; and further, He prefers us even to the great temple of the universe not made with human hands, which He Himself sets so much above the house that Solomon built. The Lord says, "The heaven is My throne, and the earth is My footstool;" and yet He seems to say, "All this is not My rest, nor the place of mine abode; but with this man will I dwell, even with him that trembleth at my word." It is a sublime comparison; ye are the temples of God, and something more. The more you study these verses, the more you will be astonished.

And what does God say He will do? He saith, "*To this man will I look*"—look first with approval. The Lord seems to say, "I will not look on proud Pharisees; I will not look on the presumptuous; but I

Will Look at the Lowly,

trembling trusters. I will fix my eye upon him; he shall be countenanced by me. I will lift up the light of my countenance upon him. He is right with me, and I will show myself gracious to him." It is right that the creature should tremble at the Creator; right that the sinner should tremble before his Judge; right that a child should give due honor to his august Father; therefore will the Lord look upon such a one with approval.

The text means, next, that He will look upon him with care. You know how we use the expression, "I will look to him;" thus will God look to the man that trembles at His word. You that can stand alone may look to yourselves; but he that trembles shall have God to look to him. When you are afraid, cry, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe," and your tottering footsteps shall be firmer than a giant's tread. When you grow so self-satisfied that as the young man you can run without weariness, you shall both weary and fall. Oh, trust not in yourselves, but tremble before the Lord, and He will look to you, and see that no evil shall come nigh unto you!

He that goes through life fearing has

Nothing to Fear.

"Happy is the man that feareth alway," says the Word of the Lord. He that is afraid of falling under trial, and cries, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil," he shall be kept from sin; but he who rashly rushes into temptation shall fall by it. He who watches by day as well as by night, puts on his armor when there seems no war, and carries his sword always drawn even when there is no enemy visible, oh, that is the man who shall cope with the deadly enemy of souls! The Holy Ghost is in him, and the Lord has regard unto him; he shall not fall by the hand of the enemy. Though oftentimes he trembles, he shall be safe at last. Glory shall thus be given to God that helped him. The self-confident would not have glorified God if he had succeeded, for he would have thrown up his cap inside the gates of heaven, and magnified his own name. As for this man, he doffs his crown. "*Non nobis, Domine,*" he cries, when he enters heaven. "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord," is still his cry. Unto

Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood; unto Him that kept us from falling, and preserved us to His kingdom and glory, unto Him shall be all honor. Every man who this day trembles at God's word says "Amen" to this. God bless you, my beloved! The Lord Himself look to you, and dwell with you!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A TUMOR HEALED.*

"I COUNT it a blessed privilege," says Mrs. E. W. Oakes, of Manchester, N. H., "to testify to the goodness and willingness of God to exercise His power in the healing of my body. After an illness of three years, I was examined by two physicians as to the cause of my suffering, and a tumor decidedly incurable was the result of both examinations. Feeling my utter helplessness, I rested alone on God's Word (1 John 5: 9): 'If ye receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater.'"

"So, in obedience to James 5: 14, I was anointed by my pastor, and, through the merits of my Saviour Jesus Christ, I gained a complete deliverance, which has remained with me ever since—now four years this September, 1887. I know whereof I speak. There is deliverance in the salvation of our Lord for all His suffering, weary children who simply trust Him."

A Sufferer Eleven Years.

"I was born of godly parents," says Miss Carrie Nichols; "at an early age was thoroughly converted, and continued faithful in God's service for many years, growing in grace, but in body a poor sufferer."

"At the age of nineteen years, a terrible stroke of paralysis laid me very low, and for eleven years I lay between life and death; at this time the Lord spoke to me as He never spoke before, and gave me a call as a missionary to leave all and walk alone with Jesus. After some careful searching, God gave me grace to say, 'Yes, all for dear Jesus,' and from that moment of yielding my will to God, strength was given me to obey."

"I went out from a loving home, a sweet mother who loved me so dearly, to be a pilgrim and gather gems for my dear Lord."

"I am now nearly forty-three years old, and just a year ago this very month, October, 1888, I was taken again with consumption, and given up by physicians to die, in Greenville, New Jersey. Again the Lord raised me up, to the astonishment of everybody, by His own divine power, and now, to His glory, Carrie Nichols lives without an ache or pain, to witness and tell to all His children and the world, Jesus saves me, and keeps me whole, without medicine or any earthly power. I am so wonderfully kept and sustained in Christian working, in singing and praying—all by dear Jesus! It is simply by believing the word and promise of a faithful God and Saviour."

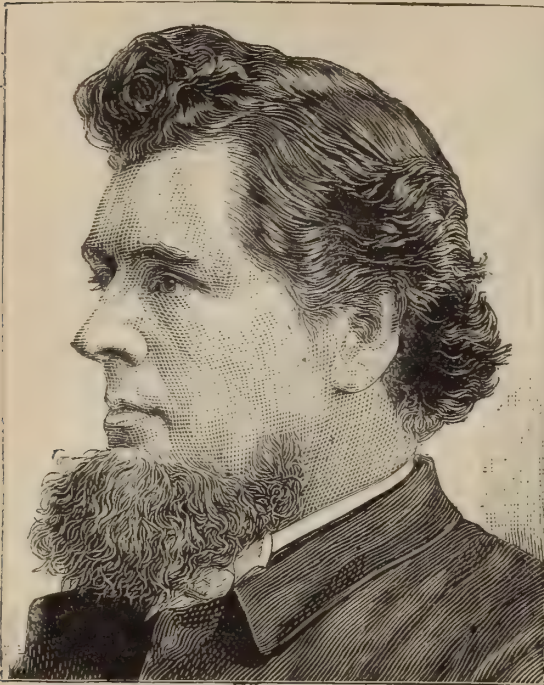
Faith Before Feeling.

Mr. H. W. Beadle, late of Washington, D. C. says: "In August, 1884, I visited Berachah Home, on Twenty-third Street, New York City, at the suggestion of a friend, for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a deeper spiritual experience than I had before attained. I had no thought, at the time, of seeking or obtaining any physical benefit. I had, it is true, been using a support for twenty years, and could not do without it for a single day without great pain and weakness. Its use, however, so fully met my need that I was hardly conscious, ordinarily, of having any physical defect. When, therefore, Mr. Simpson asked me at his first interview with me, if I were there for healing, I answered, 'No.'"

"I spent five days at Berachah Home. I was very deeply moved by Mr. Simpson's presentation of the truth, and was led thereby to surrender myself to the Lord Jesus as never before. I felt that I could trust Him absolutely for everything for soul and body."

"Under the impulse of my new trust, I longed

*From "A Cloud of Witnesses." By Rev. A. B. Simpson. 253 pages. Prices: 50 cents, paper covers; 75 cents, cloth. Published at 1488 Broadway, New York.



Rev. W. Wilson, Missionary in the South Pacific.



Samoans Selling Curiosities to the Passengers of a Pacific Steamer.

with a great longing to give my Lord and King some tangible evidence of my *willingness* to trust *all* to Him. While influenced by these feelings, the thought was given to me that I might lay aside my support, and trust my Lord to supply my need. My heart instantly responded to this thought with great joy and gladness: 'Yes I *can* trust my Lord.'

"On that day I laid aside the support forever, and on the following day I was, with others, anointed for healing by Mr. Simpson. The day after this I left the Home. I was suffering pain constantly then, and I could not see the slightest evidence that any change had occurred in my physical condition. The following morning, as I lay in my bed, a great darkness came over my soul. It seemed that I had risked, and lost all.

"The darkness was not of long duration. Text after text occurred to me, and finally Mark 11: 24, 'When ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' The cloud was gone, and I sprang from my bed rejoicing. I do not know when the pain entirely ceased, but a month or two afterwards I was conscious of being free from pain, and capable of doing the hardest work without any fatigue. It is now two years since that happy experience, and I am now rejoicing in physical strength and vigor."

REV. W. WILSON, Missionary in Fiji.

THE public interest aroused in the South Seas by our national complications in Samoa will render welcome the portrait of Mr. Wilson, whose labors in the islands of the Pacific, especially in Fiji, have been so signally blessed of God. William Wilson is a Scotchman, about fifty-five years of age. He was converted in early life, and consecrated himself to mission work. He offered himself to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, for service in any part of the world, but expressed a personal preference for the South Pacific. He was appointed to Fiji. He promptly set out, and reached his sphere of labor July, 1854. The scenes of conflict and savage cruelty which he witnessed during his labors there were horrible in the extreme. He himself narrowly escaped martyrdom. His companion and dear fellow-laborer, the Rev. J. Baker, was killed and devoured by the cannibals, and on one occasion Mr. Wilson was designed for the table. A Fijian, with whom he talked, passed his hand over his person with ghoulish interest, and said to his friends that the white man was "*malumu sara*"—in very fine order. Happily Mr. Wilson was preserved for many years of labor among

the South Sea Islands. He is now in his native country, arousing and stimulating the interest of Christians at home in mission work. At a recent meeting he said that he had left on his circuit 13,000 *converts*, and only one native teacher to superintend the work.

A VISIT TO SAMOA.

(See Illustration.)

AN artist who recently visited Samoa on board the Pacific steamer *Alameda* sent home the vivid sketch from which the accompanying illustration is taken. He says that as soon as the vessel came to anchor the natives swarmed on the deck, offering curiosities for sale. They were chiefly weapons of war, which found ready purchasers among the passengers. The natives, he says, have magnificent figures, and are of a light copper color, with long hair, being an entirely different race from the dusky-blackish, woolly-haired Melanesians and Papuans, who inhabit adjacent islands.

It is gratifying to learn that the new administration at Washington intends making a determined effort to prevent Bismarck gaining possession of the Islands. A strong representation is to be sent to Berlin to express forcibly the protest against the arrogant pretensions of Germany. It will be supported by the consul who represented our Government in Samoa during the recent troubles, who will be able to keep our plenipotentiaries posted as to the actual facts. The United States are not concerned in the question whether Malietoa or Tamasese shall be king, but they are deeply concerned, on principle, that the Samoans shall decide.

MARION GREVILLE'S WEDDING.

(See Illustration on page 189.)

"HAVE you seen Mr. Drake, Miss Marion's husband as is to be?" said widow Rose, as she met a neighbor on the bright summer morning of the day on which Marion Greville, youngest daughter of Squire Greville, was to be married.

"Yes," said the neighbor, "he was up at the house last week when I was helping in the clearing up. Not much of a man, and a good deal too old for Miss Marion, but they say he's powerful rich."

"Well, that's one comfort, for the Squire won't have much to leave her. He's made the money fly. His parties, and his horses, and his goings on in New York haven't been done for nothing. But I wish Miss Marion could have been married to a handsome young man as would have made her happy. If any girl deserves a good husband, she does."

"That's so; and we'll all miss her. Why,

there isn't a house in the village where she ain't been a friend. And if there's sickness, no matter what it is, she's bound to be there, with her beef-tea and her chickens and things."

"Ah! she was good to me in my trouble; I'll never forget it; I hope she'll be happy."

The sentiment was heard in every home in the village, but those who uttered it would not have been very sanguine could they have looked into Marion Greville's room that morning. The beautiful girl, with her curling chestnut hair, and long eyelashes shading eyes of wonderful brightness and depth, was on her knees, praying earnestly and weeping bitterly. She rose from her knees, effaced as far as she was able the traces of her tears, and descended to the breakfast-room, where her widowed father was waiting for her. She kissed him tenderly, and sat down to the meal.

"You will not forget me, Marion," the Squire said, "when you go away and leave me here lonely and desolate?"

"Dear papa," Marion answered, "can you doubt me for a moment? I can never forget you. I am doing as you wish, and I hope it will make you happier."

"I know, it, my child, but I hope you will be happy too. I feel sure you will. You have never known the hardships of poverty, and it would have been terrible to me to witness your suffering. You are a brave girl, and I am sure you will do your part well, and thank me, one day, for this arrangement."

"Ah, papa, I would rather have borne the poverty, and have lived frugally with you, than have entered into this union, but it will comfort me to know that it brings help to you."

"My child, nothing else could save me. Drake cancels all my indebtedness to him to-day, and he has promised to be a good husband to you, and I believe he will. He has sown all his wild oats now, and you will find him a steady-going, domesticated husband."

No more was said then, but Mr. Greville had an uneasy consciousness that he had sold his daughter for money, and that he was a selfish, craven-hearted man. He was giving his daughter to the wicked rake who held him in his power, and, while she was going to a fate she loathed, he was to enjoy the fruit of her sacrifice. Oh, it was a bitter thing to do, and though Mr. Greville tried to cheat himself into the belief that Marion would be rich and happy, he knew in his heart that the virtuous Christian girl would be wounded every hour, and that she had sacrificed herself for his sake.

As he sat and pondered over these things, and

reproached himself for the extravagance and carelessness which had rendered the sacrifice necessary to preserve his reputation and the honor of his name, Marion was taking her usual morning walk through the shrubbery, the last walk through the dear, familiar scenes she was to enjoy for she knew not how long. As she passed out through an opening into her own special garden, she came across two of her little Sunday-school pupils with their arms full of wild flowers, gathered for dear Miss Marion, at the risk of dirtying their new frocks. And near them was widow Rose, with a huge bouquet, which had stripped her garden of every blossom it contained.

"It is not much," said the widow, referring to the value, not to the size, of her offering, "but it's the gift of love, and it's all I have fit to give you. We all wish you well, Miss Marion; if you have all the joy we hope you will, you'll be a happy wife."

"Thank you, Mrs. Rose," said Marion; "it is very good of you. I shall often think of you all. I hope you will pray for me. You do not know how much I may be in need of the grace that God gives in answer to prayer."

"That I will, Miss, and so will many more. We'll never forget you."

Marion stooped and kissed the little girls, and then turned to receive another floral gift which a servant brought to her with a kindly message from a sick villager. It was all very delightful, except the one sad, woeful thought crushing her spirit, that she was about to wed a man who was not a Christian, and who could not sympathize with her in the best and most cherished feelings of her heart. Marion was doing it for her father's sake, to rescue him from impending ruin. It seemed to be a duty, but how gladly would she have avoided it, and borne the poverty and humiliation with him, rather than have married Mr. Drake, if her father had but have had her faith in God to cheer and support him. There was no escape now, but the cup was very bitter.

The leave-takings were all said at last, the ceremony performed, and Marion and her husband set out for the seaport from which they were to sail on their wedding trip to Europe. As the villagers wended their way homeward, having been royally entertained by the Squire, their talk was not of the feast, but of Miss Marion's sad looks, and the pity that such a good and beautiful girl should have such a forbidding-looking husband.

They heard but little of her afterward, but in the homes in which she had been an angel of mercy she was not forgotten. How much she had really needed their prayers they never knew, but when they saw her, many years afterward, as she returned, a widow, to her girlhood's home, they had a suspicion. Her face was prematurely aged, and her luxuriant dark hair was thickly streaked with white. She still moved with the same easy grace as in her youth, but the elasticity and buoyancy of youth had departed long before their time. What she had suf-



The Widow's Floral Offering to Marion Greville.

fered she never told. That the harrow had passed over her soul was plainly written on her face. She had groaned under a bitter bondage, and had learned how much the human heart could suffer and yet not break. She had not even the comfort of knowing that her sacrifice was necessary to her father's deliverance. Not many weeks after her marriage, wealth in abundance had come to him through the death of a distant relative, and if father and daughter had only waited and trusted in God the sacrifice need never have been made.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 175.)

Taylor's Record.

VERY cold and dark and dreary were the first days which we spent in America. That faith which once had led me to hope and believe and "endure all things," was now powerless to nerve me to any new course of action for my religion's sake; for the dark shadow of the accursed heresy had come across my way; hope had fled, and my love, with the love of many other faithful Saints, had waxed cold. To my husband and children I was, of course, devotedly attached, and was willing to combat any difficulty or endure any trial with them, or for their sake; and it was not long before my constancy was put to the test.

The Mormon emigrants have always a Captain and two "Counsellors" to every com-

pany. The Captain on board the *Emerald Isle*—the vessel in which we came—was a returning Utah Elder; one of his Counsellors was also a returning Elder, and my husband was the other. As soon as the Mormon Captain had come on shore, and had reported to the Apostle in charge of the New York Saints, he left to visit his friends. The Utah Counsellor had a young lady in the company to whom he had become very much attached, and who afterwards became one of his wives. I was not, therefore, surprised that, as soon as he could get his baggage, he also should disappear; but my husband—the other Counsellor—being encumbered with a wife and family, was obliged to remain, and consequently the whole charge of seeing to the company devolved upon him.

We had, therefore, to remain in Castle Garden until the whole company of emigrants was provided for; and during all the next week I, with my four children, remained in that public place, sick and weary, and as destitute of bedding and covering as we had been on board ship. The weather was intensely cold, and, unaccustomed as we were to the severity of an American winter, we suffered very greatly indeed. The other unfortunate victims to faith in Mormonism were in the same condition, with the exception that they had something to sleep on at night while I had nothing but the bare

boards for my bed since we left Liverpool; all I could gather together had been reserved for my babes. How we lived through that journey I know not, but I am certain that, could I have foreseen what we should have to endure, I could never have left England, whatever my refusal might have cost me.

I could not refrain from contrasting my life before and since I knew Mormonism. Before, I scarcely knew what suffering was, so little had I been called upon to endure. I never knew what it was to be without money, or to want for anything; but now I was in a strange land, in the depth of a most bitter winter, without a home, without a pillow to rest my weary head upon, and with a future before me so dark that not a ray of light gave to it the promise of hope. Could any slavery be more complete than mine? My fanaticism and zeal were all gone, I had nothing to sustain me.

Certainly, I was still held by the fear that Mormonism, after all, *might* be of God, and that all this suffering *might* be necessary for my salvation—but if at that time I had only had a friend whose mind was clear from all the nonsense of Mormonism, and who had felt sufficient interest in me to advise me for my good, I think even then, God helping me, I might have freed myself from the mental slavery in which I was bound. But I had no intercourse with any but Mormons; and, indeed a wish to form Gentile friendships I should then have considered a positive sin.

A week after our arrival my husband found time to seek for apartments for his family, and

I was thankful to leave our miserable quarters at Castle Garden. The Mormon authorities had, meanwhile, given instructions to the other emigrants how to act, and they did little more than this. Those who had not found work or places to go to were ordered to leave the Garden, and received permission to occupy an old dilapidated school-room in Williamsburgh, which had been used for preaching.

I went there almost daily to see them, and therefore state what I saw as an eye-witness, and neither exaggerate nor misrepresent. There they huddled together—about 150, men, women, and children. Most of the men had been respectable mechanics in their own country; many of them I had known personally, and had visited in their cozy English homes; and their wives and families had been decently brought up. What they must have suffered under this change of circumstances I leave the reader to guess.

In that miserable place they lived day and night—the poor, dispirited mothers (many of them very ill) having to cook, and wash, and perform all the necessary domestic duties, round two small sheet-iron stoves. It was not long before the room became like a pest-house from so many persons being confined in so small a place, and breathing the same fetid and pestilential atmosphere; and many of the young children died of an epidemic which was raging among them.

They had saved some of the ship's provisions, and that was all they had to eat, but it did not last long. To me it was most distressing to witness so much misery without being able to render any assistance, particularly to see the poor little children shivering and crying with hunger and cold, while many of their mothers were in such a miserable state of apathy that they paid little or no attention to them. I often tried to awaken in them feelings of human sympathy, but I was invariably met with a murmur of discontent.

The people—men and women alike—seemed to be utterly demoralized. Nor can this be a matter of wonder; for in England the men had been told that, while at home they could only earn four or five shillings a day, and would never be able to put by enough to carry them all the way to Utah, in New York they would be able to earn two and a half to three, and even four dollars a day—equal to from ten to sixteen shillings English—and that employers would even come on board ship anxious to engage them. Thus they had by false statements been allured from their homes and plunged into the most abject and helpless poverty.

Day by day they went out seeking work, but finding none; willing to do anything to provide bread for their families, but returning nightly, unsuccessful, to their starving wives and children. My own resources were gone. I could do nothing. When we left Castle Garden I think we only had about five dollars left, while the heavy snow which covered the ground, and the intense cold, promised many weeks of unusual severity. Needing so greatly pity myself, how I sympathized with those poor sufferers, how I pitied them!

In the midst of all this the Apostle John Taylor learned that some of these poor individuals had been seen begging. So he came from his comfortable boarding-house in Brooklyn, well wrapped up in a handsome overcoat, and violently scolded these poor, starving creatures, and harangued them concerning the meanness of begging. With great swelling words he spoke of the dignity of the Saints of the Most High, and told them that he despised a Mormon who could fall to the level of a common street beggar. Could he have heard the unspoken maledictions of the poor wounded hearts of those who listened to him, as they thought of his brother "Apostle" in England, and of how he had deceived them, and sent them into a strange country, in the depth of winter, to beg, to starve, or to steal, he would have learned that, though the victim of a delusive faith may mentally submit to man-made creeds and priesthoods, in his

heart he will judge not so much the words he hears as the man who utters them.

The "Apostle," John Taylor being now the President of the Mormon community, I will here give a few particulars of his career. He is of English birth, and emigrated to the United States when very young, where he soon became a favorite of Joseph Smith, who in a pretended revelation of January, 1841, when reorganizing the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, appointed Taylor an Apostle, styling him "John Taylor, the Champion of Right." He was with the "Prophet" in the jail at Carthage, Illinois, at the time Smith and his brother were assassinated, and was himself wounded. Expecting violence, the whole party were not unnaturally very gloomy that night, when to cheer them a little, Taylor sang Montgomery's hymn,

"A poor wayfaring man of grief,"

to a plaintive air, which was so much in accordance with their feelings that after a little time Hyrum Smith asked him to sing it again, and although he felt very much depressed he complied with the request. He had only just finished the song when the mob, who had forced their way into the prison, fired a volley through the door, and Hyrum fell down dead, and Taylor was severely wounded. Joseph made a desperate resistance, when, going to the window to escape, he received a volley from those below, and fell into the courtyard, where he was instantly dispatched.

Taylor was subsequently sent on a mission tour by Brigham Young, for, being a man of marked talent, his presence at home might have been rather inconvenient in the early days of his presidency. He went to France in 1849, and in 1852 he founded a Mormon school in Paris, called l'Etoile du Deseret. He has also translated the "Book of Mormon" into French and German. He returned to America when the President was firmly established as the "Lord's Anointed," and through some of the apostles being excommunicated he eventually attained the priority.

It was in a great measure through him that what is known as the "Handcart Emigration Scheme" ended so fatally. At this time (1856) the English agency of the Mormon emigration was a very profitable appointment, and one coveted by the apostles as a means of replenishing their purses. The "Apostle" Richards was president of the European Church, and urged the converts to emigrate *via* Liverpool to Salt Lake. Taylor, at the same time, was presiding over the Mormons in the New England States, with New York for his headquarters. Being at the head of the "Apostles," he thought that he should have precedence of Richards, and wished to make arrangements for the passage of the emigrants through the States, by which he would get the commission from the railway companies in New York; and that, also, on the outfit, food, and utensils that were required for the journey.

Richards did not approve of this; and while the two were quarrelling the preparations were neglected, so that when the emigrants landed they found that instead of having arrived in the land of plenty, there was nothing for them. When they started on their journey they were insufficiently supplied with food and clothing, and being overtaken by the rigors of winter they died in large numbers on the road. Taylor went to "Zion" and explained his action in the matter, which then appeared satisfactory, so that when Richards came he was blamed for all the mischief, and Brigham having spoken, he dared not defend himself.

Taylor had very lofty notions respecting the dignity of the "Saints" as a people, and would not submit to their holding a secondary position. Major Van Vleit, in a report to the Secretary of War at Washington in the year 1857, says: "I heard Elder John Taylor, in a discourse to a congregation of 4,000 Mormons, say that none of the rulers of the earth were entitled to their positions unless appointed to them by the Lord, and that the Almighty had appointed a man to rule

over and govern His saints, and that man was Brigham Young, and that they would have no one else to rule over them."

When Brigham Young died, in August, 1877, it was confidently expected that Mormonism would crumble to the dust. The "saints" had been bound by an arbitrary rule, and it was expected that when that was removed the rebound would be so great that the system would all collapse. Unfortunately this opinion has proved erroneous. Brigham Young, junior, failing to obtain his father's office, John Taylor was elected as successor to the second prophet, a position he was well fitted for, being adroit, shrewd, subtle, unprincipled, and what neither of his predecessors were, a well-educated man and a good writer. He is now about seventy-five years old, distinguished in his personal appearance, and has the winning arts which culture and travel frequently give to a man of wit. Some one has said of him, "He is the sweetest and most plausible sophist on earth."

In a former number we gave an illustration of his utter disregard for truth, in a statement made by him in 1850, and he has not improved since then. According to the *Salt Lake Tribune* of October 18, 1884, in an examination before Judge Zanes he affirmed that he did not know how long he had been president, that he did not know where marriages were celebrated except at the Endowment House, although he acknowledged that most of them were performed elsewhere; and many other things he expressed his ignorance about that he must have known. But it is a principle of Mormonism that falsehood is to be indulged in whenever it will conduce to the benefit of the Church and shield her members from harm. A Mormon apostle, in an address, once cautioned the children, when asked a certain question, to reply at once that they didn't know. "I'd rather have you tell a lie," he said, "to defend your friends and parents, than tell the truth that will bring trouble on them."

The wisdom of John Taylor found out a remedy for the prevailing distress among the helpless emigrants, and the "begging" which was fast becoming a public scandal. He "counselled" the men and boys to buy shovels, and go forth into the streets and clean away the snow from the fronts of the doors and from the sidewalks, and told them that they would thus get plenty of money to keep them until winter was over. One elderly brother, who had a little money left, bought a stock of shovels; but the emigrants found that there were plenty of others who were as eager as they for work, and who were much better acquainted with the way of obtaining it. The shovel experiment was a total failure, and the poor old brother lost his money in the investment.

For whatever the Apostle Taylor may have contributed to these unfortunate persons—whether in "counsel," money, or provisions—he will doubtless have his reward; and, for aught I know, he may have been unable to give anything more than counsel; but, at the same time, my opinion of the value of such counsel as his remains unchanged. There has been no lack of "counsel" or counsellors in the Mormon Church. "Counsel has been given in abundance to all, and by no means always for the benefit of those who received it. It was not, however, because he failed to assist them practically that the people disliked the Apostle Taylor, and have done so ever since; but it was for his pride and offensive arrogance, and the way in which he dared to talk to free-born Englishmen and Englishwomen about the dignity of the Mormon Priesthood, and the contempt in which he held them in the hour of their humiliation and distress—for that they bitterly disliked him.

I do not, of course, wish to justify the people in begging; such conduct would have been undesirable if they could have found employment of any sort. But when I saw the starving condition of those men and their hopeless families, in that wretched school-house, in my heart I

honor them for having the courage to do so, but I thanked heaven that the "mean Gentiles"—as the Elders taught the people to call American citizens who did not believe in Mormonism—were able and willing to do so.

(To be Continued.)

SATISFACTION, OR SATISFYING GOD.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

Common Desire—Its Root Deep in the Heart—Persistent Lady at a Revival—Self-Satisfaction Unattainable by the Christian—A Self-Contented Ascetic—The True Spirit of Prayer—Pleading for Self-Gratification—Praying According to God's Will—The Right Place for a Prayer—Joseph in His Place in Prison—God Shows the Way for Service—The Yearning for a More Excellent Way.

"I WANT to feel." How often we hear these words! "I wish I could feel I was saved," says an anxious soul; and many there are who make themselves feel as they think they ought to feel, only to fall back, and find themselves disappointed. They seek to bring about effect without the cause. When the sun is warm, we are warm, not because we think we are; we feel warm, but because the shining of it is warming in itself, and if we are in it, it must be warm. We cannot really take Jesus as our Saviour, and let Him have the whole of our sins, without feeling safe; but we must first feel safe and happy, and bring these things to Him that we may deserve by them to be made safe. Deep down in our human nature there is a strong desire to be something, to do something that we may take credit to ourselves for, and this is at the bottom of much of our cry, "I want to feel." The real desire is, not to be satisfied with myself, pleased with myself, convinced that I come up to the mark, but that God can find no flaw in me. Now this is a state of soul which hinders God's salvation. He never was, never is, and never can be satisfied with any man since Adam and Eve fell. Just because Adam and Eve fell and brought sin upon all men, that Jesus, the second Adam, came to die in our place, and to live for us, in which He

Took No Credit to Himself,

said, "The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of Myself, but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works." (John 14:10.) During a revival, some twenty-three years ago, a young woman came to the lady who was conducting the services, and said she was in the greatest distress about her soul. "Are you a Christian?" was asked her. "Yes; worse than any I know, because I have made a profession, and I am not really converted." "Did you on the cross do enough to satisfy God's love for your sin?" "Oh I have not repented enough." She wanted to feel repentance, she might be satisfied with her own repentance, and bring it to God as something glorious. "I did not ask you about your repentance," said the lady. "I asked you about what Jesus had done; has He satisfied God's love for you?" "I don't feel I love Him as I ought to," was the answer. "But I asked you about your love for Him," and again the question was repeated. "I fear I have not the right of faith," was the third reply. Then the lady said, "Three times I have asked you a question about Jesus; you have always answered something about yourself; I cannot help you to do this; once more, Has Jesus, by His death on the cross, satisfied God's just law for our sins?" Then she answered, "Why, yes, yes, yes." "Then God is satisfied, and you are saved." Instantly she fell upon her face, and "O God, have mercy on me that I have not appreciated what Jesus has done for me," and there and then she believed, and became a

This is a suggestion for a Sunday-school lesson for use in those schools in which teachers are required to make the lesson of the day a Temperance lesson or a review of the past quarter, but may be a subject for themselves.

most useful Christian. She had wanted to be satisfied with her own repentance, her own love to God, and her own faith, and she did not think that it was God, not she, who had to be satisfied.

A true Christian never attains to self-satisfaction; he gives self over to God, and becomes satisfied with Him. A young Christian was full of zeal to live a life of holiness; she used to practice constrained silence in order to subdue her tongue, and rigid fasting to subdue her appetites; she never spent a penny upon herself that was not the most absolute necessity, and she had, before all this, consecrated herself in the most complete way to God, but she was

Pleased With Herself,

she took a satisfaction in doing what others could not do on account of circumstances and weak health. At last the Lord allowed ill health and sore temptation to come upon her, until she cried, like Elijah, "Let me die, for I am not better than my fathers." (1 Kings 19:4.) She had gloried in the feeling of her own holiness; now she could see that pride and vanity and temper had just as much power over her as ever, and that all her holiness had been like an empty egg-shell. Then she saw how, not only our salvation or justification is all of Christ, but our sanctification too; how Christ is of God "made unto us wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption" (1 Cor. 1:30); all which she had formerly wanted to feel in her own heart, and which, when she thought she had it, had filled her with self-complacency, she now saw to be in Christ dwelling in her; so that she ceased to take credit to herself, or to desire it; it became a joy to her to be nothing, and to give all the glory to her Lord. Now she began to learn how much more blessed it is to be satisfied with God than satisfied with self, and how, almost unconsciously, the feelings cannot but be happy when God is honored.

"I want to feel I have a spirit of prayer," say many. The idea is to be able to command communion with God, so as to pray at will about anything, and feel one has prevailed. But this would be to take the upper hand of God, to be greater than He. Real prayer springs from listening to God, learning God, getting to know and understand His heart, and the truth and faithfulness of His promises, so as to be united with His purposes, and to will with Him. Prayer does not make God our servant, to do our will, but makes us His sons, to enter into and to claim His will. It is very blessed to be in communion with God, but it never comes from a self-satisfaction in our side of that communion, but from an appreciation of the wondrous condescension of God, who consents to talk with us and to listen to us. Prevailing prayer does not result from gigantic efforts to pray with fervor, but from a calm, steady persuasion that God is to be trusted, and that He really and truly meets with us when we pray, and takes notice of us, and undertakes our plea, so that He makes it His business. "I want to feel" does not occur to one whose eye is fixed upon his covenant-keeping God. To pray "in the Holy Ghost" (Jude 20) is to pray as yielded instruments, following rather than dictating to God. A man who prays in the Holy Ghost does not first think what he would like, and then set himself to bring God round to it; he thinks of

What God Would Have,

and then he prays according to His will, and knowing that God hears him, he knows that he has the petition which he desired of Him. (1 John 5:14, 15.)

"I want to feel I am in my right place," says one, who has a strong feeling that the right place is one where he would be very prominent as a worker. "If only I had money, if only I had more education, if only I had more time, how much I could do for God." Does God know your desire? And does He still leave you where you are? And does He do right in doing so, or can you say you think in this He has made a mistake? Dear friend, it may be you

think yourself of more value than you are, and your right place is to remain where you are until God makes a way out. He cannot will you to be elsewhere, and yet keep you there. "But," you say, "it is circumstances, and not God, which keep me where I am." Is there a circumstance which God does not permit? Is He ignorant of where and what you are? "Your strength is to sit still," and when He wants you to move, He says, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left." (Isa. 30:21.) The prison was Joseph's right place, although he was placed there unjustly, until God brought him out; and the Lord was with him there. The den of lions was Daniel's right place until God brought him out; and God was with him there. Amidst ungodly companions or relatives, where everything is trying, there is your place until God leads you fairly out. Take God into everything with you.

His Presence Makes All Right.

"But," you say, "I have powers which might be used for God." Then use them just where you are, and they will be exercised for further use when God opens the way for you. It would not have been recorded of Joseph that "the Lord was with Joseph," if all through his slavery and his imprisonment he had been restless and anxious because he did not feel he was in the right place.

"I wish I could feel the same zeal for the salvation of souls which I see in others!" Oh how many mourn in this strain! They do not want the salvation of immortal souls half so much as they want to be satisfied with their own zeal. But zeal is no fire of human kindling which we can create and bring to God. He kindles it by the Holy Ghost in the hearts of those who value Jesus and His salvation, and whom He brings into fellowship with Him in His love for a lost world.

The Way to Get Zeal

is to begin praising God for what He is to us, and what He has done for us, and when we appreciate His love to us, then to let Him fill us with His spirit for work among others. Giving way to sulky complaining of our own coldness only leads us farther out into the fog, but being willing to be the little insignificant creatures we are, utterly helpless and utterly nothing in ourselves, brings us so low down that there is room for God to come in and fill our life with His radiance. If the true motives of many hearts could be read by them they would be surprised, for they would find that the real desires of their hearts would run something like this: "I want to be saved, that I may be satisfied with myself; I want to be holy, that I may be really a Christian to be admired and thought much of; I want to be useful, because I should like to be one of God's favored instruments." But all this is exactly the contrary of true Christianity. "Christ pleased not Himself," but His Father; sought not His own glory, but His Father's, and He left His disciples greater works to do than He did (John 14:12), because He lived to satisfy His Father. Let us also live, not unto ourselves and our feelings, but unto Him which died for us and rose again. (11 Cor. 5:15.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for February:

The Momentous Day of Days—March 5, 1866. By Editor.
The Wonderful Birthday of 144,000 Translated Ones.
Anti-Christ's Future Actings Described in Dan. 11:21-45.
The Stars and Prophecy. By W. Appleford.
What I Know of Obceyabism. By Roslyn D'Onston.
From the Pall Mall Gazette.
Historical Fulfilment of the Third Trumpet. (Continued from January.)
The Great Tower Erected on the Mount of Olives.
Enoch's and Elijah's Translation—A Type of the Coming Translation of Christians. By the late Mrs. Baylee.
On the Meaning of "Generation" in Matt. 24:34. By Joseph A. Seiss, D. D.
General Boulanger and the Future.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

Through all these strifes and tears
I have a friend.
He'll safely guide and comfort
To the end.
Through sickness, pain and death,
He has my hand.
He'll bring me safely through them all
To Canaan's land.
What care I if the way is hard and cold,
He knoweth best.
When I am faint, and can no further go,
He'll give me rest.
And such a rest as that is worth
All pains and tears.
In Him I'll rest and feel secure
From all my fears.
So take and lead me Lord wherever thou wilt,
But bring me safe at last
To Zion's hill.
Where I no more shall know what here,
Is ill.
And there with lov'd ones and my Saviour blest,
I'll lay my weary burdens down,
And take my rest.
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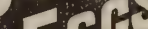
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Vol. XII., No. 11. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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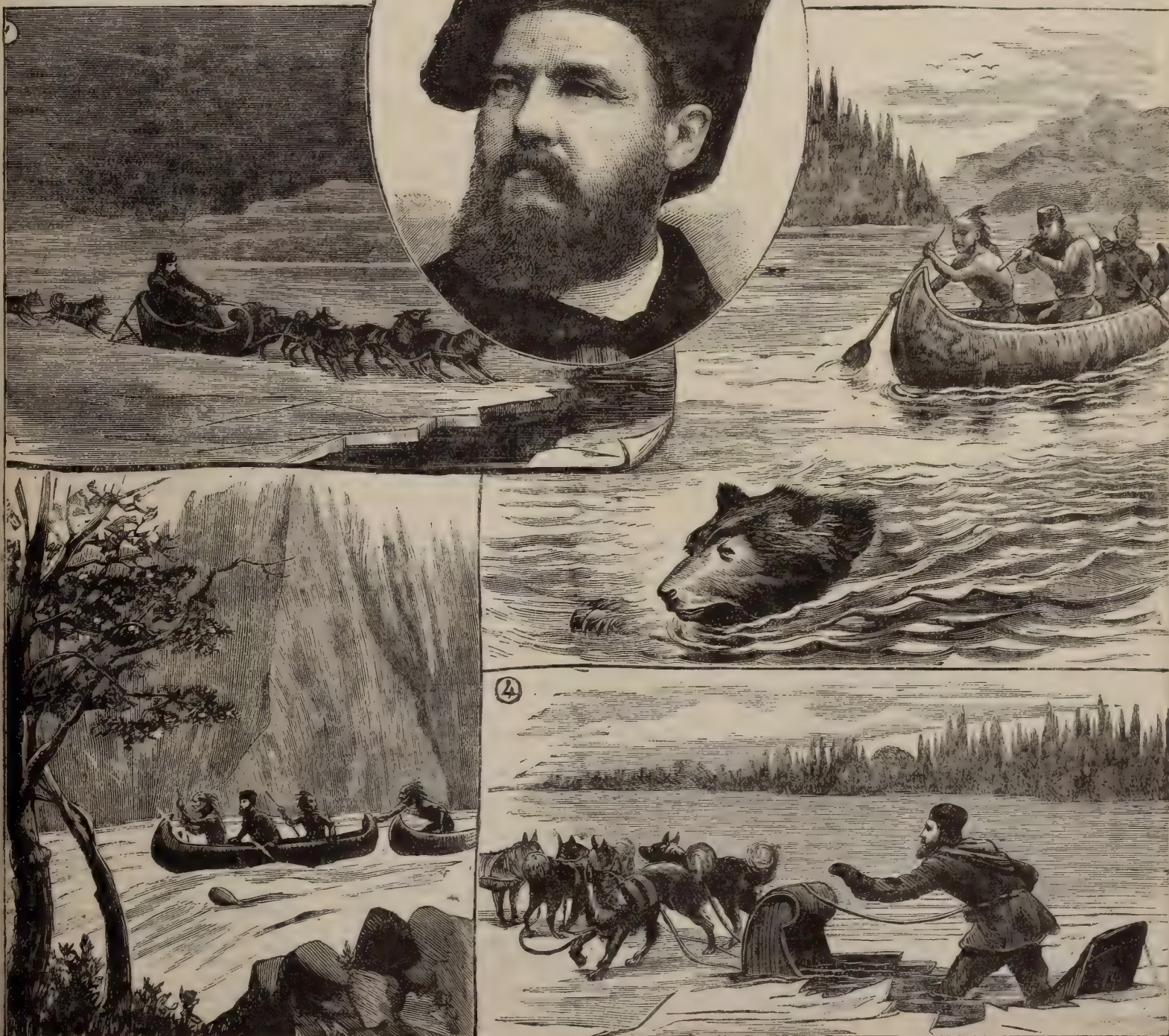
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REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG, Missionary Among Canadian Indians—Scenes in His Life.

REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG.

Missionary Among the Indians of Canada,

Born in 1840—Pious Parentage—Early Conversion—Commences His Ministry at Hamilton in 1863—Goes as Missionary to the Crees in 1868—Begins Work Among the Saulteaux in 1873—Success of His Efforts—The Indian Class-Leader, Benjamin—A Merciful Deliverance on Lake Winnipeg—Nearly Over the Falls—Capturing a Bear—Travelling on Thin Ice.

ON the preceding page is a portrait of the Rev. E. R. Young, and pictures of some interesting incidents in his life and work among the Indians of the far Northwest of Canada. The missionary's life in such a region is one both of difficulty and hardship, and perpetual peril, but even here he has found, as have missionaries in other quarters of the globe, the savage nature of man is subdued and its sinfulness expelled by the might of the gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Egerton Ryerson Young was born at Crosby, Ontario, Canada, in 1840, so that he is now forty-nine years of age. He is the son of the Rev. W. Young, one of the early pioneer Methodist ministers in the province of Ontario, who from early manhood until the present time, when he is eighty years old, has continued with unflagging zeal, and in a spirit of apostolic consecration, to do efficient service for Christ. After spending the usual period at school and college, the lad Egerton was led to reflect seriously on the future business of his life. He had enjoyed the inestimable advantage of

A Pious Parentage;

and both his father and mother sought to train him in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They were known throughout the entire Province as persons of exemplary godliness, whose lives were spent in prayer and in carrying the message of the salvation of Christ to the settlers, and to the Indians in their reserves and encampments. Before her marriage, Mrs. Young was a beloved teacher among the Ojibway Indians, a large and powerful tribe from which the Methodist missionaries have had the joy of winning many to the acceptance of Christ. When her boy was very young his mother had the satisfaction of seeing him accept Christ for himself, and heard him promise that if his life were spared to manhood he would serve Him even as his father and mother had done.

He Commenced His Ministry in 1863

in a church in the Province of Ontario, having after adequate preparation been ordained by the Methodist Conference. He wrought well, and was rewarded by the affectionate esteem of his congregation and colleagues, and the blessing of God. Five happy, useful years passed away, when in 1868 he was solemnly set apart for evangelistic work among the Indians of the far Northwest, his last charge being in the city of Hamilton. Dr. W. Morley Punshon delivered the valedictory address on the occasion at Toronto. It took Mr. Young no less than two months and nineteen days to reach Norway House, an old Hudson's Bay Company's port and settlement on the northern shore of Lake Winnipeg, and which had by this time become the headquarters of the mission in the Province. The journey was exceedingly tedious, most of it through a country comparatively unfamiliar, and destitute of the ordinary conveniences of travel, and the last fourteen days were spent in an open skiff, several Indian boatmen rowing the missionary to his destination

At Norway House,

as the settlement was called. Mr. Young settled down to hard and persistent work—evangelizing, teaching, and in every possible manner trying to Christianize the pagan Cree Indians, many of whom had their camps and hunting-grounds in the locality. Once more much blessing enriched and crowned the faithful, prayerful efforts which were made, and the adjacent forest was made vocal with praise to Christ. At times the weather is so cold at the north of the lake that "fat meat is the coveted food, and

children prefer tallow candles to candy and sugar." Mr. Young had fully his share of hardship and discomfort arising from the severe rigor of the climate; but his heart was aglow with love to the Saviour and sinners, and from time to time he extended the area of his operations, until eventually his "circuit" comprised a region 500 miles long and 350 miles wide, his journeys in summer being made in birch-bark canoes, and in winter in sledges drawn by dogs; his bed, while the thermometer was many degrees below zero, was very often a hole in the snow, where he slept or shivered with his faithful Indians and dogs around him. His home, when he was at home, was 400 miles from the nearest doctor or post-office. On leaving the Crees for his next field of service, there was a community of no fewer than 1,100 professed Christians at Norway House—more than 400 being communicants.

In 1873, in compliance with the request of the Methodist Conference, Mr. Young went as

Missionary to the Saulteaux,

a very dangerous tribe of Indians, whose wigwams were pitched on the northeast coast of Lake Winnipeg. This tribe was exceedingly superstitious, and though not absolutely destitute of all idea of the existence of a Great Spirit, were most ardent believers in the idle incantations of the "medicine men," and the legerdemain of the rapacious and insatiable "conjurers." Among this people Mr. Young found it was the invariable custom to put to death the aged and infirm, and all who were unfitted to earn their own living by joining in the chase or catching fish in the lake. One chief, a magnificent specimen of physical humanity, with whom the missionary had an early interview, positively gloried in having choked his own mother because she was no longer able to snare rabbits or catch fish. But though thus imbruted and depraved, and from time immemorial characterized by relentless selfishness and ferocity, Mr. Young found that the Saulteaux were

Willing to Receive the Gospel.

His success among them constitutes one of the miracles of modern missionary enterprise. Having gained their confidence, and made them understand that his only object in coming to them was their good, he set about improving their condition. Among other things, he taught them the art of agriculture. He had taken with him in his portmanteau some small potatoes; these he sowed, and year after year carefully husbanded the produce; until now, from those original potatoes, the Indians are annually raising thousands and thousands of bushels. Socially, religiously, and in every other way, their condition was immensely improved through the loving labor of Mr. Young amongst them.

The following incident will illustrate the sad state of the Indian before the gospel reaches him, and also show the reality of evangelical conversion when it takes place. As Mr. and Mrs. Young were coming down Lake Winnipeg to Manitoba, one summer, in an open rowboat manned by a few Indian oarsmen, they stopped one day to prepare their dinner on what is known as Sandy Bar. Presently a company of Indians, who lived on the mainland, came in their canoes to pay a visit to and have

A Talk With the Missionary.

Mrs. Young, at her husband's desire, commenced to converse on the things of God with an old man and his wife, who had come in one of the canoes. After an hour or so had passed away, and the Indians had again left, Mr. and Mrs. Young and the attendants gathered at the campfire, where dinner was prepared. Mr. Young then asked his wife: "Well, what do you think of my old Indian class leader, Benjamin?" "Think of him!" she replied, "I think he is one of the most glorious Christians with whom I have ever talked. He spoke most beautifully of Jesus as his loving and almighty Saviour, and has most clear and Scriptural views of salvation."

Mr. Young looked into the bright face of his wife, whose radiance was so confirmatory of her story, and smilingly said: "I am really delight-

ed to hear you say you have had such a pleasant and profitable talk with Benjamin, and that you have formed such a high opinion of him, for after years of acquaintance with him, this is just what I think of him; but, my dear, what do you think of this fact? He was once a cannibal, and Ate His First Wife!"

With a womanly shudder, Mrs. Young replied: "Oh, is it possible!" and then, after a pause, said: "I am so glad that I did not know that about him before I had that pleasant chat with him; for I am afraid I should have been thinking of his old sad life, and would not have so enjoyed the interview with him."

There was no doubt about the facts, for the dreadful story was told by the murderer himself. It appears that one autumn, as usual, he set out with his traps, accompanied by his wife, who trudged along with about three-fourths of the load for the distant hunting-ground. Hoping to be successful in capturing the fur-bearing animals, they went far into the depths of those virgin forests which extend for thousands of square miles beyond the fertile prairies. The snow fell to an unusual depth, and the animals they expected to kill for food were not so plentiful as usual. Seeing that the prospect for abundance of food was very uncertain, the man deliberately killed his wife, and put the dead body up on a staging outside of his wigwam, where, in the almost arctic cold, it was soon frozen quite solid. When, during the winter, he had poor success in the chase, he would take a piece of the human body and cook and eat it; and in this way, as he afterwards confessed, he eventually completely devoured it. Years after the occurrence he heard the missionary preach the glad tidings of salvation even for the vilest sinner. His heart was strongly affected, and, after a time of intense mental conflict and tribal persecution, he accepted Christ, and was completely transformed. He became a most gentle, self-denying, and exemplary Christian.

By the year 1877 other missionaries had entered the field opened up by the brave pioneering efforts of those who preceded them, and to this hour the triumphs of the cross of Christ have continued to multiply. At that time Mr. Young was desired by the Conference authorities to vacate his sphere of work and ever-growing prosperity, that he might visit the churches

As a Missionary Deputation,

for the purpose of giving them information, deepening their sympathy and interest in the enterprise, and securing their financial aid. Accordingly for the past ten or eleven years he has gone throughout the length and breadth of Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and many of the States of America, lecturing and preaching, and advocating the cause of missions among the Indians of the Great Lone Land. This year he has gone to Great Britain on the same errand, and, it may be hoped, with like success.

A Narrow Escape from Drowning

is one of Mr. Young's reminiscences of his work. (It is illustrated in panel No. 1 of the first page picture.) One night, or rather, about 3 o'clock one morning, when thus travelling on the ice of Lake Winnipeg, Mr. Young's Indian guide fell very lame, and he took his place for a time. He was running on ahead at a considerable speed, when, most unexpectedly, he was startled by seeing the reflection of the stars just before him on what he at first thought was the clear transparent ice, but instantaneously discovered it was water of unsounded depths, into which the party had so nearly fallen. Mr. Young shouted to his men and dogs, who were close at hand, to stop, and the whole party came to a stand on the very edge of the chasm. They were several miles from the shore at the time, but the Lord mercifully preserved His servant and those who accompanied him, and guided them into safety.

An Adventure With a Bear.

Where so many and such long journeys had to be undertaken in a frail canoe, it was physically impossible to carry any considerable quantity of food. The voyagers consequently depended

almost entirely on their guns to furnish them with supplies, as they travelled from one Indian camp or settlement to another. The country abounds with both large and small game of various kinds. Once, when going along the river Nelson, from Norway House in a birch-bark canoe guided by two trusty Indians, just as they were approaching an island, of which there is quite an archipelago in that splendid river, Mr. Young, much to his delight, for the supplies were running low, caught sight of some fine ducks disporting themselves on the left side of it, and said to his men, "Let us go for them!" At once they headed for the ducks, and paddled away vigorously. Just as they were nearly within gunshot, a heavy splash and a roar on the other side of the island diverted their attention. A huge fat bear, alarmed probably by the approach of the canoe, had sprung from among the short trees on the island into the water, and was swimming for the shore.

"Let Us Go for the Bear!"

said Mr. Young, and the next moment the canoe, obedient to the steering paddle, was heading in that direction. The bear swam bravely, but the light canoe skilfully propelled flashed through the water like a ray of light, and almost as noiselessly. When the animal was only a few yards distant, Mr. Young took aim at him (*see Illustration No. 2*), but the gun missed fire. The bear, conscious of pursuit, turned at that moment and made for the canoe. What a moment of suspense it was! But another cartridge was inserted, and just as the enraged animal was only eighteen inches away Mr. Young again fired, with fatal effect. The bear was killed instantly, and its carcase was dragged ashore, where its flesh was cooked for food and its skin dressed for a travelling-robe.

A Crippled Craft.

The missionary tells a story of grave peril from another cause. He was in his birch canoe with two Indians. No danger of any kind was apprehended, when suddenly, and just as they were entering the water whose current was somewhat accelerated by the near neighborhood of some falls, the paddle of the steersman snapped asunder, and all control over the frail craft was at an end. (*See Illustration No. 3*.) What was to be done? Dismay was manifest on the countenances of the Indians, and with a beating but still trusting heart the missionary looked to Heaven for aid in the emergency. Meanwhile, the stream runs fast, and the canoe is borne rushing onward on its foam-flecked bosom. Faster, faster, still they go. But help is most opportunely at hand. Just as the light canoe had reached the very brink of the heavy rapids, some Indians who had witnessed the danger of their beloved teacher dashed forward in their better-manned canoe, and seizing the apparently doomed vessel with a mighty grip, dragged it away out of the momentum of the hastening current, and did not let go of it again until they had piloted it into smooth water.

Through Thin Ice.

Mr. Young had another narrow escape on the ice of Lake Winnipeg (*which is illustrated on panel No. 4*). He started in his dog-sledge to visit a beloved dying teacher many miles down the lake. There were two trains of dogs, the missionary being in charge of one, and his Christian Indian attendant taking control of the other. To avoid skirting the numerous inland bays, as time was pressing the sledges were driven almost in straight lines from one headland to another. Presently, when a long distance from the shore, the ice was so thin that the sledge actually cut through it, as the dogs, which are very light, dashed onward upon the surface without making any impression on it. The missionary knew the ice was thicker farther on, and standing on the board at the rear of the sledge up to his knees in water, tilted the sledge to the angle of safety, and continued so until the sledge touched solid ice. The dying teacher was reached at last, and his farewell hours on earth were greatly cheered and brightened by the tender ministries of Christian love.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"Hallelujah Joe."—An Evangelist Sneaking at a mission said: "I remember hearing a man testifying how Christ had saved his soul. He had been a confirmed drunkard and a most inveterate swearer. He had been in the army, and was marked all over with wounds and bruises and scars which he had received through his own and companions' carelessness when intoxicated. Even after his conversion he was afraid to testify lest in the middle of his testimony he should let drop an oath, so habituated had he become to the use of foul language. And that man can now bear confident and grateful witness to the fact that God saved him, took him from the depths of degradation, took away from him the terrible longing for strong drink, which formerly drove him before it as by a whirlwind of desire, and now enables him to live a quiet, consistent Christian life. He is now called 'Hallelujah Joe,' because he is constantly praising God, who has done so much for him."

Jenny's Rap at the Door.—A Christian worker relates: "I was visiting a poor woman who lay ill on what proved to be her death-bed. She had two little girls, one of whom was away on an errand when I called, and the other sat by the bedside, ready to tend her mother, and do anything to alleviate her pain. I read from the Bible, and spoke to her, trying to comfort and prepare her for that journey which she must soon take; and then the girl and I knelt in prayer, and while we were thus engaged, the other daughter came to the door and knocked. Neither of us rose to answer, and soon there came another and more impatient rap. But we still continued in prayer. After a pause there came a third series of knocks, and this was kept up incessantly, until I was obliged to close my prayer hurriedly, and hasten to the door and admit the child. As I was leaving, I said to the little ones, 'Now, girls, there is a great lesson to you in the way Jenny knocked at the door. She kept knocking and knocking until it was opened. Now, just you do the same in prayer; keep praying to God, and He will most assuredly answer you with an abundant blessing.'"

The Boy with the Milk.—Mr. Richie remarks: "I was passing along a country road one very sultry day, and noticing a number of laboring men and women at work in a large field, I leaned over the hedge and watched them. It was extremely warm, and many of the men were much fatigued, and longing for a drink, yet none ceased their labors to satisfy their thirst. But it was noon, and from a distant corner of the field a boy appeared carrying two cans of milk. He placed them on the ground and shouted, 'Hallo!' Almost instantly every implement was thrown aside, and the men all trooped toward him, and soon he was busy dealing out bowls of refreshing milk to the thirsty toilers, who afterward resumed their work. And as I turned away I thought, What a picture that is of this world! God comes into the midst of men and calls out, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' But, unhappily, thirsty men and women do not flock to Him with the same alacrity as the field-laborers to the boy, though He would give them refreshing drink, and after having drunk which, they would never thirst."

A Penitent Sceptic's Confession.—A Friend of mine in London was visiting a sceptical acquaintance, and as they sat talking the visitor took up a book entitled 'Relying on Jesus.' As he turned over the leaves he remarked, 'That is just my position.' His host looked at him in surprise, and seemed to say, 'I am astonished to think that a man of your calibre should believe that!' 'Do you believe in Jesus?' he asked, recovering from his feigned amazement. 'Yes, I do,' was the reply. 'Some time ago I had an aching void in my heart; I tried everything to satisfy it—pleasure, reading, science, and everything I could think of, but

nothing could give me satisfaction until I came to Christ, and now that I have Him I am quite contented. That is a fact.' Then the poor infidel, who but a few minutes before had been boasting of his unbelief gave vent to the true feelings of his heart, and exclaimed, 'For years I have yearned to be satisfied. Will you tell me all about it?' His guest suggested they should kneel, and there on his knees he prayed that Christ might manifest Himself to this anxious one, and soon his friend was able to join in a prayer for himself. Nor did they rest until they could thank God that He had lifted that halting one clear over all the doubts and difficulties that had seemed to beset his way. There is none but Christ can satisfy, and none other can do a helpless sinner good."

An Officer's Cruel Pity.—An Evangelist said: "I heard lately the affecting story of an officer in the army. He had married a very beautiful wife, and God had blessed their union with an only child, of whom both were intensely fond; but the child fell ill, and soon it became evident it would die. It did so. Shortly after the little one's death the mother fell very ill, partly through grief from her painful and irreparable bereavement. Gradually she sank, until at length the Christian doctor gently informed her husband that there was no hope of her recovery, and suggested that he should speak to her about her soul; but the husband would not. Again and again the doctor renewed his appeal, but the husband still refused to speak to his wife of spiritual things, or even tell her that soon she must die. He moreover strictly forbade the doctor doing so. The poor woman herself said, one day, as she held her husband by the hand, 'Oh, John! tell me, tell me the truth; am I dying?' But the husband, from a false and most cruel pity, replied, 'Oh, no! there is very little danger. You will soon be up and about again.' But the end came before she realized how near she was to eternity. She passed away with her sins unforgiven, for she knew not the Saviour. Oh, friends! it is a false delicacy that refuses to warn a fellow-creature who is walking at the edge of the precipice of time, over which they may at any moment topple into eternity."

Mary the Field-Worker's Surprise.—Mr. Love says: "When I resided in one of the most beautiful districts near Glasgow, I was in the habit of speaking to the field-workers, many of whom were Roman Catholics, about their souls. I never ridiculed their religion, and they generally listened to me with great attention. There was one worker—a tall, handsome woman—to whom I spoke repeatedly, and when I would say, 'O Mary, if you but knew my Saviour,' she would reply, 'O laird, laird, it is easy for you to speak, but if you had as many troubles as I, or as bad a wife as I have a husband, it would be quite different.' 'No, I do not think that, Mary; I rather think that troubles would only make me creep closer to Him,' I responded. The other day, as I was walking along the Rutherglen Road, I saw a figure with whom I thought I should be familiar, and as it approached I recognized Mary, the Roman Catholic field-worker. As she came near to me she put out both her hands and exclaimed, 'O Mr. Love, I am so glad to see you! I scarcely thought you would have lived through all your recent misfortune and business losses. If it did not kill you, I was sure you would commit suicide.' 'Far from that, Mary; now I can honestly say I have more joy than ever I had in all my life. Burnside, where I resided for years, was taken from me, but Burnside was not the source of my joy; Jesus Christ is my sure support and the spring of my gladness,' I answered. Mary looked surprised, and replied, 'Oh, what a Saviour you must find Jesus to be!'"

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H.

Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

WRONG USES OF MONEY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 10, 1889.

"They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." 1 Tim. 6:9.

I. Its Use in Elections—Twenty Millions Spent in Bribery—A Monster Sin—Illustrious Victims—Why Women are Insulted—The Evil in the Nursery—The Bribe an Everlasting Possession—II. In Abuse of Trust Funds—Imprudent Executors—Widows and Orphans the Victims—Cities Defrauded—Frauds in New York—Immunity for Large Offences—Temptations to be Avoided—Mistakes of Parents—An Abbot's Crop of Acorns—A Defective Quarter given to Governor Grimes—The Duke of Wellington's Distresses—Dr. Livingstone's Ancestor—A Railroad Disaster Averted by a Girl

THAT is the Niagara Falls over which rush a multitude of souls, namely the determination to have money anyhow, right or wrong. Tell me how a man gets his money and what he does with it, and I will tell you his character, and what will be his destiny in this world and the next. I propose to speak this morning about the ruinous modes of getting money.

We recently passed through a national election, in which it has been estimated that thirty million dollars were expended. I think about twenty million of it were spent in out and out bribery. Both parties raised all they could for this purpose. But that was only on a large scale what has been done on a smaller scale for fifty years and in all departments.

Politics from being the science of good government has often been bedraggled into the synonym for truculency and turpitude.

A Monster Sin,

plausible, potent, pestiferous, has gone forth to do its dreadful work in all ages. Its two hands are rotten with leprosy. It keeps its right hand hidden in a deep pocket. The left hand is clenched, and with its ichorous knuckle it taps at the door of the court-room, the legislative hall, the congress, and the parliament. The door swings open and the monster enters, and glides through the aisle of the council chamber as softly as a slipped page, and then it takes its right hand from its deep pocket and offers it in salutation to judge or legislator. If that hand be taken, and the palm of the intruder cross the palm of the official, the leprosy crosses from palm to palm in a round blotch, round as a gold eagle, and the virus spreads, and the doom is fixed, and the victim perishes. Let bribery, accursed of God and man, stand up for trial.

The Bible arraigns it again and again. Samuel says of his two sons, who became judges, "They took bribes and perverted judgment." David says of some of his pursuers, "Their right hand is full of bribes." Amos says of some men in his day, "They take a bribe, and turn aside the poor in the gate." Eliphaz foretells the crushing blows of God's indignation, declaring, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." It is no light temptation.

The Mightiest Have Fallen

under it. Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, founder of our modern philosophy, author of "Novum Organum," and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precocious that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Jonson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end;" having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—thirty-six thousand dollars a year, and Twickenham court a gift, and princely estates in Hertfordshire and Gorbury—yet under this temptation to bribery, falling flat into ruin, and on his confession of taking bribes, giving as excuse that all his predecessors took them; he was fined two hundred thousand dollars—or what corresponds with our two hundred thousand dollars—and imprisoned in London

Tower. So also Lord Chancellor Macclesfield fell; so also Lord Waterbury perished.

The black chapter in English, Irish, French, and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific Mail subsidies. Most of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the Highlands for \$31,575. For this sin Gorgey betrayed Hungary, Abithophel forsook David, and Judas kissed Christ. When I see so many of the illustrious going down under this temptation, it makes me think of the red dragon spoken of in Revelation, with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns, drawing a third part of the stars of heaven down after him. The lobbies of the legislatures of this country control the country.

The Land is Drunk with Bribery!

"Oh," says some one, "there's no need of talking against bribery by promise or by dollars, because every man has his price." I do not believe it. Even heathenism and the Dark Ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility. A cadi of Smyrna had a case brought before him on trial. A man gave him five hundred ducats in bribery. The case came on. The briber had many witnesses. The poor man on the other side had no witnesses. At the close of the case the cadi said: "This poor man has no witnesses, he thinks; I shall produce in his behalf five hundred witnesses against the other side." And then pulling out the bag of ducats from under the ottoman, he dashed it down at the feet of the briber, saying, "I give my decision against you." Epaminondas, offered a bribe, said: "I will do this thing if it be right, and if it be wrong all your goods cannot persuade me."

The president of the American Congress during the American Revolution, General Reed, was offered ten thousand guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray this country. He replied: "Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your king he is not rich enough to buy me." But why go so far, when you and I, if we move in honorable society, know men and women who by all the force of earth and hell

Could Not be Bribed.

They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to exchange heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villainy, but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered.

I have not much faith in those people who go about bragging how much they could get if they would only sell out. Those women who complain that they are very often insulted, need to understand that there is something in their carriage to invite insult. There are men at Albany, and at Harrisburg, and at Washington, who would no more be approached by a bribe than a pirate boat with a few cutlasses would dare to attack a British man-of-war with two banks of guns on each side loaded to the touch-hole. They are incorruptible men, and they are the few men who are to save the city and save the land. Meanwhile, my advice is

Keep Out of Politics

unless you are invulnerable to this style of temptation. Indeed, if you are naturally strong, you need religious buttressing. Nothing but the grace of God can sustain our public men, and make them what we wish. I wish that there might come an old-fashioned revival of religion, that it might break out in Congress, and in the legislatures, and bring many of the leading Republicans and Democrats, down on the anxious seat of repentance. That day will come, or something better, for the Bible declares that kings and queens shall become nursing fathers and mothers to the Church, and if the greater in authority, then certainly the less.

My charge also to parents is, remember that this evil of bribery often begins in the home circle, and in the nursery. Do not bribe your children. Teach them to do that which is right, and not because of the ten cents or the orange you will give them. There is a great difference between rewarding virtue, and making the prof-

its thereof the impelling motive. That man who is honest merely because "honesty is the best policy," is already a moral bankrupt.

My charge is to you, in all departments of life, steer clear of bribery, all of you. Every man and woman at some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money. It may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transaction of private life, and of public life, will come up for public reprehension. We

Cannot Bribe Death,

we cannot bribe sickness, we cannot bribe the grave, we cannot bribe the judgments of that God who thunders against this sin. "Fie!" said Cardinal Beaufort, "fie! can't death be hired? is money nothing? must I die, and so rich? if the owing of the whole realm would save me, I could get it by policy or by purchase—by money." No, death would not be hired then; he will not be hired now. Men of the world often regret that they have to leave their money here when they go away from the world. You can tell from what they say in their last hours that one of their chief sorrows is that they have to leave their money. I break that delusion. I tell that bribe-taker that he will take his money with him. God will wrap it up in your shroud, or put it in the palm of your hand in resurrection, and there it will lie, not the cool, bright, shining gold as it was on the day when you sold your vote and your moral principle, but there it will lie, a hot metal, burning and consuming your hand forever. Or, if there be enough of it for a chain, then it will fall from the wrist, clanking the fetters of an eternal captivity. The bribe is

An Everlasting Possession.

You take it for time, you take it for eternity. Some day in the next world, when you are longing for sympathy, you will feel on your cheek a kiss. Looking up you will find it to be Judas, who took thirty pieces of silver as a bribe, and finished the bargain by putting an infamous kiss on the pure cheek of his divine Master.

Another wrong use of money is seen in the abuse of trust funds. Every man during the course of his life, on a larger or smaller scale, has the property of others committed to his keeping. He is, so far, a safety deposit, he is an administrator, and holds in his hand the interest of the family of a deceased friend. Or he is an attorney, and through his custody goes the payment from debtor to creditor, or he is the collector for a business house, which compensates him for the responsibility; or he is treasurer for a charitable institution, and he holds alms contributed for the suffering; or he is an official of the city or the state or the nation, and taxes and subsidies and salaries and supplies are in his keeping. It is as solemn a trust as God can make it. It is concentrated and

Multiplied Confidences.

On that man depends the support of a bereft household, or the morals of dependents, or the right movement of a thousand wheels of social mechanism. A man may do what he will with his own, but he who abuses trust funds, in that one act commits theft, falsehood, perjury, and becomes, in all the intensity of the word, a miscreant. How many widows and orphans there are with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or held up out of the vortex of destruction simply by the thread of a needle, red with their own heart's blood, who a little while ago had, by father and husband, left them a competency. What is the matter? The administrators or the executors have sacrificed it—running risks with it that they would not have dared to encounter in their own private affairs. How often it is that a man will earn a livelihood by the sweat of his brow, and then die, and within a few months all the estate goes into the stock-gambling rapids of Wall Street. How often it is that you have known the man to whom trust funds were committed taking them out of the savings bank and from trust companies and administrators, turning old

homesteads into hard cash, and then putting the entire estate into the vortex of speculation. Embezzlement is an easy word to pronounce, but it has ten thousand ramifications. There is

Not a City that has not Suffered.

from the abuse of trust funds. Where is the court-house, or the city hall, or the jail, or the post-office, or the hospital, that in the building of it has not had a political job? Long before the new court-house in New York City was completed, it cost over \$12,000,000. Five millions six hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars for furniture! For plastering and repairs, \$2,370,000. For plumbing and gas works, \$1,231,817. For awnings, \$23,553. The bills for three months coming to the nice little sum of \$13,151,198.39. There was not an honest brick, or stone, or lath, or nail, or foot of plumbing, or inch of plastering, or ink-stand, or door-knob in the whole establishment.

That bad example was followed in many of the cities, which did not steal quite so much because there was not so much to steal. There ought to be a closer inspection, and there ought to be less opportunity for embezzlement. Lest a man shall take a five-cent piece that does not belong to him, the conductor on the city horse-car must sound his bell at every payment; and we are very cautious about small offences, but give plenty of opportunity for sinners on a large scale to escape. For a boy who steals a loaf of bread from a corner grocer, to keep his mother from starving to death, a prison; but for defrauders who abscond with half a million of dollars, a castle on the Rhine, or, waiting until the offence is forgotten, castle on the Hudson!

Another remark needs to be made, and that is that people ought not to go into places, into business, or into positions

Where the Temptation is Mightier

than their character. If there be large sums of money to be handled, and the man is not sure of his own integrity, you have no right to run an unseaworthy craft in a euroclydon. A man can tell by the sense of weakness or strength in the presence of a bad opportunity whether he is in a safe place. How many parents make an awful mistake when they put their boys in banking houses and stores and shops and factories and places of solemn trusts, without once discussing whether they can endure the temptation. You give the boy plenty of money, and have no account of it, and make the way down become very easy, and you may put upon him a pressure that he cannot stand. There are men who go into positions full of temptation, considering only that they are lucrative positions.

An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground, and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns,

A Crop of Two Hundred Years!

And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for two hundred years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I stand this morning before many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted, but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be careful; be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate, or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put it into investment, and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces, and the Church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can, and

it is all lost, you are not to blame; you did the best you could; but do not come into the delusion which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession, therefore it is theirs. You have

A Solemn Trust

that God has given you. In this vast assemblage there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or, if you have so hopelessly involved them that you cannot put them back, confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged, and you will sleep better nights, and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be if, after you are dead, your administrator should find out from the account-books, or from the lack of vouchers, that you were not only bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul.

A Blustering Young Man

arrived at a hotel in the west, and he saw a man on the sidewalk, and in a rough way, as no man has a right to address a laborer, said to him, "Carry this trunk up-stairs." The man carried the trunk up-stairs and came down, and then the young man gave him a quarter of a dollar which was plugged, and instead of being twenty-five cents it was worth only twenty cents. Then the young man gave his card to the laborer and said, "You take this up to Governor Grimes; I want to see him." "Ah," said the laborer, "I am Governor Grimes." "Oh," said the young man, "you—I—excuse me." Then the governor said: "I was much impressed by the letter you wrote me asking for a certain office in my gift, and I had made up my mind you should have it; but a young man who will cheat a laborer out of five cents would swindle the Government of the State if he got his hands on it. I don't want you. Good morning, sir."

I do not suppose there ever was a better specimen of honesty than was found in the Duke of Wellington. He marched with his army over the French frontier, and the army was suffering, and he hardly knew how to get along. Plenty of plunder all about, but he commanded none of the plunder to be taken. He writes home these remarkable words: "We are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on account of public creditors, waiting to demand what is due to them." Yet at that very time the French peasantry were bringing their valuables to him to keep. A celebrated writer says of the transaction: "Nothing can be grander or more nobly original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years' service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy's country at the head of an immense army, is afraid of his creditors! This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and invaders, and I doubt if the annals of war present anything comparable to its sublime simplicity."

Oh! is it not high time that we preached

The Morals of the Gospel

right beside the faith of the gospel? Mr. Froude, the celebrated English historian, has written of his own country these remarkable words: "From the great house in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. And yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference. Many hundreds of sermons have I heard in England, on the divine mission of the clergy, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but, during all these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty."

Now, that may be an exaggerated statement of things in England, but I am very certain that in all parts of the earth we need to preach the moralities of the Gospel right along beside the faith of the Gospel.

My hearer! What are you doing with that fraudulent document in your pocket? My other hearer! How are you getting along with that wicked scheme you have now on foot? Is that a "pool ticket" you have in your pocket? Why, O young man, were you last night practicing in copying your employer's signature?

Where Were You Last Night?

Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? You had a Christian ancestry, perhaps, and you have had too many prayers spent on you to go overboard. Dr. Livingstone, the famous explorer, was descended from the Highlanders, and he said that one of his ancestors, one of the Highlanders, one day called his family around him. The Highlander was dying; he had his children around his death-bed. He said: "Now, my lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for doing wrong. My lads, be honest."

Ah, my friends, be honest before God, be honest before your fellow-men, be honest before your soul. If there be those here who have wandered away, come back, come home, come now, one and all, not one exception in all the assemblage, come into the kingdom of God. Come back on the right track. The door of mercy is open, and the infinite heart of God is full of compassion. Come home! Come home! Oh, I would be well satisfied if I could save some young man this morning, some young man that has been astray, and would like to get back.

A Girl Heroine.

I am glad some one has set to music that scene in August of 1881, when a young girl saved from death a whole rail train of passengers. Some of you remember that out West in that year on a stormy night, a hurricane blew down part of a railroad bridge. A freight train came along and it crashed into the ruin, and the engineer and conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin, near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express train was due. She lighted a lantern, and clambered up on the one beam of the wrecked bridge on to the main bridge, which was trestle work, and started to cross amid the thunder and the lightning of the tempest, and the raging of the torrent beneath. One misstep and it would have been death. Amid all that horror the lantern went out.

Crawling sometimes, and sometimes walking over the slippery rails, and over the trestle work, she came to the other side of the river. She wanted to get to the telegraph station, where the express train did not stop, so that the danger might be telegraphed to the station where the train did stop. The train was due in five minutes. She was one mile off from the telegraph station, but fortunately the train was late. With cut and bruised feet she flew like the wind. Coming up to the telegraph station, panting with almost deathly exhaustion, she had only strength to shout, "The bridge is down," when she dropped unconscious, and could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent from that station to the next station, and the train halted, and that night, that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers, and saved many homes from desolation.

But every street is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every day is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes under the power of temptation come sweeping on, and sweeping down toward perils raging and terrific. God help us to go out and stop the train! Let us throw some signal. Let us give some warning. By the throne of God let us flash some influence to stop the downward progress. Beware! Beware! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep, and the lightnings of God set all the night of sin on fire with this warning: "He, that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

PERSECUTION OF A CONVERT.

WHAT it costs to become a Christian in Turkey may be inferred from an incident reported to the *Missionary Herald* by Dr. Parmelee, who thus writes from Trebizonde: A short time ago, the youngest of three brothers belonging to a wealthy Greek family of this town began attendance on our chapel services and identified himself with the Protestant community. It seems that he had been reading the Testament for eight years, but had never before ventured to approach the Protestants. If men in the humble walks of life are violently persecuted, how much more one of the rank of this man! As the youngest brother, whose affairs are subject to the direction of his oldest brother, after the manner of this country, he is of comparatively slight influence; and as the honor of the family was involved, the older brothers sharply resented the affront to their name. They have induced his wife to discard him, and for some two weeks he has been refused entrance to his own house. He was once assaulted when on his way home from an evening service. The excitement has become so general that for two or three Sabbaths great throngs have gathered about our chapel door, waiting for this man, Stephanos, to come out. Until last Sabbath there seemed no special necessity to call in the police, but last Sunday two policemen were sent by the government, and had their hands full to maintain order, as a crowd of five hundred or more was surging to and fro in front of our chapel during the afternoon service. As Stephanos is a Russian subject, it was hoped that the Russian consul would send his *cavass* to assist in maintaining order and to protect his own subject, but it became evident that he, as a member of the Greek Church, was in hearty sympathy with the persecutors, and even rejoiced at the indignities heaped on poor Stephanos, and was ready to send him into exile. It has seemed best for Stephanos to retire from the popular gaze for a season, until the excitement somewhat subsides. He seemed brave and cheerful, as he started yesterday, putting his trust in the Master, and ready for the worst if called to meet it for His name.

AN INVITATION FROM A PRIEST.

THE waning popularity of Buddhism in Midzumo, a village in Japan, about twelve miles from Nagoya, has had a remarkable result. The Rev. H. Loomis, writing from Yokohama to the *Church* thus tells the story: It is the history of Buddhism in Japan, as in other countries, that it has adopted and attempted to combine into one all the various systems of worship with which it has come in contact; and so the priest thought that it could be done in the case of Christianity as well as any other creed. Some persons think that his principal object was in this way to increase his own popularity, and also his income. So he invited Rev. Mr. Yamamoto, of Nagoya, to come and tell his parishioners about this new method of securing happiness both in this life and in that to come.

Mr. Yamamoto accepted the invitation, and the temple was thus opened for Christian preaching. The result was such a complete change in the minds and hearts of his hearers that they lost all confidence in their old religion, and they eagerly and sincerely accepted the new. In a short time the priest found himself deserted, and no one seemed to care any more for the Buddhist services; so he went to Nagoya, and the temple is now used for the village school.

In the meantime the number of believers increased, and the good work extended to other and neighboring places. A church has been formed, consisting of about forty members, and a suitable house of worship was recently completed. Three weeks ago last Sabbath I had the great pleasure of being at that place, and uniting with the people in their regular worship. Arriving at the church, we found that just before the service there was a Bible-class, at which nearly the same number was present as were

gathered for the preaching. Nearly every person had a copy of the reference New Testament, and their close and serious attention showed that they loved and prized the Word of God. There was no doubt whatever, but that these people had been taught of the Holy Spirit, and had tasted of the sweetness of the blessed hope which is the happy privilege of the true believer.

A BOY'S START IN BUSINESS.

THE following incident in the life of a gentleman, now the President of a bank in New York, is related by Mr. Lanphier, the founder of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting: "A minister died and left two children, a boy and a girl. The widow had only a small pittance to live upon. She was often in great fear that her children would not have bread. When her son reached the age of ten years, he refused longer to be a burden to his mother. The lad resolved to try his fortune in the great centre of trade. He had a distant relative in New York, who offered the boy a home until he could get employment. The lad kissed his mother good-bye, and started out on foot to make, as he said, a man of himself. It was no easy thing to find a position. Bad business was easy to be had. Doors stood wide open where bad men congregated, and the boy had many chances to work in bar-rooms, and wait and tend where liquor was sold. The banks were all full; the insurance companies did not need any one, and to the often repeated question, 'Do you want a boy, sir?' the dry-goods men shook their heads and said, 'No; we have all the help we need.' But Charlie was not discouraged.

"One day he crossed the threshold of a well-known business man. He found the merchant reading the morning paper, and said to him, 'Do you want a boy, sir?' The gentleman looked at him and said, 'What can you do?' 'I will do anything that will give me an honest living.' 'Well, take these boots down-stairs and black them.' Charlie was at home blacking boots; he had been trained to it. His father used to say that blacking ministers' boots was washing disciples' feet. The boy soon returned. The handsome polish on the boots attracted attention, and the merchant said, 'Why, my boy, you have done those very well.' 'Mother told me always to do well whatever I did.' 'Come here to-morrow morning and I will try you, my lad.' He became a success; stood high as a merchant; and he is now a bank-president."

A MISSIONARY'S HEALING.

DURING a recent long missionary journey in Morocco, the Rev. E. F. Baldwin had a remarkable experience of Divine healing. He has been doing his work in strict observance of our Lord's instructions (Matt. 10, Mark 6, &c.), and when he was overcome by sickness he concluded that the plan which had worked so well as to the supply of his physical needs, might wisely be extended to the diseases of the body. He says: After leaving Morocco city, and journeying west towards home, we had to ford many icy streams from the Atlas snows. Yet never once did we take cold. We both had perfect health the entire trip, after getting under way, though Satan made a determined onslaught to turn us back through a stubborn sick headache with which I started, and which hung on for two days. But the Lord healed me of that in answer to prayer, as also He did the night before we left Mazagan, of a troublesome hard swelling in the throat, which I had long had, and which would not yield to remedies. That night I asked the Lord to remove it as an earnest of His approval of our journey. In the morning there was no trace of it. It never returned. Neither did the headache after it was healed, notwithstanding fasting, exposure, sleeplessness, and the excitement of our oft-recurring perils. I mention this to the praise of God's grace. I also confidently expect that those who go out thus, taking God at His word, will find that He will give them "boldness, by

stretching forth His hand to heal." (Acts 4: 29-30.) "Heal the sick," is part of the marching orders of Matt. 10, and, according to Mark 16, part of the heritage of those who "believe." It only awaits faith and obedience.

In crossing a swift stream I lost one of my native shoes. So the latter half of the journey was slowly and rather painfully made, for everywhere the road was strewn with stones. However, the circumstance wrought patience, and showed us that the Lord would not have us push on rapidly, but pause and preach in every possible place. These few trials I mention were the richest part of our experience.

A SWEDISH STEWARD'S STORY.

AT the business-men's prayer-meeting in the old John Street church, New York, a few days ago a seaman named George Wilson, a native of Sweden, told a remarkable story. He said that some years ago he was converted in that very church, and from that time on he had been earnestly seeking to lead a consistent Christian life. About two years ago he shipped as steward on board a steamer bound for Cuba. Captain Munsen, who commanded her, was unknown to him, but before many days had elapsed he discovered that he was one of the most cruel, despotic captains afloat. His temper was ungovernable, his conduct brutal, and his language so profane and blasphemous, that it made even ungodly men shudder. Like most men of his stamp, he had an abomination of professors of religion. He made no complaint of Wilson's service. The steward was all that could be desired, for knowing that his faithful discharge of his duties was one means of glorifying his Master before ungodly men, he took extra pains to do his work well. But that did not secure him immunity from the captain's displeasure, no save him from suffering.

One day the captain overheard him praying in his room. He immediately called him, and sternly ordered him to "drop all that." He would have no praying on board his ship. The steward was silent. Would he promise to obey? the captain asked, fiercely. Then Wilson had to speak. As respectfully as he could, but firmly he told the captain that he must pray. He would sooner die than live without prayer. At the ferocity in the man's nature was aroused by the reply. With an outburst of awful profanity he fell upon the steward and beat him unmercifully. It was of no use, Wilson would not promise, and the captain feeling himself defied, struck him several murderous blows, which left him unconscious and disabled for service. At first the crew thought he was dead, but he revived, and when Cuba was reached he was carried to the hospital. He lay a long time, hovering between life and death, but eventually recovered. His ship had sailed on her voyage home, and Wilson, weak from his long illness, was without money in a strange land. In his extremity he applied to the United States Consul, who had compassion on him, and sent him back to New York.

Wilson soon found employment on another ship, and continued his Christian life, speaking for Christ whenever he had opportunity, afloat or ashore. A short time ago, he was at a point in Nova Scotia, and while waiting for his ship to sail, he heard that a seaman lay sick and friendless in a wretched place in the city. Recollection of his own experience in Cuba, and a hope that he might do a service for Christ prompted him to visit the man. As he entered the room, what was his amazement to recognize in the sufferer no other than the Captain Munsen who had nearly murdered him. The recognition was mutual, and the captain started up in terror. At first he supposed it was the ghost of the man whom he had done his utmost to kill. Then when he found that his visitor was really flesh and blood he supposed that he had come to have him rested. He appealed piteously for mercy. "I am dying," he said; "do not prosecute me now. Have pity on a poor dying man!" Wilson

speedily reassured him, and told him why he had come. The captain was astonished. That a man whom he had so seriously injured should show so much magnanimity was inexplicable to him. Wilson read the Bible to him, prayed with him, and left a little money to relieve his most pressing wants. When he went to see him again, he found that his kindness had completely broken down the captain's heart. He was humble, child-like, and subdued. Wilson continued to visit him while in port, and was enabled to lead him to Christ. Since that time he has been mercifully restored to health, and in a letter to Wilson, said that he is now a member of a Methodist church.

PALIGGENESIA.*

By Rev. A. C. Tris.

The Mountain Traveller's Experience—Intervening Objects Overlooked—A Rule in the Scriptures—The First and Second Advent Spoken of Together—Erroneous Ideas of the Resurrection—The True Source of Light—The Redeemed Body Waiting—I. The Three Days Before Christ's Resurrection—An Intimation of the Believer's Condition—II. Light from the Apocalypse—III. Paul's Expectation—IV. The Lord's Promise—V. The Fullness of Times—The Christian Warrior at Home—The Restitution.

WHEN the weary traveller reaches the top of Mont Blanc, he sees as a unit, lying at his feet, the shores and the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea, and the beautiful landscapes of France and Italy. It seems as if he takes in the utmost limits at once, and is passing by unnoticed, smaller objects between those outstretched boundaries; and it is a similar experience that we have in the diverse subjects treated of in the Word of God.

It is a Unit.

There is a line drawn where the beginning is closely connected with the end. Events which should happen between those two periods are scarcely mentioned, and this a close observer of the Holy Writ will find to be a common rule. God overlooking the ages, stands, as it were, on the holy mount of His foreordained plan and purpose, and speaks of everything as an accomplished fact, without mentioning every particular link in that chain. The fall of man and his restoration are found in Gen. 3: 16, in a few words; and yet ages have elapsed, and will elapse before the fulfilment shall be accomplished.

The Abrahamic and Davidic Covenants manifest the same character, and so are the different dispensations which are mentioned by the prophets of old—yea, we find that same peculiar unit about the first and the second coming of our Lord. Often in one verse we read of both, and we can see the utmost boundaries spread before us at once. (Isa. 9: 6, 7; Isa. 11: 4-9; Isa. 54: 8; Ezek. 39: 26, 29; Matt. 3: 12; Matt. 18: 19, 20; Acts. 4: 27, 28.)

We find that same view everywhere in Scripture, in regard to the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and of the glory which shall be revealed; the intermediate state or the departure of the souls of the believers, although explicitly declared in the Old and New Testaments, is far from being as lucid as the glorious doctrine of the *Paliggenesia*, the glorious return of our Lord Jesus Christ to the renewed earth, and the resurrection of the dead—and the reason why it is so—we answer: Man, being a unit in body, soul, and spirit, must be reunited in body and spirit, and consequently the resurrection of the body, and the union of the whole man must be the subject of our future hope and joy on the renewed earth at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ as the Second Adam.

Erroneous Ideas.

The old Egyptians had their pyramids and their graves—the Patriarchs their Machpelahs—the Kings of Israel their sepulchres—and the prophets their last resting places. The idea of

*Plut. 2: 298, C. Luc. Musc. Enc. 7—also used by Josephus to express the restoration of one to his native country, after the exile to Babylon. It is also used of the renewal of the earth after the Deluge, and of the restoration of Job to his former prosperity. (Bretchneider's Lex.)

the Resurrection, and coming again to life, although only dim in the minds of ancient nations, was bright in the hearts of the true Israelites of old, and brighter still in the hearts of the first Christian believers. (Heb. 11: 35) "That they might obtain a better resurrection," or *Paliggenesia*.

With the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and the doctrine of purgatory, erroneous ideas about the state of the departed spirits or souls became prevalent. Mahomet and his Koran made new additions to the vulgar but unscriptural ideas and views of the condition and state of the departed ones (the intermediate state of the believers); the resurrection of the body was left in the background, or was virtually denied.

We do not desire to make a hasty statement yet taking a brief survey in regard to the common and prevalent ideas of the nations on this subject, we must come to the conclusion: That a multitudinous host of Christian professors have unscriptural ideas about the future state of the "departed ones," and that they *confound the day of death with the coming of Christ*, and also with the *Judgment Day*, both ideas unwarranted in the Word of the Most High. Others maintain the ideas advanced by Swedenborg, and yet others are in a complexed state of mind, maintaining that the souls of the departed are in an *unconscious, sleeping state* of being until the day of the Resurrection; or, that the *soul dies* with the body instantaneously, and shall be resurrected unto life at that day.

The Departed Ones.

The ever active condition and nature of the soul after death must be very delightful, or must be terrible, according to the final issue. Memory never dies; the past, and the past life, and how it was spent, must surely be brought to our recollection, and the faculties of the soul being bright and undisturbed, must give a keen edge to the souls of the departed ones. (Gal. 6: 7, 8.) "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." The soul living in God (Luke 20: 38), being in a spiritual state and atmosphere, must be free from all materialism, and will enjoy a *delight* in God and Christ in the *Triune God, which is above our present comprehension*. It is called, "A rest from labors" (Rev. 14: 13); "A sleep in Jesus" (1 Thess. 4: 14); "An entering into peace" (Isa. 57: 2); and truly, that intermediate state, free from all trouble and misery, must be an ever delightful state of joy spiritual joy in full, of which the soul before death only has *tasted a few drops*, as the *first fruits* of the grapes of the heavenly valley of Eshcol. (Rom. 8: 17, 18.)

The Redeemed Body.

Yet, although the souls of the departed believers in Christ enjoy an incomprehensible state of light and glory, their spiritual state of happiness is not entirely perfect as a unit; only one part of their being is in an exalted condition, the other part called the body is not, it is sleeping in the dust, and yet that body "is bought with a price." (1 Cor. 6: 20.) In that body the Holy Spirit dwelt, and "is called a temple of the living God." (2 Cor. 6: 16.) It is consecrated, and *rests in hope* (Ps. 16: 9), for its exaltation, and *for that day*, that the whole man shall be redeemed (Rom. 8: 23), waiting for the "*Paliggenesia*," the renewed earth; and to prove this glorious doctrine, we adduce the following facts and arguments, drawn from the fountain—the word of God.

I. It is an undeniable fact that the interregnum of the three days, which happened, when our blessed Lord rested in His grave, and which are called, "Paradise" for the soul (Luke 23: 43), or "Sheol" (Hos. 13: 14), and "Hades" (1 Cor. 15: 55), "the unseen state" that they *are belonging to the state of Christ's humiliation*, and are expressed in the *Creed* in these words, "*He descended into hell*." Christ's exaltation commenced at the morning of His Resurrection, the foundation and centre of Christianity (1

Cor. 15: 14), *is not death, but life*; Jesus Christ our Lord was declared to be the Son of God by the resurrection from the dead (Rom. 1: 4), and therefore He declared Himself" (Rev. 1: 18, "*the Living One*, and I became dead, and behold I am living to the ages of the ages [Amen], and I have the keys of Hades and of death." [Greek.] "To see the *living Christ as He is*, and to be like Him" (1 John 3: 3), is the bright hope and the full enjoyment of the children of God; and, indeed, we cannot be like Him, in all parts, as long as our bodies remain in the grave. Christ did arise as the firstling, and as the first sheaf of the great harvest—the very emblem of the feast of the Passover, and of the New Year.

The Cry of the Martyrs.

II. We have a glimpse of the condition of the redeemed and exalted state of the souls of the witnesses in heaven (Rev. 6: 9-11), who were under the altar, and who had close communion and a holy intercourse with their Lord and Master, and although so highly exalted as they were, yet they had holy longings, expectations, and prayers *for a future event*, in which they were so greatly interested that "they cried with a great voice, saying: How long, O Master, the holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And there was given them to each one a white robe; and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little time, until their fellow-servants also, and their brethren, which should be killed, even as they were, should be fulfilled." [New Version.]

III. The Apostle Paul in 11 Tim. 4: 7, 8, declares also the same doctrine. He says: "I have fought a good fight. . . . there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing," (Epiphaneia,) *personal presence*. It is beyond cavil that the apostle does not mean the day of his death, because he combines *all* who should love Christ's manifestation in person. Let us pause at the wonderful combination, *first*, at that day, *then*, of his reward at that day, and *last*, that it be given to Paul, as a unit. The apostle had served Christ, not only in the spirit, but also in the body, and the crown belongs also in part to the consecrated body of the apostle.

Apostolic Judges.

IV. Studying the promise which our Lord gave to His disciples (Luke 22: 30) settles the question, "That they should sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel," and in Matt. 19: 28 our Lord declares emphatically, "Amen. I say unto you, that ye which have followed Me, in the regeneration, *Paliggenesia*, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, and every one . . . shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Here is again a glorious combination, the throne of Christ, the thrones of the Apostles—and the reward of all the true followers of Christ—not a word is said concerning the intermediate state. It is all *a unit, a consummation of glory on the renewed earth*—and, of course, Christ will be seen in His resurrected body, and "the saints with Him," (Jude, verse 14), *not*, the spirits with Him. The saints come as saints, and must receive their reward, and must rule in their resurrected and glorified bodies (Dan. 12: 2, 3; 1 Cor. 15: 23-28), on earth.

(To be Concluded Next Week.)

The Christian Herald Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar. We have also a cheaper binder, with lace instead of steel fastenings, for 50 cents, postage paid. Subscribers in Canada ordering the binders are, we believe, required to pay customs-duty upon them.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

President Harrison's Inaugural Address has been received by the majority of the people, Democratic as well as Republican, as a creditable performance of a difficult duty. It is not an easy matter to outline the policy of an administration at its commencement without giving pledges that may prove embarrassing, and without making promises that it may be impossible or unadvisable to fulfil. Gen. Harrison is evidently aware that he has entered upon a very arduous and responsible work, in which he has to use such material as is at his disposal, and which may not be very pliable to his use. He therefore refrained from raising the hopes of the people, but modestly said: "*The ideal, or even my own ideal, I shall probably not attain. Retrospect will be a safer basis of judgment than promises.*" The great question of *Civil-Service Reform*, to which those words more particularly applied, will evidently not advance under this administration, for the President said: "*Honorable party service will certainly not be esteemed by me a disqualification for public office.*" Such words at the beginning of an administration are full of meaning, and every Democratic officeholder will hear in them the sound of the axe. The most marked feature of the address was the strong and unambiguous expression of *adherence to the high tariff*. President Harrison planted himself squarely on that issue, and will evidently favor no measures for its reduction. *The surplus* which it must continue to produce, does not appear to him so dangerous as it did to his predecessor. With liberal pensions, the construction of a new navy, and steamship subsidies, there need be no difficulty in disposing of a surplus, however large, and there is no doubt that, if these means fail, Congress may be safely trusted to find others. The President touched on the subject of *electoral reform*, with an obvious reference to the South. It is matter for regret that while dealing with that subject he did not also refer to the scandals in the North, especially to the shameless use of money in bribery, which is a growing evil, and which was never so extensive as in the late election. There is to be no change in the *foreign policy*. The President expressed the general opinion of the country in intimating that, while endeavoring to maintain friendly relations with foreign powers, and avoiding interference in their affairs, the Government will expect a like behavior from them, and would protect our own interests. Finally, in a manly, modest fashion, which commands the respect of all parties, the President said: "God has placed upon our head a diadem, and laid at our feet power and wealth

beyond definition or calculation. But we must not forget that we take these gifts upon the condition that justice and mercy hold the reins of power, and that the upward avenues of hope shall be free to all the people."

The Selection of a Cabinet has Evidently proved a difficult task to the new President. The number of slates made up by prominent journals, the volume of advice presented, and the wide difference of opinion even among the leaders of the Republican party, proved, before the nominations were made, how hopeless would be any attempt to satisfy the party or the people. The President, of course, has not succeeded, but he has probably taken the most prudent course for the peace of his administration. He has chosen a *Blaine Cabinet*; that is, a Cabinet in which Mr. Blaine is the only statesman of the first class, and the only conspicuous member. To have omitted Mr. Blaine would have involved that gentleman's antagonism to the administration, and would have raised against it a host of enemies who are under Mr. Blaine's influence, and would have obeyed his orders. It is better to have him as an ally than as an enemy. With Mr. Blaine as *Secretary of State*, the other selections were made in accordance with that one. Mr. Windom as *Secretary of the Treasury*, has already proved his capacity for dealing with the finances of the nation, having held the office in President Garfield's Cabinet. Mr. Redfield Proctor, who is *Secretary of War*, is but little known in military circles, but has a good record as Governor of Vermont. General B. F. Tracy, who is *Secretary of the Navy*, appears to have been nominated as a compromise. It was necessary to recognize the Empire State, and the President found the two wings of his party there so bitterly opposed to each other that he judged it expedient to appoint a man not closely identified with either section. General John W. Noble, of Missouri, the *Secretary of the Interior*, is a personal friend of the President, as is Mr. W. H. H. Miller, the *Attorney-General*. Mr. John Wanamaker, the *Postmaster-General*, probably owes his appointment to his large contribution to the Republican campaign fund, but his phenomenal success in business indicates the possession of organizing and administrative ability, which is the most important desideratum in the Post Office. General Rusk, the *Secretary of Agriculture*, is the well-known ex-Governor of Wisconsin, whose tact and forbearance in the time of the threatened riots won for him general admiration. It is to be regretted that there is in the Cabinet no representative of the South. It would have been a graceful act, in the circumstances, to have selected one of many eminent Southerners, any one of whom would have given strength to the political family.

The British Government has Appointed a successor to Lord Sackville. He is Sir Julian Pauncefote, at present permanent Under Secretary of the Foreign Office. He is over sixty years of age, and has held various responsible positions under the Government. The appointment is said, by those who know Sir Julian, to be a wise one. High encomiums have been passed upon him by the press for learning and ability, and, what is of more consequence still, his discretion and tact. The Americans, says one writer, would possibly prefer another lord, but they ought to have taken more care of the one they had.

The Abdication of King Milan of Servia was announced on March 6. His incapacity as a ruler, and his despicable private character, render the step a welcome one to his subjects. Milan resigns in favor of his son Alexander, a lad under thirteen years of age. He appoints three regents to govern during his son's minority. Milan himself is thirty-five years old, having been born in 1854. He was proclaimed Prince in 1872, and was crowned King in 1882. It is stated that his reason for resignation is that he has been suffering for some months from a nervous malady, which has become worse since the death of the Crown Prince of Austria.

He looks outwardly well and strong, but he is subject to paroxysms of violent excitement, followed by complete mental prostration. He is haunted by dismal presentiments, and suffers much from insomnia. He declares that he cannot continue to govern except with danger to his reason, and perhaps to his life.

The New French Cabinet was Victorious in its first struggle in the Legislature. M. Tirard, the Premier, showed in the debate unexpected vigor and audacity. The ministry was arraigned for the suppression of the Patriotic League. M. Tirard, defending the act, said: "The League of Patriots is a hot-bed of discord for the nation. It made common cause with the avowed enemies of the Republic. Public welfare and national safety demand that it should be stamped out, and I assert here once for all that the Government will do energetically whatever it believes to be its duty, and it will not flinch from threats, nor will it be bullied by any one. . . . The League of Patriots bears in its very title a lie. It is not made up of patriots, but is an electoral machine, got up to put one man on the dictatorial throne of France." The Legislature expressed its confidence in the Government by a vote of 348 to 220.

A Conciliatory Speech by Mr. Parnell was made last week in the course of a debate in the House of Commons on the Irish question. Expressing confidence that Englishmen would soon recognize the possibility of home rule for Ireland, he said he only asked that they should deal with the question as an open one, and consider how far they could concede home rule with safety to their own greater interests. It was right that the smaller country should conciliate the larger, and agree to all safeguards necessary for the security of the latter's interest. Ireland was willing to do so, and he was convinced that Irishmen, knowing that the people of England and Scotland and Wales had for the first time turned the ear of reason to the solution of the question, would steadily resist any incitement to disorder, and hold fast to the true way pointed out to them in 1885 by Mr. Gladstone. The Cabinet minister who replied to Mr. Parnell reminded him that other Irishmen who had spoken during the debate had assumed a very different attitude. He appeared to imply that if all the Irish members, and those who might be expected to govern Ireland if home rule were granted, showed a spirit similar to that of Mr. Parnell, England would be more ready to make concessions than she now is.

Extensive Additions to the British Navy are under consideration. On March 7 a proposal was made in the House of Commons by the representative of the department to build eight first-class men-of-war of 14,000 tons each, and two of 9,000 tons, nine first-class cruisers, twenty-nine smaller cruisers, four of the Pandora type of cruisers, and eighteen of the Sharpshooter type of torpedo vessels. The total tonnage of all these vessels will be 318,000, and the total cost \$107,500,000. The construction of the vessels would take four and a half years. Half the cost is to be taken from the consolidated fund, and the other half to be raised in additional taxes spread over seven years. One half of the work is to be done by the Government, and the other half in private shipyards. He did not think that the proposed naval increase would induce other nations to attempt to rival England in naval strength, because England had refrained from military rivalry. Further, he did not believe any other Power was capable of executing such an extensive programme in so short a time. A curious fact is that the opposition to the scheme comes from the conservative supporters of the Government led by Lord Randolph Churchill.

Very Liberal Terms are Offered to any Person canvassing for subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Sample copies will be sent, postage paid, on application from any one desiring to undertake the work. Ministers and others will find it easy to obtain subscriptions. Send postal card for terms, and state number of sample copies required. Address The Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$7. They are: from Osage City, Kan., \$1; Bassein, Burmah, \$1; Des Moines, Iowa, \$5. A minister in Monroe County, Tennessee, who received THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through this fund last year writes: "I pray you, if there is any money in your fund for colored ministers, to continue my name on your list another year. I am very poor, and have great need of the help your paper gives. Since I have received it I have gained so much knowledge of the Bible, and so many things, that were dark to me before, are light now, that I do not know how to express my gratitude. Mrs. Baxter's lessons have been a blessing to my own soul, and the ideas I have got from the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage have helped me so much in teaching and explaining the Word, that my people have been blessed too. May the Lord bless the editors and the paper, is my earnest and sincere prayer."

A Second-Advent Conference was Held in London on March 5 and 6, to commemorate prospectively the great day of days, in 1896, when, as many of the most able and earnest students of prophecy believe, Christ will appear to summon those waiting Christians who are looking for Him, to meet Him in the air, and to raise those from the dead who have died in faith. The reasons for this belief, based on a careful calculation of prophetic dates, were fully explained in these columns in 1887 in a series of articles by Rev. M. Baxter, showing that April 11, 1901, will be the exact termination of the 2,345 years from the command to Nehemiah to rebuild Jerusalem in Passover Week 444-5, and consequently in the literal day fulfillment, March 5, 1896, will be the termination of the sixty-nine weeks divided or cut off, and the date of the rapture of the waiting believers. (Dan. 9: 25, 26.)

We Rejoice to Learn that the Rev. W. F. Re Qua's efforts to help the orphans of Indians in the Indian Territory is to receive help from some of the King's Daughters in Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Kate Viell informs us that an effort is being made among them to help Mr. and Mrs. Re Qua to take charge of at least a few of these poor bereaved waifs. The means proposed are to be explained at an entertainment which will be given on March 19, in the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, and it is hoped that the sympathy of other "tens" will be enlisted. It would be difficult to conceive of any case standing in more urgent need of friends who will "lend a hand."

Novel Coal Mining is Being Carried On by a farmer in Pennsylvania. His farm lies on the bank of a creek in Northumberland County. He recently made the discovery that the bed of the creek consisted of pure anthracite coal, the accumulation of many years' washings from the mines that border the stream almost its entire length. This immense bed of coal ranges in thickness from two to eight feet, and is washed thoroughly from the fine dirt. The farmer had a peculiar screen-dredge constructed, and put it in operation. He was rewarded by the extraction of six tons of bright, clear coal at the first point mined, and the bed of coal was not even then exhausted. There is reason to believe that the whole bed of the creek is equally rich, and dredges are being made to work it in other places. It appears that, for years past, coal has been found in small quantities on the edge of the creek at low water, but no one has attempted until now to mine for it under the water. It is so in spiritual matters. Unlimited riches of grace are within reach, but Christians are content with the little that is attainable without trouble. (Heb. 5: 12.)

A Complaint Against Sea-Captains was Made last week by the Chief of the Hydrographic Office. He said that a month ago he posted in the Maritime Exchange a notice requesting captains to report to the office any perils of the sea they might observe, so that they could be entered on the charts. Not a single response to the

notice had been received, although it was known that there had been several narrow escapes. In one case the chief learned that a vessel had struck, near Staten Island, a submerged coal barge. Search was made for the barge, and it was found that the obstruction was in mid-channel; it was not a barge, but a reef of rocks, not previously known, and not in the charts. Arrangements were promptly made by the office for the removal of the rocks. Since the notice has been posted, no less than six captains who have seen derelicts have visited the Exchange, yet have not reported them. The chief justly observed that this failure on the part of seafaring men to assist the Hydrographic Office in reducing the perils of their calling is inexplicable. Their indifference to the danger of their brethren is paralleled by the indifference of many professing Christians, who, knowing that souls around them are in danger of eternal shipwreck, yet do not warn them. (Ezek. 33: 6.)

The Discovery of a Cure for Hydrophobia was reported from Peru, February 24. A press dispatch from Panama states that in Ayacucho, Peru, a man was bitten by a mad dog, and shortly after the disease developed. In his madness the man rushed from the house, and, falling among a lot of "peuca" plants, some of the juice of these plants entered his mouth, and he swallowed it. A moment of reason seems to have followed, during which he seized some of the leaves, broke them, and drank of the milky and glutinous sap with which they are saturated. When his friends found him he was senseless, with the "peuca" or "maguey" leaves clutched in his hands. He was carried to his home, and soon regained his health. Experience has long since taught the Indians that "peuca" sap invariably acts as a cure upon dogs suffering from hydrophobia. Now that a man has been cured of this terrible malady by peuca leaves we may expect that they will always be administered to persons similarly affected. Men do not act in dealing with physical diseases as they do with spiritual disease. Souls are perishing continually of the malady of sin, and the sovereign and effectual remedy of the gospel, which never fails, is not used. (Jer. 8: 22.)

A Lady's Adventure in a Cistern is Described by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. It states that during the recent severe snow-storm, a lady taking a short cut for her home over a vacant lot, on the north side of the city, stepped over the opening of a cistern that was concealed by the snow, and she fell to the bottom, eighteen or twenty feet. There was about three feet of water in the cistern, yet the force of the fall bruised her severely. She screamed for help, but her voice could not be heard any distance outside the cistern. The water in the cistern was cold, and she was becoming so numb that her position assumed a horrible seriousness. Happily a long piece of valve of an old wooden pump had been left in the cistern. It was just long enough to reach the top of the cistern, and she managed to raise it there, but she found that she could not climb it while encumbered by her heavy clothing. As a last resort, she divested herself of her outer garments, and after the exertion of all her strength she finally pulled herself safely to the surface. There is no such means for self-deliverance in the pit in which the sinner finds himself when he realizes his lost condition. He can escape only by calling in faith upon Christ, who lifts him out, but he too must divest himself of the impeding garment—the garment of his own righteousness—before he can be saved. (Ps. 40: 2.)

The Recovery of a Lost Daughter Brought a double joy to a home in Chicago recently. Nearly a year ago a little girl about six years of age, the daughter of a blacksmith living on State Street, was lost. Inquiries were made about her, and it was learned that she had been seen in company with a strange woman near her home on the day of her disappearance. The police failed to trace her, and the father closed his business and gave all his time to the search. He too failed, and, though he was a

strong, stalwart man at the time, his anxiety and distress, and his long travels in search of the child, brought him down to a mere skeleton. His mind began to fail; he grew morose and distrustful of his friends, and eventually became completely demented. Two week ago a lady visiting the Home for the Friendless, saw a child there whose appearance tallied with the description of the blacksmith's lost daughter. Inquires about her elicited the fact that she had been taken, a few days previously, from a woman who was ill-using her. Her identity was clearly established, and she was taken to see her father in the Lunatic Asylum at Kankakee. He recognized her immediately, and his joy resulted in the complete restoration of his reason. He was released, and there was a happy time in the home when the father and child were both restored to it. Such joy will there be in heaven when the lost sinner is received there, and, with Him who suffered and died on his account, sits down in the Kingdom of God. (Luke 15: 10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman and his devoted wife have gone to Jerusalem for combined rest and labor. Mr. Freshman asks prayers for a blessing on his visit.

The Chinese Sunday-school, numbering one hundred men, which is connected with Dr. A. J. Gordon's Clarendon Street Baptist Church in Boston, has voted to support three native missionaries in China.

The Rev. A. H. Lackey, D. D., the Kansas evangelist, has been laboring in southern Oregon. In some cases the churches where he has been have received additions nearly doubling their former membership.

Washington C. H., Ohio, has been the scene of a wonderful revival since the week of prayer. A continued series of services for two months, with hundreds of anxious seekers, has been held, and the work is still going on.

Miss Maggie M. Jenkins, of Rushville, Ill., has been conducting revival services at King Street Church, Chambersburg, Pa. The interest has been remarkable, and considerable additions have resulted to the church.

Mr. Moody, after holding thirty days' services in San Francisco, commenced work in Oakland. He is assisted by Mr. Stebbins and Miss Pool. The Pavilion, which holds nearly 5,000 has been crowded at every meeting.

Out of the five hundred and fifty-five adult converts baptized by the English church missionaries at Amritsar, India, since the establishment of the mission in 1852, no less than two hundred and fifty-three have been converts from Islam.

The Twenty-eighth Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and of the Dominion of Canada will hold its sessions in Philadelphia, beginning Wednesday, May 8, and ending the Sunday evening following.

The Rev. E. Payson Hammond's two weeks' services in Big Rapids, Mich., have been followed by a second blessing. The persons, young and old, who were led to Christ at his services, have made themselves a mission band to bring their relatives and friends into the fold.

The Rev. R. G. Pearson closed a very successful series of union evangelistic meetings in Houston, Tex., on February 24. Bible readings in the morning and preaching in the evening for three weeks were held, and the result has been many conversions and the restoration of backsliders. Mr. Pearson is now at Columbia, S. C.

Two Bagdad Jews have bought the entire site of ancient Babylon. On this, *Le Chrétien Belge* well remarks: "Is it not a significant fact that two Israelites should today possess the soil and the ruins of the immense city where their ancestors were captives and slaves, and of which their prophets had announced the destruction?"

Widespread revival has taken place in Coleraine and Limerick, in connection with Major Whittle's meetings in Ireland. Hundreds of young men and women have professed their faith in a newly found Christ. Major Whittle will visit Tralee, Clonmel, and Waterford, giving one week to each, before commencing his mission in Edinburgh.

The Rev. E. E. Davidson has had a remarkably successful time at Dansville, N. Y. The Presbyterian, Baptist, Lutheran, and Methodist churches united in his meetings, and held preliminary meetings for prayer before he commenced his labors. Two services were held each day, and all the churches have received additions from God's blessing on his work.

Gipsy Smith closed his meetings at the Central M. E. Church, New York, on March 11. An unusually large attendance and a continually deepening interest characterized the work throughout. Mr. Smith commences meetings at Long Island City on March 17, to fill the place of Mr. Ira Sankey, who is sick. The converts in the work at the Nostrand Avenue Church, Brooklyn, number nearly 200.

FOUR STUPENDOUS THINGS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He hath poured out His soul unto death; and He was numbered with the transgressors; and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors." Isa. 53: 12.

The Divine Covenant—The Glorious Reward—The Four Things for Which it is Conferred—I. He Bore the Death Penalty—A Deliberate Libation—Voluntary—Complete—II. Numbered with Sinners—By the Tongue of Slander—By a Court of Justice—By God's Treatment—III. The Sin-Bearer—Died not as an Example—Not Solely to Exhibit God's Love—Atonement the Only Rational Explanation—IV. The Intercession—By Authority—A Reward Due Him for His Work—Does not Shrink from Sinners—An Example.

We may regard this verse as a kind of covenant made between the everlasting God, the infinite Jehovah, on the one part, and our great Representative, Mediator, and Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, on the other part. The incarnate God is to be bruised and wounded; He is to pour out His soul unto death, and by a travail of soul He is to bear the sin of many; and then His ultimate reward is to be, that God will divide Him a portion with the great, and He Himself shall divide the spoil with the strong. Note the double recompense, and joyfully distinguish between

The Two Divisions;

that which Jehovah makes for Him, and that which He makes Himself. Our champion, like another David, is to confront and conquer the great enemy of the Lord's people, and then He is to have His reward. Unlike David, He is to pour out His soul, and die in the conflict, and then He is to receive a glorious portion from the Father, and He is also Himself to seize upon the spoil of the vanquished foe.

At this moment, our Lord Jesus is enjoying the reward which His Father has allotted Him: "Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great." He is no more despised and rejected. Who dare do dishonor to a majesty so surpassing? See how the whole host of heaven adores Him! All the pomp of glory is displayed around Him. To Him the cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, in their ceaseless worship and adoration. He has His portion with the great; none are so great as He. He lives forever, King of kings and Lord of lords, and all hallelujahs come up before Him. Imagination cannot reach the height of His immeasurable majesty and felicity.

And why these honors? What has He done to merit these immeasurable glories? The answer is that He has done these four things: "He hath poured out His soul unto death; and He was numbered with the transgressors; and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

I am going to speak about these four things very briefly. These four things that Jesus did the four reasons why He is crowned with such superlative honor, are connected with you, if you have but faith to perceive the connection—so connected that they will save you, will even make you partake in the glory which has come of them.

I. The first source of the Mediator's glory is, that He, out of His love to guilty men, has

Poured Out His Soul

unto death. Remember that the penalty of sin is death. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Jesus Christ, our substitute, when He poured out His soul unto death, was bearing the penalty that is due to sin. God has so impressed this truth upon humanity that you can scarcely go into any nation, however benighted, but there is connected with their religion the idea of sacrifice, and therefore the idea of the offering of a life on account of a broken law. Now, the Lord Jesus came into such connection with men that He bore the death penalty which guilty men had incurred.

Remark the expression: "He hath poured

out His soul unto death." It is deliberate. "He hath poured out His soul." It is a libation presented with thought and care; not the mere spilling of His blood, but the resolute, determinate pouring out of His whole life unto its last drop—the pouring it out unto death. He was always dying by living at such a rate that his zeal consumed him—"The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Deliberately, and as it were drop by drop, He was letting His soul fall upon the ground, till at length, upon the tree of doom, He emptied it all out, and cried, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. Then "He poured out His soul unto death."

As it was deliberate, so it was most real and true. I pray you, do not think of Christ as pouring out His soul, as though the outpouring was a kind of sentiment of self-abnegation; as though it made Him spend a sort of ecstatic life in dream-land, and suffer only in thought, intent, and sympathy. My Lord

Suffered as you Suffer,

only more keenly; for He had never injured His body or soul by any act of excess, so as to take off the edge from His sensitiveness. His was the pouring out of a whole soul in all the phases of suffering into which perfect souls can pass. Certainly we shall never experience that pouring out of His soul unto death which was peculiar to Jesus, in which He went far beyond martyrs in their extremest griefs. There were points of anguish about His death which were for Himself, and for Himself alone.

And He did this, remember, voluntarily. If I were to die for any one of you, what would it amount to but that I paid the debt of nature a little sooner than I must ultimately have paid it? for we must all die, sooner or later. But the Christ needed not to die at all, so far as He Himself was personally concerned. There was no cause within Himself why He should go to the cross to lay down His life. He yielded Himself up, a willing sacrifice for our sins. Herein lies much of the preciousness of His propitiation to you and to me. Love, love immeasurable, led the immortal Lord to die for man. Let us think it over, and melt into

Loving Gratitude.

"He hath poured out His soul unto death." I will say no more about it, except that you see how complete it was. Jesus gave poor sinners everything. His every faculty was laid out for them. To His last rag He was stripped upon the cross. No part of His body or of His soul was kept back from being made a sacrifice. The last drop, as I said before, was poured out till the cup was drained. He made no reserve; He kept not back even His innermost self: "He hath poured out His soul unto death." Put your trust in Him, then, without reserve. Pour out your souls in full trust, even as He poured out His soul unto death. Come, and rest in Him, and then see the reason why He is crowned with majesty. His death for your sins is the reason why He divides the spoils with the strong. He has His portion with the great because He "died, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." This, which brought Him so much shame, has now brought Him all His glory. Come, and trust Him! Come, and trust Him wholly! Come, and trust Him now!

II. Secondly, and somewhat briefly. It appears in the text that our Lord did not only bear the penalty due to sinners, but He was

Numbered With Sinners.

"He was numbered with the transgressors." There is a touch of nearness to the sinner about this which there is not in the first clause. He bears death for the sinner; but you could not suppose, if you had not read it, that He would be written in the sinners' register. He was not, and could not be, a sinner; but yet it is written, "He was numbered with the transgressors." Oh sinner, see how close Jesus comes to you! Is there a census taken of sinners? Then, in that census, the name of Jesus is written down. "He was numbered with the transgressors." He never was a transgressor; it was impossible that He could be. How, then, was He number-

ed with the transgressors? This makes it the more marvellous, because it is so hurtful to a man who is pure, to be numbered with the impure. What would any woman with a delicate purity of mind think, if she were numbered with the harlots? What would any honest man among us think if he were numbered with thieves? But that would be nothing compared with the holy Lord Jesus being numbered with the transgressors; and yet to this He submitted for our sakes. This was a stoop, indeed! This was coming down to where the sinner lay, and bowing over him to lift him up.

Our Lord Jesus was numbered with the transgressors, first, by the tongue of slander. They called Him a drunken man and a wine-bibber; they even called Him Beelzebub. That was sharp enough for Him to bear, whom all the angels salute as "Holy, holy, holy"! Accused of blasphemy, sedition, and so forth, He had enough to bear from evil lips. Nothing was too vile to be cast upon Him by those who said, "Let Him be crucified." Reproach never spared the spotless one, but spent its utmost venom on Him. Like the Psalmist, He was the song of the drunkard. The very thieves who were crucified with Him reviled Him.

He was numbered with the transgressors in the courts of justice. He stood at the bar

As a Common Felon,

though He was judge of all. Though they could not find witnesses whose testimony agreed, yet they condemned Him. Though Pilate had to say, "Why, what evil hath He done?" yet He was taken out with two malefactors, that He might die side by side with them; and then, we are told by the evangelist, the Scripture was fulfilled—"He was numbered with the transgressors." (Mark 15: 25.)

And look, my brethren! Oh that I may know how to speak properly on it! The Holy God treated Him as if He were one of us; "it pleased the Father to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief." God not only turned His back on transgressors, but He turned His back upon His Son, who was numbered with them. God never can forsake the perfectly innocent, yet He who was perfectly innocent said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" In the day of the Lord's anger, "He was numbered with the transgressors."

As this is the reason why He is now exalted, it seems to me that you and I ought to feel a mingling of grief and joy at this time to think that the Lord Jesus would condescend to put His name down with transgressors. This theme baffles me altogether. I wish that you would look into it yourselves. Never mind my words. Think of my Lord, and of these two things: "He hath poured out His soul unto death; and He was numbered with the transgressors."

III. That leads me to the third matter by which the Lord Jesus Christ has won His victories, and earned reward. It is this: "He

Bare the Sin of Many."

Now, do not think that these words are mine, and, therefore, cavil at them. Deliberately observe that these are the words of the Holy Ghost. "He bare the sin;" "He bare the sin of many." They cavil at us for saying that He bare the chastisement of sin. We shall say it none the less plainly; but we shall go much further, and insist upon it that, literally, Jesus bare the sin of man. You tell me that by wicked hands He was crucified: it was so, and yet the Scripture assures us that this was by the determinate purpose and foreknowledge of God. How could this have been had our Lord had no connection with sin?

"He died," said one, "as an example." But, my dear friends, I do not see that. In His life He is an example to us through and through, and so He is in His death. If we must needs die, it is an example to us that we should die as bravely, as patiently, as believingly, as He did; but we are not bound to die at all, unless God requires it at our hands. Indeed, we are bound to shun death if it can virtuously be avoided. Self-preservation is a law of nature; and for any

man to voluntarily give himself up to die with-out some grand purpose, would not be justifiable. It is only because there is a law that we must die that we may judge ourselves permitted to volunteer to die. The Saviour does not set us an example in a sphere into which we cannot enter. In that case He goes beyond us altogether, and treads the wine-press alone.

"Well," say you, "but Jesus Christ died as an exhibition of divine love." This is true in a certain sense; but from another point of view, of all the things I have ever heard, this does seem to me to be the most monstrous statement that could be made. That Jesus Christ, dying because of our sins, is a wonderful

Example of Divine Love,

I do know, admit, and glory in; but that Christ's dying was an instance of divine love, if He did not die because He bore our sins, I entirely deny. There is no exhibition of divine love in the death of Christ if it be not for our sins; but an exhibition of a very different sort. What! Does God put to death His only begotten Son, the perfectly pure and holy being? Is this the *finale* of a life of obedience? Well, then, I see no love in God at all. It seems to me to be the reverse of love that it should be so. Apart from sin-bearing, the statement that Jesus must needs die the death of the cross to show us that His Father is full of love, is sheer nonsense; but if He died in our room and stead, then the gift of Jesus Christ by the Father is undoubtedly a glorious instance of divine love.

If our Lord's bearing our sin for us is not the gospel, I have no gospel to preach. Brethren, I have befooled you these five-and-thirty years, if this is not the gospel; for I have no hope beneath the copes of heaven, neither in time nor in eternity, save only in this belief—that Jesus, in my stead, bore both my punishment and sin. If our Lord did so bear our sin, we have a firm and joyous confidence. God would not accept a substitute in our place, and then punish us. If Jesus suffered in my stead, I shall not suffer. If another has gone to prison and to death for me, I shall not go there. I do not know how you look upon this doctrine, but it seems to me to be worth telling everywhere.

IV. The last thing is this:

"He Made Intercession

for the transgressors." You see all along, Christ gets His glory by standing side by side with guilty men. A curious mine it is to get gold out of. If there had been no sinners, there could not have been a Saviour. If no sin, no pouring out of the soul unto death; and if no pouring out of the soul unto death, no dividing a portion with the great. If there had been no guilt, there had been no act of expiation. In the wondrous act of expiation by our great Substitute, the Godhead is more gloriously revealed than in all the creations and providences of the divine power and wisdom. But this is the *finale* of it. He makes intercession for the transgressors. Who among us will take up the part of the guilty? For the guilty we could not plead, so as to deny or extenuate evil. A just man would plead for innocent persons who might be falsely accused; but our Lord made intercession for transgressors. When He was here on earth, how tender He was with transgressors. Women that were sinners came around Him, and He

Never Bade Them Be Gone.

She that was taken in adultery, oh, how He dealt with her! When Peter was about to deny Him, He said, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Those nights out there on the cold mountains were not spent for Himself, but for sinners. He bore on His heart the names of guilty men. He was always pleading their cause, and when He came to die He said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." He took their part, you see. He would exculpate them if He could. I dare say that He has often prayed like that for you. When you have been despising religion, and saying vile things about your Lord, he has said,

"Ah, poor soul! It is like the ravings of a man in a fever, who does not know what he is talking about. He does not know what he is saying. Father, forgive him."

Our blessed Lord pleaded thus when He was here; and now He has gone up yonder

He is Pleading Still

for the same persons. Though we cannot see through that veil which hides the invisible from us, yet the eye of faith, I hope, is strong enough to see that He is at the Father's side at this moment making intercession for transgressors. I do not picture Him up yonder as using entreaties or pleading to an agony. Oh, no! With authority He intercedes, for He has finished the work, and He claims the reward.

Jesus Christ does not shrink from sinners. What then? O, you sinners, do not shrink from Him! If Jesus does not shrink from sinners—(let me say it again)—ye sinners, do not shrink from Him. If we were to go to-day to some of those unhappy parts of the world (it makes one's blood curdle to think that there are such places), where poor decaying lepers are made to live alone, and if these poor creatures came our way, we should wish them every blessing, and should desire for them every comfort; but while we were expressing our kind wishes we should be gradually edging off, and

Leaving a Distance

between ourselves and their horrible pollution. That is not the way in which Jesus acts towards sinners: He draws near, and never sets a hedge between Himself and them. You need not undergo a quarantine before you may enter the port of salvation by Christ. Yonder is a filthy leprous sinner, as full of filth as an egg is full of meat, but Jesus comes right up to him, and lays His hand upon him, and says, "I will; be thou clean." Jesus never keeps at a distance.

But suppose this poor leper began to run away from Him. It would be natural that he should, but would also be very foolish. No, poor creature, stop thy running! Stay thou at Jesus' feet! look thou to Him! Trust Him! Touch His garment and be healed! O, my dear hearers, in this pulpit I seem to stand a long way off from you, and talk to you from afar, but my heart is with you. I wish I knew how to persuade you to come to Jesus. I would use some loving logic, that I have not yet hit upon. How heartily would I entreat you to trust the Son of God, made flesh, bleeding and dying for guilty men! If you will trust Him, He will not deceive you, but you shall be saved, at once and for ever.

And oh, you that love Him, and know Him, will you learn one lesson? and then I will send you home. As Jesus does not shrink from sinners, do not yourselves shrink from them. You are not so pure and holy as He was, and yet He came into the world to save sinners. Go you into the world to seek them.

Be in Earnest after Sinners.

You get so good, some of you, that there is no living with you. If a man sins, you do not speak to him, lest you should be disgraced by his society. What pride! A man is known to be a drunkard, and there are some even of you that are teetotalers, who would not talk with such, but leave them till they are improved, and then you would speak to them. You will do them good if they come to you for it, but you will not go to them: you cannot bring your souls to handle the wound while it bleeds, and touch the filthy while they are foul.

Some are too fine and finikin to look after roughs. But I venture to say to the rough, the ragged, the graceless, the godless, that they are more likely to get a blessing than the self-righteous. I believe that there is more likelihood of converting a downright out-and-out sinner than of reaching the consciences of your very nice, neat, hypocritical people. Do not, therefore, shrink from sinners, for Jesus did not; and as from them He won His brightest trophies, even so may you. Be not ashamed, even if, by talking with sinners, you should come to be taken for one of them, for your Lord Himself "was numbered with the transgressors; and He bare

the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors." Let it be your vocation, as a man redeemed by blood, to be "the sinner's friend," henceforth and for ever. God help you so to do! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

CRUELTY IN A CONVENT.*

[THE following is an extract from the story of Maria Monk, who escaped from the Black Nunnery of Montreal, Canada, and found shelter in an almshouse in New York.] "One day I had incurred the anger of the Superior in a greater degree than usual; I was ordered to the cells. A scene of terrible violence commenced. After exhausting my strength by resisting as long as I could against several nuns, I had my hands drawn behind my back, a leathern band passed first around my thumbs, then around my hands, then around my waist, and fastened. This was drawn so tight that it cut through the flesh of my thumbs, making wounds the scars of which have never disappeared. A gag was forced into my mouth, after which I was taken by main force and carried down into the cellar and brought to a cell. The door was opened and I was thrown in with violence and left alone, the door being immediately closed and bolted on the outside.

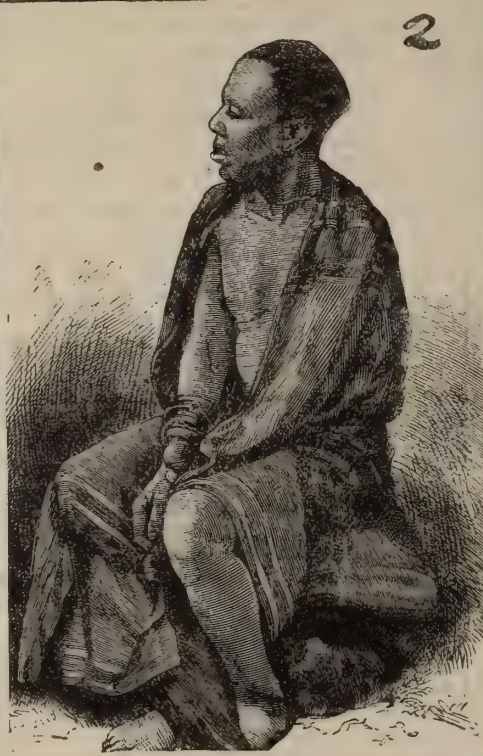
"The bare ground was under me cold and hard, as if it had been beaten down even. I lay still in the position in which I had fallen, as it would have been difficult for me to move, confined as I was and exhausted by my exertions. The shock of my fall, and my wretched state of desperation and fear, disinclined me from any further attempt. I was in almost total darkness, the only light being a slight glimmer which came in through the window far above me.

"How long I remained in that condition I can only conjecture. It seemed to me a long time, and must have been two or three hours. I did not move, but lay in a state of distress, which I cannot describe, from the tight bandage about my hands and the gag holding my jaws apart at their greatest extension. I am confident I must have died before morning if, as I then expected, I had been left there all night. Bye and bye, however, the bolt was drawn, the door opened and Jane Ray spoke to me in a tone of kindness. She had taken an opportunity to slip into the cellar unnoticed on purpose to see me. She unbound the gag and took it out of my mouth. She then asked the Superior to come to me, who asked if I repented in the sight of God for what I had done, and if I would ask the pardon of the Virgin Mary and all the nuns. Replying in the affirmative, I was released, and kneeling before all the sisters in succession, begged the forgiveness and prayers of each.

Disgusting Penances.

The penances were in many cases the embodiment of cruelty. Kissing the floor was a very common penance. Kneeling and kissing the feet of the other nuns was another, as were kneeling on hard peas, and walking with them in the shoes. We had frequently to walk on our knees through the subterranean passage leading to the congregational nunnery, and sometimes to eat our meals with ropes around our necks. Sometimes we were fed only with those things which we most disliked. Garlic was given to me because I had a strong antipathy to it. Eels were frequently given to others

*From "Why Priests Should Wed." By Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D. D. A book exposing the evils of the confessional, the scandals of conventual life, etc. An expurgated edition, in which the passages objected to by the publishers as obscene have been stricken out. 339 pages; price \$1.00; may be had from Mr. J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.



Three Chiefs of Tribes Near Lake Nyassa, Equatorial Africa.

because they felt an unconquerable repugnance to them, on account of the current reports of their feeding on the dead carcasses in the River St. Lawrence. It was no uncommon thing for us to be required to drink the water in which the lady Superior had washed her feet. Sometimes we were required to brand ourselves with a hot iron, so as to leave scars; at other times to whip our naked flesh with small rods before a private altar until the blood came.

"One of our penances was to stand for a length of time with our arms extended, in imitation of our Saviour on the cross. Sometimes we were obliged to sleep on the floor in the winter with nothing over us but a single sheet; and sometimes to chew a piece of window glass to powder, in the presence of the Superior. We had occasionally to wear leather belts studded with sharp metallic points round our waists and the upper part of our arms, bound on so tightly that they penetrated the flesh and drew blood. One of the worst punishments inflicted was one with a cap. Some of the old nuns were allowed to inflict it at their pleasure. I have repeatedly known them to go for a cap when one of our number had transgressed a rule, though it might be a very unimportant one. These caps were small, and made of reddish-looking brown leather, fitted closely to the head and fastened under the chin with a buckle. The nun was gagged and her hands tied behind her, before the cap was put on, to prevent noise and resistance. I never saw it worn by anyone without severe suffering. I have endured it more than once; yet I have no idea of the cause of the pain. I never examined one of the caps or saw the inside, for they were always brought and taken away quickly. The first sensation was that of coolness, but before it had been a minute on the head, a violent and indescribable sensation, something like the drawing of a blister, began, and continued increasing in agony until the cap was removed. It would produce pain so acute as to throw us into convulsions, and I think no human being could wear it for an hour. After the punishment we felt its effects for days.

Having once known what it was by experience, I held the cap in heartfelt dread, and whenever I was for any cause condemned to suffer the punishment again, felt ready to do or suffer anything to avoid it. But there was no escape; when I was tied and gagged, with the cap on my head again, I could only sink on the floor and roll about in anguish until it was taken

off. And all this was done in the name of religion. Poor deluded creatures! They dream that this punishment is to add to their store of good deeds and will shorten their stay in Purgatory. It is claimed such punishments render them docile and make them fear to disobey the priests.

THE NYASSA AND ITS PEOPLE.

ONE of the districts of equatorial Africa desolated by the slaver is the district surrounding Lake Nyassa, and with the exception perhaps of the borders of Abyssinia none have suffered more from his rapacity and cruelty. Professor Drummond, who visited this region recently, travelled from Lake Shirwa to Lake Nyassa on the mission steamer *Ilala*, so named after the place where Livingstone died. He says: "One is apt to conclude, from the mere presence of such a thing as a steamer in Central Africa, that the country through which it is passing must be in some sense civilized; and the hourly reminders to the contrary which one receives on the spot are among the most startling experiences of the traveller. It is almost impossible for him to believe, as he watches the native life from the cabin of the *Ilala*, that these people are altogether uncivilized; just as it is impossible for him to believe that that lurch a moment ago was caused by the little craft bumping against a submerged hippopotamus. A steel ship steaming six knots an hour; and grass huts, nude natives, and a hippopotamus—the ideas refuse to assort themselves, and one lives in a perpetual state of bewilderment and interrogation." Professor Drummond gives a graphic description of the course of the African fever in this region, from which so many brave missionaries have died, and speaks in high terms of the devotion and faith of those who are still laboring on the borders of the great lake.

The three pictures on this page are taken from photographs of the chiefs of three tribes among whom the missionaries are laboring. No. 1 is Chief Katunga of the Makolo tribe; No. 2 is Chief Kafisi of the Angonis; and No. 3 is Chief Malunga of the Yao tribe. How terrible is the darkness and degradation from which the missionaries are trying to rescue these tribes, may be inferred from recently told stories of the Yaos feasting their friends on human flesh, and calling it roast "goat;" of a certain chief wishing for a traveller's skull as a drinking bowl; of whole villages burned and their inhabitants slaughtered by a petty potentate for some

fancied slight; of men and women being buried alive at a chief's funeral; and of the ordeal of a poisoned cup for witchcraft.

JENNY'S LOVER.

(See illustration on page 173.)

At the dinner-table of a country parsonage, a number of guests were gathered to meet young Laverack, the son of the clergyman of the parish, who had just graduated from his college with high honors, and was about to enter on his work as a Christian minister. The conversation turned upon a work of fiction which was being widely read.

"You see," said one of the guests, "the book shows us what the new Christianity will be. It will evidently be an enlightened philanthropy based on the life and teaching of Jesus. As to His divinity and sacrificial death, both of course must be abandoned. He was a good man, a wise teacher, and He died a martyr's death; but He was nothing more."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "I know that is the new plan, and I am sorry that it is so. I do not believe it is true, and I do not believe that, if it were, it would be effectual."

"I met with a case in point while I was in college," said young Laverack. "There was a tall, well-made young fellow employed in one of the hotels to wheel the baggage and do odd jobs about the place. He seemed too smart and too well educated for such work, and I was curious to learn why he was not in a better position. I found that he was given to drink. Not a regular toper, but subject to outbreaks every month or six weeks. When the thirst came upon him he was almost a maniac. He felt that he must have liquor or die. Then he would drink for a week or more, and would not be sober till his money was gone. He could keep no regular employment."

"I managed to win his confidence, and found him utterly hopeless. He told me that some years ago, in one of his fits of drunkenness, he had nearly killed a man, and had served a term in prison for the offence. When he came out, the girl he loved refused to have any more to do with him, and his family and friends turned their backs upon him. That of course did not help him, and he went where no one knew him, and abandoned himself to his fate. He had made several efforts to reform, but had always failed, and he finally lost all hope. Nothing, he said, could redeem the past, and it was of no use making any more struggles,

"I tried my utmost to inspire him with hope, for he was a man worth saving, but it was futile. I was reluctant to abandon him, and I made his case the subject of prayer. Acting on an impulse which came to me, I ceased pleading with him about the drink, and preached the gospel to him. Not the new Christianity, but the old-fashioned gospel, that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.' I wish you could have seen the change in him when I got the doctrine into his poor rum-soaked brain. Maverick felt hope for the first time in seven years. The knowledge that Christ died for him, that pardon for the past and strength for the future might be had, made a new man of him. It is nearly two years ago, and the change holds. He has never tasted liquor since, and all that he needs to make him a thoroughly happy man is reconciliation with his family and with the girl he still loves.

"Now, I said to myself as I witnessed this change, is there any other power known to man that could have effected it? There is none; therefore, let the critics say what they will about the inspiration of the Bible, and the doctrine of vicarious atonement, I will preach, as long as I live, nothing but Christ crucified—to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them that believe, the power of God and the wisdom of God."

A silence fell upon the party as the young man ended his story, and nothing further was said that evening about the "new Christianity."

The next morning young Laverack was helping his sister prepare some evergreens for the decoration of a little mission chapel for a social gathering, when she asked: "What did you say was the name of that young man of whom you were telling us last night?"

"Maverick," replied her brother; "curious name, is it not?"

"Yes, and so uncommon that I believe he must be the young man that our maid, Jenny, was engaged to. His name was Maverick, and she told me that she broke with him on account of some disgrace."

"Then I must speak to her," said her brother. "Please call her here at once."

Jenny, neatly attired, and bright and winsome-looking, quickly responded. A few questions from Miss Laverack drew from her the story, and fully established the identity of her discarded lover with the man whom young Laverack had been the means of reclaiming. But Jenny added a declaration that no power on earth would ever bring them together again. She was afraid of his violent, murderous temper when under the power of drink. "I have done with him forever," she said, firmly.

"But suppose," said Mr. Laverack, "that a power not of earth had transformed him once for all?"

Jenny said the news would be too good to be true.

"I believe you love him still, Jenny," said Miss Laverack.

Jenny was silent, but she blushed and looked down. Then Mr. Laverack told her what had occurred; and as she listened, tears came in her



Jenny Hears News of Her Lover.

eyes, and her flushed face told how deeply she was moved. That night a letter was mailed, with Jenny's permission, to the reclaimed man, telling him that he might come and claim her for his own.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 159.)

Crossing the Atlantic.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1855 it was determined that a company of Mormon emigrants, numbering several hundreds, should leave Liverpool en route for Salt Lake City; and for that purpose a vessel was chartered early in November. This was not the ordinary season for emigration, but there were then in England numbers of the Saints anxious to go to Zion, but too poor to pay their passage all the way. It was thought that when they arrived in New York they would have time to earn sufficient to carry them on, and it was then supposed that they could join those who came over by the ordinary spring emigration. My husband and myself were counselled to join those emigrants and proceed at once to New York.

The Mormons in London were very kind to us before we left, and did all they could to help us in preparing for our journey. My husband had been directed to take charge of the emigrants in the transit from London to Liverpool, and consequently I received no assistance from him. It seemed to me a very cruel arrangement for the Elders to take away from me and my helpless little ones the very person to whom

we ought naturally to have turned for protection; but what were the feelings of a weak woman when they came in conflict with the "counsel" of men who claimed to be inspired Apostles?

We arrived at Liverpool the same evening, and there my husband was relieved of the charge of the company, and some of the brethren were appointed to see that the baggage was safely transferred from the railway to the ship. Early the next morning we went on board, and it was not long before we began to experience the pleasures (?) of an emigrant life.

In these days of rapid progress it is scarcely possible to conceive the great difference between a journey to Utah in the present day, and one in the days under review. Now, with our fast steam-vessels the journey from Liverpool to New York can be accomplished in from eight to ten days; then, with even the best sailing vessels a month was considered a quick passage. Now, the distance from New York to Salt Lake City is traversed in a few days by a pleasant journey on the great Pacific railway; then, it took as many months as it now takes days, travelling by wagons or on foot over regions without roads and almost unexplored, full of dangers from the Indians, from the severity of the climate, and from other causes.

The accommodation on board the Atlantic vessels also bears no comparison. Now, even for steerage passengers everything is regulated to conduce to the order, comfort, and health of the passengers; then, it was all confusion, each one

looking after himself, with the result that the weaker ones were left in a most miserable condition. But even at this time, it must be said, to their credit, that the Mormons conducted themselves in a more orderly manner than other emigrants, and when the passengers were composed entirely or mainly of them, things went very smoothly, and the captain who had charge of the vessel with such passengers was considered very fortunate indeed.

Mr. Stenhouse describes such a passage as follows: "After they got over the effects of the first rolling of the vessel they were summoned morning and evening to prayers; they sung their hymns, and the Elders gave them instructions about their daily duties. On Sundays, if the weather was favorable, they had preaching between decks, and rejoiced together in the deliverance they had gained from 'Babylon,' and spoke of the bright future that lay before them. Even when several hundreds were on board, there was no rush or confusion to get first to the cooking galley (how different to our experience, owing to the Irish emigrants, will be seen presently). The whole ship was nominally partitioned off into wards, and a member of the priesthood placed over each. These presidents arranged the order and time for each ward to see to their cooking, and every day the order was changed. Thus they realized, there, if nowhere else, that the 'first shall be last, and the last first.'

"Everything on board ship was done to order; no smoking or drinking was allowed, and the sailors or other passengers were not permitted to make love to the young sisters. It is fair to

add that on shipboard, as well as on *terra firma*, love would break through bolts and bars, and some of the sisters, who had less *grace* than others, 'forgot their covenants.' On several of the trips the returning missionaries were successful in converting passengers and sailors. On one occasion nearly the whole crew were baptized. A canvas raft was soon made and hoisted over into the sea, and there the Elder would stand, and with uplifted hand would announce his authority, and immerse his convert in the briny deep 'for the remission of his sins.' That sailor, or that passenger, could then associate with the 'Saints,' and rejoice in salvation; but even that pleasant reminiscence is tainted with the unwelcome reflection that, in some cases, the conversion did not last long, and more than one trusting maiden had to suffer the consequences of a hasty marriage.

"Now everything is changed. Instead of the nine months' journey by sea and land, it is the work of days. The agent at Liverpool sees the emigrants on board, and another of his agents meets the 'Saints' on arrival at New York. Everything is prepared, there is nothing to ask. The officer who has charge on board knows before he leaves Liverpool the exact amount of fare that every family has to pay for the remainder of the journey; He collects their gold and silver; and the agent at New York, without a moment's loss of time, knows where to make his exchange. The railroad tickets are already in his office, and if the steamer has arrived early in the day, the immigrants are whirled out of the city in the evening on a special train, and onward they travel over the Pennsylvania, and Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroads to Chicago. A baker is telegraphed when the train will arrive in that city, and he is ready with the staff of life.

"A brief rest, and permission to get the extra cheese or sausage, and off they are again, the engine steaming and snorting over the Chicago and Northwestern line for Omaha. Another baker with supplies, a few hours' rest, or it may be half a day, to stretch their limbs, and then they make the final change of cars that carries them over that magnificent national highway, the Union Pacific Railroad, to the Zion of the latter days, the goal of their hopes, and the land of their inheritance."

Thus it is that those who now emigrate at their own expense can do it in a most economical way, and enjoy much more comfort, and much less anxiety and trouble than if they were to travel alone, or apart from the emigration agency. For the poorest classes, who could not afford to pay their own expenses, a provision was made in 1849, by the establishment of a fund, under the name of "the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, Company," to which the faithful in all countries were invited to subscribe. It procured for the poor the means of going to Salt Lake City; but whatever advances were made were only in the form of a loan, the amount advanced being repaid in money or kind, or days of labor for wages mutually agreed upon.

In 1854 Brigham Young and the leading elders being anxious to draw the converts to Salt Lake, called upon the faithful to subscribe liberally to this fund, and to set them a *good* example, Brigham offered to present a valuable city house and plot of ground, if any purchaser could be found wealthy enough to purchase it. A new English convert, named Tenant, purchased it at the price of \$30,000, and set out for "Zion," expecting to take possession. However, he died on the journey, and when his wife and children arrived in the city and claimed the property, which both morally and legally was theirs, they were told that the transaction was not made with them, but with Mr. Tenant; and all their efforts to obtain it were utterly unavailing. This reduced the widow to a miserable state of poverty, from which she never recovered. This is but one sample of the prophet's "honesty."

Before we set out for Liverpool, I had been told that on board ship I should be able to

obtain all the "help" that I might desire; and, anxious to provide for the comfort of the children, I engaged the services of two young girls to look after them and assist me generally. This was an imprudent step, as I afterwards found to my cost; but at the time I thought that I had made a very sensible arrangement.

Help being secured, my next thought was to get our berths fixed, so that all might be ready before the rolling of the ship began. My first inquiries were for our bedding; but it was nowhere to be found. Now this was very annoying, for we were all tired, and the children, poor things, were fidgetty; and anticipating a long and unpleasant voyage, I wanted to have everything in readiness. Besides which I had made special preparations in the shape of many additional comforts which I knew on board ship would be absolutely necessary, and had even sold my watch and jewelry for that purpose.

I inquired of the proper authorities, but could obtain no information, and nothing remained but for me to wait until the Apostle came on board to bid a final adieu to the emigrants. I felt this annoyance all the more, as I considered that we had no right to expect such mismanagement. We would naturally have preferred to make our own arrangements and to go alone, had we been permitted to do so; but we had, over and over again, been instructed not to go by any other vessel than that chartered by the Apostle Richards, so that we might escape the perils which were sure to overtake the Gentiles. Imagine our indignation when we found that as there were not enough of the Saints to occupy the whole ship, the lower deck was filled with Irish emigrants of a very low order, and that their luggage and ours had been thrown together indiscriminately into the hold. Most of the Mormon emigrants recovered their property when they arrived at New York; but as for our own, personally we never saw it again, and all the voyage through we were left utterly destitute.

Nothing remained but for me to put the best face I could upon matters. I took my wearing apparel and other articles out of the trunks, and put them into pillow-slips, and extemporized as well as I could a rough substitute for beds. These served for the children, and I covered them with my cloaks and shawls; and for our own berths and bed-covering I had only a few pieces of carpet, which I put aside for the cabin floor, together with a worn-out blanket which an old lady on board was good enough to lend me. This was the beginning of our going to Zion.

We had not been long at sea when the two young sisters whom I had engaged to help me fell ill, and some of the brethren were very anxious to nurse them. This appeared to be quite the established order of things, for I then found that it was very seldom that a Mormon emigrant ship crossed the ocean without one or more marriages on board. It was, no doubt, very interesting to them, but to me it was extremely inconvenient, especially considering that sickness kept my husband to his berth, which he did not leave during the remainder of the voyage, and myself and the children were not much better off.

Sick and ill as I was, I had to prepare our food and manage everything, for in those times emigrants either took out their own provisions or were allowed in raw material, and in either case had to do their own cooking. My chief difficulty was in getting what I had prepared to the fire-galley, for I could not leave the children, and I was afraid to venture myself upon deck. So I got any of the brethren who chanced to be passing to take it up, and of course they were willing to oblige me; but the galley was so crowded—every one having his or her own interest to attend to—that I very rarely, if ever, had my provisions decently cooked, and on more than one occasion I never saw them again. This was an inconvenience which emigrants do not suffer at the present day.

Unsuccessful with the young sisters, I thought

I would try if I could not get one of the brethren to help me, and circumstances at first appeared to favor me. There was on board a young man—Harry they called him—and he was so situated that I found it easy to open a negotiation with him. He had been a saddler's apprentice in a country town in England, and having listened to some itinerant Mormon preacher, had been converted, joined the Church, and began to think for himself. So, hearing that terrible judgments were quickly coming upon the Old World, he resolved to flee to the New, and in his hurry to get there he conveniently forgot to inform his master that he was about to leave. This accounted for his being so badly provided for.

Now, Harry had those two great blessings—a splendid appetite and unimpeachable powers of digestion. I will not say that he enjoyed these two blessings, for *that* he did not, on account of lacking a third blessing, namely, the wherewithal to make the first two blessings a pleasure, and not an inconvenience. The ship's allowance of provisions was altogether insufficient for him, and he therefore gladly engaged to do what few things I required upon condition that I should add a little to his own private commissariat. Harry was a very smart lad, and at first very useful, and he soon convinced me that he had told the truth when he said that he had not had enough to eat ever since he came on board—it seemed to me very questionable whether he ever had before. He had, however, nothing to complain of in that respect while in our employment; for although the children were able to eat whenever we had anything fit for them, my husband and myself could seldom touch our rations, and as everything that was not used fell to Harry's share, he fared pretty well.

Harry was not the lad to neglect his own interests, and as our interests appeared just then to be his also, matters worked very harmoniously. Our bread was never brought back to us half raw or burnt to a cinder. It must be properly cooked for our eating or it would not do for Harry's; and as for its being lost or delayed on its way to or from the galley, that was, of course, quite out of the question.

But the strangest thing of all connected with Harry was that immediately after his coming we were incessantly annoyed by "the rats." I had brought for the children's use a small supply of preserves and other little delicacies; but these mysteriously disappeared with alarming rapidity; and whenever I saved any trifle for the children to eat between meals, that also was gone when it was wanted, and in every instance Harry suggested that it was "the rats," though I never could find any traces of those interesting animals. I was sorry to part with Harry, for he used to tell funny stories to the children, and amused them a great deal; but "the rats" and Harry were so closely associated in my mind, that I thought if Harry left, the rats might perhaps also cease their visits. So Harry went and the rats went, and I was once more left alone to do the best I could.

The weather was very cold, and we felt its severity very much. The rigging of the ship was hung with icicles, and, without fire or warmth of any sort, it is no wonder that we all were soon hardly able to move from cold and sickness. In the midst of my trouble I was told of an ancient Scotch sister—a maiden lady, sharp and shrewd—who, like the miser in Sir Walter Scott's 'Fortunes of Nigel,' was willing to help us "for a consideration." It was agreed that she should give me her services for the remainder of the voyage; and the "consideration" was to be two pounds English (\$10). Small as was our stock of money, and much as I knew we should need it upon our arrival, I felt that I could do no better than engage her. There was no saying upon whom *she* might chance to set her maiden fancy, but there was not the remotest chance of any of the brethren falling in love with her; so I considered her a safe investment, and, besides, I must have *somebody*—there was no alternative.

It was now Christmas-time, a season sacred to joyous memories and festivities; but to us exiles and wanderers, seeking a land of which we knew nothing, and which to us was a new and untried world, it was far from being a happy time. In the midst of the wild, dreary ocean there was nothing to recall the pleasant reminiscences of the past, or to inspire us with hope and courage as we thought of the future. The captain told us that we might prepare to eat our Christmas dinner in New York; but he was mistaken in his calculations. We did not eat our Christmas dinner in New York, as he had promised. A storm came on which compelled us to stand out to sea again, and then a dead calm followed, and it was not until New Year's Eve that we set foot at last upon the shore of the New World.

(To be Continued.)

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for March 24: Mark 10: 46-52.

Golden Text, Mark 10: 48.

Christ's Teaching About Riches—Contrary to General Opinion—The Blind Beggar Outside Jericho—Discrepancies of the Three Evangelists—God's Children Need not be Beggars—Only When they are Blind to their Privileges—No Begging of Men when there is Faith in God—The Beggar did not Seek Alms of Jesus—An Opportunity Promptly Seized—Importunity not to be Suppressed—The Call for Him—Casting Aside Impeding Garments—A Momentous Question—Faith Rewarded.

UNTIL the time came when, after His resurrection, Jesus opened the understanding of His disciples, "that they might understand the Scriptures" (Luke 24: 45), and they were subsequently filled with the Holy Ghost, they learned the way of Christ very slowly. Jesus had said with regard to the young man who had great possessions, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." This astonished the disciples, and went counter to all their ideas. Rich men had such opportunities; they could give largely, while the poor needed all their earnings for present and pressing need. The rich could give what time they liked to religious observances, while the poor must labor hour after hour to get bread. The rich, they thought, had great advantages over the poor for the service of Christ, and so, in their wonder, they said, "Who, then, can be saved?" And Jesus,

Looking Upon Them,

saith, "With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible." Why did He look upon them, poor fishermen as many of them were? He saw within just what Peter expressed immediately after: "Lo we have left all, and have followed Thee." *We* are all right, *we* shall enter into the kingdom of God. Oh how little Peter knew that the riches of self-gratulation were as great a hindrance to him as were the houses and lands of the rich young man to him. Peter took as much pride in his devotedness as the other did in his riches. Both thought to lay God under an obligation, and neither saw how utterly empty he must be that he might "receive the kingdom of God as a little child." It takes a long time for a human heart to learn that it is not the amount we give to God which is of value in His eyes, but it is our appreciation of Him, which leads us to receive of Him, and to place our will and all we have and are at His disposal. Our part is to receive, but we receive a kingdom and a King, and, therefore, we place ourselves in subjection, instead of being lordly donors.

Jesus answered Peter that all who would leave anything for His sake would receive an hundred-fold with persecutions, and in the age to come eternal life. "But," He added, "many that are first shall be last, and the last first," as though to say, "Peter, the time is coming when thou wilt have to take the last place." And again, a fourth time, He spoke of His coming sufferings. But so little were they ready to understand or enter into His thoughts, that James and John came to Him at this very time

with the request, "Grant unto us that we may sit, one on Thy right hand and the other on Thy left hand in Thy glory."

Let Us Be Something Great!

This is the desire of our ambitious human hearts, whereas we live to show how great our God is—we are as the pedestal of the statue. Jesus answered, "Can ye drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? And they said unto Him, We can." Oh how little they knew themselves! How little do we know ourselves, when sometimes we make great promises to God! How much we need to know our utter nothingness!

A Christian worker who had been much used of God, and who had taught much of the way of dying with Christ, was, through ill-health and other circumstances, separated from the sphere of her activity. Then she who had taught others to die to their own wills found her own will was far from dead. She could not accept that she, who had been so useful, should be set aside as worthless, and she saw the oppression of man, rather than the hand of God in it. God was only giving her the opportunity to make her own teaching true in her experience. So long as we think ourselves necessary to the work of God in any measure, we cannot say in truth, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. 2: 20.) Jesus answered the two brothers, "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of, and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized; but to sit on My right hand and on My left is not Mine to give; but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father."

The ten were displeased with James and John; they could see in the two brothers the spirit which they could not discern in themselves. How should they be reconciled? Jesus called them to Him and showed them that the way of the world is to seek pre-eminence. "Their great ones exercise authority upon them, but so shall it not be among you; but whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever will be chief shall be servant of all."

God's Great One Serves,

"for even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

"And they came to Jericho; and as He went out of Jericho with His disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sat by the high-wayside, begging." The gospel of Matthew states that there were two blind men; that of Luke, that it was as they entered the city. But what do these little discrepancies matter? We know well that if every blind man in Jericho had pleaded for sight, Jesus would have healed them all. The poor blind man sat and begged; it was all he could do, the sum total of his day's work; a thankless occupation, moving the sympathy of the few, the scorn and contempt of the many. Thank God, His children

Need Not be Beggars.

It is those who are blind as Bartimeus to the fact that God cares for them, who need to beg from man. To beg is saying plainly, "I do not know how to rely on God, I do not think it is quite safe to trust Him, and so I fall back on man." One can expect nothing else from an unsaved soul, but many of God's children are blind to His care for them, and so they continue to beg of man for means to carry on God's work, even after they know Him as the Saviour of their souls! Perhaps this arises from the fact that many earnest and zealous workers for God do not wait for Him to lead them, but go forward and make plans as may seem to them expedient; and as they have taken the responsibility of the plans, they feel the responsibility of carrying out those plans devolves upon them also. It is quite another thing with Mr. George Müller, and many who work on the same principle, who first settle everything with God, and then deal with Him and not with man about the money.

Bartimeus had heard something about Jesus: no doubt he had been told how He had opened the eyes of the blind, and now this Jesus was passing by. It was his first, perhaps his last, opportunity of having something to do with Jesus. He heard the crowd approaching; it was a good chance to get money, but no; his mind was set upon something else than money, he "cried out, and said, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." He knew no other way to accomplish his purpose than to cry at the top of his voice. He must attract the attention of Jesus; it was now or never with him. The people were annoyed at the interruption, and bade him hold his peace. Oh how selfish men are! Here was a blind man who once only in his lifetime had a chance of recovering his sight, and people round think only of their momentary inconvenience, and would leave him in his darkness! "Oh, it's only a beggar," they might have said; but he was a redeemed beggar, and from that hour a beggar no more.

The blind man was not to be stilled; there was in his heart a strong confidence that if Jesus could only know his case, he would be healed, so "he cried so much the more, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Would that every unsaved man and woman who is awake to his need, and knows Jesus is near, had the same perseverance, determined to get an answer from Jesus! There was a sudden halt, the footsteps ceased, and the blind beggar ceased his cry; only one voice was heard, it was Jesus commanding them to call the blind man; and the messengers say to him, "Be of good comfort, rise, He call-eth thee." Is there one reading these words who is without peace and without sin forgiven? Then, in the name of my Master I say, "Be of good comfort, rise, He called thee." Bartimeus, hearing, was quiet. He asked for no hand to guide him through the throng, he feared not the press; "casting aside his garment," his loose cloak, regardless whether he should ever find it again, "he rose, and came to Jesus."

"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" were the words which greeted him, and the answer was prompt, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." Reader, Jesus asks this question of thee, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" He means to do whatever you really need and fully trust Him to do. Oh, instead of begging from man, instead of making useless demands upon yourself, that you should bestow something worthy upon God, or make yourself something holy, honor Him by letting Him do His work upon you, letting Him save you, sanctify you, purify you, heal you, conform you to the image of Jesus! "And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole, and immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way." "Go thy way"—the only way for him now was the way which Jesus walked in; he "followed Jesus in the way." His opened eyes did not tire of looking at Jesus. If Jesus has saved us or healed us, it is that we may follow Him, live as He lived, and manifest a spirit and purpose in our lives which is in accordance with His own.

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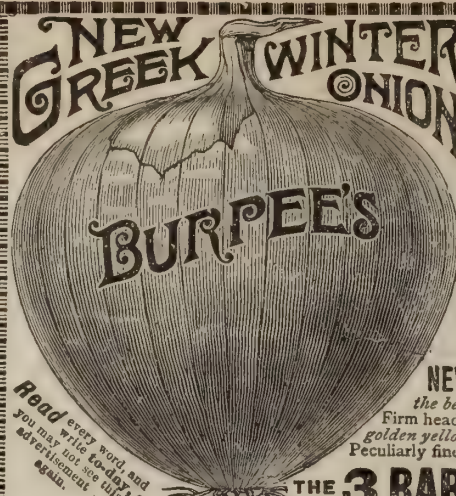
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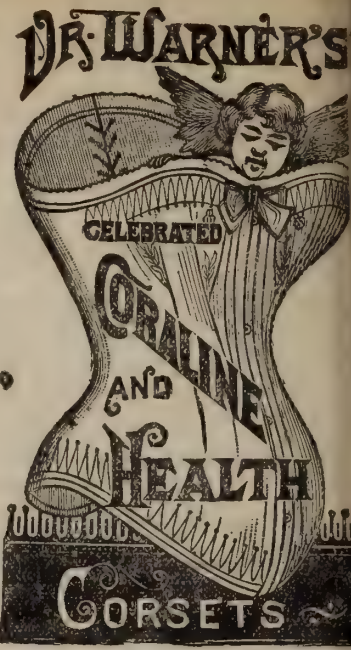
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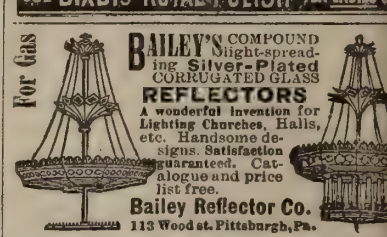
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Vol. XII., No. 10. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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President Harrison and Vice-President Morton—The Inauguration at the Capitol Last Monday.

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

By the time this number is in the hands of our readers, the impressive ceremony represented on the preceding page will have been performed, and the statesman chosen by the people last November will have entered upon the duties of his exalted position. Those among our readers who voted against him are, we are sure, sufficiently patriotic to desire for his administration a career beneficial to the country, and to wish that under his rule peace and prosperity, and the "righteousness which exalteth a nation," may be promoted. As a candidate, it was optional on the part of conscientious citizens to do all in their power to defeat him, if their political principles were antagonized by his candidacy; but as the President duly elected, he has a claim on the respect and consideration of the people, which Christians are bound to recognize by the principles laid down by the apostles. It is for them to set the example, in these times of growing lawlessness, of respect for authority and a legally constituted administration. Therefore, *without political bias*, we bespeak for President Harrison and his administration the deference, and *especially the prayers*, of all our readers, that by God's blessing the ensuing four years may be years of progress in righteousness, happiness, and prosperity.

Benjamin Harrison was born at North Bend, Ohio, in his grandfather's house, August 20, 1833. Physically and mentally vigorous, he early manifested a desire to begin an active and independent career. At sixteen he entered Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and two years later was graduated. He was

A Bright Scholar,

with an aptitude for grasping easily the knot-tiest problems, and with a mind that adapted itself readily to discipline. He had an early inclination for the legal profession. On leaving college he began in Cincinnati, with the Hon. B. Storer as his preceptor, the study of law, and in 1854 he entered upon the practice of his profession in Indianapolis. He was twenty-one, square-shouldered, fair-haired, rather serious, reserved in manner, with no inheritance except his education and a good name, without acquaintance, but with a wife to provide for. A legislative investigation, in which he secured employment through the Democratic Governor, Joseph A. Wright, brought him into notice. The ability that he displayed won for him the highest praise of lawyers and laymen. From that time his abilities were fully occupied. He soon acquired the reputation of consummate skill in the preparation of cases, became an expert examiner of witnesses, discussed legal questions in written briefs or oral arguments with convincing logic, and became one of the leaders of his profession as an advocate.

It was inevitable that he should drift into politics. With many young men he

Joined the Republican Party,

and with superior oratorical ability he soon became known as one of the best and most fearless Republican speakers. It amazed the Democrats of the State to see him challenge Mr. Thomas A. Hendricks to "divide time"; but it was afterward declared by the chairman of the meeting that he had "never heard a man skin an opponent as quickly as Ben Harrison did Hendricks that day." In 1860 he was a candidate for Reporter of the Supreme Court, and in the Lincoln campaign of that year he was elected. He cared little for the office, except for the opportunity that it gave him to continue his profession at an increase of income.

The Outbreak of the War

soon dragged him from the life of the citizen to that of a soldier. Governor Morton, in July, 1862, asked him to assist in recruiting a regiment under the President's call for 300,000 three-year troops. He received the first commission for the Seventieth Regiment, and as Second Lieutenant inspired such enthusiasm wherever he went that he soon raised Company A, was made Captain, helped to fill up the other companies of the regiment, and in less than a month

had completed it, and was at its head as Colonel, ready to go to the front. Governor Morton signified a willingness to accept his resignation if he chose to remain at home and hold his civil office. But Colonel Harrison preferred the military service. Once chosen, he devoted himself to that career with all his ability. He served through Kentucky and Tennessee up to January, 1864, when his regiment was assigned to the First Brigade of the Third Division of the Twentieth Army Corps.

His services had been highly honorable to him up to this time, but he had not yet reached his highest honors. He was ordered to lead the assault at Resaca on May 15, 1864. The duty was gallantly performed, his command rushing irresistibly over the enemy's terrible lines, and capturing both lines and guns. At Peach-tree Creek, while commanding his brigade, his soldierly qualities drew from his commanding officer, General, "Joe" Hooker, the most enthusiastic praise. On the battle-field he declared that he would make Colonel Harrison Brigadier-General for his part in the fight. He served through the war to its close. He took part in the siege and battle of Nashville, was at the surrender of Johnston, and with his command participated in the final review of the Union forces at Washington.

Politics.

While he was away from Indiana, the Supreme Court, Democratic in composition, declared vacant the office of Supreme Court Reporter, to which Harrison had been elected. Another reporter was elected. In the fall of 1864, after Atlanta had fallen, he took his first leave of absence. The State Convention had nominated him again for the place from which he had been ousted. Reaching home, he devoted himself so effectively to the work of the canvass for the thirty days accorded him, that he was elected for another term. He declined a re-election in 1868, and until 1876 devoted himself diligently to the practice of his profession. In 1876 he was made the candidate for Governor, after he had declined to run, and after another candidate had been nominated and had declined. He accepted the nomination as a public duty. After he had accepted it he devoted himself to the work of the campaign with great energy. But there was great activity in both the Republican and Democratic parties in Indiana in 1876. General Harrison was defeated, but he came out of the fight with extended acquaintance with the people of the State, and with increased national popularity. He was a prominent speaker in the campaign of 1880 in the East and the West. His friends in Indiana had little difficulty in electing him to the place in the Senate of the United States about to be vacated by Joseph E. McDonald, and he took his seat in that body on March 4, 1881.

Senator Harrison

took his seat in the Senate on the day upon which General Garfield was inaugurated. The session was an extra one for executive business only, and he simply attended, and voted when occasion arose. When the Senate reassembled in the following December, at the beginning of the Forty-seventh Congress, and opportunity offered, he assumed his share of the duties of the body. He did not force himself forward as a speaker. When he did speak he commanded attention. Upon Chinese immigration he argued for a faithful regard of treaty obligations in enforcing exclusion. Service on the Mississippi River Commission prepared him to discuss familiarly all propositions brought forward for the improvement of that stream.

After the inauguration of President Cleveland, and when the Republicans of the Senate took issue with the Executive about appointments, Senator Harrison was heard on several occasions in speeches of a critical character. He was heard very infrequently during the closing months of his term. In 1887 an effort was made by the Republicans of Indiana to control the Legislature in order that he might be chosen to succeed himself. The Republicans won in the

State, but the Democrats carried the Legislature by a small majority, electing David Turpie as Senator. General Harrison again resumed the practice of his profession at Indianapolis.

Personal Traits.

Personally President Harrison is somewhat under the average height; but his straight, strong figure, soldierly bearing, and easy dignity of manner make him a noticeable person among men. His hair is very fair, and his face is clothed with a blond beard in which there are no streaks of gray. One term of service in the Senate did not encrust him with the veneering of Senatorial reserve. He was and is one of the most approachable of men, ready to talk upon all public subjects freely, and having something to say on most subjects that it is worth while to hear. As an orator he was one of the best of the Senate, speaking clearly, without fatigue, and with no merely perfunctory zeal, and with a voice of great penetration.

Ancestors.

Major-General Harrison, an English ancestor, bore arms with Oliver Cromwell, and rose with him to prominence in the Revolution. It fell to his lot to sign the death-warrant of Charles I., and after the Restoration he paid the penalty for this act, being hanged October 13, 1660. Benjamin Harrison, the first descendant of Cromwell's General who appears in American history, was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, later a delegate to the Colonial Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, three times elected Governor of Virginia, and a member of the Convention that ratified the Constitution. His son was General William Henry Harrison, whose honorable career as a soldier and statesman culminated in his election to the Presidency in 1840, to be followed by his death in the White House one month after his inauguration.

His Pastor's Testimony.

The Rev. M. L. Haines, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis thus writes of the President: "When he came to Indianapolis as a young lawyer at the age of twenty-two he was already a professing Christian. He had united with the Presbyterian church of Oxford, Ohio, during his student life in Miami University. Mrs. Harrison and he brought their church letters with them and identified themselves immediately with the First Presbyterian Church of this city. During the thirty-four years since that time they have been among its most consistent, efficient, and honored members.

"The Rev. Drs. J. H. Nixon, of Wilmington, R. D. Harper, of Philadelphia, J. P. Kumler, of Pittsburg, and Myron Reed, of Denver, each of whom has been in succession the pastor of the First Church, could, I doubt not, give interesting reminiscences of the help they received from this elder and his wife. Mr. Harrison, when but twenty-four years of age, was elected to the office of deacon, and four years later, in January 1861, was made an elder.

For some time before the war he was**Superintendent of the Sunday-school,**

and after his return from the army was for a number of years, up to his election as United States Senator, the teacher of the congregational Bible-class for men. So successful was he in this work that he drew to the class a large number of young men active in business and professional life.

"Amidst the press of professional engagements he somehow so managed as to be rarely absent, and during one of the political campaigns, when he was speaking six days in the week, insisted that his appointments should be so arranged that he could get back to Indianapolis Saturday evening, and thus be enabled to meet his class Sunday morning. The faithfulness to duty thus exhibited has ever been a marked characteristic of the man.

"This faithfulness shows itself, also, in the regularity of his attendance upon the Sunday and mid-week services of his church, and in the loyal and thorough way he meets the responsi-

bilities that rest upon him as an officer. He takes hold of his duties with both hands earnestly. 'Our responsibility to God' is a phrase I have heard him use a number of times in his prayers, and in such a tone as to make it clear that it is one of the great truths that shape his thinking and conduct. He impresses one as being

A Man of Balanced Mind

and clear convictions, who would give any truth thought before him a fair chance, but who would allow nothing to swerve him from the path of duty. With him a promise is sacred; with him yes means yes and no means no.

"One who was his law partner for several years said of him: 'He had as high a sense of honor as any one I ever knew, and the keenest sense of justice I think I ever saw in any one. This was especially striking in him. It came, I think, from the fact that he was something more than a man who sought to do justly. He was

A Spiritually Minded Man.'

"A certain reserve characterizes his manner, united with a natural dignity of bearing which gives some the impression that he is cold and unsympathetic. But those who are brought into more intimate relations with him find him to be the very opposite.

"In conversation he listens intently, shows a keen sense of humor, and tells a witty, clean, pat story in a manner that 'brings down the house.' Generous in his benevolences, he has always taken a hearty interest in the various charitable organizations of the city, and his popularity among the Roman Catholics, Hebrews, and Protestants alike attests to the breadth and genuineness of his sympathies.

"In religious and charitable activities he has had an earnest helper in Mrs. Harrison. For a number of years she was the teacher of the infant class in the Sunday-school. She takes a leading part in the missionary and social work of the ladies of the church, and is prominent in the management of the Indianapolis Orphan Asylum and other public benevolences.

"General Harrison is emphatically an Anti-Saloon Republican. In regard to the form in which the issue has joined here in Indiana his trumpet has given no uncertain sound. He has declared strongly for local option and increased restriction to the extent to which public sentiment can secure and maintain them.

"I will not presume to draw aside the veil that conceals the home-life of General Harrison and his family; yet I feel free to say that it is a Christian American home of the noblest type, where the affection that binds its members is purified and strengthened by faith in God, and where, from the family altar that was erected more than a third of a century ago, there goes up each day the utterance of thanksgiving and confession and prayer to the Heavenly Father."

VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON.

THE Vice-President is the well-known New York banker, of the firm of Morton, Bliss & Co. He is nearly sixty-five years of age, having been born at Shoreham, Vt., May 16, 1824. His father was Rev. Daniel O. Morton, a Congregational minister, and a lineal descendant of George Morton, one of the Puritan Fathers, who came to this country from England in 1623. The boy received only a common-school education, and early began business life as a dry-goods clerk, in Concord, N. H. He commenced business on his own account in that town in 1845, but four years later removed to Boston, and afterward to New York. In the last named city the firm became financially involved, and compromised with its creditors at fifty cents on the dollar. Some years afterward each of these creditors received from Mr. Morton an invitation to dinner, and each man found on his plate an envelope containing the amount he had lost, with interest. At that time Mr. Morton had commenced business as a banker, and was prospering. His partner in New York was Mr. George Bliss, and in London, Sir John Rose. The firm materially aided the United States Government

in funding the Public Debt, and in resuming specie payments.

Mr. Morton did not enter political life until 1876, when he ran for Congress, but was defeated. Two years later he was again a candidate, and was elected. He took a prominent part in the discussion of financial questions, and rendered valuable service, independent of party, to the nation at large in that department. On the accession of President Garfield, Mr. Morton was made Minister to France, and while there hammered the first rivet in the Statue of Liberty presented by French citizens to the city of New York. On his retirement from Paris, he was highly complimented by the French Government and the American colony there. As is well known, Mr. Morton has made many munificent charitable gifts, one of the most conspicuous of which being a quarter of the cost of freighting the *Constellation* with corn for the starving poor of Ireland in 1880.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Last Testimony of Bishop Barker.—The Life of Bishop Barker, of Sydney, New South Wales, has just been published, and in it is the account of his last hours, which is deeply impressive, and shows how a Christian can die. It appears that in December, 1880, in the midst of his work, when paying visits to the town of Sydney in connection with his Diocesan Church Loan Fund, the Bishop was struck down by paralysis. For a time his life was in imminent danger. Still he rallied, proceeded to England for change, and appeared for a while likely to recover. But in March, 1882, he was again seized with paralysis, which in a few weeks proved fatal. The end, as we might anticipate after such a life, was eminently peaceful. He said: "I am perfectly composed." And again, he remarked to some sorrowing friends, "My love to all the friends. My peace is like a river. I die in the faith of the Lord Jesus." "Sleep of death? I have no fear of death—to be with my blessed Lord, through His most precious blood." These were some of his last utterances.

Choir-Leader, Wife, and Widow.—An Evangelist observes: "The first music conductress I had at my meetings was an ardent worker for Christ. By-and-bye, however, she formed an acquaintance with a fast young man with plenty of money and a very handsome face. From that time her attendance at the meetings became irregular. Her admirer did not like her to sing at the meetings, and soon we lost her services altogether. They got married, and God gave them two little ones to train for Him. Some years afterwards, I met the lady in the dress of a widow. Her first question as I shook hands with her, was, 'Where are you now having your meetings?' 'You think of returning to God, do you? Through all these years we have not ceased to pray for you, that God would not turn His back upon you, but bring you back to the fold,' I replied. She sadly responded, 'Yes, first God took my children, and now my husband is gone, but He has broken me down,' and bursting into tears, she again asked where my meetings were being held. I told her, and that night she was the first to arrive. Anew she consecrated herself to the Lord's service, and ever since she has continued a most zealous worker. The Lord brought back His wandering sheep, but through what trials and griefs had it to pass ere it was safe within the fold!"

Like the Prodigal for Twelve Years.—A devoted Christian worker says: "In a town in the north, to which I used to go at regular intervals, there was an aged woman who, as I met her year after year, greeted me with the same remark, 'Oh sir, I feel just like the prodigal we read of in St. Luke's Gospel.' When I had listened to this for eleven years I began to think that surely this good old woman was bearing a burden of which it was my duty to try and relieve her. So I resolved to speak to her. Next year, when she for the twelfth time repeated, 'Oh, sir, I feel just like that prodigal,' I said, 'I see the prodigal in two states. First, I see

him far from his father, living in sin, and feeding swine. Then I see him received by his father, a ring on his finger, shoes on his feet, and covered with the best robe. Now, dear lady, in which of those two states is the prodigal when you represent him?' She saw that she represented him when far from his father, and living on the world's husks, and by God's grace I was enabled to show her that she should not let the resemblance stop there, but, like the prodigal, she should arise from her sin, and even in her rags seek the face of her heavenly Father, who would welcome her royally, and put the robe of Christ's holiness upon her. That night she, who for twelve years had been lingering at the door of conviction, passed gloriously through the open portals of conversion."

John, the Christian Widow's Son.—Mr. Richié said: "About ten years ago a band of young men, myself among the number, went to a little village to hold evangelistic meetings. While there we lodged with a godly old widow, who had an only son, and he was unconverted. It was her chief prayer that ere she left this world she might see her darling boy brought to Christ, and she asked us to speak to him quietly about the love of Christ. We did so, but there seemed to be no result. As we were about to leave, the young man somewhat satirically said, 'Well, mother, if there be any blessing going, we shall have it now, for I don't think you have had so many Christians under your roof before.' 'No, John,' she gravely answered, 'and perhaps this is your last chance of obtaining salvation. You have often said that religion was only suited for stupid old people like me, but here you have six bright intelligent young men, all Christians.' John was greatly struck with the thought that this might indeed be his last opportunity to close with Christ, and could get no rest. He went to bed, but was obliged to get up at midnight and tell his mother the miserable state his mind was in. She comforted him from the Scriptures, and showed him the way of salvation. Soon the silence of the night was broken by a sweet song of praise to God, who had welcomed the penitent and praying sinner, and now that young man is guiding others to the Saviour he then found."

A Mass-Book Pointing to Christ.—The Rev. J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, son of the late Dr. D'Aubigné, of Geneva, who is now carrying on an excellent evangelical work in Belgium, speaking at a Noon-day Prayer-meeting, said: "I called on a Belgian one day, whom I had known for a long time as utterly indifferent to the things of Christ, when he surprised me by declaring that he believed the New Testament, and had accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour. 'Tell me,' I said, 'how you came to accept Christ. Did you hear a gospel address somewhere, or what was it?' 'I will tell you,' he answered, with a happy smile; and going to a cupboard he took therefrom an old black book, and handing it to me, said, 'There, sir, is the book which led me to abandon my ungodliness and to love Christ.' 'Why,' I exclaimed in astonishment, as I opened and turned over some of the leaves of the old black well-worn volume he had brought me, 'this is a Catholic mass-book! How could this have led you to Christ?' 'In this way,' he replied. 'You see that on nearly every page there is a little bit of the Gospel and a little bit of an Epistle. Well, I read all these extracts, and thought them very beautiful. I also read the prayers on the same pages, but they were so different, so inferior, that I did not enjoy them at all. Then I wanted to have the New Testament, from which the small portions of the Gospel and the Epistles were taken. I got it, and read it, and wept over it; and at last feeling and seeing myself to be a sinner, and believing that Christ came to save sinners, and was willing and able to save me, I asked Him to do so, and He did it, and I am saved.' This man is now one of our most intelligent and earnest fellow-workers in the locality of Verviers. What an evidence of the Divine inspiration and power of the Word of God!"

THE RESERVATION OF AMERICA.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday
Morning, March 3, 1889

"And hath made of one blood all nations," Acts 17:26.

II Races from a Common Stock—The Inhuman Cry, America for Americans!—Who it is that Raise It—I. Immigrants Themselves—Indians the Only Native Race—Desperadoes Not Wanted—Building a Wall to Keep out Honest Men—What God Will do With It—II. By People Afraid of Overcrowding—Not a Tenth of the Country Cultivated—Benefits of Inter-marriage—How Heaven Feels About It—Christianity a Cosmopolitan Religion—Baron Hirsch's Magnificent Gift—A Word to Foreigners—What Americans Should do for Them.

"AND hath made of one blood all nations." That is, if for some reason general phlebotomy were ordered, and standing in a row were an American, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Norwegian, an Iclander, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Russian, and representatives of all other nationalities bared their right arm, and a lancet were struck into it, the blood let out would have the same characteristics, for it would be red, complex, fibrine, globuline, chlorine, and containing sulphuric acid, potassium, phosphate of magnesia, and so on; and Harvey and Sir Astley Cooper and Richardson and Zimmerman and Brown Séquard, and all the scientific doctors, allopathic, homeopathic, hydro-pathic and eclectic, would agree with Paul, as, standing on Mars Hill, his pulpit a ridge of limestone rock fifty feet high, and among the proudest and most exclusive and undemocratic people of the earth he crashed into all their prejudices by declaring, in the words of my text, that God had made "of one blood all nations." The countenance of

The Five Races

of the human family may be different as a result of climate or education or habits, and the Malay will have the projecting upper jaw, and the Caucasian the oval face and small mouth, and the Ethiopian the retreating forehead and large lip, and the Mongolian the flat face of olive hue, and the American Indian the copper-colored complexion, but the blood is the same, and indicates that they all had one origin, and that Adam and Eve were their ancestor and ancestress.

I think God built this American continent and organized this United States republic to demonstrate the stupendous idea of the text. A man in Persia will always remain a Persian, a man in Switzerland will always remain a Swiss, a man in Austria will always remain an Austrian, but all foreign nationalities coming to America were intended to be Americans. This land is the chemical laboratory where foreign bloods are to be inextricably mixed up and race prejudices and

Race Antipathies Are To Perish,

and this sermon is an axe by which I hope to help kill them. It is not hard for me to preach such a sermon, because, although my ancestors came to this country about two hundred and fifty years ago, some of them came from Wales, and some from Scotland, and some from Holland, and some from other lands, and I am a mixture of so many nationalities that I feel at home with people from under every sky, and have a right to call them blood relations. There are madcaps and *patriotic lunatics* in this country who are ever and anon crying out, "America for Americans!" Down with the Germans! Down with the Irish! Down with the Jews! Down with the Chinese! are in some directions the popular cries, all of which vociferations I would drown out by the full organ of my text, while I pull out the stops and put my foot on the pedal that will open the loudest pipes, and run my fingers over all the four banks of ivory keys, playing the chant, "God hath made of one blood all nations."

There are not five men in this audience, nor five men in any audience to-day in America, except it be on an Indian reservation, who

were not descended from foreigners if you go far enough back. The only native Americans are the Modocs, the Shawnees, the Chippewas, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Seminoles and such like. If the principle, America only for Americans, be carried out, then you and I have no right to be here and we had better charter all the steamers and clippers and men-of-war and yachts and sloops and get out of this country as quick as possible. The Pilgrim Fathers were all immigrants,

The Huguenots all Immigrants.

The cradle of most every one of our families was rocked on the bank of the Clyde or the Rhine, or the Shannon or the Seine or the Tiber. Had the watchword "America for Americans!" been an early and successful cry, where now stand our cities would have stood Indian wigwams; and canoes instead of steamers would have tracked the Hudson and the Connecticut; and, instead of the Mississippi being the main artery of the continent, it would have been only a trough for deer and antelope and wild pigeons to drink out of. What makes the cry of "America for Americans!" the more absurd, and the more inhuman is that some in this country, who themselves arrived here in their boyhood, or arrived here only one or two generations back, are joining in the cry. Escaped from foreign despotisms themselves, they say, "Shut the door of escape for others." Getting themselves on our shores in

A Lifeboat From the Shipwreck,

saying, "Haul the boat on the beach, and let the rest of the passengers go to the bottom!" Men who have yet on them a Scotch or German or English or Irish brogue crying out, "America for Americans!" What if the native inhabitants of Heaven—I mean the angels, the cherubim, the seraphim, born there—should stand in the gate, and when they see us coming up should say, "Go back! Heaven for the Heavenians!"

Of course we do well not to allow foreign nations to make this country a convict colony. We would have a wall built as high as heaven and as deep as hell against foreign thieves, pick-pockets, and anarchists. We would not let them wipe their feet on the mat of the outside door of Castle Garden. If England or Russia or Germany or France send here their desperadoes to get clear of them, we would have these

Desperadoes Sent Back

in chains to the places where they came from. We will not have America become the dumping-place for foreign vagabondism. But you build up a wall at the Narrows before New York Harbor, or at the Golden Gate before San Francisco, and forbid the coming of the industrious and hard working and honest populations of other lands who want to breathe the air of our free institutions, and get opportunity for better livelihood, and it is only a question of time when God will tumble that wall flat on our own heads with the red-hot thunderbolts of His omnipotent indignation.

You are a father, and you have five children. The parlor is the best room in your house. Your son Philip says to the other four children, "Now, John, you live in the small room in the end of the hall, and stay there; George, you live in the garret, and stay there; Mary, you live in the cellar, and stay there; Fannie, you live in the kitchen, and stay there. I, Philip, will take the parlor. It suits me exactly. I like the pictures on the wall. I like the lambrquins at the windows. I like the Axminster on the floor. Now, I, Philip, propose to occupy this parlor, and I command you to stay out. The parlor only for Philippians."

You, the father, hear of this arrangement, and what will you do? You will get red in the face and say, "John, come out of that small room at the end of the hall; George, come down out of the garret; Mary, come up from the cellar; Fannie, come out of the kitchen, and go into the parlor, or anywhere you choose; and, Philip, for your greediness and unbrotherly behavior, I put you for two hours in the dark closet under the stairs." God is the Father of the human race. He has at least five sons: a North Amer-

ican, a South American, a European, an Asiatic, and an African. The North American sniffs the breeze, and he says to his four brothers and sisters: "Let the South American stay in South America; let the European stay in Europe; let the Asiatic stay in Asia; let the African stay in Africa; but America is for me. I think it is the parlor of the whole earth. I like its carpets of grass, and its upholstery of the front window, namely, the American sunrise; and the upholstery of the back window, namely, the American sunset. Now, I want you all to stay out, and keep to your places." I am sure the Father of the whole human race would hear of it, and chastisement would come; and, whether by earthquake or flood or drought or heaven-darkening swarms of locust and grasshopper, or destroying angel of pestilence,

God would Rebuke our Selfishness

as a nation, and say to the four winds of heaven: "This world is my house, and the North American is no more my child than is the South American and the European and the Asiatic and the African. And I built this world for all the children, and the parlor is theirs, and all is theirs." For, let me say, whether we will or not, the population of other lands will come here. There are harbors all the way from Baffin's Bay to Galveston, and if you shut fifty gates, there will be other gates unguarded. And if you forbid foreigners from coming on the steamers, they will take sailing vessels. And if you forbid them coming on sailing vessels, they will come in boats. And if you will not let them come in boats, they will come on rafts. And if you will not allow wharfage to the raft, they will leave it outside Sandy Hook and swim for free America. Stop them? You might as well pass a law forbidding a swarm of summer bees from lighting on the clover-top, or pass a law forbidding the tides of the Atlantic to rise when the moon put under its silver grappling-hooks, or a law that the noonday sun should not irradiate the atmosphere. They have come. They are coming now. They will come. And if I had a voice loud enough to be heard across the seas, I would put it to the utmost tension, and cry:

Let Them Come!

You stingy, selfish, shriveled up, blasted souls who sit before your silver dinner-plate piled up with breast of roast turkey incarnadined with cranberry, your fork full and your mouth full, and cramming down the superabundance till your digestive organs are terrorized, let the millions of your fellow-men have at least the wishing-bone!

But some of this cry, America for Americans! may arise from an honest fear lest this land be overcrowded. Such persons had better take the Northern Pacific, or Union Pacific, or Southern Pacific, or Atlantic and Charlotte air line, or Texas and Santa Fe, and go a long journey and find out that no more than a tenth part of this continent is fully cultivated. If a man with a hundred acres of farm land should put all his cultivation on one acre, he would be cultivating a larger ratio of his farm than our nation is

The National Farm.

Pour the whole human race, Europe, Asia, Africa, and all the islands of the sea, into America and there would be room to spare. All the Rocky Mountain barrennesses and all the other American deserts are to be fertilized; and as Salt Lake City and much of Utah once yielded not a blade of grass, now by artificial irrigation have become gardens, so a large part of this continent that now is too poor to grow even a mullein stalk or a Canada thistle, will through artificial irrigation like an Illinois prairie wave with wheat, or like a Wisconsin farm rustle with corn tassels. Besides that, after perhaps a century or two more, when this continent is quite well occupied, the tides of immigration will turn the other way. Politics and governmental affairs being corrected on the other side of the waters, Ireland, under different regulation turned into a garden, will invite back another generation of Irishmen, and the wide wastes of Russia brought from under despotism will with

her own green fields invite back another generation of Russians. And there will be hundreds of thousands of Americans every year settling on the other continents. And after a number of centuries, all the earth full and crowded, what then? Well, at that time, some night, a panther meteor wandering through the heavens will put its paw on our world and stop it, and putting its panther tooth into the neck of its mountain range will shake it lifeless, as the rat-terrier a rat. So I have no more fear of America being overcrowded than that the porpoises in the Atlantic Ocean will become so numerous as to stop shipping.

It is through mighty addition of foreign population to our native population that I think God is going to fill this land with a race of people ninety-five per cent, superior to anything the world has ever seen. Intermarriage of families and

Intermarriage of Nations

is depressing and crippling. Marriage outside of one's own nationality and with another style of nationality is a mighty gain. What makes the Scotch-Irish second to no pedigree for brain and stamina of character, so that blood goes right up to supreme court bench, and to the front rank in jurisprudence and merchandise and art? Because nothing under heaven can be more unlike than a Scotchman and an Irishman, and the descendants of these two conjoined nationalities, unless rum flings them, go right to the tip-top in everything. All nationalities coming to this land, the opposites will all the while be affianced, and French and German will unite, and that will stop all the quarrel between them, and one child they will call Alsace, and the other Lorraine. And hot-blooded Spaniard will unite with cool-blooded Poleander, and romantic Italian with matter-of-fact Norwegian, and a hundred and fifty years from now the race occupying this land will be, in stature, in purity of complexion, in liquidity of eye, in gracefulness of poise, in domelike brow, in taste, in intelligence, and in morals, so far ahead of anything now known on either side the seas that this last quarter of the nineteenth century will seem to them like the Dark Ages. Oh, then how they will legislate and bargain and pray and preach and govern! This is the land where, by the mingling of races, the race prejudice is to get its death blow.

How Heaven Feels About It

we may conclude from the fact that Christ, the Jew, and descended from a Jewess, nevertheless provided a religion for all races, and that Paul, though a Jew, became the chief apostle of the Gentiles, and that recently God has allowed to burst in splendor upon the attention of the world Hirsch, the Jew, who after giving ten million dollars to Christian churches and hospitals, has called a committee of nations, and furnished them with forty million dollars for schools to elevate his race in France and Germany and Russia to higher intelligence, and abolish, as he says, the prejudices against their race; these fifty million dollars not given in a last will and testament, and at a time when a man must leave his money anyhow, but by donation at fifty-five years of age, and in good health, utterly eclipsing all benevolence since the world was created. I must confess there was a time when I entertained race prejudice, but, thanks to God that prejudice has gone; and if I sat in church, and on one side of me there was a black man, and on the other side of me was an Indian, and before me was a Chinaman, and behind me a Turk, I would be as happy as I am now standing in the presence of this brilliant audience; and I am as happy now as I can be and live. The sooner we get

This Corpse of Race Prejudice

buried, the healthier will be our American atmosphere. Let each one fetch a spade, and let us dig its grave clear on down deeper and deeper till we get as far down as the centre of the earth and half-way to China, but no further lest it poison those living on the other side the earth. Then into this grave let down the ac-

cursed carcase of race prejudice, and throw on it all the mean things that have ever been said and written between Jew and Gentile, between Turk and Russian, between English and French, between Mongolian and anti-Mongolian, between black and white, and put up over that grave for tombstone some scorched and jagged chunk of scoræ spit out by some volcanic eruption, and chisel on it for epitaph: "Here lies the carcase of one who cursed the world. Aged near six thousand years. Departed this life for the perdition from whence it came. No peace to its ashes!"

A Word to Foreigners.

Now, in view of this subject, I have two point-blank words to utter, one suggesting what foreigners ought to do for us, and the other what we ought to do for foreigners. First, to foreigners: Lay aside all apologetic air, and realize you have as much right as any man who was not only himself born here, but his father and his grandfather and great-grandfather before him. *Are you an Englishman?* Though during the Revolutionary War your fathers treated our fathers roughly, England has more than atoned for that by giving to this country at least two denominations of Christians, the Church of England and the Methodist Church. Witness the magnificent liturgy of the one, and the Wesleyan hallelujahs of the other. And who shall ever pay England for what Shakespeare and John Milton and Wordsworth, and a thousand other authors, have done for America?

Are you a Scotchman? Thanks for John Knox's Presbyterianism; the balance-wheel of all other denominations. And how shall Americans ever pay your native land for what Thomas Chalmers and Macintosh and Robert Burns and Christopher North and Robert McCheyne and Candlish and Guthrie have done for Americans?

Are you a Frenchman? We cannot forget your Lafayette, who in the most desperate time of our American revolution, New York surrendered, and our armies flying in retreat, espoused our cause, and at Brandywine and Monmouth and Yorktown put all America under eternal obligation. And we cannot forget the coming to the rescue of our fathers of Rochambeau and his French fleet with six thousand armed men.

Are you a German? We have not forgotten the eleven wounds through which your Baron De Kalb poured out his life-blood at the head of the Maryland and Delaware troops in the disastrous battle at Camden, and after we have named our streets and our cities and counties after him we have not paid a tithe of what we owe Germany for his valor and self-sacrifice. And what about Martin Luther, who made way for religious liberty for all lands and ages?

Are you a Poleander? How can we forget your brilliant Count Pulaski, whose bones were laid in Savannah River after a mortal wound, gotten while in the stirrups of one of the fiercest cavalry charges of the American Revolution? But with no time to particularize I say, "All hail to the men and women of other lands who come here with honest purpose!"

Take the Oath of Allegiance.

Get out your naturalization papers. Don't talk against our institutions, for the fact that you came here, and stay, shows that you like ours better than any other. If you don't like them there are steamers going out of our ports almost every day, and the fare is cheap, and, lest you should be detained for parting civilities, I bid you good-bye now. But if you like it here, then I charge you, at the ballot-box, in legislative hall, in churches, and everywhere, be out-and-out Americans. Do not try to establish here the loose foreign Sabbaths, or transcendentalism spun into a religion of mush and moonshine, or foreign libertinism, or that condensation of all thievery, scoundrelism, lust, murder, and perdition, which in Russia is called Nihilism, and in France called Communism, and in America called Anarchism. Unite with us in making, by the grace of God, the fifteen million square miles of America, on both sides the Isthmus of Panama, the paradise of virtue and religion.

My other word suggests what Americans ought to do for foreigners. By all possible means explain to them our institutions. Coming here, the vast majority of them know about as much concerning republican or democratic form of government as you in the United States know about the politics of Denmark or France or Italy or Switzerland, namely, nothing. Explain to them that liberty in this country means liberty to do right, but

Not Liberty to Do Wrong.

Never in their presence say anything against their native land, for, no matter how much they may have been oppressed there, in that native land there are sacred places, cabins or mansions around whose doors they played and perhaps somewhere there is a grave into which they would like, when life's toils are over, to be let down, for it is mother's grave, and it would be like going again into the loving arms that first held them, and against the bosom that first pillowed them. My! my! how low down a man must have descended to have no regard for the place where his cradle was rocked. Don't mock their brogue or their stumbling attempts at the hardest of all languages to learn, namely, the English language. Treat them in America

As You Would Like To Be Treated,

if for the sake of your honest principles or a better livelihood for yourself or your family, you had moved under the shadow of Jungfrau, or the Rigi, or the Giant's Causeway, or the Bohemian Forest, or the Franconian Jura. If they get homesick, as some of them are, suggest to them that God is as near to help them here as He was near them before they crossed the Atlantic, and that the soul's final flight is less than a second, whether from the beach of the Caspian Sea or the banks of Lake Erie. Evangelize their adults through the churches and their children through the schools, and let home missions and tract societies, and the Bible translated in all the languages of these foreign people, have full swing.

Rejoice as Christian patriots that, instead of being an element of weakness, the foreign people, thoroughly evangelized, will be

Our Mightiest Defence

against all the world. The Congress of the United States recently ordered built new forts all up and down our American coasts, and a new navy is about to be projected. But let me say that three hundred million dollars expended in coast defence will not be so mighty as a vast foreign population living in America. With hundreds of thousands of Germans living in New York, Germany would as soon think of bombshelling Berlin as attacking us. With hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen in New York, France would as soon think of firing on Paris. With hundreds of thousands of Englishmen in New York, England would as soon think of destroying London. The mightiest defence against European nations is a wall of Europeans reaching all up and down the continent—a wall of heads and hearts consecrated to free government.

A Bulwark of Foreign Humanity

heaved up all along our shores, reinforced by the Atlantic Ocean, armed as it is with tempests and Caribbean whirlwinds and giant billows ready to fling mountains from their catapult, we need as a nation fear no one in the universe but God; and, if found in His service, we need not fear Him. As six hundred million people will yet sit down at our national table, let God preside. To Him be dedicated the metal of our mines, the sheaves of our harvest-fields, the fruits of our orchards, the fabrics of our manufactories, the telescopes of our observatories, the volumes of our libraries, the songs of our churches, the affections of our hearts, and all our lakes become baptismal fonts, and all our mountains altars of praise, and all our valleys amphitheatres of worship, and our country having become fifty nations consolidated in one, may its every heart-throb be a pulsation of gratitude to Him who made "of one blood all nations," and ransomed that blood by the payment of the last drop of His own,

A HEROINE AT A FIRE.

A MOTHER'S concern for her son was heroically displayed at a fire in New York on February 21. The fire was in a large tenement house, and was caused by the explosion of a lamp on the first floor. An alarm was sent over the wires and loud shouts warned the tenants on the upper floors to make their escape. All did so except a widow, who, with her son, occupied rooms on the top floor. The son, who is twenty-one years of age, was confined to his bed, being ill with consumption. The mother found it was hopeless to get him out of bed and down the stairs by herself, and presently the stairs took fire, cutting off her escape by that way effectually. She managed to drag the young man to the window, where he could get air, and she waited with him for help to come. Her position was described from the street, and some firemen made their way through the scuttle of a neighboring house to the roof of the one on fire. Lying down on the roof they lowered a rope to the window at which the widow was, and told her to tie it around her body and they would draw her up. Instead of doing so, she tied it around her invalid son, and waited patiently while the firemen drew him up and lowered the rope again for her. Both were saved, but while the son was being rescued, his mother was in imminent danger. What love must that have been that, in the face of death by burning, could prefer that another should be saved rather than herself! How infinitely greater must have been the love of Christ for a lost world, when He voluntarily laid down His life for its salvation. (John 10: 18.)

A CHINESE PROCLAMATION.

ONE of the University students who by the blessing of God on Mr. Moody's labors was led to devote himself to missionary work in China—Mr. Stanley P. Smith, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on April 9, 1885—has been made the subject of a proclamation in China. He is now settled at Lu-ngan Fu, Shansi. Some disturbance was made by the people of the place, and it was proposed to turn out the missionary, but the magistrate, of his own accord, has issued a proclamation, of which we give here a part. "Be it known that whereas the English teacher, Mr. Stanley P. Smith, and others, have come to Lu-ngan to propagate religion, they do so in accordance with treaty right: and further, these teachers come after it has been signified to us magistrates by official documents; the teachers all carry a passport, giving them the right of entry to every Fu, Chau, and Hien city. Having arrived here, we must, according to the treaty, assist them. The teacher, Mr. Stanley P. Smith, has come here to establish a preaching hall to cure people of opium-craving, and exhort men to be virtuous. Those are at liberty to hear who will. There are some who, having heard the doctrine, gave me (the Hien magistrate) to understand that certain senseless scoundrels had the impudence to stick up a placard on the main-street crossing, meaning by their unfounded stories to mislead all, and stir others up to hurt virtuous men. Over and above apprehending (these scoundrels), I issued this proclamation to inform others. By this I want to let the whole city know thoroughly—soldiers and people. After the issue of this proclamation you must all fulfil your duty, and not be incited by this unfounded talk."

THE CONGO FREE STATE.

THE extraordinary resources of the Congo Free State were described on February 13 to a reporter in New York by Gen. H. S. Sanford, formerly United States Minister to Belgium, who was very active in securing the recognition of the new State by the Washington Government, and in encouraging American projects for its development. Mr. Sanford does not endorse the reports issued depreciating the region. He said that it was capable of becoming the granary of the world. Vegetation of all

kinds thrives most luxuriantly, as many as three crops a year of some kinds of vegetables coming to maturity. Coffee grows wild; the dense forests are rich in dyewoods, and fine qualities and species of furniture woods, and there are extensive copper and tin mines already discovered. At present there are about 300 Europeans at the various stations along the river, engaged in trade and in the administration of the Government. Liquor is rigidly kept by the King of the Belgians from the reach of the natives, in accordance with the powers of exclusion acknowledged by the Berlin conference. In the Free Zone there are 50,000,000 of inhabitants, and 1,500,000 square miles of land, equal in fertility and richness to the best lands of the Mississippi Valley, and of far greater extent. A railroad has been surveyed, telegraph lines in the interior and a cable to Europe will be in operation, and a large iron hotel is being forwarded for erection at Boma, the capital. Mr. Sanford expresses his conviction that the new State will become one of the most prosperous in the world.

AN INDIAN'S REPROOF.

A SAILOR, recently returned from Alaska, says that while there he was in a miner's cabin with a party of a dozen white men and one Indian, an intelligent man who spoke Russian and English. The conversation turned on Indian religion, and one of the miners said that one day while looking for work, he met three Indians who were taking their furs to the agency. The Indians were sociable, and one of them asked him, "Do you savy (know) Jesus Christ?" The miner, curious to find out how much they knew, pretended complete ignorance. Thereupon one Indian took a book out of his sack and showed it to him. It was one of the Gospels in Indian language. The Indian pointed to the book and then pointed upward, and repeated his question: "You savy Jesus Christ?" The miner shook his head. The Indian then spoke to his companions, and each of them produced his "Jesus book," and each said that the book was good. One of the men carried his book in a case suspended from his neck, and he said too, as he replaced it, with much emphasis, "That book good!"

As the miner finished describing the interview his companions laughed derisively, and one of them, turning to the Indian present, asked him if he too had a "Jesus book." The Indian, who had listened silently, and had not joined in the laugh, rose with dignity, and said, "Yes, me savy Jesus," and taking a New Testament from his bag said, "No like to talk with white men about Jesus; white men laugh; yes, this my book. Oh yes, me savy Jesus." The Indian's demeanor was so dignified and so courageous that there was no repetition of the laughter, and as he sat down the miners looked ashamed. They changed the conversation, but afterward, when the Indian was gone, one of the miners said bluntly, "That Indian had more courage than any of the lot. There was not one of us after that laughing who would have admitted that he had a Bible in his trunk." The Indian's courage and evident love of his "Jesus book" deeply impressed the sailor.

OMINOUS FIGURES.

AN instructive report on divorce statistics has been compiled by Mr. Carroll D. Wright, of the National Labor Bureau, and a synopsis was given last week to the press. Mr. Wright's figures cover the period from 1867 to 1886 inclusive, and they show a startling increase in the number of divorces granted during the twenty years. The increase of population in this country during that period is about 69 per cent. The total number of divorces granted is 328,716. Of these 9,937 were granted in 1867, and 25,525 in 1886, an increase of about 157 per cent., considerably more than twice as great as the increase in population. A significant feature of the report, indicating the necessity for a uniform divorce law for the whole country is

that of the analysis of the statistics by States. It shows that in the States which have a lax divorce law there has been the most marked increase of divorces. While there have been 36,072 divorces in Illinois in twenty years, and the ratio of the number granted to the number of married couples in the State was 1 to 407 in 1870 and 1 to 271 in 1880, the corresponding ratios in New Hampshire were 1 to 248 in 1870 and 1 to 175 in 1880, and in Rhode Island 1 to 203 and 1 to 190, respectively. A still more surprising result is obtained by comparing the number of divorces with the number of marriages contracted in the same States during the same period. This shows *one divorce to every twelve marriages*. The inference is, not that there is more immorality in those States, but that unhappy couples go there from other States to obtain divorce, because they get it more easily there.

PREACHING BEFORE A KING.

IN a letter from Tataka, Africa, published in the *African News*, Miss Rose A. Bower describes her visit to Grabo, the capital town of the Taboo tribe, where the King attended the service in state. On the arrival of the missionaries they sat in the public square to await the coming of the king. His approach was heralded by a band consisting of two drums, two horns, and a bell. He came attended by a man who held an umbrella over his head, a man carrying a wooden chair, and two men carrying guns. He wore a cloth fastened around his waist reaching to his feet, and a heavy overcoat and a beaver hat purchased from some European traveller. Miss Bower goes on to say:

We sat on our side of the street with all our men and they opposite under the pavilion. The King asked us through another man who we were and where we were going. We said that we had come to see him, and told what for. The king found fault with the Tataka king and people because they had not consulted the head king, which, according to their laws they should have done, and had not long ago officially sent him word that the white missionaries had come to their town. Word had never been officially sent to the King, and he didn't recognize any other source.

They were very much vexed with our people and threatened to make them pay for their neglect and disregard of the King's rights. Our men were very much troubled, as it was a serious offence, but we took it to the Lord in prayer that evening. The next day was Sunday, and we went under the pavilion and began to sing. It wasn't long till we had a large audience of the principal men. Then I gave them a little talk and sang some more, and then left the meeting open for questions. Quite a number were asked and answered, and at the close they crowded around to shake hands and express their appreciation of our singing and talk.

So God was with us, and we took the people's hearts by storm. That afternoon the King sent for Blackwell, and asked to know why we had come to his country. Blackwell explained and the King was much interested and pleased, and said to Blackwell, "The 'palaver' is done." So that what seemed to forbode serious trouble melted away like snow on an April day. Sunday night we gathered, by singing, as many as the house we occupied could hold, and then had a little prayer-meeting. The King came at our request, and we sang and talked to him and to as many as the house would hold. Monday morning he had another public talk about school boys. They promise to come and help our people build a school-house at once, and gave us five boys to bring with us; two of them are about 15 years, the other three younger, and we have two boys from town. So now we have seven boys. They are to stay at least five years. Plenty more are ready to come as soon as we get a place for them. The men said they expected the boys would run away and come to us. After we were through, we expressed our desire to start home that day. The King ob-

jected, and it was only by promising we would come again when he sent for us, that he consented. We said, "We would." So he said in a month or two he would send ten men and carry us in hammocks. He said he had not received us as he wished to receive his white missionaries.

MOMENTOUS PROPHETIC DATES.

By Rev. A. B. Simpson.*

The Times of the Jews—Identity of the Desolating Oppressor—His Supremacy to be 2,300 Years—Dates to Measure From—A Remarkable Focus—The Year 1900 a Momentous Year—A Succession of Dates Marking Stages of Deliverance—A Second Measuring-Line—The Setting up of the Abomination—Another Measure—The Times of the Papacy.

In the eighth chapter of Daniel we have a second scale of measurement, having reference not to the times of the Gentiles, but to the duration of the oppressions of the Jews and the down-treading of the sanctuary. Until "the sanctuary should be cleansed" was to be 2,300 days. The first question concerning these days is, Where are they to begin? What is to be

Our Starting-Point?

There are five points from which we might date it. One, and the most natural, would be the date from which the seventy weeks preceding Messiah's coming are dated, the decree of Artaxerxes to rebuild Jerusalem under which Ezra returned, B. C. 457. The second, and next in probability, is the second decree of Artaxerxes, under which Nehemiah went back, 444 B. C. The first of these in solar, the second in lunar, measurement brings us to the cross of Jesus in seventy weeks, or 490 years. They would naturally be suggested to a candid mind as the Jewish times here intended.

The third date we might adopt would be the closing year of the Restoration period, which God said would last seven weeks, or forty-nine years (Dan. 9 : 25). Dating this from 457 would give us 406 B. C.; from 444, it would bring us to 395 B. C. Or, we might adopt a fifth date, viz., the close of the Old Testament, about 400, as the measuring-point from which the eye of prophecy looked forward to the beginning of millennial times.

There is still a sixth date which we might adopt, viz., the first decree of Cyrus and the end of the seventy years' captivity, the year 537. This was the commencement of the Persian monarchy. There might even yet be added one more initial date, viz., 332 B. C., the year of the downfall of Persia and the rise of Alexander's universal empire, when the power out of whom this little horn was to grow really began. Thus we have seven dates from which to measure the 2,300 years, viz., 537, 457, 444, 406, 400, 395, 333.

Five Significant Dates.

Measuring in lunar time, which is the Jewish and Mohammedan time, we reach the following dates: 1774, 1788, 1826, 1832, 1837, 1900. There is only one of these dates that is not of the greatest significance in connection with Jewish and Turkish history. The year 1695 was the time of the first defeat of the Turkish power, followed by the treaty of Carlowitz, which began Turkish dismemberment. The year 1774 was marked by Turkey's second disastrous war and peace, ending in that very year in the humiliating treaty of Karnadje, by which she ceded away both rights and territories of great value. The year 1826 was famous for the battle of Navarino, destroying the Turkish fleet and leading to the loss of several Asiatic fortresses. This was immediately followed by her third disastrous war with Russia in 1829, in which she lost Servia, Algeria, and other territory, and was more seriously dismembered. The year 1832 was marked by the rebellion of Mehemet Ali, lasting till after the next date, 1839, threatening the very existence of the empire,

and leading to the loss of Egypt and the occupation of Syria by the European powers. The year 1900 is still future, and yet is

A Momentous Year.

marking, as we shall see, just 2300 lunar years from the close of the Old Testament. Turning next to solar years, we find that the 2,300 years from each of the seven dates already given bring us to 1763, 1844, 1856, 1894, 1900, 1905, 1968. The year 1763 was the time of Jewish emancipation in the principal European countries. It began in England in 1753, and ended in Russia and other countries in 1805. The year 1844 is the most important date in the whole series so far, marking the first decree of Turkish toleration, opening of the empire to Christianity, and the return of the Jew. The year 1856 was the close of the Crimean War, when Turkey practically fell into the hands of the European powers and ceased to be an independent empire, having ever since been carried by European statesmen as a sort of living corpse not quite ready for burial.

The year 1900 would seem to be the very time when the twenty-three centuries from Malachi would close and the new age begin. The later date of 1964 is in advance of any other prophetic measure; and, it will be remembered, is calculated from the rise of Alexander's empire, and, if a measure at all, can scarcely be used unless in the lunar scale, which brings it to 1900.

Taking all the three standards of measurement and dating them from the seven different periods mentioned, we get the following dates in their chronological order: 1695, 1763, 1774, 1788, 1808, 1821, 1826, 1832, 1837, 1844, 1856, 1860, 1866, 1870, 1894, 1900, 1905, 1934, 1968.

Every one of these dates is historically important in the story of Jewish elevation and Turkish judgments. And there is scarcely a single fact of importance in the dismemberment and dissolution of the oppressive Mohammedan power, and the liberation and elevation of God's ancient people, which is not touched by these dates: At each of these points the little horn has received another stroke of judgment, and the oppressed daughter of Zion another stroke upon her dissolving chain. If we leave out the latest initial date, there can only remain, at the very longest, the few lingering years of this century for the restoration of Zion and the momentous events it will usher in. And even if we measure from that latest date in lunar years, it brings us only to the very opening of the year 1900. Tell ye the daughter of Zion: "Behold, thy King cometh."

In the last chapter of Daniel, we have

A Second Measuring-Line

of prophecy with special reference to Jerusalem and her oppressors. It is very evident that the things here described relate to the Jewish people, and not to the Christian Church. After the visions have closed, the question is asked: "How long shall it be to the end of these wonders?" And the answer given is: "A time, times, and an half, and when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished." This limit, then, applies to the period during which the power of the holy people was to be "scattered." This has been the condition of Israel for ages. And when they shall cease to be scattered, and shall again unite in their own land, the mystery of prophecy will be fulfilled.

What the power is that has scattered and still prevents the union of the Jewish people, we have already seen. What the abomination is that has made Jerusalem and Judea a desolation for centuries, none can deny. These three words, scattering, desolating and abominable, are peculiarly applicable to the Moslem and the Turk. Now, how long has this been so? When was this thing "set up"? There are two dates which apply to the origin of Mohammedanism and the spread of its oppressive power over the Holy Land so perfectly as to leave

No Question Possible.

The one is their own accepted era, the Hegira or flight of Mohammed, A. D. 622. The other

is the capture of Jerusalem, and the erection of the mosque of Omar, 637.

From 622, the lunar, calendar, and solar measurements will lead us up to 1844, 1863, and 1882, and from 637 to 1860, 1878 and 1897; so that the six dates in order will be: 1844, 1860-63, 1878, 1882, 1897. Only one of these remains yet unfulfilled. The others are all exceedingly significant, as we have already seen, and all connected with Turkey and Palestine. The first brought the decree of Turkish toleration; the next, the enforcement of that decree by the European occupation of Syria, and the Israelitish colonization plans; the third, the treaty of St. Stefano, which dismembered Turkey and gave England the protectorate of Syria and Palestine, with the island of Cyprus; the next, the Egyptian war, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the English occupation of Egypt. There matters stand. Ten years will bring the final date respecting this measure. Beyond it there may lie other unfulfilled prophecies. But *this period closes with the century, 2,300 years after the close of the Old Testament age.*

The Times of the Papacy.

There is another time, times, and a half to be examined. This is the duration of the little horn of Daniel 7, and the persecuting beast of Rev. 13. We have seen that these describe the Papal power. Let us look at a few of the remarkable fulfillments of predicted times in connection with this subject.

Shall we begin with the fall of imperial Rome to make way for Papal Rome, and count that the first step toward the rise of the Papacy? Well, 1,260 lunar years from that lead to 1698, when the peace of Ryswick settled the Protestant cause and struck one of the earliest fatal blows at Papal Rome. Or, shall we measure from the decree of Justinian, 533, making the Roman bishop the supreme head of all the churches of Christendom? Well, in that case, 1,260 lunar years bring us to the beginning of French infidelity in 1755; the same number of calendar years, to 1774, the accession of Louis XVI. and the beginning of the French Revolution; and the same period in solar years, to 1793, the very one of the Reign of Terror, the most terrific blow the Papal Church has ever received.

Or, shall we take the years 607 to 610—the decree of Phocas confirming the Pope in the ecclesiastical sovereignty of the world? Then we shall come by all our great lines of measurement to

Points of Stupendous Importance.

The first is 1829, the second revolution in Paris, threatening the Papacy once more. The second is 1848, a year of revolutions as marked as 1792, in which the Pope was again unseated and threatened with the loss of the temporal power. The last is 1867-70, the most important of all, in which his boastful claim of infallibility, which the whole world was summoned to listen to, was publicly read amid a fearful thunder-storm in Rome. At that very hour the hand of judgment fell upon France and Rome, and ere a year had passed away the temporal throne of the Papacy was gone forever.

Thus have we seen, on all the great scales of prophecy, the lines converging to a final focus, and that focus lying within a very little distance in the future. Beginning with the seventeenth century, it reaches no point beyond the twentieth, or even far beyond the nineteenth. These calculations of lunar, calendar, and solar time, measured from all the great initial dates of the past, will enable the reader to gather up the cumulative and overwhelming evidence of these conclusions, and to see with what definiteness and solemnity the hands upon the clock of ages are pointing to the years just before us, and saying to us all: "WATCH!"

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfillment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

* From his new work, "The Gospel of the Kingdom." Pp. 1. Price in paper covers sixty cents; in cloth eighty-five cents. Published at the *Book and Tract Repository*, 1488 Broadway, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Effort to Further Increase the Number of States was made in Congress on February 26. Mr. Springer introduced in the House a bill providing for the admission of the Territories of Arizona, Idaho, and Wyoming as States. It provides that these Territories may become States as provided in the bill admitting the two Dakotas, Washington, and Montana, and that the provisions of that act shall be extended to these Territories the same as if they had been included in the act, with certain exceptions. The delegate of New Mexico introduced a similar bill with reference to New Mexico. The four States for the admission of which arrangements have already been made cover an area of 364,300 square miles, about three times the size of the British Isles, and their population has increased during the last eight years from 249,000 to 935,000.

A Valuable and Much Needed Act of Legislation is proposed in Canada. A bill now before the Canadian Parliament will, if it is passed, close the doors of the Dominion against criminals from the United States. It is a bill not only providing for the extradition of future criminals, but for the extradition of criminals now living securely in Canada. The list of crimes for which the perpetrators may be extradited under the bill comprises almost every offence except political. There is some uncertainty as to whether such legislation is constitutional, as it practically supersedes the extradition treaty made with England. That question, however, will be decided in the law courts, should the measure be enacted. That it would be a benefit to this country is indisputable. Trusted financial officers, clerks and others, who now feel secure in embezzling the funds committed to their care because they know that they can easily reach a place of safety in a few hours, will be less likely to yield to temptation if the grasp of the law can be laid upon them on the other side of the Canadian line.

The Civil-Service Reform Conference at Baltimore, on February 23, expressed unambiguously its opinion of the principles which should guide the President as to removals and appointments. It is safe to say that, should he adopt those principles, he will soon be at issue with his party, and have a very unquiet administration. The politicians and the party newspapers are already clamoring for wholesale removals, and their voice is more potent than that of the Association. In the document issued, the Association somewhat unkindly recalls the President's pledges in the platform of his party, and in his letter of acceptance; and the essentials of

the policy embodied in those pledges are described substantially as follows: The enforcement of the law of 1883, in letter and spirit; the selection of competent men in sympathy with the reform as commissioners; no removals for political reasons within the rules; the statement of reasons for removals when made; and, without the rules, appointments and removals to be determined by fitness and not partisan services, or the lack of them. The Association appears to have forgotten that the platforms of political parties are framed for campaign purposes only, and not for use at a time when a party is entering on the fruition of a victory. To recite the pledges now is an anachronism inconvenient to the politicians and office-hunters, if not to the President and his administration.

An Important Convention of Business Men from all trade centres, which assembled at St. Louis on February 28, made a reasonable demand which should not be overlooked by the next Congress. It asked for a uniform bankruptcy law in place of the confusion and uncertainty of separate State legislation. "We want," said the chairman, in stating the object of the convention, "a national law that will provide for the honest collection and disbursement of the assets of an insolvent debtor. We want this law so framed that it will accomplish its work quickly and economically. It must be a stringent law, one that will punish the fraudulent debtor, so far at least as to make him liable for his debts until they are paid, while, at the same time, it will not crush the poor but honest debtor, and prevent him from again engaging in business. We believe that all creditors should share fairly and proportionately in the assets of the debtors. The preferred creditor should be wiped out or legislated out." If the next Congress is looking for more useful work than that of its predecessor, the suggestions of this convention deserve its attention.

The Manner in Which the Appropriation for pensions was passed by the House is significant in two points of view. Though passed in a few minutes, it appropriated the enormous sum of eighty-four million dollars; and though the sum was so large, there was no question raised as to the propriety of the payment, for which many voted who a quarter of a century ago were doing their best to increase the fatalities involving the pensions. Even this large appropriation will probably be insufficient to meet the coming year's needs. For the present financial year the sum of \$79,173,000 was appropriated, and a few weeks ago \$8,000,000 more was asked for to meet the payments until June 30, which makes about \$87,000,000 in all. The last report of Commissioner Black showed that the amount paid for pensions from the year 1861 up to July 1, 1888, was \$963,086,444. Since the greater part of the current appropriation has since been expended, it follows that at this time fully \$1,000,000,000 has been laid out in pensions, and this sum will have reached \$1,050,000,000 by July 1. When it is considered that this sum has not been expended in lavish payments to princes, or to a privileged class, but mainly to the rank and file, and their families, the saying as to the ingratitude of republics evidently cannot be applied to this nation.

The Collapse of the Charge Against Mr. Parnell, of writing the incriminating letters published by the London *Times*, is complete. The witness, Pigott, who supplied the letters to Houston, who retailed them to the *Times*, absconded last week before his cross-examination was completed. Before doing, so he made a written confession that he had forged the letters, and that the whole of the story about his manner of getting the letters, to which he had sworn before the Parnell commission, was false. His method of procedure was exceedingly cunning. He secured genuine letters from Parnell, Egan, and others, and in making up the forged letters he used as many words contained in the genuine letters as possible. These he traced on a window pane, and was thus able to get the exact formation of the letters, as well as char-

acteristic forms of expression. When his confession was read in court, a warrant was immediately issued for his arrest, and the Irish party joined in the hunt for him by sending a man to Antwerp and another to Paris to intercept him. The *Times* was constrained to make a humiliating apology through its lawyer in court, and repeated it in its editorial columns, and added: "Mr. Parnell having in the witness-box stated that the letters attributed to him were forgeries, we accept in every respect the truth of that statement. In these circumstances we deem it right to express our regret most fully and sincerely, at having been induced to publish the letters in question as Mr. Parnell's, or to use them in evidence against him. This expression of regret, we need hardly say, includes also the letters falsely attributed to Mr. Egan, Mr. Davitt, and Mr. O'Kelly. We must add that we firmly believed the letters to be genuine until the disclosures made by Pigott in the course of his cross-examination." The *Times* is severely blamed by the English press for publishing the letters without inquiring into the antecedents of Pigott, which are known to be disgraceful. It is expected that Mr. Parnell will now institute a suit for libel. A report from Madrid states that a man answering the description of Pigott shot himself in that city on Friday to avoid arrest.

A Disquieting Speech was Made at Brighton, Eng., on February 27, by Mr. Stanhope, the British Secretary for War, whose former speech of a similar tenor was mentioned recently in these columns. His position in the Cabinet, which gives him access to information not generally accessible, lends additional weight to his utterances. These are all the more remarkable because members of the Cabinet are usually extremely cautious and reserved in their remarks, both in and out of Parliament. Mr. Stanhope, however, appeared to be laboring under a sense of serious responsibility. He said he was entitled to warn his countrymen that contingencies might arise which would require England to find herself not only prepared, but prepared for a most sudden emergency.

The Emperor of Germany at Last Proposed to visit his grandmother, Queen Victoria. English newspapers state that the visit will be signalized by a succession of fêtes at London and Windsor. Communications which are passing between Lord Salisbury and Count Herbert Bismarck in regard to a public reception to the Emperor, indicate that it is the intention to give to the event an aspect of high political importance. The Emperor and Empress will dine at the British Embassy after their return.

The New French Cabinet has Made a Statement of its policy to the Legislature. With the sagacity of experienced politicians, the Minister contented themselves with vague patriotic declarations, avoiding pledges of definite policy on specific questions. They say: "Our great tasks will be to secure the adoption of the budget of 1890, and to assure by a broad, tolerant, and wise policy the success of the Exhibition, which will show in industrious and pacific France the industry and work of all nations. We consider that the Government's principal duty is to prepare for all republicans, and all Frenchmen loving order and liberty, a ground for common, energetic, and decisive action with the view to defend and strengthen the rule of peace, justice, and progress, which France in founding the Republic desired to give itself." The Cabinet has, however, taken a decisive step, which implies that it has courage, and means to act with vigor. It has suppressed the organization known as "The Patriotic League," and this act is regarded as only the first of several contemplated strokes intended to crush Boulangerism.

Very Liberal Terms are Offered to any Person canvassing for subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Sample copies will be sent, postage paid, on application from any one desiring to undertake the work. Ministers and others will find it easy to obtain subscriptions. Send postal card for terms, and state number of sample copies required. Address The Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

A Touching Scene at Jerry McAuley's Old Mission in Water Street, New York, was witnessed on February 28. A long line of men and women, many of them denizens of the slums, with faces bearing the marks of hard and sinful lives, filed past an open coffin in front of the platform. As they walked by, tears were in every eye, and many lovingly touched the forehead of the dead man lying there, and wept afresh. "We have lost a true friend," said one. "He is gone to his reward," said another; and every one had something to say of the goodness and kindness of the dead. Yet only a few years ago Thomas Winn, alias Captain Lloyd, who died on February 27, was a desperate and unscrupulous frequenter of the ward, noted for his drunken and violent ways. He was a sailor, born on board a British brig nearly seventy years ago. It is said that he had been a pirate in the South Seas, and a convicted murderer in Australia. During a visit to New York he was induced to go to the Mission, and he was converted. From that time the man's manner underwent a complete change. He gave up the sea, and devoted all his time to visiting the sick, helping the poor, and assisting in the work of the Mission. No one connected with the place did more kindness, or was better loved than he.

Liberal Offers to Immigrants are Being made by Chili and the Argentine Republic. The Government of Chili has authorized its agents abroad to give free passage to all who desire to emigrate to Chili, where, on their arrival, they will receive board and lodging for fifteen days. The Government has appropriated half a million dollars to this method of attracting emigration. Hundreds of such immigrants have arrived, and are now on their way from Panama. Meanwhile, the Argentine Republic has been beckoning emigrants from Chili, and their offers are so roseate that, within the last three years, over five thousand Chilians have crossed the Andes to settle there. A Chilean journal reports the disastrous result. It states that as soon as the immigrants have brought the land under cultivation and sown the crops, they are driven away by the officers of the Argentine Republic to settle elsewhere or starve. It mentions eighty Chilean families who have had this experience. It expresses surprise that, in spite of these facts, people still continue to go there, while the better promises that Chili makes are fulfilled to the letter. The surprise is very natural, as this is a worldly matter. In spiritual concerns the perversity is all too common. The way to destruction is crowded, while the way to eternal bliss has comparatively few travellers. (Matt. 7: 13, 14.)

A Mountain in Flames is Involving an Enormous loss of property in Tennessee. On February 16 a freight train on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, ran into a tunnel near Sunburnt, Tenn. It was laden with oil in tanks, and was followed by another train carrying ordinary freight. There was some delay on the upward grade by which the middle of the tunnel is reached; when the first train reached the highest point and was about to descend, the rear train dashed into it with a terrific crash. The crews of both trains, realizing what must be the result of such a catastrophe, made their way out of the tunnel as rapidly as their bruised and shaken condition would permit. Before they were clear they saw the flames rise from the oil, and they lost no time in obtaining help. All efforts to extinguish the flames were, however, fruitless. All the cars, with their freight, were consumed, the two engines were melted into a shapeless mass, and then it was found that the timbers of the tunnel had caught fire. Worse still, the roof of the tunnel is a seam of coal twelve inches thick, and that was soon burning vigorously. Volumes of black smoke mingled with fire burst from the entrance, and even at distant points the smoke leaked through parts of the earth, indicating that the heart of the mountain was aflame. As the fire cannot be reached, it will have to burn itself out, and it is doubtful how long that will take. The scene presented

by the mountain enveloped in the smoke that rises from many fissures is said to be a startling one. It may well remind those who look upon it of the final destruction which will overtake the whole earth. (II Peter 3: 7, 10.)

A Novel Wedding Ring was Examined by a reporter in New York last week. Having occasion to procure one for his own use he went to a jeweller, who introduced the novelty to him. The reporter, examining it closely, said that it had a scratch in the centre that went all round it. The jeweller explained the scratch by touching a spring in the inside of the ring, when it flew apart just where the line was that the reporter thought was a scratch. The ring thus became two tiny hoops connected by a thin broad flange attached to each hoop. The surface between the two hoops was intended to bear an inscription of the names of the parties, date of wedding, and any tender motto the bridegroom might like to have put there. It was devised because the inside of the ordinary ring is not large enough to contain all the words it is now customary for the wedding ring to bear. When closed and in wear, the inscription is hidden, and only those in the secret know just where the spring is that, on being pressed, opens the ring and reveals the inscription. This gift from a bridegroom to a bride reminds us of that gift which Christ promises to His church—a white stone bearing a new name, which no one knows save he that receives it. (Rev. 2: 17.)

An Appeal for Help at Sea Led to an Increase of misfortune recently. A schooner entered New York Harbor on February 26, needing assistance in medicines and men. She left Nicaragua on January 17, bound for Boston, with a crew of nine men and a cargo of mahogany. On the way seven of the men fell sick of Chagres fever, and one died. Only the captain and the steward were fit for work, and they despaired of reaching port safely. They hoisted signals of distress, and on February 10 a steamer bore down upon them. The captain of the schooner asked for some medicines, and a man or two to help him navigate the ship. The steamer's captain declined, but offered to tow the schooner into port for \$5,000. This offer was not accepted. While the negotiation was going on, the steamer, through the blunder of her helmsman, collided with the schooner, breaking in her side and tearing her sails and rigging. Ultimately she sailed away, leaving the schooner in far worse plight than she had found her. How the captain succeeded in getting his ship as far as New York is a marvel: but he did so, and after getting repairs done and a new crew, he proceeded to his destination. There are some in distress in the voyage of life who have a similar experience, with not so happy a result. In their difficulties they seek deliverance, with Satan's help, by lying, cheating, forgery, or some other wicked scheme. The general consequence is immediate injury to themselves, and eventually eternal shipwreck. (Isa. 31: 3.)

Burglars' Tools were Required for a Wedding in Jersey City, N. J., on February 27. A young plumber who was locked up in one of the cells of the city prison, was the bridegroom. The bride was a young lady from Greenville, who, with her mother, was in attendance at the prison, and a Justice was also on hand to perform the ceremony. The police captain having been duly satisfied that his prisoner's release was strictly in accordance with law, sent a policeman to the cell to bring the bridegroom. In a short time the man returned alone, saying that he could not open the door of the cell. The lock was out of order in some way, and resisted all efforts to pick it. The wedding party growing impatient, it was decided to force the door open. That was a work of difficulty, as prison doors are usually constructed with a view to resisting precisely such operations. Recourse was had to a set of burglars' tools which had been taken some time before from a convicted bank burglar, and were kept as relics at

police headquarters. With these the party went to work, the bride taking an active share in the labor. After half an hour's effort the door was forced, and the prisoner walked out to take his place before the Justice, who quickly performed the ceremony uniting the young couple. An analogous preliminary is necessary to the union between a sinner and his Saviour. Christ accepts the guilty one as he is, but releases him from the bonds of his sin before union with Himself. (Isa. 42: 7.)

An Amusing Interpretation of a Clergyman's sympathy was mentioned at a meeting in New York on February 28. The Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., who is well known for his interest in social questions, especially in the temperance movement, said, in the course of a speech, that he was once on a Fourth Avenue car, when an intoxicated passenger was making himself a nuisance to the other occupants of the car. Several of them sternly reproved him, and threatened that if he did not cease his filthy and blasphemous observations they would turn him out of the car. The threat exasperated the drunken man, and he became more profane and boisterous than before. Dr. Crosby went over to him, and seating himself by the man's side talked to him gently and soothingly. The fellow quieted down, and chatted amicably with the doctor. Shortly afterward he rose to leave the car. As he did so he scowled savagely on the men who had reproved him, but turning to Dr. Crosby, and putting his hand on his shoulder, his face beaming amiably, he said: "Ah, old feller! you know how to talk to a man who has had a glass or two; *you know how it is yourself.*" It was a ludicrous blunder, but the man evidently thought that sympathy so genuine could come only from a fellow-sufferer. He may learn, however, that infinite sympathy is to be had from One whose fellow-feeling comes from temptation, and not from sin. (Heb. 4: 15.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Amanda Smith is on her way to the United States, after seven years' absence in Africa.

Mr. Moody is arranging to conduct a Bible Institute in Chicago, to commence on April 1 and continue to the end of May.

Dr. Lewis, Bishop of Ontario, was married on February 20 in Paris, France, to Miss Ada Leigh, the founder of the famous orphanages and institutions for women.

The Y. M. C. A. International Convention, to be held in Philadelphia in May next, is expected to be the largest yet held. There are to be more than a thousand delegates present.

The sudden death of Rev. C. E. Ruddick, of West Bedford, O., is announced. During a recent series of services 112 persons were converted. His loss is deeply mourned by his church.

Evangelists Bliss and Towner are doing successful work at Madison, Wis. The Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist churches are uniting in the meetings. A large body of Christian workers are assisting in the meetings and joining in prayer for God's blessing on the work.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. George T. Dowling, whose invitation to Christians to the Lord's Table led to his leaving the Baptist Church, will not be lost to pulpit work. He has accepted a call from Albany, N. Y., to the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church.

Major Geo. A. Hilton's arrangements for evangelistic temperance work in Oregon for March are: Dalles, March 5 to 10; La Grande, 13 to 17; Baker City, 20 to 24. On March 28 he begins work in Denver, Colo. A large addition of members resulted from his labors in Portland, Oregon.

The Rev. E. W. Oakes preached the first time on February 24 in the new church building erected for the congregation he has organized in Manchester, N. H. It is called the People's Church, and as all the seats are free its name is appropriate. It cost over \$10,000 and seats 500 persons.

Rev. B. Fay Mills commenced his work in Jersey City, N. J., in the Bergen Baptist Church. The congregation filled the large edifice to overflowing. The evening service was in the Bergen Reformed Church, which was also crowded. Mr. Mills preached every evening last week in different churches.

Bishop H. C. Riley continues his delightful stereopticon lectures, and is awakening a deep interest in the Christian work in Mexico, which is his sole object. On February 19 he lectured in Christ Church, Brooklyn, on the 26th at Flushing, L. I., and on the 27th at Zion Chapel, Forty-first Street, New York.

MY PERSONAL HOLDFAST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"My God will hear me." Micah. 7:7.

Confidence in Prayer Essential to Prevailing—I. The Results of Confidence—A Resort in the Worst of Times—Not a Forlorn Hope—A Bulwark Against Despair—Patience Encouraged—The Punctuality of God—An Answer to Enemies—Rising Again Assured—Confidence that Light will Come—II. The Reason for the Confidence—The Faithful Promiser—Past Experience—Philosophy Tested by a Post—III. The Confidence in Exercise—Leads to Applying to God First—To Real Prayer—How to Pray.

OBSERVE that the prophet has no sort of doubt. He insinuates no "if" or "but" or "peradventure," but he says it straight out as a fact of which he is infallibly convinced—"My God will hear me." What a blessed thing it is that the child of God knows and feels that this is true; wherever he fails, He will succeed at the throne! If all other friendly ears are closed, his Friend of friends will hear him. Lose your confidence in the power of prayer, and I know not what remains to you. If you are obliged to say, "My God will *not* hear me"—if that is the language of your unbelieving spirit—the tendon-Achilles is cut, and you cannot stand with confidence, much less run with delight. With faith in prayer you have heaven's

Treasures at your Disposal;

but if you ask waveringly, you find that warning true, "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." It is a very wide question, that of God's hearing the prayer of men, and I should need a considerable time to describe particularly whose prayers the Lord will hear, and what prayers He will hear, and how it is true that He always hears, whatever His answer may be. But it will be a far better thing if, without debate, you can personally say for yourself, "Let others say what they will, and judge what they please in this matter, I am persuaded by the Spirit of all grace that my God will hear me." If, so far as you yourself are concerned, you have this assurance, your own feet are upon a rock, and you need not trouble about the sand and the mire. This assurance, "My God will hear me," is better than all the aid of mortal men, and a greater wealth than the mines of India could afford you.

I. I shall try to speak, in the first place, upon

The Results of Confidence

in prayer in believers. When they can truly say, "My God will hear me," the best consequences will come of it. Think of what will happen to them. To begin with, in the worst of times God is their resort. In reading the chapter we saw that the times were desperate. The nation had become rotten throughout; "the good man is perished out of the earth: and there is none upright among men." Justice was openly sold; bribes were unblushingly taken, and even openly demanded. In business all were dishonest; "the best of them is a briar: the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge." In domestic life there was no trusting friend or husband or wife or son or daughter. The whole land had become corrupt; and as the prophet surveyed it with tears in his eyes, he could see nothing worth the looking upon, and he cried, "Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me."

His conviction that God would hear his prayer was his last comfort, and it led him to close his eyes upon the spectacle of universal crime and look heavenward, and heavenward only. When you have faith in prayer you will, in the cloudy and dark day, find consolation in looking to God, who is the blessed sun from whom a brighter day will come. Instead of being overcome by doubt you will gather up your faith, which else might have been scattered among men, and you will place the whole of it upon God, who still remains true and faithful and holy. Men who have confidence in prayer have

perpetual errands at the throne, for they have abundant trials in the wickedness of men, and they look for more abundant mercies from the Lord. If they are in straitened circumstances they run to their Father in heaven to ask that their daily bread may be given them; and if they enjoy plenty, with equal earnestness they pray that their abundance may be sanctified. In any case the believer has abundant reasons for

Praying Without Ceasing.

Another blessing which we derive from the certainty that God hears our prayer is that our eyes are led to look to God with hope. Not only do we turn to the Lord because we have no other resort, but because we look to Him with joyful expectation. The prophet says, "Therefore will I look unto the Lord. I will wait for the God of my salvation." We view our God, not as a forlorn hope, but as the sure source of salvation to us. Many things are taken from us, but hope remains forever in the box, which is not that of Pandora, but of Jehovah. It is one of the best of our blessings that we "through patience and comfort of the Scriptures may have hope." It is no small thing to keep hope alive in the human bosom: it is the direst of calamities when it dies out. Whence the suicide—the plunge into the dark wave, or the crimson gash that lets out a soul? Are not those gates of grim death opened as hope flies away? Whence that listlessness, that lethargy, that want of energy, that letting things drift to ruin? It is because hope has quitted the helm, and the ship is drawn upon the rocks. Kill hope in a man, and you have killed the man's best self. The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but "a wounded spirit, who can bear?" Now, a firm conviction that God will hear prayer is a life-buoy to a sinking hope. He will not give all up who believes that his God will hear him.

Surely, these are two choice blessings—to be enabled to look always to God, and to look towards Him evermore with hope; but we go further. A full conviction of the certainty that God will hear our prayers helps us to wait with patience. "I will wait for the God of my salvation." He may not answer me to-day, but He will hear me. To-morrow may not bring me the expected deliverance, but it will come. Though the vision tarry, I will wait for it; for it shall come, and according to the reckoning of infinite wisdom it really will not tarry. Great is

The Punctuality of God.

He never is before His time, but He never is behind. He is not only present when we need Him, but we find Him "a very present help in trouble." We find it good to wait, because we have no fear of being disappointed. In all difficulties, and under all opposition, we shall be able to endure with patience the will of the Lord, if we remain firm in the assurance that prayer is heard of the Lord. I often repeat Ralph Erskine's ditty:

"I'm heard when answered, soon or late,
Yea, heard when I no answer get;
I'm kindly answered when refused,
And treated well when harshly used."

It is so. No good thing will the Lord withhold from them that walk uprightly; and, therefore, if an answer to prayer be withheld, it is because what we sought was not for our real good. A flat denial in form may be a full grant in essence, since all our prayers are comprehended in "Thy will be done;" and this is the standing corrective for all that we ask amiss. If, then, in prayer we do not have our will of God in one way, yet we shall have it in another; for we evermore, in the inmost depths of our soul, are praying, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." The Lord will either give us what we ask, or do some better thing for us.

If you now pass on to the verse that follows the text, you will get another series of thoughts, showing the result of an assured conviction that God hears prayer. Observe that it gives us an answer to our enemies. "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! my God will hear me." The foe has seen me fall, and he has hastened

to set his foot upon me; but I do not lie there in despair, surrendering myself to be destroyed by him, for "My God will hear me." How bravely can we deride derision, and pour scorn upon the scorners, even when they are in their glory, when we firmly believe that the Lord heareth prayer! They reckon that we are defeated, that we have no one to plead our cause, that we shall never be heard of again, and they have very ingenious ways of telling us these cruel persuasions of theirs. We answer them by declaring boldly that our heavenly Father has heard our cries, and that, before long, He will make this clear even to our foes. "Then mine enemy shall see it; and shame shall cover her which said unto me, Where is thy God?"

We Fight a Waiting Battle.

Fabius saved Rome by waiting, and we, also, are saved by the hope which waits upon the Lord, and bides the time of the faithful promise. The saint is no Cæsar, who boastfully writes, "*veni, vidi, vici*;" but his dispatches are written with the pen of patience, and here is one of them, "I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope." We are of the tribe of Gad, of whom it is written, "A troop shall overcome him: but he shall overcome at the last." As for me, my heart is quiet beneath the contumely which comes of defending the Lord's own truth, for He will justify me before long; and if He should not do so speedily, yet He will do it ultimately: yea, I am happy to wait even till after death, for I know that my justifier liveth, and that, though after my skin worms devour this body, yet shall my Lord vindicate me and all others who have been faithful.

Again, our confidence in a prayer-hearing God sustains us with the bright

Prospect of Rising

when we are down. What saith the prophet? "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall, I shall arise." What if I have slipped? What if, through pressure of pain and sorrow, my spirits have sunk within me? What if I am a broken and crushed man? Yet I can pray, and I do pray, and my God will hear me; therefore I shall arise again. Oh, blessed thought! The Christian may fall very low, but underneath him are the everlasting arms. Even though we fall into the grave, blessed be God we can fall no lower; and then comes the rising from among the dead, the rising to the throne. It makes my spirit leap within me to think how this conviction that God hears prayer begets in us the joyful certainty that we cannot be left in the dust, but we must arise, and shake ourselves, and put on our beautiful array.

A firm conviction that the Lord hears prayer gives the soul confidence that

Light Will Come

to it. The prophet says, "When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." This delightful expectation springs out of that little word, "My God will hear me." If I am plunged in darkness I shall still pray; and as the Lord will hear me, He will give me light. Prayer lights candles where there are none. My God: my light. It cannot be that a Christian should be in the dark and have his God with him: for if his God be with him it must be light round about him! Joy and comfort must spring up in the most barren misery if we know how to pray: the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose if the feet of supplication touch it. They said that where the Tartar's foot fell the grass was withered; but we may say that where the believer's knee touches, all is made fruitful. God keep us in this conviction; for I say again, if this goes, all goes: if there is no more power in prayer, religion is either a nullity, or a mere piece of fanaticism, or a juggle of priestcraft.

All those are the results of holding firmly to the doctrine of effectual prayer; and to us most excellent results they are.

II. And from this I pass on to notice

The Reason for the Confidence

which believers exhibit in the matter of prayer. They speak not without reason when they say, "My God will hear me." Why do we thus be-

lieve? We believe it first, and mainly, because of the faithful Promiser. The character of the Lord God, who has promised to answer prayer, the truthfulness of the Lord Jesus, who has said, "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it," and the wisdom of the Holy Spirit who indites the prayer—in a word, the character of God Himself constrains us to rely upon His word without a doubt. It is declared, over and over, in the inspired Scriptures of truth, that "He that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." We have the command "Ask, and it shall be given you." I had rather have one little promise in the corner of the Bible to support my faith than I would have all the philosophies of scientific men to sustain my opinion.

The history of philosophy is, in brief, the history of fools. All the sets of philosophers that have yet lived have been more successful in contradicting those that came before them than in anything else. Within a few years the evolutionists will be cut in pieces by some new dreamers. The reigning philosophers of the present period have in them so much of the vitality of madness that they will be a perpetual subject of contempt; and I venture to prophesy that, before my head shall lie in the grave, there will hardly be a notable man left who will not have washed his hands of the present theory. That which is taught to-day for a certainty by *savants* will soon have been so disproved as to be trodden down as the mire in the streets. The Lord's truth liveth and reigneth, but man's inventions are but for an hour. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but as I have lived to see marvellous changes in the dogmas of philosophy, I expect to see still more.

See How They Have Shifted.

They used to tell us that the natural depravity of our race was a myth—they scouted the idea that we were born in sin, and declared, with mimic sentiment, that every dear babe was perfect. Now what do they tell us? Why, that if we do not inherit the original sin of Adam, or any other foregoing man; yet we have upon us the hereditary results of the transgressions of the primeval oysters, or other creatures, from which we have ascended or descended. We bear in our bodies, if not in our souls, the effects of all the tricks of the monkeys whose future was entailed upon us by evolution. This nonsense is to be received by learned societies with patience, and accepted by us with reverence, while the simple statements of Holy Writ are regarded as mythical or incredible. I only mention this folly for the sake of showing that the opponents of the Word of God constantly shift their positions, like quicksands at a river's mouth; but they are equally dangerous, whatever position they occupy. In the announcement of heredity philosophical thought has deprived itself of all power to object to the Biblical doctrine of original sin. This is of no consequence to us, who care nothing for their objections; but it ought to be some sort of hint to them.

I feel ashamed to add anything to the first overwhelming reason for faith, for that is enough and more than enough; yet, since faith is so often weak, we may place beneath it another prop. We believe in prayer because of

Our Past Experience.

Certain of us could not say less than "My God will hear me," for if we did we should be traitors to the witness of our lives. I shall not turn this into an experience-meeting, but, if I did, what testimonies we could produce to answered prayer! I will not even quote a selection from the many great and special answers which I have personally received; but all the saints of God are one in their testimony upon this point.

When the philosopher said that there was no such thing as matter, he who hurt his head against a post was convinced of the contrary; and when another great theorist said that there was no such thing as mind, he who had been heart-broken with sorrow could not be converted to the opinion. It is hard to argue against

our experience and consciousness. We are case-hardened. The Creole proverb says, "When the mosquito tried to sting the alligator, he wasted his time;" and the case is much the same when infidels deal with us. It would be needful to convince us that facts are not facts, that deliverances from trouble were not deliverances, that supplies of necessities were not supplies. I am ready to disbelieve my eyes, for they have often deceived me; I am ready to discredit my ears, for they have misled me; but I cannot disbelieve my personal experience, especially when it does not consist of a few scattered incidents, but of a chain of facts. The Lord has listened to my voice when I have cried to Him, and this I know as certainly as I know that I have lived upon this earth; therefore I believe that "my God will hear me" in the present and in the future.

III. I close with a third head. Let us consider

The Exercise of this Confidence

In prayer. I have shown you the results of this confidence, and some few of the reasons for it; now let us see whither the exercise of this confidence leads us. What are we doing when we carry this assurance into action? Our confidence that the Lord hears prayer is seen in our *looking to Him first and foremost at all times*. For our eternal salvation we look to God alone, accepting that divine system in which, by water and by blood, we are saved from sin, through faith. Our confidence does not lie in our own resolves, or moral virtue, or spiritual attainments, but in Him to whom we cry in prayer, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." We are glad of the aid of friends in smaller concerns; but even there our first resort is to our God in heaven, for we each one feel this to be his chief defence—"My God will hear me."

This also impels us really to pray. Since God will hear us, we will pray to Him, and we do. Alas! we have many

Sins in Reference to Prayer.

Our slackness in prayer, and our unbelief as to prayer, are crimes for which we ought to cover our faces with shame; but when we walk with God aright, when we keep His commandments, and abide in His love, then He gives us life, joy, and *power in prayer*, and then we become conscious of success at the throne. That power being bestowed upon us, we come to pray as naturally as a child cries. We ought to have set times for private prayer; it is most healthful that we should; but I question whether our best prayers are not those which are quite irrespective of time and season. The Lord is always willing; therefore let us be always praying in one form or another. Let us pray, no matter what may be the trial, no matter what the joy, no matter what the company. Pray without ceasing, because it is always true—"My God will hear me." You know how it was said of a holy man as he walked the streets, "There goes the man that can have anything of God that he pleases to ask." This is *the secret of a great life*. Fail here, and you fail everywhere.

As for you, poor souls, who cannot say, "My God," shall I tell you that you may not pray? Far from it. If you have a desire to pray, encourage that desire. Let your heart go up to Him who says to you, "seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Instead of telling you not to pray, I would direct you

How to Pray.

You have need, first, to have a God to pray to, for till then you cannot say, "My God will hear me." God can only be yours in the saving sense by Christ's being yours. Jesus says, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." God becomes our God by faith which appropriates Him as He is revealed in His Son Jesus Christ. Look to Jesus, for He is the mercy-seat, and so the way to God in prayer. The gospel that we have preached to you is not "Pray," but "Believe": "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Then, being saved, you will be able to pray with assurance of prevailing. Come to God by the blood of Jesus, and so shall a sinner's prayer be heard. Here, on this spot I

charge thee cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Let that request be silently offered, even though thou darest not lift thine eye to heaven. Come, brethren, let us all offer it, and then there shall come to each of us a justification far sweeter and larger than if we should stand aloof from sinners and say, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men." O my Lord, hear Thou this my prayer, that those who hear or read this sermon may be able to say, even as Thine unworthy servant most boldly says, "My God will hear me." Grant it, I pray Thee, for Jesus' sake.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

DINING WITH AN INDIAN CHIEF.*

ALTHOUGH for many years I had been much among the natives of the forest, my dinner with Flat Mouth was the first instance of a meal with Indian Royalty. Flat Mouth, the present ruler of the Pillagers, is a descendant of Aishki-bug-ekozh, the most famous of all the Chippewa chiefs. He is stalwart in appearance, and is endowed with talents which certainly entitle him to this distinction. Having accepted his invitation to dinner, I went to his residence at the appointed hour, accompanied by my brother. I found him living in a comfortable log-house of two rooms, well floored and roofed, with a couple of small glass windows. A plain board table stood in the centre of the front room, upon which the dinner was spread. Pine board benches were placed on each side of the table and at the ends. We followed the example of our host in sitting down. Five other persons, including his wife, were admitted to the meal. The others were White Cloud, chief of the Mississippi, and three Chippewa sub-chiefs. The wife of Flat Mouth sat on his left and waited upon him and those he had invited. Teacups and teaspoons of plain manufacture were carefully arranged, the number corresponding with that of the expected guests. A large dish of bass and whitefish, cut up and boiled in good taste, was placed in the centre of the table from which we were served. A birch-bark salt-cellar, in which pepper and salt were mixed in unequal proportions, allowed each the privilege of seasoning the fish with both, or dispensing with them altogether. Our tea was sweetened with maple sugar. A dish of blueberries, picked on the shore of the lake, completed the dinner.

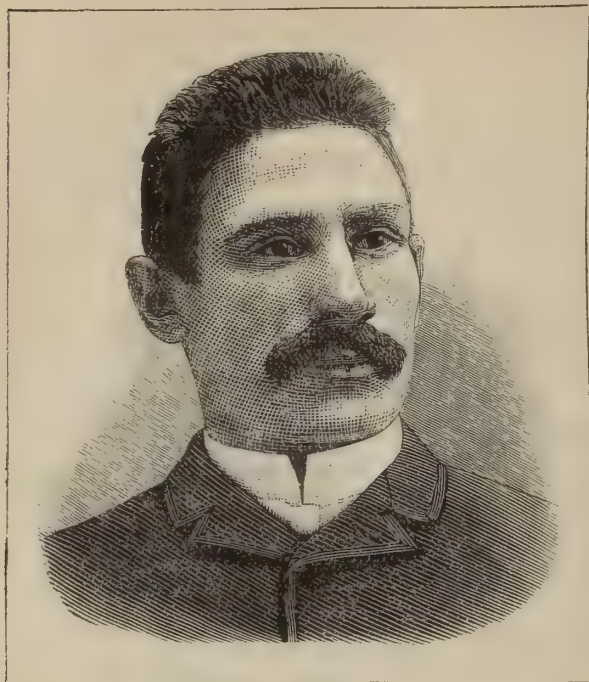
Indian Courtship.

Referring to the form of courtship among the Chippewas, Kitchinodin [a Christian Indian] said that formerly when a young man had conceived an attachment for a female, and wished to make her his wife, he gave the first intimation of his design by throwing a deer into the lodge of the girl's parents. This he would repeat for several days, after which the father usually asked him what object he had in doing so, and whether it was to obtain his daughter. The young man having replied in the affirmative, the relatives of the girl would, if they approved of the connection, prepare a dress for the youth, which they would take to his wigwam, and there the damsel's father would invest him with it. He would then take him home with him, and introduce him to the bride; there the lover remained ten or twelve days, until his friends had prepared the presents they intended for his wife's family. It was usual for the young couple to dwell with the bride's parents for the term of a year, during which time the young husband was virtually a servant in the family, giving his father-in-law all the produce of his hunt. At the expiration of this term he was at liberty to remove his wife to his own wigwam.

Missionary Founders.

Like several other cities in this State [Minnesota] Red Wing has a history, and exemplifies how much an intelligent and industrious people can accomplish in a very short time. The standard of civilization was originally planted

*From "Down the Great River: Embracing an Account of the Discovery of the True Source of the Mississippi, together with Views, Descriptive and Pictorial, of the Cities, Towns, Villages, and Scenery on the Banks of the River." By Captain Willard Glazier. Pp. 496. Published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.



Mr. J. H. Lishniewsky.



A Timely Visit.

here by two Swiss missionaries, Denton and Garin, who arrived, accompanied by their wives, in 1838. The savage Dakotas at this date occupied the territory, and those brave and self-denying missionaries labored among them until the health of Denton failed in 1846, when the American Board of Missions appointed the Revs. J. W. Hancock and John Aiton, of Vermont, to succeed them. Two mission houses were built, one of which remains to this day. Two white families and about three hundred Indians were at that time the sole occupants of what is now the enterprising city of Red Wing.

A Helmet Dothed,

The son of a pious man enlisted in the army. His father accompanied him to his quarters, exhorting him to remember his daily prayers, and on parting from him spoke as follows: "My son, if our gracious God bring thy sins to thy remembrance when thou art among strangers, stand still and take off thy hat, for the Lord is about to speak with thee." The young man entered the barracks with the best intentions; at first he was much ridiculed by his comrades, on account of his habit of prayer; then he quite left it off and forgot all about it. The first time, however, that he mounted guard, and had to take off his helmet at evening prayer, his father's words returned to his mind; he prayed in very deed, and the Holy Spirit brought his sins to his remembrance. This was how the turning-point of his life came about, and the letter that he wrote on the subject to his father occasioned much joy and thankfulness in his old home.

MR. J. H. LISHNIEWSKY.

The Hebrew-Christian Student.

ONE of the most remarkable conversions, achieved through the blessing of God on the labors of the Rev. Jacob Freshman among the Jews of New York, has been that of Mr. J. H. Lishniewsky, whose portrait appears on this page. He is thirty-one years of age, having been born in January, 1858, at Simferopol, in the Crimea, southern Russia. His family is well known among the Jews of Russia, several of his name having taken high rank in scholarship. He was reared in strict conformity with the Hebrew faith, and so remarkable was his intelligence that at the age of six years he was able to recite nearly the whole book of Deuteronomy. He received a thorough general education at the public schools, and graduated with honor in his eighteenth year. He was then sent to Germany to pursue his studies, and remained there, partially supporting himself, until 1883. He

was then twenty-five years old, and was highly esteemed for his talents and attainments.

What was to be his career? The question was a difficult one. Not in Germany, and still less in Russia, were there good openings for a man of learning hampered by Jewish birth and strong Jewish principles. He turned his gaze longingly toward this country, where, as he had been led to believe, his race and faith would be no bar to his advancement. He came to New York, and soon found employment in the office of one of his own race. Casually he heard of Mr. Freshman's meetings for Jews. He had come in contact, up to this time, with no form of Christianity but that of the Roman Catholic Church. He went to Mr. Freshman's meeting, and was much impressed by its simplicity and earnestness. But he was well versed in Jewish lore, and was pugnacious withal. His skill in argument, and his prejudice against the name of Jesus of Nazareth rendered his presence at the meetings a somewhat trying experience. But Mr. and Mrs. Freshman were patient, and he continued to come. He confessed that he came chiefly because he enjoyed discussion of religious subjects, and because he found the exercise aided him in his effort to acquire a mastery of the language.

For about a year and a half these discussions continued, until, driven from point to point, compelled to admit that in this and that particular Jesus fulfilled the Messianic predictions of his own Scriptures, he ceased to resist, and became an earnest inquirer after truth. He was not only convinced that Jesus is the Christ, but the Holy Spirit convinced him of his own personal need of a Saviour, and he accepted Christ for himself, and gave himself to Him. In every step of his progress he had the help and advice of Mr. and Mrs. Freshman who rejoiced with him in his conversion. He was baptized on November 1, 1885, in the Hebrew-Christian church in St. Mark's Place, and gave public testimony of his faith. Many Jews witnessed the ceremony, and they expressed their derision and hatred by groans and ejaculations. Persecution naturally followed; he was discharged from his situation, and was ostracised by the whole Jewish community in New York. The young man was not moved by these manifestations of hostility, but continued firm in the faith, and devoted himself assiduously to the study of the New Testament. As he entered more fully into the light of the gospel he longed to tell others of his joy, especially those of his own race. He spoke of his desire to Mr. Freshman, who of course rejoiced to hear that he wished to consecrate himself to the Lord's service; but there was at that time

no means of sending him to acquire the special training necessary for the difficult sphere of missionary to the Jews. One day, however, Mr. Freshman, returning from a short tour, met his young friend with the glad news that the Lord had opened the way. He was sent to the seminary at Xenia, O., and subsequently he was transferred to the seminary at Allegheny, Pa. At both institutions he acquitted himself with credit, and will soon enter upon his arduous but glorious work.

This is only one of many young men who Mr. Freshman has had the pleasure of leading from the darkness of Judaism into the glorious light of the Gospel. His work in New York has been a difficult and laborious one, but few have had so many tokens of God's approval. It has been throughout a work of faith. Sometimes there have been crises when the funds have been almost exhausted, but God has always supplied his need, and has raised up friends who have contributed to keep the work in progress. With a little more money to purchase books and Christian literature for distribution he could widely extend his operations, but he leaves the provision in the hands of God, and keeps steadily on with the work, satisfied that in His own way and at His own time, the Master whom he serves will furnish all that is needed. Any of our readers willing to help in the work may send their contributions to Rev. Jacob Freshman, St. Mark's Place, New York.

A TIMELY VISIT

(See Illustration.)

"I WAS tired out one winter afternoon, recently," says a Christian worker, "and turned my face homeward with a longing for rest and quiet. It had been a long and distressing day; for though on the avenues carriages and expensively attired pedestrians proved that there was abundant wealth in the city, the poverty I had seen in the tenements on the side streets had made my heart ache. It is the fashion, I know, to speak of poverty in America as the result of drink or laziness; but of all the cases of starvation I had seen that morning, not one could be traced to either cause.

"I thought of these things as I walked toward my home, when suddenly, without any cause that I could trace, the image of a woman rose vividly before my mind. I knew her well, but I had not intended to call upon her that day, as there was no pressing need for it that I knew of, and her home was several blocks from the district in which I had been visiting. I was curious to

cover what could have suggested her to my mind; but I could gain no clue to the process of thought. Could it be that God was calling me to go to her? I have little faith, as a rule, in presentiments or unexplainable impulses; but this was so strong and vivid that I determined to obey it.

"A walk of about twenty minutes, and a journey up five flights of stairs, brought me to her door. 'Oh, I am so glad to see you!' she said, as she opened it. 'I have been praying ever since morning that you might come.' I listened in amazement to her story. She had a child so sick that to take her out into the frosty air would be certain death. But she was behind with her rent, and that morning had received notice that she must either pay or move out before night. Pay she could not, for her husband had no work, and she was kept a prisoner herself by the sickness of her child. She believed God would deliver her, and she went to Him; but as the shades of evening fell, her faith was giving way.

"I had no money at command then, for my slender pocketbook had collapsed early in the day; but I was well known in the district. I went to the agent and told him I would be responsible for the rent. 'You will have to pay it, then,' he said, gruffly; 'those people never will; but I'll take your word for it.' I went back and relieved the woman's mind by telling her what I had done, and a more grateful woman I never saw. 'God bless you, ma'am!' she said; 'you have been an angel to me.'

"The thought crossed my mind as I came away, 'Had I indeed been an angel to her? Yes, so it seemed. Poor, faulty, sinful as I am, God had used me as a messenger to answer a prayer, and that is angels' service. What an honor for a sinful mortal! Surely that is a grand reward. I was tired no longer, but went home with new life and energy in my step. I may say here that I did not have to pay the rent after all. The very next day the woman's husband obtained work, and was able to pay it himself.'

PLOUGHING IN NORTH INDIA.

(See Illustration.)

OUR acquaintance with elephants in this country is confined to visits to menageries, but in Northern India it is not uncommon to see them engaged in useful occupations and not as mere exhibitions. A missionary travelling in the outlying districts of India on the back of an elephant is not an unusual sight. For although the elephant is heavy and unwieldy, sometimes weighing six or seven thousand pounds, he is, nevertheless, as Bernier says, "surefooted, feeling his way when the road is difficult and dangerous, taking a firm hold by one foot before moving another."

A native rajah now and then comes into Calcutta upon some mission to the British authorities, riding in a magnificent howdah, with his elephant covered with brilliant trappings; but still more common it is to see this stately animal used for the conveyance of the manifold servants who wait upon the rich. Sometimes he is seen laden with tents and tent-poles, or with water-bottles, pots, saucepans, and other paraphernalia of the kitchen, slung about his body in all directions. His appearance then is somewhat more ludicrous than dignified.

As seen in the accompanying picture, the elephant is often trained to agricultural purposes. His great strength is of much value in ploughing, at which work he is able to accom-



Ploughing with an Elephant in India.

plish more than a large team of oxen or horses, and the docility and intelligence he displays in his work are extraordinary.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 143.)

Ordered to Utah.

PERHAPS the reader may think that now I might have left the Church, and thus have avoided all those troubles which awaited me in Utah. But let him remember that, although my faith was shaken, it was not wholly destroyed. All that I clung to on earth—my husband, whom I truly loved, and my darling children—were part and parcel of Mormonism. I could not tear myself from them, and isolate my soul from all that made life worth having.

My unsettled state of mind, however, did not long remain a secret. It was spoken of among the Saints, and I became an object of interest. The pastor over the London and adjoining Conferences was the son of one of the chief apostles in Utah—a young man, whose good-nature was far better than his religion. He visited us very frequently, and used to bring with him the distinguished American Elders who might be visiting the metropolis. I have no doubt that they were sincere in their desire to do me good; but it was not kind attentions that I then needed, it was the removal of the cause of my sorrows.

They tried to persuade me that it was all "the work of the Lord;" but I could not see it in that light, and very often in reply to their consolations I said very hard things of the wicked doctrine, and the leaders of the Church, whose conduct I considered sinful. And in this I did not stand alone, for I soon found that the President of the Conference, Elder Marsden, had been in the same position for years, and his wife was "quite through" with Mormonism. In fact, so great had been the distrust occasioned, that in the report ending June 30, 1853, it was stated that from the whole British Church, which then numbered very nearly 31,000 souls, 11,776 had been excommunicated for apostasy!

Of those who remained faithful I cannot give a much more cheering account. The elders who visited President Marsden made as damaging reports of the condition of the Saints as their worst enemies could desire. All that my young friend, Mary Burton, had told me did not equal the truth of what I saw for myself. No one had any confidence now in what the Elders said; how could they be trusted after so many years of deception?

The elders who visited me, and reasoned with me about my want of faith, tried to persuade me to be baptized again. Among the Mormons it is the privilege of the faithful to be baptized over and over again, as often as may be needed, for the remission of their sins, which are thus washed away, and the penitent is enabled to start afresh. At that time of fearful excitement in Utah, called by the Mormons "The Reformation," when people were being exhorted under terrible penalties to confess their sins, many were so frightened that they acknowledged themselves guilty of crimes of which they had never dreamed, while at the same time many horrible and detestable sins were brought to light. Brigham Young and the leaders found that they were confessing too much—the sinners were far more numerous than the godly. Brigham, with his usual craft, soon found a way of escape; the people were told to be baptized

again, so that, their sins being washed away, they could truly say they were not guilty of the crimes of which they might be accused.

I was not convinced, and did not see that I had anything to repent of, but I was quite willing to be re-baptized if it was thought proper. At the same time I stipulated that the President of the Conference, Elder Marsden, should be re-baptized with me. I felt that if I required re-baptizing, how much more necessary was it for Elder Marsden to have his sins washed away also. I partly believed in the fearful stories that I had heard from Zion, but it was he who had shown them to me. The pastor of the Conference gave no sign that he suspected my meaning in wishing Elder Marsden to be baptized at the same time as I was, though I believe he must have formed a pretty shrewd guess. And so we two went down into the water, but I am afraid that little of our sins was washed away. Not long after, President Marsden apostatized (as it was called) from Mormonism, and my heart remained as hard as ever. At least I was frequently told so.

Poor Elder Marsden! He was branded with the most opprobrious titles which Mormon ingenuity or malice could fling against him; and yet I know of many men—not one or two—associated most intimately with Brigham Young to-day, whose faith is not a whit stronger than that apostate's, who serve the Prophet because it is their interest to do so, but who in their hearts no more believe in his high pretensions than did James Marsden, the President of the London Conference.

Meanwhile, the season for emigration had again arrived, and we were directed to hold ourselves in readiness to start. Although by no means unexpected, this "counsel" to emigrate came very painfully to me, for every step we took towards Utah seemed to bring me nearer to the realization of my worst apprehensions. I had lost my affection for Mormonism, and my enthusiasm had now quite melted away. But to refuse to go was out of the question.

Two little ones had been added to our family in Geneva, and a fourth was born in London, the Christmas Day after our return from the

Continent. The foggy atmosphere of the metropolis did not agree with them at all, accustomed, as they had been, to the pure and bracing air of Switzerland, and I soon had serious illness in my family. My second little girl, Minnie, was so ill that we almost despaired of her life, and the others required constant attention; while the little baby boy, only a few weeks old, was seldom out of my arms. Just then it was, when so very awkwardly situated, that the notification came for us to set our faces Zionward. They chided us for our want of faith, because we did not immediately take our poor little sick child from her bed at the risk of her life; but I thank God now that nature was stronger than our blind fanaticism, and that our little girl was spared to grow up a blessing, for which we shall ever be grateful.

One day, President Marsden came to me confidentially, and told me that the brethren were determined that I should leave England, and had counted upon my yielding in a moment of despair. My husband was to be "counselled" to go without me to Utah, if I persisted in my refusal. After he had left London, Elder Marsden was to give me notice to leave his house; and left destitute, and entirely among strangers, it was thought that I should be glad to follow.

I cannot tell how indignant I was; I could not find words sufficiently contemptuous to express what I felt; I reproached Elder Marsden with cowardice for agreeing to such an inhuman proposition, and I declared that I would not risk the life of my child for any measures of suffering which might be threatened me.

My husband was absent when this took place; but when he returned he approved of what I had done, and Elder Marsden was consequently "counselled" to send us away. The doctor warned us against the danger of exposing my little daughter to the cold in removing her; but we had no choice, for we were obliged to leave. Those were very painful times, constant watching and anxiety had undermined my own health, and I fell ill. Even then, had we been left alone, we might have escaped much trouble; but the incessant meddling of "counsel" was a perpetual irritation, and we were completely worn out with annoyance.

A pleasant apartment at the west end of the town was taken for me, by the advice of the medical man, and I was removed thither with my baby. I was not equal even to the task of taking care of that little thing, and had to procure the assistance of a nurse; the other children were cared for by my friends. All that I needed was rest and tranquillity of mind, and I soon began to recover strength, though far from well. But this state of quietude was soon to be disturbed. Again we were notified that the last emigrant ship of the season was about to leave, and we must sail in her: and again we were obliged to refuse. My husband telegraphed to the Apostle at Liverpool that I was not well enough to travel, and he was told to "bring me along, and I should get better." The Apostle (?) cared nothing for individual suffering, providing the ambitious plans of the priesthood in Salt Lake City were carried out. But my husband, anxious though he was to set out for Utah, and obedient as he ever was to "counsel," was not such a slave as they thought him, and he refused to go. For this he was blamed, and it was said that his own faith was wavering.

Since my arrival in London I had several times seen my young friend Mary Burton. She had, as she told me in her letters, very greatly changed, for she had now become quite a young woman. Still she retained most of her winning ways, though her childish prettiness had given place to the more mature beauty of womanhood; and when I saw her I was not surprised that she should be an object of attention, or that Elder Shrewsbury should have felt so deeply her rejection of him.

I also had a visit from another person, whom I little expected to see. This was no other than Elder Shrewsbury himself, who, I had been

told, had left London some months before. This, he said, was quite true; he had left London, and gone to work as a missionary hundreds of miles away, trying to forget his disappointment, but to no purpose. His was one of those natures which, though kind and considerate to every one, are not ready to form hasty attachments, but which, when once they do meet with an object upon which to lavish their affections, become devoted in friendship and unchanging in love. Their affections flow more deeply than those of most people. Such was Elder Shrewsbury, and such I thought he would always be; but what disposition, however good, can be relied upon when influenced by religious fanaticism? He stood before me, *then*, manly and upright in his bearing, truthful and honest—a man who would have scorned evasion or deceit; and his every thought of Mary was replete with tenderness and love. And yet I lived to see that man again, in Utah—alas, how changed a man!

Before we first left England I was acquainted with Elder Shrewsbury, but not very intimately. We had one or two interesting conversations together, but I remembered him chiefly in connection with Mary Burton. It was about her that he now came to see me—he wanted me to talk to her, and intercede with her in his behalf. But I was no match-maker, and all my thoughts respecting love and marriage had recently been anything but pleasant. I told him that I thought Mary had done quite right in refusing to see him; and, in fact, declining to receive the attentions of *any* Mormon man. I did not doubt his love for her at present, I said; but no one could any longer rely upon a Mormon elder's word. Years to come, when they had a little family growing up around them, and when it would be too late for Mary to repent of trusting him, he might suddenly be convinced of the necessity of obeying Smith's alleged "revelation," and then what could she do? No! Even supposing that she loved him, which, I said, was very questionable, it was better that she should suffer a disappointment now, than have her heart wrung with cruelty and neglect in after years.

"What!" he cried, his eyes flashing with indignation, "do you take me for a dog, that I should treat *her* so?"

"No, no," I said, and tried to pacify him; "I do not think anything bad of you, but I look upon you as a man who is in love, and therefore blind. You think of nothing now but Mary, and are willing to sacrifice everything, and to promise anything, providing you can win her. But when she has become your wife, if she ever does, and you have time to cool down, you'll begin to see things in another light. You'll find that she is only an ordinary woman, made of flesh and blood, like all the other daughters of Eve, and with, I daresay, quite as many whims and fancies and perverse ways as any of them; and then, when she ceases to be 'an angel' in your eyes, and becomes merely a woman, you'll begin to assert your right to think and to judge for yourself, and very probably all your former devotion to your religion will return."

"Sister Stenhouse," he replied, "you do not seem to have a very high opinion of my constancy; but I can assure you that I have given this matter my most earnest, prayerful thought. My love for Mary I need not mention; my devotion to my religion you only partly know. While we were told that the miserable heresy of which we have now heard was not true, no one could be more steadfast in the faith than I was; and when the revelation came, I looked upon it as a blight and a curse to the Church of God. And how well-founded my fears were, you can see from this terrible apostasy which has come upon us. I almost myself left the Church. Then I went to the Apostle, and I told him how I was situated. I told him all about Mary, and my devotion to her; that I wished to win her for my wife, but that I knew she would not marry me if she thought there was the shadow of a chance that I should live up to the revela-

tion. I told him that I myself should be perfectly wretched in harboring the notion of a plurality of wives, and that it was impossible that I should love more than *one*.

"The Apostle said that I was quite right in all this. We had no proof, he said, in the Bible, that Isaac had more than one wife, and he was accepted of God. He counselled me to do all I could to win Mary, and told me that I might truthfully promise her that I would never embrace the heresy. But Mary would not so much as listen to me; in fact, since then she would never see me alone."

"I am not sure," I answered, "whether I am doing right; but I don't mind saying to you that I think, from what I have seen of Mary, that she does not dislike you; but she is a sensible girl, and does not choose to risk the happiness of her whole life."

He was vexed with me for saying this. How could I suppose that *he* would wreck her happiness? Was he not willing to die if it would give her a moment's pleasure?

The afternoon following, Mary Burton herself came to see me, her face all flushed with excitement, and eager to tell me something. "Whom do you think I've been talking to, Sister Stenhouse?" she exclaimed. "You'd never guess."

"I don't think there's much need for guessing," I said, significantly. "Your face betrays the secret, Mary."

"Well," she replied, "perhaps it does, but you wouldn't wonder at it, if you knew how very anxious I have been. All this time I have kept my word, and I did not see him or speak to him once, except at meetings, and not much then, and I have been *very* unhappy. This afternoon I came around about an hour ago to see you, and there on the door-step was Elder Shrewsbury. He said he was here yesterday, and was just going to call on you again, and then he asked me to go a little way with him, as he had something very important to say to me.

"At first I refused to go, but he wouldn't listen to it for a moment. So I went with him, and we have been talking ever since; or rather he has been talking, and I have been listening to him. I can't tell you, Sister Stenhouse, all he said—you can guess better than I can tell you. But I'm afraid I shall not be able to keep my resolution much longer, for when we came back to the door again he said he wouldn't come in to see you now, and when he begged me to let him call at Mrs. Elsworth's to-morrow night, I did not feel it in my heart to refuse him; was it very wrong of me to do so?"

I said, "I'm afraid, Mary, my opinion would not matter much either way; Elder Shrewsbury's eloquence is the music which you like best to listen to."

She blushed, and came and sat down beside me, and we talked confidentially together until the sun went down and my little room was quite dark. I told her of my troubles in Switzerland, and of the miserable effects of introducing the new Mormon doctrine there; and she in return told me all her love affairs with Elder Shrewsbury, and of her resolution not to listen to him unless he solemnly promised never to have anything to do with the heresy of the plurality of wives. Her faith in Mormonism itself had, as I expected, been very severely shaken; and I think that, had it not been for my efforts to reassure her, she would have left the Church at that time. Oh that she had; how much misery she would have been spared!

After tea, she asked, "Have you a copy of Joseph Smith's pretended 'revelation' here, Sister Stenhouse? I want to show you some strong points in it which I think will astonish you. I learned all about it from Elder Shrewsbury that night when he came to see me, and it was that that disgusted me with the whole affair."

We searched through my trunk, but could not find the document, and I told her that I had no patience to read it quite through when it was given to me, and that since then I was not sure that I had even seen it.

"Never mind," she said; "I'll bring it with me when I come again."

How often have I thought since how much depended upon that trifling circumstance. Had we then together read over the heretical revelation and noticed the "strong points" of which she spoke, I believe my eyes would have been opened, and I never should have submitted to the misery which I endured in Utah.

(To be Continued.)

CHRIST'S LOVE TO THE YOUNG.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for March 17, Mark 10: 13-22; Golden Text Mark 10: 14.

The Pharisees Putting Captious Questions—Jesus Refers them to Moses—The Mosaic Only Second Best—Selfishness the Cause of Separation—The Great School of Mutual Forbearance—An Appropriate Moment for Mothers—The Example of the Disciples Followed Now—The Children Not to be Forced—Hindrances to be Removed—Promises for the Children of Believers—A Child's Prayer for His Sick Mother.

THE Pharisees, whose occupation with regard to Jesus was to put questions to Him, not with a view to obtain direction for themselves, but to place Him in a difficult position, proposed to Him a question concerning divorce: "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife?" They intended to perplex the Son of God, but an overruling hand made use of every question which they put to Him, to draw forth from Jesus some precious truth. We need never be afraid of puzzling and difficult questions, so long as we remain empty, and make no attempt to find an answer in the poor resources of our human wisdom. The Christ in us is the Power of God and the Wisdom of God (1 Cor. 1: 24), and He has the clue to every problem, the solution of every question. All which may seem, in our eyes, to work against the Kingdom of God, can easily be turned by His all might to work together for good. Let us never take our eyes off Him.

The questions of those who hated Jesus brought out precious, never-to-be-forgotten truths. He answered, "What did Moses command you? And they said, Moses suffered to write a bill of divorcement, and to put her away." Then Jesus showed how this was

Not the First Thought of God,

but it was the next best thing, because of the hardness of their hearts. But God's first thought was another: "From the beginning of the creation God made them male and female;" made the one to supplement the other; as Paul says, "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord." (1 Cor. 11: 11.) "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh: so then they are no more twain, but one flesh." This was God's first thought when man was yet sinless. The opportunities for mutual service, mutual renouncement, mutual advice, sympathy, etc.—these were part of God's thought about marriage before man fell. And yet there are those who profess to be children of God, who yet teach that separation of man and wife tends to more holiness of life. Let the Lord speak for Himself, "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put sunder." It is always selfishness, even when it is not sin, which leads to separation. The school of mutual forbearance may be a very difficult school, and a secret one, where God alone is present to superintend the instruction, but it is a precious school of God, in which the lessons are learned by heart. And then He said, "that many who live a life of self are unwilling to hear, that the marriage of a divorced person, whether a man or woman, is the sin of adultery. It was only natural that at such a moment in His teaching, believing mothers should bring their children, the fruit of the marriage union, to Him "that He should touch them."

The Mothers were Wise;

they knew there was a power in contact with Jesus. A word might do to awaken the dead

Lazarus, but the little ones needed a touch to make Jesus real to them. What we need is that our little ones should be conscious that they have something to do with Jesus, and Jesus has something to do with them. It is not enough to tell them something about Jesus, as though He were some historical person, as though He were even David or Samuel, who have lived, and are now dead. They need a Saviour who can touch them, whose presence they can feel and be aware of. When children see that Jesus is a real, recognized Person with whom their parents have to do, they naturally speak to Him, and they know, as well as other people, when He speaks back to their hearts. The disciples were like many disciples nowadays, who do not believe that conversion among children is a real thing. They "rebuked those that brought them." But, thank God, it was

A Rebuke Without Authority.

"When Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God." "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18: 3.) Men and women must be children in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven; children are children already, and are small enough in themselves to enter in. It is easy for a child to receive, for he has nothing to bestow, and the kingdom of heaven comes by receiving. We have to come down from our high position of trying to bestow something on God, and come to the children's level, that we may take of God by grace. But it is, "Suffer the little children," not, "Force the little children," "to come unto Me." There are some who never expect the conversion of their children; there are others who are always urging them to come to Christ, as though they had power to bring it about. In neither case are the little children suffered to come to Him. It is as though He would say, "Stand aside, count on Me to do the work, only take care that you are no hindrance." To how many parents must He say "Fear not; believe only."

Great anxiety regarding the conversion of our children is no real help to them; they see that we are not sure that God is on our side, or we should not be so unhappy about them, and this is no encouragement to them to trust in God.

God Wills

that our children should be converted, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine house." "Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark," said God to Noah (Gen. 7: 1). "Choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live (Deut. 30: 19). "I will save thy children," He says to Jerusalem (Isa. 49: 25); and again, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children" (Isaiah 54: 13); and yet again, to "them that turn from transgression in Jacob." "As for Me, this is My covenant with them, saith the Lord; My Spirit that is upon thee, and My words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever." (Isa. 59: 21.) As "the Israel of God" (Gal. 6: 16), we have a right to these blessed promises, made originally for, and yet to be fulfilled to, the Jews. God's heart is large enough to take in the whole family of such as are converted to Him. When Cornelius was saved in Cesarea, every one who was gathered under his roof was saved also. When the nobleman of Capernaum believed, his whole house believed with him; and so it was with the household of Lydia, and that of the Philippian jailer. "The promise is to you and your children." (Acts 2: 39.) If there were more truly believing parents there would be more truly converted children. It is undoubtedly the will of God that our children should be saved. How, then, can we bring it about? Only do not hinder Jesus. The way between Him and the little ones is easily closed by our unbelief and our inconsistencies. If a

child sees a parent anxious after he has committed anything to the Lord, that child will naturally think that it is an uncertain thing to put anything in the Lord's hands.

A Lady Lay Very Ill

and suffering, after undergoing an operation in a New York hospital. Her little boy of four years old said to her, "Mamma, I don't understand you: you say that God answers prayer, and yet you are not cured; why don't you ask Him to make you well?" She answered, "I am not sure whether God wills to make me well." "Well, I shall pray for you," he answered, and immediately knelt down and prayed, "Please, Jesus, hurry up and make mamma well." And then he asked her, "Mamma, are you well?" "No, but I shall be," she said. It was not faith, at the moment, but only the fear that her boy should grow up unbelieving; but she felt she had committed herself, and that she must believe, or she would drive her intelligent, questioning child into unbelief. She studied her Bible, and united her will with the will of God for healing, and is now a precious witness for God. Jesus took the children in His very arms and blessed them. They had to go out of the mothers' arms to be placed in His. This parents must learn. They cannot be put into His arms and remain, unless He loves them more than we do.

After He had blessed the children, and was again upon His way, there came one running, and kneeled to Him, and asked Him, "Good Master, what shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life?" Oh, how many are ready to do anything, to be anything! but to do nothing, and to be nothing is the hardest thing in the world. "Thou knowest the commandments." "All these I have observed from my youth." Was he expecting commendation in a pleasant consciousness of his own goodness? Oh, how many come with questions which tend to justify them, and make them contented with their state! "I believe so and so; am I right?" And all the time they are hoping they will be confirmed in their self-satisfaction. "Jesus, beholding him, loved him," and because He loved him, He told him the truth. "One thing thou lackest;" but that lack touched everything which he possessed. "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor"—enrich those who have nothing—"and come, take up the cross, and follow Me." Whatsoever thou hast, earthly riches or spiritual riches, hold nothing, give all; let God be Proprietor. He had not calculated on such a demand. He was willing to give a part, so long as he retained a hold on his property, but God must have all. And even so, in presenting our bodies a living sacrifice, God must have all or none. We are children, and children have no rights, and can hold no property.

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"JUST AS I AM."

Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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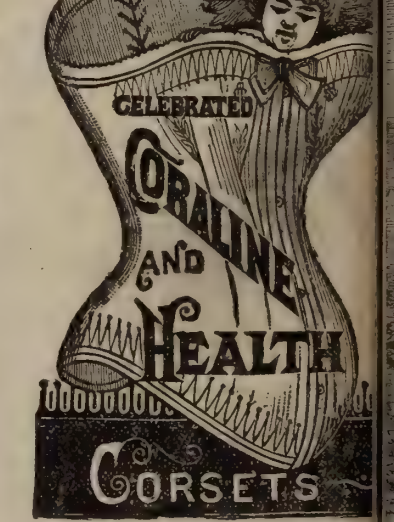
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Vol. XII., No. 9. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1889.

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GEN. ERNEST BOULANGER—Bird's-eye View of Paris and the Eiffel Tower in the French Exhibition.

GENERAL ERNEST BOULANGER, The Coming Dictator of France.

His Astonishing Popularity—Its Menace to the Republic—His Adherents—Birth in 1837—His Parentage—Straits in the Home—Privations in the Military College—Service and Promotion—His Escape from Metz—Office Under Government—Growing Fear of His Influence—Exile, and Increasing Popularity—Dismissal from the Army—Elected to the Chamber of Deputies—Election Last Month by Paris—The Foremost Man in France—Prophetic Significance of his Career.

AMONG the astonishing and apparently inexplicable episodes for which French political life is noted, there has been none of late years so remarkable as the election on January 27 of Gen. Boulanger by the city of Paris as one of its representatives in the Chamber of Deputies. On the very day of the poll it was thought, by men supposed to be well-informed, that his opponent would poll more votes than he; others, less sanguine, thought that Boulanger would have a plurality, but not an absolute majority, which the French Constitution requires, and there would, therefore, have to be a new election. To the amazement of all, and the consternation of not a few, however, Boulanger's plurality was 81,500, and he had an absolute majority of all the votes cast of 54,432. Looking at each other anxiously, public men asked,

"What Does It Mean?"

Appearances are nowhere more misleading than in France; but with all allowance for the unexpected, such a sweeping majority can mean nothing less than a threat of the overthrow of the Republic. The career of the two Napoleons shows what can be done in France by an unscrupulous man who succeeds in winning a popularity so extensive and enthusiastic. No one has accused Boulanger of having scruples or principles, save the principle of looking after his own interest, and the scruple of doing anything that might injure his popularity. The only reassuring fact in the aspect of the affair is, that Boulanger needs a particularly cool and clever brain to do anything with the heterogeneous following which elected him, and such a brain he has clearly proved that he does not possess.

He is supported by malcontents, who have no principle in common but opposition to the present Government and Republican institutions. The Monarchists and Imperialists, who hope to use him as a cat's-paw, or in any event to profit by the demonstration of the weakness of the Government, and the sentiment in favor of change; the Socialists and Radicals, who will not consent to the Floquet programme for a revision of the Constitution by a Congress of the present Senate and Chamber of Deputies; the Catholics, whom the Republic has antagonized; Panama Canal stockholders; dissatisfied Republicans; tradesmen impatient at a bungling financial policy; "Revenge" enthusiasts, who think to find in the former War Minister an organizer and soldier.

To Beat the Germans—

these found in Boulanger, the instrument to express their hopes or disappointments. But they could not form a government. What they might do is to create a tidal wave that would carry the General into supreme power, which he might either exercise himself, or hand over to any one of the claimants to the French throne. It is an interesting situation, the outcome of which will be watched with deep concern in France and the world over.

Ernest Boulanger was born at Rennes, Brittany, in France, on April 29, 1837, and is therefore now 52 years of age. His mother was a Miss Griffith, born in England, but whose family had been domiciled in France for several years before she married M. Boulanger the elder, then a well-known solicitor at Rennes. It would appear that shortly after the boy's birth the family removed to Nantes, where the father, who had sold his legal practice, became an inspector for an insurance company. The appointment was probably not very lucrative, as the General has alluded in public more than once to

the straitened circumstances of his parents. He has said that there was *more bread than butter* for the asking at home; and when, by dint of great sacrifices, he had been sent in 1855 to the Military College of St. Cyr, the supply of pocket-money was so limited that on Sundays and holidays, when the cadets have permission to go out, young Boulanger was obliged to choose between his appetite and his appearance. One day it was a case of *prunose kid gloves versus luncheon*, and the youth resolutely chose the former, and lunched off an applepie.

Military Service.

In 1857, just before he was twenty years old, he passed his examinations for a sub-lieutenancy. Immediately afterwards he was sent to Algeria, and served under the celebrated Marshal Randon in the Kabyle campaign. In the Franco-Italian War of 1859 he took part in the battle of Turbigo, where he was wounded in the chest, and decorated on the field for his valor. He obtained his full lieutenancy in 1860, at the termination of the war. Two years later he was promoted to a captaincy, having in the meantime served in Cochinchina, where he was wounded in the leg by a spear-thrust. He returned as captain-instructor to his old college. Though Boulanger was then, as he is now, a strict disciplinarian, he was no martinet. His pupils were much attached to him, and gladly repaired to his small villa on Sundays whenever they were favored with an invitation, which was pretty often. For Captain Boulanger had by this time married the daughter of a French Consul at Bristol, who is said to have so disliked England and the English that during the five years of her residence with her father in England she refused to learn English.

In 1870, just before the declaration of

The Franco-Prussian War.

he became major. He was with Marshal Bazaine at Metz, but, by some means, escaped the fate of Bazaine's army, and, with a shot in his shoulder, managed to return to Paris just a few days before its investment by the successful Prussian troops. He was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy by the Government of National Defence in October, 1870. While leading his troops against the insurrectionary and sanguinary Communists, he was wounded in the elbow by a musket-ball. In 1880 he became brigadier-general, as is alleged, through the influence of the Duc d'Aumale, whose name General Boulanger, when Minister of War in the French Government, 1886, had to strike from the Army List, because it was decreed that the representatives of fallen dynasties which still aspired to govern France, must be deprived of their rank in the French army, and banished from France. Having been appointed in 1884 to the command of the army of occupation of Tunis, he had a disagreement with M. Camleon, the Resident-General, and was recalled. He then held the important War Office appointment of the Director of the Infantry Division, and on January 7, 1886, became the foremost man in France.

The Government was defeated shortly afterwards on a question of expenditure, and Boulanger had to resign. His relations during his residence in Paris with the enemies of the Government, and his rapidly

Growing Popularity

with the masses, had already excited alarm, and in order to remove him as far as possible from Paris, the new Minister of War ordered General Boulanger to take the command of an army corps at Clermont Ferrand, in the South. This sorely wounded the susceptibilities of one who a few weeks before was all-powerful, and the General therefore haughtily declined an invitation to dine with his chief previous to his departure. His appointment to the distant station was clearly understood by his friends, and many thousand people crowded the railway station and swarmed all over the line when the train was to start, and at length he had to steal away on an engine. The same scenes were witnessed on his arrival at his destination, one admirer

going so far as to shout "*Vive l'Empereur!*" putting into words the thoughts of many.

The Blunder of His Enemies

should have been revealed to them by this reception, and they should have ceased the persecution which was endearing him to the people. It did, however, nothing of the kind. The Government took advantage of a technical lapse of military obedience to dismiss him from his command, and his popularity made a rapid stride. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies by the Department of the North by a majority of nearly 100,000 votes, and when a vacancy occurred in the representation of Paris he resigned his seat, and ran for that constituency, which elected him on January 27, as described above, by an overwhelming majority.

General Boulanger is short, stoutly built, ruddy-faced, brown-bearded, and altogether a very handsome-looking man. Except for the slight point to his beard, he might be taken for an Englishman. His words ring out like the click of a trigger, and he knows what he wants. "His ideas appear clear," says a French journalist. "His eyes are limpid, so limpid as to lead one to believe that the General is under the influence of the mesmeric touch, and that his thoughts are far away in some dreamland, gone thither at the bidding of an occult power. It is the kind of look one frequently noticed about Napoleon III., a fact that may be accounted for by both being haunted by the demon of insatiable ambition;" nor does the

Likeness to Napoleon III.

end here. He aims at the Presidency; so did Louis Napoleon. He avowedly despises the Parliament and the diverse political parties; so did Louis Napoleon. He speaks of his mission to France; Napoleon couched his later manifestoes, "*Au nom du peuple Français.*" Napoleon kept away from the Chamber as much as possible; so has Boulanger hitherto done. Boulanger is silent, and affects the man of mystery; so did Napoleon. Here for the present the parallel ends; but the near future seems to be pregnant with further developments of a startling character. His singular and rapid progress in popularity suggests the thought whether it may not be that the apparently conceited and shallow creature is destined, in the dementia of French political fervor, to play the part which Monk played in English history, and be the means of restoring the Napoleons to the throne. There is some ground for the suggestion in the fact that there is a well-established belief in Paris that it was from the treasury of

Prince Jerome Napoleon

that the General has drawn most of the funds needed for his political campaigns. Jerome is not the man to advance money without some guarantee that he will profit by the result of its expenditure. *The Rev. M. Baxter*, who has made the prophetic aspect of the Napoleonic dynasty his special study, has called public attention to this feature of Boulanger's career. On July 16, 1888, three days after the General fought a duel with M. Floquet, in which he was severely wounded in the neck, but, contrary to general expectation, quickly recovered, Mr. Baxter inserted an advertisement on the second column of the front page of the *Standard* newspaper, stating that Boulanger was, according to prophecy, sure to recover and become the foremost man in France, which has already come to pass, for it is admitted on all sides that Boulanger's election on January 27, 1889, shows that he will become

The Foremost Man in France.

Mr. Baxter also called attention in this journal on February 3, 1887, to the significant fact that the letters of General Boulanger's name written in Greek, amount, as the sum total of their numerical values to 666, indicating Boulanger to be a man of prophecy, and said: "It is not unreasonable to expect that active participants in the political revolutionary movements of the Final Crisis, out of which the Great Antichrist's ten kingdoms are to be developed and confeder-

ated, may themselves, or at least some of them, have the prophetic number 666 contained more or less exactly in their own name, inasmuch as the Great Antichrist's name is emphatically to contain it in Greek (Rev. 13:18). Thus, while Napoleonti, the dative inscription form of the future Antichrist's name, *Napoleon*, will be the principal fulfilment of 666, it is nevertheless singular that a subordinate and collateral fulfilment seems to exist in the Greek letters of *General Ernest Boulanger's* name, if E, the initial of his Christian name, *Ernest*, be prefixed to his own name as follows:

E5 B2 070 u400 l30 at n50 g3 e5 r100=666.

There may be a hidden intimation and secret suggestion intended to be conveyed to us in this fact, that General Boulanger, who was in 1886 Minister of War in France, is a *man of destiny*, fated to be a great factor in the conflicts and revolutionary changes in the map of Europe, which are to issue in the formation of the ten prophetic kingdoms prefigured by the ten toes of Daniel's symbolic image, and the ten horns of the Apocalyptic wild beast, which are eventually to 'give their power and strength to the Napoleonic Antichrist during the final *three and a half years*' from 1897 to 1901. It is superfluous to remark that as the Greek and Hebrew are two of the languages in which all the letters of their alphabet have a numerical value, and especially as Greek is the language of the Apocalypse, in which the prophecy of the number 666 is given, therefore the letters of the name must be changed into Greek letters."

THE EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS.

(See illustration on the first page.)

ONE of the most striking features of the forthcoming exhibition in Paris, which it is expected will be opened on May 5 next, to celebrate the centenary of the great French Revolution, will be the Eiffel Tower, now being erected in the Champs de Mars. It will be the loftiest iron tower ever built. The height is to be a thousand feet, and it will cost at least \$1,000,000. The engineer of the tower, Mr. Eiffel, to whom the original idea is due, proposes to utilize the structure for scientific as well as for popular purposes, and claims that the summit will be an important post of observation for astronomers and meteorologists.

The Immense Height of the Tower

will be the more easily understood by comparing it with the altitude of other lofty buildings with which we are familiar. The tower of Cologne Cathedral is 522 feet in height; that of Strasburg Cathedral, 465 feet; St. Peter's, Rome, 429 feet; St. Paul's, London, 360 feet; the Monument, London, 200 feet; and the Tower of Notre Dame, Paris, 216 feet. When finished, the Eiffel Tower will be painted a light orange color, which, it is said, will give it a dazzling golden appearance when the sun is shining upon it. It is probable, too, that an electric light will gleam from its summit at night. Happily for the ambitious visitor, there will be elevators, which will bear them to the top gallery in six or seven minutes; and there we can, at pleasure, look down upon Paris, which will lie low at his feet.

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The Imp Under the Scale.—"I Remember standing in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, admiring its beautiful statuary. As I did so, a Parisian approached me and said, 'Do you not see something amusing up there!' 'No!' I said, 'it seems to be all religious.' Inwardly I was asking myself, 'Is this an Atheist, or is he making a fool of me?' 'Do you see those figures?' he inquired, pointing to a group representing a soul being weighed to see if it should be found wanting. 'You observe that there is an angel standing on the one side and Satan on the other. Satan seems as if he were just watching to see that there was fair play.' 'Yes,' I answered, 'but I fail to see anything amusing in that.' 'Just look under the scales!' he replied. I looked, and there underneath was a little imp holding up the scale. That is the way Satan gives fair play. A man says, 'I will reform. I'll mend my life. I'll give up drink.' 'All right,' says Satan, and he seems to stand aside and give you fair play. Do not trust him. He has some unseen imp against you. If it be not strong drink, it will be some other sin. The only way to get clear of all these is to get Christ beside you; His power and grace will outweigh all the evil influences of Satan."

A Wine Merchant's Cruel Folly.—Dr. M. Cameron relates: "I know a man in the wine trade who forbade his boys to have anything to do with the Temperance cause. But the lads' companions went regularly to a Band of Hope meeting, and they wished very much to accompany them. One of them was constantly teasing his mother to let him go. At length, wearied by his importunities, she said, 'You may go; but be sure you do not let your father know anything about it.' The lad went, and for some weeks was a regular attender, taking a great interest in the meetings. One evening he happened to remark to his mother, 'We are going to have a magic-lantern next Friday.' 'Where is the magic-lantern?' demanded the father, looking up from his book. Then tremblingly the little fellow confessed he had been to the Band of Hope meetings. 'Have you a card?' asked the angry father. 'Yes,' said the boy. He was at once commanded to give it up. With tears it was handed to his father, who tore it in pieces, and threw them into the fire, sternly forbidding his son ever again to go near that place of meeting. That boy is now scarcely twenty years of age, but the father bitterly regrets that he did not allow him to belong to the Band of Hope. Often has that boy come to his father's door helplessly intoxicated. The father is reaping as he has sown in this world, and in all probability he will have to face the fact that he has ruined his son's soul."

A Satanic Attack Overcome.—The Rev. Mr. Johnston observes: "Some years ago, there was a great revival in the country, and I along with many others, was moved by it, and with an open ear and eager heart went to hear about Christ, feeling that I must come to Him at once. At a meeting which I attended when my mind was full of this determination, the words of the speaker made a deep impression on me, and when a worker spoke to me, I so realized my lost condition, and God's overwhelming love, that tears streamed down my cheeks; but somehow I could not yield myself to Christ. I left that meeting absolutely miserable, with a terrible knowledge of the load of sin that burdened my soul, and threatened at any moment to pull me down to hell. For two weeks I dragged out a miserable existence, longing to come to God, yet hesitating to step over the line. One day a voice—it was none other than the Holy Spirit—seemed to whisper to me, 'Go and pray. Go and give yourself to God.' I hurried to a lonely place, where I knew I could be alone and undisturbed, to unbosom myself to God. There I knelt, but all I could pray was, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' The prayer was short and stammering, but God heard it, and there and then caused me to know that He had accepted

me. I rose to my feet a new man—new in Christ Jesus. But Satan at once attacked me with the thoughts of awful blasphemy. But in God's strength I turned to the Evil One, and said, 'Kneeling on that spot I have cast myself on Christ, and I know that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him.' Satan was vanquished, and I felt the presence of my Lord."

Why the Ball was Given Up. The Rev. J. G. Gregson said: "A young girl came to me once after a meeting I had conducted, and said, 'I want to follow Christ.' 'Well,' I replied, 'we always follow whom we love. Do you love Christ?' 'Yes, I think I do,' was the answer, 'but I love the world too.' 'But,' I said, 'you cannot love both.' 'There is a ball next week,' she continued; 'do you think it right to dance?' 'Well, if you love dancing, go to the ball.' 'What!' she exclaimed, 'go to dancing!' 'Yes, if you love it. Why, if I told you not to go, and you stayed away, you would be dancing in your bedroom; but mark my words, if you love Christ you will not go.' It was a testing moment for her. She did not go to the ball. Instead of that, she made a bold confession of Christ before her companions. What we follow we love, and is the god whom we worship. If it be not the one living and true God, let us turn away from it and give our hearts wholly to Him."

Fatal Slip by a Railroad Conductor.—"As a friend of mine was hastening homewards one night, and was passing a suburban railway station, he met a melancholy procession issuing from one of the doors. In the midst was the helpless body of a man, who but a few minutes before had been stricken down in the full vigor of his manhood. His train had entered the station, and was about to leave. All was right. The last door had been shut, and slowly the train began to glide from the station. The guard caught his van, and lightly essayed to swing himself on as usual. He had done so, safely, hundreds of times before; but this time his foot slipped; he fell and was dragged along by the train some distance before it could be brought to a standstill. When he was rescued, poor fellow, it was plain he had not long to live. His spine was broken and a large hole was drilled in his back, from which the blood freely poured. An ambulance was quickly procured, and the dying man placed upon it and driven off to the hospital, but did not live to arrive there. Happily, he was a true Christian. How uncertain the tenure by which we hold our life! How necessary that we provide for the future by accepting Christ!"

A Love Gift of Flowers for Jesus.—"I Was called in to see a boy, only eight years of age, who lay dying of a very painful disease. But he had given his heart to Christ, and bore up bravely. Whenever he opened his eyes, the dear little fellow would shout to his mother, 'Mamma, mamma, Jesus has not come yet. But He will keep His promise; He'll not be long.' So much was the child tortured with pain, that even the mother was praying that her boy might soon have peace in death. It was spring, and a lady brought him a bunch of flowers. He looked at the beautiful things, took them, and began to spread them out on the counterpane; but he was too weak for even that slight exertion. His mother came to his assistance, and asked him what he wanted done. With panting breath he asked her to pick out a few of the finest and tie a thread about them. 'What are you going to do with them, my darling?' inquired the mother. 'When I am dead,' the child replied, 'I want you, mamma, to put these beautiful flowers in my hand, for I am going to give them to my Jesus when I meet Him.' How many Christians, even after long years of walking with Him in spirit, can look forward to the meeting with their Saviour with the same eager and yet calm joy with which that child did? So sure was he of Christ's love that he wanted to take his flowers as a love-gift to Him whom he had loved on earth."

DARK SAYINGS ON A HARP.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, February 24, 1889.

"I will open my dark saying upon the harp." Ps. 49:4.

Life Full of Mysteries—Questions Often Asked—
I. Why the Useful Die and the Nuisances Live
—The Righteous Removed Before Evil Days—
Worldly Prosperity the Whole Inheritance of
the Wicked—II. Why Good People Have so
Much Trouble—Holiness a Product of Affliction
—A Beneficent Royal Academy—Washington
Irving's Heartbreak—God's Knights—III. Why
Sin Came Into the World—No Victory Without
a Battle—Songs of the Redeemed in Heaven—
A Prima Donna's Effort—IV. Why Life is Hard
to Some and Easy to Others—Discipline Indis-
pensable—The First Kiss in Heaven—Questions
Adjourned to Eternity.

THE world is full of the inexplicable, the impassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinths, problems that we cannot solve, hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak. For that reason, David in my text proposed to take up some of these

Sombre and Dark Things,

and try to set them to sweet music. "I will open my dark sayings on a harp." So I look off upon society and find people in unhappy conjunction of circumstances, and they do not know what it means, and they have a right to ask, Why is this? Why is that? and I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall only be answering questions that have often been asked me, or that we have all asked ourselves, while I try to set these mysteries to music and open my dark sayings on a harp.

Interrogation the first: Why does God take out of this world those who are useful and whom we cannot spare, and leave alive and in good health so many who are only a nuisance to the world? I thought I would begin with

The Very Toughest

of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at thirty or forty years of age, while you often find useless people alive at sixty and seventy and eighty. John Careless wrote to Bradford, who was soon to be put to death, saying: "Why doth God suffer me, and such other caterpillars to live, that can do nothing but consume the alms of the church, and take away so many worthy workmen in the Lord's vineyard?" Similar questions are often asked. Here are two men. The one is a noble character and a Christian man; he chooses for a lifetime companion one who has been tenderly reared, and she is worthy of him and he is worthy of her; as merchant, or farmer, or professional man, or mechanic, or artist, he toils to educate and rear his children; he is succeeding, but he has not yet established for his family a full competency;

He Seems Indispensable

to that household; but one day, before he has paid off the mortgage on his house, he is coming home through a strong northeast wind, and a chill strikes through him, and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career, and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and food. His next-door neighbor is a man who, though strong and well, lets his wife support him; he is round at the grocery store, or some general loafing-place in the evenings, while his wife sews; his boys are imitating his example, and lounge and swagger and swear; all the use that man is in that house is to rave because the coffee is cold when he comes to a late breakfast, or to say cutting things about his wife's looks, when he furnishes nothing for her wardrobe. The best thing that could happen to that family would be that man's funeral; but he declines to die; he lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the useful are early cut off, while the parasites have great vital tenacity.

I take up this dark saying on my harp, and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great prosperity that might have been just ahead, and they all together might have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up ten thousand households. And so he went while he was humble and consecrated, and they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ, and fitted for usefulness here and high seats in heaven, and when they meet at last before the throne, they will acknowledge that, though the furnace was hot,

It Purified Them,

and prepared them for an eternal career of glory and reward for which no other kind of life could have fitted them. On the other hand, the useless man lived on to fifty, or sixty, or seventy years, because all the ease he ever can have he must have in this world, and you ought not, therefore, begrudge him his earthly longevity. In all the ages there has not a single loafer ever entered heaven. There is no place for him there to hang around. Not even in the temples, for they are full of vigorous, alert, and rapturous worship. If the good and useful go early, rejoice for them that they have so soon got through with human life, which at best is a struggle. And if the useless and the bad stay, rejoice that they may be out in the world's fresh air a good many years before their final incarceration.

Interrogation the second;

Why Do Good People Have so Much Trouble; sickness, bankruptcy, persecution, the three black vultures sometimes putting their fierce beaks into one set of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church, and as polished a Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. First his general health gave out and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man at forty. After a while paralysis struck him. Having by poor health been compelled suddenly to quit business, he lost what property he had. Then his beautiful daughter died; then a son became hopelessly demented. Another son, splendid of mind and commanding of presence, resolved that he would take care of his father's household; but, under the swoop of yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., he suddenly expired. So you know good men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush fifty people. No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and set it to music, or play it on violin or flute, but I dare to open that dark saying on a gospel harp.

You wonder that very consecrated people have trouble? Did you ever know any very consecrated man or woman who had not had great trouble? Never! It was through their

Troubles Sanctified

that they were made very good. If you find anywhere in this city a man who has now, and always has had, perfect health, and never lost a child, and has always been popular, and never had business struggle or misfortune, who is distinguished for goodness, pull your wire for a telegraph messenger-boy, and send me word, and I will drop everything and go right away to look at him. There never has been a man like that, and never will be. Who are those arrogant, self-conceited creatures who move about without sympathy for others, and who think more of a St. Bernard dog, or an Alderney cow, or a Southdown sheep, or a Berkshire pig than of a man? They never had any trouble, or the trouble was never sanctified. Who are those men who listen with moist eye as you tell them of suffering, and who have a pathos in their voice, and a kindness in their manner, and an excuse or an alleviation for those gone astray? They are the men who have graduated at the *Royal Academy of Trouble*, and they have the diploma written in wrinkles on their own countenances. My! my! What heartaches they had! What tears they have wept! What

injustice they have suffered! The mightiest influence for purification and salvation is trouble. No diamond fit for a crown until it is cut. No wheat fit for bread till it is ground. There are only three things that can break off a chain—

A Hammer, a File, or a Fire;

and trouble is all three of them. The greatest writers, orators, and reformers get much of the force from trouble. What gave to Washington Irving that exquisite tenderness and pathos which will make his books favorites while the English language continues to be written and spoken? An early heartbreak, that he never once mentioned; and when, thirty years after the death of Matilda Hoffman, who was to have been his bride, her father picked up a piece of embroidery and said, "That is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship," Washington Irving sank from hilarity into silence and walked away. Out of that lifetime grief the great author dipped his pen's mightiest reinforcement. "Calvin's Institutes of Religion," that which a more wonderful book was never written by human hand, was begun by the author twenty-five years of age, because of the persecution by Francis, King of France. Faraday toiled for all time on a salary of eighty pounds a year and candles. As every brick of the wall of Babylon was stamped with the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, so every part of the temple of Christian achievement is stamped with the letter T, standing for trouble.

When in England a man is honored with knighthood, he is struck with the flat of the sword. But those who have come to

Knighthood in the Kingdom of God

were first struck, not with the flat of the sword but with the keen edge of the cimeter. To build his magnificence of character, Paul could not have spared one lash, one prison, one stoning, one anathema, one poisonous viper from the hand, one shipwreck. What is true of individuals is true of nations. The horrors of the American Revolution gave this country this side of the Mississippi River to independence, the conflict between England and France gave the most of this country west of the Mississippi to the United States. France owned it, but Napoleon, fearing that England would take practically made a present to the United States—for he received only \$15,000,000 for Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and the Indian Territory. Out of the fire of the American Revolution came the country east of the Mississippi, out of the European war came that west of the Mississippi river. The British Empire rose to its present overtowering grandeur through gunpowder plot and Guy Fawkes' conspiracy, and Northampton insurrection, and Walter Raleigh's beheading, and Bacon's bribery, and Cromwell's dissolution of parliament, and the battles of Edge Hill, and

The Vicissitudes of Centuries.

So the earth itself, before it could become an appropriate and beautiful residence for the human family, had, according to geology, to be washed by universal deluge, and scorched and made candescent by universal fires, and pounded by sledge-hammer of icebergs, and wrenched by earthquakes that split continents, and shaken by volcanoes that tossed mountains, and passed through the catastrophes of thousands of years before Paradise became possible, and the ground could shake out their green banners, and the first garden pour its carnage of color between the Gihon and the Hiddekel. Trouble a good thing for the rocks, a good thing for nations as well as a good thing for individuals. So when you push against me with a sharp interrogatory point, Why do the good suffer? I open the dark saying on a harp, and, though I can neither play an organ, or cornet, or hautboy, or bugle, or clarionet, I have taken some

Lessons On the Gospel Harp,

and if you would like to hear me I will play these: "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but gr

us; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which exercised thereby." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." What a sweet thing is a harp, and I wonder not that in Wales, the country of my ancestors, the harp has become the national instrument, and that they have festivals where great prizes are offered in the competition between harp and harp; or that weird Sebastian Erard was much of his time bent over this chorded and vibrating triangle, and was not satisfied until he had given it a compass of six octaves, from E to E with all the semi-tones; or that when King Saul was dejected, the son of Jesse came before him, and putting his fingers among the charmed strings of the harp, played the devil out of the crazed monarch; or that in heaven there shall be harps harping with their harps. So you will not blame me for opening the dark saying on the gospel harp—

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake!

Why Sin Came.

Interrogation third: Why did the good God let sin or trouble come into the world when He might have kept them out? My reply is, He had a good reason. He had reasons that He has never given us. He had reasons which He could no more make us understand in our finite state than the father, starting out on some great and elaborate enterprise could make the two-year-old child in its armed chair comprehend it. One was to demonstrate what grandeur of character may be achieved on earth by conquering evil. Had there been no evil to conquer and no trouble to console, then this universe would never have known an Abraham or a Moses or a Joshua or an Ezekiel or a Paul or a Christ or a Washington or a John Milton or a John Howard, and a million victories which have been gained by the consecrated spirits of all ages would never have been gained. Had there been no battle, there would have been no victory. Nine-tenths of the anthems of heaven would never have been sung. Heaven could never have been a thousandth part of the heaven that it is. I will not say that I am glad that sin and sorrow did enter, but I do say that I am glad that after God has given all His reasons to an assembled universe, He will be more honored than if sin and sorrow had never entered, and that the unfallen

Celestials Will Be Outdone,

and will put down their trumpets to listen, and it will be in heaven when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter, as it would be in a small singing school on earth, if Thalberg and Gottschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schumann should all at once enter. The immortals that have been chanting ten thousand years before the throne will say, as they close their librettos: "Oh, if we could only sing like that!" But God will say to those who have never fallen, and consequently have not been redeemed, "You must be silent now; you have not the qualification for this anthem," so they sit with closed lips and folded hands, and sinners saved by grace take up the harmony, for the Bible says "no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

A great prima donna, who can now do anything with her voice, told me that when she first started in music her teacher in Berlin told her she could be a good singer, but a certain note she could never reach. "And then," she said, "I went to work and studied and practiced for years until I did reach it." But the song of the sinner redeemed, the Bible says, the exalted harmonists who have never sinned, could not reach and never will reach. Would you like to hear me in a very poor way play a snatch of that tune? I can give you only one bar of the music on this gospel harp: "Unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in

His own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever, Amen." But before leaving this interrogatory, Why God let sin come into the world? let me say that great battles seem to be nothing but suffering and outrage at the time of their occurrence, yet after they have been a long while past we can see that it was better for them to have been fought, namely, Salamis, Inkerman, Toulouse, Arbella, Agincourt, Trafalgar, Blenheim, Lexington, Sedan. So now that the great battles against sin and suffering are going on we can see mostly that which is deplorable. But twenty thousand years from now, standing in glory, we shall appreciate that heaven is better off than if the battle of this world's sin and suffering had never been projected.

But now I come nearer home and put a dark saying on the gospel harp, a style of question that is asked a million times every year. *Interrogation the fourth:*

Why do I Have it so Hard,

while others have it so easy? or, Why do I have so much difficulty in getting a livelihood while others go around with a full portemonnaie? or, Why must I wear these plain clothes, while others have to push hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire? or, Why should I have to work so hard while others have three hundred and sixty-five holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer them by saying, it is because the Lord has His favorites, and He puts extra discipline upon you, and extra trial, because He has for you extra glory, extra enthronement, and extra felicities. That is no guess of mine, but a divine say-so: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "Well," says some one, "I would rather have a little less in heaven and a little more here. Discount my heavenly robe 10 per cent. and let me now put it on a fur-lined overcoat; put me in a less gorgeous room of the house of many mansions and let me have a house here in a better neighborhood." No, no; God is not going to rob heaven, which is to be your residence for nine hundred quadrillion of years, to fix up your earthly abode, which you will occupy at most for less than a century, and where you may perhaps stay only ten years longer, or only one year, or perhaps a month more. Now you had better cheerfully

Let God Have His Way,

for, you see, He has been taking care of folks for near six thousand years, and knows how to do it, and can see what is best for you, better than you can yourself. Don't think you are too insignificant to be divinely cared for. It was said that Diana, the goddess, could not be present to keep her temple at Ephesus from burning because she was attending upon the birth of him who was to be Alexander the Great. But I tell you that your God and my God is so great in small things as well as large things, that He could attend the cradle of a babe, and at the same time the burning of a world.

And God will make it all right with you, and there is one song that you will sing every hour your first ten years in heaven, and the refrain of that song will be: "I am so glad God did not let me have it my own way!" Your case will be all fixed up in heaven, and there will be such a reversal of conditions that we can hardly find each other for some time. Some of us who have lived in first-rate houses here, and in first-rate neighborhoods, will be found, because of our lukewarmness of earthly service, living on one of the back streets of the celestial city, and clear down at the end of it at No. 808, or 909, or 1505, while some who had unattractive earthly abodes, and a cramped one at that, will, in the heavenly city, be in a house fronting the Royal plaza, right by the imperial fountain, or on the heights overlooking the River of Life, the chariots of salvation halting at your door, while those visit you who are more than conquerors, and those who are kings and queens unto God forever. You, my brother, and you, my sister, who have it so hard here, will have it so fine

and grand there that you will hardly know yourself, and will feel disposed to dispute your own identity, and the first time I see you there I will cry out: "Didn't I tell you so when you sat down there in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and looked incredulous because you thought it too good to be true?" And you will answer: "You were right, the half was not told me!" So

I Open Your Dark Saying

of despondency and complaint on my gospel harp, and give you just one bar of music, for I do not pretend to be much of a player. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." But, I must confess, I am a little perplexed how some of you good Christians are going to get through the gate, because there will be so many there to greet you, and they will all want to shake hands at once, and will all want the first kiss. They will have heard that you are coming, and they will all press around to welcome you, and will want you to say whether you know them after being so long parted.

Amid the tussle and romp of reunion I tell you whose hand of welcome you had better first clasp, and whose cheek is entitled to the first kiss. It is the hand and the cheek of Him without whom you would never have got there at all, the Lord Jesus,

The Darling of the Skies,

as He cries out, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the fires could not burn it, and the floods could not drown it." Then you, my dear people, having no more use for my poor harp, on which I used to open your dark sayings, and whose chords sometimes snapped, despoiling the symphony, you will take down your own harps from the willows that grow by the eternal water courses, and play together those celestial airs, some of the names of which are entitled, "The King in His Beauty," "The Land That Was Far Off," And as the last dark curtain of mystery is forever lifted, it will be as though all the oratorios that were ever heard had been rolled into one, and "Israel in Egypt," and "Jephthah's Daughter," and Beethoven's "Overture in C," and Ritter's first "Sonata in D minor," and the "Creation," and the "Messiah" had been blown from the lips of one trumpet, or been invoked by the sweep of one bow, or had dropped from the vibrating chords of one harp.

But here I must slow up lest, in trying to solve mysteries, I add to the mystery that we have already wondered at; namely, Why preachers should keep on after all the hearers are tired. So I gather up into one great armful all the whys and hows and wherefores of your life and mine, which we have not had time or the ability to answer, and write on them the words,

"Adjourned to Eternity."

I rejoice that we do not understand all things now, for if we did, what would we learn in heaven? If we knew it all down here in the freshman and sophomore class, what would be the use of our going up to stand amid the juniors and the seniors? If we could put down one leg of the compass, and with the other sweep a circle clear around all the inscrutables, if we could lift our little steelyards, and weigh the throne of the Omnipotent, if we could with our seven-day clock measure eternity, what would be left for heavenly revelation? So I move that we cheerfully adjourn what is now beyond our comprehension; and as, according to Rollin, the historian, Alexander the Great, having obtained the gold casket in which Darius had kept his rare perfume, used that aromatic casket thereafter to keep his favorite copy of Homer in, and called the book, therefore, the "edition of the casket," and at night put the casket and his sword under his pillow; so I put, this day, into the perfumed casket of your richest affections and hopes this promise, worth more than anything Homer ever wrote, or sword ever conquered: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," and that I call the "edition celestial."

A CHILD'S PRAYER AMONG RATS.

At one of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meetings in New York, a Presbyterian minister related an incident, the truth of which he personally vouched for. A number of friends arrived unexpectedly at a certain house, and the family scarcely knew how to accommodate them for the night. One little girl offered to give up her room to a guest, and went to sleep in the attic. It was long since the attic had been used, but it was believed to be dry and comfortable, so a bed was made up for her on the floor. In the night she was awakened by a whole troop of rats scampering around, and they ran across her bed, and even over her face. She screamed with terror, but it did not disturb the rats, and in the moonlight she saw them on the bed, staring savagely at her. She was so far away from the family that they did not hear her outcries. She was like to go mad with fright, when she thought that she was like Daniel in the lions' den crossed her mind. She wondered if God would hear her as He heard the prophet. Her recollection of her Sunday-school lessons encouraged her, and she put up an earnest prayer for deliverance. She had scarcely ceased praying when something brushed against the door of the room. It might be only the rats, but the child listened, and soon she heard a note that no rat makes, but which he dreads to hear. The child jumped out of bed, and regardless of the rats rushing across her bare feet, opened wide the door. In bounded a large cat, who immediately attacked the vermin. It was a desperate fight that the child watched from her bed, but the cat won. Some of the rats escaped slaughter by flight, but they did not appear again that night, and the carcasses of the slain attested the truth of the little girl's story when she told it in the morning. The story was told so simply that there could be no doubt, as there was none in the child's mind, that the cat was sent in answer to her prayer.

A QUAIN TESTIMONIAL TABLET.

The Medical Mission in Pekin, China, of which Dr. B. C. Atterbury is the head, now bears a tablet presented with great form and ceremony by the sons of one of the patients who has been cured there. The tablet is a board three feet long and two and a half broad, on which Chinese characters are cut. It was brought to the hospital on a sedan-chair hung with red trimmings and carried by eight men in festive costume. The relatives of the patient, dressed in holiday attire, accompanied it in the procession, which was headed by a band of music. The *Church* gives the following translation of the inscription on the tablet:

"Respectfully to proclaim that Teacher Atterbury has come from America to the Flowery Kingdom, several thousand leagues and more, has encountered the perils of the rolling sea, has borne the discomforts of another clime, to make this Kingdom his abode. His sole purpose to relieve men, the very sentiment, 'All men are my brothers.'

"Moreover, cherishing the Saviour's word, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' he has employed his private means for the advancement of the Church. Thus, far and wide does he instruct the world; he dispenses medicines to the sick; erects church edifices; publishing afar the doctrine of grace, that those whose health has been restored may also attain to the saving of the Soul. Day by day, in giving away medicine and prescribing for the sick, he is busy and hurried, with scarce a moment for rest, nor shrinking from the monotony of it; he truly must enjoy the sovereign notice and approval of the Lord on high.

"Teacher George Taylor aids in medical practice, freely expending diligence and devotion, only desirous of glorifying the name of the Lord. Is he not also a Christian eminent indeed?

"We, whose mother fractured her right leg in a most dangerous manner, invited these two physicians to unite in healing her, and, because within one hundred days she was wholly recov-

ered, We are truly and deeply grateful, and inscribe this tablet, though utterly insufficient to requite their pains, to publish abroad their beauteous virtue, and feebly to express my sincere respect.

"Spoken in the year *wu tze*, month of the peach, the latter tenth of the month. The ignorant brothers *Ts'un Lin* and *Ts'un Ch'i* respectfully present."

A PRAYER IN A GRAVE.

In a testimony given a few days ago in a sailor's mission in New York, an English seaman told a remarkable story of his conversion. He said that he had godly parents, and received Christian training; but he was wild and careless, and, though he knew all about the gospel, it had never touched his heart. He grew restive at home, and ran away to sea, and for some years was one of the most godless men afloat, doing all the more harm because of his Christian knowledge, which he made use of to ridicule religion. While his ship was at Buenos Ayres he deserted and joined the Argentine navy, and, eighteen months later, quitted that for the army. He was sent out to look after prisoners on the Grand Chaco—an immense tract of land occupied by roving Indians. His hardships were terrible; being unable to eat the only food available, and being continually on duty, with little rest or sleep. He managed to evade the watchfulness of his officers, and made his way to the coast, where he found an English ship, and got on board. Soon he was warned that the officers were coming to search for him. The ship was in ballast, and the crew, sympathizing with him, dug a hole like a grave in the sand with which the ship was ballasted, and put him in. They put planks over the hole and covered it with sand again. He lay there, trembling, in fear of detection, for several hours, and heard the soldiers who were searching for him walking above him. He also suffered much pain from lack of air. He knew that if the soldiers did not quit their search soon, he would die of suffocation; and, in his terror, he prayed as he had never prayed before. His early training came to mind, and he prayed that, if it were possible to forgive such wickedness as his, it might be forgiven, for Christ's sake. Expecting that he might die soon, he prayed all the more earnestly, and vowed that, if he was saved, he would quit his wicked life. Soon a sweet peace and consciousness of forgiveness came to him, and he felt that if he died he was safe through Christ. After what seemed to him many hours, the sailors came and removed the planks, with the glad news that the search was over. He remained with the ship, visited his parents after eight years of absence and silence, and then resumed a seafaring life. But not, as before, a scoffer at religion, but an earnest Christian, seeking, wherever he went, to win souls.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA.

MR. B. BROOMHALL, Secretary of the China Inland Mission, writes: "The state of things in Northern China is painful to contemplate. Parts of the Provinces of Ho-nan, Shan-tung, and Chih-li are the scene of a widespread and disastrous famine, the suffering from which will be greatly aggravated by the calamities which have befallen Northern China during the last eighteen months. The Yellow River disaster and the terrible inundations in Manchuria were followed by a great drought in the early summer, causing the failure of the rice crops; and subsequently, to the dismay of the people, who were encouraged by the prospect of a good autumn harvest, there came in the month of August a deluge of rain, which has caused the present calamity. Dr. Nevius, a well-known and highly esteemed missionary, having heard of the great distress prevailing in Shan-tung, left Chefoo to make an investigation. The result is thus given:

"Writing from a place called Chang-lo, he says that he found the distress more extended and greater than the reports had led him to expect. The district he visited has an area of

about 6,000 square miles, and a population of 1,500,000. The houses of the people in many cases are gone as well as the food, for the floods, rising to the slight elevation on which the villages and towns were constructed, entered the houses and softened and dissolved the mud bricks which formed the foundations, so that they fell to the ground.

"Dr. Nevius describes as an instance one particular town, where the destruction and misery are no worse than elsewhere, and not so bad as in some other places. The town is Han-chiao, on the Miho River, with a population of 2,000. It is surrounded by an earth wall of twenty feet in height. The river-banks gave way just above the town, and an opening was gradually made for a distance of about a mile. The water burst out towards the town, tearing away the surface earth from hundreds of acres of cultivated land and covering it with sand. It soon broke down part of the mud wall and poured through the streets, filling the whole space within the walls, and breaking out again on another side. Nineteenth of the houses were carried away; household goods, furniture, farming implements, and timbers of buildings floated away towards the sea. The people saved themselves by climbing trees or the higher parts of the wall, where many of them remained standing in the water for hours. For two days they could obtain no food. The town, when seen by Dr. Nevius, was a scene of complete desolation. Large pools of water stood where there were recently busy streets and comfortable dwellings.

"In conclusion Dr. Nevius observes that any words can convey but a very imperfect idea of the misery, and it is sure to be worse in the spring, before which the limited supply of provisions will be exhausted. Those who have remained at home will be reduced to extremities; those fugitives who return from abroad will not have the means or strength to plant the spring crops. He estimates that *a cent a day, or thirty cents a month, would, in addition to what the people can do themselves, support a life.* The magistrates have remitted taxes, but have done nothing further to meet the awful situation.

"The region described by Dr. Nevius is but a small part of one province. A Shanghai correspondent says that 'six provinces, all thickly populated, are suffering at one time the effects of flood or drought, and the widely extended famine caused thereby.'"

AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE IN CHINA.

In a letter from Peking, China, from Mr. Chapin to the *Missionary Herald* he thus describes a significant incident which had just occurred: "Yesterday after service there was sent in the card of our first military official, with the urgent request that I should hasten to see his son, who had taken about half an ounce of opium. I found a badly narcotized boy of eighteen. The usual remedies were used, and to-day he is out of danger. The cause of this attempt at suicide shows at once how quickly the Chinese fall into the power of their passions, and their stolid indifference regarding the future life. This young man had bought a two-barreled pistol and then discovered that only one barrel would shoot. He felt that he had been cheated, and also remembered that his father was opposed to his spending his money for fire-arms, and all the more because he had some time before shot a small boy in the neck. He therefore tried to exchange his weapon for his money, but the Chinese do not generally sell on that basis, and he failed to effect the exchange. What remained for him but to flee this evil world? This he, the same day, resolved to do. His young wife, not to be left to an inglorious widowhood, resolved to follow her lord, but her courage was hardly equal to her resolve, and she drank only a small dose of face-powder, which in large doses does for the ladies what opium so often accomplishes for the men. It is a constant wonder to us how people who are so thoroughly stoical in many ways so often become practically insane with passion, of which we see instances almost daily.

"We receive daily pressing invitations for medical help. As yet we have no suitable place for a dispensary, and only a partial supply of medicines. We expect, however, soon to rent a suitable place, and to engage in regular dispensary work. Certain of the cases applying are such that we cannot refuse help, and it is as gladly received as it is given."

THE PRINCIPLES OF PROPHETIC CHRONOLOGY.

By Rev. A. B. Simpson.*

Instances of the Year for a Day Rule—The Seven Times of the Gentiles—Interlace Events—Three Scales of Measurement—The Lunar Scale Applied—The Beginning of the End—A Remarkable Epoch in its Centre—The Solar Scale Equally Significant—The Era of Israel's Captivity—The Latest Prophetic Limit.

THE principle on which prophetic dates are to be calculated is a day for a year. This is rendered evident by the time measure of prophecy relating to the first coming of the Messiah in the ninth chapter of Daniel. There it is definitely stated that seventy weeks should elapse to "Messiah the Prince." Now seventy weeks is four hundred and ninety days. We know, however, that the interval to the death of Christ, dating from the decree of Artaxerxes to restore and rebuild Jerusalem, was just four hundred and ninety years. Here, then, in the first great application of God's chronological measuring line, we have a day for a year. And, therefore, without special reasons to the contrary, we are bound to apply it in the same way to the other events referred to.

In the twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus, God declares through Moses that if His people shall not repent and obey Him, He will bring upon them repeated judgments and chastenings, and at last "seven times" of tribulation. In Daniel's vision of Nebuchadnezzar's degradation, we have seen that seven times were to pass over him ere he arose from his madness and acknowledged Jehovah as the Lord of earth and Heaven. In this, of course, Nebuchadnezzar was the type of the world powers and nations who have been ruling the earth in bestial madness and ferocity through these ages of cruelty, shame, and sorrow.

Thus we see Israel was to have seven times of subjection and humiliation, and the Gentile nations seven times of brutal madness. The two periods correspond and synchronize. When the Jewish sovereignty, which was really the Divine Theocracy, passed away, the time of Gentile rule supervened and has continued for more than twenty-five centuries, and will until the end, when the kingdom of Christ shall succeed these wild-beast powers, and the Jews shall again become ascendant.

It is, therefore, an exceedingly interesting inquiry: When the times of the Gentiles and the subjugation of the Jews really began? Like all God's great providential movements, it was not sudden and sharply defined, but covered a considerable space of time, and included a series of

Interlaced and Connected Events.

Indeed, it spread over a century and a half of time, and we may therefore expect that its close will likewise be gradual and similarly extended. The period of its measurement, therefore, will be like a wide ribbon cut on the bias at each end, in parallel directions, so that a measurement of its length at any point would give the same length, and yet the starting and terminal points would be extended in both directions beyond that measure.

The earliest date of Gentile supremacy is the famous era of Nabonassar—the rise of the Babylonian empire, 747 B. C., and the latest is the fall of Jerusalem under the Babylonians, B. C. 587. This whole period of one hundred and sixty years properly measures the beginning of the times of the Gentiles, and a corresponding period may be expected to close it.

Before, however, we proceed to show the fulfilment of these prophetic measures, it is necessary to premise that there are

Three Scales

by which they can be calculated, known respectively as solar, calendar, and lunar years. A solar year contains 365 days, a calendar year 360, and a lunar year 354. Hence, the whole period of seven times, according to solar time, would be 2,520, 2,484 calendar, and 2,445 lunar years. Thus the difference in the whole seven times, between lunar and solar time, is seventy-five years.

Now, we find that these standards of time are used in the prophecy or the Messiah's first coming. There were two decrees of Artaxerxes for the restoring and rebuilding of Jerusalem—one in 457, sending Ezra back; the other in 444, commissioning Nehemiah. Measuring from one in solar years, and from the other in lunar years, the seventy weeks bring us to the cross of Jesus Christ. We may then expect that in the longer cycles the profound wisdom of inspired prophecy will use both, as it starts from different stages of the beginning and reaches forward to the various steps of the close. Shall we first apply the shorter or lunar scale?

The earliest date from which we can reasonably measure the times of the Gentiles is, we have seen, the era of Nabonassar, B. C. 747. In this year began the great Babylonian empire, which, Daniel tells us, is the head of the Gentile powers. Measuring seven times, or 2,445 years, from this brings us down to 1698 A. D., the very year when the downfall of the nations which had oppressed God's people began in the close of the twenty years' war, in which, for the first time, the terrible Moslem power was smitten, and, by the disastrous peace of Carlowitz, Turkey was weakened and humbled, and robbed of some of her fairest possessions. This was only

The Beginning of the End,

as 747 B. C. was only the beginning of the beginning; but from that hour Turkey has been going steadily down, until now she is ready to crumble at once into dissolution. Still more marked is the fact that right in the centre of this measurement, as its exact bi-section, comes the most important historical event of the past eighteen centuries, the fall of Rome in the year 476, thus literally closing the career of the world's four empires in the first twelve hundred years after the rise of Babylon. Thus the whole seven times divides itself into two sections of three and a half times each, this being also a prophetic measure—the first measuring the dominancy of the ancient empires, the second the ten horns, or modern kingdoms, which sprang out of them.

But this is only one application of our measure, bringing it down to the earliest beginning of God's judgments on the eastern and western nations.

Now, if we take the same point of departure, and measure from it the seven times in solar years, it brings us to

The Next Great Date

in the downfall of the Gentile nations. It brings us to the year 1773. This, we find by reference to chronology, is the very date of the disastrous close of the second great Turkish war, when, by the peace of Karnardje, that empire lost large sections of territory, and that process of dismemberment fully began which has at last reduced it to a single European province of less than five million subjects.

The next initial period in this calculation is the captivity of Israel, or the Ten Tribes. This began with the invasion of Pul, and the first deportations of captives in 738, and culminated in the fall of Samaria in 721, a total period of seventeen years. Measuring seven times in solar years from this, brings us to 1782-1799. This is the entire period of the French revolution, commencing with the National Assembly, in 1780, and closing with the advent of Napoleon Bonaparte, in 1798, and the capture of Rome and the convulsion of all the Catholic powers of Europe. These years undoubtedly witnessed the

severest shock which the Gentile and Catholic nations have ever felt since the fall of Rome in 476. Surely this might be called the second stage in the closing of the times of the Gentiles.

The final stage of Israel's captivity was in the year 676 B. C., when Essarheddon carried off the last of the northern tribes, and fulfilled Isaiah's great prediction, given in 741, that within sixty-five years Samaria should be no more a people. The kingdom ceased in 721. The people were finally scattered in 676.

Seven Times From This in Solar Years

bring us to 1844, when there culminated in the eastern world and Turkish empire a series of convulsions, revolutions, and negotiations which finally issued in the great decree of Turkish toleration, by which the Christian religion was allowed to be propagated in the empire, and the long down-treading of Jerusalem for ages began to cease. The whole period, from 738 to 676, may be called the era of Israel's captivity. Just 2,520 years after this comes the period, from 1782 to 1844, which is just as literally the time of the first breaking down of the supreme, intolerant, and persecuting power of Rome and Islam and the great nations that support them.

The most striking figure in this age of Assyrian oppression is Sennacherib. He stands as the boastful front of human pride and power, and is smitten by the hand of God and driven back in ignominy. There is no figure in modern history that so perfectly corresponds to him as Napoleon Bonaparte, making equal claims and meeting equal doom. But it has been shown, with great force, that the career of Napoleon comes exactly 2,525 years after Sennacherib. B. C. 713 was the year of Sennacherib's invasion, and 1807 to 1815 was the date of Napoleon's great campaigns, ending at last in his miserable retreat and exile, like his Assyrian prototype.

But the chief interest in the opening and the full inauguration of the times of the Gentiles attaches to another illustrious figure, Nebuchadnezzar, and the fall of the kingdom and throne, not of the Ten Tribes, the apostate Israel, but Judah, and the house of David. "Thou art this head of gold," is God's own authority for regarding him as the chief figure in the inauguration of the times of the Gentiles. It was he that finally crushed the power of Judah beneath his heel and stamped out for ages the throne of the theocracy.

His career in relation to Judah covered nineteen years. There were three successive captivities. The first was in 606, subduing Jehoia-chin, and taking captive Daniel himself. The second transported Jehoia-chin to Babylon and Ezekiel to Chebar. It was in 598. The last was in 587, and completed the awful work by the burning of the temple, the destruction of the city, and the deportation of the remaining captives. Seven times from this period, according to solar measurement, would bring us to the period 1915-1934, including the intermediate date 1923. And this would indeed seem to be

The Last Prophetic Limit

of the times of the Gentiles, the sufferings of Israel and the waiting of God's kingdom. These three periods, 1915, 1923, and 1934, would seem to mark the last three stages in the final setting up of Israel's broken kingdom and Messiah's throne, and the dissolution of all the wild-beast powers of earth forever. Of course, the coming of Christ for His saints may occur long prior to these dates; and they fall within the tribulation times which shall supervene. We are speaking now, not of intermediate, but final dates. The earliest date of the rise of Gentile times is 747, and the latest 587. The earliest date of the beginning of their end is 1698, and the culminating point, if the parallel be true, would seem undoubtedly to be 1934.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

*From his new work, *The Gospel of the Kingdom*, pp. 284. Price in paper covers, 60 cents; in cloth, 85 cents. Published at the Book and Tract Repository, 1488 Broadway, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Admission of Four New States Was finally agreed to by Congress on February 20. They are North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington. An effort is being made to induce the citizens of Washington Territory to call the new State Tacoma, but at present the suggestion does not meet with favor. The Democrats in the Senate expressed much dissatisfaction with the Conference report, believing that New Mexico ought to have been admitted. The conferees, however, declared that had they insisted on the admission of New Mexico the whole bill would have been lost. Some disappointment was also expressed that the clause granting woman suffrage in Washington Territory had been omitted, but the conferees said that that clause also had to be sacrificed to meet the wishes of the House. It is thought that if the President signs the bill, and the citizens are prompt in taking advantage of it, they may have Senators and Representatives sitting in the first regular session of the Fifty-first Congress. South Dakota will have two Representatives, and the other States one each.

The Nicaragua Canal Project is at Last Safely through its legislative ordeal. On February 20 the President returned to the Senate with his approval the bill incorporating the Maritime Canal Company. The work of organizing is to be commenced immediately, so that there may be no delay in beginning the construction of the canal. Commander Robley D. Evans, the Naval Secretary to the Lighthouse Board, has been granted a year's leave of absence by Secretary Whitney, and will go to Nicaragua as Superintendent of Construction for the company. In the interval that has elapsed since the bill was sent to the President, persistent efforts have been made to induce him to veto it. All objectors were referred to the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General, who, after giving them an attentive hearing, reported in favor of the Nicaragua scheme, and then the President signed the bill. The only pledge given by the Government, is one for the protection of the neutrality of any waterway across the isthmus.

An Invitation to Canada in the Interest of peace and harmony is suggested in a joint resolution introduced in the House by Mr. Butterworth. He proposes that the President invite the members of the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada and the Cabinets of the several provinces to visit the United States as the guests of the Nation about May 1. The preamble to his resolution recites that the enlightened civilization of the age demands that international differences be adjusted by peaceful methods of

arbitration; that the establishment and encouragement of healthful trade and commerce between the United States and other nations, especially with our neighbors and kinsmen of Canada, is one of the obvious duties of Congress; and that social and business intercourse can accomplish more than diplomacy to remove causes of difference. The resolution provides an appropriation of \$150,000 to pay expenses, and proposes that a committee of seventy-five Senators and Representatives have charge.

The Scandal at Albany, N. Y., in Connection with the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber grows darker as the inquiry proceeds. About \$105,000 appears to have been expended beyond just payments. The board of experts called in to assist the committee in their investigation say that whereas the contract was \$270,150 for constructing the ceiling and rebuilding the staircase, the total work, including a liberal estimate for risk, contingencies, and profit, should not have exceeded \$165,000. Besides this, the Superintendent certified to monthly statements some of which were for double the work done, and altogether being \$18,000 in excess. The experts also report that for the change made in the substitution of papier maché for carved oak, \$10,000 ought to have been deducted from the contract price. They recommend that the contractor should now be required to substitute carved oak for papier maché in several parts of the work, and that the cost of doing so would be \$10,000. The progress of investigation by the committee is by no means satisfactory, and it is evident that there is a disposition to shield some wrong-doers.

The Terrible Disaster to a Hotel at Hartford, Conn., which occurred on February 18, has caused a feeling of horror throughout the country. Early in the morning of that day while the Park Central Hotel, the largest and most popular in the city, was full of guests, the floors suddenly collapsed, and the whole building became a mass of ruins. Simultaneously the boiler of the engine that ran the dynamo exploded, and a fire broke out among the débris that completed the work of destruction. The police quickly had a gang of men working to extinguish the fire, but it is known that several of the guests who escaped being crushed were held fast in the ruins and burned to death before the flames could be subdued. Twenty-three dead bodies were taken out of the ruins as soon as it was possible to extricate them. Some of the injured who fell at the edge of the wreck were removed before the fire reached them and sent to the hospital. Among the dead was the Rev. Lavallette Perrin, D. D., a well-known Congregational minister and editor. His wife perished with him. Whether the explosion of the boiler caused the collapse of the building, or was a consequence of it, is not known; but the engineers have been arrested, to await the result of the inquest.

The Secret of the Parnell Letters Published by the London Times to prove that Mr. Parnell was in alliance with known criminals was disclosed last week before the Commission. Houston, the man who sold the letters to the Times, was on the witness stand, and Pigott, the man suspected of forging them, was also produced. Pigott's behavior under cross-examination confirmed the bad impression formed of his character. His admissions showed that he had tried to make money from both sides. A letter was produced which he had written to Archbishop Walsh, in which he stated that facts tending to incriminate Mr. Parnell were about to be disclosed, and declaring his ability to disprove the charges. Another suspicious fact was that Pigott being asked to write certain words which were wrongly spelled in the letters under dispute, spelled them in the same way as they were spelled in the alleged Parnell letters. Unless the Times has strong evidence to support Pigott, the belief that he forged the letters will be general. A correspondent of the New York Herald, who interviewed the witness Le Caron, reports him as uttering stronger ac-

cusations against Mr. Parnell than those he made on the witness-stand. He stated explicitly that Parnell's "most intimate advisers were cognizant of and parties to" the Phoenix Park murders, and that Mr. Parnell could have averted the crime.

The English Parliament Reassembled on Thursday last. The Queen's speech at the opening ceremony indicated that the warnings uttered about the weakness of the navy are not to be ignored. She said: "The unceasing expenditure upon warlike preparations incurred by other European nations has rendered necessary an increase in the precautions hitherto taken for the safety of our shore and commerce. The counsels by which other Powers are guided, and which dispose of their vast forces, are at present uniformly friendly to England, but I have no right to assume that this condition is necessarily secure from the possibility of change." On the subject of Ireland she used words implying approval of the coercion policy, which will probably lead to a long and acrimonious debate. She said: "The statutes recently passed for the restoration of order and confidence in Ireland have already been attended with salutary results." The Queen also announced the approaching conference on the Samoan question, which she said would be a continuation of that held in Washington.

The New French Cabinet was Announced on February 22. Its premier is M. Tirard, who has held the office before, and among his colleagues are M. De Freycinet and M. Rouvier, who have both been premiers. Most of the members belong to the party organized by Gambetta, to which the name "Opportunist" was given. Their character leads to the belief that their policy will be more Conservative than that of M. Floquet's Cabinet. They are known chiefly as able administrators, but not one of them has a reputation for genius. The strong bond between them is their decided opposition to General Boulanger. President Carnot had considerable difficulty in organizing a Cabinet at all, so disorganized is the condition of French politics. The premiership was offered in succession to several statesmen, who either declined it, or found it impossible to form a Cabinet that would command confidence.

The Extent to which European Nations have carried their preparations for the next war, is forcibly described in a despatch which Harold Frederick cabled last week to the New York Times. He says "that since 1872, when the last elaborate computation of the armies of Europe was made, the taxpayers of the Continent have expended \$7,500,000,000 on preparations for war, or nearly twice what we expended on our four years of civil war. In those seventeen years Germany and France have both more than doubled the actual war strength of their armies, and the total war strength of the seven Continental Powers has risen from 6,142,000 to 10,480,000. If we add to this host of trained fighters on a war-footing the classes of partially trained men in the second and final reserves, we get an imposing total of 28,000,000 soldiers, all liable to be drawn in the next European war, and now more or less withdrawn from peaceful vocations, at a total annual public cost of \$600,000,000. This vast war taxation," says Mr. Frederick, "wrung from people who do not hate each other, who do not want to fight, who ask only for opportunities for peaceful industry and mutual traffic, is a terrible burden. The blood-money must be borne, however, for no better reason than that it is still in the power of a few families—the Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs, Romanoffs, Bourbons, and Coburgs—to embroil the whole Continent with their dynastic intrigues and ambitions."

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A Wonderful Blessing on the Sunday-School established in the Penitentiary at Raleigh, N. C., is reported. Since the school has been organized the teachers from the city have found the work a delight, and the encouragement afforded them has been so great that it has been rare for one of them to be absent. Over and over again convicts have sought them out after leaving the prison, and declared their resolution, by the help of God, to lead honest lives. One of them recently, after his discharge, was on his way to his home, when he turned back, walked the whole distance to the city to thank his teacher, before going to his family. The work has now been extended to the hospital, and regular services are held there every Sunday. The success of our friends at Raleigh will, it may be hoped, encourage Christians in other cities to follow their example.

An Indignant Party of Immigrants Wreaked vengeance on two Mormon missionaries at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, on February 16. There were sixty Danes and Scandinavians on the Union Pacific train when it arrived there. They were being taken by two Mormon elders named Marvin and Greely to Salt Lake City. At Cheyenne the elders went into the car after breakfast, and were subjected to a sharp examination. The immigrants had been told nothing about polygamy, but had been promised free farms in Utah, and their passage had been paid. One of the immigrants had two pretty sisters with him, and he discovered after the train left Sidney that Elder Marvin was to marry them both when they reached Utah. He told his companions, and their indignation was aroused. The elders on being questioned failed to satisfy the immigrants, and the storm increased. Finally the immigrants set upon their deceivers and beat them mercilessly. They tried to hang Marvin with the bell-rope, and Greely was severely injured. The conductors and brakemen, who were well armed, rescued the two men with difficulty, and had them conveyed to a hospital. The immigrants abandoned their journey to Utah, and took the train to Denver, intending to settle in Colorado.

An Unexpected Fortune has Been Bequeathed to an official in Iowa. Some years ago a contractor undertook the construction of a large section of road on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. He failed to comply with the conditions of his contract, and the managers of the road directed their general counsel to prosecute him on his bond. If this had been done the contractor would have been ruined, but the counsel, after thoroughly examining the case, and satisfying himself that the failure was not due to the contractor's negligence, earnestly recommended the managers to grant him an extension of time to finish the job. His request was granted, and the contract was satisfactorily completed, the contractor netting a considerable profit. This sum was enormously increased afterward by judicious investments and other contracts. The man grew wealthy, and being a bachelor, looked around for an heir to his fortune. He is now dead, and has left his entire fortune to the counsel, who at a critical period of his career befriended him, and saved him from ruin. It is not often that an act of kindness is so munificently rewarded, but such acts are enjoined on the followers of Christ, and are a duty whether reward may be expected in this life or not. (1 Peter 3: 8, 9.)

A Diamond Among Marbles Was Found in Cleveland, Ohio, recently. Nearly ten months ago a lady living on Euclid Avenue lost one of a pair of magnificent diamonds, which cost a thousand dollars. She kept each diamond, when not wearing them, in a little gold ball, which closed with a spring, and the diamond was in its ball when she lost it. Advertisements offering a reward for the lost gem were issued, and every effort that could be thought of was made to trace it, but without success. Early this month a visitor in a workman's home was watching his children playing with marbles, and noticed their using one of yellow metal. She

picked it up, and examining it closely, observed the mark around it, which showed that it might be opened. She worked at it until she found the spring, and as the ball opened the glittering jewel was seen. It appeared that the workman had found the ball in the gutter, and thinking it worthless, had given it to his children to play with. An advertisement soon found the rightful owner, who gladly paid the reward. If the man had known how precious a jewel the ball contained, he would have been more careful about its safety. It is so with immortal jewels. In the lowest and meanest man whom society treats with contempt is a gem so precious that God gave His Son to redeem it. (Mal. 3: 17.)

One of Napoleon's Soldiers Died in New York on February 14. He was born at Scotten, Darmstadt, Germany, on April 3, 1787, and at the time of his death was, therefore, nearly one hundred and two years old. He came of a family noted for longevity, and he is survived by a sister now living in Baltimore who is over ninety, and a brother in Germany who is eighty-one. Another brother who is dead attained the age of ninety-eight. He came to this country in 1856, and though then nearly seventy worked up a good business as a wholesale butcher, from which he did not retire until he was ninety years old. In his young days in Germany he was pressed into the French military service and served under Napoleon I. in his last campaigns. The old man was an ardent admirer of republican form of government, and spoke regretfully of having fought for a tyrant. That is the case with the Christian, who having served Satan in his youth, comes in his later days into the light and liberty of the gospel. Unhappily that service, unlike that of Napoleon's soldier, was not compulsory, and therefore there is the more cause for sorrow and self-reproach. (Rom. 6: 16.)

A Marriage in an Infirmary has had Unexpected results at Louisville, Ky. Two years ago a young lady from Martin, Tenn., went to Louisville to attend a seminary. She became acquainted with a family living near the city, among the members of which was a young man who fell in love with her. The love affair had the approval of the parents on both sides, and the young people were engaged to be married. Before the day fixed for the ceremony, however, the young lady had a fall from her horse and sustained serious injuries. She was taken to the St. Joseph Infirmary, where she had the benefit of the best surgical skill. The doctors did all they could for her, but in spite of their efforts she gradually sank, until on February 16 they had to tell her that she could not recover. Her death was expected in a few hours, and she and her lover, who was by her side, were prostrated with grief. She had but one desire, and that was to be married before she died. A minister was sent for and the marriage ceremony was performed. From that moment a strange change was observed in the apparently dying girl. She grew more cheerful, the worst symptoms abated, and at last reports the physicians had strong hopes of her complete recovery. An analogous change is often seen when a soul enters into union with Christ. That union not only secures happiness beyond the grave, but imparts new strength for a useful life in this world. (1 Tim. 4: 8.)

Gas Leaking for Forty Years Produced an explosion in New York on February 11. The veteran editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce* in chronicling the explosion gives a curious history of his efforts to have stopped the leak of gas which caused it. He says that in 1849, while going to and from his office he noticed every time he turned the corner of Pearl and Wall streets an offensive odor of gas. He called the attention of the owner of the premises on the corner to it, but received the reply that so long as the leak was outside his gas-meter it was no concern of his. About a year later, happening to be in company with the Quaker President of the Gaslight Company, the editor told him of the leak. "And why does this interest thee?" was the answer. Some

years later the editorial rooms were moved, and the editor did not pass the place so often, but whenever he did, he noticed that the leak continued. He grew interested in it, mentioned it to some gas men who were digging near it; also made a formal complaint to the police, but nothing was done. Last year, when a subway for electric wires was being laid, the editor made a special mission to the spot, and finding the old leak still working, pointed it out to the foreman, and asked him if there would not be danger if it were not stopped. The foreman said he had nothing to do with the gas-pipes. On Monday of last week the heavy iron covering of the nearest manhole, and the stones of the Belgian pavement for six or eight feet on three sides of it, went up into the air, and the shock was felt throughout the neighborhood. No one happened to be passing, and no one was killed. The gas had evidently leaked into the vacant space, and the electric wires had ignited it. The explosion had been preparing for forty years, while all concerned were deaf to warnings; but it came at last. So will it be with the final convulsion that will end this dispensation. The world hears the warnings of coming tribulation, and goes heedless on its way. (11 Peter 3: 4-8.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee has declined the Bishopric of Michigan, to which he was recently elected.

Mr. William Noble is slowly recovering from his sickness. He is staying at Malvern, a famous health resort.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry has just held a successful evangelistic institute in Detroit, Mich. She returns for further work in March.

Bishop Holland N. M'Tyeire, Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died on February 16, at Nashville Tenn.

Plans for the proposed Protestant Episcopal Cathedral in New York have been sent in by sixty-two architects, for examination by the trustees.

Evangelistic meetings in Batavia, N. Y., have been conducted by Rev. E. E. Davidson, and have resulted in considerable additions to the churches of the town.

Mr. P. A. Burdick of New York, has gone to Iowa on behalf of the W. C. T. U. for a Temperance campaign. He will hold meetings in Burlington, Cedar Rapids, &c.

It is stated that Father Chiniquy, on account of his advanced age, intends to give up his travels, and will probably settle down in Montreal for the remainder of his days. He is in his eightieth year.

Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D. has been preaching at the Old Market in the lower part of Richmond, Va. His labors have been so successful that a regular pastor has been appointed to carry on the work.

Mr. Thomas Needham has been holding revival services in Sunbury, Penn. His special meetings for young men have been very successful. He is now laboring at Danville, Penn., with promise of great blessing.

A subscription in aid of the starving sufferers in China was opened in New York last week. The tea merchants of the city sent in a little over \$1,000 the first day. Mr. A. W. Townsend, 50 Wall Street, is treasurer of the fund.

The Young Women's Christian Associations of New York State, at their convention held last week at Newburgh, N. Y. elected as President, Miss Duarloo, of Schenectady, and as Secretary, Miss Sanford, of Syracuse.

Mrs. B. B. Borden, Superintendent of Railroad Work of the W. C. T. U. in New Mexico, would be glad of religious and temperance journals to use in her work, if our readers have any back numbers to spare. Her address is Las Vegas, N. M.

The Rev. John Dooley, the well-known missionary of the Fourth Ward of New York, where he has labored for over sixteen years, has resigned. He has accepted the office of superintendent of the Albany City Tract and Mission Society. Mr. Dooley will be missed in this city.

The Margaret Strachan Mission to Fallen Women at 103 West Twenty-seventh Street, New York, has not diminished its usefulness since the death of its foundress. It is doing a good work. Subscriptions toward its support may be sent to Mrs. Stebbins, 958 Madison Avenue.

The church building, recently vacated by Dr. Meredith's congregation, in McDonough Street, Brooklyn, is to be occupied by a Protestant Episcopal congregation. The Rev. Dr. Stevens, Archdeacon of Brooklyn, and several well-known clergymen, will aid in organizing it.

Gipsy Smith commenced services at the Central M. E. Church, New York, last Sunday. His meetings at the Nostrand Avenue Church, Brooklyn, have resulted in the addition of over a hundred members to the church. On February 18 he delivered by request his lecture on "From Gipsy Tent to the Platform," at the preachers' meeting in the Methodist Book Room.

THE MAN FOR THE DAY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." John 1:47.

The Man of Guileless Heart—Appreciated by Jesus—I. A Happy Sign in a Seeker—Deceitful Men Never Converted—Hope of a Man Honest in his Difficulties—A Candid Seeker—Ready for the Spirit's Work—II. The Sincere Man After Conversion—Desires to be Soundly Converted—True to his Convictions—Simple in his Aims—Clear in Pursuing Them—A Dying Woman's Sound Reasoning—Specks not to be Painted Over.

I SHALL not go into the full meaning of what "an Israelite indeed" is, but I shall dwell, principally, upon the fact that Nathanael was a man with no guile in him. The Lord Jesus Christ made that discovery; and who so fit to spy out a man in whom was no guile, as the Christ in whom there is no guile? Two guileless men were that day together, for in our Lord Jesus there is neither guilt nor guile. In us there is guilt, but we trust that, by divine grace, guile has been cast out of us. It will be so if the Lord does not impute iniquity to us, according to the words of David, "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." The Lord is sure to put all guile out of us, when He removes all guilt away from us.

Men generally see what they are; and because Christ is guileless, therefore He spies out

The Man of Guileless Heart,

and at once commends him and welcomes him, and says, "Behold," as if delighted and charmed to see him. The Lord Jesus appreciates at a high rate the sincerity which He perceives in Nathanael. I am afraid that a man without guile is not much esteemed by the ordinary run of mankind. He will be wise, however, not to trouble himself about that matter. The approbation of Jesus is better than the approbation of the whole world. They say of a man nowadays who has no guile, "Well, he is a very simple-minded kind of fellow. Exceedingly good, but rather blunt. Quite unsuspecting, and therefore you may readily take him in." Mark you, there is no reason why a man without guile should be taken in; for while we are harmless as doves we can also be wise as serpents if we are rightly taught; but in the ordinary way, a man that is not crafty and cunning—a man that speaks his mind and practices no policy, and is not acquainted with tricks and shifts—is thought to be a poor creature by the wise and deceitful men of this day. But if Jesus Christ takes delight in a guileless man, the guileless man may be perfectly satisfied with this high measure of acceptance. God grant to each one here present, that we all may be free from guile!

I. Here, first, we clearly see

A Happy Sign in a Seeker—

he is a man in whom is no guile. We were talking, some time ago—a few of us ministers of Christ, who have been familiar with the souls of men for years—and I made a remark that seemed to startle my brethren. The remark was this: although I had spoken with thousands of men and women who had been converted, and I had seen persons brought to Christ of every age and of every character, yet I scarcely remembered the conversion of a man who was double-minded, crafty, false, deceitful. I could not even now qualify this solemn statement, for my memory does not correct it. It is in the honest heart that sowing truth takes root. I have known the drunkard saved. Blessed be God for that! I have seen the swearer have his mouth washed, so that he has spoken sweet and goodly words for the rest of his life. I have known the fornicator, and adulterer, and the harlot delivered from the Stygian ditch of abominable lust. I have known men, guilty of almost every sin, delivered from the power of evil; and concerning all these the living evidence of holy conduct has proved their sincerity beyond all question. But I still say that my memory does not bring before me a single person habitually guilty of the double-shuffle,

habitually a liar, habitually a cheat, converted to God at all. The insincere, the canting, the hypocritical, the habitually deceptive—I know not of converts from these classes. There may have been such, and I should not wonder if there have been; but I do not happen to have met with them.

It seems to me, that often in the man who is filled with guile, there is a want of something for the grace of God to work upon. When the creature repents it is only

A Skin-Deep Business:

his heart is never wounded. When he believes anything, you do not know that he does believe it. He begins at once putting another meaning on what he professes to believe: you cannot hold such an eel. If anything comes home to his feelings, he has such a very minute conscience left that there is no room for conviction to light upon, when it does pay him a visit. He has got into such a habitual condition of cheating that he cheats himself as well as others. He cannot be true and thorough: it is not in him. There is scarcely anything under heaven so damnable as guile, deceit, and craft.

The man of whom we have great hope is one in whose spirit there is no guile. Now I will show you the sort of man he is. He is one who, when he is spoken to about Christ, has difficulties, but in his difficulties he is honest. Nathanael is told by his friend Philip that he has found the Messiah. Nathanael inquires, "Where did you find Him?" Why, He comes from Nazareth! "Well," says he, "but can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Now, when a man will plainly state his objection, his friend can do his best to meet it, with some such word as "Come and see."

Around us are a number of persons who object to our Lord; but the objections which they mention are not their real objections. Their pretended difficulties are a red-herring, to turn the scent from their real

Reasons for Opposition.

Many cavil at Christ because they do not want to give up their sin. They pick up some technical question, some difficulty raised by geology or evolution, or something or other, and they make a fuss and a dust over it, while the real impediment is that they are living an unclean life, and do not want to give up their evil ways. The difficulty is that they are making gain in a wrong way, and to be Christians would not suit their pockets, for they would have to quit a bad trade, or conduct their business with lessened profits. He is the sincere seeker who does not play at sham difficulties, but who speaks out at once and tells his friend what the point is that hinders him.

Of the man in whose spirit there is no guile, we may also say that, as a seeker, he is also candid. He is

Willing to Examine.

Consequently, like Nathanael when Philip said "Come and see," he does come and see for himself, and he examines on his own account to see if it be so. Alas! men do not find Jesus, for there is guile in their spirit, and they do not desire to find Him. They do not want to know, and so they remain ignorant. They do not want to discover, and so do not discover. In the last great day, when that curtain shall be drawn back which hides from our eyes all souls that are lost—if we are permitted to look into that dreadful place—we shall not find there a soul that ever sincerely cried to God for mercy through Jesus Christ; nor do I think that we shall find one who searched the Scriptures and heard the gospel with the desire to find Christ therein.

Now, dear friends, a man who is really free from guile in his heart—a downright, upright, straightforward man—is open and ready for the work of God's Holy spirit. For instance, such a man is open to conviction. When he reads the Bible or hears a sermon, he says, "I desire to know all about it." Tell me the truth, however unpleasant it may be. The man who is crafty and double-minded will not do that:

indeed, it is the last thing he cares to do. He begins excusing himself in some fashion or other. He is no worse than other people; he was misled by others; he could not help it, for everybody else did so; he only followed his natural passions, and he could not help his constitutional inclinations. It was his fate to do it. He had intended to do better, but was overcome. These are a few of the forms of the shuffling of guile. If the man were an honest man he would say, "Yes, it is so." I broke the law and did wrong. I am not going to dispute the question, I am forced to plead guilty; and if thou condemn me, O my God, thou wilt do no more than is just." That is the kind of man who, before long, will find salvation.

Further than this, I believe that a sincere heart, a true heart, is a great guard to a man against pretended plans of salvation. "Come here," says one, "I will prove to you salvation by works." The honest man replies, "That will not suit me; for salvation by works would require that my works should have been perfect throughout life, and mine have not been so. Mine have been imperfect, are still imperfect, and will be imperfect till I die. I cannot stand on the footing of merit for an hour." "Come," says another, "here is

Salvation by Sincerity.

Sincere obedience is the patent article by which men are saved. Do your best and be sincere, and the matter is squared." But the man who is upright in heart answers, "I do not see that, neither can I rest therein." Indeed he ought not to do so; for such a hope is based on a lie. If a man were to take poison sincerely, thinking it to be medicine, it would not cure him, but kill him. If a man most sincerely stands in the way of an express steam-engine and thinks he can stop it, it will "stop him" and his life altogether. The candid, thoughtful mind cannot believe that invention of self. You see, the man whose heart is quite honest wants something real and solid, and has no desire to arrive at peace by deceitful means.

To be free from guile also helps us to see our need of the Spirit of God; for the right-minded man, who will examine himself carefully, will perceive that what is required of him is more than he can ever give,

Unaided and Unassisted.

He will discover that there is that about a Christian's life to which he cannot attain, unless he is born again. He will feel that there is a something about the child of God which he does not possess and cannot imitate, and can only gain by a work of the Spirit of God in the heart. Brethren, a man whose heart has been made to be true, even though as yet he may not have found Christ, is one of those men who are pretty sure to find Him.

Now, if any man or woman here be resolved to come to Jesus, let him carry out the resolve. Come along with you! The true Saviour shuts out no true man. If you mean to pray, pray. If your heart means the prayer, God will hear it. Oh, my hearer! if thou wilt turn from thy sin in real earnest, God will help thee, and enable thee to overcome thy sin. If thou wilt give thyself up to Jesus Christ at once, not in words, but from thy very soul, He will receive thee and save thee. Let there be no trifling, no mocking God; no stopping to talk with a Christian friend to chat away thy feelings with pious words; but come as thou art; only come really and truly, and Jesus will meet thee and welcome thee, and say, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!"

II. But now, secondly, I am going to give a picture of a sincere man

After He Becomes a Christian.

It is the *sine qua non* for a Christian that he should be thoroughly sincere. Of every man who is really a child of God it must be said—or we shall question whether he be a child of God at all—"an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" Just let me briefly state how the true Christian's portrait is here painted in the words "in whom there is no guile."

First, the real believer in Christ *desires to be what he thinks he is*; that is to say, if he judges himself to be converted, he desires to be soundly converted. If he judges himself to be a believer, his desire is that he may not be anything else than a true believer. He prays, "Search me, O God." Because searching by his own conscience may not be enough, he asks God Himself to search and test him whether he be true or not. It would be an awful thing if you or I should form the comforting conclusion, "I am all right, for I am in the light!" and it should turn out that we are abiding in death and darkness. It would be an awful thing to find out that terrible truth just when we are in the valley of death-shade, and wading through the dread river. Let us find it out at once, if we must find it out at all! Startling as the discovery would be to some of us, yet we would rather know it now than go an inch further; for every inch we go we are further away from the right road, if we are on the wrong track. I heard of one who got into the backwoods, and went travelling on all day long, and at nightfall he discovered that, after the most weary plodding, he had arrived at the exact place from which he started in the morning. He had been wandering in a circle, and spending his strength for nothing. It is a fearful business, when one is starving, to be, at the same time, losing one's way. We do pray that it may not be so with us. We all want to carry out to the full any profession that we may have made; we desire to go beyond it rather than fall short of it.

The man in whom there is no guile is

True to His Convictions.

This is an age in which convictions are sadly rare, and where they do exist they are singularly sleepy and torpid. I take it, as a Christian man and minister, that I have no right to occupy the pulpit of a congregation if I do not believe those doctrines which I professed to believe when I became the pastor of the church, I have no right to undermine the basis upon which the church was formed. As a private member of a church, I have no right to be a member of a church whose doctrines I do not accept; indeed, I ought not to regard it as a possibility that I could remain to profess what I do not agree with. Trifling with conscience, though common enough, is one of the most deadly sins against a man's self of which he can be guilty. If you are following a trade, and you know that it is evil, quit it. Quit it at once. Quit it before you get comfortable in it; for, after a while, by continuance in it, you will become soddened with dishonesty, and you will not be able to see the dishonor of it. I do not doubt that many persons in London, who get their living by the most infamous vices, entered into those infamous ways by degrees. They began with some little

Divergence from Morality,

and then turned decidedly into wickedness. It was a very little fault at first, and yet it troubled them; but they soon grew used to it, and they said, "Oh, well, everybody does it." Then they went on a little farther, and a little farther, till they were out of sight of the right road, and had lost all desire to return to it. Sad is that man's case who has lost all power to hear the fog-horn, and yet is nearing a rock.

I do not myself like the doing of things for which I have to make an apology. I do not refer to apologies to my fellow-men; for what matters what people think about us? We need not mind the judgments of erring mortals. But I refer to apologizing to myself and to my God. Every man who respects himself feels that the first thing he has to do is to deserve his own good opinion; and numbers of men and women have not won that good opinion yet. If they were to talk to themselves, they would say to themselves, "Why, you know you are not acting straight. You know you are not doing right. You are mean, and cowardly, and afraid to do right." But they will not give themselves an opportunity of talking to themselves, lest they should be uneasy. He that never likes to be

alone, probably knows that when he is alone he is in bad company; and this fact ought to startle him. Would he be so mightily afraid to commune with his own heart in solitude if he did not suspect something to be rotten within? Never violate your convictions. If you do, you are not one in whom there is no guile.

Again, a genuine Christian man is

Simple in His Aims.

He is aiming at God's glory; he is aiming at the good of his fellow-men; he is aiming to lead a holy life. That is what he says; and if he be, indeed, a child of God, he is really aiming at these things, and he is not basely taking up with godliness for the sake of gain and reputation. Are not many looking one way, and rowing another, like a boatman? Do you not know Mr. Facing-both-ways, who looks this way and the other way too? He runs with the hounds when there is anything good to be hunted; but he is off with the hare when a little fear surprises him. Trimming is a despicable business. Policy is a diabolical guide, and those who follow it are the worst of men. Such men are common as blackberries, and base as dirt. Oh, be not so! Let your life be laid like a gun that is sighted for the centre of the target, and then let it be fired at once, that the bullet may go straight to its place, driven on by all the powder of your energy.

The Christian man is clear in his aims, and, if he is a true Christian, he is also very clear in his modes of pursuing his aims. Brethren, in your trade, in your business, in all that you do, be straight as a line. Policy may be a guide for the world, but it should never be the rule of life of church members. O my brother, be true in all things! Do that which will bear the burning heat of the last fire, and the fierce light of the last day, and then thou doest that which thou canst sleep upon on thy death-bed, canst recollect in the day of judgment, and remember without fear before thy God.

Live unto God.

Live as in the sight of God. Live under the command of God. Court His approbation, and care for nothing else. Set thy helm towards the right course, and then fasten it there, and turn not thou aside a half-a-point all thy days.

I remember seeing a good but very timorous woman, whose gracious life was drawing to a close. I was sitting by her bedside, and she seemed to be very low, and filled with fear as to her future state; but at last she was comforted by a word I spoke. Then she said to me, very tremblingly, "I do not think that God will send me amongst the wicked, who did not love Him, and did not trust His dear Son, for I never sought their company here. I have always loved the people of God, and I have loved His house, and I have loved His Word, and I have loved holiness, and therefore I think that He will let me go amongst my own people." This was sound reasoning. The true shall go with the true at the last. The man whom God has made to be upright and truthful shall not be driven down to the place where all liars go. He shall keep his own way, and go to his own company.

Remember that there is an absolute necessity that a Christian should possess thoroughbred sincerity. The child of God may have spots on his countenance, but he

Must Not Paint His Face.

It is the hypocrite that paints. There may be a speck here and a speck there upon the countenance of the true believer, but he is sorry that it should be so, and he tries to wash off all such stains; but he never uses the color-box. In this he is the reverse of the world's religious professors. Oh, the multitude of hypocrites that rouge themselves up to their eyes! They are such beauties as Jezebel made herself. You would suppose that they possessed the beauty of holiness; but see them when the paint is off; catch them at home; watch them in their own families; trace them into their secret places, and you will say, "Can these be the same men?"

O sirs, if any of us are lost, let us at least know that we are so. If we hope that we are

saved, God grant that it may be a true hope, and a vital experience. The Word of the Lord saith, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"—saved from hypocrisy, saved from falsehood, saved from guile and guilt—for "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." May God set His seal upon this admonition, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A BUSINESS MAN'S EXPERIENCE.*

SYSTEMATIC giving I believe to be the duty of every child of God, and none can do it so well as those who have a system. I have followed it now for over nine years, and although my contributions have been possibly a little liberal, yet I have not missed the money. I began business nine years ago as a general merchant, and in doing so I got a small box and labelled it "The Lord's Treasury." Every night I count the cash taken in, and enter it in a book kept for that purpose. On Saturday night I add up the cash sales for the week and deduct three per cent. for the Lord's Treasury. This is my fund for the church and benevolent purposes. . . . I always have funds on hand,

A Hindoo's Testimony.

"Some twenty-five years ago," says a missionary, "it was my privilege to introduce the Bible system of finance—a proportionate part of the income regularly and systematically devoted to God—into a feeble mission in India. Not a few of the native brethren received the teaching eagerly and obeyed it promptly. Among these was one of my native preachers—Bhelsari Naih. This man, prior to his tithing his income, was always in difficulty, ever complaining of the smallness of his income (\$4.80 a month). He began to tithe himself. After about three months he and I met in connection with our work among the heathen, and the following conversation occurred: 'Well Bhelsari, how does the tithing system work?' 'Capitally, sir.' 'Ah, how is that? You were always complaining of being hard up, and even in debt, when you used your whole income for yourself; now you are giving one-tenth to God, you make no complaints.' 'Ah, sir, I find the nine-tenths with God's blessing goes farther than the tenths used to do without it.'"

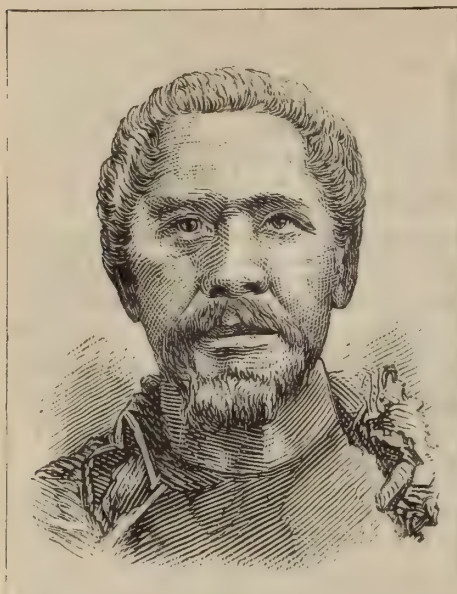
A Trying Year.

A minister of the gospel says: "The last year has been the year of my life so far, for outgo; that is, never since I entered the ministry have I had so many obligations to meet in one year, so that this year has not been a favorable one by which to test this question from a financial point of view. Yet during the year I held rigorously to the tithe principle. You may ask, 'Did it interfere or cripple you in your finances?' I have only one answer to give, and that is, the nine-tenths of my income met all my personal expenditure and all my household expenses, and did it easier than ever my whole income did before. This may seem strange to some; yet it is true, though I cannot explain it. It is like some other things that God does. I cannot explain them, I only know them to be facts. My experience teaches me that if a man pays his tenth to God the other nine dollars will supply his needs better than the ten dollars will if he robs God."

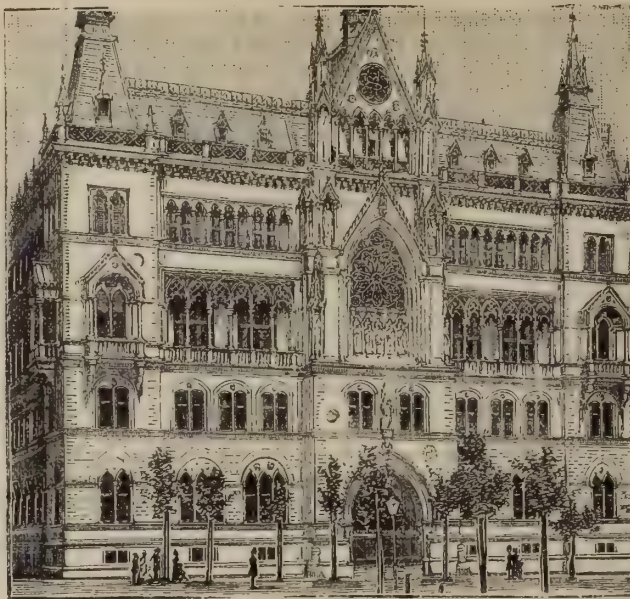
An Obligation Met.

A Methodist minister says: "Somewhat over ten years ago, when my savings amounted to \$600,

*From "The Path to Wealth; or, Light from my Forge. A Discussion of God's Money Laws, the Relation Between Givin' and Getting, etc. By a Blacksmith. Pp. 440. Price \$1.75. Published by B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main Street, Richmond, Va.



Malietoa, King of Samoa.



The Memorial Chapel in Vienna.



Tamasese, the Usurper in Samoa.

I was deeply impressed that I should contribute one half of the sum toward the cause of Christ; and although it had been my intention to devote my small capital to an entirely different purpose, I resolved to obey what I firmly believed to be a Divine intimation, and accordingly the sum of \$300 was presented as a thank-offering to God. The joy that filled my soul in connection with this act of consecration was more than a compensation for the loss of half my worldly substance. *Within three days* of my subscribing the money, it was all returned to me again, and my little fortune again stood at \$600. Shortly after this I contributed \$50 toward the erection of a church, on my charge, and when the same church was dedicated I was led to pledge myself for \$1,500, which at that time was \$900 more than I possessed. Under ordinary circumstances, I admit, such an act would have been one of great imprudence, and even of fanaticism; but when God calls, the measure of our ability is never the measure of our duty. Some sympathizing friends, knowing my circumstances, and believing it impossible that I should fulfil my obligations raised a subscription for my aid of \$600. This help I never used, but turned every dollar of it into the building fund. It was the Lord's will that I should pay the entire amount of my subscription unaided by the kindness of my friends. By a succession of providences I was enabled to pay every dollar, and part in advance, finding myself considerably better off in earthly substance, to say nothing of spiritual enrichment, than when the promise was made. Within six weeks after the church to which I had given the money was dedicated, sixty souls were converted to God, making me feel, I can assure you, that my investment for Christ was already bearing enormous interest. This is my testimony: that the promises of God, in reference to temporal blessings, are just as reliable as those pertaining to spiritual blessings, providing the conditions of consecration are observed."

MALIETOA AND TAMASESE, Rival Kings of Samoa.

THE portraits on this page of the two men who are involving the United States in a diplomatic conflict with Germany will be of interest to our readers. The difficulty has arisen out of the greedy policy of the European powers. England's possession of Australia, New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands aroused the jealousy of France, who seized Tahiti and the New Hebrides. Germany, not to be outdone, seized New Guinea, and made arrangements with England for dividing land in the Pacific yet unclaimed between themselves. Samoa naturally trembled for her autonomy, and in 1873 besought the protection of the United States. To grant her request was contrary to our policy,

but promises were made to her, the exact terms of which have not been disclosed. A further recognition of her independence was made by the United States in 1878.

Still, the Government of Samoa was not a strong or stable one. There were frequent risings of rival chiefs, and King Malietoa, though the recognized occupant of the throne, had considerable difficulty in maintaining his supremacy, and could not maintain order. Commercial interests were growing, and they were in the hands chiefly of the United States, England, and Germany—the last being the greatest. An arrangement was therefore made between the three powers for the protection of their citizens who might be trading with Samoa; and Apia, the chief town, was placed under a strong government, guaranteed by England and Germany, the United States consenting.

The disturbances of the rival chiefs continued, and an effort was made by the three governments in 1887 to secure a better government of the islands, by the election of a chief to the throne. The effort failed, and then Germany, separating herself from the other two powers, took upon herself to proclaim Tamasese King of Samoa. In spite of the protests of the American and English consuls, German soldiers took action against Malietoa, in support of his rival, made him a prisoner, and carried him on board a German ship into exile. Indignant protests were made at Berlin by instructions of Mr. Bayard, and in response, Bismarck has proposed a conference, which is shortly to be held. It may be hoped that, though it is little likely that the United States will take up arms to protect Samoan independence, Bismarck will learn that his arrogant conduct is an offence to our Government which he will do well to remove.

THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN VIENNA.

THE building a picture of which appears on this page has been erected by the Emperor of Austria, in his capital, on the site of the Ring Theatre, which was burned on December 9, 1881. The principal part of the edifice consists of a chapel, in which once a year, on the anniversary of the catastrophe, a Requiem Mass is to be celebrated. On each side of the chapel are suites of rooms, which are to be rented, and the proceeds devoted to the relief of distress. The building cost \$320,000, the whole of which was paid by the Emperor. The disaster which it is designed to commemorate was one of the most appalling on record. A large audience had filled every part of the theatre, and the people were intent on the performance, when a swinging lamp fell from the flies upon the stage. Flames rose immediately, and there was a mad rush to get out of the house. As always happens, some fell in the struggle to reach the

doors, and others fell over them. The theatre burned rapidly, and though heroic struggles were made to rescue life, no less than 805 persons perished.

ETHEL TRACY'S ORDEAL

(See illustration on page 141.)

I HAVE not seen Miss Ethel yet; is she away from home?" The question was asked by a young man who was one of a party gathered in the hospitable home of Mrs. Tracy, a widowed lady of some social prominence. The "Miss Ethel" spoken of was her second daughter, whose engagement to a wealthy young man had made her the envy of her circle of friends.

"She has a headache, and was obliged to lie down early in the evening," said Mrs. Tracy.

"I suppose we shall be losing her soon," continued her friend. "When will the wedding be?"

"The day has not been fixed; Mr. Langton is in Washington just now, but he will be back in a few weeks; and then, I suppose, arrangements will be made. Nothing has been settled yet." Mrs. Tracy excused herself and went to her daughter's room, while the young man joined a friend who just then entered the room.

"What a shame it is," he said, "that so lovely and good a girl as that should be sacrificed to such a rake as Langton! I wish some one would tell her mother what a scamp he is. I felt like doing it myself just now while I was talking to her, but it is a difficult thing to explain to a lady, and one's motives might be misunderstood."

"Yes, you had better not meddle in it. Langton would be a dangerous enemy to you, and you would get no thanks from any one. What business is it of yours?"

Mrs. Tracy went to her own room, not finding Ethel in hers, and there Ethel sat before a cheerful open fire reading. The mother seated herself in her own chair, and drew her daughter's head caressingly against her knee. Ethel put her hand in her mother's and clasped it lovingly.

"What is it, daughter? Why are you so pensive? Any trouble, dear?"

"Nothing new, mother, dear," said Ethel, her eyes fixed abstractedly on the fire. "I am wondering if we have not been a little hasty. Stephen has dropped several remarks since we have been engaged that lead me to doubt whether he is so good a man as we believed him to be. His letter this morning pained me deeply. He speaks so flippantly of religion, as if he had no faith at all. He treats my reverence for holy things as if it were a womanly weakness, that he tolerates, though he despises. Before we were engaged he used to speak very differently. I wonder if he was only playing a part."

"I suppose you love him very dearly?" asked the mother.

"Love him! Oh, passionately; it would kill me to give him up. And he is so gentle and kind and tender. That is the difficulty. Mother, do you think, if he is really a scoffer, I could draw him to Jesus after we are married?"

"It might be; but it is unlikely. Besides, you could not expect a blessing. The command not to marry an unbeliever is very explicit. If you disobey, how could you ask God's help? and you could do nothing without that."

"No, I have thought of that. Oh, I wish I had found out for certain how he stood before we were engaged. He spoke so nicely about that sermon of Dr. Clark's that Sunday that we went to church together, that I took it for granted. But look here, mother, read what he says." Ethel drew a letter from her pocket and showed her mother a passage on one of its pages.

Mrs. Tracy's face clouded as she read, and she sighed deeply. "Pray about it," she said. "Light may come. We must not act hastily now. If he is really a scoffer, you cannot marry him, though it has gone so far. Better that you should bear the heart-break now, my darling, than be all your life in misery. Young Stanton was speaking to me about the engagement just before I came up. I will go down and see him again, if he is still here. He is very honorable, and I think I can learn something from him. He knows Mr. Langton, I believe. Meanwhile, daughter, pray for guidance. God will direct you, if you ask Him."

It was a very earnest prayer that Ethel offered during her mother's absence. Never had that young heart had such a struggle before. How dear her lover was to her she fully realized in this crisis. She did not know, until then, how firmly he had established himself in her affections. The possibility of having to give him up revealed the fact to her. She saw herself leading a lonely life, saw him married to another, endured in anticipation the agony of wrenching his image from her heart, and she shuddered. Was she strong enough to bear all that? She feared not, but if it were a duty could she not rely on strength not her own? Tears fell, and she prayed more earnestly. At length peace came. Casting herself wholly into her Saviour's arms, she had strength to say, as He said on that awful night in the Garden, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

It seemed a long time before Mrs. Tracy returned, but at last she opened the door, and laid her hand lovingly on her daughter's head. "My love," she said, "it is grievous. You must suffer. May your loving Saviour support and comfort you." Then she told her what she had heard. Stanton, who had not been satisfied by his friend's advice, could not resist Mrs. Tracy's direct questions. He did not tell her all he



Ethel Tells Her Trouble to Her Mother.

knew, but he told her so much as to convince her that her daughter's happiness would not be safe in her lover's hands.

The engagement was broken off. The Tracys were silent as to their reasons, but not a few guessed them. What it cost Ethel none ever knew. It was like the cutting off the right hand of which Jesus spoke. But it was done, and the promise to those who lose their lives for His sake (Mark 8:35) was fulfilled in her experience.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.
A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.
(Continued from page 127.)
Mormon Iniquities.

It was fortunate for the Swiss mission that the new converts in general could not read any language but their own, and thus were ignorant of the deceptions which the American elders had practiced upon the people. Monsieur Petitpierre, the Protestant minister who thought that the "revelation" ought to be "prayerfully considered," was the only one who understood English, and his knowledge was very limited. His wife did not at all coincide with him about the prayerful consideration of the heresy; she disposed of the subject without any prayer at all, as being an evil thing; and it is to be regretted that in this respect the whole body of the Mormon women did not follow her example.

What arguments she used I do not know; but that they were very much to the point no one can doubt, for they banished forever all thoughts of the heresy from her husband's mind. It was said among the Saints that she was very energetic in her private discussions with her husband. But however this might be, it is certain that Monsieur Petitpierre resisted as long as he could, for the "revelation" quite fascinated the childless old man; and it is possible that he might have held fast to the faith, but just then certain documents and publications of the apostles, and a very large amount of evidence respecting them and their doings, attracted his attention. He was in the main a good and truthful man, although of small mental calibre, and the deceptions and contradictions which he discovered quite disgusted him. His wife's strong personal arguments gave the finishing blow to his faith, and the horrible spell was broken. He "apostatized," according to the phraseology of the Mormons, *i. e.*, left them, and Mr. Stenhouse consequently lost the services of a very useful translator.

It may here be remarked that the gift of tongues which some of the "Saints" profess to be endowed with is of no use for the missionary, since it does not consist of speaking in foreign languages, but in the utterance of sounds unintelligible to all except to those who are endowed with the gift of "the interpretation of tongues." Thus any enthusiast may believe, or any impostor may assert, that he has either of these gifts, without anyone being able to disprove it, as would be the case if they professed to speak in any known language.

When I heard that Monsieur Petitpierre had left the Church, how I wished that I could have followed in his footsteps! But apostasy from Mormonism is only possible to two classes—the young disciple, who has embraced the faith more from enthusiasm than from conviction, whose experience is limited; and the old disciple, who has entirely outgrown it, and has become disgusted with it all. I was neither of these. My faith was too firmly grounded to admit of my giving it up. I only pitied myself and my sex for the burden which I imagined Providence had seen fit to place upon us. I never for a moment supposed that Joe Smith would have been so wicked as to fabricate a "revelation," and to palm it off in the name of the Lord.

I was compelled, however, by the Elders, to teach the new and unpalatable doctrine, although repugnant to me. The Elders could not understand that my feeling of opposition was anything else than selfishness; they did not comprehend the feelings of a woman's heart—its craving for some object upon which to devote its whole wealth of love. They were taught that theirs was a nobler position than that of the sisters, and that women might consider

themselves sufficiently honored in being allowed to become the mothers of their children, and to help in building up *their* "kingdom."

Of my missionary work in Switzerland subsequently I will say but little, except that it was too successful. The same sorrow and indignation which Madame Balif had so forcibly expressed, were shown by almost every new convert, and I had to bear the heavy blame of teaching such an unwelcome doctrine. The sisters became unhappy, and wished that they had died in ignorance of Mormonism; and I felt humbled to the dust to think that I should be the innocent and helpless cause of so much misery to others. I looked anxiously for a change; but the only change which seemed probable was that we might be permitted to emigrate to Utah—and there was no comfort for me in that prospect.

We remained in Switzerland until the close of the year 1854, and through the unremitting efforts of my husband Mormonism was introduced into six cantons of the Confederation. Monsieur Balif became an indefatigable missionary, as was also Governor Stoudeman, and to their liberality and zeal Mr. Stenhouse was greatly indebted.

With the aid of Monsieur Balif, Mr. Stenhouse established in Geneva a periodical in the French language, for the edification of the Saints, besides publishing a book in reply to the attacks of the clergy, and many minor effusions.

In that year, 1854, there was great excitement among the Saints in Utah. Brigham Young and his apostles were denouncing the Gentiles in the most unmeasured language, and predicted desolating judgment to be about to fall upon Europe, and in fact every part of the earth except the Territory of Utah at the Salt Lake, which would be the only haven of refuge. Mormon Saints in Europe were alarmed, and became anxious to emigrate to Utah, where they were told they would be safe. A seven years' famine was said to be at their door, when a sack of wheat should be sold for a sack of gold, and Gentile kings and princes were to come and crouch to the Saints in Utah for a morsel of bread. The women in Utah were counselled to sell the ribbons from their bonnets, to buy flour with the proceeds, and to store it up, after the example of Joseph in Egypt, against the seven years of famine.

The brethren and sisters in Switzerland who could dispose of their property hastened to "flee to Zion." Some did so at a ruinous sacrifice. One gentleman, a Monsieur Robella, I knew, who was part proprietor of a newspaper and printing establishment. In a very short time it would have been entirely in his own hands; but he sold out at a great loss, dreading that the storm might overtake him before he reached the "chambers of the Lord in the mountains," as the Elders called Salt Lake City.

The journey from Europe to Utah at that time occupied six or eight months; it was a very tedious pilgrimage. My Swiss friends had first to travel to Liverpool; thence by sailing vessel to New Orleans; by steamer up the Mississippi as far as St. Louis; up the Missouri to the frontiers; and then across the plains by ox-teams. Much of this distance had to be travelled during the worst part of the year. They left their homes while the Jura Mountains were still draped in snow; and those who escaped the ravages of cholera and the perils of the way reached their destination just as the frosts of winter were beginning to whiten the hoary heads of the hills which stand about Zion. All the Swiss pilgrims traveled together until they arrived at St. Louis; there they separated, one party going up the river, and the other making the journey overland. The cholera attacked the latter party and cut off the greater number of them, and their bones now whiten the prairie.

The news of their death soon arrived in Switzerland, and the people at Lausanne were exasperated against the Mormon missionaries; and when my husband visited that place he

found it prudent not to remain long. At the same time, those of the Saints whose relations had perished in the emigration were pained to hear that it was because they "had not obeyed counsel," and gone up the river with the other party, that they fell by the way. And, as if in mockery of this statement, the next news that we received was that a Missouri steamer, on board of which were many Mormon missionaries—all most obedient to counsel—had been blown to atoms. Many of the Saints began to consider these things, and their love waxed cold. Through all this our position was anything but pleasant, and my husband applied for permission to be released from the presidency of the Swiss and Italian missions, in order that he might "gather to Zion." His request was granted; and in the autumn of 1854 we bade a final adieu to Switzerland.

We might now be said to have *begun* our journey to Zion, although we tarried long by the way, and several years elapsed before we reached our destination. When we arrived in London we obtained apartments in the house of the President of the London Conference, and there I had opportunities of observing the effects of the system upon the English Saints. Elder Marsden, the president, was a thorough Mormon, and a man who was very highly thought of. He had been acquainted with all the apostles and high priests who had resided in Liverpool—the great *rendezvous* of the Saints in England; had been President of the Conference there, and now occupied the highest position of the European mission. He was a pleasant, intelligent man, who in his day had done much to build up the Church; but, like his two predecessors, John Banks and Thomas Margetts, he also apostatized from the Mormonism of later years. At the time, however, of which I speak, he was considered to be of good standing among the Saints.

Up to this time I had never seriously doubted my religion, and I probably never should have done so had it not been for the introduction of the heretical doctrine. But what I saw in London at that time sadly shook my faith, and the stories which I heard from Utah quite frightened me. Nothing, of course, was openly said, and at first I disbelieved every evil report, until at last it was impossible for me altogether to reject what was told me. The testimony of an apostate or of a Gentile would have been dismissed with contempt; but when we saw letters from mothers to their children, and husbands to their wives—all people of unquestioned faith—setting forth the troubled state of men's minds in Utah, expressing fears for their own safety, and hinting at "cutting off" the transgressor, and the doings of "Avenging Angels," we could not cast them aside with contempt. My views of the glories of Zion were certainly changing; henceforth I was never firm in the faith; I felt that there was something wrong.

Although we shall speak more fully on these subjects further on, it will not be out of place to make a few remarks here on the "cuttings off" by the "Avenging Angels."

General Clark, in a letter to Governor Boggs, dated Nov. 10, 1838, said of the Mormons: "There is no crime, from treason down to petty larceny, but these people, or a majority of them, have been guilty of—all, too, under the counsel of Joseph Smith, junior, the prophet. They have committed treason, murder, incendiarism, robbery, larceny, and perjury. They have societies formed, under the most binding covenants in form, and the most horrible oaths, to circumvent the laws and put them at defiance; and to plunder and burn and murder, and divide the spoils for the use of the Church."

Governor Boggs had proof of the truth of this statement a few years later, for, according to Mr. Caswell: "Joe Smith had publicly prophesied in 1841, in the presence of thousands, that his old enemy Boggs, the ex-Governor of Missouri, would die by violent hands within a year. He now offered a reward of \$500 to several of the *Danites* (that is, the Army of Zion), if they

would assassinate the gentleman in question. One of the terrible band accordingly proceeded more than 200 miles, to Independence, where the ex-governor resided. Smith being asked by Bennett, the Mormon major, to inform him where this Danite had gone, promptly replied, with a significant nod, that 'he was *gone to fulfil prophecy*.' In the course of two months the Danite returned to Nauvoo; and on the day following his arrival, the news reached that place that the governor had been assassinated. The Danite, who had previously been miserably poor, now appeared in possession of an elegant carriage and horses, and with his pockets full of gold. Boggs, however, was not killed, but only severely wounded. He recovered, and lived some years after, so that in this, as in many other things, Smith proved a false prophet."

In the year 1856 the house and store of Mr. H. J. Jarvis were entered by some men in disguise, and after being cruelly treated, his house was set on fire, and his wives and children escaped with difficulty, but not without their arms and hands being burnt. They went to the house of an Elder for protection and shelter, but this was refused because the Elder said he had spoken evil of the authorities, and had had Gentiles to supper in his house.

In the spring of 1866 a Gentile—O. N. Brassfield—was assassinated. Mr. Brassfield was married by Judge McCurdy to the second wife of one of the brethren who was then in Europe on a mission, and just a fortnight afterwards he was shot by an unknown person as he was entering his boarding-house. No effort was made to arrest the perpetrator of the crime, but every consistent Mormon in his faith justified the deed, saying the sentiment of the Church made it obligatory upon the "nearest of kin" to avenge the absent husband. Had Brassfield been a Mormon instead of a Gentile, it is doubtful if he would have been punished with death.

In October of the same year Dr. J. King Robinson was barbarously murdered. This man was a "Gentile," an intimate friend of Norman McLeod, and one who devoted much time to the Gentile Sunday-school. He married the daughter of a Mormon widow, who had seceded from the Church. He afterwards entered into an action against the city for the possession of a piece of ground, which was decided in his favor, but three days afterwards he was *assassinated*. As General Sherman had only a short time before this intimated that if the lives of the citizens continued to be imperilled he might have to pay them a visit with some soldiers, it was thought prudent by Brigham Young to head a list, on which a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderers, with \$500, but when, several years afterwards, some Mormons were arrested for that murder, he withdrew his portion of the offered reward.

About the same year, 1866, three "apostates" from Mormonism had been arrested upon the charge of stealing a cow, and were placed under a Mormon armed guard. The first that was heard of them afterwards was the story that "they had attempted to escape," and that the guard had been forced to fire on them. Two were shot, one of whom also had his throat cut, but the other, after being slightly wounded, contrived to escape. On his affidavit Judge Titus (a Gentile) caused the arrest of the parties whom he accused of the murders, but they soon afterwards succeeded in escaping from the company of the Mormon marshal, to the judge's annoyance. The wounded man shortly after disappeared, and was never again seen. As a writer remarks, "The Salt Lake police then earned the reputation of affording every desperate prisoner the opportunity of escape, and, if embraced, the officer's ready revolver brought the fugitive to a 'halt,' and saved the country the expense of a trial."

Another writer has remarked: "Others have disappeared in a mysterious way, or have been found shot to death by bullets, or beaten to death by clubs. Mormons have been pointed

out to whose charge these murders have been publicly laid, but no one has ever been brought to justice, nor is it believed that the culprits ever receive the punishment they deserve, so long as crimes committed at the instigation of Mormon leaders are regarded as highly meritorious." We shall have to refer to other instances in the course of this narrative.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHILD-LIKE SPIRIT.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for March 10, Mark 9: 33-50; Golden Text, Mark 10: 15.

The Spirit of Jesus Child-like—The Failure of the Disciples—Their Private Question—Child-like Faith Lacking—The Ambition of Men Present—Greatness in Child-likeness—Self-Seeking the Prevalent Sin—John's Significant Question—A Spirit Ruinous to a Church—Rewards for Small Services—Right-Hand Rivals of Christ.

JESUS was essentially a Child—"Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." (Isa. 9: 6.) Men called Him Master, or Teacher, but He always spoke of Himself as a Son, "the Son of Man." Like a true child, He never acted independently. He said of His Father, "I do always those things which please Him." (John 8: 29.) He always waited for direction, and therefore often said, "Mine hour is not yet come." His whole teaching was but His Father's message; He was the Word, the Message, and the Messenger. "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of Myself, but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works." (John 14: 10.) Again, "The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do: for what things soever He doeth, these doeth also the Son likewise. I can of Mine own self do nothing; as I hear, I judge, and My judgment is just, because I seek not Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." (John 5: 19, 30.) In this, as in all else, He says to us, "Follow Me." "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Jesus had been transfigured on the mountain in the presence of Peter, James, and John; and as He descended from the mountain, He found the remaining nine disciples in the midst of a throng of people, who were gathered round a poor, possessed epileptic, and his father, who had brought his son in vain to the disciples, and they could not cast out the dumb spirit which possessed him. "Bring him unto Me," was the answer of Jesus; not to the disciples, but to Me.

"Why Could Not We cast him out?" said the disciples to Him privately, and He answered them, "This kind cometh not out but by prayer and fasting." (R. V., "by prayer.") Did not the disciples pray? Yes, truly; but they lacked the child-like simplicity which could accept the answer quite irrespective of what and who they were. He came to Capernaum: and being in the house where there was no one to overhear, He put a very personal question to them, "What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?" "They held their peace;" it was the silence of conviction, "for by the way they had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest." No wonder they had been unable to cast out the dumb spirit! Oh how little can poor human nature bear to be exalted! Was it the few words of encouragement which Jesus spoke to Peter, that the devil made use of to rouse in them the desire to be pre-eminent? In any case, it was better, if this spirit was in their hearts, that it should come to the surface, that so it might be dealt with. But oh how small is human nature! Here were saved sinners who deserved nothing but "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord," quarrelling as to which of them should be the greatest! In the presence of Him before whom even Isaiah discovered that he was a man of unclean lips (Isa. 6: 5), before whom the "man greatly beloved" found his comeliness turned to corruption (Dan. 10: 8), and the beloved disciple fell as dead (Rev. 1: 17), how inconceivably small, how micro-

scopic, must be any difference which exists between saved sinners!

The disciples could not answer: they were tongue-tied in the presence of Him who had emptied Himself for their sakes. Oh how loathsome must this self-seeking have been to Him! But Jesus did not despise or treat them with contempt, but quietly sat down, and called them to Him. There are many children of God, who, when they discover anything wrong in themselves, get sulky over it, and give up praying, because they are disappointed with themselves. This is not the child-like spirit. The more we need, the more quickly should we come to Him who alone can supply all our need. It is only pride which leads to hours and hours of bewailing sin. Humility leads us directly into the presence of the Lord, that He may show us the sinfulness of sin, and cleanse and conquer it for us. Jesus taught them, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all."

The Most Child-like Are The Greatest, because they leave God more room to act. To be something was the temptation into which Eve fell. "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." (Gen. 3: 5.) All the errors of the day have sprung from the desire of earnest Christians to *be* something, or to *do* something, more than others; to be more holy, more useful, more self-denying, something out of the common, distinguished for zeal, or holiness, or usefulness. But the more God Himself dawns upon our souls, the more all this kind of thing shrinks back ashamed before Him, and we learn to cry, "Thou only art holy, Thou only art the Lord;" "do with me what Thou wilt, but show how great, how holy, Thou art."

"And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them; and when He had taken him in His arms, He said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in My name, receiveth Me; and whosoever shall receive Me, receiveth Him that sent Me." As though He would say, It is not your greatness, but My name which commends you; the holiest, the most useful, the most devoted, are only so by grace, and they must be covered by My name; if you have a name for holiness or greatness or usefulness, it can do nothing for you; it is My name which is God's passport—His guarantee. Satan can never fear before your name, but only before Mine; devils will never flee before your holiness, but only before My name. But whoever appreciates the authority of My name, and receives a child or any other in My name, I will own that name of Mine—he receiveth Me. A child does not trouble himself much about the substance of a message which he carries, but the important point is, "Father says this," he comes in his father's name. This is our true position.

One of the disciples (it was John) was convicted that he had not been acting in this spirit, but had rather followed his own ideas. "Master," he said, "we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and

He Followeth Not Us;

and we forbade him, because he followeth not us." "We are the chosen ones, and he followeth not us; forbid him"—such is the spirit of the Romish Church, such is the spirit of all sectarianism, and wherever, in a church or a mission, such a spirit prevails, there the child-like spirit of Jesus is absent. The child asks, "What does my Father say?" Jesus replied, "Forbid him not, for there is no man that can do a miracle in My name, that can lightly speak evil of Me. For he that is not against us is on our part." "He followeth not us;" what matters this, provided that he does miracles in Christ's name, and not in his own? Oh, what will Jesus say in the day of judgment to those who have forbidden men and women full of the Holy Spirit to preach, and to win souls in the name of Christ? But our Lord goes farther still, and says, "For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he

shall not lose his reward." That which is truly done in the name of Christ is done with His signature; it carries a divine stamp, and whether it is only the giving of a cup of water, or whether something of greater weight, God will reward it. It is a seed sown, which must bring its harvest. The casting out of devils may or may not be rewarded; perhaps it carries its reward with it, but the doing of the smallest, most ordinary things in the name of Christ shall not lose its reward. The child has not made a name for himself, he is simply one of his father's family; if the child does wrong, it is the parents who are ashamed; if he does well, it is the parents who get the credit. God would have us thus bound up with Him.

"And whosoever shall offend [or scandalize] one of these little ones that believe in Me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea."

Sin Against Children.

Oh how awful it is! The fiendish attempts to undermine their faith in God, to destroy their purity, by forcing upon them impure literature, etc., to instil into their hearts worldly ambition—oh how awful is this sin against believing children! And yet it is continually being perpetrated. "Also in thy skirts is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents," may be said of many a bookseller and news-vender—of many a photographer. And what shall be said of those who make a practice of destroying the purity of boys and girls? God says that the best thing which could happen to them, is that a millstone should be hanged about their neck, and they drowned in the midst of the sea! Yet it is always going on, and unpunished!

"And if thy hand offend thee (or cause thee to offend), cut it off." Lose anything, lose *all*, rather than sin against God. There are times when things which are harmless in themselves become a snare to us; tastes, such as music, painting, etc. If for a moment they come between us and God, cut them off; they are worthless, except so far as they serve His purpose. It may be a friendship which comes between us and God; if so, cut it off, let anything go, but not Jesus. It may be some work for God which has come between, and the work has become Christ's rival in our hearts; it takes more time, more thought, more of our heart, than Jesus; do not spare it, cut it off, let some one else conduct it. It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, without a hand, or minus some talent, or without the renown of a single work for God, than that that work or talent or power should exalt thy name instead of the Saviour's. Why are so many earnest Christians laid aside? Perhaps it is because there has been too much of their own name, their own right hand, their own talent, in the work, and perhaps no one thinks much better of Jesus through that work. It matters not whether we enter into life maimed, since we are become members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones; the entirety of self has to be destroyed any way. Let us not fear loss, let us not fear anything which makes us less in ourselves; it only makes more room for Him in whom we have a life where neither right hand nor right eye can be severed for ever and ever.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for February:

Times and Seasons Now Revealed at the Time of the End. By the Rev. H. A. Riley.

"That Day and Hour." By Major Baker.

The Predicted Season of Christ's Coming. By Rev. Dr. George Duffield.

The Time of the General Judgment Knowable. By Rev. Thomas Reader.

The Importance of the Study of the Apocalypse.

Death of the Witnesses Foretold in Rev. XI.

The Computation of the Jewish Passover and Other Feasts. By W. Appleford.

Notes on the Antichrist.

Momentous Significance of General Boulanger's Election in Paris.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

KNOCKING.

Knocking, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before,
Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door.

Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair,
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

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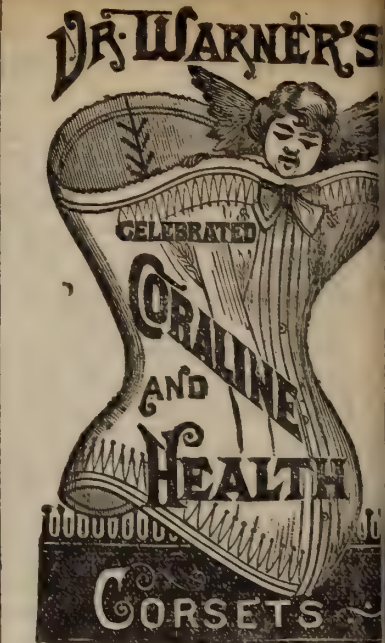
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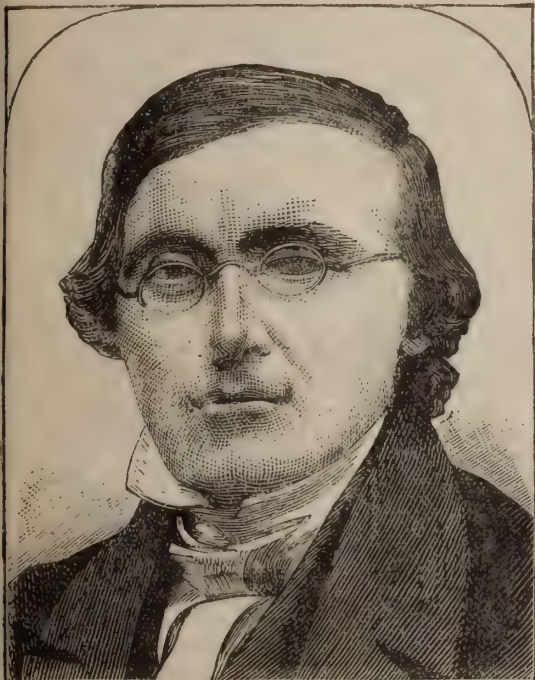
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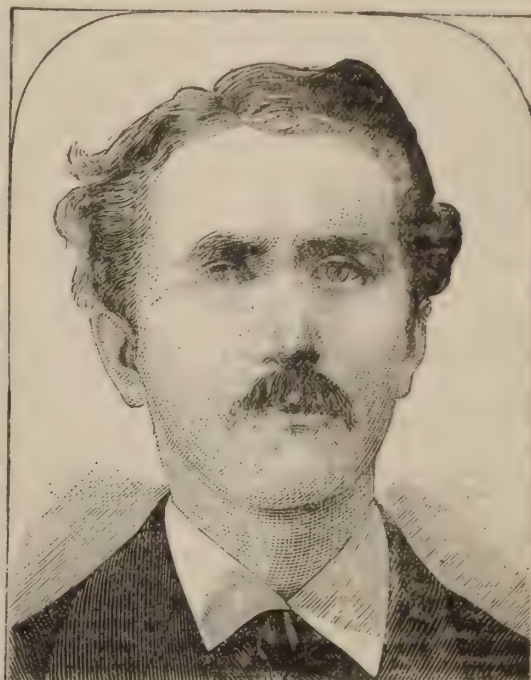
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DR. KRAPF, PIONEER OF EAST AFRICAN EXPLORATION.



MR. A. M. MACKAY, C.E., OF THE UGANDA MISSION.



Reception of Mr. H. M. Stanley by Mtesa, Late King of Uganda, Central Africa.

THE UGANDA MISSION.

LAST week in our news columns a report appeared of another revolution in Uganda. It would appear that the Arab slave-traders, who set up Kiwiwa in succession to his brother Mwanga, found him not so pliant a tool as they expected, and have found it necessary to replace him by a younger brother. Uganda is the chief of two great states on the west and northwest coast of the Victoria Nyanza. Speke discovered it in 1858. In 1875 Mr. H. M. Stanley visited Mtesa, the king. He was received with great honor (*as shown in the picture on the preceding page*). "The king," says Stanley, "arrived at the lake with unusual state. About 300 of his body-guards were drawn in three rows, flanking a road leading to the Prime-Minister, in whose rear were the great chiefs and warriors of state. On either side, near the lake, crowding in great numbers, were the robed warriors waiting to see the owner of the saucy exploring boat, *Lady Alice*, and his crew." (A portion of the camp inhabited by the camp-followers may also be seen in the picture.) It was at Mtesa's command that such a stately reception was given to the owner of a small boat, whose only claim to his respect at this time was that he was of European blood, and came to pay him honor. In the interval Mtesa had become a Mohammedan. Stanley persuaded him to become in some sense a Christian, and, on November 15, 1875, his famous letter appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, which fired the enthusiasm of the Church Missionary Society. The result was the dispatch in 1876 of a party of eight brave young Christians, equipped for a great experiment in Christian evangelism and civilization.

Mtesa Welcomed the Mission.

but eventually relapsed into his original heathenism. At his death, two years ago, Mwanga, his son, succeeded him. He was only twenty-two years old, and proved a frivolous, weak, cowardly boy, easily led by his favorites, extremely passionate, and capable, under the influence of fear or anger, of almost unheard of cruelty. He signalized his accession to power by the atrocious murder of Bishop Hannington, and it was his hope to destroy in a week all the converts the missionaries had made in successful years of labor.

The heroism and fortitude with which scores of native Christians, many of them mere children, met death at the stake, is hardly surpassed in the annals of martyrdom. Not one of them recanted, even when told that their lives would be spared if they abjured the Christian's faith. "Can you read?" was the question the King usually asked the converts when they were brought before him. "Yes," replied all who had been taught in the native schools. "I'll have no readers in Uganda!" the King would shout, as he hurried them off to be chained to trees and burned. In a single day seventy men thus met their fate, and the head executioner told the King he had never seen men die so bravely. The bloodthirsty King merely laughed, and remarked that God did not seem able to rescue the Christians from his power.

Mwanga's cruelties eventually caused a panic among his own guards, who deposed him and, at the suggestion of the Arabs, made Kiwiwa his successor. Kiwiwa did not reign long enough to show his spirit, and nothing has yet been reported of his successor. It is to be feared, however, that as the Arabs support him he will be an enemy to Christian missions.

THE REV. DR. KRAPF.

Pioneer Explorer in Central Africa.

JOHN LUDWIG KRAPF, who has the honor of being the pioneer missionary of Mombasa, and its vicinity, was a German. He was born at Derendingen, near Tübingen, Germany, on January 11, 1810, and died in Kornthal, Wurtemberg, on November 26, 1881, at the age of seventy-one. His father was a farmer, and young Krapf might never have moved from the common round of rural life had not a lady who accidentally made his sister's acquaintance, advised

that he should be sent to the grammar-school at Tübingen, with a view to study for the Church. Poring over an atlas, he wondered why so few places were marked in the Adal and Somali countries of Eastern Africa, and said to himself, "Is there, then, so great a desert yonder, still untrodden by the foot of any European?"

An Ambition for Exploration

seized upon him, and he determined that by some means he would make his way into that unknown land. He was then in his thirteenth year, and in the discussions that ensued at home respecting his future calling, he raised objections both to the clerical and to the legal and medical professions, which were suggested to him, and expressed a wish to go to sea, and so perhaps gain opportunities of exploring foreign lands. Meanwhile he continued his studies assiduously, and became a good Latin and Greek scholar, besides learning French and Italian. It was in his fifteenth year that the call came which he afterwards so nobly obeyed. The rector of the school read an essay to his pupils on Missions to the Heathen, of which Krapf now heard for the first time. Instantly the question sprang up in his mind,

"Why Not Become a Missionary,

and go and convert the heathen?" At that time he regarded mission work as only a means to an end. He had no idea that anything beyond an intellectual knowledge of the rudiments of theology was necessary to fit him for a missionary's work. But he persevered in his desire, and in the Easter holidays of 1825 he made his way to Basle, to consult the veteran Director Blumhardt, then at the head of the well-known Missionary Seminary. "The Director," says Krapf, "kindly recognized my zeal, but pointed out to me the first requisite for the calling of an evangelist, the renewal of the heart, as still wanting." However, he remained a week at the Institution, "and here it was," he says, "that for the first time in my life I became acquainted with true Christians, who upon their knees prayed beside me." Though no marked epoch of conversion could be pointed to, the time quickly came when the keen insight of Director Blumhardt was fully satisfied that "the first requisite for the calling of an evangelist" was no longer wanting, and in the year 1827 Krapf

Entered the Missionary Seminary

as a student. Here he remained two years, and on November 1, 1836, he was accepted as a missionary, and appointed to Syria. Just then, however, news arrived of the death of a young missionary, Mr. Knoth, also from Basle, who had lately been sent out to the Abyssinia Mission. This was the sphere to which Krapf desired to go, and on making his wish to succeed Knoth known, his destination was changed, at Blumhardt's suggestion, to Abyssinia, and on February 6, 1837, the ardent young missionary left Basle for Marseilles, whence he sailed for Malta. There he had to take another ship for Alexandria. Thence he travelled to Cairo, where he remained five months with the Church Missionary Society's missionaries, Kruse and Lieder, studying colloquial Arabic. He then proceeded to Suez, where he took passage in an Arab vessel for Jeddah, which place he reached in twenty-two days. In another Arab craft he crossed over to Massowah, then, as now, the chief seaport of Abyssinia, which he reached in December, 1837. After some experience of the usual difficulties of African travel, Krapf succeeded in joining the missionaries, C. W. Isenberg and C. H. Blumhardt, at Adowa, the capital of Tigre; but after a stay of only a month or two, he and his brethren were summarily expelled at the instance of two Roman Catholic priests, who persuaded the prince Ubie that they were more in accord with Abyssinian customs than the Protestant missionaries. Krapf

Resolved to Go to Shoa,

a kingdom lying south of Abyssinia; but severe illness compelled him to return to Cairo, and it was not till the early spring of 1839 that he and Isenberg reached Tajurra, the landing-place for

Shoa, nearly opposite Aden. A month's journey through the desert of Adal brought them to the highlands of Shoa, and on June 3 they arrived at Ankober, the capital, where they had a friendly reception from the king, Sahela Selassie; but, like another African potentate of more recent times, he informed them that he did not want spiritual teachers, but masons, smiths, and especially gun-makers. Shortly afterward the Church Missionary Society, after mature deliberation, judged it to be advisable to bring their Abyssinian Mission to a close.

Krapf waited at Aden for further instructions from the Missionary Committee, and urged them to allow him to go southward, with a view to reach the Gallas. On November 11, 1843, he and his wife (for he had married Rosine Dietrich, a lady of Basle, formerly betrothed to another German missionary, who had died) set sail for Zanzibar. Three days afterward a furious storm was encountered; the frail Arab craft sprang leak: as the only chance of saving their lives, the captain determined to put back toward Aden. When actually in sight of harbor the wind changed, and drove the now water-logged vessel out to sea; but, providentially

A Passing Boat Took Them Off

just before she capsized. Then they embarked on another vessel, the captain of which was a Suahili from Mombasa, who was going to take his ship from port to port along the East African coast to that place. Krapf always regarded the disaster to the first ship as no less providential than his escape. Had it not occurred, he would probably have gone straight to Zanzibar, and might never have visited Mombasa at all—which would entirely have altered the whole history of African geographical and missionary enterprise. He

Landed at Mombasa

on January 3, 1844, and there, after a visit to Zanzibar, he settled in the following May, armed with a letter from Seyyid Said, the Sultan, which commended him to governors and people as "a good man who wishes to convert the world to God." Within two months of his settlement at Mombasa, Krapf buried on the opposite mainland his wife and infant child. He could not foresee that close to the very spot where he laid their precious dust would rise, thirty years afterwards, the station of Frere Town. Yet his faith did see in their grave a pledge of future triumphs, the first dead which every successful mission appears to demand for its foundation. He wrote home a message which has become as familiar as a household word in missionary circles: "Tell our friends that there is, on the East African coast, a lonely grave of a member of the Mission cause connected with your Society. That is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world; and as the victories of the Church are gained by stepping over the graves, and death of many of her members, you may be the more convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its eastern shore."

In 1846 Krapf was joined by John Rebmann, and together they established the mission station of Kisutini, in the Rabai district, fifteen miles inland; and then began the remarkable series of prolonged and perilous journeys with which opens the history of

East and Central African Exploration.

Influenced by Krapf's enthusiasm, the Church Missionary Society now formed large plans for the invasion of Central Africa in the name of the Lord; and in 1851 the initial attempt was made. But the men sent out soon died or returned home ill; and Krapf, who ultimately started alone, and reached far into Ukamba, was deserted by his native followers, found himself a starving fugitive in a hostile country, and only regained the coast after extraordinary adventures and much suffering. In 1855 he

Returned to Europe,

and though he twice went again to Africa on temporary missions, the great work of his later years was the preparation of a work on the language of the country from the information he

had gained, so that future missionaries might be prepared before going out to speak to the people in their own tongue. It was done in his quiet home at Kornthal, in Wurtemberg, where he died, like Livingstone, on his knees.

MR. A. M. MACKAY.

The Uganda Heroic Missionary.

FEW names of missionaries have been so familiar of late to newspaper readers as that of the hero whose portrait appears on the preceding page. His graphic and earnest letters respecting the death of Bishop Hannington, and the events which have followed it, have been quoted freely by the secular press, and have given us the only clear light we have had of the doings of Mwanga, King of Uganda, the murderer of the Bishop and of his own Christian subjects. He held Mr. Mackay for many months as a hostage, openly avowing his intention of killing him off-hand if the English Government attempted to revenge Hannington's death. Mr. Alexander M. Mackay is

One of the Original Party

of eight missionaries who in 1876 went to Uganda and its vicinity, to preach the gospel. He is the only one of the eight now left, the others having either been murdered, died of disease, or returned home with health hopelessly ruined by the climate. The heroic survivor is now at Usamiro, waiting with unabated courage opportunity to return to his post. He is one of the devoted men who, though trained for a learned profession—that of civil engineer—sacrificed his prospects of wealth and honor to go out to Africa to spread the knowledge of Christ among the heathen. How he managed to propitiate the savage young king and keep his head on his shoulders, it is difficult to understand; but it could only have been done through the power of God directly interposing for his protection.

Mr. Mackay's Tact.

in conciliating the King, whose hatred and jealousy of foreigners are stimulated by the Arabs, is remarkable. One description of an interview with the King may serve as an illustration. The Arabs had tried to represent Mackay as introducing a foreign language, and teaching the people to read it; whereupon the King summoned Mackay before him, to meet the Arabs, the King questioning them as to who could read best. "I interposed (writes Mr. Mackay), that, seeing we were all Baganda here, and not subjects of either Zanzibar or Muscat, it were best that we should read Luganda instead of Arabic. 'I read Luganda,' I said, 'because it is the language of the king, and here I am his subject; while, if I were in Muscat, I would learn to speak and read Arabic.' Ali bin Sultan asked if he was not one of Mwanga's people; I replied that when he got all his ivory he would be out of Baganda as soon as he could. This caused some merriment, but the Arab would not be outdone. 'I am more a Muganda than you,' said he, 'my wives are all Baganda.' 'But you do not teach them to read Arabic,' I replied; 'women in your eyes have no souls, and are only chattels, while we teach women as well as men.'"

The Perils Around Him.

as well as the heroic Christian spirit in which they were met, may be inferred from the following extract from a letter which he wrote to his father in 1887, while still in Uganda: "I have not the least doubt that, to a very great extent, we owe our preservation to the believing prayers of Christian friends who take an interest in the progress of the Gospel in East Africa. I can give you more than one striking proof of this assertion. Very recently the King gave out that he meant to have another grand massacre of the Christians. But the prayers of God's people restrained him from his purpose, and that, too, by a marvellous intervention. His mother heard of his fell purpose, and sent to advise him not to kill his best friends in the country. I believe also that the two biggest chiefs ventured to remonstrate with him, and recommended him to let alone the Christians, who

had been guilty of no crime. Thus, for the present, we are delivered from another spell of dread and horror. Still, one lad has been secretly murdered, and several others had to flee for their lives, executioners having been sent for their arrest.

"The converts are now more on the alert, and are ready to flee on the first suspicion. One can only wish they had any quarter to flee to, for this miserable country has made enemies of all its neighbors, and therefore the persecuted Christians have little hope of finding shelter anywhere. On the south is the impassable barrier of Lake Nyanza; east is the Nile, issuing out of the lake, with cruel enemies beyond; north is a country constantly at war with Buganda; west is the river Katonga, seldom fordable, and such fords as there are are perpetually guarded. Notwithstanding all this, a few have risked their lives and have finally left the country, while the greater part of those in hiding manage to secrete themselves in remote parts of the kingdom. There is no little risk, however, in that, as the natives are continually travelling about in all directions within the limits of the country, and refugees may thus be detected and caught any day. One lad, sitting by me now, was thus detected recently. He at once fled, and his enemy went after him. He had nearly escaped, but, seeing this, his pursuer speared him in the back of the leg and took him prisoner. Being sure of being condemned to death when brought to the capital, he contrived to break his bonds, and escape."

Mackay finally was ordered to quit Uganda, and realizing that no further hope remained of doing good there, he promptly obeyed, being well aware that, if he remained, his own life would be sacrificed to no useful purpose. He evidently, however, has not abandoned hope of winning Uganda for Christ, and his position at Usamiro has been avowedly taken up in the hope of returning when circumstances are propitious. A man so brave and so appreciative of the prayers of Christians, deserves that every child of God should continue to pray for his preservation and success.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Lord's Vassal.—Mr. Hamilton Relates: "In the days of King John of England the dignity of the English Crown was brought to its lowest. King John submitting to the Pope as a vassal, and before the Pope's legate, taking off his crown he handed it over to the legate, who took it, put it down for a moment to show his possession of it, then handed it back to John to be held by him as a vassal of Rome. But this incident illustrates how we Christians can die to ourselves, yet be living for Christ. We take our life in our hands, and hand it over to God. But see, He lifts it again and holds it out toward us, saying, 'Take this life and use it for Me, as My vassal, My servant.'"

A Bonfire in the Kitchen.—Mr. Hutchieson says: "In a town where I was holding a mission, I noticed, on the opening night, a young servant girl, who seemed much impressed. I found that she was very greatly concerned because she seemed to have lost all taste for the Bible. She had no appetite for the Bread of Life, but she had a most voracious appetite for light reading—novels, novelettes, and weekly periodicals of the most trashy kind, reading them night and day. 'How,' I said, 'can you expect to enjoy reading the Bible if you are constantly reading that trash? It is just as if, after eating all manner of unwholesome sweetmeats and confections, you are surprised to find you have no appetite for good food. Would you blame the food? No. It is your own fault. Stop eating the nauseous trash, and soon you will be able to enjoy plain, wholesome meat.' About a week afterwards, when I was in another town, I got a letter from her saying she had a fine bonfire in the kitchen, having burned a whole box-full of that pernicious literature, and her old love for God's Word had returned to

her. How much evil has frivolous literature to answer for, from the errand boy to the pale, sentimental young lady who lounges on the sofa with the latest love-story from the circulating library!"

"National Judgments."—"I Have Read, in a sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, some reminiscences which are instructive. The Pastor says: 'National Judgments are frequently a ministry of grace. The first year in which I came to London, I was greatly struck with the access one had, at all hours of day and night, to people's houses, into which no ministers of Christ had ever been welcomed before. I remember, at 2 o'clock one Monday morning, I was in a house, now pulled down, close to London Bridge, to see a man who had spent the Sunday at Brighton, and had come home to die with the cholera. Yes, they sent for me at dead of night often and often then; and rich and poor—it mattered not, if they found some one willing to come and visit them—were eager for you to read and pray with them; for death was all around us, making havoc in these streets. They are not so eager for a visit now. So far, cholera did arouse our neighbors, and they flocked to hear the Word out of very fear. So much of benefit there may be in the plagues which are shot from the quiver of Providence.'"

How Sandy was Converted.—Mr. D. Mc-Lauchlan observes: "Dr. Metts was once preaching at Inverness. The congregation was already gathered, and he was about to enter the pulpit, when word was brought to him that an aged Highlander, who had been converted at sixty and was now eighty, lay dying. The doctor had often wished to hear the story of this man's conversion from his own lips, and now was his last opportunity. The man lived close at hand, but here were over one thousand people waiting to hear the Word of God. There were still two or three minutes to spare, and Dr. Metts determined to visit the aged pilgrim. Going in to the Highlander's house, he said, as he pulled out his watch, 'I have just four minutes; do you think you could tell me in that time how you were converted?' 'Oh,' was the cheerful response, 'I can tell you in two. I became anxious about my soul when I was sixty years of age, and the Lord Jesus Christ came along, and said to me, 'Sandy, I'll exchange you.' 'Exchange, Sandy! and what did you give Him?' he asked. And Sandy replied, 'I gave Him all the years of my sin, and my sinful heart, and He gave me in return His righteousness.'"

A Revival in the Forecastle.—"A Vessel bound for Lisbon had a crew of eight men, two of whom were professors of religion. One of these two was active and earnest in his efforts to promote the spiritual good of his shipmates. The other, till near the end of the voyage, was not known as a Christian, and lived apparently as careless as any on board. At length it pleased God to bless the labors of the former by awakening the attention of three or four of the men to the concerns of eternity. Prayer-meetings were held morning and evening in the fore-castle, which all the crew who could be spared were invited to attend. The conscience of the backslider was smitten, and, having declared that he was a member of the Church, he offered to assist his more faithful brother in the devotional services. To this, objection was at once made by a young sailor, who said, 'I cannot hear him pray for me. His life does not pray. Let him first repent of his unfaithfulness, and confess to God and his shipmates, and then we will hear him.' The rebuke was felt, and for a time it produced anger rather than humiliation; but eventually he returned to God as a true penitent, and realized it to be the joy of his life to exalt the Saviour by telling out the story of His love."

Prophetic Studies. A Report of the Address delivered at the Prophetic Conference at Chicago, with portraits of some of the speakers. It contains 216 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers, including postage. Address Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE LITERATURE OF THE DUST.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, February 17, 1889.

"Jesus stooped down and . . . wrote on the ground." John 8: 6.

The Magnificent Scene of the Trouble—The Culprit Presented Before Jesus—Christ Writing in the Dust—The Only Recorded Instance of His Writing—Had to Stoop Down—The Attitude of His Life—Descent From the Third Heaven—Still Stooping Down—His Writing in the Seasons—In Nature—The Mirrored Fresco—What Christ Wrote in the Dust—Two Words Probable—The Opposite of the World's Principle—A Legend of a Dead Dog—Foreign Vice Welcomed in American Society—The Most Tremendous of all Literature—The Volumes of Human Dust to be Rebound—A Widow's Candle.

A MOHAMMEDAN mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built, because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about Him, when

A Wild Disturbance

took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that He sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If He say "Let her die," they will charge Him with cruelty. If He let her go, they will charge Him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way He does, they would howl at Him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which He was sitting and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the forefinger of His right hand He begins

To Write in the Dust

of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that He settle this case of transgression, until He looked up and told them that they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then He resumed writing with his finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what He had written the scoundrels skulked away. Finally, the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust, He looks up and finds the woman all alone. The prisoner is the only one of the court room left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorneys having cleared out. Christ is victor, and He says to the woman: "Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go, and sin no more." I have wondered

What Christ Wrote

on the ground. For do you realize that is the only time that He ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest being the world ever saw, and the one who had more to say than any one who ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter or a page or a paragraph or a word on parchment. Nothing but the literature of the dust, and one

sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the seven hundred thousand books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the four thousand baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British Museum, or Berlin or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that He ever wrote He wrote in dust, uncertain, shifting dust.

My text says He stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust, he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get at least on one knee or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that

He Stooped Down

His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate his landing-place. From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cactus and magnolias in full bloom, into the outside air ten degrees below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celestial to terrestrial. How many heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third heaven." Christ came

Down From Highest Heaven

to the second heaven, and down from second heaven to first heaven, down swifter than meteors ever fell, down amidst stellar splendors that himself eclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the banquet of the skies, to the broiling of fish for his own breakfast, on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. The homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Cæsar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The uplifted wave of Galilee was high, but he had to come down before, with His feet, he could touch it, and the whirlwind that rose above the billow was higher yet, but He had to come down before with His lip he could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that had gone before, and with self abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple He stooped down and wrote on the ground.

Whether the words He was writing were in Greek or Latin or Hebrew, I cannot say, for He knew all those languages. But

He is Still Stooping Down,

and with His finger writing on the ground; in the winter in letters of crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers, in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and emblazon this world, could we see Christ's caligraphy all over it. This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago, and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for a half second takes His hand off of it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a defunct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world. "Let there be light," was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, Let there be snowflakes to enrich the

earth; and under the clouds of spring and says, Come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September, dips the branches in the vat of beautiful colors, and swings them into the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground!

If we could see His hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be "allegoric," and again we would hear Him say as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brown-thresher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominic hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood, yet we would hear Christ saying as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt-cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

Let us wake up from our stupidity and take

The Whole World as a Parable.

Then, if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn, and see the morning coming down off the hills to meet us, we would cry out with the evangelist, "The day-spring from on high hath visited us;" or, caught in a snow-storm, while struggling home, eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture-gallery of Europe there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but people having to look straight up, it wearied and dizzied them, and bent their necks almost beyond endurance; so a great looking-glass was put near the floor, and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror, and they see the fresco at their feet. And so, much of all the heaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror, and the things that are above are copied by things around us.

What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles, aye, the first Bible He ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest Testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest; namely, that which was written before Moses was put afloat on the boat of leaves which was calked with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Deity stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper-mill, but I would urge appreciation of

The Bible In The Grass,

the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked an ancient king whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun. "No," said he, "I have so much to do on earth, I have no time to look at heaven." And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God, we would not have time to go much further than the first grass blade. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who, after the telescope was invented, would not look through it, lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope, and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope.

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did He write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whip-

ped of their own consciences, fled pell-mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott of olden times was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose in the assemblage and started for the door, and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels. But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet, as Christ never wrote anything except that once, you cannot blame us for wanting to know what He really did write. But I am certain He wrote nothing trivial, or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think

I Know What He Wrote

on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites, who were a self-appointed constabulary, and having in His presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, I am sure He wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was Hypocrisy, and the other word was Forgiveness.

From the way these Pharisees and scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air, as Christ, with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them, I know they were first-class hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own, the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are—twenty stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman! Magnificent business to be engaged in! They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then, after she had been taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipice, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as he saw those men drop everything, chagrined, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in,

He Must Have Laughed.

At any rate, it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these libertines, dramatizing indignation against impurity! Blind bats lecturing on optics! A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass, denouncing carrion! Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word Hypocrisy. But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved Him, and when He stooped down to write on the ground, He wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness.

When on Sinai God wrote the law, He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when He writes the offence of this woman He writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out; and when she repents of it, oh, He was a merciful Christ! I was reading of

A Legend

that is told in the far east about Him. He was walking through the streets of a city and He saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said: "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant con-

cerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth!" Reproved and convicted, they went away. Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all His words and ways and habits. Forgiveness! Word of eleven letters, and some of them thrones, and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names that one word, though He write it in dust, than to have our name cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years cannot obliterate. Bishop Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin; the red leaf atonement; the white leaf purification. That is the whole story. God will abundantly pardon.

Sympathy With the Penitent.

I must not forget to say that as Christ, stooping down, with His finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that His sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that He has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just opposite to that is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for excoriation and capital punishment? No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women scourges and objugation, and for just one offence she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for twenty years, the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome; and they may sit in legislatures and senates and parliaments, or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offence with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble.

For foreign lords and princes, whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad because they are walking lazaretos of abomination, our American princesses of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an Englishman, and I like an American, but *the sickest creature on earth* is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No, no, says the world; let woman go down, and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East River at midnight? and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on.

But while I speak of Christ of the text, His stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the

Most Tremendous of all Literature.

It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. When Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few years ago, visited that resurrected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened, and a table was spread in that house which eighteen hundred and ten years has been buried by volcanic eruption, and Farragut and his guests walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it almost seemed like being entertained by those who eighteen centuries ago had turned to dust. Oh this mighty literature of the dust! Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamerlane and Trojan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Cæsar? Dust! Where are the heroes who fought on both sides at Chæronea, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the

110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400,000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1,000,000 men under Darius at Arbella, of the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ? Dust!

Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alhambra or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played, and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built, in all the centuries except our own? Dust! The greatest library of the world, that which has the widest shelves and the longest aisles and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is

The Underground Library.

It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened, and all these scrolls unrolled, and all these volumes unclasped; and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the Resurrection pick up out of this library of dust every volume of human life, and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the prison library of the self-degraded. Oh this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful, after all, that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger, with the same kind of nerve and muscle and bone and flesh as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy, and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst.

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning

A Candle in the Window

every night for ten years, and one night, very late, a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away, ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother, and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry, 'Lizzie!' 'Lizzie!' But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child! Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night! And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up, not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that He had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

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AN INVITATION IN A SHOE.

A MEMBER of the N. W. Branch of the Y. M. C. A., of Philadelphia, kindly sends us a deeply interesting letter recently received from a sailor on board the schooner *Edward Stewart*, off Matanzas, Cuba. It appears that the sailor, when in Philadelphia a few months ago, bought a pair of shoes. When he opened his parcel, he found that the Christian young clerk who had waited on him had put in one of the shoes an invitation to the Young Men's Christian Association. The sailor accepted the invitation, and continued to come while staying in port. At one of the meetings he was converted. He went on a voyage to Cuba in December last, and, while waiting at Matanzas, wrote to his friend: "I have been very near the Valley of the Shadow of Death since I saw you; but the Master comforted me, and I felt that all was well. As the days pass I find that His word is being revealed to me in a wonderful manner. . . . I have lived so long in my own strength, feeling that an upright life was good enough for me, and that I was safe, that, now that I have a new view of my condition, and am trying to serve God, I feel I am only just beginning to live—all my former years are waste and loss. To be without assurance of the love of Jesus now, would be to lose all peace and happiness.

"There are no gospel helps at sea, no social meetings to strengthen me, but God is keeping me safe. Nothing but His love could do it in my position. God has opened a way for me to hold a little meeting daily on board. It was interrupted by my illness, but I hope to resume it now that I am better. It is only among the crew, and we have it every night at 8 o'clock. I have been much blessed in it. Do not forget to pray for me; I feel that the power of your prayers reaches me. I feel daily that some of you are praying for me, and it cheers me to feel this. Pray for this service, too, dear brother. I am the only one on the ship to do any work for the Lord."

A JEWISH LADY'S STORY.

THE following is an extract from a communication which Dr. Cullis, of Boston, publishes in his *Times of Refreshing*. It comes from a Jewish lady who has been led by sorrow to find in Jesus of Nazareth her Saviour:

I landed in Australia upon a Sunday evening, and when I arrived at my destination I found a party assembled, and joined with all my heart in the mirth around me. For twelve months I went into every kind of gaiety Melbourne afforded—dress, balls, the opera; in fact, pleasure of every kind seemed my one thought. About this time I met a gentleman to whom I became deeply attached; and although our affection was mutual, the thought of marriage I could not entertain, as, he being a Christian, and I heart and soul a Jewess, it seemed out of the question. However, time wore on, and I at last consented to marry him, though I knew it would involve the leaving all who were dear to me, and that it would bring a stigma upon my family. Before we were married I exacted a promise from my husband that he would never use any arguments to make me believe, as I was determined to live and die a Jewess. I will not dwell upon my married life; my husband was all in all to me—I wanted nothing more. God blessed us with two dear little children, and He who gave them me only knows the agony of mind I endured in the thought, "How shall I teach these little ones what I do not believe myself?" for I had made up my mind, simply out of love to my husband, that they should be brought up in their father's faith.

And now there came a time of trial that I must pass over as quickly as possible. By a sudden stroke my beloved husband was taken from me in a few days. So terribly sudden was the blow that I could hardly realize that he had gone forever; and oh, what a gulf separated us!—it seemed to me impassable. I knew he had died in the faith of Jesus, and I—I was as far off being a Christian as the first day I met

him. I was very bitter and hard in my grief, and felt that God had dealt cruelly in crushing me so, taking all the youth and brightness out of my life. It seemed impossible to live, and I felt nothing but the desire to be with my loved one again. *Many a day have I laid on his grave in the damp, and prayed that God would take me; but God, "while I was yet a long way off," took compassion, and raised up dear friends, who showed me that only in one way could I ever hope to see my husband again.*

The desire to be a Christian now became so intense as to become part of my life. No half-heartedness about it now. I began to seek the Lord with all my might. "When ye seek Me with your whole heart, ye shall find Me," is a promise I have proved. One day I was reading the old story, when something whispered to my soul, "He suffered all this for you," and the truth seemed to burst upon me like a flash of lightning. I had found the Saviour, my Saviour, and such a flood of love as came into my heart for Him I cannot describe. I went into my room, and on my knees I sobbed aloud, not for sorrow but for joy.

A SCARED OFFICER'S VOW.

LAST August a Nova Scotian officer of a schooner lying in Fernandina, Florida, was daily exposed to the yellow fever. One night, after fumigating the vessel, he felt ill, and thinking the dreaded epidemic had attacked him, went to his room, knelt down, and prayed God to keep him from the fever, forgive his sins, and he would serve Him.

From that time he lived in fear of punishment continually, for he had *not given up* his sins, but made resolves to do so. Gradually, he began to take God's name in vain, and his life was the same as before. This state of things continued until, one evening last week, he came to the Mariners' Reading-room in New York, and there God met him and opened his eyes.

He says: "I was sorry over my broken promises, and at night would pray for forgiveness, and the next morning would commence another day of sin and wickedness. This would have continued all my life if God had not shown me how *weak* I was, and how little I could do with my own will. But one night, through the grace and goodness of God, a lady in the Seamen's Church showed me how impossible it was for me to do anything with my own strength, and so I just gave myself to God, and prayed for the gift of His Holy Spirit to guide and direct me in everything. 'Lord, I give myself to Thee; 'tis all that I can do,' was my prayer. I know God answered. I am *saved*, and happy in the knowledge that He will never forsake me."

A GERMAN SCEPTIC SAVED.

A WORKER at a seaman's mission in New York in the course of her work among the sailors met with a steward with whom she had several conversations, and ultimately, finding him receptive, she gave him a New Testament. He told her that he had studied in Germany for one of the learned professions, but had failed in his examinations. He became a pronounced sceptic, and conceived a disgust for religion and home life. Finally he quarrelled with his parents, and ran away to sea. For many years he never communicated with his father, and led a wild life afloat and ashore. A few weeks ago she received a letter from him, dated Shanghai, China, in which he says: "I write to thank you from the depths of a grateful heart. I have read and re-read the Testament which you gave me, and I have turned up my Greek Testament and worked on that. Your advice was good, and I have taken it about what I do not understand: I do as you said, trust Jesus for it. I have come to the conclusion that a religion without a mystery would be like a temple without a God. The known is only the little page out of the unknown. There is not a flower by the wayside nor a mineral on the earth, there is not a drop of water nor an atom of light, not a flash of lightning nor a peal of thunder, that is not shrouded in mystery. So I think, *what a fool*

I have been, and not trusted our Lord Jesus Christ, and prayed that He would enlighten me in what I could not solve. May the Lord have pity on me! is my daily prayer. I followed your advice, and wrote to my father, and made peace with him after eleven years."

A SWISS ATHEIST CONVINCED.

IN an address delivered at Bethshan recently and published in *Thy Healer*,* Miss Blundell, from Switzerland, described several cases of Divine healing which had occurred there—among them of a little girl whose lower limbs were diseased. She said: The little girl was carried in a cart from one village to another to our dear Swiss pastor, whom the Lord much blessed. She believed that Christ would heal her, and prayer was made for her; and the answer came, so that she *walked* back to her village, pushing her little cart. An atheist, who knew her, and knew she was not able to put her foot on the ground, said that if she came back healed he would believe; and when he saw her walk back painless, and pushing her cart, he said: "That child walks! I believe in God!"

Then there was a woman—a German, from Berne, and mother of a large family—who was healed. She was fifty-eight years of age, and she had faith in God, but had not thought of asking Him about healing. After she had been told about the Lord's healing, she immediately came to the cottage-meeting on the mountain. She was carried there in a cart. She asked if the young pastor, who was present, would pray for her. She was in great pain, and would scream all night, while the doctor could do nothing, and said she must do as well as she could for herself. The prayer of faith, however, went up to God and the healing came down, and she was able to walk. Three days after, she was able to walk down the mountain to the Lake of Geneva, and then up again, which is four hours' walk. Next day she came to see us, two hours' distance. The Lord has healed her, and there are only the scars left.

CHINESE SUMMER FASHIONS.

IN a letter from Dr. Mary Gale, a medical missionary in China, to the *Missionary Link*, she thus describes the style of dress prevailing among the people by whom she is surrounded: The summer costume of the Chinese is certainly admirable, cool, and graceful. My teacher, for instance, wears two garments; a pair of wide pants, made of white cotton cloth, tied around the ankle, as well as a short coat, coming to the knees, with flowing sleeves.

The women, beside these two garments, wear a skirt. The school matron comes in as I write, and her sleeves only come to her elbows. The shoes are always worn low, and even in winter are only made of cloth, with paper soles.

The material of which summer clothes are made is varied and beautiful, cotton, linen, or grass cloth, often soft silk and crape. They are always made in the same fashion for a particular locality. The women wear the trousers flowing as do the Canton men, and the women from the latter city, also, wear no shirt. Can you, wearing all our traditional underclothing, imagine anything more delightful of a summer day, than to go about your business in a pair of long full pants and a dressing sack? The only fault with the fashion of dress is the string which ties the pants tightly around the waist, and the poor broken feet. The fashion of dressing the hair is ruled by sex and age; the queues of the men is an evidence of bondage having been imposed on them by foreign rulers. They braid in with them certain colors—it must be white for a dead parent. Both men and women take care of their hair, and the pomatum they

* *Thy Healer and Faith Witness*, a monthly Magazine edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man, but relying solely on God for support. Annual Subscription, 50 cents, may be sent to Manager of CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

put on keeps it very tidy. I often wonder if they suspect us, with our more or less frowsty heads, of never combing our hair.

Everyone knows that the Chinese eat with chop-sticks, but one needs to go to a feast to realize how unmannerly their way of eating is. With the slender sticks the food is deftly pushed into the mouth from the bowl, which is held close to it, and the contents disappear in a most unhygienic manner. Such varied and remarkable stews they have, and each one dips his own china spoon or chop-stick into the bowls. Some members of our mission enjoy the food, but the very sight of it is enough for me, although it is a fact that if I *did* belong to the China Inland Mission I would have to eat it or starve.

THE MARRIAGE SCENE.

Past, Present, and Future.

BY MRS. H. V. REED.*

AWAY in the world's bright morning, before earth's skies had been darkened with storm-clouds, or her soil had been cursed with sin, the marriage covenant was instituted by God Himself. It was God who brought the bride to Adam, and gave her to him as his wife. It was the voice of God that pronounced the benediction upon their union, and gave them, as a marriage portion, the joint dominion over all the earth, and every living thing upon its face. The bridegroom was taught of God, his only teacher, and his response to the divine ceremony was, "This is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh."

The angels of God were the witnesses of the ceremony, and the morning stars sang together over the first nuptials of man. Purity and love crowned the union which had been blessed by the Father. Heart to heart, and hand to hand, they lived in their Eden home, the ideal life of a perfect marriage, which was born of God, and belonged to Him. But the Serpent came, and brought the curse of disobedience, and, as a natural result, alienation came also. The husband, who had hitherto been all truth and tenderness, taunted his wife with her folly, and laid the reproach upon "the woman thou gavest me."

Man had fallen, and the dark record of the sin-power was found in the blood-stained pages of wrong and fraud, of treachery and polygamy.

The Present.

Fraud and deception are now multiplied and replenished by the so-called marriages of half the world; hence the dockets of divorce courts are crowded, and the very name of marriage is sneered at by those who are too low in the moral scale to appreciate its grand design. It is a strange fact in the world's history that the crime record of a people keeps a weird tally with the number of their divorces. The city or State whose records show the greatest number of divorces will also show the highest statistics of crime.

Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in a single year preceded the most terrible revolution that the world ever saw. Infidelity to God and infidelity to man walked hand in hand, and virtue was slain upon the altar of polluted hearthstones. With desecrated homes, the standard of public morality was lowered until it reached the stagnant pool of corruption, from whence arose the blood-stained agents of anarchy and revolution.

Divorce courts are again filled with applicants. In some of our own States there is now a divorce for every ten marriages, and in others it is claimed there is one for every six. The spirit of anarchy keeps step everywhere with infidelity, and unless the home-life of the lower masses can be elevated, the destroying angel will shadow the land with his wings.

The Future.

But far beyond the dark record of broken vows and wretched lives we find in the world's

future another marriage scene. Beyond the judgment of the evil woman there arises the face of the loyal wife. Beyond the wreck of broken homes gleams a view of the "city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

In earth's bright morning of innocence and truth the first man and the first woman were joined in holy marriage by God himself. Again at Cana of Galilee, at the opening of the new dispensation, there is a tangible divine presence to hallow the marriage feast. And when the flood-tide of sin has been swept away, and purity and truth again reign upon the earth, it is a scene which shall gladden the eyes of angels and men. "For the marriage of the Lamb has come and his wife hath made herself ready." The chosen bride shall wear the white robes of righteousness, and blessed are they who are called to this marriage supper.

"The festal lamps are lighting now
In the great marriage hall;
By angel hands the board is spread,
By angel hands the sacred bread
Is on the golden table laid,
The King His own doth call."

RESURRECTION.

By Rev. James H. Brookes, D. D., of St. Louis.*

It is one of the numerous indications of coming apostasy that so many in evangelical churches deny the resurrection. If any one doubts this, let him set on foot an inquiry in any congregation he may select, and he will soon be convinced of the truth of the statement. He will find that unbelief as to the rising of the body from the grave is widespread, and that the doctrine and the fact are discarded and rejected, sneered at and scouted, as impossible on scientific grounds. It will be in vain to bring to bear upon these unbelievers the authority of Scripture, for such persons, some of them in high official position in the Church, will set aside the testimony of the Bible with the cool contempt of arrogant infidelity.

This form of infidelity is as old as the days of the apostles, and more than eighteen hundred years ago the Holy Ghost met it by showing the tremendous consequences of denying the truth.

First, if the dead rise not, then is Christ not risen, for in the nature of the case

The Two Resurrections

stand or fall together. Second, preaching is vain, for there can be no preaching of the gospel that does not involve the resurrection of the dead. Third, faith is vain, for if there is no resurrection, there is nothing upon which faith can rest. Fourth, the apostles are found false witnesses, for the resurrection was the centre and circumference, the sum and substance, of their testimony. Fifth, we are yet in our sins, for the resurrection is the only proof we have that the great sacrifice for sin has been accepted. Sixth, our beloved ones who have fallen asleep in Christ are perished, and "Everlasting despair" may be inscribed on the tomb. Seventh, we are of all men most miserable, for we have lost this world, and all hope of the future is torn from our grasp, as we drift upon a dark and stormy sea without one star in the sky.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept," triumphantly writes the spirit of God. (1 Cor. 15: 12-20.) The man who denies the resurrection is therefore a madman. It has already taken place. If we were to see the head come forth from the grave, we should know that

The Body Must Follow;

and as Christ, the head, has surely risen, the Church, His body, shall surely rise with Him. Away, then, with your scientific objections and nonsense! Bring God upon the scene, and your difficulties vanish into offensive smoke. "Some man will say, How are the dead raised up?" The only answer the Holy Ghost deigns is, "Thou fool."

Mark it well: the same body that dies, that

decomposes, that is burned, that crumbles into dust, that is taken up into vegetable matter, as the scientists tell us, that is sunk to the depth of the ocean, that mingles with the dust of ten thousand other mouldered bodies, that is scattered upon the winds, arises. "Many bodies of the saints which slept, arose, and came out of the graves, after His resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." (Matt. 27: 52, 53.) "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth." (John 5: 28.) "Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again," not some other body, but, "Thy brother." "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." (John 11: 23, 25.) "If the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His spirit that dwelleth in you." (Rom. 8: 11.) "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." (Phil. 3: 21.)

A Martial Resurrection.

"Every man in his own order [band, cohort, company, brigade, division], Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's, at His coming." "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout . . . the dead in Christ shall rise first;" then the living, changed in a moment, shall be caught up in clouds together with them; but it will be in military array. Some regiments will be in advance of others. Some will be placed over ten cities, and others over five. Some will receive a reward, and others will be saved, yet so as by fire. The place assigned us in the magnificent procession that will sweep before the gaze of myriads of admiring angels, will be according to our fidelity; and may God help us to remember it every day. It is

A Glorious Resurrection.

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power." It is needless to say that there can be no resurrection until Jesus comes, and it is this that makes some of us long for His coming with exceeding desire, for not until then shall we see in the body the precious ones who have been torn from our arms by the ruffian hand of death. But He is coming; "and when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." (Matt. 13: 43.) It is

A Triumphant Resurrection.

"Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. 15: 54.) Christ came that "He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (Heb. 2: 14.) The whole creation, smitten with the curse, is groaning and travailling in pain, and "even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, the redemption of our body." (Rom. 8: 23.) If there is no resurrection, Christ is defeated for ever and ever; and it is amazing that any Christian can so become the dupe of the devil as to doubt that he will rise from the dead.

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

* From her article in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

* From The Truth, published by Charles B. Cox, St. Louis.



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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The New Member of the Cabinet was Nominated by the President on February 11. It appears that Mr. Cleveland needed considerable pressure to appoint a Cabinet officer for three weeks. The change, however, is not an important one, for his choice was Mr. Norman J. Colman, who held the office of Commissioner of Agriculture. He simply now becomes Secretary of Agriculture, and has a seat in the Cabinet. He will therefore continue to conduct the business of the Department under a new name. It is forty years since there was a change in the number of Cabinet officers. Washington's Cabinet consisted of only five men: the heads of the Departments of State, Treasury, War, Post Office, and the Attorney General's office. In 1796 the Navy Department was represented, and in 1849 the Interior was made a separate office. The eighth member of the Cabinet is now added, and future Cabinets will doubtless consist of that number. Ex-Senator Warner Miller, of New York, has been suggested to General Harrison as a suitable man for the position.

The Warm Tribute of Praise From a Republican to a Democratic administration should not be unnoticed by the public. On February 12 Senator Plumb, of Kansas, surprised his colleagues in the Senate by expressing unqualified approval of the administration of the Navy Department under Mr. Whitney. He was unsparing in criticisms upon the old system of spending millions upon millions in repairs to old vessels, and in praise of the new method of spending money for new ships. He commended Mr. Whitney's course in earnest words, and pointed out that during the last four years a solid foundation had been made for "the best navy in the world," while at the same time American enterprise has been stimulated until now we could furnish in our own country everything going into the construction of first-class modern ships of war. It gave him pleasure, Mr. Plumb added, to speak thus in the closing hours of an administration which had done much which he had felt obliged to criticise.

A Measure to Prepare for the Apprehended disturbances on the Isthmus of Panama has been passed by the Senate. On February 11 that body voted in secret session to appropriate \$250,000 to enable the President to protect American citizens in the event of there being wholesale discharge of the laborers on the canal. It is understood that no special notice of trouble has reached the Senate, but the appropriation is intended to meet the crisis incident to the discharge, in a body, of laborers whose means of gaining their livelihood are thereby cut off, and who in their desperation

and distress may resort to violence and bloodshed. The authorities of Great Britain and other nations having large numbers of their citizens employed on the Panama Canal, have also decided to arrange for bringing them home in case of discharge, and not to suffer them to remain on the Isthmus in destitution.

An Estimate of the Effect of the Rival Tariff bills has been made in the Treasury Department by officials familiar with the present figures. The opinion of these experts is that the Senate Bill would reduce the revenue by \$47,882,667, while the House Bill would reduce it by \$67,960,479. By the former the reduction in customs would be fourteen millions, and in internal revenue thirty-three millions, while by the latter it would be fifty millions in customs and seventeen millions in internal revenue. These figures, however, would not be realized in either case, because the Treasury makes no allowance for increased consumption of articles the duty on which would be abolished or lowered, which would probably take place, though it would be impossible to estimate its extent.

New Light on the Scandal in the New York Legislature was given last week. A member of the Committee on appropriations, which has charge of the investigation of the ceiling question, stated that he had been approached by a lobbyist, who asked him if he would favor a report "whitewashing" all concerned in the matter, blaming no one for the substitution of bagging and plaster for carved oak. The lobbyist intimated that several members of the Committee were already in favor of such a report, and hinted that if he would concur, it would be much to his advantage. Current rumor had it that \$5,000 was the advantage named, but the member declined to state what was the sum offered. This disclosure increases the interest with which the report of the Committee is awaited.

An Important Convention is to Assemble at Baltimore, Md., on Saturday next. It is called by the Civil Service Reform Association of that city, and delegates are expected from all the associations of the country. It is popularly understood to be called for the practical purpose of impressing General Harrison and his Cabinet with the value of reform methods. One of the prominent conveners said that the chief address would be on "What May be Hoped and Expected From the Incoming Administration?" and added, "Our object with reference to the Administration of Mr. Harrison is to have retained as many efficient office holders as possible. We think that all Post Office, Custom House, and departmental employees, especially in the subordinate grades, should be given a new life, if they deserve it, by reason of faithful observance of their duties."

Another Cabinet Crisis has Occurred in France. Premier Floquet was defeated on Thursday in the Chamber of Deputies, by an adverse majority of eighty-nine, and thereupon announced his resignation and that of his colleagues. The question upon which the vote was taken was the revision of the constitution which the Floquet Cabinet advocated. Count de Donville Mailleu proposed that the debate be indefinitely adjourned, on the ground that in the coming election the people would indicate the kind of revision they desired. M. Floquet opposed the proposal, and reminded the Chamber that the Government was pledged to revision. His resignation, when Mailleu's proposal was carried, surprised the chamber. The object of the revision desired by M. Floquet was to devise checks against the ambition of General Boulanger and dictatorship in any form, and to strengthen the safeguards of the Republic. Though defeated in this project, he was successful in a more important scheme earlier in the week. On February 11 he succeeded in inducing the Chamber to pass a bill changing the mode of election from *scrutin de liste*, which now prevails, to *scrutin d'arrondissement*. Under the former system all the deputies apportioned to a Department are voted for on one ticket, every

voter in the Department having a voice in the election of the whole number, as in our election of presidential electors. Under *scrutin d'arrondissement* each district elects its deputy as in our election of members of Congress. The change will embarrass General Boulanger in his effort to attain supreme power, though, as was proved in the case of Gambetta in France, and Parnell in Ireland, it is not an insurmountable obstacle. Boulanger will still be able to ask endorsement from the districts, by running his adherents as candidates pledged to his support.

A Constitutional Government for Japan has been granted without the struggles which usually precede such a concession in European countries. The Mikado on February 11 formally announced it from the throne. The constitution establishes a House of Peers, the members of which are to be partly hereditary, partly elective, and partly nominated by the Mikado, and a House of Commons of 300 members. The right of suffrage is given to all men of the age of twenty-five years and over, who pay taxes to the amount of \$25 yearly. Liberty of religion, freedom of speech, and the right of public meeting are established. Parliament is to possess legislative functions and the control of the finance under limitations. Judges cannot be removed except by special legislation.

Bismarck's Defence of the Samoan Outrages was published on February 15. It contains the correspondence between the Berlin Foreign Office and the German consul at Samoa. It accuses Americans and Englishmen with endeavoring to provoke conflicts. A dispatch dated September, 1888, describes what it calls the revolt of Mataafa, and states that support was given to him by Capt. Leary, United States Navy. After an account of the attack upon the Germans on December 18, comes a telegram from Count Herbert Bismarck, dated January 1, 1889, to the German Ministers at Washington and London, directing them to inform Secretary Bayard and Lord Salisbury respecting the attack. The Ministers were also further instructed to declare that Germany adhered to her treaties, and would respect the rights founded thereon, and they were to appeal to both Governments to co-operate actively with Germany and re-establish tranquillity. On January 8 Count Herbert Bismarck telegraphed to the German consul at Apia that on account of an agreement with the United States and Great Britain, the annexation of Samoa by Germany was "out of the question." It may be hoped that in the approaching conference at Berlin, America and England will take care that it shall always remain "out of the question."

The Parnell Commission Listened to Further startling disclosures last week. The witness Beach, or Le Caron, was again on the stand, and cross-examination failed to shake his evidence in chief. He testified as to his method of ingratiating himself with the Irish party in America. Among other significant statements was one that he went to the financial rescue of General O'Neill head of the Fenian army raised to invade Canada, and by lending him \$375 saved O'Neill from being declared a defaulter. This gave him a hold on O'Neill, and access to important secrets, which he regularly imparted to the authorities in London. The most serious statement made by the witness, so far as Mr. Parnell is concerned, was that in a conversation with him in the House of Commons, Parnell said to Le Caron that he *did not see why an insurrection should be unsuccessful*. Le Caron admitted that the British Government had paid him \$10,000 in two years, and he was still receiving a salary from them. On Thursday the famous Parnell letters were produced in court. The manager of the *Times* said that he had paid Houston, who procured the letters, \$8,900 for them. The friends of Mr. Parnell aver that those, and others signed by Egan, are forgeries, and were written by a man named Pigott. The lawyer of the *Times* said that Pigott had been offered \$5,000 if he would confess on the witness-stand that he had forged the letters.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$13.88. They are from: Aberdeen, Dak., \$1.50; Lakeville, Cal., \$3.50; Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; Shelton, Neb., \$2; New Haven, Conn., 50c.; Jackson, Ont., 50c.; West Bridgewater, Pa., 50c.; New Market, N. J., 38c. A colored minister at Mineral Springs, S. C., who has been receiving the paper through this fund, writes: "I cannot tell you how much help THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been to me in my ministerial work. It is now nearly a year since I began to receive it, and I am afraid it will stop. I hoped to have been able to send you a subscription for it, but my congregation cannot afford to pay me more than a bare living, and I am consequently unable to subscribe. I do hope you will continue this precious help another year. I am sure God will reward you in doing this to help to advance His cause among my race." Our friends will be glad to learn that we are now enabled, through their kindness, to add this minister's name, with others, to our list.

An Interesting Deputation Waited on President-elect Harrison on February 9. It was composed of over a hundred venerable men, many of whom voted for the General's grandfather when he was elected President forty-nine years ago. The Rev. Henry Day, D. D., who was the spokesman of the party, presented General Harrison with a magnificent Bible, and expressed earnest wishes for his happiness and the success of his administration. In the course of his reply, General Harrison said: "I cannot hope to escape just criticism in the discharge of the onerous and complicated duties which are soon to devolve upon me, but I do hope that I shall escape fatal error, and that it will appear, when my inadequate and brief work is done, that I have set before me, as the pole star of my public life, a patriotic purpose to promote the true glory of our country and the highest good of our people. God bless you every one! May the consolations of this Holy Book fill your lives with peace and make the last the best day of all your honorable lives."

A Valuable Invention for the Headlights of locomotives has been patented recently. It is an adjustment which allows the engineer to conveniently direct the light, as he may desire, to various points off the line. The lantern is supported on a frame or platform, which has a movement to right or left about a vertical axis, the operating mechanism leading back to the cab, so as to be within ready reach of the engineer. He is enabled, by this arrangement, to examine dangerous or doubtful parts of the road, and in stormy weather to turn the light upon threatening trees or masses of earth or rock upon either side, and at points which would be entirely out of reach of the light in its usual fixed position. It may be hoped that railroad directors will make full use of this invention, for it will greatly conduce to the safety of passengers to have the engineer able to examine dangerous parts of the road ahead of his train. It is a source of comfort to the Christian that in the dangerous parts of the road he has to travel to reach his heavenly mansion, he will be under the guidance of One in whom light dwells and who promises to bring him safely through. (Luke 1: 79.)

The Murder of a Party of Prospectors in a gold-mine is reported in a press dispatch from Cheyenne, Wyoming. Last fall a Mexican, named Miguel Martinez, with a party of his countrymen, stayed a few days in Cheyenne, on his way to the northern part of the Territory. Martinez said they were going to search for an old gold-mine which he believed to be rich in metal. He carried a chart with red tracing, which he said was blood. It was very old, and had, Martinez said, been made by an ancestor of his, who found the mine, but had been fatally wounded in a desperate fight among his companions about the ownership of the treasure. They were all killed; but before Martinez the elder died he had gathered his remaining

strength sufficiently to trace the chart with his blood, begging any one who found it to take it to Mexico to his family. The chart had been lost, but on its discovery last summer, Martinez, the descendant, with a few assistants, was going to locate the mine. The Cheyenne people heard no more of Martinez and his party until February 9, when some hunters reported that they had found the whole party dead at the mouth of the old San Salvador mine. They had evidently died fighting, for all the bodies were gashed and had bullet wounds. Whether they fought among themselves, or were attacked and killed by others, could not be discovered. It is evident, however, that the effort to obtain the gold from the mine cost Martinez his life, as it did his ancestor, and his companions died with him. Not so romantic, but still more disastrous, does the struggle for gold prove to some business men, for it involves them in the loss of their souls. (1 Tim. 6: 9.)

An Elegantly Framed Five-Cent Coin Set in a rich background of plush is hung up in a restaurant in Utica, N. Y. Its significance is perfectly understood by the citizens, especially by one man, of whose political ambition it is the gravestone. That man was a candidate last year for a county office, and visited the restaurant, where the Board of Registry at that time held its meetings. A box was placed there, into which public-spirited citizens dropped voluntary contributions, to pay for the dinner and supper of the Board, and the candidate's attention was called to it. He drew a handful of coins from his pocket, selected a nickel, and dropped that into the box as his contribution. That nickel, when it reached the restaurant keeper, who heard whence it came, was prized as a curiosity, and he had it set in plush, beautifully framed, and suspended in his place as a sign of the disposition of the candidate. He is always ready to tell its history to inquirers, and all who hear it realize that the man who gave the coin has no chance of ever being elected to office in that neighborhood. It is well for some penurious Christians that their hopes of eternal felicity cannot be so crushed. Yet they may be sure that God does not look with approval on small gifts to His cause from men able to give large ones, and whom He has redeemed at so stupendous a cost. (11 Cor. 9: 7.)

The Heroic Conduct of a Miner was Described at an inquest at Pottsville, Pa., on February 11. Two men were working in the Hammond Colliery, a few days previously, when one of them went up into the chamber to fire a fuse. The hole where the charge was placed was at the top of an eighteen-foot plank, elevated at an angle of seventy-five degrees. The man had placed in the stick of dualin, tamped the hole, and lighted the fuse. In coming down he started a great mass of coal, and was caught and crushed by an immense boulder against the wall of the breast. His companion, whose name is Dougherty, heard his scream, and looking up into the dark chamber, saw the sputtering fuse. Not knowing what had befallen his comrade, but knowing that if the shot went off he would surely be killed, at the great peril of his own life he climbed the steep plank, and pulled out the fuse within an inch of the powder. He descended safely, but his comrade was dead. The coal that fell on him before Dougherty pulled out the fuse had crushed the life out of him. His comrade's heroism did not benefit him. It will be so with many who will not benefit by the death of Christ, but, unlike the poor miner, their destruction will be their fault, not their misfortune. (John 5: 40.)

A Novel Roof to a Hothouse has been Made for a gentleman at Danbury, Conn. Finding that a large number of the panes of glass in the roof of a hothouse in his garden were broken, the structure not having been used for some time, he removed the entire roof, and had a new one constructed. Instead of using ordinary glass for the purpose, he went around to the photographers, and bought from them sufficient old negatives to fill the entire roof. He ar-

ranged them in groups. One represents the old gray-beards, who have long since gone to their rest. Next come men of middle age, who are now old and bent. The women follow, and then young men and young women, who are to-day grandfathers and grandmothers. The children represented by the negatives are married and have their children. In one corner, over the heliotrope bed, he has placed the lovers—those who, in the days before they were married, had their pictures taken holding each other by the hand. As the heliotrope is the floral emblem of love, he thought it would be appropriate for it to grow in the light that will shine through pictures of persons inflamed with the tender passion. It is but a pretty fancy; the plants will not grow any better because of the light reaching them through the pictures. But there are human lives growing up all around us from childhood to maturity that would grow much better if they lived in the light of Heaven, which should reach them through parents and friends who profess to have that light in them. (Matt. 5: 16.)

BRIEF NOTES.

"A Ten" of the King's Daughters has been organized in Berlin.

The Hon. Roswell P. Flower, with his brother, Anson R. Flower, are about to erect a Protestant Episcopal Church at Watertown, N. Y. They propose spending \$55,000 upon it.

John Powers, a boy of eleven years of age, living at Middletown, N. Y., has become a raving maniac, and the physicians say his affliction results from excessive cigarette smoking.

The Memorial Church to Adoniram Judson will be located on Thompson Street and Washington Square, New York. It will cost \$250,000, of which \$150,000 is already subscribed.

Rev. R. G. Pearson's meetings in Greenville, S. C., have been the means of adding over two hundred names to the membership of the churches of that city, beside those added to churches in outlying districts. Mr. Pearson's sermons are remarkably simple and powerful.

Colonel Hadley, formerly at the Jerry McAuley Mission in Water Street, New York, will have charge of the new mission opened at 158 East Forty-second Street, in connection with St. Bartholomew's Church; meetings will be held every night.

Gipsy Smith's services in the Nostrand Avenue M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., were continued last week with increasing interest. On February 12, at a special service in the afternoon a large number of the senior scholars of the Sunday-school went to the altar for prayer. Letters for Gipsy Smith addressed to this office will be forwarded to him.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society, asks us to remind our readers that Friday, February 22, is the National Christian Endeavor Day. Two methods of observance are suggested: Prayer for sister societies, and a thank offering to some Mission Board connected with the denomination to which the societies respectively belong.

Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea's friends at Guelph, Ontario, Canada, have presented him with a purse of \$100 as a token of their appreciation of the good work he has been enabled to carry on there. At his closing meeting on February 8, over 1,800 persons were present. During his stay in Guelph 550 persons have made a profession of faith, and have been proposed for church membership. Mr. Schiverea is now holding meetings in Toronto.

Fifty ladies of Prosser, Neb., attacked a saloon and gambling den on February 4, while it was crowded. They advanced upon it with aprons filled with lumps of coal, which they threw with precision. The windows, bottles, and everything breakable was broken, and the crowd, among which were husbands of some of the women, beat a precipitate retreat. The place had no license.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at La Crosse, Wis., are being much blessed. The *Republican* of that city says that on February 10 fully two hundred persons were converted. The new theatre, and the streets leading to it, were thronged long before the hour of opening the meeting by crowds anxious to obtain admission. During last week there was each day a Bible reading in the First Presbyterian Church in the afternoon, and an evangelistic service in the Congregational Church each evening.

Very Liberal Terms are Offered to any Person canvassing for subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Sample copies will be sent, postage paid, on application from any one desiring to undertake the work. Ministers and others will find it easy to obtain subscriptions. Send postal card for terms, and state number of sample copies required. Address The Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

STAGES OF THE SHEPHERD'S WORK.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Until he find it, . . . and when he hath found it, . . . and when he cometh home." Luke 15:4, 5, 6.

The Love of the Shepherd Very Practical—An Example for Under-Shepherds—I. The Search—An Anxious One—Earnest—Persevering—Not Abandoned Till Successful—In Spite of Discouragements—II. The Finding—Takes Fast Hold—The Gracious Lift—Distance Vanishing—Turning a Penny into Stone—Gratis Patients Kindly Treated—III. The Return—The Shepherd's Home—The Loss Known and Deplored There—Those Who Rejoice with the Shepherd—A Glorified Mother's Joy.

THE love of Jesus, the Great Shepherd, is very *practical* and active. There is a sheep lost, and the Lord regrets it; but His love does not spend itself in regrets; He arises, and goes forth to seek and to save that which was lost. The love of Jesus Christ is love not in word only, but in deed and in truth. The love of Jesus is *prevenient*. He does not wait until the sheep is willing to return, or until it makes some attempt to come back; but no sooner is its lost estate known to the Shepherd than He starts off, that He may find that which was lost. The love of Jesus to the lost sheep is *pre-eminent*. He leaves the ninety-and-nine in their pasture; and, for a while, forgets them, that all His heart, His eye, His strength may be given to the one that has gone astray. Oh, sweet love of Christ, so practical, so pre-eminent, so prevenient! Let us ask for grace, that we may imitate it—especially those of us who are called to be shepherds of men. Among God's people most of the saints have

A Charge to Watch Over.

However little the flock may be, even if it be restricted to our own family, or to the little class that gathers about us on the Sabbath, yet we are all our brother's keeper in some measure. Let us learn the love of Christ, that we may be wise in shepherdry. Let us not talk about our friends, and say we love them; but let us show it by earnest, personal, speedy endeavors to do them good. Let us not wait until we see some goodness—until they seek instruction. But

"Oh, come let us go and find them,
In the paths of death they roam."

And long before they have a thought of coming home, let us be on their track, eager to grasp them, if by any means we may save some. Oh to have in our hearts such love of souls that it engrosses us so that we forget earthly needs, and only remember this yet higher necessity!

In my text there are three periods to which I call your attention.

I. The Good Shepherd seeks the lost sheep

"Until He find it."

Just put a mark under those words. That is our first head—"Until He find it." It is a long reach "Until He find it." I like the expression. The Lord Jesus did not come down to earth to make an attempt to find men, but He came to do it, and He did it. He tarried here seeking the lost sheep till He found it; He never gave over till His work was done. At this hour, in His work of grace amongst His chosen, He does not make an attempt at their salvation, and suffer defeat; but He keeps at soul-seeking work until He find it.

Look at the seeking shepherd: he is looking for the sheep. Notice his anxious countenance "until he find it." We read that after he found it he rejoiced; but there is no rejoicing until he find it. He is all excitement, quick of ear to catch the faintest sound, for it may be the bleating of his lost sheep. I was about to say that he looks with ears and eyes together. He puts his whole soul into the organs of watchfulness, if peradventure he may discern the sheep. Is there a smile on his face? Ah, no! not until "he find it." His whole soul is in his eyes and ears until he find it.

This is a faint yet true picture of that Great Shepherd who came here to seek His flock. So the evangelists have drawn Him in their pen-and-ink sketches of Him—always watchful;

spending night and day in prayers and tears and entreaties; never more to have a joy until He find the lost one; then, when He did find a single sheep, finding His meat and His drink in it, and becoming refreshed from the fact that He has so far accomplished His beloved work. The Great Shepherd is all energy, care, and concentration of thought concerning His sheep, "until He find it." There is

No Hesitating With Jesus.

The sheep is lost, and the news is brought to the Shepherd; He girds His loose robe about Him, and is on the way. He knows within a little which way that stray sheep will go, and He is on his track at once, though He knows that He must mark that track with His blood. See the blessed Shepherd pressing on: there is no pausing nor resting "until He find it." He has made up His mind that no sheep of His shall be lost, and He hies over hill and dale after the wanderer until He find it.

If you look into that shepherd's face, there is no trace of anger there. He does not say, "Oh, that I should be worried with this silly sheep thus going astray!" No thought is there but that of anxious love. It is all love, and nothing else but love, before He finds and until He finds it; and you may be sure that careful tenderness will be in full action after He has found it. He is looking with anxious eye of love. "As I live," saith the Lord, "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but that he should turn unto Me and live." "Until he find it" there will be no thought of anxiety, but a fullness of pitying care for the lost sheep.

And, mark, there is *no giving up*. That sheep has wandered now for many hours. The sun has risen, and the sun has set, or, at least, it is just going down; but as long as the shepherd can see, and the sheep is still alive, he will pursue it "until he find it." He has been disappointed a great many times; and when he thought that he should have found it, he has missed it; but still, he will never give it up. He is impelled onward by irresistible love, and he must continue his weary search until he find it. It was precisely so with our Lord Jesus Christ. When He came after you and after me, we ran from Him, but He pursued us: we hid from Him, but He discovered us; He had almost grasped us, but so long as we eluded Him He still pursued with love unwearied until He found us. Oh,

If He Had Given Up

after the first ten years—if he had ceased to care for some of us after fifty different occasions in which we had choked conscience and quenched the Spirit, then we should have been lost. But He would not be turned away. If He determines to save, He continues to pursue the rambling sheep until He find it. He cannot, He must not, He will not, cease from the work of seeking and of finding till He find it. I wish to-night that the time were come with some here that it should be said, "The Saviour did pursue such and such a one until He found him—found him in the Tabernacle, and ended all his wanderings there—found him standing in yonder gallery, and ended all his wanderings at the 'foot of the cross.'" God grant that it may be so! but whether it be so with you or not, be ye sure of this—that the Lord Jesus has in hundreds and thousands of cases pursued sinners with unflagging mercy, leaping to them over hills of sin, and following them till He has found them. We are now His for ever and ever, for He who has found us will never lose us. Blessed be His name!

Learn this lesson before I pass on. If ever you are seeking the conversion of any man,

Follow Him Up

until you find him. Do not be discouraged. Put up with a great many rebuffs and rebukes: you will have him yet. He is surest to succeed who cannot be put off from his aim. From some it will be necessary to receive a great deal that is most discouraging. Receive it, and say nothing about it; only whisper to yourself, "I might well have put the Great Shepherd off from caring

for me; and yet He was not so turned aside. If He persevered with me even to the death, I may well persevere as long as I live in seeking and finding a soul. I have heard of wives who have pleaded with God for their husbands twenty years, and yet have seen them converted after all. There are instances in this place in which indefatigable love has followed up ungodly relatives until they have at last been saved by sovereign grace. Persevere with loving entreaties! Till you bury your unsaved ones, do not consider them dead; and do not bury them spiritually till they are dead really.

"Until he find it." Now nail your colors to the mast. "Until he find it." Go out, ye under-shepherds, for Christ. Wear this motto on your right hand. "Until I find it." Live or die, or work or suffer, whether the time be short or long, or the way be smooth or rough, let each one of you be bound to seek a soul "until he find it." You will find it then, even as Christ found you. There I leave that first point.

II. And now we come to the second—"And when he hath found it."

When He Has Found It,

what does he do then? Well, first, *he takes fast hold*. "He layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing." So when he has found it, the first thing is to get a tight grip of it. See him: he has got close up to the sheep. The poor thing is spent, and yet may have strength enough to get away, therefore the shepherd takes good care that he shall not. He grasps his legs and holds him tight. That is what the Lord Jesus does when at last He gets a man broken down under a sense of sin, spent and worn out as to further resistance of divine mercy. Our Lord gets such a grip of the rebel that he will never get away any more. I remember when He laid hold of me. He has never lost His grasp even to this day. But, oh, it was a grasp! Nothing ever gripped my fickle mind like the hand of Christ. When the divine hand, which fixed the foundations of the earth, had fixed itself on me, my wanderings were ended once for all.

The next thing after the fast hold was *the gracious lift*. He lifted this poor sheep up and put it on his shoulders, and there it was with all its weight, carried by powerful shoulders. That is what the Saviour does for poor weary sinners. He carries the weight of their sin, nay, the weight of themselves. He takes us just as we are, and instead of driving us back by His law, He carries us home by His love. Instead of urging us to go home, He becomes the great burden-bearer of His redeemed, and bears them on His shoulders. And now you have one of

The Loveliest of Portraits

that ever imagination can sketch—that great crowned Shepherd of the sheep. King of kings, and Lord of lords, bearing on His shoulders, as a burden He delights to carry, the sheep that had gone astray. Oh, I pray God that you may lie on those broad shoulders if you never have been so favored! The shoulders of omnipotence bearing up our weakness—the mighty Saviour bearing us and all our sin, and all our care, and our whole being upon the shoulders of His strength—this is a sight for angels.

And as He thus carries the weight, observe that the distance is removed. We read in the next verse, "When he cometh home," but there is nothing said about the road; for somehow our Master has the knack of being at home at once. The sinner may weary himself by twenty years of sin, but in five minutes that may all be gone. It may have taken you fifty years to make yourself such a hell-deserving sinner as you are, but it will not take Jesus fifty ticks of the clock to wash you, and make you whiter than snow, and to get you back into the great Father's house. Truth to tell, the Shepherd's redeeming work is done already. There is no weary journey back for Shepherd or sheep. He grasps the sheep; He puts it on His shoulders, and they are both back at the fold.

But the particular point I want you to notice is when the great Shepherd gets this burden on his back. We read, "When he hath found it,

he layeth it upon His shoulders"—with great anxiety? Look to see whether it is so. Nothing of the sort. But is it not, "He layeth it on his shoulders with great weariness"? No. See! See! "He layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing—rejoicing." He does not remember all the weariness that he has had to suffer. He does not think of the folly of his sheep in having lost good pasture, in having involved itself in so much danger, and in costing him so much labor. Not a word is mentioned of it. "He layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing." He says to himself, "I am

Glad to Carry This Burden: happy to carry my lost sheep home." And oh! I do love to picture to myself at this moment the joy in the heart of the blessed Christ. "For the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame." And now, whenever He gets a lost sheep to carry back—He rejoices. His heart leaps within Him. All anxiety is gone. Fullness of delight is upon Him. "He layeth it upon His shoulders rejoicing."

I wonder whether the sheep could see that the shepherd rejoiced. I do not suppose that it could; but it could feel it. There are two ways, you know, of handling a sheep, and the sheep very soon knows which expresses pleasure on its owner's part; at any rate, I am sure that a dog knows well enough what your movements mean. If you speak angrily to a sheep, and throw it upon your shoulder with indignation, that is one thing; but if you have not a word to say, except it be, "Poor thing, I am glad I have found you," and you cast it on your shoulders rejoicing, why, sheep as it is, it knows the difference. At any rate, I know that Christ has a way of saving us: oh, so gently, so lovingly, so gleefully, that He makes us happy in being saved. There is a way of

Turning a Penny Into Stone

or into gold according to the way in which you give it to a poor man. You can fling it at him as if he were a dog, and he will be about as grateful to you as a dog, or not so much. But there is a way in which you can say, "I am sorry for your needs. This is all I can afford you now. Take it, and do what you can with it." Given with a brotherly look, it will be gratefully received, and made the most of. There is much in the manner, as well as in the matter of a gift. The mannerism of Christ is grandly gracious: He saves us rejoicingly. It is a matter of thanksgiving to Him when He gets hold of His lost sheep, and gets it on His shoulders.

We are not saved by a grudging Christ, who seems as if He were weary of us, and must save us out of hand, to get rid of us. He does not act with us as some rude surgeon might do who says, "I will attend to you directly, but I have plenty else to do, and you *gratis* patients are a trouble." Nor does He roughly set the bone. No; Jesus comes, and, as with a lady's dainty hand, He moulds the dislocated joint; and when He sets it, there is bliss even about the method of the setting. We look into His face, and we see that He puts His tenderest sympathy into each movement.

You know the different ways which workmen have. Some kind of work a man is soon sick of. The principle of division of labor is a very admirable one for the production of results upon a large scale; but it is

A Miserable Business

for the workman to have to do the same thing over and over again, all day long, as if he were an automaton. Get a man at work at a statue—an artist whose whole soul is in his chisel, who knows that there is a bright spirit within that block of marble, and who means to chip off all that hides the lovely image from his sight. See how he works! No man does a thing well who does it sorrowfully. The best work that can be is done by the happy, joyful workman; and so it is with Christ. He does not save souls as of necessity—as though He would rather do something else if He might; but His very heart is in it, He rejoices to do it, and therefore He does it thoroughly, and He

communicates His joy to us in the doing of it. Now, learn a lesson before I go away to the third point. "When he hath found it." Suppose that any of you should very soon meet with a poor troubled sinner, anxious to come to Christ. When you have found him, let me recommend you to imitate the Master's example: get a tight grip of him. Do not let him slip. Get a hold of him; and then, if he is in trouble, take all that trouble upon yourself. Try whether you cannot get him upon your shoulders. Imitate your Master in that way. Try to bear all his burden for him, as Christ bore yours. Conduct him to the Christ who is the true burden-bearer; and all the while be very happy about it. I do not think we ought to go and talk to young converts in a dreadfully solemn tone, as though it would be something horrible to find a Saviour. They will never come again, you may depend upon it. They will give you a wide berth. But just go, and in a joyful spirit say, "I am so glad to find you caring about your soul!" The best thing that can happen to a soul-seeker is to meet with a troubled conscience; show that you think so.

III. "When He Cometh Home."

"When he cometh home, he calleth together his friends, and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." Some hurried observations. First, *heaven is a home*. "When he cometh home;" and the next verse says that it is heaven. Heaven is a home. Do you not like to think of it under that aspect? It is the home of Jesus; and if it is the home of Jesus can any other be equal to it? "When he cometh home."

Note, next, that *lost ones are known in heaven*. I give you that thought more from the Greek than from the English here. "When he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep—the lost one." That is how it should run. It is as if the friends knew that one had been lost, and the loss had been deplored; and the shepherd says, "I have found my sheep: you know which one—the lost one." Up there they know which are Christ's sheep, and which are lost. Heaven is nearer earth than some of us dream. And there are more communications between earth and heaven than some folk dream; for here it is clear that when the shepherd came home he said to them, "I have found the sheep," the lost one. So they knew all about it.

It is evident, again, that they all knew there that he had gone after the sheep, for he says, "I have found my sheep which was lost."

They All Knew

that he had gone on search, and therefore they could all understand his joy when he came back with the sheep. I believe that they know in heaven when Christ is seeking after any one. It must be a great satisfaction to some up there who die with an unconverted son, or an unconverted girl, to know, after a little while, son or daughter is converted to Christ. I am persuaded they know it. They cannot help knowing it, because they are Christ's friends and neighbors, and, according to the parable, He tells them, and He says to them, "Rejoice with Me," and if He says "Rejoice with Me," why, of course, He tells them why. If I had been converted after my mother's death, I can fancy that when Jesus said to all of them, "Rejoice with Me; for I have found My sheep, the lost one," my mother would say, "My Lord, I can rejoice more than any of them, for that was my boy, and he is saved at last." Your mother in glory will be twice glorified to-night, John, if you give your heart to Christ; and I pray that you may. Your father, now before the throne, will think that paradise has grown more paradisiac than ever if he hears it whispered down the golden streets that the wanderer has come home.

Notice, next, very briefly, that Jesus Christ loves other people to rejoice with Him, so that when He finds a sinner, He has so much love in His heart that His joy runs over, and He cries to others, "Come, friends, come neighbors,

come and help Me to be glad, for I have saved another soul." Let us catch the blessed infection. If you have just heard of somebody being saved, be glad about it. Though you do not know the person, yet be glad about it, because Jesus is glad.

Sing away, angels! There is something to sing about now; and we will join with you in blessing and praising the unchanging God for ever and for ever. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS. THE PLEBEIAN EMPRESS.*

ABOUT the close of the seventeenth century a female child was born in a condition of great poverty, in a little village in one of the remote provinces of Russia. The name given to her at birth was Martha, though this was subsequently changed. To add to the misery of her condition, she was born without the bonds of wedlock, an illegitimate child. Both the child and the mother were thrown for their support on the cold charity of an unfeeling world. When this poor child was but three years old her mother died. Like a frail leaf thrown out to the buffetings of a wintry torrent, she was cast forth alone upon life's troubled stream, to be the sport of its resistless tossings.

We will not follow her through all the strange vicissitudes of her early years. We pass at a bound over the fourteen years which elapsed after her mother's death. She is now a blooming, beautiful girl of seventeen. She is filling the position of waiting-maid in the house of a Russian officer. One day the officer has the honor to entertain at dinner Peter the Great, the Emperor of all the Russias. The orphan girl is on attendance at the table. The Emperor is interested in her appearance and smitten with her beauty. He has her removed to his own palace, makes provision for her education, and finally changing her name on embracing the religion of the Greek Church, that poor peasant orphan is raised to the throne, and figures on the page of history as Catherine, Empress of Russia.

An event like this is of rare occurrence in the annals of our race. The surprising change of which the Empress Catherine was the subject may be quoted as an illustration of the romance of history, but our text (Ps. 113: 7, 8) may be adduced as an illustration of the romance of revelation. It does not refer to a solitary case. It describes, not what God does in rare instances, as once in a century, but what He is doing all the time in the display of His grace to the children of men. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that He may set him with the princes, even with the princes of the people."

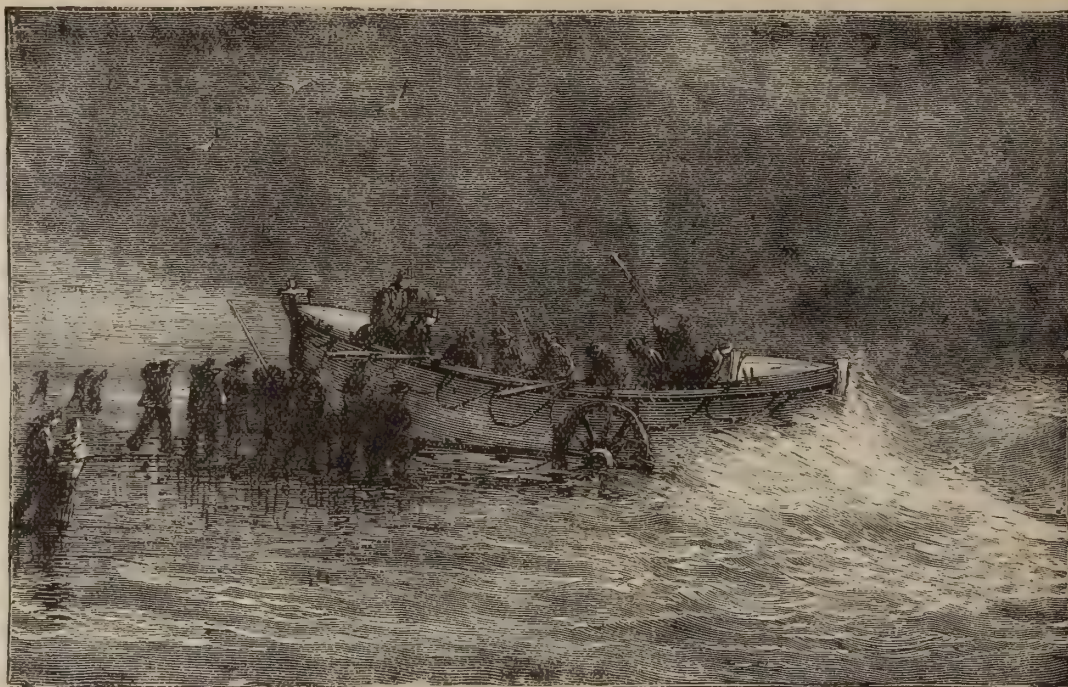
How Far is Heaven?

We have no direct information in Scripture as to the locality of heaven or its natural distance from our world. And yet we have some light given us on this point, both in the way of inference, and in the way of direct statement. Look at it inferentially. In the ninth chapter of Daniel we have an account of a visit which the angel Gabriel made to him. The prophet, it seems, had been spending a day in fasting, humiliation, and prayer in behalf of his captive countrymen, and their ruined city and temple. He was still earnestly pressing his supplications before the mercy-seat, when the angel stood by and touched him, about the time of the evening sacrifice, that is, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Gabriel told Daniel that he had received the command to come upon this mission, at the beginning of his supplication, and that being caused to fly swiftly, he had been able to accomplish his journey by the time stated. And if we knew exactly at what hour of the day Daniel began his devotions, and the rate of speed at which the angel urged his flight, we should be in possession of the elements that would enable us to solve satisfactorily the

* From "The Heath in the Wilderness." A volume of sermons, by the late Rev. Richard Newton, to which is added the story of his life and ministry. Pp. 374. Price \$1.50. Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York.



Gipsy Smith.



A Heroic Venture in the Lifeboat.

problem now before us. We could reduce to figures the number of miles that measure the distance of that far-off heavenly world from ours.

Well, then, as Daniel's devotions were ended at the time of the evening sacrifice, or at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, let us suppose they were begun at the time of the morning sacrifice, or at 9 o'clock A. M., then we have six hours for the time of the angel's flight. We know not what standard of speed was in Gabriel's mind when he spoke of the swiftness of his flight. But we happen to know the rate of speed at which another of God's servants actually flies. Light is one of God's servants. We know that it flies, say in round numbers, at the rate of 200,000 miles a second. Now let us think of Gabriel, another of God's servants, as flying at the same rate for six hours, and then we see how well we may speak of the place from which he came as a "far country." (Isa. 33: 17.)

GIPSY SMITH.

The English Evangelist.

THE young evangelist who is now commencing his mission in this country, and whose portrait appears on this page, is a remarkable illustration of what God's grace can accomplish without the aid of education and culture. He is a genuine gipsy, belonging to a well-known tribe, and in his boyhood he had a thorough experience of gipsy life. He was born on March 31, 1860, and is therefore not quite twenty-nine years old. At the age of seven he was bereaved of his mother. She died, as she had lived, in the family van, which at that time was halted in a quiet English lane. The poor woman had strayed sometime before into a Sunday-school, and it was a hymn she had heard there that filled her mind in her last hours. She was impressed with the solemnity of the approaching change, and made a last appeal to her husband to quit his drunken, profane ways and seek Christ. A slight improvement in his habits followed her death, but it was neither deep nor permanent. One profitable source of income was to play the violin in saloons and he taught his young son to dance to its strains, so that the father and son were not in congenial surroundings for a godly life. The father, however, attended an evangelistic meeting, was converted, and abandoned his evil ways. Shortly afterward the son also was brought to Christ, and was so much in earnest that he entered the Salvation Army.

From that day to this, Gipsy Smith has been engaged in evangelistic work. Since he left the Salvation Army the chief sphere of his labors has been the town of Hanley, in Staffordshire, England, where, among a population notorious for

godlessness, and brutality he has been used of God to accomplish a marvellous change. A large mission hall has been crowded nightly for several years, and many of the most depraved people in the town have been saved. His success there attracted the attention of the churches of other towns, and he has been invited to conduct mission services in various parts of the country. Letters which he holds from many eminent ministers of different denominations, notably Rev. C. Garrett, ex-president of the Methodist Conference, and the Rev. Charles Berry, whom Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, unanimously invited to succeed Mr. Beecher, testify to the remarkable awakenings which have followed Gipsy Smith's labors. We sincerely hope that the blessing of God may follow him in like manner in his work on this side the Atlantic.

A CALL FOR THE LIFEBOAT.

(See Illustration.)

No more courage and daring is displayed in any labor than in that of the men who man the lifeboats of the United States Life-Saving Service, and of the various kindred services established by the sea-girt States. The scene depicted in the illustration may be witnessed frequently by the visitor at the towns on the coasts. Especially on the dangerous shores of Massachusetts there is frequent occasion through the winter months for this desperate and perilous work. It is marvellous how promptly and unhesitatingly the men who man the boats answer a call to duty, and risk their lives to save those of persons whom they have never seen. One heroic crew at Hull, three months ago, ventured out one night in what seemed to be certain destruction, and went back and forth to a wrecked ship all night long, bringing safe to land twenty-six persons.

While it is impossible to praise too highly the devotion of these brave men, or to give too great honor to their occupation, the value of their work is surpassed by that of the Christian Church in the world. Souls around us are in danger of perishing eternally, and there is no hope of salvation for them but in the message the Church takes to them, that through Christ, whosoever will may be saved.

DR. RANDALL'S VISITOR.

(See illustration on page 125.)

FROM the parsonage window the prospect looked as cheerless as could be imagined. The rain was falling with a steadiness that promised a long spell of it, and the dense black clouds above and all around confirmed the promise. Dr. Randall shivered as he looked out, and turned to the cosy open fire in his study with a

feeling of comfort. But he was a conscientious man, and taking up a manuscript book from the table ran his eye carefully over its pages.

"No," he said, "there is no one whom I ought to visit this morning; the only three cases of sickness in the congregation I saw yesterday. I may spare this morning for those new books."

He glanced with a scholar's affection at several volumes on his study table, and drew his chair up for a morning's quiet reading. It was his greatest luxury, all the more enjoyable from the fact of its rarity. As a young man he had been a diligent student, and his university record proved that, had he continued his labors, his name would have been known in his own country and in Europe as that of a man of brilliant attainments. But Dr. Randall chose the humbler path of Christian usefulness, and, when he settled down among the people of his charge, he devoted his time to visiting the poor and the sick, and to devising means for improving the spiritual and material condition of the poverty-stricken people around him. His love of scholarship was not dead; but it was subdued by the higher and nobler activities of practical Christianity. His mission chapels at night, his schools in the day, and the abodes of poverty and sickness at all hours, were gladdened by his presence; and the hours spent in his library were few. It was, therefore, with rare pleasure that he sat down to a morning's reading.

His pleasure, however, was speedily interrupted. A little flaxen head appeared at the door opened just wide enough to admit it, and a child's voice said, "Papa, dear, there is a man in the hall wants to see you so badly, and Mary won't let him in because he is all wet, and his shoes are muddy."

"Tell Mary I will see him," said Dr. Randall, with a sigh. The interruption was not welcome, but if it was his Master's business that called him, that was the first consideration; and the clergyman turned his chair around to receive his visitor.

It was a man of rough exterior, and there were traces on his clothing, in white smears, of his occupation. His shoes were muddy, as the child had said, and a stream of water dripped from the umbrella he still held in his hand. Dr. Randall motioned courteously to a seat, but the stranger shook his head.

"I am only going to stay a minute, sir," he said. "I'm not one of your people, and I don't know as you'll do what I want, but if you will I'll be grateful. It's only fair to tell you I don't believe in churches nor preachers, and I've said some pretty hard things against them in my

time. I never expected to ask a favor of a clergyman, but we don't know what we'll do when love drives."

"What do you want me to do?" Dr. Randall asked, kindly. "I'm not prejudiced; if I can oblige you, I will."

"Why, you see, sir, I have a little daughter, only twelve years old. She's all the world to me. I'm a poor man, but Mamie's worth more to me than the best treasure in the world. She's sick, sir, and the doctor says she'll die. Will you come and see her some time to-day? It's a rough day, but to-morrow it may be too late." The man brushed a tear away as he spoke. "I would not ask you, sir, for she's so pure and innocent that she does not need any preacher, but she goes to your Sunday-school, and she's set her heart on seeing you. I couldn't refuse her, though it goes against the grain."

"Certainly I will see her," said the clergyman; "wait a minute, and I will come with you now."

The man glanced at his working-clothes, as if to deprecate the clergyman's walking through the streets in his company. "I ain't dressed," he said, "just fit for you to walk with, but it's very kind of you."

"Oh, never mind that. In my work we think more of the man and the soul within him than of his clothes. Come along."

The man was evidently pleased by the clergyman's promptitude, and as they walked together through the streets he told his companion all about Mamie, her gentle, loving ways, and her goodness and intelligence. "I did not like her coming to your school, I admit," he said, "but it never hurt her. She didn't have airs or put on at all, but was just as good as ever."

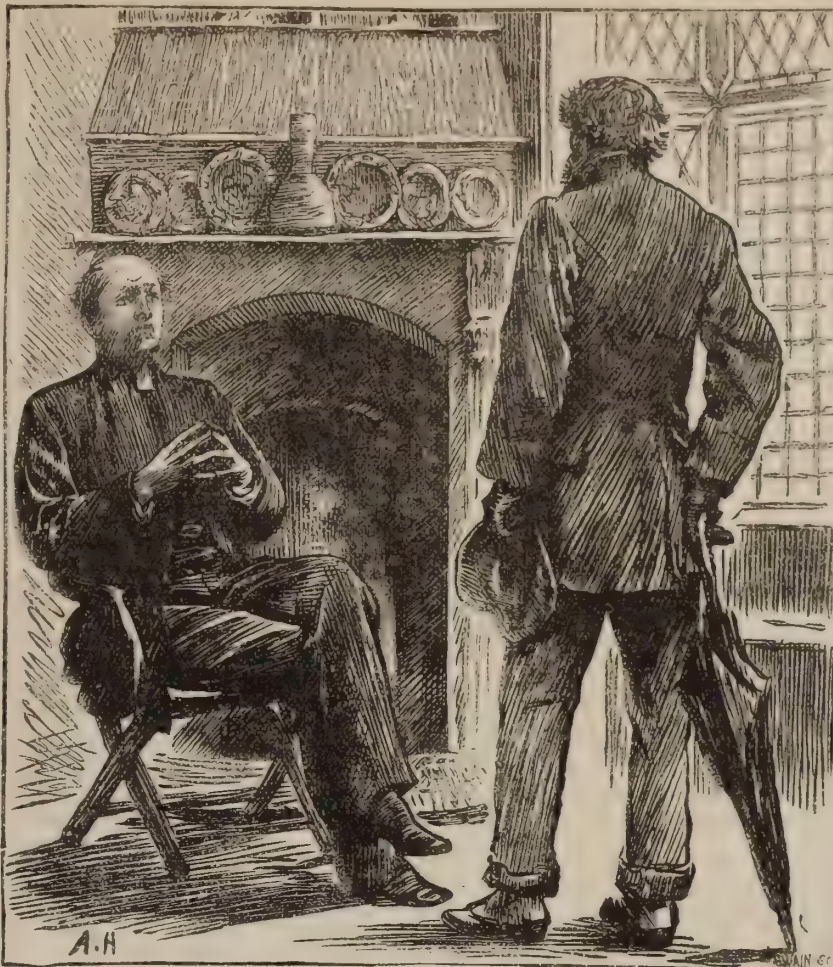
The child's wan face brightened as the clergyman entered her room, and in a weak voice she thanked him for coming. Dr. Randall stooped, and kissed her, and asked her if she felt very sick.

"It is not that, sir," she said; "I am not in much pain. It is father, sir, I want to ask you about. I suppose I shall die—the doctor says so—and I want to ask you to try to get father to be a Christian. He says things against religion, but he's a good man. He's very kind and good, and I love him so I'm sure he'd be a Christian if he only knew. Please tell father that Jesus loves him. He thinks I don't know. If you talked to him like you talk to us at school, he'd believe it, and then he'd love Jesus."

The child's tone was so earnest, her concern for her father so sincere, and her faith in the power of Jesus' love to draw him so strong, that the clergyman's eyes moistened as he looked at her. "I will do as you wish, Mamie," he said; "God helping me, I will try to bring him to the Saviour." Turning to where the man stood behind him, he drew him gently to Mamie's side, and said, "You will let me be your friend for Mamie's sake, will you not?"

The man was too much overcome to speak, but he grasped Dr. Randall's hand, and the child's face broke into a smile of satisfaction as she saw the clasped hands. "Dear father," she said, "I'm sure you will love Jesus when you know about Him, and then when you die I will come to meet you."

The man flung himself on his knees by the bed, and his strong frame shook with his sobs. Dr. Randall, with his hand resting on the father's shoulder, knelt beside him, and prayed earnestly that light might come into his soul, and that Jesus would reveal Himself to him as a loving Saviour. The prayer was answered. The



Dr. Randall's Visitor.

soul that would have been proof against argument was melted and touched by the love of Christ.

To the surprise of all, Mamie did not die, but lived to see her father a sincere, humble Christian.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 111.)

Heart-Broken Wives and Mothers.

MADAME BALIF listened eagerly as I told my story; and when at length she began to understand what was meant by it, she thought that I must be playing some unseasonable joke upon her, and showed as much in her countenance. But when she saw that I really was in earnest, she sprang up, and cried out, "Oh, heaven! what a beastly religion! How dared your husband and you come to us Swiss with such a filthy religion as that? My eyes sank before her as she turned on me with mingled rage and disgust, as if she would wither me with her contemptuous looks. I felt as humbled as if I myself had been the author of the Revelation. "And does my Serge believe this?" she cried.

I assured her that he did believe it, and she paced the room, to and fro, as if she would go crazy; my heart ached for her. She gave way to a perfect storm of indignation, and then sobbed and cried like a child who had lost its mother. I was silent, for I knew how she must feel, and I felt that she would be relieved by tears. I had gone through the trial all alone, without one word from a woman's heart that could reach my own. And I tried to comfort her. I remembered how I had felt myself, and I believed that thus it was now with her.

How little did we either of us imagine the story she would afterwards tell me in Utah!

I tried to soothe her, and she threw her arms passionately round me, and pressed me to her throbbing heart, and wept again. She thought of her husband and her little girls. But with

all her fears she dreamed not how miserable was the life that she was destined subsequently to live at the Salt Lake in poverty and polygamy.

Madame Balif was herself handsome in form and fair in feature, and in the full enjoyment of all that could be desired in her sphere of life, and was as happy as a youthful wife could be. She pictured to herself a time—not now; her Serge loved her too truly now—when her husband might cast his eyes upon some blooming damsel, younger than she was then, and might begin to take a nearer interest in polygamy. She pictured him bestowing on the youthful beauty the love and tenderness which he had always bestowed on her; how his affections would die out towards her; how her heart would be desolate and alone!

I took her hand in mine and spoke very gently to her; and when she was calmer I talked to her more freely. We found now, as we tried to look our common enemy in the face, how strong a hold Mormonism had taken of us; and it is in this that persons unacquainted with the Saints have so greatly misjudged the women of Utah; they know how small a hold such a religion—now they look upon Mormonism and polygamy as identical—would have upon themselves; and they forget how all-absorbing was our faith in Mormonism without it. We confided not wisely, but too well.

In the early history of the Mormons it is almost universally one and the same story: "Persons were found discontented with the established forms of religion; they were longing for something that had more soul vitality, something that warmed the instinctive heroism of the heart, something that could make them 'rejoice in tribulation' and be willing to forsake all for the Gospel's sake." The world is not overcrowded with persons of this condition of mind, but to a certain extent they are to be met with everywhere.

These were the feelings that produced such a rich harvest of converts in the early days of Mormonism. That which was unscriptural and degrading was hidden from view; the wolf was carefully concealed in sheep's clothing. The announcement of the Mormon missionaries, that angels were again visiting the earth, and that elders were once more being sent forth, "without purse or scrip," to gather the lost sheep of the house of Israel, was the very tidings that some persons had longed to hear. It is a pleasant thing to believe one's self miraculously visited.

The faith of such a missionary inspired faith in the hearers. They saw that he practiced what he professed, and his very poverty, joined with his earnestness, stamped him with honesty of purpose, attained for him a hearing, and awoke the sympathy of his hearers. He was invited home, and there, amidst the family circle, he related his experience, both temporal and spiritual, and delivered to them the tidings of a New Dispensation, in which all are brethren, and where equality and fraternity are practiced as well as preached, and where all are invited to partake of greater gifts.

What wonder, then, that many were deceived, and gladly accepted what appeared to them an advanced state of Christianity? Alas! had they but followed the apostle's injunction, where he says, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world," they would not have been so easily

deceived. But neglecting this, and taking it for granted that Smith was a true prophet, they were led away by a lying spirit. But as it was, the religious teachings which we had implicitly received, both before and after we embraced Mormonism, alike combined to blind us to the truth.

In this state of mind we knelt, and prayed for the Lord to increase our faith in that very doctrine which in our hearts we cursed and hated; and on our knees we wept again; and natural feelings of repugnance mingled with an earnest struggle to submit to the will of God. Madame Balif had not so much faith in Mormonism as I had, and she had consequently less to trouble her in that respect; but she loved her husband, and she knew that he was determined to go to Zion as soon as he could; and then, not only would all the luxuries of a happy home be sacrificed, but all her anticipations of the future were overshadowed by a terrible apprehension. Thus we were equally troubled, though I had to endure most, as the task of teaching the heresy fell upon me. I did at last manage to persuade her not to offer any active opposition to the alleged "revelation," but I could not satisfy her that all was right. She even went so far as to promise to try to overcome her own feelings, for if it was really true she did not wish to be found fighting against the Lord.

She had, however, hardly ceased speaking when the thought of her little daughters crossed her mind, and once more she paced the room like an enraged tigress, declaring angrily that "no polygamist should ever marry either of her sweet girls." I had felt like this for my own darling Clara. I had now a companion in misery, some one who could sympathize with me. Even had my husband detested the abominable doctrine as I did, he could not have comforted me as a woman and a mother could. My poor friend could feel as I felt, and her sympathy was very dear to me: misery loves companionship; we were sisters in affliction. Not only so; Madame Balif declared that this painful task should not rest on me alone; she would help me in speaking to the sisters. Thus we helped each other in the time of our trouble.

It must have been about this time that I received another letter from my friend Mary Burton. The post-mark is quite indistinct, but a week or two one way or the other does not signify much. In her usual quick and impulsive manner she gave me in her letter *her* views of the vexed question, and perhaps the reader would like to hear what she said.

"I am very miserable, sister Stenhouse, and furiously indignant. I little thought when I last wrote to you that I should have such news to tell; but I suppose you know it all without my saying a word. How we all felt when we first learned the real nature of Mormonism, no words of mine can describe; we hardly dared look one another in the face. Let me tell you how it was. One night, quite late, Elder Shrewsbury came round in a hurry, and asked particularly to see me. I went down into the parlor to meet him, and Mrs. Elsworth came down also, and remained until he went away. Elder Shrewsbury looked very strange that night, just like a man who had been doing something very wrong and was ashamed of it.

"He excused himself for coming so late, but he said he had only just received some important news, and could not rest until he had seen us. He had been round at the Conference House, in Jewin Street, and had there seen a good many of the Elders. They were all talking earnestly upon the same subject, for that day they had received, not only letters from the Mormon Apostle at Liverpool, but also copies of the *Millennial Star*, with the alleged 'revelation' in it, which I suppose you have seen. Of course it was simply impossible for them to doubt any longer, but most of them felt it was a cruel blow. Elder Shrewsbury said they looked at one another, but did not dare to speak. Nearly all of them had been anxiously trying to get rid of the false scandal, as they supposed

that accusation to be; and in public, in their sermons, and in private to all the weak brethren, they had over and over again solemnly declared that polygamy was unheard of among the Saints, that it was only a Gentile lie; and they had proved from the Bible, and from the Book of Mormon, that a doctrine so sinful could never be believed or practiced by God's people.

"Now all this would be thrown in their teeth. Those who hated Mormonism would revile them for it, and, worse still, the Saints themselves would despise and doubt them for the falsehoods which many of them had innocently told. Who could tell where all this would end? When they were found to have been grossly deceived in such a matter, about which it was so easy to arrive at facts and certainty, who would trust them concerning other doctrines, which depended upon their veracity and testimony alone?

"Then, too, there was worse to be said about the American elders and apostles. Who could believe that Orson Pratt or Lorenzo Snow knew nothing of that unholy doctrine? And yet they denied it in the most solemn way. And, oh, Sister Stenhouse, think of the Apostle Taylor calling God to witness his truthfulness when he proved from the Book of Covenants that they had no such thing as the doctrine, and all the while he had himself *five wives* in Salt Lake City! Elder Shrewsbury told us all this, but he spoke slowly and disjointedly, like a man whose mind is troubled. He said he hardly knew what he was doing. Then he gave Mrs. Elsworth a copy of the *Star*, and he asked me, too, to read the so-called revelation carefully before I condemned it.

"I exclaimed, 'I hate and despise it, and you, and Mormonism, and all!' I was quite in a fury, and I *did* feel as if I hated him then. He did not answer me; he seemed too much grieved to utter a word; but I did not pity him. I felt that men who would invent such a revelation as that for their own wicked purposes deserved all the condemnation it was possible to pronounce upon them.

"As he was about to leave he said, mournfully, 'Sister Mary, I know you have good cause for anger; but be just. I have been just as much deceived as ever you have been. It has unsettled all my faith; even our best and most tried missionaries are shrinking from it. Do not blame me for what I have not done. I never deceived you about it.'

"How can I tell that?' I said. 'If the Mormon Apostles thought nothing of deceiving us, and perjury themselves, how can I trust *any* one? If they had only held their tongues, I should have thought it wrong of them to passively let us be deceived; but you yourself know how solemnly they affirmed that it was all false. I tell you, fairly, I sincerely hate them.'

"The apostles,' he said, '*had* told some who were strong enough in the faith to hear it, all the truth, but "they gave us milk;" we were babes and our faith was weak.' 'Nonsense,' I said, 'to tell me such stuff as that! To call lies and perjury "milk"! Nice food for babes, indeed! Why, it's monstrous to talk so!'

"I cannot help it, Sister Mary,' he said; 'I am more sorry than I can tell you—but what can I do?'

"I did not answer him; and after a few moments he said: 'Mary, I want to speak to you *alone* about these things. Can I see you to-morrow evening, if I call?'

"I wish you would not call me Mary any more, Elder Shrewsbury,' I said; 'it is too familiar *now*. We have been far too friendly; but, thank heaven! I have found out in time, and know how to act.'

"He went away looking most miserable. Then I went to my own room, and tried to think the matter out. If I were married, as you are, Sister Stenhouse, and if my husband believed in the 'revelation,' I think I should go crazy. As it was, I felt it terribly. You know, dear, I told you that I *liked* Elder Shrewsbury very well, but nothing more. Well, that was very

true *then*, but now I know that it was not all the truth. I take care that he shall never know what I think of him, but I know that he is not the same to me as other people. I do not think I love him; no, I'm sure I don't *now*; but I do feel a great deal of interest in him. That night, however, I felt very angry with him. That he had been deceived I knew, and also that he must have felt sorry for having deceived me; and, if he cares for me, he must have felt uneasy for what I might say or do, now the doctrine was proclaimed.

"Well, the more I thought of it, the more angry I became, and I couldn't sleep all night. The next morning I wrote a little note to Elder Shrewsbury, saying that after all that had happened I had fully resolved not to see him again. Many of my friends, I said, were married, and could not help themselves, but I both could and would. The Mormon sisters I should ever pity and love; but as for the Mormon men, I would never have anything to say to one of them as long as I lived. I did not want to be unkind to him personally, but I really could not trust anyone now. Then I showed this note to Mrs. Elsworth, and asked her to give it to Elder Shrewsbury when he came.

"He came, of course, and he came again and again; but I would not see him; and I did not even go to the meetings for fear of coming across him there. He had long talks with Mrs. Elsworth, and tried to get her to interfere, and at last he sent me a long letter, entreating me not to refuse him. I was cooler now, and when Mrs. Elsworth said I ought at least to see him, even if I dismissed him, then I agreed to do so, and the next night he came. He was very humble that night. You know what torrents of eloquence he pours forth about anything that interests him, and how earnest he is. But then all his eloquence had fled. He hesitated and blundered, until I really quite pitied him. He came and sat by me, and would have taken my hand, but I would not let him. He did not tell me that he loved me, but he spoke as if I were conscious of the fact; and you know, of course, I couldn't help feeling that he cared for me, whether he spoke about it or not.

"He assured me over and over again that though he had often heard the scandal, as I had done, he did not for a moment believe it; he said that he should *never* himself act up to the 'revelation;' that if he loved, it should be an undivided and all-absorbing love; that he would rather have less glory in eternity with *one* whom he could really love, than obey the 'revelation' enjoining plurality of wives and obtain a promised higher position.

"All this time he hardly once looked at me, but when I did see his eyes, they seemed very sorrowful and very earnest. I confess to you that what he said made me feel very differently for him. For a man of his ability and talents, who has such an influence, and wins so much respect from every one he meets, to be sitting there, all bashful, like a naughty child, before a young girl like me, and all because he loved me, certainly made me feel for him a pity which was near to love.

"I told him that I had quite resolved, now such a doctrine was acknowledged, never to see him again, except as I might see the other Elders at meeting. I said I believed I was still a good Mormon, as Mormons used to be; but I would never receive the evil doctrine, or be more than an ordinary friend to any who did believe it. After that I only saw him at the meeting. And oh, dear, you should see what meetings we have now! Half the people don't attend, and everything is so cold and lifeless! Some of our most earnest elders never come; and it is said among the brethren that this doctrine will produce the greatest apostasy which our Church has ever seen. Everyone seems ashamed of it. And now, dear, I have written you a terrible long letter, but you must please forgive me, for I have no one to whom I can open my heart except to you. Kiss the babies,

please, for me; and write soon to your most affectionately loving MARY BURTON."

Poor Mary Burton! I said, as I folded up her letter; but it is better for her to suffer a little now, than for her to have been married first, as I was, and then, when too late to retrace my steps, to discover their false doctrines.

(To be Continued.)

JESUS THE MESSIAH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for March 3, Mark 8: 27-38, and 9: 1. Golden Text, Mark 8: 34.

The Pharisees Still Asking Signs—The Warning Against Them—A Religion of Doing—No Contact with God—Why Jesus was not the Messiah They Wanted—The Sadducees Equally Dissatisfied—Their Idea of a Messiah—The Disciples Also Looking for an Earthly King—Peter's Avowal of Faith—A Revelation not a Discovery—Ignominy not Glory to be Looked For—Self-Denial a Rule for all Christians.

THE great Teacher, Jesus, continued His work of teaching and healing. Multitudes had gathered to hear Him, and multitudes had twice been fed miraculously, both in soul and body; and all the sick among them healed; and He had stilled the winds and waves on the lake of Gennesareth. Yet, after all these proofs that He was God, and the true Messiah who should come into the world, the Pharisees sought from Him a sign from heaven! but Jesus "sighed deeply in His spirit." What sign could there be to convince them, if His mastery over winds and waves, over sickness, and death itself, did not convince them that He was the Messiah? He left them, and departed to the other side of the sea, and charged His disciples to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the leaven of Herod. These two sects were very unlike in doctrine, yet both of them were opposed to Jesus. The Pharisees were religious to a fault. As far as *doing* was concerned, no one could find fault with them: they were exact in all religious duties, prayers, fasting, almsgiving, tithes—nothing was neglected; but in all this religion there was

No Contact With God.

"All their works they do for to be seen of men." (Matt. 23: 5.) They were perfect without a Saviour, in their own eyes, and they wanted no Messiah except He should justify and strengthen them in their self-righteousness. One like Jesus, whose spirit and life were so exactly unlike theirs, was most unacceptable as the Messiah. They wanted a Messiah who would admire and encourage them, and praise them for their zeal, and they found in Jesus One who saw through their unreality and self-sufficiency, and who made them feel ill at ease in His presence. The Sadducees were the free-thinkers of those days, who prided themselves on their intellectual superiority, and felt very disinclined to learn from One who had no earthly pretensions, and who referred everything to His unseen Father who was in heaven. Both Pharisees and Sadducees wanted an earthly Messiah who could make a show in the world. What if Jesus had mastered the winds and the waves, He had not rid them from the Roman yoke! what if He had fed the multitudes, and had some incomprehensible and supernatural power, He only used it for the poorest and most ignorant of the people, and probably the reports had been much exaggerated! So say the wise and prudent. "Except ye receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, ye shall in no case enter therein." The leaven of Herod was pronounced unbelief. Thus Jesus warned His disciples to beware of all which was not real contact with God. But

They Misunderstood Him,

and thought He reproached their forgetfulness in taking no bread with them in the ship. Was this likely to be a difficulty with Him who had so marvellously multiplied the loaves on the mountain-side? He said, "Why reason ye, because ye have no bread? Perceive ye not yet, neither understand? Have ye your heart yet

hardened? Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember? When I brake the five loaves among five thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? They say unto Him, twelve. And when the seven among four thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? And they said, seven. And He said unto them, How is it that ye do not understand?" Alas! the disciples, like the Pharisees, looked at things too much from an earthly instead of a heavenly standpoint. When Jesus fed the multitude the first time, they did not take His wonderful intervention as such a light upon His character and His care for them that they had nothing more to fear. On the contrary, the same night they were filled with anxiety and terror, "They considered not the miracle of the loaves, for their heart was hardened" (Mark 6: 52); and they knew and understood Jesus no better than before. Oh how often in our life have we thus grieved Jesus with our stupidity, and our slowness of heart to understand Him! He wills that every circumstance shall be an occasion to learn more of Him. "All things are for your sakes, that the abundant grace might, through the thanksgiving of many, redound to the glory of God" (11 Cor. 4: 15)—every circumstance the occasion of "abundant grace," and each one an opportunity for thanksgiving!

"And Jesus went out, and His disciples, into the towns of Cæsarea Philippi; and by the way He asked His disciples, saying unto them,

Whom Do Men Say That I Am?

And they answered, John the Baptist; but some say, Elias; and others, One of the Prophets." Anybody and everybody but the true Messiah! And why? Because Jesus did not respond to the world's idea of what a Messiah should be. The world's idea is that education and the highest culture of all his own powers is to bring about the blessedness and the perfection of man. Thus Jesus, who chose as His disciples some of the poorest and most ignorant of the people, could not, in its idea, be the Messiah; therefore, they must give the rein to their imagination, and think that one of the prophets had risen again! Oh how perverse is the heart of man!

"But whom say ye that I am?" Oh the patience of Jesus! How often have we put it to the proof when, again and again, we have misunderstood Him! And yet in His marvellous patience He has waited until we would hear what He had to say to us! After all the hardness of heart, and the misunderstanding of the disciples, He put the question to them, "Whom say ye that I am? And Peter answereth and said unto Him,

Thou Art the Christ."

At last there was one man on earth out of those whom He came to save, who recognized in Him his Messiah! Devils had acknowledged Him before, but Peter was the first disciple who had dared to acknowledge, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And the heart of Jesus rejoiced, and He said, "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 16: 17.) It was no clever discovery of Peter's, but a revelation from God, and therefore Peter had no cause to be exalted. Jesus "charged them that they should tell no man." The life of Jesus in their midst was sufficient witness to that generation. "The works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of Me, that the Father hath sent Me." (John 5: 36.) The time for the testimony to Jesus was yet to come.

And now for the first time—now that they had at last arrived at the conclusion that the wondrous man they followed was indeed the Christ of God—He "began to teach them that the Son must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again." His ministry of suffering was utterly unforeseen by them. They had counted on glory in the present world, in which, when

Jesus was recognized, they should have a share; but a Saviour who should be killed and rise again, this was new, and they understood it not. "He spake that saying openly." And that same Peter who had recognized His Messiahship, now took advantage of his position, and began to rebuke his Lord. If something had been revealed to him which the other disciples had not understood, he was upon a higher platform than they, and of course he thought he might take liberties which the others might not. Oh how easily poor human nature is exalted! Peter rebuked his Lord, and said, "Be it far from Thee, Lord" (or "Pity Thyself Lord"); "this shall not be unto Thee." (Matt. 16: 22.) Oh how blind was Peter to the vocation of his Lord! Jesus rebuked him, saying, "Get thee behind Me, Satan; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men." Self-pity is of men, self renouncement of God.

And then He taught the people and the disciples together, "Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

Whosoever!

There are many who think it quite right for missionaries and evangelists to lead a life of self-denial, and to put God first in everything, but they think that for *them*, holding as they do a certain position in society, or occupied as they are in some particular business, they must, of necessity, do as others do in everything. Of course it is impossible to make rules for the details of life, but the rule of rules for the child of God is, "He died for all, *that* they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." (11 Cor. 5: 15.) "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord," and Jesus was made "perfect through suffering." Yet with Jesus there is ever the resurrection side. With Him, death leads to life, sickness to healing, temptation to victory, sorrow to joy, weakness to strength.

"Behold I Make All Things New"

(Rev. 21: 5.) "For whosoever will save his life,"—seek his own interests, take care of his own reputation, undertake to manage his own health, fight his own battles—"shall lose it." It is the invariable rule that everything which we undertake for our own sake, and by our own efforts, fails us, and ends in disappointment. "But whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, and the gospel's"—whosoever shall be a living sacrifice, taking everything that comes from God, choosing nothing, refusing nothing from Him, yielding everything, and withholding nothing—"the same shall find it." The life of one who lives to please himself is a living death, a continual disappointment. Seeking for himself all which was designed for God, he gets neither God nor what he seeks for. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul (or life)?" What can a man do with food without an appetite, riches without health, power to do good but no heart to do it, a great treasure on earth, and obliged to leave it! Oh how different is the life of one who has taken God into everything, and yielded everything to God! With him everything is a gain, everything is welcome, because he sees God in all. "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words . . . of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed," but he who owns Jesus shall He confess before His Father who is in heaven.

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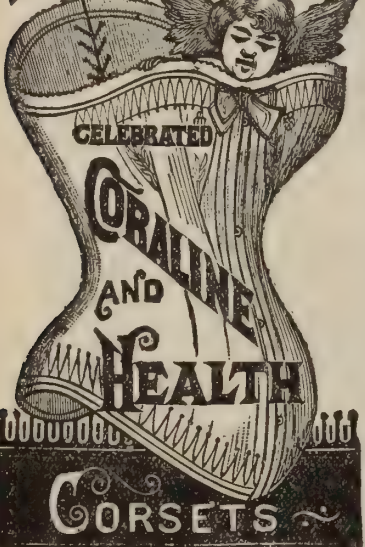
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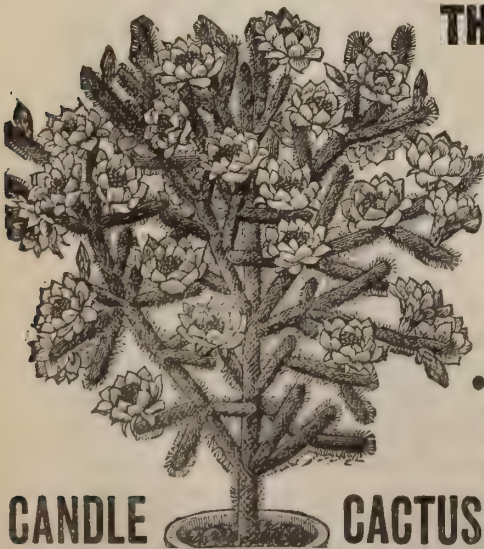
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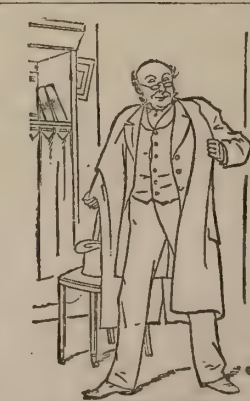


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"Why sighest thou?" and the ghost solemnly
"Mefought thy cough had ere this struck thee
"Dost know my secret?" "Nay, let's com
spell?"
"Not so, come to-morrow night, when I'll th
The spectre vanished, but arrived next night,
And filled the room with medicinal light.
A smile o'er Ben Adhem's face then broke,
And with voice majestic the wise man spoke:
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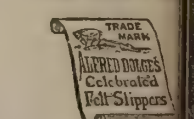
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THE CHRISTIAN FERALD

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1889, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XII., No. 7. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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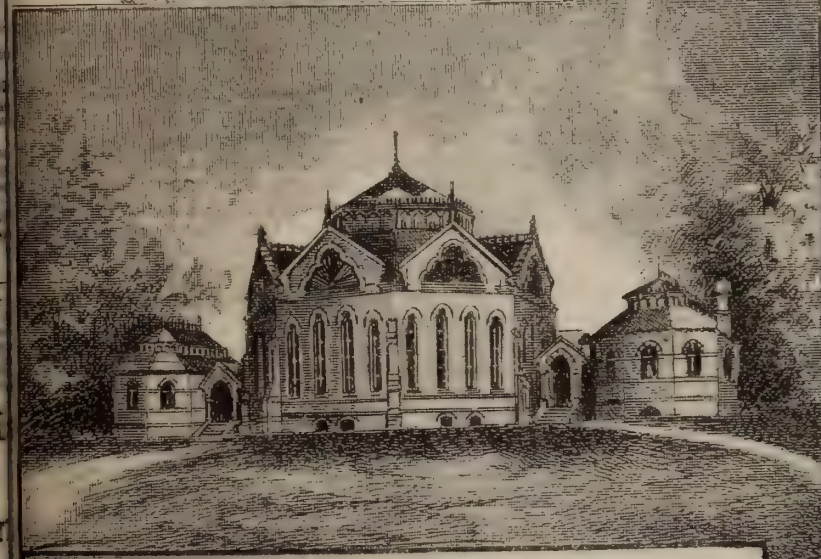
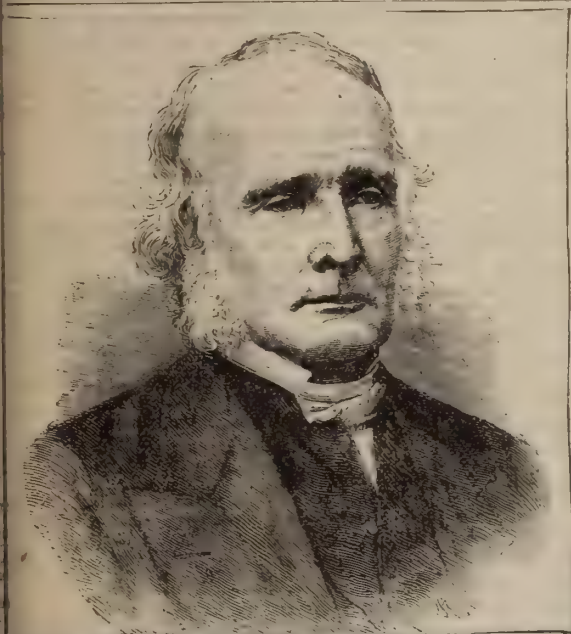
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REV. JAMES McCOSH, D. D., LL. D., and REV. FRANCIS PATTON, D. D., LL. D., Ex-President and President of Princeton University.

REV. JAMES McCOSH, D. D., LL. D.,
Ex-President of Princeton.

The Second Scottish President—Witherspoon's Grand Work—A Visit to Princeton—Dr. McCosh's Methods of Work—Birth and Early Life—Licensed to Preach—Joins the Free Church—His Valuable Services—Becomes Professor at Belfast—Visit to America—Invited to Princeton—Growth of the College—His Resignation—A Characteristic Utterance.

IT is a singular coincidence that the pre-eminence of Princeton College, its reputation, its power, and its prosperity, are mainly due to the energy of two Scotchmen. Dr. McCosh, the ex-president, whose portrait, with that of his successor, the present president, appears on the preceding page, is the second of two men whose labors under God have made Princeton what she is. The first was John Witherspoon, who was chosen in 1768. Under his administration the college grew from a mere academy to an institution of national importance. Under his training James Madison, Aaron Burr, Jonathan Dayton, and other eminent men were prepared for their life work, and of his graduates, sixteen became United States Senators, forty became members of Congress, four were Secretaries in the Cabinet, and four were Governors of States. Just a century from the date of Witherspoon's appointment, Princeton again needed a President, and again a Scotchman was chosen. Scarcely less valuable have been the services rendered by him than by his honored predecessor, for in scholarship, in the number and ability of the professors, in the number and standing of the students, in the buildings and educational apparatus, and in the income of the institution, Princeton to-day is far in advance of its position in 1868, when it called to its presidential chair Dr. James McCosh.

A Visit to Princeton

some seven years ago gave the writer the privilege of an interview with the great scholar who was then at the head of the institution. Sitting in a spacious and well-furnished library, the tables of which bore evidence of the extent and variety of the literary labors performed there, Dr. McCosh looked the genius of the place. In person tall, with a stoop of the shoulders, as if the attitude of profound study and meditation had become habitual with him, with an intellectual countenance, silvery hair, and a grave, dignified bearing in keeping with his character, he received all comers, whether students or visitors, in a kindly, genial manner, in which was mingled the courtesy and dignity of the Christian gentleman. Though he was then in his seventieth year—regular lectures to the students of the college, frequent sermons, contributions to the *Princeton Review* and other periodicals, and the multitudinous and varied questions which must be decided every day by the president of a great college, formed but a portion of the work which Dr. McCosh found time to perform, for he had nearly always in preparation for the press some weighty volume full of sound reasoning and requiring profound thought. The Doctor, in reply to a query as to how he contrived to get through a mass of labor which would appall the majority of men, smiled gravely. His reply is worthy the consideration of all who suffer from the effects of arrears of work, a very common form of ill, which often produces nervousness, petulance, and, in its aggravated form, insanity. He said: "I give my mind wholly to one thing at a time, and I have the power of passing from one occupation to another immediately, and without any interval of wasted time." Dr. McCosh added, for the encouragement of his listener, who obviously regarded such a power with envy, "That power is not natural; I acquired it."

The Son of a Farmer,

Dr. McCosh first saw the light in Ayrshire, the county of Robert Burns. He was born April 1, 1811, and is therefore now in his seventy-eighth year. After gaining the rudiments of education in the parochial school, he proceeded to the University of Glasgow, at the age of

thirteen, where he studied for five years, and won much distinction in the various classes. Thence he removed to the University of Edinburgh, where he studied under Dr. Chalmers, to whom so many of the ablest men of the day were indebted for the development of their powers of thought. In 1835 McCosh was

Licensed to Preach,

and was appointed pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Arbroath, in Forfarshire, Scotland. In 1838, after three years' successful labor at Arbroath, he was appointed minister of the church at Brechin, in the same county, where with his colleague he had a roll of communicants numbering 1,400. At Brechin the peculiar gift Dr. McCosh possesses of training the minds of young men and women of fifteen years of age and upward became manifest. His Bible classes became famous in the locality, and he had a regular attendance at them of over 150. During his pastorate at Brechin occurred

The Great Disruption

of the Church of Scotland. Dr. McCosh, with the sturdy principles that have since made him so thoroughly American, cast in his lot with the Free Church, and quitted the comfortable manse and resigned the assured income which his conscience would not suffer him to retain. He soon became one of the most prominent leaders in the movement. He not only labored incessantly as a Free Church minister, but went to different parts of the country to assist in forming and organizing new churches. He also undertook, in conjunction with a few other ministers, a tour in England, to explain the origin and principles of the Free Church and to collect money for the building of the new churches for the "outed" congregations.

Literary Work

was resumed, when the press of the first few years of the struggle was over. In 1850 he published his work on "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral." The sterling qualities of this book were quickly recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, and the reputation of Dr. McCosh became world-wide. In it he dealt with the objections to revealed religion which had been urged by German and French as well as British sceptics, and showed that even on their own ground of philosophy the religion of the Bible was based on sound philosophical principles. The publication of this work brought Dr. McCosh into prominence before the public, and the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of LL. D., which was the precursor of many similar distinctions.

In 1851 Dr. McCosh was appointed by the British Government Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, and for sixteen years he conducted a most successful work in that institution. He labored not only as a professor in the college, but took an active and deep interest in the cause of national education, in the prominent religious questions of the day, and in the management of the affairs of the Irish Presbyterian Church. He also found time to write the famous work on "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation," and the book which established his reputation as the prince of metaphysicians—"The Intuitions of the Mind Investigated."

His Election to Princeton

followed on an extensive tour of the United States, which Dr. McCosh made in 1866. During his visit he came in contact with many men of eminence and influence, who had heard of his success at Belfast and who were profoundly impressed by his genius and learning. Two years later, when the Presidency of Princeton fell vacant, there was a general feeling that Dr. McCosh was the man to fill the responsible position. The invitation was given and accepted, and during the twenty years of his reign there, proofs of the wisdom of the choice have accumulated. Mainly by his exertions, the claims of the college were brought under the notice of wealthy and generous men, who contributed to the funds during his residence there *two million and a half of dollars*. Some of this has been

expended in the endowment of professors' chairs, and some of it in new buildings and in the renovation of those already existing.

His Resignation,

which Dr. McCosh tendered on November 10, 1887, to take effect in June, 1888, was due to the consciousness of the need of rest which a man of seventy-seven years of age could not but feel. In placing it in the hands of the trustees, he modestly remarked that the number of students was then 603, while at the commencement of his administration it was 264, although the standard of scholarship had been gradually raised. The trustees, with many expressions of regret, accepted the resignation, and in doing so passed a resolution appropriating to his use the annual sum of \$2,500, to be paid quarterly, during his life, and this whether he shall continue to teach in the college or not; and that a committee be appointed to confer with Dr. McCosh and arrange, if possible, for his continuance as instructor in philosophy.

A Characteristic Utterance,

worthy of the man who has stood forth as the champion of Evangelical Christianity against sceptical scientists, and whose masterly replies to Huxley, during his lecturing tour in this country, won the gratitude and admiration of the churches, may serve as an indication of his spirit, and with this we close this necessarily brief and imperfect sketch of his long and distinguished career. In the course of a sermon, delivered recently, he said: "I have for most of my life been a student of philosophy. I have been called to study all its systems, ancient and modern. None of them could make up for the want of the Bible. However important in enlarging and establishing the mind, they cannot give peace and stability to the soul." The patriarch, back among the scenes of his youth, adds, "In all my experience I have found no other name than the One by which I must be saved. How can God be just, and the justifier of the ungodly? Human reason can give no intelligent, no satisfactory, answer to this question. All its investigations conduct into ever-tickening darkness and gloom, in which fear and doubt abide. The mind feels that it has nothing to rest on, no truth on which the understanding can rest and the heart repose, till such time as it sees 'a Lamb as it had been slain in the midst of the throne of God.'"

REV. FRANCIS L. PATTON, D. D., LL. D.,
President of Princeton.

It was no easy task to find a successor with ability to carry on the work of Dr. McCosh, but the trustees of Princeton have the gratification of knowing that in the choice which they made they have the approval of the churches. The seeds of heterodoxy sown in Princeton would have had a wide sphere of operation, bringing forth baneful fruit in the pulpits and churches of all our States. It is therefore a matter for profound thankfulness that the choice of the trustees fell on so valiant a defender of evangelical truth as Dr. Francis Landey Patton. It is also gratifying to Christians who take a worthy pride in the scholarship of Princeton, that Dr. Patton is pronounced to be "*the greatest metaphysician on earth*" by Dr. McCosh himself, to whom a majority of people would have accorded that title. Dr. Patton is

A Native of the Bermuda Islands,

where he was born January 22, 1843. He is therefore forty-six years old. It is a curious coincidence that he also is of Scottish descent. While still a youth, he was converted under the ministry of the pastor of the Presbyterian Church which stood near the old homestead in Bermuda. The family shortly afterward removed to Canada and there young Patton was led to consecrate his life to the Christian ministry. He studied at Knox Seminary, and in 1863 went to Princeton, where he remained until 1865. He was ordained by the Presbytery of New York, and was successively pastor of the Forty-eighth Street Church in that city, of the

Presbyterian Church at Nyack, N. Y., and of the North Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His predilections and talents were, however, in the direction of an

Academic Career,

and he accordingly accepted the position of professor of Didactic and Polemical Theology in the Seminary of the Presbyterian Church of the Northwest, at Chicago. His ten years' labor at that institution proved his eminent fitness for professorial duty, as it did also his capacity for hard work. During the greater part of the time he not only efficiently discharged the duties of his chair, but was the successful pastor of the Jefferson Park Church and the editor of a weekly religious journal. During the period of a serious trial for heresy occurred before the Presbytery of Chicago, and Dr. Patton's stalwart defence of the orthodox doctrines of the Church at that trial made his name known in all the churches of the land. He

Returned to Princeton,

his alma mater, in 1881 as Stuart Professor of the Relation of Philosophy and Science to the Christian Religion, a position which his recent efforts before the Chicago Presbytery proved his capacity to fill. He has continued to occupy that post until his recent election to the Presidency of Princeton. During the interval he has been brought into close personal relations with Dr. McCosh, and the confidence of the latter in him as a suitable successor to himself is therefore no hastily formed opinion. It is also an augury of good to Princeton that Dr. Patton has had a lengthy opportunity of becoming acquainted with the methods of administration which have raised and improved the college under Dr. McCosh. Dr. Patton's talents are most conspicuously displayed in his extemporaneous addresses; he has, however, made some notable contributions to literature in works on "The Inspiration of the Bible," "A Summary of Christian Doctrine," and "The Doctrine of a Future Retribution." Besides these he has been a contributor to the periodical press.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

PRINCETON enjoys with Yale and Harvard the distinction of being one of the trio of the oldest colleges in the United States. It was founded in 1764, and was granted a Royal charter—an article with which younger institutions of learning have happily been able to dispense. Among its Presidents have been Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; the famous Jonathan Edwards; Aaron Burr, father of the Vice-President; Ashbel Green; and other eminent men. The list of the graduates would include names still more distinguished in the Senate, the House, the Law Courts, and especially in the pulpit.

The four buildings sketched on the first page may be taken as a specimen of the styles of the edifices which dot the college campus. The Library (No. 1) is one of the newest buildings, and is eminently adapted to its purpose. It cost \$125,000. The President's mansion (No. 2) is the finest occupied by any college president in the country. It is a stone chateau on the brow of the hill, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country. University Hall (No. 3) is of brick and stone, and contains, besides dormitories, a hall used for recitations, exhibitions, etc. Nassau Hall (No. 4) is one of the oldest of the buildings. It was erected in 1756, and is 175 feet long and three stories high. It still bears the marks of bullet holes showing the heat of the struggle which was waged before Washington could drive the British troops from their refuge within the walls. Besides these buildings there are the Marquand Chapel, the School of Science building, the Halsted Observatory, Murray Hall, Witherspoon Hall, the Art Museum, etc., etc.

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ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Testing a Watch Chain.—The Rev. Mr. McLauchlan says: "A friend of mine bought what was represented to him as a gold Albert chain. It appeared to be a bargain at the price at which it was offered, and some time after his purchase my friend went to a jeweler to have it valued. 'How much is this worth?' he asked. The chain was weighed and found to be worth about \$17 if it were gold. 'Oh, it is gold. See, it is stamped,' said my friend. But the jeweler was not convinced; he went into his workshop and tested it, and came back telling my friend his chain was comparatively worthless; it was not gold, it was brass slightly gilded. There are some professing Christians who may even have the stamp of Church-membership or Church-office upon them, yet though to our eyes they may appear genuine, when the Heavenly Jeweler, preparatory to setting His jewels in His crown, shall test them, then it will be known that they are only base metal."

A Young Husband and Wife Saved.—Mr. Jack relates: "One evening, a young fellow, who had just married, providentially stepped into our evangelistic meeting, and there, by God's grace, he was constrained to accept Christ. As he was about to leave the hall, he said to the minister who had spoken to him, 'Now, sir, could you kindly give me a text that would bring salvation to my young wife?' The minister thought for a moment, then gave him that passage, 'This day is salvation come to this house.' The young man went home, and told his wife that he had found Jesus, and he went on telling her about Him, until she, too, accepted Him as her Saviour; then they sang praises together till a very late hour. Very early in the morning the husband went to the minister's house. He rang the bell. The minister, astonished at this early summons, asked, through the door, who was there. 'It is I, sir; the man who was brought to the Lord in your meeting last night.' After he had been admitted, he explained the cause of his visit. 'I have come to tell you, sir, that salvation has come to my house. Praise the Lord! my wife is saved!' The good minister rejoiced with him."

A Drunkard Made a Brand-New Man.—Mr. Venter repeats a story of "Sammy Hicks," the Methodist revivalist, who used to say: "I had in my employment a journeyman, who was a hopeless drunkard. Almost all his wages went for drink, and his poor, half-starved wife and family lived in a miserable, cold, and unfurnished room. One day, I thought, after one of his drinking bouts, which had lasted some weeks, 'I will discharge this man; he is a complete ruin.' But this other thought came into my mind, 'Sam, how long did Christ bear with you before you came to Him?' 'Twenty-five years, Lord. And I thank Thee that Thou didst bear with me,' I mentally answered. Then said conscience, 'If the Lord bore so long with you, will you not bear a little longer with this drunken workman of yours?' Our quarterly love feast was near, and I resolved to try and bring this man to it. I asked him; he came; and there the Holy Spirit made him a brand-new man. Oh! how often in our dealings with others we are apt to be short of patience, and quick to take offence, forgetting altogether that if it had not been for God's long-suffering, and great patience towards us, we should have been given up long ago."

How a Girl's Heart was Reached.—Mr. Stewart remarks: "I know a little girl, who whenever she hears the name of Jesus spoken, repeats it over and over again. 'Jesus. Yes, Jesus loves me,' she will exclaim. Though young, this girl was much tormented with an evil disposition. For instance, she would go up to the cradle where her little sister was sleeping and cruelly hurt her, that she might make her scream, and then stand by enjoying the noise. She knew she was wicked, and often resolved to become better, but never was able. The minister called at the house one day, and

the mother confided to him her sorrow at the conduct of her daughter. He said he could do nothing to assist her, but they could both go to Him who was able to help. They knelt and prayed, giving the little girl over into God's hands. Soon afterwards the minister was again at the house, and the child approached him and said, 'Oh, sir! I am so bad; I have tried often to be good, but I just get worse.' The minister, looking down on the tear-stained face, said, 'Just tell that to God.' Side by side they knelt and the little one prayed. Not long afterwards the minister visited the house a third time. At the door he was met by the happy mother, who exclaimed, 'My little girl is quite changed, she is a new creature in Christ Jesus now, and I cannot be attentive enough to me, instead of trying in every way to annoy me as she formerly did.'

How a Nurse Found Christ.—An Evangelist says: "I was preaching one Sunday recently at a meeting, and when the first service was over I came down from the platform to see if I could help any weary one to Christ, when a young lady came to me and said, 'Will you please speak to a lady who is very anxious about her soul?' I immediately went, and found her in great distress, with the tears streaming down her face. When I had seated myself beside her, and was opening my Bible, she exclaimed, 'It is of no use; I know the whole Gospel. I am a ladies' nurse, and have just had four patients who died on my hands. Oh! what a hypocrite I have been. I prayed with them, tried to comfort them, and was unconverted myself.' 'There is all the more hope for you,' I said gently, 'now that you see that you are a lost sinner, who has not yet been brought to God. Christ has died for us, the just for the unjust, that we might be acceptable to God.' 'Yes,' she responded, 'that is just it.' 'Let us go on our knees,' I said; and without any shame, she knelt beside me in the midst of that crowded hall. 'Now,' I said, 'give yourself over to Christ.' Then she fairly burst out with those words, 'Lord Jesus, I take Thee as mine, and I give myself to Thee.' She rose, brushed away the tears, and went over to her friend who had brought her to the meeting, to tell her the glad news. Then she turned to me and said, 'How can I ever thank you enough for having been the means of bringing me to Christ!' It was when this young woman discovered that coming to Christ was a definite transaction, that she was able to close with Him."

"Soup or No Soup!"—Mr. Wyatt relates: "A poor old man, formerly known as John the Methodist, had been always in straitened circumstances, so that when old age came upon him he had no resource but to go into the poor-house. On the first Sunday which he spent there, he went to the chapel, where he heard the minister speak from John 3:16. The sermon was vigorous and eminently practical, and as John listened to it he could not refrain from shouting, 'Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!' whenever he heard anything he thought more than ordinarily good. The minister, a true man of God, quite appreciated John's enthusiasm, but thought he would try him; so, calling next day, he said, 'John, we were all surprised at your behavior yesterday, and I would like if in future you would try to restrain yourself. and indeed if it occurs again I shall be obliged to stop your soup at the mid-day meal on Sunday.' 'Stop my soup!' ejaculated John in horror. 'Why, that is the only thing I like in the whole diet. Ah, sir, I'll try and keep quiet.' The following Sunday the sermon was again very much to John's mind. Again and again a 'Hallelujah' was on his lips, but as often the recollection of the embargo on his soup repressed the exclamation, and so, though he sat as if on thorns, he was silent throughout the service. On the third Sunday John was paying all attention, and it was evident that he was making strenuous efforts to keep down his emotion. At length, unable to refrain any longer, he leaped out of his seat and exclaimed, 'Look here, sir, soup or no soup, Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!'"

OUR OWN GENERATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, February 10, 1889.

"David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." Acts 13: 36.

How David Served His Generation—Responsibility to Contemporaries—A Child's Prayer About a Dead Father—What Can be Done for This Generation—I. Its Need of Food—God's Provision Sufficient—Skeletons of Half-Fed Populations—How the Grindstone is Used—II. Its Need of Clothing—One-Fourth Robbing Three-Fourths—Redistribution Necessary and Inevitable—III. Its Need of Salvation—A Generation Worth Saving—Where to Begin—Pizarro's Dividing Line—A Nevada Director's Decision—David's Lovely Sleep—The Death of Livingstone—Waking up in Heaven.

THAT is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave.

David, cow-boy and stone-slinger, and fighter and czar, and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that

Our Responsibilities

are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess, and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted.

I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue

To Pray for Her Father,

although he had gone into heaven, and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "O mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers.'" But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased. We shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the one hundred and eighty generations gone, or the one hundred and eighty generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe, and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is

Not a Silent Procession,

but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the one hundred and eighty generations past, and will not see the one hundred generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off, and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is, that

you and I will have to start very soon for our work, or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common-sense way, and see

What We Can Do

for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, *they have enough to eat*. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right.

Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 human skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were slain to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the

Half-Fed Populations

of the earth—millions of skulls. Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm-chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No! No! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle, and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortune have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake, and begin the supply of others' necessities.

So far from helping appease the world's hunger, are those whom Isaiah describes as

Grinding the Faces of the Poor.

You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an axe on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round, and the man holding the axe bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the axe from being round and dull got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner—his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is

An Awful Thing to be Hungry.

It is an easy thing for us to be in good-humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us, and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and

fiends. Suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations. I have read that

The Battle-Field

on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battle-field of Leipsic, 160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzeberg. No, no! The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over: it is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the king rode through and they shouted, "Bread! Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy, of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts, in behalf of themselves and their families are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race, and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and he has made

Enough Apparel for Each,

and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat, or a good bonnet, and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations, adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be, and will be, a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish, until instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I let you know how the

Redistribution will take Place.

By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus, and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country, are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases *the rum jug is the maelstrom* that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear. God has done His part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories, reaching all the way from the Chattahoochee to the Merrimac, shall have spun and woven it. In white letters of snowy fleece, God has been writing for a thousand years his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff, or no tariff at all, on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the shivering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take

down to a clothing store and fit him out the winter.

Again, let us look around and see how we serve our generation. What short-sighted portals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. We are a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls for this present generation? Let me say it is

A Generation Worth Saving.

Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and the stethoscope. That improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement of the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since, but now they are so numerous we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think the times demanded them it would be found we have now living in this year 1889 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingdons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the four thousand years before the Flood and the eighteen centuries after the Flood to show me the equal of charity, on a large scale, of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any of the one hundred and eighty generations that have passed off.

Where Shall We Begin?

With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death, on the south side is victory; on the north side Panama and poverty, on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one, his troops followed, and finally his whole army. The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death, on the other side are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side, and your family will cross with you, and your friends, and your associates. The way you go, they will go. If we are not saved, we will never save any one else.

How to Get Saved?

Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the Rock first, and then you will be able to help others upon the same Rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What! without a prayer? Yes. What! without time deliberately to think it over? Yes. What! without a tear? Yes, believe! That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. Newlight has come into your countenances. Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! Saved yourselves.

How Are You to Save Others?

By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion, and will successfully talk no more religion, than we ourselves have. The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great Centennial Exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to

whether they should keep the Exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went west, and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath." And he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous, "No," "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right!

I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds, and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus acclamation rapturous and gates pearline and garlands amaranthine and fountains rainbowed and dominions enthroned and coroneted, for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

What a Lovely Sleep it Was!

Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy, amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At seventy years of age he lay down to it. He has had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam, or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Oh, what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work! It takes all the aching out of the head, and all the weariness out of the limbs, and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning, and it is a new world. And if we, like David, serve our generation, we will at life's close have most desirable and refreshing sleep. In it will vanish our last fatigue of body, our last worriment of mind, our last sorrow of soul. To the Christian's body that was hot with raging fevers, so that the attendants must by sheer force keep on the blankets, it will be the cool sleep. To those who are thin blooded and shivering with agues, it will be the warm sleep. To those who, because of physical disorders, were terrified with night visions, it will be the dreamless sleep. To nurses and doctors and mothers who were wakened almost every hour of the night by those to whom they ministered, or over whom they watched, it will be the undisturbed sleep. To those who could not get to bed till late at night, and must rise early in the morning, and before getting rested, it will be the long sleep.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departure from this world! If we have served our generation it will not be putting out into the breakers, it will not be the fight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend, writing me from Illinois, says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, President of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, after a most useful life, found his last day on earth

His Happiest Day;

and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "Oh, how delightful it is! I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was, he had served his generation in the gospel ministry, and by the will of God he fell on sleep. When in Africa, Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Living-

stone and found him on his knees, he stepped back, not wishing to disturb him in prayer, and sometime after, went in and found him in the same posture, and stepped back again; but, after a while, went in and touched him, and lo! the great traveller had finished his last journey, and he had died in the grandest and mightiest posture a man ever takes—on his knees. He had served his generation by unrolling the scroll of a continent, and by the will of God fell on sleep. In the museum of Greenwich, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the arctic regions amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of a book was turned down at the words, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery by the will of God, he fell on asleep.

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And

What a Glorious Awakening!

You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey; we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high risen sun full in our faces, and, before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I, whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation, and, by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awake in blissful bewilderment and for a little while say: "Where am I? What palace is this? Why,

This Looks Like Heaven!

It is. It is. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor—that must be the palace of Jesus. And look there, at those walks lined with a foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them, those two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Ajalon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty.

But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that, and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not

The House of "Many Mansions"

of which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! whose are those voices, whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, "Never more to part! never more to part!" the arches, the alcoves, the hallways, echo and re-echo the words, "Never more to part! never more to part!" Then our glorified friends say, "Come out with us and see heaven." And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And as all are making obeisance to this great one of heaven I cry out, "Who is he?" and the answer comes: "This is the greatest of all the kings. It is David, who after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

REITERATION IN PROPHECY.

By Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D.

Christ's Second Coming as Revealed in Scripture—No Vagueness or Uncertainty—Misconceptions About It—Christ's Own Assurances—Descriptions of the Event—Dread of It a Sign of Decaying Love—Creation Waiting for Deliverance—What is Involved in the Question.

WE are not called to watch for Christ's second personal coming as a merely possible or remotely probable occurrence. On the contrary, the Scriptures are crowded with statements of the certainty, of the literalness, of the visibility, and of the personality of His return to the earth. And, lest there should be any mistake, reiteration comes in to enforce assertion, and emphasis to enforce reiteration. "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout." It must be evident, from these texts, that inspiration anticipated the denials, refinings, and

Misconceptions

from which this doctrine would suffer, and so provided against them. For a bare repetition of these texts furnishes the best possible answer to all the various theories of a figurative or spiritual advent.

"The destruction of Jerusalem was the coming of Christ," says one. "When Titus descended upon the doomed city, with the shout of his Roman legions, then was the promise fulfilled." "The Lord Himself shall descend," repeats the Word of God. "The occurrence of death is Christ's coming to receive His people," says another. "This same Jesus shall so come," reiterates the Holy Scripture. "The diffusion of the Gospel, and the gradual transformation which it effects in human civilization, is the coming of the Redeemer," says another. "The Lord Himself shall descend," still resounds the Word.

All this is plain, and yet, alas! that the Master has need again to convince His servants of His continued personality; that they have so diffused Him into history, so confounded Him with death, so dissipated Him into a vague and shadowy presence, that we can almost hear Him saying to them, as of old He did to His disciples when they mistook Him for an apparition: "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself."

Jesus Has Not Lost His Identity.

or so merged it with history, or with providence, or with death, that we must look in these things for His coming. "I will come again," He says. "Behold I come quickly." And this "I," which is the sacred seal of personality, "that by which one knows and is to be known throughout eternity," He has never lent or transferred to another—except only to the Holy Spirit, who is one and co-equal with Himself. He did come, invisibly and spiritually, in the advent of the Comforter. But His visible, bodily return still remained as an unfulfilled promise.

Still further is the real and personal return of Christ enforced by the explicit descriptions of the event given in the Scriptures. It is not simply the same Jesus—no substitute, no commissioned messenger, no typical event—but He "shall so come in like manner" as He went. He went up visibly, from eager eyes that recognized Him as the veritable Lord; from outstretched hands that had handled Him as the Word of life, and as He was parted from them "a cloud received Him out of their sight." And so shall He return, visibly, personally, gloriously. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him."

All this, if heeded and pondered, is calculated to keep us from

The Error Prevalent

in these times—the error of spiritualizing the substance and reality out of Christ's promises. Reason always allegorizes the grand realities of Scripture when it touches them; but the heart is a rigid literalist. Its affections are never content with shadows, or semblances, or substi-

tutes. If the Church had always kept her bridal love for her absent Lord, she would never have admitted even the suggestion of an impersonal advent. It must be suspected that only a fondness for this present world, and an indifference to the glorious hope of the Church, could ever have begotten such a thought. What we dread, or dislike to believe, we easily dissipate into vagueness and unreality. The unbelieving, to whom Christ's coming means only judgment and terror, would naturally wish to forget it, and explain away its reality. But what of her of whom the apostle wrote, "I have espoused you unto one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ?" Will the bride with the letter from her betrothed husband in her hand, saying, "Surely I come quickly," admit the suggestion that He means simply that He will send some mysterious stranger to bring her to Himself, or forward some kindly provisions for rendering her comfortable and contented with His absence, so that she shall be less inclined to love His appearing, and to look for it?

Unto Them that Look for Him

shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." He shall come to save from the world those whom He is now saving in the world; to complete their redemption, to present them "faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy," and to usher in the marriage of the Lamb. He shall come to right all wrong, to consummate all good; to remove the curse from our groaning earth; to wipe away all tears from off all faces; to silence pain, and to swallow up death in victory. No promise is more constantly repeated, as none is more sacred than this. If Christians shall cease to wait for their returning Lord, creation, groaning and travailing together in pain, will not. If those whom He has redeemed with His precious blood do not rejoice with singing at every sign of His approach, then, "let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof. Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein; then let all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord: for He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth."

Personal Coming.

"If I know not that God is a person, I know not that I am a person," said a great theologian. We may say, likewise: If I am not sure of Christ's personal return, I am not sure of my personal vision of His face. If I am not certain that He shall "appear in glory," I am not certain that I shall "appear with Him in glory." His identity at the advent with the Man of Nazareth, the Man of Calvary, the Man of Olivet, is the pledge of my own identity at that day. All reality, recognition, reunion, remembrance, and fellowship in the resurrection state, seem to me to be involved in the question whether He who shall come is the same Jesus, or only some shadowy substitute, or some veiled and providential manifestation of His presence.

"Blessed," therefore, "be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." The personality that survived the grave has survived all the intervening centuries.

Unchanged and Unchangeable.

And when His appearing shall be ushered in, it will be that of the man Christ Jesus, the same holy face, the same pierced hands, the same gracious voice, as at the first. This, then, is the doctrine to which the Scriptures commit your faith. You may believe, in Christ coming in temporal judgment, coming in the crises of history, coming in the triumphs of Christianity, coming in the article of death; but do you believe and confess "Jesus Christ coming in the flesh," in that veritable body of flesh and bones which He carried up into heaven? This was the confession of apostles and martyrs and reformers; and this is the creed that needs to be emphasized anew in an age so given to spiritualizing and attenuating the plain and literal facts of Scripture.

Up, therefore, Christian! Trim your lamp let its beams shine forth to meet and ming with the first advancing rays of the bright a morning star. And let its light meantime show you the way to every path of self-denial, every work of faithful service and testimony and to every avenue of holiness and purity life. Thus, with girded loins, with busy hands with uplifted eyes and with radiant faces, may you be ready to meet your descending Lord, and to exult in His glorious appearing, saying, "I am this our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the LORD; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation."

HELPING THE INDIANS.

HEAVY weather, swollen streams, and biting winds are reported in the Indian Territory, by Rev. W. F. Re Qua, the self-denying missionary who is laboring in faith among the tribes. It is characteristic of him that his letter received last week contains nothing of his own hardships or privations. The bitter weather he fears, must be fatal to some of the poor orphan children, for charity among the Indians but little less cold than among the whites civilized sections. Mr. Re Qua gratefully reports that one kind Christian lady in Louisiana has undertaken to adopt one little girl orphan and promises to educate her, clothe her, and train her to work. Unhappily, it is not difficult to find a suitable child. Mr. Re Qua says there are hundreds near him of such poor, neglected creatures, and he still clings to the hope that God will so touch the hearts of His people that they will contribute money to erect an orphanage for the shelter of the waifs. So much might be done for them by collecting them under one roof, teaching them to read, and telling them of the Saviour who loved them and died for them! They are growing up like wild Arab with the surroundings that must inevitably make them a misery to themselves and a source of danger to others. Among the encouragements Mr. Re Qua has received, is an offer of service by a noble Christian lady in Luton, Canada, who has means to support herself in comfort, but who offers to go into the Territory and consecrate her life to Christ's service in teaching these American heathen. Mr. Re Qua desires us to thank most sincerely the kind readers of this journal, whose gifts have enabled him to continue his work to the present time. During the past year they sent him over \$400. They cannot be recompensed by those whom directly and indirectly they have helped, but they will be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. (Luke 14: 14.)

A CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

CITIZENS accustomed to boast of the prosperity and intelligence of our people should read the account of a tour recently taken by Rev. James Wharton in the mountains of Tennessee which he sends to the *American Missionary*. One cabin which he visited is a specimen of what he found. He says: "Several of us started on a recent Saturday afternoon for a meeting among the colored people who make their home in these mountains. We crossed a rickety old wooden bridge that had been nearly washed away by the floods, and commenced to climb the mountain side by a road that was nearly as steep as a steeple, and which wended around to nearly every point of the compass, ever going up, over ruts and rocks, roots and trunks of trees, now jumping across a ravine, and next climbing a fence. At last among the thicket and brush there were some signs of life, and we came to an opening among the trees, where we saw a miserable-looking old shanty. The first thought was, Can it be possible that human beings live in a shed like this? We entered the cabin by a door-way in which we must needs bend our heads very low to get inside. The first thing that struck us was the gloom and darkness. In each corner of the room was a bed, with a smaller one pushed underneath, and two sick people suffering from slow fever. It is

no wonder, for eleven people occupied this one room, about twelve feet square. Need we wonder that misery and squalor are seen all around? An old soap-box from the grocery formed a corner cupboard. Two old chairs, which, perhaps, belonged to their great-grandmother, all frame and no seat, an empty box, and a bucket of water with a tin scoop, formed the whole furniture of the mountain cabin. Poor souls! I was told that I had done wonders when one day, during an address, I got them to smile! It was quite a treat to see a smile upon their faces. Joy seems to be outside their domain altogether, and the worst feature appears to be that they have no desire for anything different. I understand there are thousands of these people who know nothing of the outside world, and many who were never five miles away from their own door-step in their life. With a patch of ground for corn, another for tobacco, with wood for the fire, they are as contented as the President; alas, too contented!"

A HIGH-CASTE HINDU CONVERT.

THE remarkable conversion of a high-caste Hindu is described, in a letter sent by the father of a lady missionary in India to a contemporary. He says that a man named Raiju Naidu, belonging to one of the most influential families in Madras, became an inquirer, and much prayer was made for him, hoping that he might become a Christian, but the obstacles in his way were very formidable. He held an excellent and remunerative position in connection with a leading Hindu paper, and was on the way to promotion.

Despite the difficulties which surrounded him, some weeks ago he came, requesting to be baptized. Dr. Rudisill, Presiding Elder of the Madras District, had several conversations with him, and examined him carefully as to his knowledge and faith. He had already given evidence of his sincerity by breaking his caste completely—by the cutting of his hair, and in other ways. The evidence of his conversion proving satisfactory, he was baptized by Dr. Rudisill, many of the people being present from invitations to a special service. It was thus kept from his friends, who, had they known of it, would have attempted to prevent it at any cost.

As soon as the fact of his baptism was known, his friends were terribly excited, and declared their purpose to spare no labor or expense to bring him back to Hinduism.

Under Dr. Rudisill's advice, he left Madras for a short time; but as it involved the missionary to whom he was sent in some difficulty, Dr. Rudisill went to bring him back to Madras. They arrived safely on Sabbath morning. Handbills had been circulated on Saturday, announcing that Raiju Naidu would address his friends in public on Sabbath morning at the regular Tamil service. They were met at the station by a large crowd, who demanded him, and were about to take him by force, but Dr. Rudisill had him safely conducted to the parsonage.

At the time appointed, a large crowd assembled, and the police attended to preserve order. Dr. Rudisill gave them such a loving talk, sympathizing with them in their trouble, that they were quite disarmed, and made no interruption. After the convert had made his address, friends crowded around, having a scheme to get him away; but he was conducted safely to the parsonage, and there the missionaries succeeded in talking with different ones on the subject of Christianity; but it was necessary to watch and protect Raiju Naidu. He stood it bravely, notwithstanding his wife and mother and female relations came and went through their bitter lamentations. He went to Bangalore, to be in company with another convert baptized there recently.

Since the conversion of Raiju, some young men, relatives, have been to the Mission, and the missionaries had a long talk with them. They were intelligent young men, and one of them said: "There are many of us who believe as you do, but we have not the courage to come

out as Raiju Naidu has done." The missionaries are praying and hoping that this is the beginning of a great work. Raiju Naidu is an English scholar, and, if faithful, will be a valiant soldier of the cross.

A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL REPLACED.

A WELL-KNOWN Christian worker, rising in the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, New York, asked permission to make a short statement. Many of those present were acquainted with him, for he has spent all his time for more than sixteen years in laboring in the cause of the sick and the poor. He is a poor man himself, but his cheery voice, his strong faith, and his indefatigable efforts to procure work for men and women in need, have often done more to help than gifts of money. On the morning of his appearance at the Fulton Street meeting he received a letter asking him to call at one of the most wretched tenements of the city. He went. A poor sufferer lay there just recovering from a long illness. He needed five dollars to carry him into the country. His visitor said: "I am nearly as poor as you are, but I have just five dollars that I was going to spend on some necessities. I will give it you, and I think the Lord will return it to me." The poor man thanked him, and the visitor went home without making the purchase, and without the five dollars. He went to his closet and told the Lord his position. From there he went to the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. "The first man I met," said he—"and there he sits—said to me, 'You must see a great deal of suffering, and have many calls for aid. I should like to help you meet them. I can't do much, but here is a five-dollar bill; use it as you have occasion.' It was the exact sum I had given away an hour before," continued Mr. H.—"the exact sum I had asked for, and here"—holding up the bill—"is a tangible answer to prayer."

PRAYER ANSWERED BY CABLE.

A YOUNG lady, now engaged in Christian work in New York, was the subject of a remarkable experience not long ago. She is a German lady, a native of Baden. Her father was an infidel, but she was brought under the influence of the gospel while living at home, and gave her heart to the Saviour. Her changed life exasperated her father, and he tried his utmost to separate her from her Christian friends and make her give up her faith. Finally, finding that all his efforts were futile, the inhuman father turned her out of doors, and told her to consider herself disinherited. The poor girl had nowhere to go, but she longed to be engaged in religious work, and believing that there was a better prospect for securing such work in New York than elsewhere, she decided to come here. A small gift from an uncle enabled her to cross the ocean, and to live here for a short time. But she could not speak English, and she could not obtain employment. Her money was soon exhausted, and she knew not what to do. In her distress she had recourse to prayer. One whole night she spent in strong supplication.

That same night in Baden there was a strange scene. Her infidel father was under conviction of sin, and in deep distress. Among other acts of wickedness for which his conscience smote him, was his harshness to his Christian daughter. He could get no rest until that, at any rate, had been atoned for. He learned that she had gone to New York, but could not find out her address. But he was in earnest, and was not to be thwarted by any difficulty. He ascertained the name of a German newspaper published in New York, and that day, without waiting for the mails, sent by the cable a sum of money and a message.

The girl would have known nothing of her father's change of heart, or of his provision for her need, but for a circumstance quite as remarkable, as an illustration of God's providence, as the remittance itself. She set out as usual one morning on her weary quest of work. She was too poor to buy a newspaper, but she saw

a soiled paper that some one had dropped in the street. It was in German, and she picked it up eagerly. When she came to read it, to her surprise, her eye caught her own name. "If Miss Sophie — would call at the office of —, she would hear of something to her advantage." She lost no time in calling, and the publisher handed her her father's message and the order on the cable company for the money. Probably, no more thankful heart than hers was beating in New York City that day. She was saved from destitution, had provision for a long time to come, and, more than all, her father's heart was changed. The clergyman to whom we are indebted for this remarkable narrative heard the story from the girl's own lips.

SLAVES TRAINING FOR MISSIONARIES.

THE romance of a fugitive slave's life, as reported by Dr. George Smith, repeats with singular similarity the vicissitudes of the life of the patriarch Joseph. He says that the present Prime Minister of the King Johannes of Abyssinia is a man who in his boyhood was stolen from that country, sold by the Arabs as a slave, made his escape to India, where he came under the care of Dr. John Wilson, the eminent missionary, received Christian training, and is now back in his native land, high in place and power and honor. Some children who have recently been received into a mission-house at Aden, on the Red Sea, may yet live to attain better honors still in the service of the King of kings. Late last year a British gunboat captured three dhows laden with slaves stolen in a raid on an Abyssinian village. In the severe conflict which was necessary, the captains of the slave dhows were killed. When brought to Aden there proved to be in the company two hundred and seventeen boys and girls of from ten to twenty years of age, chiefly Abyssinians, and hence nominally Christians. They came from the extreme south of Abyssinia on the borders of the Galla country. They were captured by the Mohammedan Gallas, and were to be sold at Mocha to Moslems for infamous purposes. The English officers, with great kindness and solicitude, sought to put these rescued children under the protection of missionaries, and the Keith-Falconer mission, connected with the Scotch Free Church, has received sixty-two of them, and proposes to raise a fund of \$7,500 for the education of these youths. At first no one could understand their language. They proved to be a very docile and intelligent company; and they have been placed under careful instruction. It is believed that, trained as they may be under the direct and sole care of the mission they may be prepared for Christian labors among their own people. The mission is quite enthusiastic over the possibilities connected with these young people, and it is felt that no better method could be devised for preparing missionaries for the Abyssinians and Gallas than by training these children. Some of these rescued slaves were taken to Bombay, and we learn that the American Board has been asked to receive them.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Some subscribers who have renewed for 1889 may notice that the date on the address label has not yet been changed. This is unavoidable, owing to the large number of corrections to be made; but it is being rectified as rapidly as possible. The fact of the paper being regularly received through the mail is an intimation that the renewals have been received and credited on our books.

All subscriptions, notices of changes of address, and letters connected with the business of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should invariably be addressed to the MANAGER, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK. Advertisements for insertion on the last page and orders for books advertised on that page should be sent to MR. J. E. JEWETT, 77 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK. Some of our friends are reversing these addresses, sending their subscriptions to Mr. Jewett and their orders for books to the Manager. In both cases the mistake causes confusion and delay, and sometimes leads to errors.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Conference on Samoan Affairs Suggested by Bismarck has been agreed to by the Washington Government, and it is expected that Great Britain will participate. It is to be held in Berlin. Mr. Bayard, in an interview on February 5 with the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, said: "There seems little ground to doubt that a peaceable and permanent settlement of all the questions of native rights in Samoa, as well as the rights of the three treaty Powers will be attained." Whether the peaceable solution hoped for by Mr. Bayard will be in the interest of Samoa is much doubted by persons acquainted with affairs in the island. The United States consul, whose resignation Mr. Bayard called for on February 7, emphatically expresses the opinion that Germany is determined to acquire possession of Samoa, that England will support her, and consequently the United States will be outvoted in the conference, and Samoan independence will be annihilated.

The Nicaraguan Canal Project Has at Last secured congressional endorsement. On February 7 the House agreed to accept the conference report, and the Bill in its amended shape was passed by a vote of 177 to 60. It now goes to the President for his signature, and if he should veto it by Mr. Bayard's advice, it is believed that sufficient votes can be relied upon to pass it over the veto. The amendments attached to the bill by the House, and which were abandoned, were embarrassing to the projectors, and were apparently devised for that purpose. So strong is the feeling in favor of the project in influential quarters, that a considerable vote would have been recorded in favor of the Government constructing the canal. As it is, however, the work will probably be more quickly and efficiently performed by the company. The endorsement of the project by Congress is the most important act of its somewhat barren record. It is difficult to fully realize how valuable the canal will be to commerce when completed.

The International Maritime Conference, to be held in Washington, D. C., in April, is attracting world-wide interest. England having now consented to send delegates, all the maritime powers of the world will be represented. The United States will have seven delegates; two are to be officers of the United States Navy, one an official of the Life-Saving Service, two ship-masters from the merchant marine—one from the sailing marine, and one from the steam marine; and two citizens who are familiar with shipping and admiralty practice. The chief business of the conference is to be the revision and improvement of the international code of flag and night signals. By this means it is hoped that a more effective and uniform system of signals will be devised and adopted, so as to plain-

ly indicate the direction in which vessels are moving in fog, mist, falling snow, and thick weather. The subject of buoys and the devising of means for reporting derelicts and other dangers will also be considered.

The Territories Asking Admission as States will probably have to wait the action of the Fifty-first Congress. On February 7 the conferees of the two Houses came to the conclusion that no agreement was probable, and decided to report the fact to their respective Houses. It is understood that the conferees of the House of Representatives were willing to make concessions in the direction of admitting South Dakota without further delay if the Senators would concede the admission of New Mexico; but no agreement could be reached, and it is probable that the House conferees will ask for instructions from the House before any further steps are taken.

The Mammoth Strike of Horse-Car Men in New York was officially "declared off" on February 5, and the six thousand strikers were advised to make the best terms they could individually with the companies. The news was a relief to both parties and to the public. The companies had run only just sufficient cars to protect their charters, and after sunset had not dared to run any cars. Their loss during the eight days that the strike lasted must have been enormous. Besides this, the few cars that were run suffered partial demolition. At various points on the routes they were struck by bricks and missiles of various kinds, and their windows were smashed. As the companies were victors, however, they are not depressed by their losses.

A Beautiful Memorial to a Deceased Wife was dedicated in New York on February 7. Mr. John Jacob Astor, remembering the interest his late wife took in the poor in the neighborhood of Mott Street, and especially in the children, purchased two city lots at a cost of \$21,000, and has erected upon them a building costing \$42,000, to be used as an industrial school for boys and girls who have to earn their own livelihood. The boys sell newspapers and shine boots in the early morning hours, and the girls have chores that they attend to before going to school. At the dedication exercises reference was made to the benefits of the late Mrs. Astor's work, notably to the good reports of the 1,500 boys she placed in Western homes. Mr. C. L. Brace, who explained the object of the institution, expressed the hope that every child who participated in its advantages would be told the character of Mrs. Astor, of whom it is a memorial, and would hear that "she tried to wipe away some tears, to bind up some wounds, to make some few people happier; and that she did this in the name of Him who had made her happy."

A Cold-Blooded Massacre is Reported from Hayti. Letters dated January 28, from St. Marc, state that the Northern Army under General Hyppolite made a sudden attack simultaneously by sea and land on Gonaives, a seaport town on the northern coast of Hayti. The town was first bombarded by the ships, and then six hundred men were landed under the command of thirteen generals. In the fight that followed, Légitime's force was utterly routed, leaving many killed and wounded and 300 men and twelve generals in the hands of the men of Gonaives. The following day, according to the tale of horror, both the generals and the captured troops were taken out and shot. The ships subsequently bombarded St. Marc.

A Remarkable Witness Gave Evidence before the Parnell Commission last week. He gave his name as Beach, but he was known in America as Dr. Le Caron, and under that name practiced as a physician at Braidwood, Ill. He has been a member of various Irish societies in this country for over twenty years, has been a trusted officer of those societies, and a delegate to Irish conventions; yet all that time he has been in the pay of the British Government as a spy. He admitted that he had regularly reported to the British police all the secrets he

knew of Irish plots, and appeared unconscious that there was any disgrace in doing so. Some of the evidence he gave was exceedingly damaging to Mr. Parnell and the Irish leaders in Parliament. Among other disclosures, he said that Egan told him that there were many payments made by the League which it was impossible to make public, and he instanced the paying of Dutch officers who were sent from Amsterdam to assist the Boers during the Transvaal war. Witness said he remembered the visit of Messrs. Dillon and Parnell to America in 1880. The meetings held during their stay in the United States were organized exclusively by the United Brotherhood, or Clan-na-Gael. Witness attended several meetings at which Messrs. Dillon and Parnell were present. The counsel for the Times, in order to show the relevancy of the evidence, said he did not contend that Mr. Parnell and his associates planned murders, but that they had allied themselves intimately with the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and availed themselves of its money. Knowing the character of the I. R. B., they continued their alliance with it after most distinct and positive notice. The witness then described the character and objects of the society.

A Second Revolution has, it Appears, Occurred in Uganda, where King Mwanga, the murderer of Bishop Hannington, was recently deposed. King Kiwiwa, whom the Arabs set up in place of Mwanga, and whom they expected to govern in their interest in hostility to the English missionaries, killed two of the Arab ringleaders who had been most active in the attack on the Mission stations. Thereupon another revolution was organized. Kiwiwa was deposed and his younger brother set upon the throne. Mr. Mackay, the missionary who reports the news to Zanzibar by letter, and thence by cable, says that at Usamiro, where he has taken refuge, nothing had been heard of Stanley or of Emin Pasha.

The Succession to the Throne of Austria threatens to become a serious question. Reports are current that the Emperor would prefer his granddaughter, the only child of the late Prince Rudolph, to his brother, as his successor, and will make an effort to override the Salic law, which prohibits a woman reigning over Austria, as was done over a century ago in the case of Maria Theresa. In this attempt, should he make it, he will have the sympathy of at least one foreign power. It is known that the Italian Government views with apprehension the prospect of the heir of the Duke of Modena, who was dispossessed by the unification of Italy, becoming the presumptive heir to the throne of Austria. Furthermore, both Archduke Karl and his son Franz are ultra Catholics of the House of Savoy and enemies of Italian unity, and are ardent allies of the Vatican. Advices from Pesth say that the question already engages the anxious attention of the Ministers, although no official notification respecting the succession will be made until the end of the year.

The Italian Premier Does not Share the Sanguine hopes of peace expressed by some other European statesman. The burdens entailed on that country by its relatively large army and navy, led to an appeal being made to him on February 5 to reduce military appropriations. Signor Crispi replied: "No one desires peace more than we. For three years past none have toiled more than we to attain that object. For our own part, we should like to disarm, but we cannot disarm when throughout Europe armaments are being pushed forward with redoubled activity, and when fresh fortresses are being erected along the line of our own frontier. Italy cannot, from poetical Arcadian sentiments, be the first to disarm. That would be adopting a policy unworthy of practical statesmen."

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A Burglar's Confession Startled a Methodist clergyman in Newark, N. J., a few days ago. During a revival service held in the Central Methodist Church a man strolled in, and took a back seat. The minister did not pay special attention to him, but when the meeting was over and the pastor started for home, the man joined him. He said: "I am a burglar. I came to Newark to rob a house, but I want to confess it all to you. I came from New York with a mind bent on crime, but, entering your church in the hope of getting a chance to pick a pocket, I have learned the greatness of my guilt. I want to be saved, and I want to talk to some good man, and tell him the story of my past life." The minister looked at the man's respectable apparel, and observing his excited manner thought he must be deranged, but he was convinced of his sincerity when, on reaching his house, his companion unbuttoned his coat, and disclosed a complete set of burglar's tools and a loaded revolver. He handed these over to the minister as a proof of his sincerity. The minister prayed with him, and pointed him to Christ, and he went his way. A letter has now been received from the man's sister, stating that her brother is a new man, and has gone to honest work.

An Insane Man's Hallucination Caused Some excitement at Newark, N.J., on February 4. Some railroad men on the Pennsylvania road, on going to open a freight car which had come on from Philadelphia, were astonished to find inside an excited man, who threatened to murder the first man who dared to enter the car. The man was soothed as quickly as possible, and he then vouchsafed an explanation. He said he was guarding enormous wealth, and meant to defend it with his life. A little later he said that he was expecting his relief to come, and wondered why he was being kept on guard after he ought to have been relieved. Acting on this suggestion the railroad men caused one of their number to march up to the car in the character of the new guard, and the excited man then quietly quitted the car, giving place to the newcomer. As he walked off toward the city he was arrested by a policeman, and was found to be an escaped insane patient. There was nothing of value in the car on which he came, but he was firmly convinced that it was full of treasure. Many persons who are counted sane among us are under a similar delusion. At the last they will find that the riches they so eagerly sought, and so tenaciously clung to, are worthless, while only those prove to be really rich who were rich in faith. (James 2: 5).

An Oak-Tree Over a Thousand Years Old, according to the opinion of experts, was cut down two weeks ago in Connecticut. It stood on the hill at Woodbridge, and was regarded as a very old tree in colonial days, when it served as a guide to mariners. The tree, which was declared by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professors Abbott and Eaton and others, to be over a thousand years of age, sheltered Washington and Lafayette when the army marched through Woodbridge, and dined under its branches. Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell, the regicides prominent in New Haven's early history, stood at the tree and watched their distant pursuers. It was the oldest oak in America. New Haven people cheerfully contributed money at various times to prevent the owners from cutting the tree down, but finally the decay of age rendered the destruction necessary. The great age of the tree, and its prominence in New Haven history, are the principal factors in its importance, but there are many, old and young, who have tender recollections of meetings beneath the tree, which has been a favorite trysting-place of poetic young people of the present and past generations. Its wood is to be cut up and used for souvenirs, for which there is expected to be much competition. If the fact that a tree has sheltered our ancestors, inspires so much veneration for it, how much more should the descendants of godly men be drawn to love and reverence the faith which has sup-

ported generations of them through life and death, and which never can fall into senile decay! (Ps. 22: 3-5.)

A Child's Unconscious Evidence Against her mother led to a distressing scene in a court room in Hoboken, N. J., on February 1. A woman was in prison on suspicion of having stolen a gold watch. As she had always borne a good character, there was much doubt as to her guilt. On Friday, while the Recorder was on the bench, a little girl rose in court and piteously pleaded for the woman's release. She begged the Recorder to let her come home, for she and her brothers and sisters needed their mother's care. The judge was evidently moved, but he told the child that he could not let the prisoner go until that watch was found and her mother's innocence clearly proved. The child went away, but presently returned, and gleefully putting the watch on the judge's desk, asked him to let her mother go now. It was a painful task to tell the child that she had unconsciously furnished the very proof that would involve her mother in a long imprisonment; but the judge had to do it. Her distress, when she realized the fact, touched all present, but nothing could be done to help her. In earthly courts, men perceive that not even repentance and restitution are sufficient for the vindication of law. It would be well if they realized that God's justice also demands something more of the sinner. Punishment would be inevitable in every case were it not that God has Himself provided a way of escape, through the atonement of Christ, for all who avail themselves of it. (Rom. 3: 24, 25.)

The Identity of an Unknown Neighbor astonished a lady in Montreal recently. The *Witness* of that city states that seven years ago a lady living in Montreal heard that her sister, who lived in a distant country district and whom she had not seen for many years, was dead. The lady put on mourning, and made no further inquiry. One day last month, in the course of conversation with her grocer, she mentioned her native place and spoke of her family connections. The grocer thereupon told her, as a curious coincidence, that a customer of his, who was now living next door to her, came from the same town, and that her maiden name was the same as her own. The lady was much astonished, and immediately made a call on her next door neighbor. She was still more astonished by discovering that the neighbor was the very sister whom for seven years she had mourned as dead. When the lawyer asked Jesus who was His neighbor (Luke 10: 29), he received a lesson that is too much forgotten in this day. If Christians heeded it, though they might not find, as the Montreal lady did, an earthly relative in their neighbor, they might find one who would become a brother in Christ. (Matt. 23: 8.)

How Death Was Held Back by a Finger for a few minutes, was told recently by an eminent physician. A Boston journal publishing the reminiscences of a surgeon who served during the war, says: "Dr. Westmoreland was one day dressing the wound of a soldier who had been shot in the neck near the carotid artery. It had not been regarded as a particularly dangerous case. Suppuration had set in, however, and while the surgeon was cleansing the wound, the blood-vessel suddenly gave way. Dr. Westmoreland as quickly put his finger into the aperture and stopped the flow. The soldier glanced questioningly into the surgeon's face. 'Doctor,' he asked, 'what does that mean?' 'It means death, my poor fellow,' answered Dr. Westmoreland, a strong sympathy in his voice. A moment the soldier lay with closed eyes, as if stunned by the fatal words, then he looked up and calmly asked, 'How long can I live?' 'Until I remove my finger,' answered the doctor. 'Will—you wait a little,' the poor man asked, 'till I can—write a few words to my wife?' The doctor bowed his head affirmatively. The soldier wrote his brief letter; and then, with the pathos of resignation, said: 'I am ready, doctor.' 'I removed my finger,'

said the surgeon, 'and in a little while the brave fellow was dead.'" Happy are they who, realizing that life and death are in the hands of God, and have made their peace with Him through Christ, can use the soldier's words in calm confidence, "I am ready." (II Tim. 4: 7.)

A Panic Among Girl Operatives Resulted in several injuries and much danger in Boston, Mass., recently. A tailor's shop was found to be on fire, and when the alarm reached the workroom, in which about twenty girls were employed in stitching overcoats, there was a general panic. The girls rushed to the stairs, but they were already burning, and their escape by that avenue was cut off. Then they lost self-control entirely. They broke the windows, and screamed, and struggled one with another. The fire brigade were soon on the spot and raised ladders to the windows, but, strange to say, the women seemed unable to comprehend what was being done. They were so unnerved by terror that they resisted the efforts of the firemen to save them. Some of them tried to jump from the very windows against which the ladders were placed. Several had to be taken by force, and were carried struggling to the ladders. It was with the utmost difficulty that the firemen at last succeeded in getting them out in time to save their lives. Sometimes awakened sinners are similarly overcome of terror to their own peril. Only when they cease their vain struggles to save themselves, and trust in Christ to save them, do they find rest and peace. (Mark 5: 36.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Young Women's Christian Associations of New York State will hold their second annual convention at Newburg, N. Y., February 15-17.

Mr. George Muller, of the Bristol Orphanages, has been engaged of late in an evangelistic tour in Australia, and has just left with his wife for India.

Rev. Henry Varley is addressing largely attended evangelistic services in the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, on Sunday evenings, with gratifying results.

Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee, Rector of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, was elected, on February 6, Bishop of Michigan in succession to Bishop Harris.

Mr. George C. Needham, the evangelist, has been having large meetings in Merrion Hall, Dublin. His special services for soldiers and policemen have proved pre-eminently successful.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has closed his services at Auburn, N. Y. The results are of the most encouraging character. Over three hundred persons have made profession of faith, and at all the churches there is increased life.

The local newspaper of Guelph, Ont., Canada, continues to report astonishing results of the services Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea has been conducting in that town. Some very remarkable conversions have occurred.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon is taking daily carriage exercise in the neighborhood of Mentone, and is recovering health and strength. His recovery has been retarded by a fall through slipping on a marble staircase. No bones were broken, but he was much shaken.

A numerous signed requisition has been sent from Edinburgh, inviting Major Whittle to revisit that city. He accepted the invitation, and commenced a month's evangelistic mission on February 10. His former visit in 1880 was productive of widespread blessing.

Dr. R. J. Preston, Superintendent of the Southwestern Lunatic Asylum, Marion, Va., would be thankful to receive copies of this and other illustrated journals, old books or other Christian literature, for the reading-room, which is a valuable aid for convalescent patients.

Rev. B. Fay Mills expects to begin services in Jersey City, N. J., on February 24. He has held a conference with representatives of seven churches of various denominations, which are uniting in the movement. Union prayer meetings will be held every day of the week preceding Mr. Mills's arrival.

Gipsy Smith, the English evangelist, commenced services at Nostrand Avenue M. E. Church, Brooklyn, on February 3. The building was crowded, and upward of twenty persons went after the service to inquire the way of salvation. Several invitations to work have been sent to him. His next sphere will probably be the Central M. E. Church, New York.

Rev. L. S. Keyser, author of "The Only Way Out," which, originally published in this journal, is now having a large sale in book form, preached his farewell sermon on February 3 in his church at Elkhart, Ind. There was an overflowing congregation. He commenced his labors as the pastor of the Third Lutheran Church, Springfield, O., last Sunday.

THE QUALIFICATION OF THE ELIGIBLE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Even empty vessels borrow not a few." II Kings 4:3.
Godly People in Poverty—Neither Wealth nor Poverty Proof of Divine Favor—Encouragement for Christ's Poor—The Widow's Appeal—A Very Sore Strait—An Apparently Foolish Proceeding—The Deliverance—The Lesson of the Narrative—I. In Reference to Grace—Empty Vessels Needed—Christ Able to Fill Them—A Ploughman's Story—Emptiness is Eligibility—When the Oil Stayed—II. In Reference to Answers to Prayer—The Widow Measured the Blessings—Promises Not Claimed—III. In Reference to the Holy Spirit's Work—A Sarcastic Lady—Empty Vessels in all Lands.

THE best of men may die in poverty: here is the widow of a prophet left in destitution. We must not hastily censure those who leave their families unprovided for: circumstances may have rendered it impossible for the bread-winner to do more than supply the pressing wants of the hour. Yet assuredly it is sad to see the widow of so worthy a man in such straits! A widow, and the widow of a prophet of the Lord, our concern for her is tender.

Her husband had been among the persecuted, and having been, by oppression, deprived of all that he had, it came to pass that when he died he left his wife and children in distress; from which I gather that holy men may be in the worst of circumstances, and yet it will be no proof that the Lord has forsaken them. We may not judge a person's character by his position in life. Certainly, poverty's no sign of grace, for there are many who bring themselves to it by their own wickedness; but, on the other hand, wealth is

No Sign of Divine Favor;

for many there be who will have their portion in this life only, and have no inheritance in the life everlasting. As a general rule, piety is more often found among the poor than among the rich; and in persecuting times, it is almost of absolute necessity that a clean conscience should involve poverty. Let this encourage any here who are just now very low in circumstances. You are where prophets and saints have been. God can lift you up, and would do so if it were really for your good. Be more concerned to act like a Christian in your present condition than to escape from it. Remember, however poor you are, your Master was poorer, and that whatever else you have not, you still have His love. Seek to be rich in faith, if you be poor in all besides. This sorrowing widow, when she found herself in poverty, and likely to lose her sons

Went to God in Her Trouble.

She hastened to God's prophet, for that was the way in which broken hearts would then speak to God in special trials; and it was a way with which, as a prophet's widow, she was well acquainted. But now we have another Mediator, Jesus Christ the righteous, and every Christian in trouble should take his burden to his God in Christ Jesus. We readily enough tell our friends and neighbors, and it is natural we should, for the human mind wants sympathy; but faith would teach us that there is no sympathy equal to that of the man Christ Jesus, and there is no power to help equal to that of the Father.

God was pleased to ordain by His servant a way of escape for the poor woman. The little oil that she had in the house was to be multiplied till there should be enough, when sold, to pay her debts with; from which I gather that if in our distress we take our trouble to God He will deliver us. This woman is not a solitary instance; she is one of a great multitude for whom the Lord has wrought graciously.

Yet the Lord allowed His handmaid to be very sorely pressed. She could not secure delay nor make any fair terms with the hard creditor. He was already in the house, and he would be satisfied with nothing less than both her sons. She was so reduced that she had nothing in the house but a single pot of oil; what could she do? She had hoped for deliverance, but now the night of utter misery was

coming on, and she saw no light. Beloved, it has been the same with many of the Lord's tried ones, and it may be the same with you. The Lord does not promise to rescue us in our time, nor to save us from waiting; rather does He see it to be right to try our faith and patience, for our good and for His own glory. Wherefore, I say to you whose turn seems to come last, be strong to wait, and do not dishonor the Lord by unbelief. Waiting in faith is a high form of worship, which, in some respects, excels the adoration of the shining ones above.

But the way in which this woman was delivered, was one which proved and exercised and strengthened her faith. She had to go and borrow empty vessels of her neighbors. That was a strange proceeding; empty oil jars would seem to be useless lumber in her house. Her neighbors, also, might make remarks upon her singular conduct. She had to shut the door, that no curious eyes might watch her, and she had then, with full confidence in God, to take her one pot of oil and go on pouring out from it into the empty vessels till they were all filled. Unbelief might have said to her,

"That is a Wild Proceeding!"

How can you fill these vessels out of that one little jar? There is but very little oil to begin with, and certainly that cannot be enough to fill all these borrowed jars. The prophet has mocked you; he is exposing you to the jests and jeers of all your neighbors." But her faith, when exercised, was equal to the emergency. She did what she was commanded to do: she did it in faith; and the result answered the end.

I. There is teaching in this narrative, first of all In Reference to Grace

that is in Christ Jesus. Now in this case, notice first of all what was required. In this miracle all that was required was empty vessels. This is, precisely all that Jesus Christ requires of us, that we be to Himself and His divine fullness as empty vessels. The grace is with Him, not with us; just as the oil was in the woman's one pot, and not in the empty vessels. Suppose that one of her neighbors had said to herself, when the boy came to borrow the vessels, "Poor woman! she modestly asks for an empty oil jar, but I will send her in a full one to help her." The lad joyfully accepts the offer, and takes home a jar full of oil. When his mother is pouring out the oil, the boy brings the vessel. She looks at it, and it is full. "My child," says she, "this is of no use to me; it is full, and we cannot fill again what is full already." So, if there be one person in this world who is by nature full of merit; if there be a man in the world that does not want mercy, that has enough natural goodness to save him, why, Christ cannot do anything for him, and he cannot be of any use as a receiver of grace. As long as the man is full of himself, there is no room for Jesus Christ.

Our own supposed fullness shuts us out from receiving Christ's fullness. It must be so. You will remember

The Story of the Ploughman

and Mr. Hervey. The ploughman asked Mr. Hervey what he thought was the greatest hindrance to men's salvation. Mr. Hervey replied, "Sinful self." "No," said the ploughman, "I think righteous self is a greater hindrance to men's salvation than sinful self. They that are sinful will come to Christ for pardon, but they that think they are righteous never will." The full oil jar can hold no more. A deserving sinner (if such a person could exist) would be of no use to the Saviour, and the Saviour could be of no use to him. Remember this. *Emptiness is eligibility.* Want of natural goodness proves your need of God's grace, and that need is your capacity to receive.

Some will say, "Truly, I have no good works in the past; but then, I have good resolves for the future. I am going to be what I should be." Are these resolutions formed in your own strength? These also will impede the inflow of the heavenly oil. It is when we are without strength that salvation comes to us. Ah, friend! if you can save yourself, Christ will not save

you. Again I remind you that you must be emptied of self ere grace can fill you.

You are saying, "But I don't feel as I should; I don't think as I should; I don't weep as I should." This only proves how empty you are; and into all this natural emptiness of yours the superabounding grace of the Lord Jesus Christ will flow till it fills you; and overflows to His praise. Oh that by an act of faith you would receive what Jesus so freely gives to as many as will receive Him! That is all the empty sinner has to do: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." All that the Saviour wants of us is our need of being saved, and our acceptance of His salvation. Come along with you!

Now, observe what followed. In this miracle, as soon as the empty vessels were brought, the oil flowed till they were full, of whatever size they might be. One neighbor lent a little jar, another a large one; but they were all filled. So, when a sinner receives of Jesus, he receives

All the Grace He Wants

till he is full. "Ye are complete in Him." "Of His fullness have all we received, and grace for grace." O soul, if you believe in Jesus you shall find in Him grace to pardon you, grace to change your nature, grace to keep that nature changed, grace to preserve you till you are perfect, grace to help you till you are brought home to glory. Christ freely gives everything a sinner wants between the gates of hell and the gates of paradise. He does not half fill, but He makes the soul to say, "My cup runneth over."

What was the space in which the miracle endured? How long did this oil continue to flow? That is a point worth noticing. It flowed as long as any empty vessel could be brought; and the command was, "Borrow not a few." I know how many souls Christ will bless. He will bless as many souls as are empty, and are placed beneath the flow of His divine grace. That He filleth the hungry with good things is always the rule; and the other rule is equally sure—the rich He sendeth empty away. We know how long Christ will continue to save sinners. It is as long as any needy sinner comes to Him to be saved. "Bring me yet a vessel." Don't tell me, "There is not a vessel more," for I am sure there must be many more. Our Lord has not come to the end of the vessels yet; there are many more to be filled. There are plenty of empty vessels still about. I pray that they may be brought to the fullness of our Redeemer, and be filled to the brim.

I have used a very simple method of preaching the gospel in thus talking; but, simple as it is, there are a great many who will not understand it. Let me just rehearse it again. You have broken God's law, and you are lost. The only way in which you can get forgiveness is through the merit of Jesus, and that He will freely give you if you simply come and confess your sin, and take Him to be your all in all. Adore His mercy, magnify His love, accept His grace, yield to the working of His Holy Spirit, and you are saved. Come, empty pitcher, stand beneath the flowing fountain, and it will surely fill you. Do you understand me? The Lord make you to prove that you do so by your practical compliance with my exhortation.

II. I shall further use the text in reference to

Answers to Prayer.

My conviction is, brethren, that we do not pray enough. I do not, by this remark, measure our prayers by time, but I mean that we do not ask enough of God. We are not straitened in Him, but we are often straitened in ourselves. The prophet's advice to the woman was, "Borrow empty vessels"—notice the next word—"borrow not a few." It was needful thus to urge her to large things. Covetous men need restraining, but in asking of the Lord, our hearts need enlarging. This godly widow had the blessing now at her disposal to increase or diminish. If she borrowed few vessels, she would have but little oil; if she borrowed many vessels they should all be filled, and she should have much oil. She was herself to measure out

what she should have; and I believe that you and I, in the matter of spiritual blessings from God, have more to do with the measurement of our mercies than we think. We make our blessings little, because our prayers are little.

I will take two points—prayers about ourselves, and prayers about others. *Concerning ourselves.* Brethren, some have never brought their sins and prevalent temptations before God. One man has a hasty temper, which he says he cannot overcome. He must overcome it, if he is to be saved from sin; and what he should do is to treat his wretched temper like an empty vessel, and bring it before the Lord. I know one who, I trust, is a child of God; but, alas! he has been carried away by folly, and has dishonored the Christian name; so that now he is in deep despair, and thinks he never can be saved. I fear his despair is only another form of rebellion. If he could have faith to bring

His Peculiar Temptation

before God as well as every other, it would be overcome for him. There is no sin which the grace of God cannot subdue in us. We must not say that such and such a sin is constitutional, and, therefore, we cannot overcome it; it must be overcome, and the grace of God can do it. Bring you this empty vessel, and set it down where Jesus can come into contact with it. Perhaps, with some of you, your special trial is not so much a sin as a lack of spiritual attainment. You are still only babes in Christ. You hear of some that have gained high degrees of grace, that have become matrons in the church, or champions in Israel. My dear friends, do not suppose that these attainments are beyond your reach. Do you want them? Would they not be honorable to God, and a blessing to you? Well, then, ask for them. Set these empty vessels beneath the dropping of the divine oil, and you shall have these boons granted to you. In the matter of grace, he is poor that will be poor; but he that desires to be rich, and has faith in God, may be rich.

Suppose she had brought a number of empty vessels into the house, but she had not used them, and the oil had stayed. She would have been a very foolish woman. But are not many of us quite as foolish? We have a great many cares—cares about our boys and girls, cares about our business, cares about household concerns; but we do not bring these cares to God: we feel as if they were too little to mention to Him. This is so absurd that I will have no more to do with such a sinful silence. Let us

Tell It All to Jesus;

or otherwise the case stands thus—You have your empty vessels, and you will not bring them to be filled. Why will you be so wickedly foolish? When the Lord bids you cast your care upon Him, for He careth for you, why not cast it there? Why will you carry your sin, your need, your care? These cares are different sets of empty vessels for the grace of God to fill.

The same is true with regard to prayers for others. If our children are not converted, is it not, in some cases, the fact that we have not prayed for them as we should? We have not brought them before God in supplication, and if they remain unconverted and worldly, how can we wonder? Let us not leave the empty vessels unfilled. Come, friends, think of the unconverted at home. You have still some unsaved ones; mention them again and again in prayer by name, and cease not to pray; for Christ's grace ceases not to flow, and the efficacy of prayer is not stayed. Do not cease to pray till all the family is converted, till there is not another vessel left. Let us do the same with our neighbors. Are we sufficiently earnest before God with regard to them? Might we not expect to see a great change in London, if the districts wherein we dwell were oftener on our hearts in prayer?

Let us see what we can do in this matter. Do you hesitate? When you have the keys of heaven at your girdle, will you not use them? When God puts the whole treasury of His grace into the keeping of our faith, shall we let that

grace be unused for want of earnestness? When He says to us, "There is *carte-blanc* for you; ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you," shall we not open our mouths widely? If the Lord promises that when two agree as touching anything concerning His kingdom, He will grant it to us, why, let us agree at once. What! will you not fill up these cheques which God has signed and left blank for you? Will you fill them up for pennies or for trifling sums, when the infinite exchequer of God is laid open to you? Oh saints of God, be not straitened in yourselves, since God does not straiten you! Bring in the empty vessels, and bring in not a few.

III. Once more. I shall use the text in a third way of application in reference to

The Work of the Holy Spirit.

There was a time, in certain churches, when, if there were a few converted to God, say thirty or forty at a time, the older friends would hold up their hands, not in astonishment exactly, but in utter unbelief; for they thought some undue influence or improper excitement must have been present to bring out such a crowd. I recollect having to deal with those who would say, "We had one baptism in ten years, under the solid doctrinal teaching of our former pastor. We had a sound divine, and we were sound ourselves (and sound asleep, too!); but see what a hurry we are now in! There have been twenty persons professing to be converted in one month!" The good brethren have added, "We hope you will be very cautious. Don't receive them too fast. There is a deal of excitement abroad, and we must be judicious and watchful, for when the excitement passes away a terrible reaction may set in!" One good old lady I know of used to say sarcastically that she hoped the Church would take care that the back door was easy to open, for she was quite sure that if so many came in at the front, there would be a good number who would soon have to be turned out at the back. I am half afraid that she hoped it would be so to justify her criticisms.

Dear brethren, is not this absurd? Do not these people act on the very reverse principle of the prophet's widow. They say, "Bring very few vessels, vessels very few. Suppose some of them should not be filled! There is oil enough for one or two; do not bring more, for fear of failure in such cases. If we see the oil filling hundreds of vessels, then we say it cannot be oil, it must be some vile imitation of it. We cannot expect it can all be good oil if so many vessels are filled with it." I hope that when the Holy Ghost comes with power, and works with His truth—as He will when we fully believe in Him and obey Him—we shall then hear sermons preached which shall be the means of conversion of a whole Tabernacle full at once. God grant this not in England only. We must not fancy that

The Heathen are to be Converted

at the slow pace they have been. The population of heathendom has increased at a far greater rate than the number of converts to Christianity. When the increase does come, it will come in a different style from this—in a Godlike way. Shall a nation be born at once? Perhaps it shall be so. Why not? The Spirit of God is not straitened; and when faith comes back to the Church, and she brings her many empty vessels, then the Spirit of God that is in her shall graciously multiply His divine work, and all the empty nations shall be filled. England, the United States, France, Prussia, Russia, Italy, Spain, Hindostan, China, Arabia, shall all be filled to the brim with the outpouring of God's eternal Spirit, and myriads shall be saved by the precious blood of Jesus.

Alas, we fail because we do not believe! If the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth? I fear me He would discover but here and there a grain of mustard seed. May He grant to many of us that heroic faith which, believing in God, thinks nothing of difficulties, and does not believe in impossibilities, but does

the right, and preaches the truth, and expects God to bless it above what we can ask or even think. May God bless you, and may the first part of my subject be last in your recollection; *if you are empty vessels, come to Christ and be filled.* May He fill you with His grace for His mercy's sake! Amen, and Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE SAVAGE'S IDEA OF SOUL.*

THE conception of another self capable of going away and returning, receives what to the savage must appear conclusive verifications from the abnormal suspensions of consciousness, that occasionally occur in members of his tribe. One who has fainted, and cannot be immediately brought back to himself, (note the significance of our own phrases, returning to himself, etc.) as a sleeper can, shows him a state in which the other self has been away beyond recall. Still more is this prolonged absence of the other self shown him in cases of apoplexy, catalepsy, and other forms of suspended animation. Here for hours the other self persists in remaining away, and on returning refuses to say where he has been. Further verification is afforded by every epileptic subject into whose body, during the absence of the other self, some enemy has entered; for how else does it happen that the other self on returning denies all knowledge of what his body has been doing? And this supposition that the body has "been possessed" by some other being is confirmed by the phenomena of somnambulism and insanity.

What, then, is the interpretation inevitably put upon death? The other self has habitually returned after sleep, which simulates death. It has returned, too, after fainting, which simulates death much more. It has even returned after the rigid state of catalepsy, which simulates death very greatly. Will it not return also after this still more prolonged quiescence and rigidity? clearly it is quite possible—quite probable even. The dead man's other self is gone away for a long time, but it still exists somewhere, far or near, and may at any moment come back to do all he said he would do.

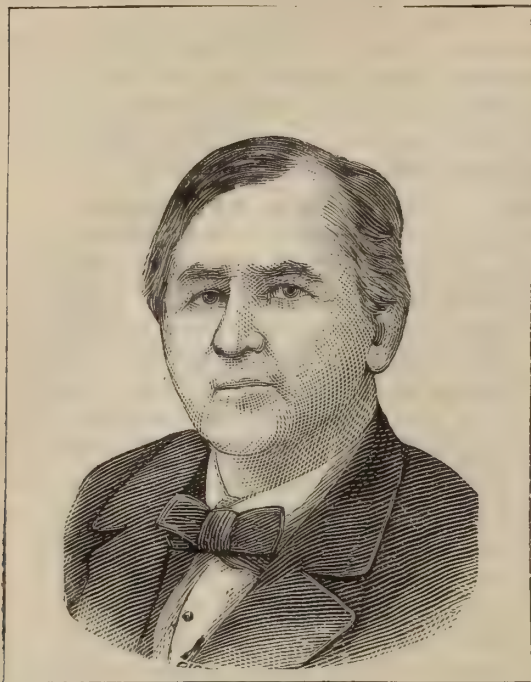
The Wonderful Body.

A prominent evolutionist teaches that man has been evolved by mechanical causes alone, under the influence of natural forces, without purpose, design, intention, or any guidance from any agency in the nature of intelligence. Starting from this assumption, then, and for brevity's sake personifying evolution, let us see what she undertook to do, and what she has accomplished in the mechanical creation of man. Starting with a speck of animated gelatin, which came into existence no one knows how, and was the first of living things, no one knows why, the problem was to make man of the dust of the earth—of such materials as she found ready to her hand—and to fill him with the breath of life and all its concomitants.

Man was to stand upright. His framework was therefore necessarily rigid, tough, and unyielding. Evolution made it of bone, and made the bone. But bones were heavy and cumbersome; and so they were made hollow—putting the least material in the strongest form. They were also, for equilibrium's sake, made with bi-lateral symmetry—right and left sides complementarily alike. And, as bone is unyielding, and as the man was to have both motion and locomotion, flexible joints were required at a hundred points. Evolution made all the joints: some hinge-like; some ball and socket; some rolling axially in grooves; and, at every joint, evolution provided sacs of lubricating liquid to prevent friction, and saw to it that the sacs should carefully be kept full.

This bony skeleton was to be for support, for

* From "God Reigns." By Edward Reynolds Roe, M. D. An able work in reply to the arguments of certain writers on Evolution, showing from a scientific standpoint that the doctrine of God's creation is more logical than any theory yet propounded by the Evolutionists. It is one of the best books to put into the hands of an intelligent young man whose faith is wavering. Pp. 187; price fifty cents; published by *Laird & Lee*, Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill.



John Wanamaker.



Bears at Work on Wreckage in Labrador.

motion and locomotion, and for the protection of tender parts. The brain and its appendages were to be safely housed in a bony cranium, and down the central axis of the frame. Accordingly the skull was made a hollow globe, arched on all sides, and its appended cord of nerve centre sent down the back in a cavity hollowed in the bony spine, while the spine itself, which contained and protected this precious cord, was carefully padded between all its many joints with elastic cartilages, to permit flexion, and to prevent any violent shock which might work injury. And still further to secure this end, the bony column was given a double curvature, by which it might bend, and so lessen all shocks by its elasticity. And evolution surveyed her work at this point, and saw that it was good. . . . Let us hope that the time is not far distant when men of science will no longer hesitate to admit in their writings (as most of them do in their hearts) that God reigns, the source and sum and substance of all science.

MR. JOHN WANAMAKER.

RUMOR, just now very busy with Cabinet appointments, gives the name of John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, as that of the future Postmaster-General. Whether that is a mere guess, or is reliable news, cannot be known yet, but that Mr. Wanamaker would be a good man for the place, is conceded by all who know him, both Republicans and Democrats. His extraordinary career, and his marvellous success, show that he possesses just the kind of sagacity and administrative ability needed in the head of the Post Office Department.

Mr. Wanamaker keeps the largest retail store in America, and since the death of A. T. Stewart, of New York, is the most conspicuous living example of what enterprise and push can do in trade. He was born in Philadelphia about fifty-two years ago. His father was a poor bricklayer, and John, when fourteen years old, was sent to work in a clothing store at a weekly salary of *one dollar and a half*. His industry and smartness soon attracted the notice of his employers, and secured for him rapid promotion. At the end of five years he was chief salesman of the house, and his salary had increased to an extent which had permitted him to save the sum of \$2,000. Four years afterward he commenced business in partnership with Nathan Brown, who died about eight years afterward, leaving Mr. Wanamaker in sole control of the growing concern. Since that time the business has extended to enormous size, chiefly through his splendid business talents.

Mr. Wanamaker as a young man was Secre-

tary of the Y. M. C. A., and has always taken a deep interest in its welfare. Not long ago, when the question of erecting a new home for the Association was being considered, Mr. Wanamaker's contribution was \$50,000. He has been equally liberal in Church work, and has given many proofs that the sharp business methods with which he is reproached are not adopted to make money for its own sake.

A POLAR BEAR RELIC.

(See Illustration.)

THE spectacle depicted in the picture on this page, was witnessed on the shores of Labrador after the wreck of a ship. The wreckage of miscellaneous kinds, as it drifted ashore was seized by four huge bears, and apparently afforded them considerable exercise of ingenuity in getting at the contents of the various packages.

An incident in connection with Labrador bears, which recently appeared in a German publication, shows how much encouragement missionaries derive from the knowledge that their safety is the subject of prayer by friends at home. A Moravian missionary laboring in Labrador, during a brief visit home for rest and recuperation, was the guest of a family in which there was a very intelligent little boy. The child was a most attentive listener to the missionary's stories of Labrador life, and especially to a narrative of a hair-breadth escape from a bear. It impressed him so much that after the missionary's departure he inserted a special petition in his evening prayer, that God would continue to protect the good man from the bears. The father of the child, writing to his friend he missionary, told him of the boy's habit.

About a year afterward, the missionary having to visit a station on the coast, was in a boat managed by two Esquimaux. As the boat entered a narrow strait, a cry from one of the men startled the missionary, and looking upward in the direction to which the man pointed, he saw a huge bear on the rock above, just about to plunge into the water after the boat. The men were in desperate alarm, fearing that the boat would be upset and the lives of the whole party endangered. The missionary, relating the circumstance afterwards, said that in that moment of dire peril the thought of the little boy's prayers for his preservation from that particular danger occurred to him and gave him calm. As the bear struck the water, a well-aimed shot crippled her, and a second shot ended her life. When she was dragged ashore, the missionary thought it would be a good thing to send one of her paws to his young friend, as a tangible evidence that his prayers were answered. The writer of the article in the Ger-

man paper states that he had seen the paw, well preserved and mounted, in the boy's home.

THE WIDOW'S TRUST.

(See Illustration on page 100.)

"I SEE Greville has not paid his rent, yet," said Mr. Righton, a retired merchant, who had his fortune well invested in real estate. "He has never been so late before. I wonder what the reason is!"

The secretary, whom Mr. Righton addressed, looked up from his writing as his employer spoke, and said: "Mr. Greville is dead, sir. I did not know of it until this morning, when I saw his funeral leaving the house."

"Then I suppose we shall have the cottage on our hands. Call this evening and see how things stand; or stay, I will call myself this afternoon. Some of the relatives will be there perhaps, and I may get this month's rent."

"Very sorry to hear of your loss, Mrs. Greville," Mr. Righton said, when the door of a pretty, old-fashioned cottage, surrounded by a well-kept garden, was opened in answer to his ring, by a tall lady in widow's mourning. "You are Mrs. Greville, I presume?"

The widow bowed.

"Ah, yes; never had the pleasure of meeting you before. Mr. Greville knew me very well. I am Mr. Righton, the owner of the cottage. I thought I would look in to see what you were going to do about it."

"I really have not thought about it," said Alice Greville pathetically; "our loss was so sudden that there has been time to think of nothing else. I have made no plans. I shall have to get some employment."

"Sorry to hear that. You are in a very sad condition. I should recommend you to sell your furniture, and go to boarding. I suppose there are a few debts too. There is one month's rent due me. I doubt if you can get employment. Your husband was very imprudent—very imprudent indeed—to have made no provision. Did he never say anything about it?"

"Only at the last, sir. He said he had been trying to save some little sum, but he had not been able. His salary was not large, and he had been helping his family in the old country. But he had faith in God. He said he was sure God would care for us, and I believe He will."

Mr. Righton shrugged his shoulders. "I should have had a better opinion of your husband's sense," he said, "if he had put his trust in a bank or a good life insurance company. I am afraid I shall never get my rent if you have no resource but in God."

A week later, Mr. Righton again stood at the cottage door. "Have you succeeded in

getting employment, Mrs. Greville?" he asked.

"No, sir," she said; "I have made inquiries, but there seems no use for such knowledge as I have. I have found no occupation as yet."

"Well, then, you will be glad to hear that I have been more successful. A friend of mine needs a housekeeper, and he will take you on my recommendation. Your child,"—looking at a girl of some ten years old who stood by her mother's chair—"was a difficulty, but there happens to be a vacancy in an orphan asylum that I can control. So you see you are both provided for, and without any supernatural intervention."

"Must I be separated from Gracie?" asked the widow, her eyes filling with tears, while she felt the child's hand close convulsively on her shoulder. "She is all I have left in the world. Oh, I could not bear that!"

"Oh! you would get over it; you will feel glad that she is being well provided for. It will be hard at first, but you will have plenty to think about, and you would not miss her."

"You have no children, Mr. Righton?"

"I? Oh, no, I never married. I could never afford it, though I had more money than your husband had, but I had more prudence, and not so much faith."

"Then you cannot understand a mother's feelings when you ask her to give up her child."

"I have not asked you to do so, madam, I came to tell you of an opportunity—a very excellent opportunity, but I am sorry to see you do not appreciate it. I wish you good day, madam, and I hope I may be treated in the same way if I ever trouble myself again for the benefit of other people." And before Mrs. Greville could say a word he had vanished, closing the door behind him with a bang.

"I will go and see that Greville woman again," Mr. Righton said a few days later to his secretary. "I cannot afford to have her occupying the house with no prospect of ever getting the rent. Very likely she has come to her senses by this time, and will accept the offer I made her." A brighter look than he had yet seen was upon Mrs. Greville's face as she admitted him; and as he passed into her little parlor he was surprised to see a tall young man sitting there, whose resemblance to her was so decided that Mr. Righton at once rightly concluded that he was the brother of whom she had spoken.

"This is Mr. Righton, Harry," said Mrs. Greville.

"Oh, I was just coming to see you," said the young man, rising. "My sister owes you a little matter of rent. I should like to pay it, and also to ask you to accept me as your tenant. Here are my references. Mrs. Greville told me of your efforts on her behalf. You were very kind, but I can manage to keep a home for her and her child, and I propose to do it."

"That is very good of you," said Mr. Righton, "very good indeed. Few young men like you would be willing to work for another man's wife and child. However, that is your affair."

"Yes, that is my affair; and now, if you will tell me the amount of the debt, we will close our first transaction, for I have to be at the depot in twenty minutes."



The Widow and Gracie at the Gate.

"That is all right, thank you, said Mr. Righton, as he pocketed the money. Turning to the widow, he added, "This is better help than God sent you."

"Excuse me," said her brother, interposing, "God sent me to her help, as surely and directly as ever He did anything in this world."

The landlord looked incredulous; but as the two men left the house at the same time, going their several ways, the brother had in his heart the glad assurance that he was right. Had he doubted, he would have been convinced when, at the end of the lane, he turned and saw the look of grateful affection on the face of his widowed sister, as she stood looking after him, while Gracie, at her side, waved her handkerchief in adieu. Still more sure was he when, in after years, he testified that association with his sister, in the home he kept for her, had been the means of leading him to Christ.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 95.)

An Odious Task.

AFTER this I entered upon a new phase of my missionary life; the elders assured me that it was my duty to teach polygamy to the women of Switzerland. Hitherto, although I had suffered much from poverty and privation, my work as a missionary had been very pleasant. I believed with my whole heart all that I taught, and my best wishes for the people around me were that they might become altogether such as I was, except in my sufferings. Now, however, all this was changed: It was no longer salvation through faith in Christ, or repentance, or baptism; it was no longer love and peace for this world of weary, dying sinners, and the promise of everlasting joy in the world to come, that I was called upon to teach. My task hitherto had been a labor of love; now it was to be a weary work of pain. How could I teach the

sisters, the affection of whose guileless hearts I had won to myself—how could I teach them that which my heart abhorred, a doctrine which I hated with my whole soul!

How I strove against my rebellious nature! how I battled with myself! That God had sent the Revelation I never then questioned, and all rebellion to His will I knew must be sinful. I had no thought of evading the responsibility; my heart must be subdued. It might be subdued; it might be crushed and broken; and I could never again, I felt, be truly happy. I tried to reason with myself, and to persuade myself that it was I who was to blame, and not the Revelation. If the Lord required me to submit, it must be for some good purpose; and I must not refuse the cross that He called upon me to bear. Sometimes for a few moments something would attract my attention and divert my thoughts; but the terrible reality—polygamy—refused to be ignored, and I felt all the more bitterly afterwards.

I never was happy, for life had lost its charm for me. Ere I slept at night, one dreadful thought was haunting my pillow—it disturbed my very dreams; and when I awoke in the morning, it was with a feverish apprehension of

coming evil hanging over me. All through the long, weary, day it haunted my footsteps like a spectre; and like a fearful blight that had fallen upon me, it seemed to be withering my soul. One thought was ever present in my mind—that thought, polygamy!

It can be no wonder that I lost all interest in life, and that I should almost wish to die rather than live that life of degradation which I dreaded would be mine. But death flies from those who woo her; the wretched, the weary, the hopeless, they find her not. I felt that there was no rest for me. My only comfort was in my children; no revelation, I felt, could change their relationship to me. But over my little daughter Clara I mourned, for I thought if this Revelation were acted upon by the Saints, as doubtless it would be, she would some day be called upon to suffer as I did. How little did I then, however, anticipate in what way my fears would be realized! My Clara subsequently became the daughter-in-law of Brigham Young, having married his eldest son, Joseph A. Young.

I am afraid at that time I was somewhat of a trial to my husband, for my heart was not yet quite subdued. I grew impatient at the wrong which I felt had been done to me, and I often said bitter things against the Prophet of the Lord, and all his sex, including my husband, who was then, and for years after, a devoted Mormon, and was quite horrified at what I said. He often told me that I was a great hindrance to him, and that it was impossible for any one who lived with me to enjoy the Spirit of God—and I was afraid that he only spoke the truth.

Then I repented, and sought to chasten myself; and I fasted and prayed, and asked forgiveness of God and my husband. But even when most subdued I was as unhappy as ever, and some one was sure to say something which reminded me of my trouble; and whenever the Elders came to the house they were sure to discuss the one painful topic. Then my indignant feelings all came rushing back again, and I felt

the spirit of rebellion stirring within me. I could not help it, for I felt that woman's nature itself was insulted by the degrading doctrine, and any mention of it excited my anger.

My husband and the Elders had anticipated that I would not readily submit, and they bore with me as patiently as they could, losing no opportunity of strengthening me in the faith, ever keeping before me the obligation that rested upon me in particular to explain the doctrine to the Swiss sisters. They knew very well that nothing tends more to confirm the faith of the wavering than setting them to teach others. Brigham Young has always acted on this principle, and whenever any of the brethren have evinced signs of doubt or disaffection they have been at once dispatched on a mission. Their efforts to convert others have established their own faith.

Among the Swiss we had never spoken on polygamy or any kindred subject, and we were, therefore, spared the humiliation, which the British Elders experienced in having to retract their own teachings. Nevertheless, Mr. Stenhouse and the other Elders felt great anxiety as to how the new doctrine would be received. My husband did not at once openly tell them that such a Revelation had been sent from Zion; but, whenever an opportunity presented he took them aside singly, and spoke to them about polygamy; and so great was his influence with the converts that he soon won them over to the new teaching, and made them feel that they would not be justified in rejecting the Revelation. Many of the Swiss Saints, moreover, before their conversion had been more Socialists than Christians, and they probably thought that this change in the marriage institution was a sign of advancing intellectual supremacy; but their wives were very far indeed from sharing these opinions with them.

Seeing the use that is made by the Mormons of the names of the Old Testament patriarchs to excuse their abominations, I here give a short extract from Elder Stenhouse's work, in which it will be seen that the Old Testament is not on their side, as they and many others suppose.

"In the spring of 1870 Delegate Hooper delivered a very carefully prepared speech in the American House of Representatives in Washington, in defence of his constituents practicing polygamy, upon the ground that the Bible sanctioned that institution, &c. To this speech the Rev. J. P. Newman, then Chaplain of the Senate, delivered a reply. He afterwards held a discussion at Utah with Owen Pratt, in which he exhibited at least one important fact to the Mormons, namely, that the greater portion of the renowned characters mentioned in the Bible were monogamists, and not polygamists. He denied that Abraham was a polygamist: 'At no time did he have more than one wife; his connection with Hagar was an offence against God, who commanded him to put her away. Jacob had nothing to do with the evil after his conversion at Jabbok. Isaac, Joseph, Aaron, and Joshua were all monogamists. David lived eleven years after he had put away his wives. Solomon was too wicked for either party to be proud of. The great Bible law is, Let every man have his own wife, and every woman her own husband.'"

After many days and nights of prayer and fasting I prepared myself for my work. To a certain extent I had brought my own self under control—or I thought I had; and I almost felt anxious to begin, so that I might get over the painful scenes which I fully anticipated. It was agreed that Madame Balif, of whom I have already spoken as being rather sceptical when my child recovered from her critical condition, should be the first to whom the intelligence should be imparted, for it was thought that if she accepted this Revelation without much difficulty, the other sisters would be more easily won over. She was a well educated and intelligent woman, and had seen a good deal of the world. She had met her husband while traveling in Russia, had married him, and they had

returned to their native land. She was in every respect a lady, but she was a spoilt child, and had her whims; and she possessed a great influence over the minds of the other sisters. On this account it was that she was selected as the victim to whom should be first imparted the mysteries of the Revelation, for it was thought that whatever reception she might give to polygamy, her views would greatly influence the conduct of the rest.

As I before mentioned, Madame Balif and her husband were models of affection to one another, and it seemed to me quite a sin that I should introduce into such a household a doctrine which could only produce disunion and misery. I had, however, schooled my heart to what I thought was my duty, and I strove to smother the rebellion rising within me. But, after all, it seemed to me hardly fair that I should be selected for this painful task. These husbands had not courage enough, or were ashamed, to tell their own wives about this wonderful Revelation; and so I, a weak woman, hating in my heart the doctrine as much as a woman could hate—I was chosen to introduce this wretched subject, and to persuade those I loved to their own misery and ruin. I had had it all fully explained to me, and I thoroughly understood the so-called *beauties* of the system in the sight of the Elders, and what they considered the strong points in the Revelation; but it is miserable work to try to convince others of a thing that you yourself detest.

Now that this doctrine is openly taught and accepted, the sisters of the present day will defend it, in some instances, as energetically as their husbands. Accepting it as the will of God, they have striven hard to find *beauties* in it, and have so far convinced themselves that they are surprised at the dullness of comprehension of the Gentiles in not seeing with them.

In Remy and Brenchley's "Journey to the Great Salt Lake City" there is an account of a long conversation one of them had with a Mormon lady, in which she seeks to defend her cause by appeals to religion, nature, and reason. He introduces the conversation with the following remarks:

"Whatever be the value of the objections which can be made to it, it possesses a great influence over the Mormons; and such is the infatuation produced by it, that women, even the best educated—women brought up in the principles of Christianity—have suffered themselves to be enticed into it, and, whether it be from impulse of feeling, or aberration of intellect, have become its sincere converts. I had the opportunity of conversing on this delicate subject with a woman who is considered extremely lady-like among the Mormons, and would be so esteemed everywhere. It is impossible to conceive with what earnestness of mind, with what an air of sincerity and conviction, she defended the new doctrine and met the objections made to it, and what a modesty of manner and language she brought to the support of so bad a cause. The only way to be saved, she said, was to be adopted into the great family of Abraham and imitate his example."

Again, this lady being asked if a Mormon bishop having eight wives was not living in contradiction to the Apostle Paul's command that a bishop must be the husband of no more than one wife, absurdly replied: "I know not what the Apostle Paul exactly meant to say by that. But it was he also who said that '*when we live in Rome, we must do as they do in Rome*,' and this perhaps will be the reply to you."

But though we may get, here and there, a woman who from a sense of duty will defend this abomination, they are the exception and not the rule. William Hepworth Dixon cannot be accused of bigoted hatred to the Mormons; and, for a Gentile, he had as good an opportunity of arriving at a just conclusion as any one. During his stay in Salt Lake City he saw the President and some of the Apostles daily, was received into many Mormon houses, and introduced to nearly all the leading Saints,

dined at their tables, chatted with their wives, and romped with their children. Yet he says:

"In my opinion Mormonism is not a religion for woman. . . . We found them quiet and subdued in manner, with what appeared an unnatural calm; as if all dash, all sportiveness, all life, had been preached out of them. They seldom smiled, except with a wan and wearied look, and though they are all of English race, we have never heard them laugh with the bright merriment of our English girls. They know very little, and feel an interest in very few things. They are habitually shy, such as I have never seen, *except in a Syrian tent*. The grace, the play, the freedom, of a young English lady is unknown to her Mormon sister. Only when the subject of a plurality of wives has been under consideration between host and guest have I ever seen a Mormon lady's face grow bright, and then it was to look a sentiment, to hint an opinion, the reverse of those maintained by Belinda Pratt. I am convinced that the practice of marrying a plurality of wives is not popular with the female Saints."

"Besides what I have seen and heard from Mormon wives, I have talked alone and freely with eight or nine different girls who are undoubted Mormons, and have made many sacrifices for their religion; but who, after seeing the family-life of their fellow-saints, have one and all become firmly hostile to marriage. One of them has received no less than seven offers, from both the old and rich and the young and poor; but all these girls prefer to remain single, to live as servants, chamber-maids, milliners, charwomen, to a life of comparative ease and leisure in the harem of a Mormon bishop."

"More than one Saint has told me that the Mormon Sarai is willing to seek out and eager to bestow any number of Hagar on her lord. I have never found one who would own it, and every lady to whom I have put this question flushed into denial, though with that caged and broken courage which seems to characterize every Mormon wife. 'Court a new wife for him!' said one lady; 'no woman could do that; and no woman would submit to be courted by a woman.' Upon asking a damsel if the wives disliked it, she replied, 'Some don't, most do. They take it for their religion; I can't say any woman likes it. Some women live very comfortably together; not many; most have their tiffs and quarrels, though their husbands may never know of them. No woman likes to see a new wife come into the house.'"

So far for Mr. Dixon's testimony. "The women, however," says Elder Stenhouse, "are not alone the sufferers by polygamy. The intelligent of the fair sex among the Mormons will readily admit this, and some even go so far as to pity their husbands, and to extend to them the genuine sympathy of their hearts, though his action has been their own curse. Brigham openly avows the great trial of his soul when 'the order' was first taught to him by Joseph Smith. Heber used to tell about his 'shedding tears enough to float a ship,' when he was 'commanded' to take another wife. The locks of another apostle are said to have silvered in a night from mental anguish; and of another and another could be told tales of terrible struggles between love and duty."

One day, quite unexpectedly to her, they had told Madame Balif that a new Revelation had been sent from Zion, and that I would explain it to her; then Monsieur Balif left the house, and remained absent until the wife whom he so devotedly loved should have heard from my lips this new thing.

Madame Balif came down-stairs singing, in her usual gay spirits, little expecting what she was going to hear; and when she came to me I felt so unfitted for my task that I dared not look her straight in the face, although she was my dearest friend, and I had such an affection for her. I stood there pale and trembling, and she thought that I was not well. I was not indeed well; I was sick at heart. Never before had

the face of a friend been so unwelcome. She asked me what it was that I had to tell her; and when I hesitatingly denied having wanted to speak to her at all, she said she knew there must be something, as her husband had told her so.

I hesitated still; but at last found courage and told her all. It was a cruel task to impose upon me. Day after day I had observed her and her husband, and I had noticed their deep affection; had seen her watching at the window for his return; and he would come with a little offering of choice fruit or flowers; and I thought no woman could be happier than Madame Balif. And now for me to so cruelly awaken them from their dream of bliss!

(To be Continued.)

THE GREAT TEACHER AND HIS TWELVE DISCIPLES.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for February 24, Mark 6: 1-13. Golden Text, Mark 6: 12.

Capernaum's Opportunity—Why Some Missed it—Christ's Incisive Teaching at Nazareth—Never Without Effect—The Amazement of the People—Prejudiced Against One whom they Knew—The Limits of Christ's Power—Imposed by Respect for Free-will—The Village Ministry—The Commission of the Twelve—The Power Imparted—Their Support Assured—No Provision to be Made—The Rule for Evangelists.

CHRIST'S work at Capernaum was finished for the present; all the souls in Capernaum were not yet saved, all the sick were not yet healed, all the believers had not yet become disciples, indeed, for we find the great Searcher of hearts saying, "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day." (Matt. 11: 23.) Alas! only *some* were saved in Capernaum, whereas all might have been saved if they had received the Son of God; yet He must leave the city: Capernaum had had the time of her visitation! (Luke 19: 44.) "He went out from thence." It was an awful moment for Capernaum; many of her inhabitants had been within a hair's-breadth of blessing which would have transformed their whole lives on earth and opened heaven to them—

And They Missed It.

"When the Sabbath day was come, He began to teach in the synagogue." St. Luke tells us that He read the first part of Isa. 61, and said, whether in so many words, or whether as the substance of His discourse, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." (Luke 4: 21.) There was always a grip in the teaching of the Master. Since His object was not to display His eloquence or His learning, but to bring lost men into contact with His Father, His words were always directed straight to the heart and conscience, and always aroused some response. Those who did not yield themselves to Him to be saved and taught and comforted were aroused to criticise, condemn, and persecute. When He preached, something came of it; and He taught the seventy to preach in the same incisive manner, "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you"—whether you will or no, you must have to do with it. (Luke 10: 9, 11.) Such an effect was produced at this time that every eye was riveted on Him—"all bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth." (Luke 4: 22.) But they shook off the impression which the Spirit of God had made, and began to question, "From whence hath this man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto Him, that even such mighty works are wrought by His hands? Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joseph, and of Juda and Simon? And are not His sisters here with us? And

They Were Offended at Him."

What was wrong? They could not suffer that a man who had been bred and brought up

among them should develop such wonderful power of God. What was He more than they? If one of the chief priests had healed the sick and raised Jairus' daughter, or if it had been some one they had never heard of, it had been otherwise; but they had never seen anything so extraordinary in Jesus—why, then, should He be so gifted? Although the very works were manifest in Him that were foretold of the Messiah, they held to their own ideas that the Messiah would be a mighty conqueror, a regal personage, a man of note; and now that He came as one of themselves, emptying Himself, and taking upon Himself "the form of a servant," no, they would not have it that it was He—"they were offended at Him." Jesus fulfilled the prophecies. He was the Son of David, a lineal descendant, but not recognized, not acknowledged, because of the poverty of the family. He was born in Bethlehem (Mic. 5: 2); He did fulfil the prophecy, "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped: then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing" (Isa. 35: 5, 6); but their preconceptions and their prejudices were far stronger than their belief in the Word of God. Were they not guilty? And are not we guilty if we let any prejudice or anything else come between us and the living God, between us and His true and holy Word?

Jesus made but one remark, "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house," a truth which every Christian teacher has to learn by heart. "And He could do there no mighty work, save that He laid His hands on a few sick folk, and healed them."

Jesus Could Not.

Was there anything impossible with Him? Is there now anything which God cannot accomplish? Yes; out of respect for our free-will, and for the nature which He has made capable of reciprocating the thoughts and the love of God, He has so ordered it that our faith must meet His Word in order that His mighty works may be done. "The Word preached did not profit them (the fathers in the wilderness), not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." (Heb. 4: 2.) Oh, what would not Jesus have done at Nazareth, had He not been met with unbelief! "He marvelled because of their unbelief."

But He who had been repulsed in the city, "went round about the villages teaching." Oh how much the villages in every land are neglected! So many think that a faithful and successful pastor should always come into the large cities, where many may profit by his ministry; and thus there are numbers of villages where formality, superstition, and self-righteousness prevail, and where the light of the gospel shines with a very dim light. Jesus did in the villages just as in the towns: He went "teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the Kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people." It was at this time of His village-ministry that He had compassion on the multitudes—"He was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd;" and there it was also that He said, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." (Matt. 9: 36.)

Whenever Jesus exhorts His disciple to pray, He is ready to do something. He immediately called unto Him the twelve whom He had before chosen, "that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach" (Mark 3: 14), and He began to send them forth two and two, and gave them

Authority Over Unclean Spirits.

(R. V.) It is utterly useless for any of us to go forth to preach the gospel unless we know as a certain fact that the power of Jesus with us is greater than that of the devil against us, and that the unclean, worldly, indifferent spirits are subject to Him. If we look at the opposing powers, and measure them with ourselves, there is quite

enough power in Satan to make us quake; but with divine authority, with a power of attorney, to act in the name of Jesus, Satan can stand no chance. We need not consider, not measure his power, "greater is He that is with you."

Jesus had taught His disciples to "take no thought for the morrow," and to lay aside all anxiety as to food, clothing, etc., "for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things" (Matt. 6: 25-32); now they must put this teaching in practice; He commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey, "save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse, but be shod with sandals, and not put on two coats." What! neither bread, nor yet a scrip to carry any? But how were they to know that it would be offered to them, and that strength would last from one hospitably given meal to another? This was to be

God's Care.

The bringing of blessing where they went was to be theirs. When they went into an house they were to say, "Peace be to this house," and where men received them, the peace of God would rest upon the family, and the spiritual joy and comfort received would be far more than an equivalent for the food which they had to offer. This is the divine model for evangelists. There is nothing here of sponging upon others, and living days and weeks in a family which can ill afford it. It is the souls who are blest who shall find it the greatest privilege to give bed and board, and to set forward on his or her journey the one who has brought light and peace and liberty into a house where little or nothing of God was known before. The apostles must prove in their own life that God *does* provide; they must show that they can trust Him, and that He responds to that trust. But is this, then, the unvarying

Rule for Evangelists?

There is another side. Just at the great crisis of His sufferings, Jesus said to His disciples, "When I sent you without purse and scrip and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, nothing. Then said He unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Thus, although His first directions are undoubtedly the rule for evangelists and missionaries, there are circumstances where another course is the right one. Alas! in these days we have made the exception the rule. Their clothing was to be equally simple—sandals, and no extra coat. Moreover, they were not to go "from house to house," but where they brought the blessing of their presence, there they must remain. Oh, what a power such evangelists and such missionaries would be in the world! "And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them." Such witnesses cannot be lightly rejected. "And they went out, and preached that men should repent. They cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them."

NOTICE TO READERS OF THY HEALER.

On January 1 the size of *Thy Healer* was reduced to 20 pp, and the price changed from 75 cents to 50 cents. Those whose subscriptions run into 1889 will have their time extended, to credit for the difference in size and price. It is hoped that by reducing the price the circulation will be extended, otherwise it will be a considerable loss. Will not those who have found blessing through its pages recommend it to others?

The Christian Herald Binder.—Numerous

applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of *one dollar*. We have also a cheaper binder, with lace instead of steel fastenings, for 50 cents, postage paid. Subscribers in Canada ordering the binders are, we believe, required to pay customs-duty upon them.

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fed?"

Was heard, and the five little loaves yielded
bread.

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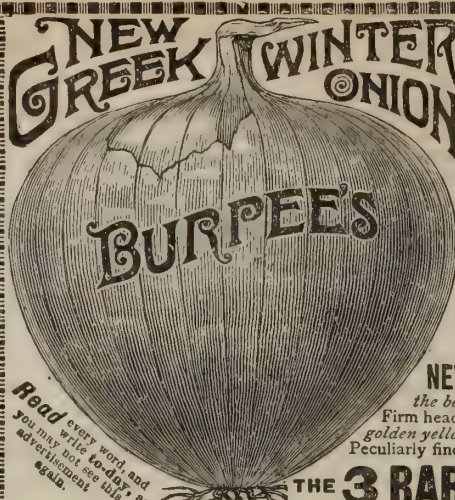
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Vol. XII.. No. 6. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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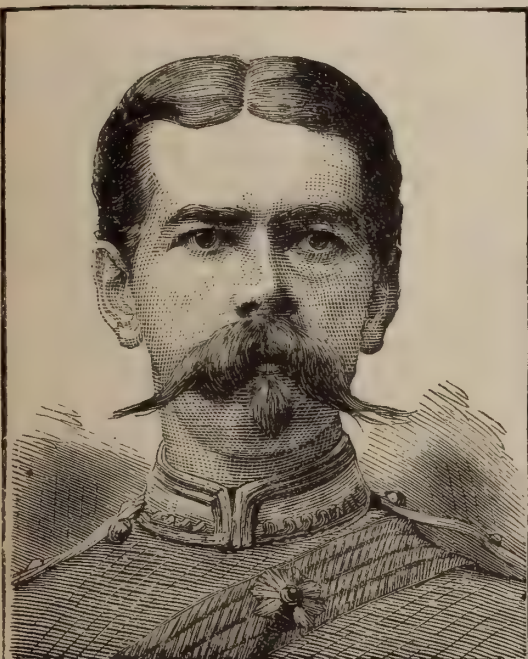
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LIEUT.-COL. KITCHENER,

Governor of Suakin, on the Red Sea.

Why Suakin is Valuable—Its Connection with the Slave Trade—Its Strategic Value to the Soudan—The Characteristics of the Town—Why Col. Kitchener was Made Governor—His Irish Birth—Surveying in Palestine—First Experience with the Arabs—His Daring Effort to Communicate with Gordon—Managing the Mudir of Dongola—Diplomacy at Zanzibar—Sent to Suakin—The Siege by the Mahdi's Troops—The Battle on Dec 20—The Problem of the Future.

THE town of Suakin, a picture of which appears on the preceding page, with a portrait of the young English officer who is its Governor, is a place of great strategic importance to Egypt, and the key to the seaward districts of the Soudan. The value of the town is realized not only by Egypt and the European Powers concerned in the safety of commerce and the tranquility of the region, but by the Arabs under the Mahdi, who want the port as a depot for the shipment of slaves, ivory and their other articles of export. The town is on an island, near the western shore of the Red Sea, which is connected with the mainland by a causeway three hundred feet long. It is protected on the land side, first by a high stone wall, about three-sevenths of a mile west of the town. About half a mile beyond this wall are two Egyptian forts, connected by strong intrenchments, protecting several of the wells upon which the town depends for its water supply. It is three days' sail from Suez. A road leads from the town to Tokar, about fifty miles off to the south, and another road leads to Senkat, on the west, about a hundred miles off, and thence to Berber and Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, where Gordon was killed.

The Siege of Suakin.

Suakin is the natural port of the Egyptian Soudan, and is the only good port on that part of the coast. Over a year ago the British forces were withdrawn from Suakin, and Egypt was left alone to guard her port. Khalifa Abdullah, the Mahdi's successor, who seems to be well supplied with news of Egyptian affairs, decided that this was a good time to take Suakin, and thus secure a port for his country. So he sent Osman Digma with a force from Khartoum numbering about 4,000 men to lay siege to Suakin. He told Osman Digma to make no terms with the Egyptians, but to drive them into the sea. The siege lasted about a year, and the Egyptian Government at length declared her inability to drive the Mahdi's troops from their position, and the English Government, therefore, well aware that the surrender of Suakin would mean the indefinite extension of the slave trade, and the perpetuation of Arab control of the Soudan, as well as a serious menace to the safety of Egypt, took the business.

The Governor

appointed was Lieutenant-Colonel Kitchener, whose portrait appears on the first page. He is an Irishman. He comes of a race of soldiers. His father is Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener, who was the first of his family to settle in Ireland. The son, the subject of this sketch, was born on June 20, 1850, at Crother House, County Kerry, and is therefore now thirty-nine years of age. He was educated first at home, and then in Switzerland, France, and Germany, under private tutors. In 1868 he entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Two years later he joined General Chanzy's Army of the Loire, and it was while fighting for France, during the retreat which followed the battle of Le Mans, that Horatio Kitchener first received his baptism of fire. Cold and privations brought on an attack of pleurisy, which nearly proved fatal to the young English volunteer. In 1871 he obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers, and remained till the beginning of 1874 at Chatham and Aldershot, working in the mounted troop of the telegraphists. In that year he was

Employed in Palestine

with Lieutenant C. R. Conder, as second in command of the Survey Expedition. During its

progress he was first initiated in the methods of Arab warfare. In the spring of 1876, their camp at Safet was attacked by the Arabs, and a hand-to-hand encounter ensued, in which Lieutenant Kitchener was wounded. In 1877 he completed the survey of Galilee alone, and a great map of Palestine bears both his name and that of Lieutenant Conder. During his stay in Palestine, Lieutenant Kitchener acquired a familiar knowledge of the Turkish and Arabic languages. In 1878 he commenced the survey of Cyprus, but this was suspended; and in May 1879 he went as Vice-Consul under Sir Charles Wilson to Anatolia. Having succeeded in restoring order amongst the Circassian refugees from Bulgaria and the Caucasus, he returned to Cyprus, where he completed his survey, which was subsequently published. While in charge of the land registration department he remodelled the whole system in such a manner as to put an end to the excessive exactions of the money-lenders, receiving addresses of thanks both from the Turkish and Christian communities, and an expression of highest approbation from Lord Derby, then the Secretary of State.

In November, 1879, as second in command of the Egyptian cavalry, he went on a surveying expedition through the peninsula of Mount Sinai to Akaba, and from Akaba to the Dead Sea. Mounted Bedouins brought him the news of the massacre of Hicks Pasha and his army, and he crossed the desert immediately with a small escort, travelling by a new and difficult road by way of Ismailia to Cairo. In March, 1884, it became evident that Berber was the real key of the Soudan. The position of the Egyptian garrison in that city was becoming day by day more perilous, and it was at last resolved by the authorities to send Major Kitchener with Lieutenant Rundle, R. A., to prevent, if possible, its falling into

The Hands of the Mahdi.

They were, however, stopped at Assouan, and directed to use every exertion to organize a series of Arab outposts between Korosko and the Red Sea. A Khedivial firman placed Major Kitchener in command of the Ababdeh and Beshareen Arabs, and 1,500 of them were enlisted for the frontier force. The months of April, May, and June were passed in camel rides across the desert, in occasional skirmishes with the enemy, and in steaming up and down the Nile. Then Berber fell, and it seemed probable that Dongola also would be lost. The Mudir would naturally try to make a friend and ally, if he could, of the conquering Mahdi to save himself from being eaten up. The English were, therefore, anxious to secure the friendship of the Mudir of Dongola. Major Kitchener asked leave to go and see the Mudir, and his request was granted. Some twenty of his escort could be counted on. A holy dervish had administered to them a solemn oath, while Major Kitchener held their hands one by one on

Swords Crossed over the Koran,

that "his enemies should be their enemies, and their friends his friends," and when they were afterwards told they were to go with him to Dongola, they did not draw back. He put on Arab dress, took \$2,500 in his girdle, and with his faithful followers set out on his six days' camel ride across the desert to Dongola. He halted for the night outside the town. Affairs were in a most critical state. The wavering Mudir had practically accepted the Mahdi's commission as Emir; three days hence he was to be officially invested, and the opinion of the inhabitants was pretty equally divided between alliance and hostility to the Mahdi. But Major Kitchener's timely arrival turned the scale in favor of loyalty to Egypt; a council was hastily summoned, and it was resolved to hold Major Kitchener as a sort of hostage for the support and protection to be expected from England, and suspend for the moment, any further negotiations with the Mahdi.

Major Kitchener entered Dongola in triumph, and had an interview with the Mudir, who as he sat cross-legged on a chair, with the brown

felt cap of a dervish on his head, and a rosary in his hand, assured Kitchener, between his prayers, that a Mudir with a white skin could never make common cause with a Mahdi with a black skin. Kitchener had his own opinion about the power of this race prejudice, and knew perfectly well that but for his own arrival the alliance would have been made, the difference of color notwithstanding. With the cunning of his race, the Mudir turned the arrival of the colonel and his troops to good account. No sooner had the English entered his territory, than Mustapha doubled the price of provisions, and so made a large fortune, with which he has repaired to Mecca, where he now lives in the odor of sanctity.

Major Kitchener went forward to fortify Debbah, succeeded in opening up communications with a powerful sheikh Saleh of the Kabbabish, whose son had been killed by the Mahdi; and organized as best he could, a plan of

Sending Messages to Gordon,

who was then shut up in Khartoum waiting vainly for the deliverance that the dilatory English Government did not send until too late. Kitchener displayed considerable ingenuity in communicating with Gordon by means of minute letters concealed in the ferrule of a spear, a soldered box floating in a water-skin, or an empty amulet case. The majority of the envoys, however, were killed, and no one man ever got through to Khartoum twice. All that summer of 1884 Kitchener lived with his life in his hand. His position at Debbah and Dongola was identical with that of Gordon at Khartoum, for the Mudir and his men were at heart in sympathy with the Mahdi, and only by Kitchener's tact were kept from joining hands with the enemy. Then came the English advance up the Nile, and Major Kitchener was appointed Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Intelligence Department under Sir Charles Wilson. It was at this time that Major Kitchener heard from Gordon of Colonel Stewart's memorable journey down the Nile. He sent messengers to various points to warn him of the treachery of the Monasir tribe, but they must have failed to reach the river.

Then came the final catastrophe. To the eternal disgrace of Gladstone and his colleagues Khartoum fell, and the brave Christian general who had so long held the town against the Mahdi, fell a victim to treachery among his own followers, and was murdered. Kitchener's efforts at Dongola were of no further use, and he had reason to congratulate himself on escaping Gordon's fate. He was sent to Zanzibar on a mission partly military and partly diplomatic, and he was enabled to acquire there a thorough knowledge of all the affairs of the Soudan and a pretty accurate idea of the character of the country and its points of strategic importance. With this training he was well qualified for the responsible post of Governor of Suakin, to which he was then appointed.

The Raising of the Siege

was his first object. He sent out frequently squadrons of cavalry to make reconnaissances of the enemy's position, (as shown in the illustration on first page), and found them strongly entrenched. Osman Digma, the Mahdi's lieutenant, though preferring strongly a fight in the open desert, in which he is generally successful, had shown himself not unskilful in planning siege operations. He had not, however, sufficiently appreciated the danger of his proximity to the sea. He was probably unaware of the long range of the guns on the English ships.

Kitchener planned the battle with consummate skill. He had more confidence in his Egyptian troops than English commanders usually have, and believing that they understood better than white men how to deal with the Mahdi's troops, he assigned them the duty of making the assault. He massed his English regiments in the rear to support them if necessary, or to take their place should they be seized with panic. The English troops were under the command of Sir Francis Grenfell, while Colonel

Kitchener commanded one Egyptian brigade, and Colonel Hotted Smith another.

The Battle

opened at daybreak on December 20, 1888, with terrific fire on the trenches in front of Osman Digna's position from the forts of Suakin, the English ships *Starling* and *Racer*, and two Egyptian ships. The men in the trenches held their ground until the Egyptian troops made a dash upon them, though the fire had doubtless demoralized them. The conflict in the trenches was fierce, but the Egyptians fully justified Colonel Kitchener's confidence in them. After half an hour's struggle, they won the victory, capturing two guns and driving all that were living of the Mahdi's troops out of the trenches. The English troops then went to their assistance. The Twentieth Hussars charged the Arabs' cavalry and dismounted men, and a hand-to-hand encounter ensued. When the Mahdi's cavalry saw them coming, they dismounted and planted their spears in the ground, but these proved no obstruction to the Hussars, who wept down upon the dervish horsemen like an avalanche, cut through their ranks and left half of them dead on the ground. The Hussars then reformed and charged the remaining dervishes, who fled. The Hussars followed the fleeing Arabs to a point within four miles of Handoub. The enemy were still flying when the chase was abandoned. The Hussars lost four men killed and four wounded.

The Egyptian troops, who fought most bravely, had about six killed and forty wounded. The Arabs' trenches were filled up and zeribas erected on the site, in a strong position. The civil population of the town was on the battle-field an hour after fight, rendering assistance to the British in filling up the trenches. A despatch to the London *Times* from Suakin says: "The prisoners say they believe that all the mounted gunners were killed. All tell the same story of privation and cruelty at the hands of the Mahdi and Osman Digna. None of them wished to fight, but were forced to do so, or persuaded to fight by promises of loot at Suakin, and other rewards. The trenches were bare. They found no food, clothing, or money, but only Snider rifles and cartridges."

The Problem.

Remembering the events connected with the campaigns of 1884 and 1885 the military advisers of the English Government consider that it would be wise to proceed to the occupation of the country by English troops for twenty or thirty miles inland, establishing posts at Handoub, at Tokar, and perhaps also at Sinkat, and dislodging Osman Digna from his position in the hills behind Suakin, thus securing the town as a safe trading centre on the Red Sea coast. Nothing short of a strong force in Suakin and the neighborhood can hold the country, because the Mahdi's forces under Osman Digna find nothing to resist them in the country occupied by the native tribes. These latter must be the friends of the strongest. They have no means of defending themselves against Osman Digna, or any other force the Mahdi may send. Their habits are agricultural and commercial. They are also the carriers of the Desert. To remain at war with the powers that be in the districts which they cultivate, or which they cross in commercial expeditions, is not possible for them. According to the latest information received, they profess, as they have always professed, a perfect readiness to be friends with the Egyptians and the English, but they ask, naturally: "What will you give in exchange? Osman Digna and his dervishes do not, it is true, give us much in return for our friendship, but they give us fire and sword for our enmity; can you, and will you protect us?" That is the situation at present. It remains to be seen whether England considers the retention of Suakin of sufficient value to keep there a garrison of English troops, or of Egyptian troops with English officers. If not, then Osman Digna is ready to swoop down and undo the achievement just completed.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

Rings and Jewels Given Up for Christ.—The Rev. J. G. Gregson said: "I was attending a certain convention where the Spirit of God seemed to be very busy among the people. Sitting on one of the front benches was a very fashionably attired young lady, with her fingers on both hands almost covered with rings, and many jewels bedecking her person. From her appearance she was the very last person one would have expected to give up all for Christ. But the Spirit of God was working within her. She stood up, and made known her resolve to give up all for Christ. Taking off her bangles and her flashing rings before the large assembly, she put them on one side, saying: 'Now Christ is mine, and I am His; henceforth I shall worship none but Him.' Onward she went, facing fashionable society, and making known that now she was working in earnest for the Lord Jesus Christ. Her influence was most beneficial."

The Chaplain and the Sergeant.—A Minister relates that during the Crimean War, a young chaplain arrived in camp, inquired of a Christian sergeant the best method for carrying on his work among the men. The sergeant led him to the top of a hill, and pointed out the field of action. "Now, sir," said he, "look around you. See those batteries on the right, and the men at their guns. Hear the roar of the cannon. Look where you will, all are in earnest here. Every man feels that this is a life and death struggle. If we do not conquer the Russians, the Russians will conquer us. We are all in earnest here, sir; we are not playing at soldiers. If you would do good, you must be in earnest; an earnest man always wins his way." Such was the advice of the loyal soldier to the servant of King Jesus. "Be in earnest." The crowd must make way for an earnest man in what sphere of life he moves. The earnest man will master his business, and rise by it, if it be God's will, whilst the man who lacks earnestness will be mastered by his work, and become a slave.

A French Captain's Fatal Folly.—Mr. Scroggie said: "I remember, when in Hartlepool conducting services there, being told by a minister of the town of a French vessel that had appeared off their coast some time before. The fishermen and sailors knew from experience that a terrible storm was brewing, and it was plain from the manner in which the Frenchman sailed that they were deceived by the calm, and did not look for the hurricane which was so soon to burst upon them. A pilot put off to the vessel, and hailing her, offered to take her into the harbor, telling them that a terrific storm would soon sweep the coast. The captain leaned over the bulwarks, and taking his pipe from his mouth, leisurely surveyed the boat, while his crew, who were scattered over the deck playing cards, hardly looked up from their game. When the pilot had spoken, the captain sarcastically remarked, 'It's not our safety for which you care; it's money you want; and money you will not get. You may go back from whence you came, my friend.' 'But,' shouted the pilot, 'It's to save your life I came.' 'That is my business, and you please attend to your own,' the Frenchman replied. With a heavy heart the pilot turned his boat and made for the harbor, which he had scarcely reached ere the storm broke in all its fury. Through the blinding storm they could see the fated French ship. The captain proved himself a skilful seaman, handled his ship right well, but nothing could save him. Nearer and nearer to the frowning rocks the vessel was carried, till, borne on the crest of a mighty wave, it was lifted right on to the top of a sharp rock. Over her the waves broke, and bit by bit she was broken to pieces, her crew either drowned or dashed to death on the same rocks as had wrecked their vessel. They were warned in time, but they would not heed the warning, and the result was death. Oh, sinner, we warn you, while there is still time to escape into the harbor, come to safety, come to Christ! Right in front of you are the

frowning rocks of God's justice; through them you cannot hope to go unless piloted by Christ, who will willingly carry you safely into the harbor of heaven."

The Fishermen's Bereaved Mother.—"A Woman in Newhaven had two sons, both engaged as fishermen. One night a violent storm came suddenly upon the coast. The fishing-fleet were scattered in all directions, each one trying its best to make for the harbor, but many of them never reached the shore. Early the next morning the minister got word that this woman's eldest son was drowned, and asking him to break the news to her. He went to the mother, accordingly, and informed her of her sad loss; she bore the shock wonderfully, and with the utmost fortitude. Between 4 and 5 o'clock came a telegram from a different part of the coast, stating that the poor woman's younger son was also drowned, and would the minister break the news to his mother? With a heavy heart the old man set out upon his second message, and, in his kindest, gentlest manner, told her that Willie was also gone. The poor woman looked for a moment like one dazed; then throwing up her hands, she laughed wildly. Covering her face with her apron, she rocked herself to and fro. Her neighbors watched her, and feared for her reason, and immediately sent for her sister, who had previously lost two sons in a similar way. She arrived, and did not strive to take the apron from her sister's face and calm her, but going up to the broken-hearted woman, she placed her hand lovingly upon her shoulder and said: 'Annie, do you remember what you said to me when I lost my two boys? how you spoke to me about the unerring wisdom and undying love of our dear Father in heaven?' She did not say another word; but the sorely stricken one took the apron from her face, and from that moment was calm, resigned, and comforted."

Exciting Scene on St. Lawrence River.—Mr. Scroggie relates the following: "Bishop Taylor once told in my hearing the story of a vessel being towed across the river St. Lawrence just above the Niagara Falls, when suddenly, to the consternation of those on board, the towing-line parted, and the vessel began to drift down the river. The news spread throughout the district, and hundreds of people lined the banks, watching the ship being carried down to the rapids. On one of the banks is a point called, 'Dead-Ship Point,' and the people believe that once a vessel is past that point all hope must be abandoned. With straining eyes and bated breath, the crowd saw the vessel approach that fatal point, then a groan of despair burst from the assembled multitude as she swept past it. There was no salvation for her now, they thought. Just then a fresh breeze struck the ship. With reviving hope the captain shouted to his men to spread every inch of canvas. All the sails were at once spread, and anxiously they watched the result. Slowly and more slowly still they drifted, until at last the ship stood still, as though in the balance. Which way would she move? With creaking timber and bending masts before the still freshening wind, she began to forge ahead. With shouts of joy the crew recognized the fact, and with shouts of sympathy the crowd on the shore answered, as, inch by inch, the vessel toiled up the river, until that point, no longer 'Dead-Ship Point,' but now 'Redemption Point,' was passed; and soon they were in safety. Oh, sinner, drifting down to the rapids of destruction, you may have passed that point when men cease to look for deliverance, but God's mercy and grace can still save you. Open your heart and let the wind of the Holy Spirit have full play, and you will find yourself drawn further and further from sin and destruction, and nearer and nearer to God."

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

JOY! JOY! JOY!

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, February 3, 1889.

[At this service Dr. Talmage gave the right hand of fellowship to 240 new members, which addition raises the number of communicants in the church to 4,508. The total amount realized at the recent sale of pews was greater than last year, and the income of the church this year will be \$33,804.]

"Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it." Luke 15: 23.

The Prodigal's Welcome—Type of the Joy over the Conversion of a Soul—I. The Convert's Joy—A Joyful Morning Visitor—An Enriched Car-Driver—Paul's Experience—Daniel Sandeman's Death Testimony—The Song on the Battle-field of Shiloh—A Legend of a Charmed Circle—The Clock Scene in Queen Anne's Last Hours—II. The Father's Joy—A King's Munificence—A Mexican Flute-Player—A Demented Father at a Depot—III. Joy of the Minister—A Western Missionary's Privations—IV. The Joy of Earnest Christians—V. Joy in Heaven.

Joy! joy! joy! We banquet to-day over this accession of a multitude of souls. In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving Day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before.

A Favorite Son,

whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever, has got tired of sight-seeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration.

There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring in to the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long-absent boy is home again. Oh how they missed him!

How Glad They Are

to have him back! One brother, indeed, stands pouting at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father says: "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead, and he is alive again! He was lost, and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

I. First of all, there is

The New Convert's Joy.

It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of this church professed Christ one night, was a young man, who next morning rang my door-bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen, perhaps, a man running for

his physical liberty, and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that, compared with the running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him, but Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the pilgrim put his fingers in his ears, and ran, crying, "Life, life! eternal life!" A poor car-driver in this city some years ago, after having had a struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that

A Large Inheritance

was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title-deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of Heaven, and he can truly say: "Its mansions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water, bright, flashing, water; to the morning, roseate, fire-worked, mountain-transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and Heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty!" Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!

You have seen, sometimes, a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well,

Paul Gave his Experience.

He arose in the presence of the two Churches, the Church on earth and the Church in Heaven, and he said: "Now this is my experience: 'sorrowful, yet always rejoicing—poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet possessing all things.'" If the people in this house this morning knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When *Daniel Sandeman* was dying of cholera, his attendant said: "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: 'Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!' Oh, the joys of this religion!"

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the Gospel.

The World Cannot Satisfy You;

you have found that out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul, while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II. consuming with hatred against poor Thomas à Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode, shouted in the street: "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude! *The night after the battle of Shiloh*, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there under the starlight began to sing:

"There is a land of pure delight,"

and when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting:

"Where saints immortal reign."

The song was caught up, all through the field among the wounded, until it was said there were at least ten thousand wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow stream divides
That heavenly land from ours."

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart-throb between you and that religion this morning. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it! When a young man went forth into life, the legend says his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle around where the young man stood. It was

A Circle of Virtue

and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle—they could not pass. But one day a temptress with diamonded hands stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle, and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like, this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you is your hour of salvation.

There was in the closing hours of *Queen Anne* what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest, and, worried and worn out by the coming hour, in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power, the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one, she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said: "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is

A Clock Scene in Every History.

If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy, and come out from your delirium of sin, and look on the clock of your destiny this morning, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before; and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, an every swing of the pendulum would say: "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, O prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home!

II. But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter; go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy.

God is Your Father.

I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, as though He were a Turkish Sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the Eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice; and the king said: "Then slay the man, and by post-mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah! the cruelty of a scene like that. Our God is not a Sultan, not a Czar, not a despot but a Father—kind, loving, forgiving, and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," He says "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get to heaven it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the ante

dents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, His joy is greater; and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the powers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs, all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is? You remember

The Story of a King

Who, on some great day of festivity, scattered silver and gold among the people, and sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but methinks when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express His joy He flings out new worlds into space, and kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates, He cries: "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive again."

At the opening of the Exposition in New Orleans I saw a *Mexican flutist*, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came on: but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot.

His Son Went Off

In aggravating circumstances, but the father said: "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night, there again; watching the coming, watching the going—for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years—waiting, waiting, watching, watching; and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home! You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will!

III. I notice, also, that when a prodigal comes home there is

The Joy of the Ministers

of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion; but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God, and giving up his sin, I feel in body, mind, and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When to-day in our communion service such throngs of young and old stand at these altars, and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attest their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I feel a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth."

Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blew the

trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls pant as the hart for the water-brooks? They came forth saying, "All things are now ready;" ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

Why Ministers Live Long.

Life-insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is most exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations, who wonder at the dullness of the sermons, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood, and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire! I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen—never accepting their hospitality, because they cannot afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of five and six hundred dollars a year—the average less than that—their struggle well depicted by

The Western Missionary.

who says in a letter: "Thank you for your last remittance; until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable; some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint, and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life-insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest-field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house.

Oh, we are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song, and we can be merry with the merriest; but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen eighteen of them. Thank God! thank God!

IV. I notice, also, when the prodigal comes back, all earnest

Christians Rejoice.

If you stood on Montauk Point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the Church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

Oh, when prodigals come home, just hear those Christians sing; just hear those Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say, and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray, now that the prodigals are coming home! Just see them shake hands! No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clench the fingers of one hand around

the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are! And see that old man get up, and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting-house, say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." There was

A Man of Keith

who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles, and he came and stood by the prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door, with one stroke he struck down the man who had incarcerated him. Passing along the streets of London, he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but passing along a little way from the prison, he saw a *Keith tankard*, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation—he saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison-house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it; and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long-absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-day, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, it will be great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard. One on earth, one in heaven.

V. Once more I remark that, when the prodigal gets back, the

Inhabitants of Heaven Keep Festival.

I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart, you have no idea how many cities are connected together, and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem articulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven; and when a prodigal returns, it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls this morning should enter the kingdom, there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say, "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears;" and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

"Pleased with the news, the saints below,

In songs their tongues employ;

Beyond the skies the tidings go,

And heaven is filled with joy.

"Nor angels can their joy contain,

But kindle with new fire;

The sinner lost is found, they sing,

And strike the sounding lyre."

At the banquet of Lucullus, sat Cicero the orator; at the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror; at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher; but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth, and all the glorified of heaven, rise, and, with gleaming chalice, drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing! sing! sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

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TEN SIGNS OF THE END.

By Rev. A. B. Simpson, Pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, New York.*

(Continued from page 71.)

VI.—Moral Signs.

But it is not only an age of intense human activity and intellectual achievement, but also of great and unprecedented wickedness. As it was in the days of Noah, so also now. Not only are there giants of splendid human production, but the earth, also, is corrupt before God, and all flesh has corrupted its way; prophetic pictures of Daniel, Paul, Peter, and Christ Himself, are being terribly fulfilled. "The wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand." "Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." "In the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good . . . men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the truth." "In the last days there shall come scoffers, walking after their own lusts."

VII.—Ecclesiastical Signs.

The condition of the Church as a whole at the time of His coming is foreshadowed in gloomy terms in the pages of the New Testament. *Every dispensation has closed with an apostasy*, a mingling of the Church and the world, and a little remnant of separated and saved ones. So it was before the Flood. So it was before the Babylonish captivity. So it was when the Church went into the corruption of Romanism, after wedding the world under Constantine. And so it will be at the end. Already the unholy alliance has begun. Already the Church of Laodicea has become the type of nominal Protestantism, and after this comes the Lord Himself. When He came to His ancient temple, both at the commencement and the close of His ministry, He had to come with a whip of small cords, and when again He comes it will be to cleanse and consume. Already the stalls and tables are ready for His presence. And the Lord indeed shall suddenly come to His temple. But who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth?

VIII.—Human Scepticism.

Peter says that "There shall come in the last days scoffers, saying, Where is the promise of His coming, for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning."

The scepticism of our time is singularly described in this passage by the expression: "All things continue as they were from the beginning." This is just what the evolution philosophy declares. And this is the very form of scepticism at present in the world. Everything develops; there have been no startling changes, no sudden creations—there will be none. While unbelief is not the worst or most prominent feature of our age, yet that it is one that strikes the minds of thoughtful observers, is indisputable. One of America's greatest poets has also given the world his picture of the age, with special reference to this very matter of infidel thought:

"Men feel old systems cracking under 'em:
Life saddens to a mere conundrum
Which once Religion solved, but she
Has lost—has Science found?—the key.
They make things admirably plain
But one hard question will remain:
If one hypothesis you lose,
Another in its place you choose:
But your faith gone, O man and brother,
Whose shop will furnish you another—
One that will wash, I mean, and wear,
And wrap us warmly from despair?"

But the very profoundness of the world's sleep is only the stronger assurance of His speedy coming. It will be just when men are

saying "peace and safety," and making their boldest calculations upon the future. Then, as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be: "They did eat, they drank, they planted, they builded, they married and were given in marriage, and knew not until the day the Flood came and carried them all away."

But it is not only in the world that the spirit of slumber is to prevail. It is yet more significant in the Church. There, too, there are to be the slumbering virgins, and the servant whose house is to be broken into. There is no more signal evidence of the imminency of the Lord's coming, than the veil that hides it to-day from the eyes and hearts of the great mass of the worldly church, who neither expect nor desire the coming of the Master, but reign as kings without Him, and are trying to make a kingdom without the King.

IX.—The Expectation of His Coming.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the waiting attitude of those who do expect His coming, and the unveiling of their vision, is as great an indication of His advent as the blindness of the others. For it was distinctly declared to Daniel that at the time of the end, the vision should be unsealed and made plain. The fact of the remarkable unfolding of the prophetic Scriptures in these days, and the clearness and vividness with which the inspired picture of the advent is being revealed to the hearts of many of God's children, shows that "the time of the end" is indeed at hand. The fact, also, that it is only to a few that this revelation is made, is also in exact accordance with the Scriptures. "Those who walk in the light shall have the light." "None of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand."

Allied with this sign is the spirit of entire consecration and the revival of the doctrine of sanctification in this day. Daniel described this as one of the peculiar signs of the end. "Many shall be purified and made white, and tried, but the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand." This would seem to imply that the purified ones are to understand the doctrine and hope of His coming. The doctrine of holiness is always, in the New Testament, intimately connected with the Lord's coming as the especial preparation and enrobing for that great and glorious hour. Thank God, this is the especial message which Christ has of late been giving to His bride. Thank God, still more, that she has heard His call, and "hath made herself ready," and when she shines once more in her pure raiment, bright as the morning, fair as the noon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, "we may know that the bridal day is just at hand."

X.—Revival Signs.

Another sign of the close of the age is the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the world, and the conversion of great multitudes to God. This is called the latter rain. The day of Pentecost was the early rain. But it is in "the last days" that the Spirit is to be poured out upon all flesh in such profusion that "whoever shall call upon the Lord shall be saved." Are we not seeing such great awakenings, during the past half century especially, both in the home and foreign fields? They are the last great ingatherings before the world's harvest home. Over the world the heralds are hastening, a great army—Moody and Muller, Hammond and Haslam, Whittle and Harrison, Somerville and Varley, Radstock and Radcliffe—and many are turning to God, and yet there shall be many more, for one of the features of Daniel's last vision is: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

One of the most definite of all the signs given by our Lord is this: "This Gospel of the kingdom must first be published in all the world as a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." This gives to the work of missions a peculiar interest and responsibility. This puts the key to the door of the bridal chamber and

marriage feast almost in the hands of the waiting bride. Only for about a century has she begun to use it, and before this generation closes she may, if she only will, so fulfil this last condition that she can claim Him, in her waiting arms.

There is a yet more precious promise which the Master speaks to each of us singly. "I will give him the Morning Star." The Morning Star is the precursor of the sunrise. This promise, therefore, means a special intimation of His glorious coming. Just as to the watchers for the first Advent there came a star in the East, so to us who look for Him will there come the confidential intimation of what the world will only know by the full blaze of His appearing. When a distinguished visitor is coming to our shores, the public know of his arrival at the time, but long before, his confidential friends have received his private messages and prepared their homes for his reception, and they are quietly waiting at the wharf to welcome him. So would He have us, His friends, look for Him. Then shall we meet Him with the glad cry: "Lo, this is our God. We have waited for Him, and He will save us; we have waited for Him, we will be glad, and rejoice in His salvation."

A LEGAL OUTRAGE IN INDIA.

A CONTEST is being waged between the missionaries and the friends of morality in India on the one hand, and the Hindus, and the British government on the other, over the possession of a girl-widow named Lachmin. The girl has received Christian training, and clings to the missionaries for protection. It seems that her mother, an immoral old woman was anxious to get rid of her, as the girl is a widow, and cannot according to Hindoo laws marry again, but must be supported by her parents. Her boy husband died some time ago, and the mother appears to have offered her for sale to a man named Radhakissen. The girl did not know of the bargain until she was taken to Radhakissen's house, where he feasted her and decked her in jewelry. The girl's conscience was stirred as she beheld the life of sin before her, and she "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin," and laying off her costly garb she fled to her missionary friend Miss Abraham for safety. Radhakissen and the girl's mother then appealed to the law, and the British Magistrate decided that the mother had a legal right to the care of the girl, and could if she chose carry out her bargain with Radhakissen. The missionaries appealed to the Governor-General, but he declined to interfere, and the Magistrate listened to the mob, and sent the girl back to be beaten and tortured in order to testify against Miss Abraham, and ultimately to live a life which her Christian principles would make more odious than death to her. Telegrams were sent by the missionaries to the English Parliament, and an effort is now being made to rescue the girl.

What is thought by the natives of the weakness of the Government may be learned from the following extract from *The Indian Spectator*, a Parsee journal which says: "The Government in India appears to be powerless before the law as it stands. Is it so powerless that it cannot vouchsafe even a word of sympathy to the aggrieved? To a question in the House of Commons the India Office replies that 'the Queen's Government is under the most solemn obligation to respect religion and the social customs of the Hindus.' What a position for the *Queen's Government*! Think of this answer—without one word of regret, one offer of inquiry, one hope of explanation. 'The Queen's Government . . . solemn obligation . . . religion . . . social customs'! Where is the 'religion' of the thing? And what is the social custom that the officials are bound to respect? Though the law may be sound enough, we can imagine the missionaries saying that the answer given by the India Office is the veriest drivell of official drivellers. Are we living under a civilized Christian Government, or under a

* From his new work, "The Gospel of the Kingdom."

company of washed-out old gentlemen doing business as white-washers? Our gentlemen officials who are so ashamed of their civilization and their Christianity, and so afraid of sympathizing with a child in poor Lachmin's position would do well to remember that the white-washing process does not last in government any more than in other departments of human affairs, that every time the wash is removed it shows the nakedness on the surface more hideous than before."

THE STRUGGLE WITH VICE.

THE daily journals have so much of their space occupied with reports of races, prize fights, the proceedings of Divorce Courts, and similar matter, that they have failed to give a fair report of the work of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. Mr. Anthony Comstock, therefore, has appealed to the religious press, and at his request we publish an extract from its recent report. In the course of that statement he says:

During 1888 we have made 94 arrests, secured 101 convictions, with penalties amounting to 14 years and 7 months imprisonment and \$6,585 in fines. 8,088 pounds of books, 50 pounds of stereotype plates, 402 pounds of newspapers with obscene matter, 555,723 pictures, 239 negatives for making obscene photographs, 32,550 circulars, 23 copper plates, 205 obscene figures in Dime Museums, 200,145 lottery circulars, 33,200 pool tickets, 674 lottery tickets, besides a large variety of other gambling paraphernalia, making a total of over 5 tons seized during the past year. Altogether 1,331 arrests have been made. More than 41 tons of obscene matter and 11 tons of gambling matter, paraphernalia, etc., have been seized.

A careful study of our tabular statement will disclose many startling facts. We have secured penalties amounting to 278 years and 15 days imprisonment and \$92,103.95 in fines, while bail bonds have been forfeited amounting to \$76,700 more, making a total secured for the Public Treasury of \$158,803.95, not one dollar of which has gone into our Treasury. 45,114 pounds of books and sheets, 26,473 pounds of stereotype plates for printing these books, 700 pounds of lead moulds, 91,974 articles of immoral use, 809,235 obscene pictures, 4,949 negatives for making obscene photographs, 1,495,557 obscene circulars, songs, etc., 293,456 lottery tickets, 394,401 lottery circulars, 1,389,203 pool tickets, 74,852 chips for gambling, besides a vast amount of other kinds of devil's wares have been seized and destroyed. Besides this we have seized 982,370 names and post office addresses in the possession of dealers of contraband wares, to whom circulars are to be sent. Do not these startling figures emphasize the value and the necessity for a continuance of this work?

A SUNDAY IN A CHINESE TEMPLE.

IN a description of a tour recently taken in China, which Dr. J. C. Thomson sends to the *Church*, he gives the following account of his stay in a treble Temple: It being market day at Na Tuk, we meet many returning, and are agreeably surprised to be once called "Sin-shang" (Mr.), and find we have met an interesting young fellow, whose uncle Mr. Hayes had baptized in the district beyond. But reaching "Ridge-end," we look in at a temple, Buddhist, Taoist, and Confucianist all in one, as is often the case, and call for a friend of the shaven-head order, where, though the priest known to us is away, we find a welcome, and enjoy a quieter Sabbath than at an inn. Though we are requested not to sleep before the gods, who, we are told, *get down and walk about at night*, we arrange our boards—"hard wood" ones left over probably in the making of the temple—by the great temple bell, which is itself an object of worship. The priest suggests to our boy that he buy a duck with other provisions, and then, on his bringing it, hopes he will not eat it, lest it might be his *grandfather*. The Buddhist priests are seemingly not much more than temple keepers, and Buddhism with other west-

ern religions, is not most kindly accepted. This temple is comparatively new, and the big gods came from our city of Yeung Kong, only costing ten dollars each, it was said.

The three gods, representative of the three religions, are the goddess of mercy, seated on the lotus; god of war; and the north god, standing on a snake and turtle, with the usual attendant gods; the aged doorkeeper with a lump of gold in his hand, the fierce hostler holding the pony which died of grief when his master Mars died. Some of this god's kinsfolks live about Canton, which may account for the war-like tendencies of this province. We have also a barefooted god with a bell, a black fellow on a tiger, etc., to the number of fifteen or so. Beside me are the oracular answers to prayers, one hundred of them, one of which fits the number on one of a hundred strips of bamboo, which in worship are jerked out of a large dice-box as it were. We have seen no one worship since coming here, and the priest only in lighting joss-sticks and the lantern.

THE LATE DR. SUMMERS.

THE following note on the death of Dr. Summers, who died in Africa, and whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on Nov. 29, last, is given by his friend and teacher Dr. George D. Dowkontt, in his *Medical Missionary Record*: Particulars of the death of our dear brother, Dr. W. R. Summers, have just been received from Mr. Chatelain.

On May 20 the Doctor, acting under the advice of the official in charge of that part of the Congo state where he was laboring, started on a journey towards the coast, hoping to reach Madeira and recruit his health. The poor fellow had, however, gone but a short distance when the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher;" for on May 24 he went "Home." On the very same day we were watching the departure of a veteran preacher of the gospel, of three score and ten, who had often aided the Doctor in his struggles while preparing himself for his life work, and who was the first man to pray for the Divine blessing upon the inauguration of the Medical Mission in New York in 1881. This dear brother, the Rev. Charles Parker, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had been blind for twenty years before he went home to see the King in His beauty. Thus the two who had walked the streets of earth together—the one being eyes to the other—on the same day began to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem together. "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

A JAPANESE FAMILY.

AN interesting letter from Mrs. Pierson, who is laboring at Yokohama, in Japan, appears in the *Missionary Link*. The following extract shows the character of her work: About seven years ago I visited at the house of a native tea-merchant, who had recently removed to Yokohama. His family consisted of wife and two daughters—the wife being very low with some lingering disease, from which she had long suffered. The truth as it is in Jesus was presented to them without delay, accompanied by earnest exhortations, to repent now, to believe now, and to be saved immediately. They had heard of our Lord Jesus, and His blessed salvation, but their hearts seemed closed to heavenly things, and absorbed in the earthly. The wife recovered, in answer to prayer, and the two daughters entered our school as day scholars. Subsequently, he, with other tea-merchants, was accused of adulterating his teas, and suffered great loss. The girls were withdrawn from the school, but the Holy Spirit did not permit me to give them up, although their case appeared so discouraging. Sometimes I did not visit them for months, and then was again prompted to seek them. After their great trial, their hearts were softened, and I felt that a change had passed over them. The wife listened with tears to the Word of God, and responded "Amen" to my prayer for them. Last year the

younger daughter returned to school, and is now a boarder in the house. The mother has been converted, and is about to enter the Church, after seven years of instruction, prayer, and waiting. The Holy Spirit has sealed the truth to her heart, and she is now a new creature.

AN ELDER'S REMOVAL.

THE providential removal of an elder to another district in Africa has been blessed to his new neighbors. Mr. Scott, a missionary in Natal, writes: "One of my elders, by name Shem Cubee, at Impolweni, in Natal, left the locality some eight years ago, to reside at a distance of about 150 miles. He did not wish to sever his connection with the church, and asked my permission to be allowed to preach the gospel where he was going. Of course I gladly consented. Shem departed. According to some adverse critics of mission work, he should have at once laid aside his coat and his religion and gone back to paint, grease, and flesh worship; but he did nothing of the kind. A few months afterwards he made his appearance at my house, accompanied by two men, with the news that not only they who accompanied him, but over forty people in the district where he stayed had accepted Christ as their Saviour through his preaching, and wanted to be baptized. My wife and I went back with Shem, and found, just as he had said, between forty and fifty souls sealed for Christ. He has continued in his work, and now has nearly a hundred converts around him. He is a most indefatigable worker, preaching every day, and on Sabbaths two or three times. This is how God works in Africa. Nearly every brand snatched from the burning carries fire deep into the enemies' camp, and like a snowball, that increases as it rolls, we shall go on until Africa is won for Christ."

A MOHAMMEDAN BOY PERSECUTED.

A SPECIMEN of the tricks practiced on converts to Christianity in India is given by the Rev. James Lyon, of the American M. E. Mission in Hyderabad. He says: "On one occasion after our bazaar service we were followed by a young Mohammedan boy. He was impressed with the truth, and became a candidate for baptism. At the end of one month, seeing his changed life and feeling, we could no longer deny him the privilege of being baptized, and he received baptism on the 17th of June, 1888, in the presence of the congregation in our English church. This man is now in the employment of a native Christian gentleman as a general servant, who speaks well of his faithfulness and obedience as a servant. Shortly after the baptism of Ahmed Ali, the news reached his friends in Hyderabad city, and they sent three or four armed Arabs to take him away by force, giving out as their reason for so doing that he had been stealing. (This is a common trick.) The native Christian gentleman who employs him, seeing they were determined to take him, had to let him go, but took the precaution of sending to the Superintendent of Police, giving particulars, and becoming surety for the convert if, as alleged, he had stolen, and hinting that if any evil befell him, he, the Superintendent, would be held responsible. The Police Superintendent took the hint, and evidently exerted himself, for after an absence of twelve hours, he, Ahmed Ali, returned safe, and we rejoiced greatly. They threatened him, and coaxed him to come back to Islamism, but he stood fast."

The Christian Herald Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar. We have also a cheaper binder, with lace instead of steel fastenings, for 50 cents, postage paid. Subscribers in Canada ordering the binders are, we believe, required to pay customs-duty upon them.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Some subscribers who have renewed for 1889 may notice that the date on the address label has not yet been changed. This is unavoidable, owing to the large number of corrections to be made; but it is being rectified as rapidly as possible. The fact of the paper being regularly received through the mail is an intimation that the renewals have been received and credited on our books.

All subscriptions, notices of changes of address, and letters connected with the business of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should *invariably* be addressed to the MANAGER, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK. Advertisements for insertion on the last page and orders for books advertised on that page should be sent to MR. J. E. JEWETT, 77 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK. Some of our friends are reversing these addresses, sending their subscriptions to Mr. Jewett and their orders for books to the Manager. In both cases the mistake causes confusion and delay, and sometimes leads to errors.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Long-Pending Question of Adding a Secretary of Agriculture to the President's Cabinet was settled, so far as Congress is concerned, on January 31. An agreement was reached on that day between the conferees of the Senate and the House by the House yielding the questions in dispute. The bill as passed by the Senate will now, therefore, go to the President for his signature. The points pressed by the House and now abandoned were mainly the addition to the new Secretary's Department of the Signal Service, and the Geological and Fish Commission. President Cleveland is not expected, if he signs the bill, to appoint a Cabinet officer for the remaining three weeks of his term. It is thought likely that the first officer of the new Department will be Jonathan J. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Mich., who has been strongly recommended to the President-elect.

The Admission of the Territories was Fully discussed last week, in a caucus of Republican Senators. It was decided to agree to the admission of the two Dakotas, Montana, and Washington. On New Mexico, opinion was divided, but the majority advocated rejection, on the ground that, owing to the peculiarities of the people, the Territory was not fitted at present for admission as a State. It is expected that the Senate will advocate Constitutional conventions being called in North and South Dakota to pass upon the two Constitutions. The caucus finally resolved that the Committee on Territories should draft a substitute for the House Bill, of a liberal character and fair in terms. Senators Platt, Cullom, and Butler have been appointed Conferees for the Senate.

The Gravity of the Situation in the Samoan Islands increased last week. On January 31 Mr. Bayard received a dispatch from our consul at Apia, stating that Germany had declared war on Gen. Mataafa, had proclaimed martial law in Samoa, and had given notice that all vessels arriving there would be searched for contraband of war. The import of this intelligence admitted of no doubt. It is evidently a bold and impudent effort on the part of Bismarck to take possession of Samoa. The espousal of the cause of Tamasese by Germany is a pretence that deceives no one. Tamasese has no Samoan support, and Bismarck has clearly no object in placing him on the throne, except to secure a pliant tool for the advancement of German interests. How far our Government will tolerate the German arrogance we have yet to see. The discussion in the Senate on Thursday showed that the Republican leaders are ready to endorse and support the protests Mr. Bayard has made against the attempt to subvert Samoan independence. An opinion was generally expressed that whether American citizens in Samoa had been injured

or not, and apart from the insult to the United States flag, our Government is pledged to maintain the independence of the islands. The Senate refrained from discussing the whole question, but the fact that it passed without division the appropriation for the coaling station at Pango-Pango, and the larger appropriation for the fulfilment of our treaty obligations, proved that the gravity of the situation was realized, and that there is to be no shrinking from duty in the matter. The President has notified the Senate that Bismarck is sending by mail proposals for a conference.

A Notable Illustration of the Methods of New York legislators came to light last week. It was discovered that the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber at Albany, instead of being carved oak, for which the money was appropriated, consisted of jute bagging covered with plaster. In the course of the investigation which followed the discovery, it was admitted that the only signed copy of the plans and specifications in existence was in the possession of the contractors. The cost of the wretched counterfeit was \$277,000. The legislators are now naively inquiring what became of the difference of cost between the value of the carved oak and the jute bagging. It is not likely that it went into the pockets of the contractors. A committee has been appointed to investigate the matter. It would be well, also, if the committee could find out how it is that the Capitol, which was estimated to cost four millions, is not yet finished, though eighteen millions have been spent.

A Deplorable Labor Dispute Caused Serious trouble in New York City last week. On January 28 twenty-one lines of surface cars were tied up, and over six thousand drivers and conductors went on strike. The men asked for an increase of wages from \$1.75 to \$2 a day, but the main difficulty was not involved in that demand. The companies refused to recognize the executive committee of the Union to which the men belong, and would not treat with any but their own men. This resolution precluded negotiation, and the strike took effect. The men offered to submit their case to arbitration, and appealed to the State Board, but the companies rejected the offer and declined the services of the Board. For two days scarcely any cars were run, but on Wednesday new men were engaged, and gradually each road had a few cars running to save its charter. The President of one company actually sent to Castle Garden for Italian immigrants to take the place of the drivers. The running of the cars was opposed by a few of the strikers, and by many of the roughs, who had nothing to do with the strike, but who are always ready for violence. Trucks were overturned on the tracks, bonfires built, stones thrown at the cars, and other unlawful acts committed. Policemen were put on each car, and there were frequent fights, and in two cases the police used their pistols. By the end of the week the companies were sanguine of winning the victory. As in other cases, the weakness of the cause of the employees consists in the fact that there are so many unemployed men in the city willing to take the place of the strikers. While this condition continues, a strike has little prospect of success, and the sooner this fact is recognized by the men the less suffering they will have to bear.

A Scathing Denunciation of Bismarck was published last week in an English review. It was not signed, but it was evidently written by some one possessing an intimate knowledge of German affairs. The writer charges the statesman with deliberately plotting the death of the late Emperor by insisting on his making the journey to Berlin from Italy on his accession to the throne. He asserts that Bismarck desired to see Frederick give place to William II., in order that his own son, Count Herbert Bismarck, might succeed him as Chancellor, in the event of his death, which he could not hope to do under Frederick. He also charges him with instigating the young Emperor to behave undutifully to his mother, and to punish every one

of prominence who had been loyal to Frederick. Facts are given in proof of the writer's assertions, and Bismarck's whole career is pitilessly analyzed, with the object of showing him to be a selfish and unscrupulous man, in whom patriotism is subordinated to ambition.

General Boulanger's Election as Member of the legislature by the citizens of Paris has caused a profound sensation, not in France only, but throughout Europe. His triumph was decisive. There were several candidates for the vacant seat, but Boulanger received a majority of all the votes cast, and a plurality over the next highest vote of 81,550. This enormous majority is doubtless due in part to the peculiar situation of French political parties, which the General showed marked skill in turning to his own advantage. Apart from the direct and honest support of the voters who have confidence in his political programme, he had the support of the Monarchists, the Bonapartists, and all who desire to see the Republic overthrown. They regard him as a man capable of making himself dictator, and paving the way for a restoration of monarchical institutions. Republicans, also, who are disgusted with the incapacity of the present administration, voted for him as an enemy of the Government. The fact, however, of his receiving so large a vote in Paris impresses every one with its profound significance. One prominent French journal remarks: "It is to dictatorship, to Cæsarism, to revolution, to civil war, that Paris has opened the doors of the Republic. Behind Cæsars come ruin, war, defeat, invasion, and the dismemberment of the country."

A Startling Speech on the Probability of a European war was made by a member of the English administration on January 29. Addressing a political meeting, the Hon. Edward Stanhope, Secretary of War, said that a thundercloud was hanging over Europe, and that sooner or later, probably sooner, it would burst, bringing the fiercest and most horrible war ever known. It was impossible, he declared, to view the preparations for war now being made throughout Europe without feeling that a war was approaching. He hoped, however, that the wisdom of England's statesmen would prevent that nation from becoming involved. Mr. Stanhope's official position in the Cabinet affords him exceptional opportunities of gaining accurate knowledge of the European situation. His prognostications, therefore, are all the more ominous.

The Mysterious Death of Prince Rudolph, the heir to the Austrian throne, was announced on January 30. The Prince, who was but little over thirty years of age, had gone with a shooting party to Meyerling, a country castle about twelve miles from Vienna. He retired from the company, on a plea of indisposition, and shut himself up in his room. There his valet found him lying dead on his bed. It was at first officially stated that he died of apoplexy, but rumors were spread that he had been shot, and on Friday another official statement was issued, stating that he had shot himself while suffering from insanity. The statement is not credited by the public, as the Prince was of a remarkably cheerful disposition, enjoying his life and possessing a clear, well-balanced mind. He had travelled extensively, and had distinguished himself by literary work, displaying considerable mental ability. He was married in May, 1880, to Stephanie, daughter of the King of the Belgians. His married life was not a happy one, and his wife sought a divorce on the plea of his unfaithfulness. His only child is a daughter six years of age. Under Austrian law she will not succeed to the crown on the death of her grandfather, the Emperor. The next heir is the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Charles Louis.

City Missionaries, Christian Workers, and others may obtain miscellaneous back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for mission, hospital, and prison work, and for general distribution, at \$1 per 100. Address The Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our acknowledgment to the amount of \$13.75. They were from: Seawards, Me., \$1; Mason, Mich., \$1; Rock City, Ill., \$1; Baltimore, Md., 25c.; Centreville, Mass., 50c.; Galt, Ont., Can., \$1; Morganville, N. Y., \$1; Hanover, Ont., Can., \$2; Newark, N. J., 50c.; Newark, N. J., \$1; Bozeman Mont, \$1; Omaha, Neb., \$1.50; Archer, Tex., \$1; Norwood, Ill., \$1. A colored minister in Delaware, who received the paper last year through this fund, writes: "It would take me some time to tell you the amount of help it has been to me. It has greatly aided me in my work, been a fruitful source of instruction to me, and encouraged me in my difficulties frequently. I wish I had the money to subscribe, so that I might be sure of it all the time. But I am very poor, and my salary is hardly enough to live on. I should be very glad if you will continue it through your fund as last year; it would greatly aid me in my work."

A Mysterious Explosion Caused Severe if Not fatal injuries to six workmen in New York on January 19. They were preparing the foundation for a mammoth gasholder in Sixty-second Street, and while making their excavations a tremendous explosion shook the earth, and huge blocks of stone were hurled into the air. There was a general stampede of the men at work, but as there were no more explosions they returned after a time to see if any of their number had been injured. They found six men imprisoned under pieces of rock. Two of them had broken legs, three of them were hurt on the head, and the sixth had received spinal injury. An examination of the place showed that the explosion had been caused by a dynamite cartridge, which one of the men had struck with his pick. It had been placed there a week before, when the blasting was done. It had failed to explode then, and had been forgotten. Analogous catastrophes sometimes occur in the spiritual and moral world. Sins which have not been found out have remained so long concealed that the very perpetrators have forgotten them, but exposure and retribution are sure to come at the final judgment, if not in this life. (Eccles. 8: 11, 12.)

The Use of a Turkey as an Envelope is likely to benefit a girl in Connecticut. She and her widowed mother live near Waterbury, and are in very straitened circumstances. Of late, owing to the mother's sickness, the burden of providing for their wants has seriously increased. The girl has employment, but is not earning sufficient money to provide all that is needed for the home and her invalid mother. In an emergency a short time ago, the girl resolved to sacrifice a pet turkey, which she had reared from a chick, and to which she was much attached. The bird was killed, but before sending it to market she put inside of it a prettily worded note, in which she expressed a hope that the eater would enjoy it, and stated the circumstances under which she had sacrificed her pet. The purchaser proved to be a business man having no children. He read the note, and, having consulted with his wife, sent the girl a handsome present. He told a reporter that they intend to visit the girl's home shortly, and if they find the facts as she represents them, there will be "developments of permanent benefit to the girl." Thus her sacrifice may bring her great gain. It is so with the sacrifices made in Christ's cause. The woman who broke the alabaster box of ointment to anoint her Lord won His approval and immortal fame. (Matt. 26: 13.)

A Night in a Tomb Was Spent by a Young man in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently. Some laborers were at work on the graves in Greenwood Cemetery on January 23, under the direction of the junior partner in a well-known firm of florists. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon they quitted work, and the young florist went around to see that all was right before going home. He opened the gate of a vault, in the granite walls of which there are twenty-five receptacles for

coffins, eight of which are filled. As he passed in, he carelessly pulled the gate to after him, and the spring-lock snapped with a sharp click, and he realized that he was a prisoner. He was not much troubled at first, as there were several parties in the cemetery, and he thought some one would pass, by whom he could send a message to the gate-keeper. Presently two ladies came by, and the young man shouted to them and beckoned. They were, however, too much terrified to approach, and ran out of the cemetery as quickly as they could, telling the gate-keeper that they had seen a ghost. No one else came near all night, and the young man walked up and down the narrow passage-way between the coffins until morning, when the superintendent saw him and released him. It was a weird experience even for a man whose business makes him familiar with the resting-places of the dead. Everyone would shrink from it, yet, though everyone knows that his own body will one day lie with the dead, comparatively few take advantage of God's promise to all who trust in Christ, that He will "redeem their souls from the power of the grave." (Ps. 49: 14, 15.)

A Contest Over an Eccentric Will was the subject of investigation in New York on January 30. Thirty years ago John Hayden, a wealthy bachelor in Ireland, died, leaving the whole of his property to his sister for life. After her death, the property was to be given absolutely to any female relative of his who should marry a man named John Hayden, who must be a resident of County Tipperary, born and brought up a Roman Catholic. Mr. Hayden had no definite person in view. Only two female relatives of the testator were living when the property became subject to this provision in the will. One of them set out to find a man fulfilling its conditions. She discovered one, and having made known to him the situation, he agreed to aid her in gaining the property by marrying her. They were married, and took possession of the estate. The other relative, who lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., has commenced a Chancery Suit, asking to have the estate divided on the principles governing the administration of intestate estates, on the ground of the eccentricity of the will. The British Consul in New York is commissioned to inquire into her identity, and last week commenced the inquiry. The decision of the court will probably be against her, as she did not fulfil the conditions of the will, while her relative did so. There is reason to fear that many will fail to gain a heavenly inheritance for the same cause. They do not chose to accept salvation on the terms God has laid down, and there is no other way. (Rom. 10: 3, 4.)

A Vessel Without Captain or Crew Has Crossed the Atlantic safely, and entered the harbor of Stornoway, Scotland, after nearly a year's wandering. On February 29 the schooner *W. L. White* left Doboy, Ga., with a cargo of lumber for New York. On March 12 she was struck by the memorable hurricane, and became water-logged. The captain and crew, despairing of saving her, abandoned the ship and took to an open boat. They were picked up four days afterward by a passing ship, and taken to port. The abandoned vessel drifted into the Gulf Stream, and subsequently into the track of the transatlantic steamers. She was seen at various points during the summer drifting aimlessly about. On more than one occasion a captain reported passing her at a point more than six hundred miles from the place where she had been passed a month before. Before the end of June she had covered a distance of three thousand miles. The last time she was seen was on November 29, and nothing more was heard of her until last week, when news was received of her entering the Scottish harbor, seven hundred miles away from her position in November. During the whole year she has been a source of danger to other vessels, and mariners are relieved by learning that she is safe in port. Unhappily the derelicts on the sea of life, who are a source of danger to those with whom they

come in contact, seldom drift into the harbor of safety. There are no currents to bear them to port, and none can be saved unless the Captain of Salvation takes command. (Ps. 18: 16, 19.)

An Obnoxious Bell was Presented to Cornell University last week by the Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York. In the letter accompanying the gift, Mr. Collyer says that when he was a boy, working in a blacksmith's shop in England, that bell was suspended over a factory. Its ringing in the morning was the signal for him to get up and go to work. He does not know its tone according to musical classification, but to him it was positively hateful in those days. Recently the factory was demolished to make room for a reservoir for the town of Leeds, and Mr. Collyer wrote to a friend in that town, asking that when the bell was broken up for old metal a piece of his old enemy might be sent to him for a paper-weight. The Leeds town council, hearing of his request, presented him with the whole bell, and Mr. Collyer has now given it to Cornell. He says it will be pleasant to think of it as converted to new uses—a regenerate bell, calling people to nobler occupations, and therefore giving a welcome sound, instead of the old harsh summons to servile labor. We may hope that Mr. Collyer's wish may be fulfilled, and that the sound of the bell may be always a welcome one in the University. Its tone will be the same as when it grated on his ears half a century ago, but its associations will be changed by its consecration to better uses. It is a type of the time which is coming, when all things animate and inanimate, will be so changed, and the bells will bear the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord." (Zech. 14: 20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea's meetings at Guelph, Ontario, Canada, have been attended by large numbers of persons. Some came from distant towns to attend them.

Six medical students promised to go out as medical missionaries at the recent conference in Cincinnati, at which Dr. Scudder and Mr. C. K. Oder gave addresses on Foreign Missions.

Mr. D. L. Moody's meetings in San Francisco are attracting immense crowds. He is assisted in the singing by Mr. George C. Stebbins. The *Occident* gives full reports of his sermons.

The Eighth Anniversary of the organization of the first Christian Endeavor Society occurred on February 2. There are now seven thousand societies with an aggregate of 400,000 members.

The petition of the W. C. T. U., for the suppression of the sale of alcoholic liquors in military and naval institutions is being circulated among officers and men of the Army and Navy, and among officers and members of the G. A. R.

Rev. C. H. and Mrs. St. John have been holding very successful meetings at Bradford, Ill. Among those who have made profession of faith have been several old soldiers. The evangelists now go to Seward, Neb., and thence to Los Angeles, Cal.

Rev. Sam Jones has been holding meetings at Los Angeles, Cal. The Pavilion has been crowded at each service. Local journals describe the movement as the most wonderful ever seen in that vicinity. The interest grew and deepened from day to day.

Mr. E. W. Bliss and Prof. D. B. Townner and wife will be associated together in evangelistic work this season. They closed a very successful work in Chicago in January, and went to Sedalia, Mo., on the 14th. Thence they go to Omaha, Neb., and possibly Madison, Wis.

Bishop H. C. Riley delivered an interesting lecture with stereopticon views at Association Hall, New York, on January 29. A large and appreciative audience greeted him with frequent applause. The Bishop has consented to deliver another lecture in the same place on February 12.

Mr. Narde, the Italian evangelist of New York, and his blind wife, are working among the Italian laborers in the iron and coal mines at Newcastle, Pa. Cottage meetings have been held, and house to house visitation systematically carried on. The Italians there are notoriously ignorant and godless, but have shown appreciation of the teaching in their own language of the evangelists.

Half-rate fares have been secured for delegates and friends to the 23d annual meeting of the Y. M. C. Associations of New York State, to be held at Watertown, February 21-24. Gen. O. O. Howard will deliver the opening address, and among the speakers will be Messrs. Cleveland H. Dodge, of New York, Prof. A. G. Hopkins, of Hamilton, and Prof. B. I. Wheeler, of Cornell.

ESSENTIAL POINTS IN PRAYER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The Lord appeared to Solomon the second time, as he had appeared to him at Gibeon. And the Lord said unto him: I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication, that thou hast made before me: I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put My name there for ever; and mine eyes and My heart shall be there perpetually." 1 Kings 9: 2, 3.

The Blessing of the First Appearance to Solomon—The Second Appearance Needed—Not a Re-Conversion—The Higher Life Enjoyed from the First—The Lord's Reference to Solomon's Prayer—Its Characteristics—I. The Place in Prayer—Not Always Found—Can be Found in Public Prayer—Not the Place for Scolding and Criticising the Brethren—To be Directed to God—II. The Great Desideratum—To be Heard—And Accepted—An Answer Looked for—III. Assurance of Answer—How it Comes—In Strong Confidence—In Actual Observation.

BELOVED friends, it was an exceedingly encouraging thing to Solomon that the Lord should appear to him before the beginning of his great work of building the temple. See in the third chapter of this First Book of the Kings, at the fifth verse, "In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee." Some of us remember how the Lord was with us at the beginning of our life-work, when we started as young men and women newly converted, full of zeal and earnestness, determined to do something for the Lord. How we sought His face! with what simplicity, with what tenderness of heart, with what dependence upon Him and diffidence as to ourselves! It is a priceless blessing to begin with God, and not to lay a stone of

The Temple of Our Life-work

till the Lord has appeared unto us. It is an equal, perhaps a superior, blessing for the Lord to appear to us after a certain work is done; even as in this case: "The Lord appeared to Solomon the second time, as He had appeared unto him at Gibeon." Solomon had now finished the temple, and he needed another visit from on high. There is great joy in completing a work; and yet there is, to some minds, a great drop when the once engrossing service ceases to keep the mind upon the stretch. You run up-hill, and you have gained the summit; there is no more climbing, for the present, and then you almost wish that you had to struggle again. A work like that of Solomon, lasting for seven years, must have become a delight to him; to see the house growing, and to mark all the stages of its beauty. He may have been in peril of pride, if not of depression: in either case it was a remarkable season, and its need must have been remarkable also; "and so the Lord appeared unto Solomon the second time, as He had appeared unto him at Gibeon."

Brethren, we want renewed appearances, fresh manifestations, new visitations from on high; and I commend to those of you who are getting on in life, that while you thank God for the past, and look back with joy to his visits to you in your early days, you now seek and ask for a second visitation of the Most High.

I think that we should be seeking those second appearances: we should be crying to God most pleadingly that He would speak to us a second time. We do not want a re-conversion, as some assert. I hope that we do not; if the Lord has kept us, as we should be, steadfast in His fear, we are possessors of what some call

"The Higher Life."

This we have many of us enjoyed from the very first hour of our spiritual life. We do not need to be converted again; yet we do want that again over our heads the windows of heaven should be opened, that again a Pentecost should be given, and that we should renew our youth like the eagles, to run without weariness, and walk without fainting. The Lord fulfil to every one of His people His blessing upon Solomon! "The Lord appeared to Solomon the second time, as He had appeared unto him at Gibeon."

Now, what the Lord spoke upon in the com-

mencement of His interview with Solomon concerned His prayer; and as the Lord answered that prayer, and here, in this second appearance, recapitulated the points of it, we may be sure that there was much about that prayer which would make it a model for us. We shall do well to pray after the manner which successful pleaders have followed. In this case we will follow the Lord's own description of an accepted prayer. I shall use the text to that end briefly.

I. First,

Our Proper Place in Prayer.

The Lord said, "I have heard thy prayer, and thy supplication, that thou hast made before Me." There is the place to pray—"before Me;" that is to say, before the Lord. This place is not always found. The Pharisee went up to the temple to pray, and yet, evidently, he did not pray "before God;" so that even in the most holy courts he did not find the place desired. In his own esteem he prayed; but, in his going home to his house without justification, there was evidence that he either had not prayed at all, or that he had not prayed before God. It is not because you pass these portals, and come into these pews, that therefore you are before God. Nay, and if you were to seek the shrines which have been most eminently regarded in the Church; if you stood by the site of Jerusalem, if you sought out that little skull-like hill called "Calvary," and prayed there, or if you went to Olivet, and bowed your knee in Gethsemane, you might not therefore be before God. The nearer the Church, sometimes, the farther from God; and in the very centre of it, in the midst of the assembly where prayer is wont to be made, you may not be "before God" at all.

This blessed place "before God" can be found in public prayer. Solomon's prayer before God was offered in the midst of a great multitude. The priests stood in their places, and the Levites kept their due order.

The People were Gathered

together, and all the armies of the tribes of Israel stood in the streets of the holy city when Solomon bowed his knee and cried mightily unto his God. It is evident that he was enabled, that day, not to pray to please the people, nor that they might note his eloquent language and be gratified with the appropriate performance; but he was inspired to pray before the Lord.

Ah, brethren! those of us who have to conduct your devotions, strive hard that we may be seen of God in secret, when heard of men in public; and I am sure that we never pray so rightly or so usefully for you as when we only remember you in a very inferior sense, but seem to be surrounded as with a cloud, enclosed within the secret place of the Most High, even when we stand supplicating aloud for you in the public assembly of God's people. The same is true of each of you: it is wrong for you, in a prayer-meeting, to pray with a view to an individual of importance, or with the remembrance of those present whose respect you would like to obtain. The mercy-seat is no place for the exhibition of your abilities. More evil still is it to take the opportunity of

Making Personal Remarks

about others. I have heard of oblique hints having been given in prayer, I am sorry to say that I have even heard of remarks which have been so directly critical and offensive, that one knew what the brother was at, and lamented it. Such a proceeding is altogether objectionable and irreverent. We do not even pray in prayer-meetings to correct doctrinal errors, nor to teach a body of divinity, nor to make remarks upon the errors of certain brethren, nor to impeach them before the Most High. These things should be earnest matters of supplication, but not of a sort of indirect preaching and scolding in prayer. It is conduct worthy of the accuser of the brethren to turn a prayer into an opportunity of finding fault with others. Our prayer must be "before God," or else it is not an acceptable prayer.

But prayer before God can just as well—perhaps more readily—be offered in private, though

I am not sure that it is not easily missed even there. You are in your room, where you are accustomed to pray. Do you not find yourself upon your knees repeating goodly words, while your heart is wandering? May you not confess that often the prayer, which has been a matter of habit, has been said as much before the walls of your room, or before the bedpost, as before God? You have not realized His presence; you have not spoken distinctly and directly to Him. Although you have observed the Saviour's canon, and have shut to the door, and nobody else has been there, so that you have not prayed in the presence of others; yet you have mainly prayed in your own presence, and God has to your inmost soul been far away. It is poor work merely to talk piously to yourself. Brethren, the main point of supplication is neither to pray in the presence of others, nor yet, first of all, in your own presence, but to present your prayer "before God."

Now, it is clear that this means that the prayer is to be directed to God. "Well," says one, "I know that." I know you do; and yet, my brother, you too often forget it.

Indefinite Praying

is a waste of breath. It will never do to begin praying, neck or nothing, because the time has come for it. We must think, "I am about to ask of God what I want: I am to speak to the great King of kings, from whom all grace must come: it is to Him that my prayer must be directed. What, then, shall I ask at His hands?" Does anybody here suppose that the repeating of certain words out of a book, or of his own making, has any virtue in it? Some seem, by their frequent repetitions of that blessed model of prayer, the Lord's Prayer, to think that there is a magical charm in that sacred arrangement of words; but, I tell you solemnly, you might as well repeat that perfect prayer backwards as forwards, if your heart is not in it. If your very heart is not in it, and if your soul is not looking Godwards, you profane your Lord's words, and are guilty of all the greater sin because of their excellence. Make not praying a piece of witchcraft, and your supplications an imitation of the *abracadabra* of the wizard; else it is vain superstition, and not acceptable supplication. Pray thou distinctly, with all thy wits about thee, to thy God. Speak thou to Him.

And hence it becomes needful that we should endeavor, in prayer, to

Realize the Presence

of God. Oh, to come before the living and acting God! Not before a God lame and impotent, nor before the new God, who is impersonal and dead, but before the true God—God in Christ Jesus! If we did but realize who He is to whom we speak—God, very nigh to us in the person of the Only Begotten, who has taken our nature upon Himself, what praying ours would be! And that is the right sort of praying.

If there are any here that have never prayed, let their prayer at this time be to one who is close to them, ready to hear them. Do not ask, "What shall I say?" Say to God what you wish to say. What is your desire to-night? Would you be saved? Beg Him to save you. Would you be forgiven? Ask forgiveness. "The words," say you, "tell me the words!" Nay, you need no words. If you have none, look, look to Him. Let your heart think out its desires. There is music without words: and there is prayer without words.

II. I will change the run of our thought for a little while, to notice, with much earnestness,

Our Great Desideratum

in prayer. It is that which God said that He had given to Solomon. "I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication." I have often had occasion to remark that the wise men of modern times, whose principal characteristic is that they think so much of themselves, and so very little of anybody else, tell us that prayer is an excellent exercise, good and comforting and useful, but that we are not to suppose that it has any effect upon God whatever. We inquire of them, "Would you have us go on praying

after the information you have given?" "Oh, yes," they say, "Oh yes, of course; it is a pious exercise, a proper and edifying thing. Go on praying, but do not think that God hears." Brethren, it is evident that

They Think Us Idiots.

Evidently they consider praying men to be born fools. If it be certain that prayer has no effect upon God, my brother, I would just as lief whistle when I rise in the morning as pray, and I would as soon close my eyes at night in dumb silence as run over a set of ineffectual words. If there is neither hearing nor answering, we shall have reduced ourselves to the level of the worshippers of Baal, if we continue to cry; and we have not come to that yet. But, brethren, what we desire in prayer is really to be heard. If I pray, I pray not to the winds, nor to the waves, but to God; and if He does not hear me, I have lost my breath.

The first thing the soul desires in prayer is audience with God. If the Lord do not hear us, we have gained nothing. And what an honor it is, if you come to think of it, to have audience with God! You notice that, generally in the Psalms, David says very little about God's answering; but he always speaks about God's hearing, and he asks that He would hear. That He should deign to hear us is quite enough, quite enough from such a God as He is. If I can get my petition placed in His hand, I am fully satisfied. If I can pour my desire into His ear, and He has once observed it, all

Further Fear is Removed.

But we want more than that: we want that He should accept. It were a painful thing to be permitted to speak to a great friend, and then for him to stand austere and stern, and say, "I have heard what you have to say. Go your way." We ask not this of God. We beg Him kindly and graciously to accept our poor confessions, supplications, and adorations.

Still, there is a third thing which we want, which God gave to Solomon, and that is an answer. He asked the Lord to hallow the house, and the Lord did hallow the house. And as to you and me in prayer, while there are some things which we must always pray for with a great deal of diffidence, evermore saying emphatically, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," yet are there certain other boons which we are encouraged to pray for with importunity, being resolved to have them. Those are spiritual blessings, covenant blessings, distinctly promised, and evidently necessary: these we may ask for without any question, using a sacred importunity, and refusing to let the angel go unless he blesses us. Oh, for more holy boldness! Oh, for more assured confidence; We have need to believe that we have the petitions that we ask of Him. We must ask in faith, nothing wavering, or we may not expect to receive anything of the Lord.

III. This makes me mention, thirdly, our

Assurance of Answer to Prayer.

Can we have an assurance that God has heard and answered prayer? Solomon had it. The Lord said unto him, "I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication, that thou hast made before Me." Does the Lord ever say that to us? I think so. Let us consider how He does so.

I think that He says it to us very often in our usual faith. I hope that I speak for many of you when I say that we constantly pray believingly. It is habitual with me to expect God to answer me. I go to Him very simply, and ask for what I want; and, if I did not have that which I humbly sought for, I should be greatly surprised. When I do have it, I reckon it as a matter of course, for the Lord has promised to answer prayer, and it is certain that He will keep His promise. I am speaking now about the daily mercies, and the daily trials, and the ordinary events of life: in these matters God is sure to answer prayer, and our faith, in its ordinary operation is, to our hearts, the voice of God, saying, "I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication."

But sometimes you require strong confidence.

You have to solicit some extraordinary blessing. You get a place like that to which Jacob came, when common prayer was not sufficient. At such times it is a stronger faith than usual, brought into exercise by necessity, which assures the soul of the blessing. "According to thy faith be it unto thee." If we can trust God—for that is the thing—we shall have the thing we seek. *Faith is not saying, "I know that I have it," when you really have it not.* That would be telling yourself a lie. Here is a man who says, "Believe that you are sanctified, and you are in a moment sanctified." But you are not. You may believe a lie in believing that, and be, perhaps, less sanctified than you were before you believed it, and ten times more proud, and thus far more under the influence of Satan. God keep us from the falsehood of folly, and lead us into the truth of wisdom! I will believe anything, however monstrous it may appear, if God says it. I will believe nothing, however desirable, merely because my own fancy imagines it, or because your heated brain suggests it.

Sometimes this comes in the form of a comfortable persuasion. Have you never known what it is to leave off prayer when you are in the middle of it, and say, "I am heard: I am heard"? When a man goes to a bank with a cheque, and he gets the money, he does not stand loafing about the counter: he goes off about his business. And oftentimes before God, he that is prepared to be a long time in prayer, if it should be necessary, feels that he must be brief in petition and long in thanksgiving. He rises from his knees with the persuasion, "I need not ask any more: I am heard;" and he goes about his business, to do

Something More Needful

and seasonable than praying; for it is always better to serve God in a pressing practical duty than it is to continue to pray when prayer has no longer any reasonableness in it, seeing that you are already heard. If God has given you the blessing, why ask for it any further? "The Lord says to Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto Me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward;" and that going forward was a better thing than praying, now that praying had had its day. So there comes a comfortable assurance at times that it is even so, and you go your way rejoicing. This inward persuasion is no fanatical imagining, nor excitement of the brain, but a work of the Spirit, which none can imitate, and only the receiver can understand.

Actual observation also breeds in us a solid confidence that our suit is succeeding. Sometimes God gives us an assurance that He has heard our prayer when He makes us look back and observe the past. How He has answered us! He changes not; He hears us still. Throughout life it has been my habit to wait upon God about many things, and especially about extraordinary necessities which have arisen out of the demands of the great institutions committed to me. I shall not stay to tell the stories of the Lord's supplies in answer to prayer. Some of you know them in a measure; but, in very truth, the Lord has heard

My Prayers

as distinctly as if He had rent the heavens, and put out His right hand filled with good. Many of you could bear similar witness, could you not? The fact that the Lord has heard us in the past speaks in our souls, and fills us with the assurance that He will hear us yet again.

Now I have come to the end of what I had to say, with this one sole exception. In the case of Solomon prayer turned in one direction, and in that direction I want to turn it now. You learn what Solomon's prayer was when you hear how God fulfilled it. God said to him, "I have hallowed this house which thou hast built, and put my name there forever, and mine eyes and my heart shall be there perpetually." Oh, that the eye of the Lord might be upon this house, and upon this Church, to watch over it, to keep it from all harm! But may His heart also be with us, to fill us with His

divine life and love, and to make us know His inner self! Oh for the love of God to be shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost! May we know that God's feelings of affection and delight are towards us! This shall be our joy unspeakable. The Lord bless you, dear friends, for Christ's sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A CONTEMPTIBLE KING.*

ONE country alone, or rather one person, came out of the struggle with marked discredit. The position of Charles II. of England was indeed contemptible. Peace had been made without his concurrence—in spite, indeed, of his utmost efforts. He had lived by chicanery, and his chicanery had ended in complete discomfiture. Louis now, neither needing nor fearing him, met his appeal for part at least of the money he claimed with a contemptuous refusal. In December, 1678, the Lords united with the Commons in insisting on his immediately disbanding his troops, and from that moment, baffled in diplomacy and crippled for war, he had no further voice in Continental affairs. His position with his own people was as humiliating as his position in the face of Europe. To the Parliament and the Church he was an object of suspicion. His supplies were doled out with jealous parsimony, and his use of the money was vigilantly watched. From the control under which he fretted, his only chances of escape had been trickery and foreign alms. His servants were indeed capable, but bitter personal rivalries prevented all co-operation; and though the extravagances of an opposition as unscrupulous as himself, aided by his own coolness of head and cynical good-temper, afforded him before long an opportunity of establishing an apparently complete ascendancy in his kingdom, it was an ascendancy maintained only by a scrupulous observance of conditions which he had now for nineteen years in vain endeavored to evade.

The Murder of De Witt.

The prospect of final rescue was, however, so dim that the States General determined to negotiate with Louis. When their deputation reached his camp at Doesburg they were told by Louvois that satisfaction for the allies of France and the payment of the entire expenses of the war were necessary preliminaries to a treaty. The States General were disposed to yield, but the deputies of Amsterdam, in the Provincial Estates of Holland, stood firm. Come what might they declared that they would have no part in such a submission. As unity of command grew indispensable the restoration of the Stadtholderate was demanded with increasing insistence, and to this restoration, John De Witt was regarded as the main obstacle. On June 21 he was attacked in the streets and left for dead, and on the same day an attempt was made at Dordrecht upon the life of his brother Cornelius. A terrible crime signalized the triumph of the reaction. The enmity against the De Witts has been disarmed neither by the murderous attack upon them nor by the dignified address in which, after recounting the services of nineteen years, John de Witt resigned to the Provincial Estates of Holland his charge as Grand Pensionary. The populace determined on a full accomplishment of their design. The blow fell first upon Cornelius, who, accused of plotting the murder of

*"From Epochs of Modern History: From the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of Nemwegen." By Osmund Airy, M. A. A valuable work to a busy man desirous of gaining in a brief time a clear idea of the leading facts of that eventful epoch. Pp. 292. Price \$1.00. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Late Father Gavazzi.



The Clergyman Explains Why He Abstains.

William, was enticed to the Hague, and there, by order of the Court of Holland, put to the torture, and ordered to be banished from Holland and West Friesland. As he lay crippled from the rack, the mob surrounded the prison to prevent his departure. By a feigned message his brother was induced to visit him there. Means were found to remove the guards who protected the prison from attack. Then, bursting open the gates, the crowd rushed to the room where the brothers were expecting their fate. They found Cornelius stretched on the bed, while John De Witt read aloud from the Bible. A blow struck the reader on the face and covered him with blood. Then Cornelius was dragged to his feet. Almost before the brothers had exchanged a last kiss he was hurled to the bottom of the stairs. Pushing their victims before them, the mob rushed into the street, and there the butchery was completed. As John De Witt, struck to the earth, raised himself on his knees, and holding his clasped hands to heaven, opened his lips to utter a last prayer, he was dashed backwards; a man placed his foot upon his throat and blew out his brains with a pistol.

THE LATE FATHER GAVAZZI.

THE death of the eminent Italian patriot and orator, whose portrait appears on this page, was mentioned in these columns on January 16.

Alessandro Gavazzi was born at Bologna, in Italy, on March 21, 1809, and was therefore in his eightieth year when he died. He was *the second of twenty children*. His father was a barrister and a judge, and many of his ancestors were most eminent magistrates of his native city. At the early age of fifteen he became, by his own choice, a monk of the Barnabite order. Possessing great physical and intellectual energy, of commanding stature and countenance, and gaining almost unprecedented fame for his academic successes, he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric in Naples at twenty, and afterwards of Belles Lettres at Leghorn. In both places he was admired as a man of genius, and beloved as a friend. Desirous, however, of instructing his fellow-men in a larger sphere, in 1833 he quitted the chair for the pulpit, and the principal towns of Italy were soon ringing with his name and resounding with his eloquence.

Wherever he preached, the churches were crowded to excess. He was, however, a reformer, not preaching the superstitions of the Romish Church, but contending for purity of life, and salvation by faith.

His discourses aroused the enmity of the priests, and after eight years they succeeded in getting him banished. His own ecclesiastical superiors also moved against him, and by their order he was restrained from preaching, and in 1846 kept in a monastery, under rigorous discipline, for eighteen months. During the convulsions of 1848 he regained his freedom, and became chaplain of the army, at first with Papal sanction, but afterward, when the Italian arms were turned against the Pope, with his dire displeasure. The Pope's return after his inglorious flight rendered Rome an unsafe place for Gavazzi, and he made his escape to England, where he supported himself by teaching Italian. There his conversion took place, and he saw the glorious truths of the Reformation in a new light. He recognized in evangelical Christianity the true and only remedy for the ills of his country, and longed to preach it in Italy.

It was not until 1870, when the temporal power was wrested from the Pope, that Gavazzi could return to Italy. He went immediately, and took the foremost place among evangelists. He founded the Free Christian Church of Italy, evangelical in doctrine, and resembling the Free Church of Scotland in Church government. He was formally excommunicated by the Pope, but he heeded it not, and went on preaching with vigor the doctrine of salvation through faith in Christ alone. In 1872, and again in 1881, Gavazzi visited the United States, and received liberal contributions toward his work.

WHY THE CLERGYMAN ABSTAINED.

(See illustration.)

A YOUNG clergyman was one of a large party seated at dinner in the house of Colonel Towers, a prominent member of his congregation. Total abstinence at that time had not attained the influence and power it now exerts in our churches, and it was quite customary for clergymen and the officers of their churches to drink wine and liquor in moderation. It consequently occasioned some surprise when the young clergyman, who had but recently accepted the charge of the congregation, respectfully but

firmly declined Colonel Towers's invitation: "Will you give me the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with you, Mr. Winsor?"

The dinner-party passed off pleasantly, and the guests took their departure in the best of moods, pleased with their new clergyman, and glad to have had the opportunity of meeting each other and him in pleasant social intercourse. They, like their host, were a little disappointed that Mr. Winsor was a total abstainer, thinking that it would render him less friendly and social than he would have been if he had taken his glass and cigar with his friends. Mr. Winsor did not leave with them. Colonel Towers asked him to remain for an hour longer and drink a cup of tea with himself and daughter, and his business partner, Mr. Sutton.

"Now, Mr. Winsor," Colonel Tower said, when the quartet were gathered around the table. "I should like to know your reasons for taking up this fanatical teetotal idea. Every man has a right to adopt his own rules of life in such matters, but I think you will decrease your opportunities of usefulness if people come to regard you as an ascetic."

"I cannot answer your question better, Colonel, than by telling you how I became a total abstainer," said the clergyman. "It is a very mournful episode in my life, and one I cannot describe without some pain, but it is best you should understand why I regard total abstinence as an imperative duty for me."

"Up to the time of my leaving college I was in the habit of drinking wine, and sometimes a glass of spirits, but I never cared much for intoxicating liquors of any kind. I was in no danger of indulging too freely, for I had an aversion to the exhilarated condition of mind that a very small quantity produced in me. But among my college friends was one who was very dear to me, who was differently constituted. He was somewhat slow and sluggish, but I had seen him light up with animation, and I knew that under his dull manner there was a very brilliant mind. He had a dislike to social gatherings, and avoided them when he could do so without discourtesy."

"When I was leaving college I gave a little supper to my old friends, and as they considered my rating on the honors' list a kind of triumph there was an enthusiastic party. Bennett

of course was there, though I had to use some pressure to get him to come. We were all very jubilant, but no one drank to excess. Bennett, however, surprised us all. We did not notice his drinking much, and I do not think he did, but he was so witty and brilliant that he was the life and soul of the party. More than one of us was surprised, though I, who knew him best, did not wonder at the great change so much as did the others.

"All passed off well, and we separated in good spirits. The next day a message was brought to me by a stranger, asking me to go immediately to a saloon in the neighborhood. The proprietor met me at the door, and said, 'We thought it best to send for you, as we have a young man here who is likely to make trouble. He is a friend of yours, it seems, and you could not do him a better service than in getting him away. He will do some mischief to himself or some one else if he drinks much more.'

"I went in, and there was Bennett uproariously intoxicated; laughing, singing, making speeches, and playing jokes on the men around. I could do nothing with him. 'No, old fellow,' he said, 'I must have more. I have not tasted it for two years until at your supper last night, and now I must have it!' I persuaded him to come away at last, and saw him safely to bed, and waited by him until he fell asleep. But after I left, he got up, went back to the saloon and began drinking again. That night, in going home, he staggered right under the wheels of a brewer's wagon, and was killed.

"It came out, afterward, that his father and grandfather had both drunk themselves to death; and Bennett, knowing the taint in his blood, and having once fallen under the power of liquor himself, had abstained, until at my table he had tasted liquor again and was unable to restrain himself. I cannot describe my remorse. 'Oh,' I said, 'if I had but known!' It was useless to lament then, but I resolved that never again should my example or my hospitality ever lead any man to drink, for we know not who may be in danger. 'If meat make my brother to offend,' said the apostle, 'I will eat no flesh while the world standeth;' and I forswore liquor on the same ground.

"So I am a total abstainer, and I hope the time is coming when, for the sake of our poor, weak brethren, every Christian man will encourage them to abstain by denying himself that very questionable luxury."

THE ORIENTAL GATE.

(See Illustration.)

THE picture on this page will throw light on many Biblical passages. It is that of the street of an Oriental city by which the gate of the city is approached, and is familiarly spoken of as "the gate." There to this day it serves the purpose of business and public meeting. It is analogous to the Exchanges of our cities, and an Eastern merchant or broker who goes to the gate may be assumed to have the same object in view as the merchant of Western countries when he says he is going on 'Change. Boaz, in settling the affair of Ruth, went to



The Entrance to the Gate of an Oriental City.

the gate and sat him down there to wait for the kinsman nearer to Naomi than he; and there, with ten elders, the right of redemption, and of being the husband of Ruth, was legally transferred. (Ruth 4.) In the gate, too, Abraham negotiated the purchase of a burying-place. (Gen. 23: 10.) The manslayer who fled to the city of Refuge was to declare his cause in the gate in the hearing of the elders. (Josh. 20: 4.) The prediction of Elisha was that the provisions would be sold at the gate of Samaria at the prices he named. (II Kings 7: 1.) There, also, acts of idolatrous worship were performed. (See II Kings 23: 8, and Acts 14: 13.) The gate also seems to have been the place of execution as well as judicial proceedings, as the parents of an irreclaimable son were to bring him to the gate and state their charges against him, and if they were proved, the son was to be stoned there. (Deut. 21: 19-21.) In the book of Job, too, reference is made to the gate as a place in which recognition and honor were esteemed evidences of integrity (Job. 29: 7); and Jeremiah mentions the deserted place as a sign of the decadence of the city. (Lam. 5: 14.)

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 79.)

Polygamy Revealed.

IT is believed that Smith preached polygamy at least as early as 1838, yet when the storm arose in 1842 from Bennett's exposure of what he as-

serted to be the teachings of the prophet, there was inserted in the *Times and Seasons* an article on "Marriage," by Oliver Cowdrey, and placed in the appendix to the book of modern revelations, to which Joseph added an editorial note in which he states: "We have given the above rule of marriage as the only one practiced in this Church, to show that Dr. J. C. Bennett's polygamy system is a matter of his own manufacture, and further to disabuse the public ear, and show that Bennett and his misanthropic friend, Origen Batchelor are perpetrating a foul and infamous slander upon an innocent people, and need but to be known to be hated and despised."

It was on July 12, 1843, that the "revelation" authorizing the plurality of wives was said to have been given to Joseph Smith, yet on February 1, of the following year, this doctrine is spoken of in a document signed by Joseph and his brother Hyrum, as "false and corrupt." Joseph F. Smith, the son of Hyrum, glossed this over in a similar manner to the others. How much longer the Smiths would have carried on this deception, before publishing the revelation, we cannot tell. Three months after the signing of the above document, in 1844, while they were waiting their trial, the mob broke into the prison, and after throwing them out, shot them both.

This system of deception was continued by his disciples till August, 1852, and in England until January, 1853, when the "Revelation" was published. At this time the British Mission was in the highest prosperity; the elders were travelling over the country, meeting with great success. The Utah elders then in England, and a few only of the native elders, knew some little time before that it was to be published. When it did appear, it fell like a thunderbolt upon the "Saints," and fearfully shattered the mission. The British elders, who in their ignorance had been denying polygamy, and stigmatizing their opponents as calumniators, were confounded and paralyzed, and from that time to the present, the avenues of preaching have closed one after another, and the mission that was once the glory of the Mormon Church is withered and shrivelled into comparative insignificance. The Mormon Church in Great Britain then numbered 30,690 members, over which, in addition to the Utah missionaries, there were 6,682 native elders, priests, teachers, and deacons; but within six months there were no less than 1,776 persons separated from the Mormon movement, while the power of the elders was broken, and converts since then have been comparatively few. Men naturally asked themselves whether teachers who had deceived the people on the subject of polygamy were worthy of trust in other matters.

Conferences were held semi-annually, and missionaries were appointed to Palestine, Africa, and Europe, and to each Congressional district in the United States. The best educated, the most inquiring and restive ones, were sent on these errands in order to give them a chance to let off the steam of discontent. They were sent with all the promptness of military orders, with a three days' notice for an absence of

three years from home and family, which were cared for by the presidency and bishops. Three hundred missionaries were appointed at one of these conferences. Previous to starting they received orders from Joseph, who preached a rousing sermon to them that stimulated their pride of conquering difficulties, without scrip or purse; the main point was that "spiritual wifehood" was to be most pointedly denied; and that they should teach that one man was to live with one woman "in chaste fidelity." He told them to buckle on the armor, "to confound the wise and unwise," etc., thus enlisting their pride, which was the sure way to make full Mormons of the wavering.

The first really traceable indication of the purpose of the prophet to introduce polygamy was in 1841-42, and then it was so furtively done that the thousands that then believed, and still believe, in the mission of Joseph Smith, as set forth by himself, deny that he ever taught such a doctrine. It was brought before the residents of Nauvoo by a quarrel between Major-General Bennett of the Nauvoo Legion, who (after he had left the Saints) published a book called "Mormonism Exposed," and related his "teaching the Mormon sisters the doctrine of affinity at the command of the Prophet."

There had been whispers of polygamy among the leaders of Mormonism at Kirtland, and more than whispers of its existence among them in Missouri—Sidney Rigdon, it is said, having suggested it to Smith, who at first was scandalized at the thought of its introduction among his followers, but easily adopted its practice, and had a "revelation" allowing the higher officers of the church to have "as many wives as they could support." Smith's wife, Emma, the "Lady Elect," made a violent opposition at first to this law, and the consolation given to her was "that a Prophet must obey the Lord, and he would be obedient to the heavenly vision."

It is not now denied that polygamy existed at Nauvoo, at first secretly and afterward openly; but everything that could be done was done to mislead the public as to the veritable teachings of the Mormon leaders concerning marriage, from the quarrel of Bennett, in 1842, until the open announcement of the revelation by Brigham Young at Salt Lake City in 1852. The missionaries were commanded to prevaricate, and even positively denied that the Mormon Church was other than monogamic. The sons of the Prophet have denied that their father believed in or practiced polygamy; but there is overwhelming proof that Joseph Smith had doubtful relations with many "sisters," and was, as he said, a "law unto himself."

Many Mormons, who personally knew the prophet, have affirmed that Joseph said it was necessary to have a "revelation" on the subject of marriage "to allay the storm that was brewing among the married women, and to satisfy the young women whom it was desirable to convert." Mrs. Joseph Smith denounced the "revelation," and talked openly of a separation from the Prophet but was "softened down" by being told that the angel commanded her "to cleave unto Joseph."

Intestine quarrels on this subject of polygamy and other causes brought on a crisis in affairs at Nauvoo, in 1844. The people in the neighborhood were jealous of the rapidly growing and flourishing city; they complained that their property disappeared mysteriously, and that law cases tried in Nauvoo court were always decided against them. No Mormon, they affirmed, was brought to justice. It was widely reported that the Mormons desired to rule the State, and intended to set all laws at defiance. A number of talented and influential persons who had become residents of Nauvoo, finding themselves deluded as to the sanctity of the Prophet and in the advancement of their temporal affairs, deserted his standard, denouncing him for licentiousness, drunkenness, and boastful tyranny. Smith justified his inebriation by the assertion that it was necessary for him to be seen in that condition to prevent his followers from worshipping

him as a God. Women accused him of attempted seduction, and he replied that he made such attempts "to learn if they were virtuous."

My husband enjoined me not to speak of what I had heard, and I felt very little inclination to do so—my heart was too full. The pleasant dreams and hopes of life were ended now to me. What could I look forward to? Henceforth the stern realities of a lonely and weary existence were all the future that should be mine. Still, the "Revelation," sanctioning a change in the doctrines and practice of the Church, was not yet published; and until polygamy was openly avowed I felt that the doom of my happiness was not yet sealed; and like many another heart-broken woman, I hoped even against hope.

And time flew by; at length the dreaded Revelation came. One very pleasant morning, early in January, 1853, two elders of the Italian Mission, Jabez Woodward and Thomas Margetts, took breakfast with us; and with them also was Mons. Petitpierre, from Geneva, the Protestant minister of whom I have already spoken. While I was busy preparing the meal, Mr. Stenhouse and the two English elders went to the post-office to get their letters, for at that time they were expecting important news. When they returned, breakfast was quite ready, and they took their seats at the table. I asked if there were any letters from England; and my husband said, "No, no letters; but there is a *Star*, and it contains the revelation of polygamy." He handed me a copy of the *Millennial Star*, a Mormon paper published in Liverpool; and as I took it, I felt as if I were receiving my death-warrant. It was indeed the death-warrant to all my hopes of happiness. I rose from the table, asking them to excuse me; and overcome with agitation and conflicting emotions, I retired to my own chamber. There, for the first time, I read that document which has since brought such sorrow and misery to so many wronged and heart-broken women.

And this was the Revelation!—this mass of confusion, cunning, absurdity, and falsehood. This was the celebrated document which was henceforth to be law to the confiding men and women who had embraced Mormonism! Looking at it now—noting its inconsistencies and its flagrant outrage upon common decency and morality, I can hardly credit that I should ever have been such a silly dupe as to give it a second thought. And yet what *could* I do? I was bound hand and foot, as it were, and my very vision itself was distorted. Unquestioning obedience, we had been taught, was the highest virtue; rebellion was the sin of witchcraft.

I had been convinced of the truth of some of the tenets of the Mormon faith; and confident in them, I accepted without question all the rest. Never, till the possibility that polygamy might some day be acknowledged by the Church began to be whispered among the Saints—never did a solitary doubt respecting my religion intrude itself upon my mind; and after my apprehensions were fairly aroused by these rumors, whenever I felt the faintest shadow of unbelief or suspicion arising in my heart, I banished it as an unholy thing. The time had not yet come when I could judge dispassionately: the revelation aroused within me feelings of horror and dismay, but I did not dare to question its authenticity. It brought bitterness to my soul, but I believed it was from God, and that I must learn to bear the cross patiently.

I did not at that time read the document through from beginning to end. No; my indignation was such that before I had read half of it I threw it from me in anger. Perhaps if I had read it all, and considered it carefully, my own judgment and my sense of right and wrong might have pointed out its absurdity and wickedness. But I was far from being tranquil enough to think calmly. I felt bitterly that this new doctrine was a degradation to woman, and I wondered why God should see fit to humiliate my sex in this way. I was willing to devote myself, my life, my all, to His service, but wherefore should He doom me to everlasting sorrow?

What now was to be a woman's lot among the Mormons? A life without hope! Who can express the terrible meaning of those words—*without hope*? Yet so it was. Hereafter our hearts were to be daily and hourly trampled upon: the most sacred feelings of our sex were to be outraged, our affections were to be crushed. Henceforth we were to be nothing by ourselves; without a husband, we were told, we could not even enter heaven! But had our trials been limited to this life we might have borne them, as many a weary soul has done, waiting for the relief of death. But death was to bring no hope to us; we were told that in the other world polygamy should be the only order of marriage, and that without it none could be exalted in glory. We were told these things by men who, we believed, were true and holy men of God; and we trusted in them.

Rebellious I felt, indeed, as I paced the room after I had thrown the Revelation on the ground: I almost felt as if I should lose my reason. A woman in the time of trouble always looks to some one in whom she can confide; but to whom could I turn for one kind or cheering word? *who* would comfort me? I had neither relation nor friend to whom I could speak of *this* trial; there was no one who could understand me. I could not turn to my husband in *this* sorrow, and I dared not even kneel to my God to implore His aid. It was He, they said, who had declared this Revelation was His will; how then could I turn to Him? No; my heart sank within me; henceforth there was to be no hope, no peace, for me!

There was a knock at my chamber door, and my husband came in. He knew how acutely I must feel, and he came to comfort me. I was almost choked with emotion and tears, but he threw his arms round me tenderly, and spoke to me as if I had been a child that needed consolation. He tried to persuade me that God as a loving Father could never have intended the pain or misery of His children, and that when we came to understand the doctrine better, we should find that all would be well. He spoke also of his own unchanging attachment; and appealed to me whether I thought he could ever love me less, or place his affection on another. I tried to believe, and when I felt a little better I went with him to the breakfast-room, where the others were waiting for us.

We were not a very entertaining party that morning. The elders present of course knew what had kept me in my room, and their attempt at cheerfulness was not very successful. My husband was in sympathy with me, and I have no doubt that I looked sad enough. There was only one person present who did not appreciate the situation—Monsieur Petitpierre, the Protestant minister—and they handed the Revelation to him. Mr. Stenhouse and the other elders had some misgivings as to how he would receive it, and they were afraid it might disgust him with Mormonism. But the old gentleman stood the test bravely; and I saw then, as I have seen since, that men can be easily satisfied that the Revelation on polygamy, or *any other* revelation, is divine, if they desire it to be so.

Old Pasteur Petitpierre was for a time completely victimized by the wicked "Revelation." He was a man of more than threescore years, and childless. To him the example of Abraham and Solomon appeared most instructive—an example which might be followed with advantage. His wife, like Sarah of old, had never been called by a mother's name; and now, although thus far he had no idea who might act the part of a second Hagar, there seemed a fair chance that a little Ishmael might perpetuate the race of Petitpierres on earth, if only the Revelation was acted upon by the faithful. "It ought to be prayerfully thought of," he said.

Prayerfully thought of! Poor, silly, old man! Before then I had respect for his years and learning; but now—what could I think of a man who talked such nonsense? Had the Revelation told him that the wife of his youth, now tottering in step, and with hair silvered by

age, was commanded to take two or a dozen young husbands—I wondered whether he would have added with such satisfaction, "It ought to be prayerfully thought of!"

From that day I learned to regard polygamy as an essential part of the Mormon faith, and such for many years the world has considered it; but when I first joined the Church, such an innovation would have appeared to the European Saints the wildest fancies of a dream.

(To be continued.)

THE TIMID WOMAN'S TOUCH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for February 17, Mark 5: 25-34. Golden Text, Mark 5: 36.

Christianity not Propagated by Force—The Petition of the Ruler—Led to it by Affliction—Lessons Learned by Discipline—An Interruption at a Critical Moment—A Weary Sufferer—Ceremonially Unclean—Conscious of her Opportunity—The Touch of the Throng and the Touch of Faith—Jesus Conscious of the Touch—The Woman Reassured—The Distress of Jairus—His Daughter Restored.

ALTHOUGH the Gadarenes gave no welcome to Jesus, yet on the other side of the sea "much people gathered unto Him." "If they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another." (Matt. 10: 23.) Our Lord would never force Himself where He was not welcome, and He teaches us to follow His example. Where Christianity has been forced upon a people, they have rarely embraced it with their whole hearts. Let us pray for those who will not receive us until the Lord shall open our way with them. When He has set before us an open door, no man can shut it. (Rev. 3: 8.) He was teaching, as He so often did, by the seaside, "and behold there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and when he saw Him, he fell at His feet, and besought Him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death; I pray thee, come and lay Thy hands on her, that she may be healed, and she shall live." Perhaps nothing short of this deep affliction would have driven him to Jesus.

"Whom the Lord Loveth He Chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." (Heb. 12: 6.) But it is with no unmeasured and unsparing hand that He chastens His children; it is only "for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness." And truly, "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterward (i. e. when it is over) it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby." (Heb. 12: 11.) God has no delight in cutting off a young life in its early promise. Again and again He promises "length of days and long life" to those who will serve and obey Him. (Ex. 20: 12; Deut. 4: 40; 5: 16; 32: 47; Prov. 3: 2, 16; 9: 11; 10: 27; Eph. 6: 3; 1 Pet. 3: 10.) But He wanted to bring both Jairus and his daughter into real, immediate contact with Him who has all power both in heaven and in earth. In how many cases it has had to come to the loss of one child, then another, then another, before the parent's heart and will were fully yielded, and the life fully given up to God! How often has the successful man of business to see his prosperity vanish, and to suffer one loss after another before he comes to see that, after all, he is but a steward, and that nothing which he possesses is really his own! How often has a Christian worker to experience the gradual diminution of physical power, and to give up one meeting after another, one sphere of service after another, until he has learned to know that the work and he are not really necessary the one to the other! and then faith in God that He will care for His own work succeeds to the restless anxiety, which has exhausted heart and brain and voice. If we could only learn our lessons earlier, at the beginning of our career, instead of blundering on and injuring other people and the work of God by our mistakes, how much better would it seem to be! But, then, the very humiliations which form our lessons would be absent. If the

parents always did like Jairus, and carried their grief and trial to Jesus as the Universal Redeemer and Remedy, it might end with others, as with him, in the restoration of the child on whom the Lord had laid His hand. Jairus doubted neither the power nor the willingness of Jesus to comply with his request. All was well; if Jesus went with him, his daughter would be healed. But

True Faith is Always Tried Faith.

At this very critical time, when his daughter's life was hanging on a thread, there came an interruption. Many had heard Jairus's request, and the people followed the great Healer and the anxious father, and "thronged" them. No doubt this very fact tried Jairus. At such a moment, his child's life hanging by a thread, he would have wished the crowd to open and allow him to hurry back to the sick-room with Jesus. But Jesus was not in a hurry; He could control disease as well at a distance as if He were close by. And a certain woman, who had been afflicted with hemorrhage twelve years, and "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, when she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched His garment." "For," she said, "if I touch but His clothes, I shall be whole." To Jairus it might have seemed that she could have waited; that hers was not such a pressing case as his daughter's; to her, perhaps, it seemed that it must be now or never. Condemned by the law as one unclean (Lev. 15), she could not come, as others did, and ask for healing; her very condition hindered her; like the leper's, hers was an unusual case, and in her heart were, no doubt, the words, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." But how to come into contact with Jesus was the puzzle. She must not make herself known, but she must not lose the opportunity when Jesus was passing by. All other physicians, all other remedies, had not only failed her, but run away with all her little fortune—her only hope was Jesus.

When a sinner gets to this point, he is not far from the salvation of God. When a tempted Christian reaches this point, and his efforts and struggles to heal his temper, his pride, his self-love, etc., have only proved him bankrupt, he is near the point of yielding himself unreservedly to Christ, and letting Him undertake the conflict which has cost him his all, and done nothing for him. When a sick one is persuaded that all remedies avail him nothing, that

The Touch of Jesus Alone

can heal him, he is near to the deliverance. The poor woman had stepped out in faith farther than the leper had ventured, for she said: "If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole." And straightway the healing was accomplished, the disease arrested, "and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." It was but a touch; but it was the touch of faith; she was sure of her point. All hung on whether she could touch Him. Oh, how many there are who fail to reach this point! they are among those who throng and press Jesus; they know what He says, they know what He does, but it is all outside of themselves—they and Jesus have not touched yet. What He can do, what He does do leaves them unchanged still.

Jesus was not unconscious; the wild roar of the storm did not wake Him, but a disciple's cry aroused Him on the instant; the crushing of the crowd was a matter of indifference to Him, but one touch of faith, though it was only on His garment, found him keenly sensitive. "Jesus, immediately knowing in Himself that virtue had gone out of Him, turned Him about in the press and said, Who touched My clothes?" The disciples thought the question an unreasonable one. The multitude thronged Him and pressed Him; no doubt many were touching Him at one and the same time; how could it be told how many? But Jesus persisted, "Somebody hath touched Me, for I perceive that virtue hath gone out of Me." (Luke 8: 46.) Let no timid heart fear; if all the world doubt thee,

He has felt thy touch. The poor woman was hardly prepared for this; twelve years she had hidden away from other people, on account of her ceremonial uncleanness, and now hers was more than a nervous shrinking from the crowd. But His glory, who had delivered her, demanded that she should make known the truth. So when she "saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before Him, she declared unto Him before all the people for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately." (Luke 8: 47.) And He said to her, "Daughter!"—oh, how this word must have reassured her!—"Daughter! be of good comfort (Luke 8: 48), thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

"Oh, I wish I had such a faith!" says many a one; "if I only had the right faith, I should be all right"; and they sit down and pity themselves for their want of faith, instead of looking to see if He in whom they should believe is worthy of credence. This woman believed that there was such a power about Jesus, and such a certainty, that if she could only get at Him she should certainly be healed, that she

Did Not Look at Her Faith,

she did not weigh any "ifs," or "buts," but she said in her heart, "If I may but touch His clothes, I shall be whole." She did not think it needful to make any great effort, she did not clutch or hold on to His garment. It was but a touch, but it said, "He is able. He is willing; He is the Lord that healeth me"; and it was done.

But what about the anxious father and his dying child? Every second seemed of importance, and this delay over the poor woman's case must have seemed to him interminable. While Jesus spoke the word of life and healing to the woman, there came from the centurion's home the message of death. "Thy daughter is dead: why troublest thou the Master any further?" Oh, the blasted hopes of that poor father, the temptations to condemn himself bitterly that he had not come a little sooner, to accuse the poor woman of selfishness! etc., etc. But a word from Jesus stilled him, "Be not afraid; only believe." He was in the presence of death's Master. Let things come to a last extremity,

What Matters it, if Jesus is There;

He can destroy death, sickness, sin, with far more ease than He can get a human heart to trust Him. With only His chosen three, and the parents of the child, He entered the house, and said to the wailing women, who were the customary attendants in a house of death, "Why make ye this ado and weep? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." "They laughed Him to scorn." But He quietly put them out of the room, and the dead was left alone with Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, in the presence of believing parents and three believing disciples. Then "He took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise"; the same touch which had healed the woman brought back life to the young girl. Straightway she arose, and walked, and when the door opened, the astonished mourners saw for themselves that death is only sleep in the presence of the Son of Man. The timid woman expected nothing from herself, but boldly trusted Jesus. The parents of the child took their part not with the scornful mourners, but with Jesus, and their child was given back. They trusted, and He worked—that was all.

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I DREW them with cords of a man, with bands of love. Hosea 11:4.

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For thy sweet drawing power,
That drew my feet into thy way,
And keeps me there each hour.

As man, thou only couldst thus draw
Poor helpless man to thee,
Through human woes, joined with the cords
Of perfect sympathy.

Yes, through thy human sympathy,
Thou hast, Lord, entered in,
To all our trials great and small,
Except the guilt of sin.

And thou, with bands of love divine,
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From which no power can separate,
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E. C. GREEN.

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XII., No. 5. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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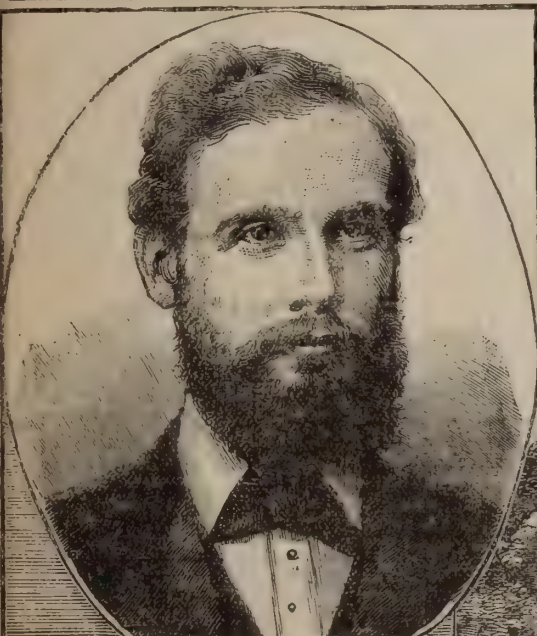
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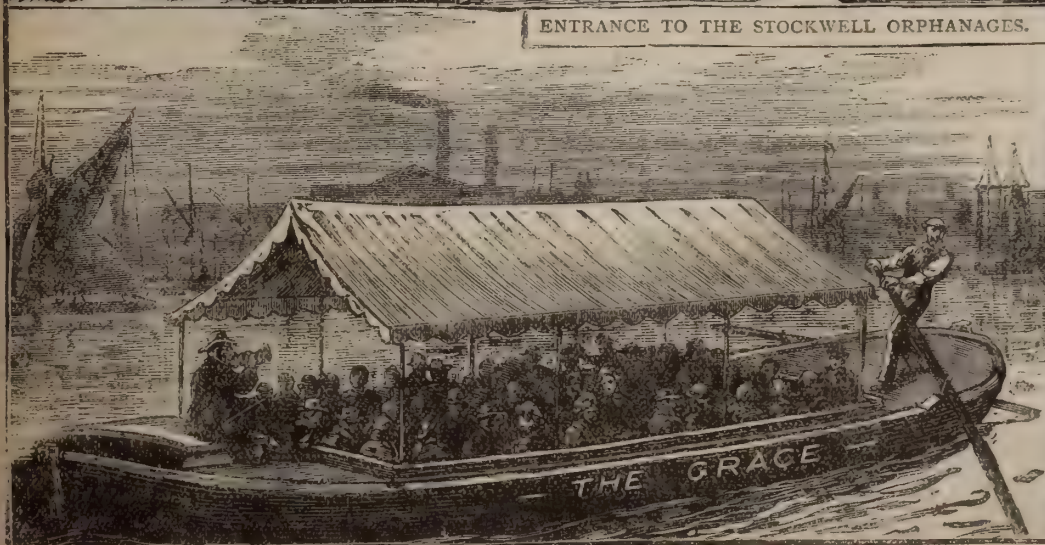
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ENTRANCE TO THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGES.



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MESSRS. FULLERTON AND SMITH, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

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DURING the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's absence from his church in London, which is necessitated by the suffering he endures from the cold and damp of the English climate in the early months of winter, extraordinary evangelistic services have been held in the building. Great good has been done, and Mr. Spurgeon's heart has been cheered in his retreat at Mentone, in the south of France, by the news of many souls being brought to Christ. The daily services were conducted by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, the two evangelists whose portraits appear on the preceding page. They were both trained for their work in Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College, and are continually engaged in conducting revival services under Mr. Spurgeon's guidance in various parts of Great Britain. The pastor's absence rendered their labor at the Tabernacle in London advisable, and God has wonderfully blessed it. It is now nearly eleven years since the project of employing two evangelists was formed and executed by Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. Fullerton was one of the first two, and his colleague was Mr. Clarke. They were very successful, but Mr. Clarke's health breaking down, he went by the advice of his physician to Australia, where he is still engaged in evangelistic work. His place was filled by Mr. J. Manton Smith, who was evidently specially raised up and prepared by strange providential circumstances for his work.

Mr. William Young Fullerton

is an Irishman. He was born in Belfast on March 8, 1857, so that he is now nearly thirty-two years old. He is a worthy colleague of Mr. Smith. Rich in natural endowments, profound in the intensity of his convictions, and mature in his Christian experience and attainments, he is just the man to reach the people. He has an inexhaustible store of energy, and capacity for hard work. To preach from eight to ten times a week; to conduct daily Bible readings; to give addresses at the noon prayer-meetings; to direct the difficult work of the inquiry-rooms; to preside over a Bible Union numbering thousands of members; and to carry on all the correspondence incidental to so great a work, is an undertaking which would try the capacity of any man; but Mr. Fullerton carries it on without any sign of weariness or fatigue.

Mr. Fullerton went to London a mere boy, to enter a mercantile house, but he was soon heard of as speaking at evangelistic meetings in the evenings, and on Sundays at places within reach of the house of business in which he was engaged. Subsequently, he applied for admission to the Pastors' College, and there he came under Mr. Spurgeon's notice. The pastor has a quick eye for workers, and he speedily recognized in young Fullerton a man fitted for evangelistic work. He was inducted to the Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, and was one of its most active members until Mr. Spurgeon assigned him to his present work. His forte is the accurate and extensive knowledge of Scripture which he possesses, and the ready use he can make of it in his discourses. He is a Bible student, and rarely advances a truth without quoting texts in point, giving chapter and verse, from memory. His command of racy anecdote is truly remarkable, and his skill in telling a story is equalled by adroitness of application.

Mr. Joseph Manton Smith

is an older man than his colleague. He was born at Northampton, on February 29, 1844, and is now therefore nearly forty-five years of age. His father was a boot and shoe factor, and was a member of the Congregational Church under

the pastorate of the Rev. E. T. Prust. In early childhood the boy was regularly carried to the chapel by his mother.

A Remarkable Escape

from a horrible death is among Mr. Smith's boyhood reminiscences. He says: "One morning Mr. and Mrs. Prust, after conversing with my father and mother in our square pew, bade them good-bye, and my mother took my hand to lead me home. We had not gone many yards from the building before a tremendous crash was heard, and the people thought the chapel was on fire. An alarm of that kind was at once raised, but instead of smoke pouring forth from the windows, it was dust; the chapel ceiling had fallen to the ground. In a short time the minister and his wife had returned, and saw, where they had stood five minutes before, tons of timber and debris scattered in all directions. One beam of immense weight had fallen right across the top of the pew where I had been sitting. They all felt that God's hand was in this marvellous escape, and I now, with gratitude, record it as one of the many instances of God's watchful providence over my path."

While quite a youth Mr. Smith married, and went to London, where he obtained employment in one of the largest engineering firms in the metropolis. He writes: "At the close of the first week's work I felt somewhat proud to carry home two bright sovereigns as my own earnings, part of which I transmitted to my wife in the country, and some of it I deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank. A portion was spent during the next week at the various theatres in London. I was fond of the theatre, and to save expense, I often fought my way to the front seat in the gallery. After six months' London life of this kind, and constantly having my meals at a restaurant, I was anxious once more for real home life, and therefore wrote my wife to pack all up and 'emigrate to London.'"

Mr. Smith was a Good Singer,

and narrowly escaped becoming a variety-theatre "star." But Providence was preparing him for the honorable field of service which he was presently to fill. He found a new situation at a much higher rate of wages. At a Methodist breakfast meeting he was conscious for the first time of being drawn towards God, and he was converted in Pigott Street Methodist Chapel, in the same locality. One Whit-Monday, which day is a legal holiday in England, a large barge was engaged by his Christian landlady, and over thirty persons had arranged to go to Greenwich Park for a picnic. Mr. Smith was urgently invited to accompany them with his cornet to lead the Christian excursionists in sacred song, and consented.

At 8 o'clock all the party had met at the place appointed for embarking on the barge; the order was given, "Let her go!" and at the word, off went

The Barge Into Mid-Stream.

At the same time up went the song, "Whither, pilgrims, are you going?" from all the friends in the boat. (See illustration on first page.) On the arrival of the party at Greenwich Park, Mr. Smith had a conversation with the owner of the barge, which was the opening of a friendship of long duration. The bargeman told him his story. He said that he had been a wicked drinking scamp, until he reached middle life, but then he had been converted. One of his first acts, after his conversion, was to try to get into a new business. He determined to buy a barge to ply on the Thames. He heard of one to be sold at auction, and went to the place the next day. He bought the barge for \$150, and when he went to take possession of her he was surprised to find that she was named *The Grace*. He said, "That is all right; it shall stand, for it was by grace I came to own her." The bargeman said she had never been idle a day since he bought her, and the investment had been the best he ever made.

His First Address,

Mr. Smith says, was made at that picnic. His landlady urged him to speak to the people, say-

ing that perhaps there were some there who were not saved. It was only a few words that he could say then, but shortly after that picnic he became a teacher in the Sunday-school and became an adept in gospel speaking. His first sermon was delivered under peculiar circumstances. The minister of the church of which he was a member, had commenced holding meetings on Sunday afternoons in a country village. He used to preach in the cottage, a picture of which appears on the first page, in the panel under Mr. Fullerton's portrait. One Sunday the minister was sick, and sent to Mr. Smith asking him to take his place. Smith said he would go and hold a prayer-meeting, and went. But he found that the farmer and the little company would be grievously disappointed if there was no sermon, and he therefore announced as his text; "Looking unto Jesus" (Heb. 12: 2), and spoke for a short time earnestly to the little congregation. At the close of the service "my misgivings about the sermon were removed," says Mr. Smith, "when, bringing his heavy hand upon my shoulders, my farmer friend said, as he struck the blow, 'Fust rate! You've done right well this morning we've had a grand time of it, young man. The Lord has been with you.'"

An Afternoon in a Hayfield

is one of the reminiscences Mr. Smith relates of his experience in those days. He was becoming well known for his lively temperance addresses, and had promised to deliver one at a Band of Hope meeting in a country village. His host was a farmer, and Mr. Smith on his arrival at his house found that the farmer was at work carrying hay in a distant field, and would have hard work to get through in time for his men and boys to go with him to the meeting. Mr. Smith immediately set out for the field, and having found the party, set to work with them, giving them the benefit of the strength of his broad shoulders and muscular frame to get the work done in time for meeting. (See illustration under his portrait.)

Mr. Spurgeon's Stockwell Orphanage

has a warm place in Mr. Smith's sympathies, and he has frequently accompanied the Orphanage Choir on its visits to provincial towns. "Once," he says, "in the city of Bath, after a large meeting in the Guildhall, we were invited to the bedside of the widowed lady by whose instrumentality the Orphanage was first established. She placed her fortune in the hands of Mr. Spurgeon for this purpose, and as she, years afterwards, heard the boys sing in her sick-chamber—

"They're gathering homeward one by one,"

and saw their bright cheery faces, she must have felt that all her money was more than returned; and I realized with greater emphasis than before that the Lord truly does take up the orphans, and sometimes in wonderful ways. A frequent visitor at the Stockwell Orphanage, I feel I can, without disparaging similar institutions, warmly recommend it to the notice of the Lord's faithful stewards. Such happiness reigns here, under the careful management of Mr. Vernon J. Charlesworth, who has ever been to me as a brother, that I always feel the better for seeing even the shady, quiet walk leading up to the gate. (See illustration.)

"A very Band of Hope are the 500 boys and girls there being cared for. One can scarcely fancy that the Lord could have found any better servant to 'take up' these orphans than the President, C. H. Spurgeon. With his great fatherly heart, big enough for ten times the number of children, and his simple and gentle ways with the 'bairns' he is ever a welcome visitor. One day, I called on Mr. Charlesworth, who was just coming out of his house with a bunch of grapes. 'Look here,' said he, 'I have just brought these from the City, for a dear lad who is dying. Come and see him.' I went to the bedside of the dear child, who was pleased with the grapes, though past eating them. As the tears stood in the head-master's eyes, he said to the lad, 'You don't know this gentleman, do you?' 'Yes, sir,' said the orphan with

a smile. 'It's Mr. Smith. Will you ask him to sing to me?' 'What would you like him to sing to you?' said Mr. Charlesworth. "Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus," was the dying lad's request. I sang the song of the sweet Christian experience, and then said, 'Are you sweetly resting in Jesus?' 'Yes, sir, and shall soon rest with Him, sir.'"

To judge of Mr. Smith by his radiant face and ringing songs, one is almost tempted to think that his sky has always been without clouds; but it is not so. He has known more than one

Trial of Faith.

One of them is vividly impressed on his mind, and often told for the encouragement of others. He was thrown out of work. "At last there came a day when, after seeking work all the forenoon without success," Mr. Smith says, "I returned to dinner, and looked towards my wife for my meal. She burst into tears, and said, 'I have nothing to give you, dear. I only had a penny left this morning; I have bought a penny loaf, and divided it among the children. We must go without.' 'But,' said I, 'can you not get some food on credit at some shop?' 'No, dear,' said my wife, 'I have never done so yet, and I never can eat food if it is not paid for.' 'Then,' I said, 'I must sell your piano.' 'Well,' said my dear wife, 'I would rather do that than go in trust for food.' But I saw this would break her heart, and said, 'Could you go and pawn my watch?' 'No, don't talk like that,' she replied; 'let us try and keep away from those places. Let us kneel down and make our case a matter of prayer; God will surely hear us. He has said He will never leave us, nor forsake us. I feel sure He will not let us want long. He will surely open a door for us somehow.' Then my wife and I began to pray, and ask God to send us immediate relief."

"After prayer a bright idea struck me, and I said, 'Don't fret, dear, I will go and see my friend the bargeman. I went to his home and found him there, the centre of one of the happiest family groups I have ever seen, (See *Illustration*), and I told him all my trouble. He asked me why I did not let him know my condition before, and then pressed me to stay and take some dinner. He also at once sent round provisions for my wife and children quite sufficient to last several days. The cheerfulness and joy of this home did me as much good as the substantial help."

Later on the Lord sent a second answer to their prayer. The postman brought a letter from Mr. Smith's old pastor at Northampton. Opening it, he read: "Dear Joseph,—I have seen your mother to-day, and heard of your trying circumstances. I forward you by this post one of my dear wife's memorial books for your acceptance; also a small cheque for your personal use, with best love." In this manner the Lord made provision for pressing needs, and turned the darkness into day.

Subsequently, Mr. Smith went to London and joined Mr. Archibald Brown's church, who made him useful in evangelistic work. Shortly afterward came

Mr. Moody's Visit

to London, and Major Cole, who was with Mr. Moody, made Mr. Smith's acquaintance, and invited him to give addresses to the young at the Bow and Camberwell halls. At the request of Mr. Moody, he and the Major also conducted a month's mission at the Victoria Theatre. Eventually, in 1875, he entered Mr. Spurgeon's college as a student, and remained there two years. His genial manner, his musical talent, and his inexhaustible store of anecdotes and illustrations, combined with his zeal and piety, won the confidence of Mr. Spurgeon, who, when Mr. Clarke's health failed, invited him to become Mr. Fullerton's colleague in evangelistic work. The result justifies the choice. The record of their meetings in any place they have visited—and they have visited all the chief towns, and many smaller ones, in England, Scotland, and Ireland—proves their adaptability to the work.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Lady's Lost Jewels.—The Rev. Dr. Elder Cumming remarks: "A lady had a box of very precious jewels, and on one occasion, when she was going away from home, she entrusted them to the care of a friend in whom she could put entire confidence, all except two which she took with her to wear. On her return home the box was restored to her. She looked carefully over her treasures, and found that they were just as she had left them. The box was safe, the trust was honored. But what of the two gems that she had taken with her? They alone were missing. She had accidentally lost them. I think I hear some doubting Christians inquire, 'How far will the Lord keep me?' Tell me this, dear friend, How much have you committed to Him? Because as much and as far as you commit to Him whatever concerns you, He will keep it safely. He is 'able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.'"

A Transformed Christian.—"A Man Came to me one day and said, 'Mr. Haslam, I want a salvation to keep me from sinning.' 'That is just what Christ is offering,' I said; and then I repeated the lines,

'Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee for ever to dwell in my soul,
Break down every idol, cast out every foe—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'

Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood, and extract every stain;
To get this blest cleansing I all things forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'

'That is just what I want,' the man exclaimed, when I had finished. 'Ask the Lord for it,' I said, and just there he knelt and repeated that verse as a prayer. He was subject to a very bad temper, and the Lord took it away. And now, meet him where you will, he is always rejoicing, and busy working for the Lord."

Christ and Belgravia.—"Some People Act as if Christ were only for the very respectable, and religion had nothing to offer to the lapsed masses, as the people are called. Why, even the critic Carlyle seemed to understand that Christ made Himself 'a man of no reputation.' One evening, when seated in a fashionable drawing-room in Belgravia, a lady said to him, 'Oh, Mr. Carlyle, what a pity it is Christ came into the world as a Saviour so long ago. Why, if He had come now we should all be so glad to see Him.' 'Madam,' he replied, 'I think if Jesus were to come now, we should find Him not in Belgravia, but in the East-end of London. Then, if you did come across Him, you would say, 'Away with that vulgar fellow, away with Him!' But it is gloriously true that Christ came to all—to rich and poor alike, though too often the rich despise Him, but not one of the poor was ever too poor, or one of the wicked too great a sinner for the Lord Jesus to save.'"

Found Dead on the Railway.—"Not Long ago a man was found dead, cut in two, lying across the lines of a railway. It could not be ascertained how the sad event had occurred, but it was supposed that the man had laid himself across the rails, to try to keep himself awake. He was stationed at that spot, where a number of sleepers had been taken up to be repaired, that he might wave a red flag to warn approaching trains. They conjectured that the tedious monotony had made him so sleepy that in order to keep himself awake and ready for duty, he had stretched himself across the lines, knowing that he dare not sleep there; but the drowsiness had got the better even of his fears, and he had dropped fast asleep. Soon after, the express came sweeping round the curve. At first the driver saw nothing, but as he came nearer he observed a dark figure stretched right across the track. 'Oh heaven,' he exclaimed, 'it is a man!' At once the engine was reversed, and the brakes put on; it was too late. On, on the train glided, right over the man, cutting him in two. I tell you, dear unsaved ones, who go about without having come to Christ for pardon, you are far more foolish, and in far greater danger

than was that man as he lay across the rails. While there is yet time to escape, ere God's judgment rolls over you and cuts you off from all hope of mercy, awake from your sleep and flee to Christ."

Putting George into God's Hands.—The Rev. J. G. Gregson said: "I was visiting a lady some time ago, who said to me, 'At one time I thought God would not take charge of everything for His people, but He has shown me that He does carry their burdens and answer their prayers. My son ran away from home one winter night, and went to America. At first I lay awake night after night grieving over him, and wondering where he might be; but at last a precious thought came to me. My fretting could not help my son, but God was able to keep him and guard him wherever he was. I placed my boy in His hands, and rested. By-and-bye a letter came, not from my son, but from a friend. My George was dangerously ill. Off to America I went, to find that God had been true to His trust. He had cared for my boy, and brought him low in sickness, that he might see Christ as his Saviour.' Yes, leave all to God. Though the threads seem to get awry, He can make it straight, and the seeming tangle is only because we cannot see the glorious pattern He is working out."

"Bring Him Unto Me."—A Lady Who Was in great distress on account of a wild and wayward brother, went one Sunday morning to her accustomed seat in the House of God. A visiting minister occupied the pulpit that day, and was reading the ninth chapter of Mark. While he read, this Christian woman became deeply interested, and for the time forgot her sorrow. When the nineteenth verse was reached, the minister read with emphasis the direction of the Master, "Bring him unto Me." These last words came with strange power and comfort to the sad and burdened heart. The Holy Spirit sent the words home with power to her soul, and she was enabled then and there to cast her burdens on the Lord as never before. In prayer and faith she carried her erring loved one to the compassionate Saviour. The load was lifted, and this trusting child of God, sitting at the feet of Jesus, was assured that in some way or other all would be well. She had carried her brother to Him. She was permitted to see an answer to her prayer, and had the unspeakable joy of knowing that before he died, he confessed Christ as his Redeemer.

Why God Sent a Man to Hastings.—"When I was at Hastings I met a gentleman who had been sent to the seaside there to recruit his health, which had broken down through overtaxing his strength in Christian work. He was so unhappy about the work he had left, as if the world could not get on without him. 'Oh, my work, my work!' he was continually murmuring, until one day I said to him, 'The work in which you have been engaged, my dear friend, is the Lord's, not yours. No wonder He has put you here, and He will keep you here until you confess that it is not your work, but His. You are like a bird in a cage, dashing its poor breast against the bars to get free.' 'Yes,' he interrupted, 'I am just like that.' 'Get back to your perch and sing, then,' I replied. His wife, who was present, smiled at my words, but he, becoming somewhat annoyed, said, 'Are you making fun of me when I am so much in earnest?' I assured him I was not making fun, but was in sober earnest too. We knelt and prayed over the matter, he confessing to God that he had hitherto looked upon the work as his own, but that now he had been shown that it was God's. He seemed to be changed from that time, and soon the Lord sent him back to the scene of his Christian efforts in London strong and happy."

An Invaluable Work on Prophecy by G. H. Pember, M. A., entitled "The Great Prophecies concerning the Jews the Gentiles, and the Church of God," is for sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York. It is written in a most popular and eloquent style, and describes the impending fulfilment of Revelation and Daniel, and is illustrated by a colored chart. 458 pages. Price, including postage, \$1.

EVANGELISM VINDICATED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, January 27, 1889.

"And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples and nations and tongues and kings." Rev. 10: 10, 11.

The Exiled Seer—His Supernatural Dream—Another Book that Disagrees—People Who Cannot Digest the Creeds—None but Idiots Without Creeds—Scoffing an Evidence of Ignorance—The Assault of Caricature and Misrepresentation—Creeds of Representative Churches Assailed—The Trinity in Daily Life—The Regeneration of the "Constellation"—Conversion of a Liquor Seller—A Dying Girl's Joy—A Ship-Captain in a Fog—His Prayers for the Sick Heard—A Teacher's Vicarious Life—Scoffers in a Burial-Ground.

DOMITIAN, the Roman Emperor, had in his realm a troublesome evangelist who would keep preaching, and so he exiled him to a barren island, as now the Russians exile convicts to Siberia, or as sometimes the English government used to send prisoners to Australia. The island I speak of is now called Patmos, and is so barren and unproductive that its inhabitants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern, and perhaps half asleep under the drone of the sea, has

A Supernatural Dream,

and before him pass, as in a panorama, time and eternity. Among the strange things that he saw was an angel with a little book in his hand, and in his dream the evangelist asked for this little book, and the angel gave it to him, and told him to eat it up. As in a dream things are sometimes incongruous, the evangelist took the little book and ate it up. The angel told him beforehand that it would be very sweet in the mouth, but afterward he would be troubled with indigestion. True enough, the evangelist devours the book, and it becomes to him a sweetness during the mastication, but afterward a physical bitterness.

Who the angel was and what the book was, no one can tell. The commentators do not agree, and I shall take no responsibility of interpretation, but it suggests to me

The Little Book of Creeds,

which sceptics take and chew up and find a very luscious morsel to their witticism, but after a while it is to them a great distress. The angel of the church hands out this little book of evangelism, and the antagonists of the Christian Church take it and eat it up, and it makes them smile at first, but afterward it is to them a dire dyspepsia.

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is, theories about tariff, about finance, about civil service, about government. Social creeds—that is, theories about manners and customs and good neighborhood. Aesthetic creeds—that is, theories about tapestry, about bric-a-brac, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about the Deity, about the soul, about the great future. The only being who has no creed about anything is the idiot. This scoffing against creeds is always a sign of profound ignorance on the part of the scoffer, for he has himself a hundred creeds in regard to other things. In our time the beliefs of evangelistic churches are under

A Fusillade of Caricature

and misrepresentation. Men set up what they call orthodox faith, and then they rake it with the musketry of their denunciation. They falsify what the Christian Churches believe. They take evangelical doctrines and set them in a harsh and repulsive way, and put them out of the association with other truths. They are like a mad anatomist, who, desiring to tell what a man is, dissects a human body and hangs up in one place the heart, and in another place the two lungs, and in another place an ankle bone, and says that is a man. They are only frag-

ments of a man wrenched out of their God-appointed places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, symmetrical, well-jointed, roseate, bounding life, and the scalpel and the dissecting knife of the infidel or the atheist cannot tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by these enemies as the scare-crow which a farmer puts in the cornfield to keep off the ravens is different from the farmer himself.

For instance, these enemies of evangelism say that the Presbyterian Church believes that God is a savage sovereign, and that He made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The Presbyterian Church believes no such thing. The Presbyterian Church believes that God is a loving and just Sovereign, and that we are free agents. "No, no! that cannot be," say these men who have chewed up the creed and have the consequent embittered stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is a sovereign, we can't be free agents." Why, my friends, we admit this in every other direction. I, De Witt Talmage, am a free citizen. I go when I please and I come when I please, but I have

At Least Four Sovereigns.

The Church court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical sovereign. The mayor of this city; he is my municipal sovereign. The Governor of New York; he is my State sovereign. The President of the United States; he is my national sovereign. Four sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind, and soul I am a free man. So, you see, it is possible that the two doctrines go side by side, and there is a common-sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is repulsive. If you have the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose to-morrow morning to walk into the Mercantile Library and improve my mind, or to go through the conservatory of my friend at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquarium all asquirm with trout and gold fish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bananas—if I want to go there, I could. I am free to go. If I want to go over to Hoboken and leap into a furnace of an oil factory, if I want to jump from the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to leap from Brooklyn Bridge, I may. But suppose I should go to-morrow and leap into the furnace at Hoboken, who would be to blame? That is all there is about

Sovereignty and Free Agency.

God rules and reigns, and He has conservatories and He has blast furnaces. If you want to walk in the gardens, walk there. If you want to leap in the furnaces, you may. Suppose, now, a man had a charmed key with which he could open all the jails, and he should open Raymond Street Jail, and the New York Tombs and all the prisons on the continent! In three weeks what kind of a country would this be? all the inmates turned out of those prisons and penitentiaries. Suppose all the reprobates, the bad spirits, the outrageous spirits, should be turned into the New Jerusalem. Why, the next morning the gates of pearl would be found off hinge, the linchpin would be gone out of the chariot wheels, the "house of many mansions" would be burglarized. Assault and battery, arson, libertinism, and assassination would reside in the capital of the skies. Angels of God would be insulted on the streets. Heaven would be a dead failure if there were no great lock-up. If all people without regard to their character when they leave this world go right into glory, I wonder if in the temple of the skies Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth occupy the same pew! Your common sense demands two destinies! And then as to the Presbyterian Church believing there are infants in perdition, if you will bring me a Presbyterian of good morals and sound mind who will say that he believes there ever was a baby in the lost world, or ever will be, I will make him a deed

to the house I live in, and he can take possession to-morrow.

So the Episcopal Church is misrepresented by the enemies of evangelism. They say that Church substitutes forms and ceremonies for heart religion, and it is all a matter of liturgy and genuflection. False again. All Episcopalians will tell you that the forms and creeds of their Church are worse than nothing unless the heart go with them.

So also the Baptist Church has been misrepresented.

The Enemies of Evangelism

say the Baptist Church believes that unless a man is immersed he will never get into heaven. False again. All the Baptists, close communion, and open communion, believe that if a man accept the Lord Jesus Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna, although immersion is the only gate to their earthly communion.

The enemies of evangelism also misrepresent the Methodist Church. They say the Methodist Church believes that a man can convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion, and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad, and then the minister pats him on the back and says, "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The Methodist Church believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart, and in that Church conversion is an earthquake of conviction and a sunburst of pardon. And as to mere "temporary emotion," I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion" which lasted Bishops Janes and Matthew Simpson for a half century, keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

So all the evangelical denominations are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on and hold up the great doctrines of Christian Churches as absurd, dry, and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your

Doctrine of the Trinity."

they say. "Absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons! Impossible! If it is one God, He can't be three, and if there are three, they can't be one." At the same time all of us—they with us—acknowledge trinities all around us. Trinity in our own make-up—body, mind, soul. Body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the court room—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinities all around about us, in earthly government, and in nature. Of course, all the illustrations are defective for the reason that the natural cannot fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should come up to a chemist and say: "I deny what you say about the water, and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me

About the Elements

that go to make up the air and the water." The chemist would say: "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory, and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one, and the air is one, but they are made up of different parts. So here is a man who says, "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says, "You come up here into the laboratory after your death, and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man cannot understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory, and we will never understand the Trinity until we go into heaven. The ignorance of the man who cannot understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact. Because we cannot understand the Trinity, does that change the fact?

"And there is your absurd doctrine about justification by faith," say these antagonists who have chewed up the little book of evangelism, and have the consequent embittered stomach—"justification by faith; you can't explain it." I can explain it. It is simply this: when a man takes the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour from sin, God lets the offender off. Just as you have a difference with some one, he has injured you, he apologizes, or he makes reparation, you say: "Now, that's all right, that's all right." Justification by faith is this: a man takes Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and God says to the man: "Now, it was all wrong before, but it is all right now; it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith, it is going to conquer all nations.

"There is your absurd doctrine about regeneration," these antagonists of evangelism say. What is Regeneration?

Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Anybody can understand that. Have you not seen people who are all made over again by some wonderful influence? In other words, they are just as different now from what they used to be as possible. The old *Constellation*, man-of-war, lay down here at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Famine came to Ireland. The old *Constellation* was fitted up, and though it had been carrying gunpowder and bullets, it took bread to Ireland. You remember the enthusiasm as the old *Constellation* went out of our harbor, and with what joy it was greeted by the famishing nation on the other side of the sea. That is regeneration. A man loaded up with sin, and death loaded up with life. Refitted. Your observation has been very small indeed if you have not seen changes in character as radical as that.

A Liquor Seller Converted.

A man came into this church one night, and he was intoxicated, and at an utterance of the pulpit he said in a subdued tone: "That's a lie." An officer of the church tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "You must be silent, or you must go out." The next night that stranger came, and he was converted to God. He was in the liquor business. He resigned the business. The next day he sent back the samples that had just been sent him. He began to love that which he hated. I baptized him by immersion in the baptistry under this platform. A large salary was offered him if he would return to his former business. He declined it. He would rather suffer with Jesus Christ than be prospered in the world. He wrote home a letter to his Christian mother. The Christian mother wrote back congratulating him, and said: "If in the change of your business you have lack of means, come home; you are always welcome home." He told of his conversion to a dissolute companion. The dissolute companion said: "Well, if you have become a Christian, you had better go over and talk to that dying girl. She is dying with quick consumption in that house." The new convert went there. All the surroundings were dissolute. He told

The Dying Girl

that Jesus would save her. "Oh!" said she "that can't be, that can't be! What makes you think so?" "I have it here in a book in my pocket," he replied. He pulled out a New Testament. She said: "Show it to me; if I can be saved, show it to me in that book." He said: "I have neglected this book, as you have neglected it, for many years, and I don't know where to find it, but I know that it is somewhere between the lids." Then he began to turn over the leaves, and, strange and beautiful to say, his eye struck upon this passage: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." She said: "It isn't possible that is there!" "Yes," he said, "that is there." He held it up before her dying eyes, and she said: "Oh, yes, I see it for myself; I accept the promise: 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'" In a few hours her spirit sped away to the Lord that gave it, and the new convert preached the funeral sermon. The man who a few days before had been a blasphemer and a drunkard and a hater

of all that was good, he preached the sermon. That is regeneration! that is regeneration! If there are any dry husks of technicality in that, where are they? All made over again by the power of the grace of God!

A few years ago

A Ship-Captain

came in here, and sat yonder under the gallery. He came in with a contempt for the Church of God, and with an especial dislike for Talmage. When an opportunity was given he arose for prayer, and as he was more than six feet high, when he arose for prayer no one doubted that he arose! That hour he became a Christian. He went out and told the ship-owners and the ship-commanders what a great change had been wrought in him, and scores and scores have been brought to God through his instrumentality.

A little while after his conversion he was on ship off Cape Hatteras in a thick and prolonged fog, and they were at their wits' ends, and knew not what to do, the ship drifting about hither and thither, and they lost their bearings; and the converted sea-captain went to his room, and asked God for the salvation of the ship, and God revealed it to him while he was on his knees that at a certain hour, only a little way off, the fog would lift; and the converted sea-captain came out on the deck, and told how God heard his prayers. He said: "It is all right, boys; very soon now the fog will lift," mentioning the hour. A man who stood there laughed aloud in derision at the idea that God would answer prayer; but at just the hour when God had assured the captain the fog would lift there came a flash of lightning through the fog, and the man who had jeered and laughed was stunned, and fell to the deck. The fog lifted. Yonder was Cape Hatteras lighthouse. The ship was put on the right course, and sailed on to the harbor of safety.

When in a seaport the captain spends most of his time in evangelical work. He kneels down by one who has been helpless in the bed for many months, and the next day she walks forth in the streets, well. He kneels beside one who has long been decrepit, and

He Resigns the Crutches.

He kneels beside one who had not seen enough to be able to read for ten years, and she reads the Bible that day. Consumptions go away, and those who had diseases that were appalling to behold, come up to rapid convalescence and to complete health. I am not telling you anything second-handed. I have had the story from the lips of the patients in this very house, those who were brought to health of body while at the same time brought to God. No second-hand story this. I have heard the testimony from men and women who have been cured. You may call it faith-cure, or you may call it the power of God coming down in answer to prayer; I do not care what you call it: it is a fact. The scoffing sea-captain, his heart full of hatred for Christianity, now becomes a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, giving all the time to evangelical labors, or all the time he can spare from other occupations. That is regeneration! that is regeneration! Man all made over again!

"There is your absurd doctrine of vicarious sacrifice," say these men who have chewed up the little book of creeds, and have the consequent embittered stomach.

"Vicarious Sacrifice!"

Let every man suffer for himself. Why do I want Christ to suffer for me? I'll suffer for myself and carry my own burdens." They scoff at the idea of vicarious sacrifice, while they admire it everywhere else except in Christ. People see its beauty when a mother suffers for her child. People see its beauty when a patriot suffers for his country. People see its beauty when a man denies himself for a friend. They can see the beauty of vicarious sacrifice in every one but Christ.

A young lady in one of the literary institutions was a teacher. She was very reticent and retired in her habits, and she formed no companionships in the new position she occupied, and her

dress was very plain—sometimes it was very shabby. After a while she was discharged from the place for that reason, but no reason was given. In answer to the letter discharging her from the position, she said: "Well, if I have failed to please, I suppose it is my own fault." She went here and there for employment, and found none, and in desperation and in dementia she ended her life by suicide. Investigation was made, and it was found that out of her small means she had

Supported Her Father,

eighty years of age, and was paying the way for her brother in Yale College on his way to the ministry. It was found that she had no blanket on the bed that winter, and she had no fire on the very coldest day of all the season. People found it out, and there was a large gathering at the funeral, the largest ever at any funeral in that place, and the very people who had scoffed came and looked upon the pale face of the martyr, and all honor was done her; but it was too late. Vicarious sacrifice! All are thrilled with such instances as that. But many are not moved by the fact that Christ paid His poverty for our riches, His self-abnegation for our enthronement, and knelt on the sharp edges of humiliation, that we might climb over His lacerated shoulder into peace and heaven.

Be it ours to admire and adore these doctrines at which others jeer. Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable is His wisdom, and His ways are past finding out! Oh the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the infinity, the immensity, the eternity of that love! Let our earnest prayers go out in behalf of all those who scoff at these doctrines of grace. When

The London Plague

was raging in the year 1665, there was a hotel near the chief burial-place that excited much comment. England was in fright and bereavement. The dead-carts went through the streets day and night, and the cry, "Bring out your dead!" was answered by the bringing out of the forms of the loved ones, and they were put twenty or thirty in a cart, and the wagons went on to the cemetery; and these dead were not buried in graves, but in great trenches, in great pits—in one pit eleven hundred and fourteen burials! The carts would come up with their great burden of twenty or thirty to the mouth of the pit, and the front of the cart was lifted and the dead shot into the pit. All the churches in London were open for prayer day and night, and England was in a great anguish. At that very time, at a hotel, at a wayside inn near the chief burial-place, there was

A Group of Hardened Men,

who sat day after day and night after night blaspheming God and imitating the grief-struck who went by to the burial-place. These men sat there day after day and night after night, and they scoffed at men, and they scoffed at women, and they scoffed at God. But after a while one of them was struck with the plague, and in two weeks all of the group were down in the trench from the margin of which they had uttered their ribaldry. My friends, a greater plague is abroad in the world. Millions have died of it. Millions are smitten with it now. Plague of sin, plague of sorrow, plague of wretchedness, plague of woe! And consecrated women and men from all Christendom are going out trying to stay the plague and alleviate the anguish, and there is a group of men in this country base enough to sit and deride the work. They scoff at the Bible, and they scoff at evangelism, and they scoff at Jesus Christ, and they scoff at God. If these words shall reach them, either while they are sitting here to-day, or through the printing-press, let me tell them to remember the fate of that group in the wayside inn while the plague spread its two black wings over the doomed city of London. Oh, instead of being scoffers let us be disciples! "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

AN INDIAN BOY'S VISION.

AT a missionary conference held in Calcutta on December 10, reported in the *Indian Witness*, Mr. Mason, of the American Baptist Mission in Assam, told a most wonderful incident of the power of the Gospel. A few years ago he was constrained to tell a native Christian boy that he could not keep him longer in his school. The boy seemed to be unusually and hopelessly stupid, and Mr. Mason did not think it was proper to keep up schools at mission expense for such disappointing cases. The boy was sent off. He returned after a little time, and told Mr. Mason that a teacher was needed in a certain village, and, if Mr. Mason would consent, that he would go. The boy went to the village at \$1.50 a month. At the beginning of his work he had a vision. God said to him, "You are the only witness I have here. Let your light shine." The boy was obedient to the heavenly vision. Today there is a Christian church of two hundred members in that village, and the people have built a house for Mr. Mason, hoping to have him come and live with them awhile. Mr. Mason said that when he went to this village first, the men and women hid away, lest he should see them, and the boys and girls climbed up the trees and stretched themselves on the branches, like squirrels. When he went the second time, a few people heard him, but soon turned away. Now there is a church, and a house for a preacher, built without instruction from the mission.

A PROVIDENTIAL SICKNESS.

A REMARKABLE incident which providentially led to the benefit of missionary work in Persia, is related by Dr. E. W. Alexander in a letter from Hamadan to the *Church*. He says: "Early in the spring of 1888 the old Armenians of Sheverine, who are completely under the influence of their priest, and have always stoutly opposed our work in their midst, succeeded in enlisting the governor of the village in their cause. For a time their triumph was complete. Our school was closed, and we appealed to the khan in vain. Soon, however, he was called from home to a village at some distance. Shortly after his departure one of his children was taken seriously ill. Native *hakims* were called, but failed to restore the little patient. The child's mother knew that I had saved her little sister's life some time before, and so at the eleventh hour sent for me. The khan's servant came one Sabbath morning just as I was starting for church, and requested me to hasten to Sheverine. I regarded the occasion as quite providential, and obeyed the summons. The efforts to save the child were blessed, and she made a rapid recovery. In return the khan sent a very nice present for the dispensary, and gave us a permit in writing to go on with our work in the village. He had received orders from Teheran to the same effect, but without his personal permission we could do nothing, as his servants would constantly have annoyed our workers."

THE McALL MISSION AFLOAT.

THE success which has attended the labors in Paris of Mr. McAll and his co-workers, has encouraged them to extend their efforts to other cities and towns of France. Valuable aid in the work has been tendered to them by a gentleman who appreciates their efforts. He has lent them two vessels; a small one, suitable for navigating the canals, and a larger one to cruise around the coast. The latter is appropriately named *The Herald of Mercy*. An account of its recent visit to Cherbourg, the great garrison port, is given in the *McAll Record*. Mr. S. R. Brown, who had charge of the expedition, says: "Soldiers' meetings were held on board every night from 7.30 to 8.30, and two on Sundays. Nor shall we soon forget these military gatherings, numbering from 80 to 150 on week nights, and from 400 to 500 on Sundays. We sold 150 New Testaments, and 500 copies were distributed among these young men, some now *en route* for foreign service. We noticed many under-

officers of the marines. One evening there was a stir in our meeting—a superior officer came in full uniform, and sat near the harmonium. He joined in singing, and listened attentively. The preacher declared all were sinners, then stopping, added, 'One is righteous, one only.' 'Yes!' he exclaimed, 'Jesus Christ!' The meeting closed, and the men waited for the officer to lead the way out. He offered me his hand and said, 'Thank you, thank you for these good words of consolation you have brought to Cherbourg.' The civil authorities were equally favorable to our work. A French brother who gave away tracts to the military men, was taken to the *Commissaire de Police* by an over-zealous sergeant. The *Commissaire* inquired, 'Who are you?' and on learning that he hailed from the Protestant boat, he was dismissed with the order to give away as many tracts as he could. 'I have been to the boat,' said the *Commissaire*, 'and I heard very good things there.' Thanks, ye civil and military authorities, for ye have not hindered the gospel as your fathers did; but ye helped us, moving one day a torpedo boat, that we might be quiet on our last Sunday."

A PRAYER FOR RAIN IN AFRICA.

In a recently published work by Rev. A. Briggs, containing a history of his twenty-five years' labor as a missionary in Africa, he relates the following incident: "At Bensonvale we were threatened with an entire failure of the crops. Month after month passed away, and no rain came. The bright hopes of the husbandman, like his crops, began to wither away; when a request, for which I had waited, was made by the heathen, that a day might be set apart for prayers for rain. They said, 'Why does not the missionary appoint prayers to the God of heaven?' The native sorcerers had exhausted all their arts. Under these discouraging circumstances it was made widely known that I would preach on the subject on the coming Sunday, and announce a day for prayer. A large congregation assembled. I read from the First Book of Kings about Elijah and the prophets of Baal, for the benefit and instruction of my heathen as well as Christian hearers, and preached a sermon on Jer. 14: 22. I closed the sermon with an announcement that on the following Wednesday, at mid-day, all must come together in the chapel to beseech God for rain upon the land. To my great surprise and gratification, when the day arrived some hundred and fifty or more heathens, who never ordinarily entered our sanctuary, joined us. We spent about an hour and a half in humble, earnest prayer. That day we saw no sign of change. Even as late as 10 o'clock P. M., when I went out to look at the weather, before retiring to rest, the sky was perfectly clear. I knelt down, and pleaded with the Lord, and saying that every eye was up unto Him, and all our expectation was from Him alone, besought Him to exert His wonder-working power in the sight of the heathen. Next morning, what a sight met my eyes, as I drew the window-blinds aside! The heavens were covered with clouds! dull, leaden, low-lying masses of vapor, raking the mountain-sides, hung 'o'er all the thirsty land!' At about half-past 7 the rain began to fall gently, increasing towards 8; by 9 it became a steady downpour, and so it continued persistently and plentifully. Prayer was answered. Even the heathen exclaimed, 'This is God's rain.'"

THE ZENANA PRISONERS.

THE work now being prosecuted among the women of India through lady missionaries, who are allowed access to the Zenanas, or private rooms, in which the women live, is being much blessed. Miss Anna M. Hull, an American missionary at Kolhapur, thus describes her experience of the work in a letter to the *Church*: "The Zenanas that I visit are chiefly in Mohammedan houses. I find the women, owing to their seclusion, more thoughtful and inclined to take grave views of life; perhaps too, as is to be expected, more melancholy in temperament. They have so little to brighten their monoto-

nous lives that a visit from the Bible-woman or the missionary lady is something they look forward to with pleasure. They seem to me a step above Hindus, as their religion is a step above that of the Hindu. One can always appeal to them on their belief in the one God, and then try to reveal to them the *Isa Paigamber* (Jesus the Prophet) as Jesus the only Saviour. 'But how can He be the Son of God?' At this stumbling-stone they stumble. Still, when we speak of His life of love and mercy upon earth, and His death for sinners, they are touched. Not long ago one woman asked, 'You speak of praying; what does it mean to pray?' It is encouraging when they ask questions of this kind, instead of being merely curious about our dress, our way of living, &c., as so many are. It is not pleasant to encounter the men of the families, for they are fanatical and intolerant, as Mohammedans usually are; but the visits to the women, when I find them alone, are often hopeful. There are faint signs that some are beginning to hunger and thirst for something better than they have here. These women generally pride themselves upon their life of seclusion. They think it marks them as being a little higher in the social scale than others; but in one house where I lately visited they said to us, 'We hate this life we lead,' and one added, pathetically, 'We spend our lives as prisoners.' They looked with envy at the Bible-woman with me, and one said, 'She goes where she pleases through the streets, and no one gives her a word of blame.' 'Yes,' I said, 'because her heart is pure.'"

TEN DOLLARS GIVEN

in answer to prayer is one of a very large number of Mr. C. J. Lanphier's testimonies. "I advanced ten dollars to a very poor family," he says. "I knelt down and prayed, saying, 'Lord, if it pleases thee to send it back, let it come.' I could ill afford to part with the money, but I could not see suffering without relieving it. The next day, in the noonday meeting, a stranger met me, and said, 'There is ten dollars. You must have a great many calls for material aid!' As this was the exact amount I advanced, I took it as a direct answer to prayer."

A SAILOR'S LETTER.

AN interesting story is told in a letter recently received by a lady connected with a mission for seamen in New York. The writer had shipped for a long voyage, and before leaving, wrote to his friend at the mission. He says that he has a Godfearing mother, who brought him up until he was sixteen years of age in godly ways. He went to Sunday-school, and even became a member of a Methodist Church. But a restless desire to be quit of the restraints of home came over him, and in spite of his mother's tears and prayers he went to sea. His first voyage was to San Francisco, and it was a disastrous voyage to his soul. On the way, and after his arrival, he consorted with evil men, and learned to scoff at religion, laughed at the Bible, and fell into vicious ways. Money was plentiful with him, and he spent it in sinful places, sinking lower and lower in degradation. "The downward road," he says, "was so easy to travel."

As he continued his sea life he made the acquaintance of infidels, and as is natural with a man who is violating his conscience, he gladly listened to men who tried to prove to him that there is no God. At length he avowed himself an infidel, and sinned more recklessly than ever. Last November he arrived in New York from Calcutta, and set out to enjoy himself in the city. With him one of the elements of enjoyment was to get drunk, and while he was in that state his money disappeared. In the miserable state of a man just coming out of intoxication, ashamed of himself, mortified at losing his money, and anxious to get somewhere quietly by himself to sober up before going to look for a ship, he turned into the mission. The lady to whom he writes saw him, recognized, from sad experience with such men, what his condi-

tion was, and went and spoke to him. He frankly says that he had no feeling toward her but contempt, for he had long ago given up any faith in religion. Still, she was a lady, and he instinctively answered her civilly and accepted her invitation to go into the little room at the side of the Mission, which has been the birth-place of many a soul. Had a man spoken to him, he says he should have refused, but he could not refuse a lady.

Once in the room, she chose the one subject on which his heart was tender. He could have argued about religion, but when she asked him about his mother and his home he melted. Before he left the room he had knelt down and prayed for the first time in many years. "*I was all broke up*" is the expressive phrase he uses to describe his state. He tried to shake off the feeling afterward, "*but it stuck.*" He even obtained money somehow, and tried to drown his discomfort in liquor. It was useless; he grew more miserable than before. Finally he went back to the mission, sought out the lady who had spoken to him, and she was enabled to lead him to Christ. The man was transformed! His joy was wonderful to witness. It continued with him all the time he was in port, and his letter written on the eve of his departure shows how thoroughly it permeates his being. He appears to have no dread of temptation, feeling assured that Christ will keep him, and that the happiness he enjoys has forever rendered him incapable of finding enjoyment in sin.

TEN SIGNS OF THE END.

By Rev. A. B. Simpson, Pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, New York.*

I. National Signs—Increasing Democratic Power—General Unrest and Apprehension—II. The Papal Signs—Rome Deserted by Her Friends—III. Mohammedan Signs—The Euphrate—Drying Up—IV. Jewish Signs—V. Intellectual and Commercial Signs—VI. Moral Signs—VII. Ecclesiastical Signs—VIII. Scepticism—Its Predicted Characteristics—IX. Increased Prophetic Study—X. Revival Signs.

ARE there any divine and definite landmarks whereby we may, in some measure, at least, understand our situation, and anticipate the events that lie before us? Thank God, His little flock shall not be left in painful uncertainty and bewilderment. To the reckless world it will come as a thief. "When they shall say, 'Peace and safety,' then sudden destruction." "But ye are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." We are therefore divinely directed to watch with vigilant and prayerful hearts, and, "when these things begin to come to pass, to lift up our eyes, for our redemption draweth nigh." What then, are some of the divinely appointed signs of the Lord's immediate appearing?

I.—National Signs.

Already we have seen in Daniel's vision that four great empires must succeed each other, and be in turn succeeded by ten smaller kingdoms before the end. This has all been fulfilled. There have been just four universal empires. And they are gone, and in their place have come a number of smaller states. To-day, we see the world filled with various nationalities. They are all independent, and fairly equal; at least, they maintain a balance of power sufficiently even to check the preponderance of any one.

Again, we have seen in the visions of John that the nations are to grow more democratic toward the end, and finally to be uncrowned powers. Certainly we see this tendency very strongly marked, and rapidly increasing in the nations of Europe. The French revolution struck the knell of despotisms a century ago. Since then the spirit of liberty and revolution has swept over Italy, Germany, Spain, and Austria, as well as France and England. And in Russia, the most despotic of nations, the throes of revolution are most terribly and surely preparing a still wilder upheaval. The most strik-

ing tendency of all European governments to-day is toward revolution and popular freedom and license.

A third national sign is the state of unrest, agitation, and apprehension that is everywhere apparent. As one of the signs of the end, it is said by our Lord that there shall be "wars and rumors of wars, and on earth distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that are coming on the earth."

During the last quarter of a century, what nation is there that has not been rent by war or revolution? And was there ever a time of such expectancy of war: nations armed to the teeth, standing at bay, declaring that the only guarantee against war is an enormous military armament, and feeling that everyone of them is at any hour in danger of dismemberment, if not destruction. Germany does not trust France an hour; Russia is waiting the right moment to devour Turkey at a mouthful; and England watches Russia's every movement with the feeling that her great Indian empire is constantly at stake.

II.—Papal Signs.

The prophetic picture of its rise and reign have been almost literally fulfilled. The predictions of its later history have also begun their course. It was to be supported by the European states, and then ravaged by them, and so we have seen the very powers that supported Rome for centuries, especially France and Italy, turn against her and despoil her of her temporal power and earthly honor.

All these things have been crowded into the present century, and many of them the present generation. The last prophetic signs of the Papacy are rapidly approaching their fulfilment. It only remains that she should make her last desperate assault upon the souls and liberties of men, and her last attempt to control the great democratic masses of society as she has the governments of the earth, and then sink to her final and tremendous fall, and the mystery of Babylon will be complete.

III.—Mohammedan Signs.

It has been shown that the Mohammedan power is destined to play an important part on the prophetic stage. Already has it spread over "the East and the South and the pleasant land." Already has it set up its "abomination" in the holy place, and "trodden under foot the sanctuary" of God. Already has it "practiced and prospered." When we see it begin to wither, and relax its hold on Jerusalem, we may know that the end is near. Daniel was informed that when it should have accomplished to scatter his people and the sanctuary be cleansed from its presence, the end was begun.

And John tells us that when the sixth vial was poured out (Rev. 16), the water of the great river Euphrates was dried up, that the kings of the East might be prepared. This undoubtedly means the withering of the Turkish power to make way for the restoration of Israel. This drying up of the Turkish power has been going on for one hundred years. Again and again have the Turks been crushed before the Russian armies, and robbed of province after province. Greece, Egypt, Bulgaria, Servia, Moldavia, Wallachia, Roumania, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Cyprus, have been torn from her grasp, and her religious intolerance and oppressive power in Syria and Palestine have been curtailed and restrained, until now the Jew and the Christian have recognized rights in all parts of the empire. It is the mighty and marvellous hand of God, and one of the most impressive foretellings of the end.

VI.—Jewish Signs.

The downtreading and oppression of the Hebrew people, and yet their distinct and inextinguishable national life are among the most signal fulfilments of prophecy. The conversion of a remnant throughout all the Christian age has also been realized. Among the more remarkable signs of the present day, are the remark-

able facts of Jewish missions and conversions, the great work at present going forward in Southern Russia under Mr. Rabinowitch, the steady movement of Jewish colonies toward Palestine, where nine separate colonies have already begun to establish themselves, and as many as 100,000 Jews already have congregated, and are at this very time erecting a synagogue under the auspices of Mr. Rothschild; and, in this same connection, the movements in Germany and Russia which are forcing upon them the necessity of some such movement. God is sending after them His hunters to hunt them from all nations, and His fishers to draw them to their ancient home. These things are indeed beginning to come to pass.

V.—Intellectual and Commercial Signs.

In his far-sighted glance at the days of the Son of Man, Daniel caught this brief but significant vision of our times, which flashes like a gleam of electric light on the busy world of this nineteenth century. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." What a picture of our age! Was there ever such running to and fro? Such lines and leagues of railway, such miles and messengers of telegraphic communication, such extension of the mail to every quarter of the world, such myriads of ships and sails on every sea and stream, such multitudes of travellers on business, pleasure, and investigation, such opening and exploring of new countries, such additions to our geographical knowledge, such busy enterprise and commercial activity, such a spirit of rush and excitement? To the eye of heaven we are like a great ant hill swarming with innumerable living, moving forms, treading each other down in the rush and drive of life and business.

"And knowledge shall be increased." What additions have been made in this century alone to human knowledge! It is not too much to say that they are worthy of comparison with all the previous accumulations of human culture. Look at the newspaper of the nineteenth century. Look at the multiplication of books, periodicals, papers, and writers. Look at the progress of physical science, especially. Look at the additions to our knowledge of astronomy, geology, chemistry, geography, and other sciences. It is real knowledge, real progress, real genius, and man fully recognizes it, and begins to believe in it, and in himself, so much that he will soon not want to believe in God; and human progress will have reached a pinnacle where there must be either submission to heaven or humiliation to hell. Man is already rearing his tower of Babel, and God must soon come to confound it. Our wisdom has not led us to God, but strengthened the pride of self-sufficiency and unbelief.

What is the real character of our present civilization? We may as well face the facts. Civilization itself is turned into the stronghold of unbelief; its imaginations and inventions are high towers that exalt themselves against the knowledge of God, and the thoughts of our great thinkers have not been brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. We have the ripest form of worldly civilization, but the ripeness borders on rottenness; while men boast of the fabric, its foundations are falling into decay, and that awful anarchy which is the last result of atheism, even now threatens to dissolve society itself.

(To be concluded next week.)

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1889.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

*From his new work, "The Gospel of the Kingdom."

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Some subscribers who have renewed for 1889 may notice that the date on the address label has not yet been changed. This is unavoidable, owing to the large number of corrections to be made; but it is being rectified as rapidly as possible. The fact of the paper being regularly received through the mail is an intimation that the renewals have been received and credited on our books.

All subscriptions, notices of changes of address, and letters connected with the business of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should invariably be addressed to the MANAGER, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK. Advertisements for insertion on the last page and orders for books advertised on that page should be sent to Mr. J. E. JEWETT, 77 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK. Some of our friends are reversing these addresses, sending their subscriptions to Mr. Jewett and their orders for books to the Manager. In both cases the mistake causes confusion and delay, and sometimes leads to errors.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Samoan Difficulty Became More Ominous last week. The steamer *Alameda*, which arrived at San Francisco on January 19, brought news that the German war vessels had torn down the Stars and Stripes, parties of German soldiers had attacked and wounded American citizens, and carried some of them prisoners on board German vessels. Orders were immediately dispatched from Washington for the *Vandalia* and the *Trenton* to proceed to Samoa, and the former sailed from San Francisco on January 20. That ship and the *Trenton* will probably arrive there in about six weeks. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations also came to the aid of the State Department by recommending an addition to the Consular and Diplomatic appropriation bill of \$500,000, to be immediately available for the execution of the obligations of the Government under the treaty with Samoa, and \$100,000 more to construct a coaling station at Pagopago, in the island of Tutuila. All the information that can be obtained on the question confirms the belief that Germany is seeking to gain possession of the islands, and has fomented the present civil war with the object of putting her puppet on the throne. The transactions of the conference held in 1887 between representatives of Germany, England, and the United States on the Samoan question have not been fully disclosed, but it would appear that Mr. Bayard's aim was to maintain the independence of Samoa from foreign aggression. The Conference proved abortive, and since that time Germany has been strengthening and extending her hold there. King Malietoa, who desired a United States protectorate, has been deposed, and is now a prisoner in German hands. The tone of the German press in discussing the question is insulting to the United States, and has stirred popular indignation to a remarkable degree.

The Final Vote on the Senate's Financial measure was given, to the relief of all concerned, on January 22. The Senators call the bill a substitute for the Mills Bill, which came to them from the House, but it is an entirely new bill, based on different principles from that of Mr. Mills. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who spoke on the last day of the debate, expressed his conviction that the bill would effect a reduction in the revenue of at least seventy-three millions, inclusive of the twenty-four millions taken off tobacco and liquor. The final vote was a strictly party division of thirty-two Republicans against thirty Democrats. This situation confirms the rumors current for some time past, that there is scarcely a Senator who approves the bill in all its parts or who is satisfied with it other than as a compromise measure. In some cases, Senators, in voting for it, contradicted their own

past utterances in their own States and elsewhere. It was, however, recognized as a party measure, which balanced the various interests affected by it with some skill, and did not seriously injure any interest which had powerful Republican representatives. The chief complaint urged against the bill, which, it may be hoped, will not be realized, is that it will lower the cost of luxuries used by the wealthy and increase the cost of necessities used by the poor. That would be an arrangement so cruel that the charge of designedly making it should not be brought against men of so high a character as United States Senators, without absolute proof. The bill now goes to the House, and if, as is probable, it is rejected there, will be sent in practically the same shape to the House of the next Congress.

The Admission of Five New States to the Union was voted by the House on January 18. This was a substitute for the Senate Bill to admit Dakota only. The House proposes to admit Dakota as one or two States, and Montana, Washington, and New Mexico. The bill was opposed by the Republicans, who advocated the admission of Dakota only. It was, however, finally carried by a vote of 144 to 98. Mr. Dougherty, of Florida, proposed to include Utah and Arizona in the list, but the proposal found no supporters. It is thought that although the Republicans in the House opposed the bill, it may find some Republican advocates in the Senate. One Senator of that party, who is on the Committee on Territories, is known to favor the admission of all the Territories. Mr. Quay and Mr. Sanford are also believed to have leanings in the same direction. The three votes added to the solid Democratic vote, would suffice to carry the bill in the Senate.

The Possibility of an Agreement on the Nicaragua Canal question is announced. A press dispatch from Washington states that the conference committees on the part of the two houses, on the Nicaragua Canal bill, have succeeded in reaching an agreement on the questions at issue. They have not disclosed the basis of agreement, but sufficient is gathered to warrant the assumption that the bill has been divested of such of the amendments added by the House as made it, according to the common understanding, undesirable for the company to accept. Among the amendments which it is believed have been dropped, or modified, are those requiring that ten per cent. of the capital stock be paid up before any bonds are sold; providing for the printing across the face of the bonds of a notice that the United States is not responsible for them; and allowing the United States to fix the rate of tolls on the canal.

The Romish Campaign Against Dr. McGlynn advanced another stage last week. On Sunday, January 20, a notice was ordered by Archbishop Corrigan to be read at mass in every church of the diocese. It recapitulated the offences of Dr. McGlynn, and referred in general terms to his last attack on the Pope, in which the ex-priest spoke compassionately, but not reverently, of the head of the Church as "an old bag of bones." The Archbishop then proceeded to say: "In order, therefore, to safeguard the interests of souls, for whom I must render an account on the day of judgment, I hereby make and declare attendance at meetings of the Anti-Poverty Society a reserved case." This means that, while absolution is not absolutely withheld from Roman Catholics who attend Dr. McGlynn's meetings, ordinary priests cannot give absolution, but must refer the culprits to the Archbishop himself. They will not then be entitled to absolution, but if the sin be confessed, and pardon be implored, the Archbishop will take the matter under consideration, and grant or withhold absolution according to his judgment. Dr. McGlynn's old parishioners at St. Stephens, and many other Catholics who attend his meetings, will now, therefore, have to decide whether they will desert him or dispense with the absolution of their confessors. As Dr. McGlynn's audience on Sunday night was

larger than usual, it may be inferred that the Archbishop's threat has not scared them.

Mr. Phelps, the United States Minister to England, was made the recipient of unwonted honors last week. The Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet in his honor in the executive mansion, at which a large number of distinguished guests of both the political parties were present. The Lord Chancellor, several judges, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Dunraven, and many members of Parliament were among the guests. The Lord Mayor in expressing his regret at Mr. Phelps's approaching departure said: "There have been misunderstandings, but the hearts of both nations still beat true. England will do her best to maintain friendly relations. In case of future trouble, we will appeal to the sense of right in the Christian-like spirit of brothers." Mr. Phelps in the course of his reply said that there were many ways of saying goodbye and farewell, but it was hard to part from so many friends, and he was sorry to say that goodbye. It was some comfort to be able to take home to America so many kind remembrances. Mrs. Phelps also was highly honored. On January 22, Lady Salisbury and Lady Rosebery called upon her, and informally presented her with a superb bracelet. The bracelet is inscribed: "Presented to Mrs. Phelps on her leaving England, as a token of affectionate regard from some of her English friends. January 22, 1889."

The Evidence Given Before the Parnell Commission last week tended still further to show the justice of the charge made by the *Times*, that the Irish League abetted if it did not incite crime. The journal, however, labors under the disadvantage, inevitable in such an inquiry, of drawing its witnesses either from criminals or the police. An important witness was Captain Plunkett, of the Cork police, who testified that he had heard Father O'Connor, the parish priest of Fries, denounce at a cattle sale a farmer named Curtin, and that a week later the farmer was murdered. A man named Farragher deposed that Archbishop Walsh, in Mr. Davitt's presence, had advised him not to pay his rent, and that he (Farragher) was evicted. He was afterward employed in the office of the Dublin branch of the League. Witness also testified that he had carried letters, some of which contained checks, from Mr. Patrick Egan to Mullett, the Invincible. Dennis Tobin deposed that he was a member of the Kilconolly band of moonlighters. He said that when the members of the band were sworn, the leader told them that, by order of the League, tenants who paid their rents were to be raided. The moonlighters were paid for committing outrages. The set to which he belonged had received two dollars each for killing the cattle of an obnoxious farmer. This and similar evidence, if not rebutted, cannot fail to alienate public sympathy from Mr. Parnell and the League.

Prince Bismarck Continues His Disgraceful assaults on the dead Emperor, and last week incidentally attacked the Emperor's sister-in-law, the late Princess Alice, whose memory is cherished by all who came within the circle of her influence. His organ in the press has been making dark allusions to the case of Professor Geffcken, whom Bismarck and the present Emperor failed to convict of responsibility for the publication of the late Emperor's diary. The journal hints at the existence of certain documents, which were not published at the Geffcken trial because political and dynastic interests might suffer. These documents are letters written by Morier while at Darmstadt, in which Princess Alice and several English royalties are involved. According to statements current in the official circle, if Prince Bismarck is forced, by political exigencies, to publish these letters, they will prove that Frederick and his wife were indiscreet, and divulged the plans of Prussia, and that even before the opening of the campaign of 1870, Darmstadt was the focus of intrigues against the unification of Germany. Public feeling, even in Germany, is strong against Bismarck and the Emperor, in their ghoulish outrages on the memory of the dead.

The Testimony of an Eminent Lawyer, an ex-Attorney-General of the United States, was given at one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Oregon. Judge George H. Williams said: "I have been poor, and I have been prosperous; I have been in lowly positions in life, and in high positions of trust and honor; but my soul was never satisfied until I found Christ, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. My morality, in which I trusted, was but a great Chinese wall shutting me out of the kingdom of heaven."

Medical Mission Work in Japan was Described at the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Women's Union Missionary Society, held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on January 23. Dr. Elizabeth Reifanyder and Dr. McKechie, the two well-known medical missionaries, who are here on a brief visit, were present, and spoke most hopefully of the present position and prospects of their labors in Japan. Two interesting letters were read; one from the Rev. Mr. Ballagh, stationed in Japan, in which he reported encouraging progress in the American Mission Home School for Girls in Yokohama, and the other from Mrs. Ralph Emerson, of Illinois, giving an account of the recent great convention of missionaries in London, where she represented the society. The income of this excellent society last year amounted to \$40,562, and the expenditure to \$37,373.

The Baptism of a Roman Catholic Priest, the Rev. J. P. Daly, was witnessed by an immense crowd at the Baptist church of Marlboro', Mass., on January 20. Mr. Daly had charge of a Roman Catholic church in Virginia for fourteen years. He became convinced of the errors of the Church, and resigned his pastorate. He went to Pittsburgh, Pa., to consider his position and earn a livelihood. A position on a newspaper was offered him, which he accepted, and he has been engaged in journalistic work ever since. He has done good work on journals in Buffalo and other cities, and has refrained from religious controversy. Lately, light has come to him, and he resolved to completely sever his connection with the Romish Church. He decided on joining the Baptist communion, and has accordingly been publicly baptized by immersion. It is expected that he will be a Baptist minister.

A Passenger's Negligence has Involved Him in considerable legal expense in New York. He brought a suit last week in the City Court against the Inman Steamship Company for \$500, the value of his baggage, which was burned on the *City of Montreal*. There was no dispute about the value of the baggage, but the company contended that their liability was limited to fifty dollars. In proof, they produced a copy of the ticket which the plaintiff had bought from them, and upon the back of it there was printed a stipulation that, in case of the loss of baggage, the purchaser was entitled to compensation to the amount of fifty dollars, and no more. The plaintiff said his attention had not been called to the stipulation, and he had not read any of the printing on the back of his ticket. The judge instructed the jury to find a verdict for the company, inasmuch as, "a passenger is supposed to have acquiesced in the terms printed on the ticket." Ignorance could not be pleaded in such a case. The costs of the suit, therefore, had to be borne by the negligent passenger. Negligence will have far more serious consequences at the last judgment. Numbers of men, who are careful to keep themselves informed about worldly affairs, neglect to study their Bibles, in which God has revealed His will. (Hos. 8:12.)

Eight Years of Hermit Life Were Passed by a lady who died on January 18. She came to this country in 1875, and went to Baltimore, Md. There she consulted a Roman Catholic priest, to whom she said that she was a Frenchwoman, and had passed most of her life in Paris. Her husband was a barber, who at his death left among other secrets of his trade a receipt for beautifying the complexion. She started an establishment, but trade not being brisk she

adopted a new plan. She advertised extensively, promising astonishing results. When her victims came she charged them large prices for the lotion. The lotion, however, brought out ugliness and blotches instead of beauty, and she then demanded exorbitant prices for removing these blotches. She made a great deal of money, but was arrested, tried, and convicted. She managed to escape to America, and having no occupation, had leisure to think of her past life. She became concerned about her soul, and went to the priest for advice. The priest counselled penance, and the woman, anxious to atone for her sins, went to Catonsville, about fifteen miles from Baltimore, where she secluded herself until she died, seeing no one but a priest, and spending her life in mortification and the repetition of prayers. As she was evidently anxious to make her peace with God, it is a pity that she did not have more enlightened counsel. Repentance and faith in Christ, with the restoration of their money to the people she had swindled, would have brought her the peace which penance and mortification could never give. (Isa. 1:11-18.)

A Virginia Lady's Fidelity and Confidence in a lover are soon to be rewarded. Eight years ago she was engaged to a young lawyer living in the same town with herself in Virginia. During the exciting political campaign of that year the lawyer was nominated for Congress. The lady's father and brothers belonged to the opposite party, and did their best to defeat him. He was defeated; but that was not his worst trouble. During the campaign political excitement had been at fever heat, and words had been used which caused personal animosity. The young lady was commanded to break off all relations with her lover, and never to see him again. Though her heart was breaking, she dutifully obeyed. The young lawyer could not bear to stay in the neighborhood, and went West. He settled at St. Paul, Minn., where he has succeeded in making a fortune by some profitable speculations in land. His love for the Virginia lady did not abate by absence, and finally the temptation to write to her could not be resisted. He wrote, and on January 23 he received his answer. She said she had felt sure he would claim her some day, and, therefore, though she had no idea where he had gone, or what he was doing, she had waited for him all these years. All difficulties were now removed, and there were no obstacles to the marriage. When Christ returns to claim His bride, will He find her looking and waiting for Him with similar faith and constancy? (1 Thess. 5:23, 24.)

A Physician's Story of a Grateful Patient was told in New York last week. Dr. George F. Shradly, the well-known physician, relating some of the reminiscences of his large practice, said that about a year ago he went into the country for a little rest. During one of his rambles he met an elderly lady and a boy of about eight years. The boy looked weak and sickly, but he touched his cap politely to the stranger, and his little wan face lighted up as his greeting was returned. A few days afterward, the doctor was visited by the old lady and the boy. "I could do nothing to stop his coming," explained the woman. "He says, over an' over, ever since the day he saw you, that you can make him well an' like other boys. He give me no peace, night or day, an' so I have taken the liberty of bringing him to you to cure." "The faith of the old lady and her little grandchild was so touching," said the doctor, "that I resolved to do my very best to effect a cure, and in time the youngster was running about, strong and well as his companions." Last Thanksgiving Day, a box containing a turkey arrived by express at Dr. Shradly's New York house. Inside was this note: "Dear doctor, this is from the boy what you made well. I know the turkey is young and tender, for I raised him from the egg myself." "I have often received munificent fees from grateful patients that my skill has helped relieve," said the doctor, "but I was never more touched by a gift in

all my professional experience." We may be sure that the Great Physician also is pleased when those whom He has "made well" in soul manifest their gratitude to Him in the way He has prescribed. (Matt. 25:40.)

A Casual Glimpse of a Newspaper Paragraph promises to bring a fortune to a family at Utica, N. Y. A young man while waiting in a grocery store while his order was being executed, stood idly reading a newspaper in which a parcel lying on the counter was wrapped. A paragraph caught his eye, mentioning the death of an old man of the same name as his own in Baltimore, Md. The old man was reported to have left property worth a million dollars and had made no will. The youth tore the paragraph out of the paper, and when he went home showed it to his father. The old man thought for a moment, and then said: "Why, that must be my brother." The matter was at once placed in the hands of a lawyer, who examined the case, and believes that he can substantiate the claim to the estate. The expectant heirs being very poor, are naturally much elated by the prospect of wealth, and are very thankful that the lad spent his moments of waiting in looking at the newspaper and thus getting the first clue to the unclaimed estate. If those who envy them their good fortune, would but look in their neglected Bibles, they would find there the title to an inheritance infinitely more desirable, because eternal, and might learn how to obtain it. (Rom. 8:17.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Six thousand Chinamen visited the new Temple of the idol Joss in New York on the day of his installation in his new quarters at 16 Mott Street.

The Central W. C. T. U., of Chicago, has opened a lunch-room in one of the largest office-buildings in that city. The room was formerly occupied by a saloon.

Rev. Dr. George C. Noyes, author of the famous "Clement" letters, and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Evanston, Ill., for more than twenty years, is dead.

Petitions said to represent 14,000,000 persons have been presented to the U. S. Senate, praying Congress to forbid "needless" Sunday work in the mail and military service, and in interstate commerce.

Mrs. Spencer W. Coe is conducting a series of special meetings for women at the Cremorne Mission, 32d Street and Sixth Avenue, New York. She would be glad of the assistance of ladies, especially of King's Daughters. Meetings at 7:45 p. m.

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Bethany Institute, located at No. 105 East Seventeenth Street, New York, shows that more than three hundred students have been trained and sent forth, both to Home and Foreign fields, since it was established.

A local contemporary says that a certain preacher in Maine distributes to his auditors a printed skeleton of his morning sermon, which not only helps them to follow him as he preaches, but enables them to carry away the sermon in a concrete form.

The Rev. E. P. Gould, formerly Professor of New Testament Exegesis at Newton Theological Institute, and well known as one of the foremost Biblical scholars of the country, has withdrawn from the Baptist Church to enter the Protestant Episcopal ministry.

Rev. E. P. Hammond, the children's evangelist, commenced meetings at Saginaw City, Mich., after the close of those at Marshall. At the latter place, in addition to the afternoon services specially for children, meetings were held at night for adults, at which there were many conversions.

The Rev. Frederick N. Knapp, well known in connection with the Sanitary Commission in the war, is dead. He was a personal friend of Lincoln and Grant. As Superintendent of the Special Relief Department he personally attended and relieved over fifty thousand sick and wounded soldiers.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings in the Brooklyn Tabernacle have been used of God to the conversion of many souls. On Sunday, January 20, seventy-three united with the church on profession of faith. These make over two hundred that have joined since Dr. Munhall came. The singing, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lowe, has made a deep impression on the audience, which Dr. Munhall has known how to improve.

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IRON SHOES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And of Asher he said, Let Asher be blessed with children; let him be acceptable to his brethren, and let him dip his foot in oil. Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Deut. 33:24, 25.

A Triplet of Blessings—Needed by Christian Workers—I. The Shoes—Treasures Under the Feet—Mines of Treasure in the Bible—In Providence—Protection for the Feet—to Travel With—The Journey Unceasing—The Way Rough—Preparation for Fighting—Foes to be Trampled on—Self—Shoes for Climbing—Lasted Enoch Three Centuries—II. Strength Promised—For Days of All Kinds—One Day's Supply at a Time—Proportioned to the Day's Need—Special Grace for Special Trials.

I ONCE heard an old minister say that he thought the blessing of Asher was peculiarly the blessing of ministers; and his eyes twinkled as he added, "At any rate, they are usually blessed with children; and it is a great blessing for them if they are acceptable to their brethren, and if they are so truly anointed that they even dip their foot in oil." Well, I pray that all of us who preach the gospel may enjoy this

Triplet of Blessings

in the highest sense. If our quiver is not full of children according to the flesh, yet may we have many born unto God through our ministry. May we be blessed by being made spiritual fathers to very many, who shall be brought by us to receive life, pardon, peace, and holiness, through our Lord Jesus. It is a great blessing from the Lord when our speech is sweet to the ears of saints—when we have something to bring forth which our brethren in Christ can accept, and which comes to them with a peculiar preciousness and power, so that they can receive it, and feel that it is thoroughly acceptable to them. And what could we do without the third blessing, namely, that of unction? "Let him dip his foot in oil." Oh, for an anointing of the Holy Spirit, not only upon the head, with which we think; but upon the foot, with which we move! I was asking, concerning a preacher, what kind of man he was; and the simple, humble cottager answered me, "Well, sir, he is this kind of man: if he comes to see you, you know that he has been." We must not only have oil in the lamps of our public ministry, but oil in the vessels of our private study.

For all Workers.

Well, now, if these three blessings be good for ministers, they are equally good for all sorts of workers. You in the school, you who visit tract districts, you who manage mothers' meetings, and you who in any shape or way endeavor to make Christ known, may you have the threefold blessing! The Lord give you many spiritual children; may you be blessed with them, and never be without additions to their number! The Lord make you acceptable to those among whom you labor; and the Lord grant you always to go forth in His strength, anointed with His Spirit!

That is the first part of our text, and I am not going to say any more about it, as the second part is that to which I shall call your especial attention. "*Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.*" There are two things in the text—*shoes and strength*. We will talk about these two, hoping to possess them both.

I. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass." This promise meant that Asher should have

Treasures Under His Feet,

that there should, in fact, be mines of iron and copper within the boundaries of the tribe. Metals enrich nations, and help their advancement in many ways. Tribes that possess minerals are thereby made rich, whatever metals those may be; but such useful metals as iron and copper would prove of the utmost service to the people of that time, if they knew how to use them. Is there any spiritual promise at all in this! Asher is made rich with iron and copper lying beneath his feet. Are saints ever made rich with treasures under their feet? Un-

doubtedly they are. The Word of God has mines in it. There are treasures upon the surface of the Word which we may pick up very readily; even the casual reader will find himself able to understand the simplicities and elements of the gospel of God; but the Word of God yields most to the digger. He that can study hard, and press into the inner meaning—he is the man that shall be enriched with riches current in heavenly places.

You will find these treasures, not only in the Word of God, but everywhere in the providence of God, if you will consider the ways of the Lord, and believe that God is everywhere at work. He that looks for a providence will not be long without seeing one. All events are full of teaching to the man that has but grace and wit to interpret them. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." There shall be treasures under your feet if your feet keep to the ways of truth.

The Revised Version puts this in the margin. He shall have

Protection for His Feet.

The chief objection that has been raised to this is that it would be a very unusual thing for shoes to be made of iron and brass. Such a thing is not heard of anywhere else in Scripture, neither is it according to Oriental custom. For that reason I judge that the interpretation is the more likely to be correct, since the protection which God gives to His people is unusual. No other feet shall wear so singular a covering; but those who are made strong in the Lord shall be able to wear shoes of iron, and the Lord shall give them sandals of brass. You have peculiar difficulties, you are a peculiar people, you traverse a peculiar road, you have a peculiar God to trust in, and you may, therefore, find peculiar consolation in a peculiar promise: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass."

We want to have shoes of iron and brass,

To Travel With.

We are pilgrims. We journey along a road which has not been smoothed by a steam-roller, but remains rough and rugged as the path to an Alpine summit. We push on through a wilderness where there is no way. Sometimes we traverse a dreary road, comparable to a burning sand. At other times sharp trials afflict us as if they cut our feet with flints. Our journey is a maze, a labyrinth: the Lord leads us up and down in the wilderness, and sometimes we seem further from Canaan than ever. Seldom does our march take us through gardens: often it leads us through deserts. We are always travelling, never long in one stay. Sometimes the fiery, cloudy pillar rests for a little, but it is only for a little. "Forward!" is our watchword. Ever onward; ever forward; ever moving! This is our lot. Be it so. Our equipment betokens it: we have appropriate shoes for this perpetual journey.

Perhaps I address some friend whose way is especially rough. You seem to be more tried than anybody else. You reckon yourself to be more familiar with sorrow than anyone you know: affliction has marked you for its own. I pray you take home this promise to yourself by faith: the Lord saith to thee, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass." This special route of yours, which is beset with so many difficulties—your God has prepared you for it. You are shod as none but the Lord's chosen are shod. If your way is singular, so are your shoes. You shall be able to traverse this thorny road—to journey along it with profit to yourself, and with glory to God. For your travelling days you are well fitted, for your shoes are iron and brass.

Shoes of iron remind us of military array—they are meant to fight with. We are soldiers as well as pilgrims. These shoes are meant for

Trampling Upon Enemies.

All sorts of deadly things lie in our way, and it is by the help of these shoes that the promise is made good. "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." Yes, believer, with

thy foot thou hast crushed thy foe, even as thy Lord, who came on purpose that He might break with His foot, even with His bruised heel, the head of our serpent adversary. Be not afraid, therefore, in the day of conflict, to push onward against the foe. Do not be afraid to seize the victory which Christ has already secured for thee.

What a blessing it is when we get self under our feet! We shall have good use for iron shoes if we keep him there. What a mercy it is when you get a sinful habit under your feet! You will need to have shoes of brass to keep it there. What a mercy it is when some temptation that you have long struggled with at last falls to the ground, and you can set your foot upon it! You need to have both of your shoes strengthened with iron, and hardened with brass, that you may bruise this spiritual enemy, and crush out its life. Feet shod with sound metal of integrity and firmness, will be none too strong in this evil world, where so many, like serpents, are ready to bite at our heels. Only so shod shall we win the victory. Next, we have fit shoes

For Climbing.

One interpreter thinks that the sole of the shoe was to be studded with iron or copper nails. Certainly, those who climb would not like to go with the smooth soles which suit us in our parlors and drawing-rooms. There are many instances where a rough tip of iron, or a strong nail in the heel of the shoe, has checked the slipping mountaineer when gliding over a shelving rock, and there he has stayed on the very brink of death. Our spiritual life is an upward climb, with constant danger of a fall. It is a great mercy to have shoes of iron and brass in our spiritual climbings, that should our feet be almost gone, we may find foothold before we are utterly cast down.

Rise to the highest graces and the noblest virtues. As is the food we feed on, such should our actions be. Let us love, for God is love, and as dear children we must be imitators of Him in all gentleness, tenderness, and forgiveness. Climb to the heights of self-denial, the summits of consecration. Be as near heaven as is possible for those who dwell on earth. Have you not the shoes to climb with?

Once more: these shoes are for travelling, for trampling, for climbing; they are also made of iron and brass for perseverance. You would not need such shoes for a little bit of a run—for a trip up the street and back again. Since the Lord has shod you in this fashion, it is a warning to you that the way is long and weary, and the end is not by-and-by. The Lord has furnished you with shoes that will not wear out. It is a good pair of shoes that lasts a man for forty years; yet there are some of us who can testify that God's grace has furnished us with spiritual shoes of that kind. I can speak of nearly that length of time since I knew the Lord, and I bear my unhesitating witness that I have found the grace of God all-sufficient, and His promises most sure and steadfast.

If we are allowed to live till we touch the borders of a century, or if we even fulfil our hundred years, these shoes would never be too old. These are the sort of

Shoes that Enoch Wore;

and was it not for more than three hundred years that he walked with God? He was always walking, but his shoes of iron and brass were never worn out. It matters not, dear friend, how severe may be your trials and troubles, or how long may be your pilgrimage through this wilderness, God, who gives these extraordinary shoes, such as no other has ever fashioned, and such as men are not accustomed to wear, has in this provided you against the utmost of endurance, the extremity of suffering. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass"—does not this symbol signify the best, the strongest, the most lasting, and the most fitting provision for a pilgrimage of trial? Thy shoes shall last as long as thou shalt last. Thou shalt find them as good as new when thou art about to lie down on thy last bed, to be gathered to thy fathers.

I may be addressing some here that are very

low in spirit: they fear that they shall not hold on their way, they are ready to halt, yea, ready to lie down in despair. I trust the way will hold you on when you can hardly hold on your way. May you hear the ring of your iron sandals, and be ashamed of cowardice. They should be iron men to whom God has given iron shoes. I would encourage you to go forward in the way, for you are, by God's grace, made fit for travelling. You are not bare-footed, nor badly shod. You ought to go forward bravely, after your heavenly Father has put such shoes as these upon your feet. We have examined the shoes, now let us consider

The Strength.

II. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." This provision is meant to meet weakness. The words carry a tacit hint to us that we have no strength of our own, but have need of strength from above. Remember that, if you have a sense of weakness, you have only a sense of the truth. You are as weak as you think you are; you certainly do not exaggerate your own helplessness. The Saviour has said, "Without Me, ye can do nothing"; and that is the full extent of what you can do. The Lord promises you strength, which He would have no need to promise you if you had it naturally apart from Him. But He promises to give it, and therein He assures you that you need it. Come down from your self-esteem: stoop from the notion of your own natural ability; divest yourself of the foolish idea that you can do anything in and of yourself, and come now to the strong for strength, and ask your Lord to fulfil this promise in your experience: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The strength which is here promised is to abide through days. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Not for to-day only, but for to-morrow, and for every day as every day shall come. The longest and the shortest day, the brightest and the darkest day, the wedding and the funeral day, shall each have its strength measured out, till there shall be no more days. The Lord will portion out to His saints their support even as their days follow each other.

This strength is

To Be Given Daily.

We shall never have two days' grace at a time. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be:" this secures you a day's burden and a day's help, a day's sorrow and a day's comfort. After all, what more do we want? If a man has a meal, let him give thanks for it: he does not want two meals at once. If a man has enough for the day, he certainly is not yet in want for to-morrow. He cannot eat to-morrow's food to-day; or, if he did, it would injure his health, and be no comfort to him. Let us narrow our vision as to the necessities of daily life, not looking so far ahead as to compress into to-day more evil than naturally belongs to it; for "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Our strength is to be given to us daily.

And then the text seems to say clearly that it will be given to us proportionately. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." A day of little service, little strength; a day of little suffering, little strength; but in a tremendous day—a day that needs thee to play the Samson—thou shalt have Samson's strength. Great grace will be sent to us to meet our great necessities. And is not that a most desirable thing? I remember that for a long season the Lord was very gracious to me in the matter of funds for the extensive works which I have been called upon to originate and superintend, and I felt very grateful for the ease which I enjoyed; yet it crossed my mind that I was learning less of God than in more trying seasons, and I trembled. Years gone by, there were considerable necessities which did not appear to be met at once, and I went with them to God in prayer, and I trusted Him, and He supplied my needs in such a wonderful way that I seemed to have the closest intercourse with Him. I could most plainly see His hand stretched out to help me. I could see Him working for me as gloriously as if He

wrought miracles. These were glorious days with me! I cannot tell you what holy wonder often filled my soul when

The Lord Interposed

on behalf of the Orphanage or the College. The record reads so charmingly that unbelievers would never accept it as true. Then God made me by grace like one who steps from the summit of one mountain to another: I stepped across the valleys, leaving the deep places far below. So in my easy seasons I thought to myself, "Everything comes in regularly and abundantly. I am like a little child walking along a smooth lawn. This is but a common, ordinary state of affairs, in which even a man of no faith could pursue his way. I do not see so much of God, though assuredly I ought to see Him as clearly now as ever." So I did not ask to have a time of need; I hope that I shall never be so foolish as that; but when I found a time of need hurrying up, as I soon did, I felt a special delight in it—I took pleasure in my necessities. My heart cried, "Now I shall see my Lord; now I shall see Him again. Now I shall get hold of that great arm, and hang upon it, and I shall see how the Lord will deliver me in time of need." I did thus lay hold upon my Lord again, and I found Him still God All-sufficient, for which I bless His name.

Mark, again, that strength will be given to us in all forms. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Our days vary, our trials change; our service varies, too. He can bestow physical strength, and mental strength, and moral and spiritual strength. He gives strength

Just Where the Strength is Needed,

and of that peculiar kind which the trial demands. We have no need to fear because we feel weak in a certain direction: if we need strength in that special quarter, the strength will come there. "But if I am tried," says one, "in a certain way, I shall fail." No, you will not. "As your days, so shall your strength be." "I am horrified," says one, "at the thought of having to pass through the ordeal of a surgical operation." Do not be horrified at it; for though at the present moment you may be quite unfit for the trial, you will be quite ready for it when it comes. Have you never been in great danger, and found yourself cool and calm beyond anything you could have expected? It has been so with me, and I have learned, from my experience, not to measure what I shall be in a trying hour, by what I happen to be just now. The Lord will take care to fit us for our future, and, as our days, so shall our strength be.

An hour or so ago, I stood by what will certainly be the death-bed of one of our best friends, and I was cheered and comforted when I heard him so blessedly speaking both of the present with its pain, and of the future with its near descent into

The Vale of Death.

He said, "I have no doubt as to my eternal bliss. I have had no doubt—no, not a shadow of doubt—of my interest in Christ through my long illness. In fact, I have felt a perfect rest of mind about it all." Thus, dear friends, shall we also be supported, for the brother of whom I speak is a simple-minded man, who makes no pretensions to learning, but is one of our own selves.

I am sorry, very sorry, for those among you who have no portion and lot in such a promise as this. I am sorry for you in your present condition, for you have no strength but your own, and that is a poor piece of weakness. You are troubled even now: what will you do in the swellings of Jordan? The common footmen of daily life have wearied you: what will you do when you have to contend with horses? Oh, souls, what will you do when you are ushered into the presence of the dread mysteries of another world? Oh, sirs, you are without strength; but is not that a grand verse, "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly"? Ungodly as you are, clutch at such a word as that. "Without strength" as you are, yet lay hold upon the Lord's strength.

It is for those who have no strength that Christ came into the world. It is for the ungodly that he laid down His life. Come, and trust Him. Let Him become your strength and your righteousness from this time forth; and may He manifest Himself to you in a special and gracious way; and unto His name shall be praise for ever and ever. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.*

IN striking contrast to the success of the monarchical principle in France and England was the development of the power of the Dutch Republic. By the side of the absolute monarchy and the caste feeling of France, and the threefold system of King, Established Church, and Parliament in England, was reigning a form of government in which there was neither arbitrary power, aristocratic privilege, nor ecclesiastical supremacy. It consisted of a league of seven provinces, each province preserving perfect independence as regarded its internal affairs, but contributing its share to mutual defence. Each province sent deputies to the States General, who, assisted by a Council of State composed of twelve members, selected from different provinces, voted upon the imperial questions of the Republic—peace, war, and the measures for defence; fixed the contingent of each province to the army and fleet; and had the right of concluding alliances and of nominating the commanders-in-chief, both by land and sea.

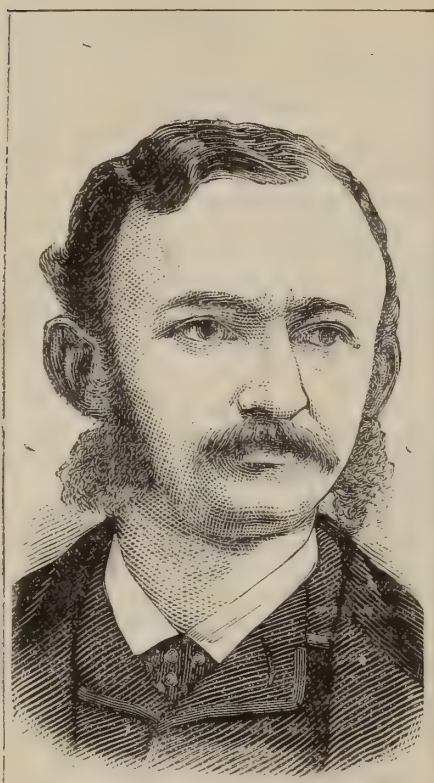
The Famous John De Witt.

By this time [1660] the Republic had fallen under the domination of a single province, Holland was overwhelmingly preponderant in the federation. She possessed the richest, most populous, and the most powerful towns. She contributed more than one-half of the whole federal taxation. The fact that the States General met on her territory—at the Hague—necessarily gave her additional influence and prestige. The Provincial Estates of Holland, therefore, under the title of their High Mightinesses, became the principal power—to such an extent, indeed, that the term "Holland" had by this time become synonymous among foreign powers with the whole Republic. Their chief minister was called "The Grand Pensionary," and the office had been filled since 1653 by one of the most remarkable men of the time, John De Witt. He represented, roughly speaking, the power of the merchant aristocracy of Holland, as opposed to the claims of the House of Orange, which were supported by the nobility, the army, the Calvinistic clergy, and the people next below the governing class. Abroad, the Orange family had the sympathy of the monarchical governments. Louis XIV. despised the government of merchants, while Charles II. of England, at once the uncle and the guardian of the young prince of the House of Orange, the future William III. of England, and mindful of the scant courtesy which, to satisfy Cromwell, the Dutch had shown him in exile, was ever their bitter and unscrupulous foe.

The Invader Foiled.

The French king [invading the Republic in 1672], advancing from the Yssel, took up quarters at Utrecht, and published a proclamation calling upon the towns which still held out to surrender, under the severest penalties of war, and waited for the submission of Amsterdam. But that submission never came. As early as April the supreme necessity had been foreseen by DeWitt. All had been in readiness to open the sluices and cut the dykes. On June 15 the memorable resolution was come to; by the 18th the sacrifice was consummated. The sea poured in, placing a waste of water between the French army and Amsterdam, and the province of Holland, at least, was saved. The citizens worked

*"From Epochs of Modern History: From the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of Nemwegen." By Osmund Airy, M. A. A valuable work by a busy man, desirous of gaining in a brief time a clear idea of the leading facts of that eventful epoch. 8vo. 202. 1860. 8s. 6d. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 747 Broadway, New York.



Mr. O. Straus, U. S. Minister to Turkey.



The Result of the Misappropriated Premium.

with the intensest energy to provide for their defence. The archives and State treasures were transferred thither from the Hague, and the States General held their sittings there. The mills were set to grind powder instead of corn; the regiments which had followed William were taken into the pay of Holland; every fourth man among the peasantry was enlisted; marines and gunners were drawn from the fleet. A strong force was sent to guard the shores of the Zuyder Zee, while a swarm of light vessels rendered any attempt of the French ships to make use of the inundation hopeless. The resolution of the men of Holland rose day by day, now that they were fighting for their own province. The Republic had been wellnigh lost through the want of imperial spirit; it was now saved by the vigor of local patriotism.

OSCAR S. STRAUS.

U. S. Minister to Turkey.

DURING his recent visit to New York, on a brief leave of absence from his post at Constantinople, Mr. Straus received the thank of many Christians for his energy and indefatigable efforts on behalf of Christian missions. On more than one occasion during his tenure of office, his intercession with the Sultan has secured concessions which have aided the American missionaries in the Turkish provinces. The underlings of the Turkish Government have learned to dread his name, for they have found that when, in their zeal for Mohammedanism, they have closed Christian schools opened by Americans, a reprimand was apt to come from the Sultan at Mr. Straus's request. This energy was all the more notable because Mr. Straus is a Jew. It is a singular coincidence that the ruler of Palestine should grant concessions to Christian teachers on the intercession of a Jew.

Mr. Straus is a native of Germany, born in the year 1850. He was three years old when brought to this country by his parents. The family settled in Talbottom, Ga., and remained there until 1862, when they removed to the city of New York. There Mr. Straus was a pupil at the Columbia Grammar School, and afterward a student of Columbia College. He was graduated in 1871, when he entered the Columbia Law School. Receiving his diploma in 1873, he began practice forthwith, in partnership with lawyers of good standing. In 1880, his health having failed, he went to Europe for rest and

recuperation. On his return, he did not resume the practice of law, but devoted himself to politics and literary pursuits. He published a work on the *Origin of Republican Government in the United States*, and several articles in the *Reviews*, which displayed considerable learning and literary ability.

THE MISAPPROPRIATED PREMIUM.

(See Illustration.)

In a busy street where lawyers and brokers had their offices, and where for seven hours of the day clerks were hurrying to and fro, and middle-aged men, with eager, anxious faces, passed in and out, every thought intent on the pursuit of money-making, a young man was walking irresolutely. His appearance was that of a clerk aping the dress and style of a man of fashion. He looked at a name on the brass plate of a lawyer's office, and seemed about to enter, but changed his mind and walked on. Suddenly he turned about and went with a quicker step to the same door, but again he passed it and dropped into his former slow pace.

"There is no need to pay it to-day," he said to himself; "thirty days' grace are allowed. It is only the old man's fidgetiness having it paid to-day. I shall have my salary before the time is up, and I could use this money to put me straight, and make it all right again. I hate to vex Helen; but women don't understand how a man gets cornered."

Finally he turned his steps to quite another quarter of the town, called at a tailor's and paid a bill, at a jeweler's and paid another, and at a billiard saloon and paid a third, which was a much larger one. That night he did not return home until late, and then his face was flushed and excited and his steps slightly unsteady.

"Robert," said his sister Helen, "let me have that life-insurance receipt. Father is sure to ask for it when he wakes."

"Is he any better?" Robert asked.

"No," said Helen, the tears gathering in her eyes. "The doctor told me yesterday that it was useless holding out any hope; he cannot recover." And the poor girl covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly. Her brother tried to comfort her, for he really loved her, but his effort was not very successful. He was not a bad fellow, but deplorably weak; and his fellow clerks could lead him easily into dissipation, over which he mourned, but which was sure to be repeated, in spite of good resolutions.

"You did not give me the receipt," Helen reminded him as he was setting out.

"No, I haven't it," Robert answered, in some confusion. "I did not pay yesterday; there is no hurry, we have thirty days yet."

"Oh, Robert, do pay it to-day! Father will worry so, and the doctor says worry is the worst thing that can happen to him."

As Robert left the house, he wished he had not used the money, but regret was useless now.

Somehow pay-day never seemed to Robert so long in coming as it did that month. There were expenses to meet, and he had to borrow money of a fellow-clerk to meet them; and he was unfortunate, too, with his play, and incurred another debt in that way, so that when at last he received his salary, and had paid the two debts, as he was obliged to do at once, his creditors knowing that he had money, and wisely insisting on prompt payment, he had not sufficient money left to pay the premium on his father's policy. He went home and consulted with Helen, hoping that she might have some money by her to make up the deficiency. That hope, however, proved futile, for Helen confessed there was not a dollar in the house, the expenses of her father's illness having exhausted all available funds. Indeed, Helen said, but for the kindness of the landlord, and the tradesmen in giving them credit, she did not know how they could have lived.

Robert groaned over his folly, and was almost heart-broken to think of his sister's trouble, and the disappointment from which he could not relieve her. But there was the life insurance; he could not spare a dollar. That must be paid, for the time was drawing near when if it were not paid the policy would lapse.

During the next few days he made frantic efforts to get the money, but without avail. The policy lapsed, and Robert knew that when his father died the resources which his father hoped would be available for Helen's wants would not be in her hands. One thing he was spared. He had not to endure his father's reproaches. The old man was lying in a state of stupor, very near his end, the doctor said, and in the intervals when he was sensible he was suffering too acutely to think of money. Helen, too, was so occupied with attention to the dying man that she had forgotten all about the policy.

"You will have the insurance money, my dear," her father said in the last of his lucid intervals.

"Thank God! I have been able to save that. It will keep you from starvation anyhow. I am afraid Robert will never do much for you."

Helen spoke of it to Robert after the funeral, and asked him when he thought it would be paid, as there were many debts that must be discharged. Then the truth had to be told. Helen was too much distressed to say much. She had thought that in some way Robert would surely have made up the deficiency and paid the premium. His failure prostrated her. That night when Robert returned home he found his sister packing a trunk.

"What are you doing, Helen?" he asked.

"I am going to Uncle William's for a few days," she said. "All the furniture must be sold, and I cannot bear to see it go. After that I must try to get a position where I can support myself."

Robert raised his hand in dismay. "Is it so bad as that?" he asked.

"Oh yes, we owe a great deal. I am afraid even the furniture and books will not bring enough to pay all. I wish we could have saved the books."

When Robert saw the bills he could come to no other conclusion. Oh! if he had only paid that premium when his father gave him the money all this trouble might have been saved, and Helen would have had a little money to support her! If remorse and bitter sorrow could have undone the past, Robert's were intense enough to have done so; but he, like so many others, had to learn by painful experience that the evil moral weakness works can never be undone.

THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE, PARIS.

(See Illustration.)

THE inauguration of the new Pasteur Institute in Paris took place recently, in the presence of some 600 persons, among whom were M. Carnot, the President of the Republic, the Grand Dukes of Russia, the presidents of the French Chamber and Senate, and many other celebrities. The building is of great size, covering 14,300 square yards of ground. The right wing will be used as M. Pasteur's residence. It is situated at the extreme south end of Paris—just off the Boulevard de Vaugirard, and behind the Invalides. The building has been constructed with a special view to giving plenty of space to all the various sections which will be quartered there. There are two separate buildings, connected by a covered gallery, and the spacious grounds outside have been provided with kennels, hutches, &c., for the reception of the animals which are required for experimental purposes. The Institute has been established by a fund—including handsome subscriptions from the Czar, the Emperor of Brazil, and the Sultan—amounting to \$500,000. Of this \$300,000 has been spent in building—leaving \$200,000 as an endowment fund. The grants made by the Government have hitherto been about \$25,000 a year, but M. Pasteur's wish is to obtain a sufficiency of subscriptions to render the Institute independent of the State.



M. Pasteur's New Hospital in Paris for the Treatment of Hydrophobia.

It is expected that the Institute will be completed in February or March next. The work carried on by M. Pasteur and his assistants will be of two kinds, namely, researches into the character of the different species of virulent microbes, and the treatment of patients suffering from hydrophobia. Of these from sixty to eighty persons are at present inoculated every morning, and twenty to thirty in the evening. M. Pasteur's work has been carried on since June, 1885, when the first two sufferers from bites of rabid dogs were inoculated. Since that time M. Pasteur has operated on 5,384 persons who were in danger of hydrophobia. Of these only about forty succumbed to the disease after his treatment, and in their cases the operation was delayed so long after the bites that the poison had permeated the system before M. Pasteur treated them.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 76.)
Polygamy Confessed.

ONE morning not long after this, Madame Balif brought me a letter, which, as it bore the English post-mark, she supposed came from my husband. The writing, however, was strange to me; and dreading that some dreadful thing might have happened, I tore it open. There, at the bottom of the last page—for the letter was very long—in neat, clear characters, was the signature of my fairy friend, as I called her, Mary Burton. I read the letter through with the deepest interest. It was addressed to "Darling Sister Stenhouse," and was over-flowing with affection. Used as I was to all her endearing ways, I could almost fancy that while I read I heard her speaking the words. After a great outpouring of love, she said:

"Since you went, I have grown quite an old woman. You used to call me 'Little Fairy,' but, Sister Stenhouse, I am much bigger now. I am now a good deal over seventeen, and people say that I am getting to be quite a woman. I might tell you some other pretty things that are said about me, but I'm afraid you would say it was all vanity of vanities. If you stay away much

longer, you won't recognize me when we meet again.

"And now I want to tell you something that interests you as much as me. I have not been able to discover anything more with certainty about those hateful things of which I told you, although the word 'polygamy' seems to me to become every day much more familiar in people's conversation. Elder Shrewsbury tells me that there is not a word of truth in it; and he has had a good deal of conversation upon that subject with the apostles who are here, and also with a man named Curtis E. Bolton—an elder from the Salt Lake; and they all positively declared that it is a foul slander upon the Saints of the Most High. So you see that all our unhappiness was for naught. Our Saviour said we should be blessed when all men spoke evil of us falsely, for

His name's sake; and the wicked scandal which has been raised against our religion has had a tendency to strengthen my faith, which, you know, was rather wavering.

"And yet you know, Sister Stenhouse, that even while I am writing to you in this strain, I am weak enough to allow doubts and fears to creep into my heart, when I think of the conduct of some of the American brethren. They appear to me, for married men, to act so very imprudently; and to call their conduct 'imprudent' is really treating it with the greatest leniency, for I have often been quite shocked at the way in which some of the brethren and sisters acted. But I will tell you a little about it, and you shall judge for yourself.

When I found out, as I had long expected, that dear papa was going to marry again, I at once resolved that I would no longer be a burden to him, but would find some employment and support myself. I was induced to do this, partly because, as you know, step mothers and daughters do not always love each other quite as much as they might. So I communicated my wishes to papa, and told him that I had been introduced to a very nice lady, who had a large dressmaking establishment at the West End of London. She is a member of the Church, and has always been very highly spoken of. I told him that she employed a number of highly respectable young girls, and that four, at least, of them were members of the Church, and that, in consideration of my lonely situation, and at the earnest request of Elder Shrewsbury, she was willing to take me into her house, to board and lodge me, and teach me the business thoroughly, if my father would undertake to pay her a premium of fifty pounds (\$250). This papa readily agreed to do, as I expected he would, for he is so taken up with my step-mamma that is to be; and besides which he has, I know, been unfortunate lately in some railway speculations, and has lost a great deal of money, and therefore wishes to economize. In this way I went to London, and became a member of Mrs. Elsworth's family—and here I am still.

"Now you have been in London, Sister Stenhouse, and must remember 'the office' in Jewin Street—the headquarters where all the elders

congregate, and where the American elders board, and Church business is managed. Well, the very first week I was at Mrs. Elsworth's I noticed that the four young sisters who were working there were constantly talking of Jewin Street, and the dear American brethren who were stopping there. One of them in particular was always talking about dear Elder Snow; and another girl whispered to me that she went to Jewin Street every evening, and frequently remained there to tea with him, and went afterwards to the theatre with him, or to a meeting, as the case might be; and the young lady added, 'She does make such a fuss over him, toying with him, and brushing and combing his hair. I know that she does it, for I have been there with her, and have seen her do it; and he appears to enjoy it quite as much as she does; and I believe, if polygamy were true, as some affirm it is, he would marry her.'

"But," I said, 'it is not true, and therefore it is very wrong for her to act in that way, for he is a married man.' 'Oh, but you know,' she answered, 'that we are all brothers and sisters, and the brethren tell us that those little attentions make them feel that they are not so far from home, and they are thus enabled to perform their mission better; and if that is so, it is the duty of the young sisters to encourage them. These little attentions cost nothing, and I'm sure it's quite a pleasure to me.' 'Then you go to Jewin Street?' I asked.

"Yes," she said, 'sometimes, but not very often, for my elder calls her frequently, as he is acquainted with Mrs. Elsworth; and then I take my work up into the parlor sometimes, and have a long talk with him. Mrs. Elsworth does not like it, I know, but she does not care to oppose the elders; in fact, her husband will not allow any such thing—he has dared her to do so. After all, she is very silly, for we ought to love each other and be free and friendly. My elder—I call him *my* elder, you know, simply because I like him very much better than the others—calls Mrs. Elsworth 'Gentilish,' and says she'll get over it when she goes to Zion. But she says she won't. She is awfully jealous of her husband and a certain Miss Caroline somebody, though she doesn't care for him.'

"But what difference can it make to him?" I asked her. 'He has a wife, and ought not to pay attention to any other woman.' 'Ah, you silly child,' she said, 'it is only brotherly love, after all, and men often have wives who do not make them happy, and that makes them seek the society of the young sisters, for those who are far from home are lonely. My own elder's wife is here in London, but he isn't much with her. He spends nearly all his time in Jewin Street; he is a travelling elder, and when he is going anywhere to preach he always calls for me, as he does not like going alone, he is such a genial soul. If polygamy were true, I'd promise to marry him when we reached the Valley.'

"Then I asked why his wife didn't go with him; and she said, 'Oh, poor man! he has no pleasure in *her* society. She is always moping and unhappy. You know, some women are naturally so. I do all I can to make him feel well, for it must be awful to be married to a woman who is always sad.'

"I asked her *why* his wife should be so unhappy; and she said, 'He tells me that she has got into her head that somehow or other polygamy is practiced in Zion; and I'm sure I, for one, wish it was so, for then we could marry whoever we pleased.'

"Oh, for shame!" I said. 'I'm sure I'd never go there, if I thought so.' Then I asked her whether she did not think it was wrong for her to encourage the attentions of *her* elder; and she said, 'He wishes it just as much as I do; and his wife had better behave herself, or I'll marry him whether polygamy exists or not in Zion; and he does not know, though we both suspect, that there is something in the rumors which we have heard.' Then I told her I thought it was very wicked to encourage the visits of that man; for I believe that if he paid a little

more attention to his wife she would be less unhappy—for I supposed she knew of his attentions to her.

"She said the wife knew nothing about it; that he was obliged to be out late at night, preaching, or at Jewin Street—which I knew meant flirting with the sisters and going to the theatre; and I fancy he does more of that than preaching. But she seemed to think it was all the wife's fault, and blamed her. I asked if she would like to be treated so, if she were an elder's wife, and had to work as hard and endure as much as all the missionaries' wives do. But she said she never could be in such a position, and told me that I was not a good Mormon or I would not set myself up as the accuser of the brethren. But I ask you, Sister Stenhouse, if that is the Mormonism which the elders used to teach us?"

"And now I have told you all our long talk together, and so you can judge for yourself what a change has taken place since you left. The same day, after dinner, Brother Snow called, in company with two other elders, to see Mrs. Elsworth, and to ask her and the girls to a tea-party the next day. Mrs. Elsworth declined; but one young lady would go with Brother Snow, and Miss Caroline went with another elder; and my light-hearted friend waited till *her* elder came also to ask *her*. After that, came Elder Shrewsbury, and I, of course, was to go with him.

"With all my faith, I am very much troubled about these things. They are not right, I think. Why, scarcely a day passes but some of these elders, who appear to have very little to do, call here, and send for one or two of these young sisters, and detain them from their work, much to the annoyance of poor Mrs. Elsworth, who, I believe, will apostatize over it eventually. See what a long letter I have written to you! I am afraid it will tire you. I often long to have you here, that I might come to you and tell you all my troubles. But perhaps after all I am wrong, and ought to see things in a different light. Have not the elders and apostles positively denied that polygamy or any other sin was practiced in Utah, or formed any part of the Mormon religion? and we know that these men of God would not deceive us. Be sure, dear, to write a nice long letter to me *very soon*; and, with fondest love, remember your own MARY BURTON."

I read this letter carefully through, and I sat down and thought of dear Mary Burton, and felt deeply sorry that she should be placed in a situation surrounded by so many temptations. To myself the letter brought a sad confirmation of all my fears. There was something painful in the thought. Had polygamy been openly avowed as a Mormon doctrine, I should never have joined the Church. But now what could I do?

After three months' absence, Mr. Stenhouse was to return home, and I went to Geneva to meet him, feeling very happy when I saw him once again. Numbers of persons, both in Geneva and Lausanne, had been converted while he was away, and were waiting for him to baptize them—among them was a retired Protestant minister, Monsieur Petitpierre, of whom I have something yet to mention. We began at last to rejoice in our success, and to be thankful that the Lord had answered our prayers.

I was now more than ever anxious about polygamy. From much thinking on that subject, it had become the haunting spectre of my existence, and I dreaded what every day might bring forth. The news which my husband brought with him by no means reassured me. He told me that he had heard in England from American elders that there was a general expectation among the Saints in Utah that at the October Conference in Salt Lake City, Brigham Young would publish to the world that polygamy was a doctrine of the Mormon Church. After all the prevarications and denials, then, of the apostles and elders, polygamy among the Saints was really a fact. As the truth became clearer to my mind, I thought I should lose

my senses. The very foundations of my faith were shaken, and not only did I feel a personal repugnance to the unholy doctrine, but I began to realize that the men to whom I had listened with such profound respect, and had regarded as the representatives of God, had been guilty of the most deliberate and unblushing falsehood; and I began to ask myself whether, if they could do this in order to carry out their purpose in one particular, they might not be guilty of deception upon other points? *Who* could I trust now? For ten years the Mormon prophets and apostles had been living in polygamy at home, while abroad they vehemently denied it, and spoke of it as a deadly sin. This was a painful awakening; we had all of us been betrayed.

I lost confidence in man, and almost began to question within myself whether I could even trust in God. There was no argument between Mr. Stenhouse and myself. It would have been worse than useless, for it was not his doing, and he assured me that he had as great a repugnance to the doctrine as I had. He had at first only hinted that it *might* eventually be acknowledged by the leaders of the Church; but it was a matter of too deeply personal a character for me to keep silence, and I did not rest until he had told me all. He had not seen the revelation, but the information which he had received was beyond a question; and singularly enough, Elder Margetts, the London elder of whose flirtation in Southampton I have already spoken was at that time on a visit to Switzerland, and confirmed all that my husband had said. Thus the very man who, two years before, first excited my suspicions, now confirmed my fears, and openly stated as a fact that which he then was ashamed to suggest.

Elder Margetts had been in Utah from the time I saw him in England, and was now on a mission to Italy. He knew, therefore, very well what was said and done among the Saints in Zion. I, and those like me, whose faith was not too strong, were spoken of as "babes," to whom milk only must be given; and in this way any deception necessary to quiet our tender consciences was allowable; but Elder Margetts was one of the "strong men," to whom meat was necessary—in other words, they were initiated into all the mysteries of the faith.

As Mr. Stenhouse has remarked in his book, "The Rocky Mountain Saints": "In the early history of Mormon polygamy, it is claimed that it was the conclusion among the leading elders that the world should not know everything that 'the Lord' had revealed; and that evasiveness on the subject of marriage was an obligation for the protection of the Church, and to aid the Lord in the establishment of that institution until it became strong enough to take care of itself. Besides, great truths freely offered to the world might be like casting pearls before swine."

This was also the principle acted upon by Joseph Smith, the "Prophet," and founder of this religion. In his pretended revelation, "The Book of Mormon," first published in 1830, he writes, "Behold David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord. . . . Wherefore, I, the Lord, will not suffer that this people shall do like unto them." While these words are so clear and definite, taken by themselves, yet a few lines lower down on the same page we see the spirit of prevarication in these words, "For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto Me, *I will command my people, otherwise they shall hearken unto these things.*"

The Mormons also condemned polygamy in the "Book of Doctrine and Covenants," the first edition of which was published in 1835. "Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication and polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again." "This is definite," one would say; and it was considered so by the converts. Missionaries cited it in sermons, and published it from the press, as an

unanswerable refutation of calumny. Listen, then, to Brigham Young's (who was a friend of Smith's) apology for these words, and we get a piece of sophistry of which the Jesuits might have been proud. He claims that the expression being "crime," and not "crimes" shows that the condemnation is not attached to polygamy, but only to fornication. Again, "One man should have one wife," means that he should have at least one, and as many more as he shall find it convenient to get, as may be seen by the word "but" not being placed before the "one," as it is done in the case of the woman.

(To be continued.)

SATAN CONQUERED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for February 10, Mark 5: 1-20. Golden Text Mark 5: 19.

The Varied Pathway of Jesus—Divine Order in It—A Painful Encounter—The Haunt of the Demoniac—Possessed Men Now in More Dangerous Places—The Powerful Holders of the Man—Their Recognition of Christ—A Question for Every One—The Exorcising Voice—A Commission of Mercy and Judgment—The Terror of the Gadarenes—Afraid of Christ's Presence—The Witness Left—The Right Kind of Testimony.

THE path of Jesus, when He was upon earth, lay through scenes and circumstances which varied greatly. He began life in the stable at Bethlehem, was carried down into Egypt, and returned to follow the trade of Joseph. Yet in His early youth, a single glimpse of His coming mission broke in upon His parents when they saw Him, as a child of twelve, in the temple, surrounded by the learned men of the day, "both hearing them, and asking them questions." But again, His pathway lay among the ordinary surroundings of a workman until He was thirty years of age. Then a solitary witness, the same John who baptized Him, saw the Spirit descend and abide upon Him, and heard His Father's witness to His Son.

Led of the Spirit,

His pathway lay through the wilderness, through temptation in every form, while only the wild beasts were near as His companions. Coming up out of the wilderness, His path lay through a career of success; "He returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee. (Luke 4: 14.) But it was immediately followed by persecution; for the people who had been bowed under the power of the Word which He read, and His close application of it to them, turned round upon Him, and sought His life. Sometimes His path lay over the obedient waves of the sea, as Master of the storms; and again, it ran by the well of Sychar, and the one lost sinner whom He met there. But varied as it was, there was a divine order in the life of Jesus.

After the storm upon the sea of Galilee, He and His disciples landed on the coast of Gadara on the opposite side from Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Tiberias. "And when He was come out of the ship, immediately there met Him out of the tombs, a man with an unclean spirit." It was another turn in the pathway of Jesus; and who can tell how painful to the Holy One was such an encounter? Yet, directed always by His Father, He went forward. "The Lord hath opened Mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back." (Isa. 50: 5.) This unhappy man "had

His Dwelling Among the Tombs."

Would that every man in whom is an unclean spirit knew his place as well! If every immoral man would betake himself to the tombs and sepulchres, instead of haunting the homes of the young and virtuous, and infecting them with his own impurity, the world would be the better for it. If every man who was possessed with a drink demon would confine himself to the churchyards and cemeteries, instead of ill using his wife and children, and destroying the peace and happiness of his home—if he has not already drunk it away—the world would be the better for it. If every man who has the gambling demon in his heart would play his cards in grim soli-

tude over the graves of the dead, instead of over the hopes and prospects of the living, the world would be the better for it. A sinner who has enough respect for those who have never fallen as he has, to keep at a distance from them, is getting uneasy in his bondage, and if the pathway of Jesus leads that way, he is "not far from the kingdom of God." And does it lead that way? "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. 1: 15.) Sinner, His path leads by you; stop Him; do what this man did. Christ's vocation is to save you.

None could bind this man; the legion that possessed him were strong enough to laugh at men, the chains and fetters with which they sought to bind him broke like a brittle thread. In his restless liberty he wandered in the mountains and in the tombs, anywhere away from human beings, "Crying, and cutting himself with stones." But some sudden irresistible instinct drew him to Jesus. With all the will power left to him, "he ran, and worshipped Him." And it was not in vain. "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit," said the Voice which made all things to be. And now the demons which possessed him got the upper hand for a moment, and forced the man to speak their words, and say, "What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of the most high God?" What an awful condition it is to be the bondsman of Satan, and have

Lost Liberty of Will.

Often and often have we heard the testimony of those who serve the enemy of souls: "Something made me say it; I had no power to resist"; or "Something made me do it; I was forced on by a power too strong for me." Look at the pitiable object we call drunkard, and you see a brain and will and moral power capable of comprehending the thoughts of God, so fallen as to become the plaything of Satan, made to act like an idiot, and play the fool; made to speak words which in sober moments would be loathsome, made to act in devilish enmity to the one best loved in life! Oh what a comment upon the words, "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin" (John 8: 34); and again, "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." (Rom. 6: 16.) Here was a man longing for salvation, but the enemy which possessed him made him cry, "What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of the most high God?" Oh that every sinner would settle this question, "What have I to do with Jesus?" Does His salvation touch me? Can it reach me just where I am in my sins? Do my prayers touch Him? Is there anything real taking place between Jesus and me? Or is the Saviour of the world come, and His salvation touches others, but it cannot reach me? "I adjure Thee by God that Thou torment me not." The presence of Jesus meant hope to the poor man, but it meant judgment to the unclean spirits which possessed him. Jesus asked his name, and again the spirits from within answered, "My name is Legion, for we are many." Many indeed! A few moments later, and enough demons went out of this man

To Fill Two Thousand Swine.

Were there two thousand demons? We know not. "They besought Him much that He would not send them away out of the country." So Jesus gave them a mission which was at the same time a mission of mercy and of judgment. "There was there, nigh unto the mountains, a great herd of swine feeding." The swine was one of the unclean beasts forbidden by the law of Moses to the children of Israel. The Gadarenes were a kind of half-caste, mingling their own heathen superstitions with the worship of God. Jesus would utilize the demons to remove this cause of sin from the people. The demons "besought Him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them.

And forthwith Jesus gave them leave." The change of dwelling made no difference to the demons; they had just the same spirit when they possessed the swine as when they possessed the man; death, death and destruction, lay in their path. They hurried the poor swine down a steep place into the sea, and destroyed them. God had a purpose of mercy to their keepers and their owners. But "they that kept the swine," instead of coming to Jesus to ask the meaning of what He had done, "fled, and told it in the city, and in the country." It was a great opportunity, the first visit of Jesus in the country of the Gadarenes; what might not come of it? The people "went out to see what it was that was done." No swine were there, no trace of them, or of their tormenters; but Jesus was there, and sitting quietly by him, was the madman who had been the terror of the country, "clothed, and in his right mind." Oh, if they had been unselfish, how they would have rejoiced! But they had lost their swine; this was the one prevailing thought. What was it to them that the man was delivered? Their income would be short, and this kind of Man who had such wondrous power was better at a distance.

"They were Afraid."

Not so much afraid of the man when he was filled with unclean spirits, as they were afraid of "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world"! Like the Philipians, who could easily tolerate in their midst the evil spirit which, possessing the poor girl, brought gain to her masters, but Paul, who in the authority of his Master's name cast out the evil spirit, was not to be tolerated among them! "Welcome, demons, if you bring gold," says the world, but a Christ who gives no earthly riches, or honor, who gives in the present time only forgiveness and holiness and comfort, "We will not have this Man to reign over us." They listened to the testimony of eye-witnesses, and then gave their verdict that Jesus should "depart out of their coasts!" It is an awful thing for a man to pray, "Jesus I pray Thee go away from me;" but these men prayed it, and their prayer was answered; Jesus went. He will never force Himself upon an unwilling heart.

But there was one who sorrowed at His departure: the former maniac "prayed Him that he might be with Him. But Jesus suffered him not." The Gadarenes had rejected Him, yet His heart yearned over them. He would leave them a witness who should testify in their very midst. "Go home," He said, "to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." And in spite of the reception which they gave to Jesus, a real work was done. "He departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him; and all men did marvel." A great impression was made, and the way was paved for the preaching of the Gospel. Thus the enemy of souls was defeated by a Stronger than he.

This is the right kind of testimony. First, it was commanded by Jesus, "Go home to thy friends;" then, it was a testimony to what the Lord had done, in which self could find no place; it was a story of His compassion to one who was without merit, and utterly without power to help himself.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman

(London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for January:

The Dark Day of May, 1780. By the Editor.
Correspondence of the Revelation with Daniel's Seventieth Week. By Chas. Underhill, Esq., J. P.
The Rationalist "Church of The Future" to be apostate By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.
The Future Antichrist's Covenant with the Jews.
Knowledge of the Time or Season of the Second Advent. By the Editor.
The Second Trumpet; Its Year-day Fulfilment. (Continued.)
Notes of the Prophetic Conference at Exeter Hall.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

"Yea, let Him take all."

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Take my *life*, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my *hands*, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my *feet*, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my *voice*, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my *lips*, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my *silver* and my *gold*:
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my *moments* and my *days*;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my *intellect*, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my *will*, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my *heart*: it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my *love*; my Lord I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!

Take *myself*, and I will be,
Ever, only, ALL for Thee!

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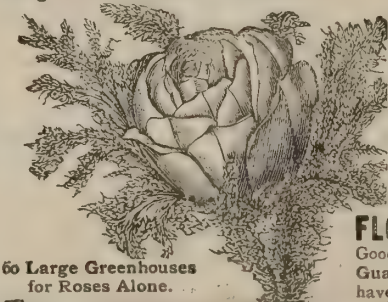
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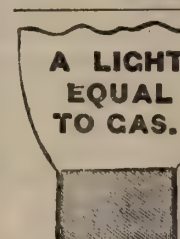


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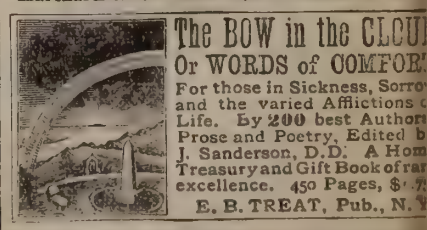
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Vol. XII., No. 4. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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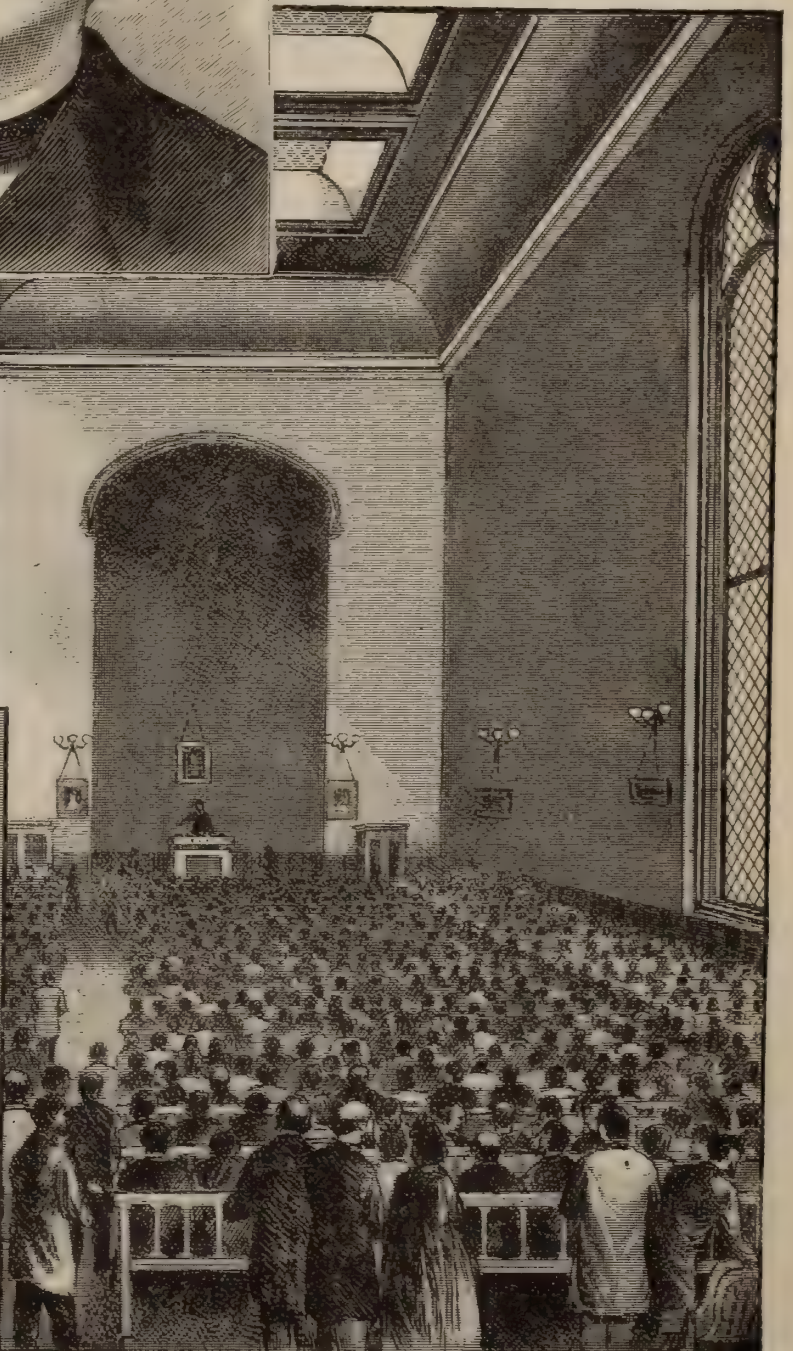
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Mr. J. C. Lanphier, Founder of the Fulton Street Daily Prayer-Meeting—The Old North Dutch Church—The Solitary Half-Hour of the First Meeting—The Present Daily Meeting.

MR. J. C. LANPHIER.

Founder of the Fulton Street Daily Prayer-Meeting. The Famous Noon Meeting—The Old North Dutch Church in New York—A Missionary Needed—The Man Chosen—Mr. Lanphier's Active Life—Gives up Business for Mission Work—His Qualifications—Discouragements, and their Remedy—Success of his Labor—Growing Reliance on God in Prayer—His Idea of a Weekly Noon Meeting—The Experiment Tried—A Half-Hour of Solitude—Three Meetings—A Demand for a Daily Meeting—Thirty-one Years of Daily Prayer—A Few Notable Answers.

THE fame of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting has gone into all the earth. Wherever Christ has His people, and wherever men take an intelligent interest in religious events, the Daily noon Prayer-Meeting in Fulton Street, New York, is familiarly spoken of. It would appear that in a day when, not only blaspheming infidels, but staid men of science, to whom the world has been accustomed to pay respectful attention, have assailed the belief in the power of prayer, God Himself has interfered for the support of the faith of His people, by establishing a conspicuous evidence of His faithfulness. The records of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, which have been carefully preserved by its founder, and which we have been privileged to examine, furnish convincing proof, if that were needed, that God does answer prayer. Isolated cases are often set aside by scoffers as mere coincidences, but there is no "doctrine of chances" which can explain the large number of coincidences recorded in this history. If they appeared in a scientific investigation, the scientist would recognize them as *results*, and would feel compelled to look for their cause. Taking the records in his hand, the Christian meets the scientist, who tells him that the laws of nature are never suspended at the request of individuals, and that God, if there be a God, is not moved by prayer; and he points his antagonist with one hand to the promise in God's Word, and with the other hand, to the facts of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, as irrefragable proof that, in spite of scientific theory, prayer is a mighty power.

The Origin of the Meeting

has often been described. In June, 1857, the North Reformed Dutch Church of New York, assembling in the building depicted in the *upper panel on the left of the illustration on the first page*, became concerned about the neglected condition of the masses living around its site at the corner of Fulton and William streets, New York. A committee was formed to seek out and employ some suitable person to visit the families in the vicinity and invite them to attend the services, and to get the children to come to the Sunday-school. The committee set to work with alacrity, and by the first day of July were able to report that they had found exactly the man for the work. He was engaged, and the opinion of the committee was speedily justified by the results. He visited the boarding-houses which at that time abounded in the neighborhood and not only urged the proprietors to come to the church, but induced them to hang up a card in the dining-room, inviting the guests to come, and designating by its number a pew in the church especially set apart for that particular boarding-house. At the hotels, cards were given to the employees, to be placed in the rooms of transient or permanent guests, inscribed with earnest and cordial invitations. Besides this the private houses, tenement houses, and every habitation was visited systematically with the same object. The result was soon apparent in the increase of attendance and a corresponding revival of interest both in the church and Sunday-school. Evidently the committee had been guided to the right man for the work. That man's name is now known the world over—Mr. J. C. Lanphier.

The Founder

of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, whose portrait appears on the first page. Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier, was born in Coxsackie, N. Y., in 1809,

and therefore is this year *eighty years of age*. He came to New York about the year 1838, to engage in mercantile pursuits. Four years later he made a public profession of faith at the Broadway Tabernacle, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. E. W. Andrews. Some years later he was transferred to the Presbyterian church under the ministry of the Rev. James W. Alexander D. D. While continuing his business work, he was active in Christ's cause, and became known through the city as one of the most unassuming but energetic laymen in the Christian Church. Ministers were coming upon his tracks everywhere, and though they saw little of him personally, heard of him continually in their visits to the poor and sick. It was not difficult, therefore, when the committee of the North Dutch Church wanted a missionary, to recommend a suitable man. If Mr. Lanphier, could be induced to leave his business, no better man could be found. Mr. Lanphier considered the invitation, saw in the opportunity offered him a higher and better life than business could ever give him, and accepted, cheerfully resigning the prospects of a large fortune, which he might at that time have reasonably hoped to attain, that he might devote all his time to Christ's service.

The Missionary's Appearance

inspired confidence at the outset. Tall, dignified in bearing, courteous, a pleasant face, an affectionate manner, cheerful, and possessing plenty of tact, a musical voice well-trained in singing, he was a welcome guest in any house. He had an aptitude for getting acquainted with strangers, was not easily offended, gentle and persuasive in conversation; men, women, and children were instinctively drawn to him at first sight, and soon grew to love him, whatever might be their attitude toward religion. With all these qualifications for his work, in spite of the success which God gave him, he necessarily met with many discouragements. Sometimes, coming from his visits his heart sank, his faith faltered, and his hopes withered. But the earnest worker knew where to trim his lamp. He knew of Him who "giveth more grace." In the room in the old Consistory building set apart for his use, he regained strength and courage. Going in and "shutting to the door," he communed with Him who is invisible, and renewed his strength.

His experience opened up to him increased and ever increasing confidence in the power of prayer. He longed for others to enjoy it with him, and to learn as he had learned its blessedness. His visits through the busy districts of his parish had suggested to him the thought that a short prayer-meeting in the temporary cessation of work in the middle of the day would attract some who were unable to attend an evening meeting. The merchant could spare a few minutes at that time. The Christian clerk, with an hour for dinner, could snatch a quarter of it, anyway, to join in prayer and praise. Carmen, porters, and day laborers were at liberty, and some might gain needed help and strength in their daily struggle by coming. Mr. Lanphier spoke about it to the Consistory, and though they were not so sanguine as he, permission was given. A daily meeting was not thought of then, but perhaps once a week a company might be gathered.

The First Meeting

was called for September 23, 1857. Some effort and trouble had been taken to make the meeting known. A handbill was circulated, stating that "A day prayer-meeting is held every Wednesday, from 12 to 1 o'clock, in the Consistory Building, in the rear of the North Dutch Church, corner of Fulton and William streets. This meeting is intended to give merchants, mechanics, clerks, strangers, and business men generally an opportunity to stop and call upon God amid the daily perplexities incident to their respective avocations. It will continue for one hour; but it is also designed for those who may find it inconvenient to remain more than five or ten minutes, as well as for those who can spare

the whole hour. The necessary interruption will be slight, because anticipated; and those who are in haste can often expedite their business engagements by halting to lift up their hearts and voices to the throne of grace in humble, grateful prayer." The handbills were freely scattered, and at noon the door of the room was thrown open. Mr. Lanphier seated himself at the table and waited. A few years afterward, when the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting was a familiar name in the Christian households on both sides the Atlantic, a photograph was taken of the room, exactly as it was furnished at the first meeting, and from that photograph the illustration in the *lower panel on the left of the frontispiece* is taken.

It was a trial of faith for Mr. Lanphier. Minute after minute passed, and no one came to join him in supplication. Half an hour passed, and then there was a footstep on the stairs. One man entered, and during the following half-hour four more dropped in. On the next Wednesday there were twenty present, and on the following Wednesday the number had increased to forty. Thus encouraged, Mr. Lanphier suggested to the Consistory that the meeting be held every day. Permission was given, but before he could announce it at the meeting, one of the persons present rose, and presented a request that the meeting should become daily, and a resolution to that effect was passed unanimously. From that day to this there has been no break. The meeting was transferred, as the numbers grew, to a more commodious room on the ground floor (*a picture of which as it may be seen at noon on any business-day occupies the right of the first page illustration*). Over thirty-one years have glided by, the church has been pulled down to meet the growth of the city, but the old room still stands, and daily men have come together at the appointed hour to call upon God. Sometimes it has been in seasons of national trouble, as during the war; sometimes in business crises, as in the decennial panics, but always, and with ever-growing confidence men have assembled to lay before God their trials and perplexities and seek His aid.

How it is Conducted.

thousands know by experience. Mr. Lanphier, with the organizing and penetrative faculty which characterizes him, early found that it was possible to throw "a wet blanket" on the meeting. Good but indiscreet brethren would preach, would indulge in "vain repetitions," would monopolize the time, and rules had to be established and observed. Ten minutes were allotted for opening the meeting with singing and reading a passage of Scripture. A pile of letters on the table, sent from all parts of the world, have previously been opened and their contents summarized. The chairman reads that a son in North Carolina asks prayer for the conversion of his friend. That a father in Vermont asks prayer for the reclamation of his wandering son. That a pastor of a dead and cold church wants the meeting to pray for the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, etc., etc. One and another rises in the meeting to present special requests. Prayers limited to five minutes follow, until a quarter of 1. Then a few words from the chairman touching on various requests, mentioning letters received containing grateful acknowledgment of answers received to prayers asked at former meetings. Then a hymn, the benediction, and the meeting separates for another twenty-four hours.

Notable Answers to Prayer,

if they were all recorded, as they have been reported during the thirty-one years, would multiply books almost to the extent that John supposed that a full report of the words of his Lord would have done. Many books have been written, but not a tenth can be known. A very few taken at random from the multitude may be accepted as specimens of the whole. On one occasion the old room was beautifully decorated with hot-house flowers. Mr. Lanphier explained the unusual appearance. He said that six years before he had found an intoxicat-

ed man in a corner of the room. It was necessary to remove him then, but he was looked after and brought to the meeting again. Prayer was offered for his conversion. It was answered. The man became the superintendent of a great public institution. Friends knowing his love for flowers, and his skill in their nurture, and desiring to give him a testimonial, built a large hot-house for him. On the sixth anniversary of the day when God guided his staggering footsteps to the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, the rescued man had decorated the walls with fragrant tokens of his gratitude.

An Infidel Lawyer

received an invitation to attend the meeting. Fifteen years afterward, when he was himself conducting the meeting, he said, "My first impulse was to reject the invitation, but after a moment's reflection I concluded to go. I went to the meeting again and again for several weeks, with feelings of deep distress constantly increasing, when, in an unexpected moment, Christ revealed Himself to me as my friend and Saviour. Ever since then I have felt a constant realization of the prophet's declaration, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' Every day Christ has become more precious to my soul and my trust is in Him."

The Conversion of Two Sons

was described, one day at the meeting, by a plain hard-working man who came from Syracuse to tell the story for the encouragement of others. He said that a widow with two sons, young married men, the heads of families, came to him in deep distress. Years of prayer had gone by and no change had taken place in them. She begged him to write a statement of the case and send it to the Fulton Street-Prayer Meeting, and beg those attending, to join with her in pleading for her impenitent sons. He complied. "I kept track of that request," the speaker said, "and knew the very day on which it was presented here. These men lived twelve miles apart, and knew nothing of the request being sent here. But now mark what followed. Those two men, on the same day, at night, established family prayer unknown to each other, and thus commenced their religious life. Confession of faith soon followed, and those two men are now faithful and devoted Christians. I know them both intimately."

Another man rose and said, "In looking over the early books of this meeting, containing requests for prayer, I noticed one for a *boy twelve years of age*. I was that little boy, but it is not till lately that I came out as a decided Christian." "Four years ago," said another speaker, "I asked your prayers in behalf of a young lady sick with consumption. Her case had been pronounced hopeless by eminent physicians; but, as I fully believe, in answer to your prayers, her health has been completely restored."

A Dilapidated Man,

evidently partly intoxicated, heard the singing in the meeting, and crept up near the door. He was invited in. "Do you let such a wretched creature as I in?" he said. "Oh yes! come, and welcome." He went in, and after a time rose and asked the people to pray for him, if they thought he was not too far gone. He lodged in a wretched den in Water Street, but that night he preferred getting away from the noise and blasphemy, and slept on a stoop somewhere in the streets. He prayed there, and God heard him and forgave his sins through Christ. It was in the summer, and he went as soon as the sun rose into one of the public parks and sat down and read the Testament which Mr. Lanhier had given him. A gentleman passing noticed the wretched-looking object, saw what book he was reading, and asked him where he got it. The man told him, told him of his shame and sin, and of the change that had come over him in the night. "Come to my store," said the stranger, giving him his card; "I'll give you a chance." The man went, was started with a decent suit of clothes, and there never was a more faithful, zealous worker or more sincere Christian than he proved to be.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Crossing a Bridge of Rocks.—Mr. Thomson said: "I remember a violent storm that ravaged the east coast of Scotland. All the fishing-boats scudded before it. A number of them made for the harbor, but before they could get safely into it they had to cross a terrible ridge of rocks, they being in some places up to the surface, while the water outside the bar was five fathoms, and inside twenty-two fathoms. The brave fellows knew their danger, and employed all their skill to surmount it. Some of the boats went down, and many brave lives were lost. My brother was among those boats off the bar that terrible night. As they approached they lashed each other to the boat so that they might not be carried overboard. Nearer and nearer they came. They could hear the roar of the waters, and see the waves—then they were rushed into the midst of it. For five minutes they could not tell whether they were sinking or not. The water poured over them in floods, but none were lost. Then the boat steadied itself and went easier, and looking back they saw they had crossed the bar and were safe. Many of us can remember the time when we crossed the bar that brought us from the tossing and stormy sea of sin into the safety of the Harbor, Christ Jesus, and we rejoice."

Jim Transforms.—Mr. Fuller was the friend of the city arabs, who earned a precarious living by the sale of papers, etc. One of these youths was known by the name of "Dirty Jim," partly from his appearance and partly from some rhymes under that title which he could recite. He was the son of a drunken father. The boy earnestly begged Mr. Fuller to get him some employment, and, as the first step towards doing so, and at the same time in hope of appealing to the better feelings of his degraded parent, Mr. Fuller cleansed him, got a lady to furnish him with clothing, and himself made him a handsome suit of navy blue. In this transformed condition he then got him to recite a new piece at a meeting in the hall at which the father was present. The latter scarcely recognized his boy in his altered dress, and was charmed with the change. Alas! however, a few days afterwards Mr. Fuller met him in the act of taking the new suit to the pawnshop in order to buy liquor. Not discouraged, Mr. Fuller got the boy on board a training ship, and from thence he passed into the navy. Some years afterwards, as the writer and his wife were sitting at home together, a fine, manly lad, dressed as a sailor, called on them. It was "Dirty Jim," now a thriving, good-looking young man, clean in appearance, correct in principles, and having a goodly sum in the savings bank.

An Atheistic Medical Student Converted.—Mr. H. Hamilton related: "I know a young man, now an earnest worker for Christ, who at one time bade fair to be an energetic worker for Satan. He was a medical student, and, unfortunately, a number of his friends, both at college and at home, had learned to mock at the Bible. There was no such charm for them as to get a Christian into their midst and shock him by abusing that which he held most sacred. At that time this young man was strictly moral; though his companions might drink or otherwise misconduct themselves, he would not. 'No,' he said, 'it did not pay. In order to get on, one had to keep a firm hold on the bridle.' This young man had a praying mother, but she died, and it seemed as if her prayers for her boy were not to be answered. A young lady friend, with whom he was intimate, also prayed for him. In all the vainglory of infidelity he had told her one evening he did not wish to be a Christian, but she quietly replied, 'I will pray for you.' From that time he began to think, 'Well, there might be after all an eternity, and truth in Christianity. If so, I should like to be with my mother.' It softened his heart. Just at that time a clergyman invited him to breakfast. He went, and over the breakfast-table the minister strove to point him to Christ, and the

youth, despite his arrogant disputatiousness, promised that when he did come to Christ he would let him know. About a week after the minister received a visit from the young man, who had come to tell him that he had accepted Christ. Ten minutes before, when walking on the street, he had resolved to put away his doubts and his reasonings and come to Christ as a poor, lost sinner, who needed rest. 'As such he came, as such he was received; brought thus by the Holy Spirit in answer to the prayers of a mother and two friends.'

An Old Gaol-Bird Converted.—The Rev. Mr. McDonald remarks: "I was once preaching in a country district in which lived a notorious criminal. He was the terror of the whole neighborhood; his poaching and drinking exploits were spoken of with bated breath; none cared to oppose him, and most respectable people would rather cross to the opposite side of the street than pass him too closely. He had been in prison forty times, and from his mode of behavior seemed likely to end his days there. Once I was surprised to see him walk into the place where I was preaching. I looked at him. He was the same man, there could be no doubt, yet there was an indescribable something about him altogether strange. He looked another person. I said, 'There is a great change in you to-day; what is it?' 'I am saved,' was all he solemnly replied. And as he turned away I thought, 'Yes, God had saved the Manasseh of our village; the chief, the most open sinner, had come to Christ, and openly avowed it.' From that time forward he wrought as strenuously for God as he had wrought against Him."

Saved by a Girl From the Wreck.—The Rev. McLauchlan observes: "I once visited a ship just before it took its last voyage. It had returned to Glasgow after a rapid and prosperous voyage, and was once again leaving Great Britain; but when just off the coast it ran upon a rock during the night, and went down almost immediately. Their signals of distress, however, had been heard, and the peasants of the neighborhood had gathered upon the shore to see if they could be of any use in rescuing the perishing. When day broke they could see here and there masses of wreckage, but nothing more. One girl observing some tangled spars near the rocks, thought that there might be some poor creature clinging there, and too weak even to cry for help. She clambered up the rocks, and looking down she was almost certain she saw some object like a human being. Quickly she went towards the place, followed by one or two companions, and going into the water discovered two men, quite unconscious. Grasping them by the hair, one in each hand, she essayed to return, but was unable, and she felt herself being overpowered by the sea. All three were almost lost, when her sisters on the shore joined hands, and one remaining on land, the others extended themselves in a chain into the sea, and catching hold of the struggling party, all got safely ashore. Though the men were far gone, there was still life in them, and while many strove to revive them, this same intrepid girl again ventured into the wreckage, and succeeded in bringing out two other poor fellows who lay there benumbed. What courage and devotion that brave rescuer manifested that she might save her fellow-creatures from danger! Should it not be a lesson to us, as Christians, to be as earnest in bringing the souls of our fellow-creatures into safety?"

The Christian Herald Binder.—Numerous applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of one dollar. We have also a cheaper binder, with lace instead of steel fastenings, for 50 cents, postage paid. Subscribers in Canada ordering the binders are, we believe, required to pay customs-duty upon them.

THE MARCH HOMEWARD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning, January 20, 1889.

"Pursue; for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all." 1 Sam. 30:8.

The Departure of the Army—Defenceless Ones Left Behind—The Devastated Village—Pursuit and Surprise—Triumphant Return—Division of the Spoils—Desolated Homes in Our Time—Flowers Needed for a Coffin—A Dead Minister's Obsequies—How to Recover Companionship With Dead Loved Ones—I. Travel the Same Way—A Troubled Path—Why Old Faces are Wrinkled—II. Battle for the Prize—The Reward Worth the Struggle—The Beckoning Hands—The Fainting at the Brook of Tears—The Bruised Reed Unbroken—A Dying Kentucky Minister.

THERE is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding goodbye to their families, and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenceless ones will be left until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenceless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors, until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved, and kisses thrown, until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get

Through With Their Campaign,

and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack, than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife, and the shout of the child. Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families, of how they dodged the battle-axe! and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half-healed wound. With glad, quick step they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turn pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas! the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village, and carried the mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping; for when

A Strong Warrior Weeps,

the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David inquires of the Lord what he shall do, and receives the reply: "Pursue: for thou shalt overtake them, and, without fail, recover all." He swings his sword high in air, and the march becomes a "double-quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there; but the other four hundred men under David, with a sort of panther step march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half-dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him, and compel him to tell the whole story. He says: "Yonder they went, the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye four hundred brave men!

Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, under an Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer and cheer over their victory. But without note of bugle or warning of trumpet David and his four hundred men burst upon the scene, suddenly as Robert Bruce hurled his Scotchmen upon the revelers at Bannockburn. David and his men look up; seeing their loved ones in captivity, under Amalekitish guard, throws them into a very fury of determination—for you know

how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind. Amidst the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed under foot, the wounded Amalekites lie (their blood mingling with their wine) shrieking for mercy. No sooner do

David and His Men Win

the victory, than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amidst a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now, after so long an absence; but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites, and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish!

Now they are coming home—David and his men and their families—

A Long Procession,

men, women, and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where stayed the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely, the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for this pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said: "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary, and have his family on the step to greet him, if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters, and there are

Amalekitish Diseases,

that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families in my congregation whose homes have been broken up. No battering-ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amidst the curtains; but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fevers, or pleurisies, or consumptions, or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family, and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping, and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes!

Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or rail-car and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door-bell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekitish Death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amidst

the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington, and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for, into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead! I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is

The Predominant Color

of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron, or brown, or violet? Oh, no! You say: "The world is not so bright to us as it once was"; and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loveliness, you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

In Ulster County, New York, the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour.

The Dead Minister

of Christ is brought to another village. He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed with messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the door of a sepulchre! Ziklag in ashes!

I preach this sermon to-day because I want to rally you as David rallied his men, for

The Recovery of the Loved

and the lost. I want not only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. I have on other Sabbaths used other inducements. I mean, to-day, for the sake of variety, hoping to reach your heart, to try another kind of inducement. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may, and to tell you how.

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory you

Must Travel the Same Way

they went. No sooner had the half-dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented; we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now that they are gone, there is a halo around their names;

but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone, some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus, they would have all perished; but Christ confronted them, and said, "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was

A Troubled Path,

and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off, they said: "Oh, we are so tired: we are so sick: we are so hungry!" But the men who had charge of them said: "Stop this crying. Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They had to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to struggle! how their old hearts ached! how sometimes they had a tussle for bread! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the raven of trouble.

Did you never hear the old people, seated by the evening stand, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour-barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home-circle? Oh, yes! it was trouble that whitened their hair. It was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the lustre from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you never remember seeing your old mother sitting, on some rainy day, looking out of the window, her elbow on the window-sill, her hand to her brow—looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all (you well knew she was looking into the distant past), until the apron came up to her eyes, because the memory was too much for her?

"Off the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak

"But this scene of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again."

"Who are these under the altar?" the question was asked; and the response came: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also

Have to Battle

for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with tenfold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it! Everything depends upon it! Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword! We must win it!" And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed, there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world,

war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David.

And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement? Look! who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle, or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brows more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheek roseate with the health of eternal summer, their

Hands Beckoning You

up the steep, their feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their face, never more to be sick, never more to cough, never more to limp, never more to be old, never more to weep. They are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much farther on toward that heavenly reunion.

If this morning, while I speak, you could hear the cannonade of a foreign navy, coming through the "Narrows," which was to despoil our city, and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield, or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out; and we would urge on, and, coming in front of the foe, we would look at them, and then look at our families, and the cry would be:

"Victory or Death!"

and when the ammunition was gone, we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet, or under the breech of the gun. If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes! we must join them. We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived, and found him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were, and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware; they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living? are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes,

They are Living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I

have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those two hundred men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore; their head ached; their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that, they were broken-hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag, in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them. He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least two hundred who have

Fainted by the Brook

Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step further, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David, and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe: "All things work together for good, to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls, made out of crystallized tears; "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy. Bathe your brows at the wells of salvation. Soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from the trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off, oh, broken-hearted man, oh, broken-hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor!

A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument; so I will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed, and I will play music on that." But God says He will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed He will not break." As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease,

You Want Divine Nursing,

and it is promised you: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." God will see you all the way through, oh troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson says that in April Besor dries up, and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying, in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate, and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the death-bed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way; not because I am a good man, for I am not; I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner; but I have an Almighty Saviour, and both of His arms are around me."

May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land, and entered the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love; and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

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A LOST BROTHER FOUND.

"I BELONG to a family from which a brother strayed away fifteen years ago," said a man at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. "We thought he might be in California, but could hear nothing from him. We advertised largely, and sent letters in every direction. One day a member of our family was here in this meeting. Requests were read for the sorrowing, the afflicted, the unconverted, the erring, and the lost. The thought was suggested, Why not send a request for our absent brother? With much doubt and trembling the request was written. The next day I was seated among the crowd of worshippers at this famous meeting. I had been a professor of religion many years; but I never before was so affected by a song of praise. The Scripture read went to my heart; it seemed fitted to my case. I melted under the prayers. I trembled from head to foot when the leader took up a bundle of papers, and began to read the requests. Oh, how my heart throbbed when he said, 'Will some one pray for this afflicted family, that the lost brother may be restored to it?' I turned from the sanctuary, saying, in the fullness of my heart, 'How dreadful is this place! It is none other than the House of God, and the gate of Heaven.' In a short time, and in a very extraordinary manner we heard from our lost brother. Better than all, he was a new man in Christ Jesus. We are now a family happily united, as we believe, in answer to prayer. I now come to return thanksgiving to the Lord for His great mercy to our household."

A NEW ZEALANDER'S STRUGGLE.

THE following incident related in Dr. Cullis's *Times of Refreshing* illustrates the power of Christ over the natural resentments of the heart: We have a fine example from the South Seas, of the most recent date. Shortly before his visit to England, the missionary, Mr. Taylor, assembled the New Zealanders who had become believers through his means. The religious farewell service, held in the closely packed church, closed with the communion of the Lord's Supper. When the first row were kneeling in a semicircle round the table of the Lord, a man suddenly rose and went back through the whole length of the church to his seat. After some time he returned and partook of the bread and wine. After the close of the service the missionary questioned the islander respecting his singular behavior, and received the following answer: "When I approached the table I did not know beside whom I should have to kneel. Then I suddenly saw that I was beside the man who, some years ago, slew my father and drank his blood, and whom I then swore I would kill the first time that I should see him. Now, think what I felt when I suddenly knelt beside him! It came upon me with terrible power, and I could not prevent it, and so I went back to my seat. Arrived there I saw, in the spirit, the upper sanctuary, and seemed to hear a voice: 'Thereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' That made a deep impression upon me, and at the same time I thought that I saw another sight—a cross, and a Man nailed thereon—and I heard Him say, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Then I went back to the table."

A LETTER FROM DR. SUMMERS.

LIKE a voice from the dead, a letter was received recently by Dr. Dowkontt from his dearly loved friend and pupil, Dr. Summers, whose death has been reported by telegraph, and whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on November 29, 1888. It was dispatched from his field of labor in Central Africa, on March 30, 1888, and has only just arrived. In his letter he says he had received only two days before a letter from Dr. Dowkontt, dated August, 1886. He had been twenty months and no word from a living soul, outside of those by whom he was surrounded—no wonder that he felt, as he says, almost heart-broken and forsaken. A few days before, he was lying sick in bed with burning

fever, and no kind hand to minister, nor any refreshing, cooling draught, until one of his grateful patients, a Portuguese officer, brought a little pot of jam, a jar of Liebig, and some canned pears. This was a delicious feast, and helped him much, he says, but he had had a much richer feast that same day from another hand, and had proved the truth and meaning of the promise, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you."

While lying in terrible suffering from fever and pain, the Doctor says: "While I felt heart-broken and forsaken, and ready only to die, Jesus Himself drew near, and said, 'I will never leave thee;' 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world,' and I fairly cried for joy, but my poor negro boy could not understand it, and thought I was in pain."

"He who would get pearls," says Dr. Dowkontt, "must go down into the depths of the sea for them; and he who would see stars, into the depths of the earth; but not more true is it than that he who would know much of the Divine personal presence must be in prison with Joseph, Peter, or Paul—fettered by the chain of adverse circumstances—or in the fiery furnace with the three Hebrew children."

"But it is just here that the Christian is compensated for trial and tribulation, even by the presence and voice of the Lord."

HOW A PLEDGE WAS TAKEN.

A YOUNG man, in a good business, was addicted to intemperance. He felt a strange drawing toward the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. He came in contact with Mr. Lanphier, who urged him to sign the pledge. "You must do it on your knees," he said; "give your heart to Christ, and He will take away the love of the intoxicating cup." Kneeling in the place of prayer, all alone with his friend, all at once a change came over him. "My appetite for drink is gone," he said; "I never felt in my life as I do now." "I think you are a converted man," was the reply; "praise the Lord." So it proved. He united with a Christian church, and became an earnest worker. His business interfered with mission work, and he resolved to throw up his position and go out and labor among the lowly. He made a full and entire consecration of himself to the service of God. He is one of the noblest workers in the city, and for over five years he has worked in the mission field; during all that time he has given clear evidence of a complete consecration to Christ.

A RESOLUTE GIRL.

A GENTLEMAN said that speaking to a girl visiting at his house, on the subject of religion, he was answered: "I don't want you to talk to me on religion, and I don't want to be a Christian." "She turned from me," he continued, "and being a resolute girl, I knew that further conversation was then useless. The next morning she was entirely changed in temper and spirit. She said to me: 'I resolved last night to give my heart to the Saviour, and I yielded to Him all that I have to give.' Six months afterward she was again at my house, a cheerful and happy Christian. She said to me: 'Do you remember my refusal to talk with you on the subject of religion? Well, I meant what I said. A change came over me as I entered my chamber, and I could not account for it. About a week ago I learned that on that very day my brother asked prayers for me in the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and I believe my change was in answer to that prayer.'"

A SECRET VOW PAID.

THE following incident communicated to a Chicago journal by one of its correspondents shows how a true Christian honors the vows made in a time of sorrow and anxiety: Some years ago a successful doctor was stricken before he had reached middle life, and was dying. He was not a Christian, and his wife, who was a devoted one, was in great grief. She went alone to her God and wrestled for him, as one does for the dying, whom they cannot let go without

the assurance of their salvation. She asked more than life, natural life. She pleaded that she might find him when her time came, beside the river of the water of life, saved from the power, the love and guilt of sin, through the merits of his Saviour. He did not linger long, but accepted for himself this great salvation, and sealed it by partaking, with his wife, on his bed of death, of that supper when they together met, for the first time, their common Lord and Saviour.

The sting of death had passed for her, for the shadow of her life was changed to joyous certainty. Her children, two daughters and a son, grew up to bless and comfort her. While the young ladies were still at home, during a temporary absence of their mother, a young man, a minister, who was going out as a missionary, came to spend a Sabbath in F. Monday morning he said to the pastor, "I am looking for a young lady willing to go out with me in this work, and would like to be introduced to the Christian young ladies in your congregation, if you are quite willing to do so."

Among other places they called at Mrs. B.'s, finding the daughter at home. Upon leaving, the young man said to his friend, "I don't care to go farther until I have seen Miss B. again." He called again, and made known his wishes to the young lady, who responded as readily as Rebekah of old. The mother was speedily informed. Reading the letter, she burst into tears, saying, "The Lord has come to claim my promise; I must go and make her ready." Then her friends learned for the first time that, when pleading for her husband's salvation, she consecrated one of her children to the entire service of her Lord. Through all these years it had been a secret between herself and her God; and as Abraham took Isaac to the sacrifice in command, so she joyfully hastened to make her eldest daughter ready to go to the island of Singapore.

AN EVANGELIZING BLACKSMITH.

A STRANGE story of the transformation of a village through the blessing of God on the preaching of a blacksmith in Eastern Turkey, is told by Mr. Browne in a letter to the *Missionary Herald*. He has recently made a tour through outlying districts from his station at Harpoot, and in the course of his journey came to Char-nakji, of which place he writes:

"A few years ago, on a tour, we were attracted to this fair and large Armenian village, but we were speedily disenchanted on entering it, by being rudely expelled, and refused even a night's shelter. Since then no attempt has been made by us to introduce the gospel. Yet how different this visit! Far outside the village I was greeted, and conducted to my stopping-place; and I was welcomed and feasted, and forced to hold an almost continuous meeting all that day and evening. Let me condense the story of Sahag, the blacksmith, which shows us the secret of this contrast. 'For one long year after I moved my family here, the villagers used every means in their power to drive us away, convinced, as some said, if these Protestants once get a foothold here they'll turn our village upside down. Finally I succeeded in hiring this place, with its two rooms, of which, you see, one is my shop, the other my kitchen, and this I secured only by the kind offices of the government. For the two years following, the entire village boycotted me, not a person spoke to me; and had it not been for the surrounding Koordish villagers I should have been starved out. We are now three Protestant families. Armenians now often attend our Sabbath meeting here in my shop, and they are beginning to ask us why we do not build a chapel and have a preacher, so they can understand our religion.' 'Such is the working of the leaven in this mountain village, the fruit of that love that hopeth all things, endureth all things. I slept that night with my head touching this good brother's anvil and my feet his furnace, and I thought, as I dropped off to sleep, both were excellent types of two elements of his piety. A

long row of fowls nearly over my head roused me long before dawn, but I found the sturdy blacksmith up and waiting to have one more strengthening talk ere he should send me on my way."

THE MISSING ONES.

By J. W.*

ONE summer evening, for a part of our family worship, I read the fourth chapter of 1 Thess. Before retiring to rest, I seated myself on my easy-chair, and mused on the last few verses of the chapter, and as I mused, I fell into a deep sleep, and had a most wonderful dream. My mind seemed to be clear and distinct, and my intellectual faculties stronger and brighter than in my wakeful condition.

I thought I had awakened in the morning, and was somewhat surprised to find that my wife was not beside me as usual. Supposing, however, that her absence was but temporary, I waited, expecting her speedy return to our chamber; but after the lapse of what I considered a reasonable time, as she did not make her appearance, I arose and dressed.

My wife's apparel was where she had placed it on retiring, and I felt confident she was somewhere about the house. So I went to my daughter Julia's room, thinking she might know the whereabouts of her mother; but after knocking several times without response, I entered and found that she also was missing.

"Strange, Passing Strange!"

said I to myself; "where can they both be?" Then I went to the room of our son Frank, and found him up and already dressed, which was something quite unusual for him at an hour so early. He said he had passed a very restless night, and thought he might better get up. I told him of the absence of his mother and sister from their rooms, and requested him to look around and see if he could find them. In the meantime I hurriedly completed my toilet, and soon Frank returned and said the missing ones were nowhere to be found, and that every door leading outward was securely locked, as on the preceding evening. We were at our wits' end, and what to make of this strange occurrence we did not know. On again visiting Julia's room we found on a stand her well-marked open Bible. One prominent verse attracted my attention; it read, "Be ye also ready, for *in such an hour as ye think not*

The Son of Man Cometh."

This passage, my wife had always declared, referred to the coming of Christ for His saints, the redeemed Church, according to 1 Thess. 4: 14, 17, while I insisted that it meant only the preparation for death. But I am digressing. Frank and I concluded that, without waiting for breakfast, we should each take a different route, and visit some of our most intimate friends, in quest of our dear ones.

I first called on my wife's sister, Mrs. E., who, with her husband, were good, respectable people, members of a Christian Church, though rather worldly minded. After I had rung the bell several times, and waited somewhat impatiently, she appeared, and apologized for her dilatoriness by saying that she was "in a peck of trouble," and had to prepare breakfast herself, for her colored servant girl, whom she had always considered to be a real good Christian, had played her a mean trick. "She had gone off somewhere, without even putting the kettle on the range, or saying a word to any of us. But what puzzles us to know is, how she got out of the house, for the doors are all locked and the keys inside, just as we left them last evening on our return from Mrs. B.'s progressive euchre party."

"Indeed," said I, "it is exceedingly strange," and then I explained to her the object of my morning visit. When she heard of

The Mysterious Absence

of my wife and Julia, she became so very nervous that I was glad to change the subject by saying that, as I had not yet breakfasted, I

would join them in their morning repast. When her husband heard my story he treated it with a good deal of levity, and declared that my wife was only playing me a practical joke, to induce me to rise earlier in the morning. He was sure the missing ones had secreted themselves somewhere about the house, and when I returned home I would find them all right.

As we seated ourselves at the table, Mrs. E. said we would have to take coffee without milk, as her milkman, who had heretofore been very reliable, had failed to make his appearance.

Presently the door-bell rang, and Frank entered in a state of great nervous excitement, saying he had been all over inquiring for his mother, and that, in almost every house he found trouble similar to our own. Almost every family was anxiously

Searching for Missing Ones.

He had just come from our home where he found the servant girl alone, but much agitated in consequence of the numerous calls she had had to answer about missing friends. He also stated that the streets were thronged with excited people, hurrying to and fro, many of them weeping bitterly. At this announcement, Mr. E. showed evident signs of alarm, and related a conversation he had held yesterday with a friend, whose religious ideas he looked upon as quite heretical.

His friend insisted that a vast majority of church members, in these days, were but nominal Christians, "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and that the love of the masses for religious things had reached a very low ebb. "My friend also assured me," said Mr. E., "that the Scriptures clearly taught that, when the elect number of Christ's Church would be completed, Christ would come as unexpectedly as a thief in the night, and call His saints, both dead and alive, to meet Him in the air. The transformation would be effected in the twinkling of an eye; and although the *call* would be made with a shout and the sound of a trumpet, yet none would hear it but those for whom it was intended. Then would be realized the import of Christ's words, 'Then shall two be in the field, one shall be taken and the other left; two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, and the other left.' I fear that time has *now* come, and, sad to say, we are among the *left* ones."

Now as the morning was far advanced, it was suggested that we go down to our business places. Frank had already gone to his office, and I, with a heavy heart, wended my way along the avenue among an unusual throng of men and women, whose faces betokened

Intense Sorrow.

In the business parts of the city I observed that many stores were closed, and those that were open did not appear to be doing any business. Every saloon that I passed was open, as usual, with groups of men outside, apparently engaged in serious discussion. As I passed by the City Hall, there was no perceptible diminution of the usual crowd of political "hangers on" around the building.

When I reached my own store, I found that my book-keeper, and the faithful old porter who had served me so many years, had not yet put in an appearance. My two other clerks were on hand, doing nothing; nor did I feel like asking them to do anything.

Yesterday I agreed to sell to a worthy mechanic a small piece of land which I owned in the outskirts of the city, and had an appointment to meet him at my lawyer's office to sign the contract, but he failed to come, and I presumed he also had joined the absent ones. I then went to the Chamber of Commerce, and found the largest gathering of merchants that I had seen there in many months. Instead of the lively, noisy bustle of buying and selling, and of clerks and messenger boys running to and fro, there was a solemn gloom pervading the whole assembly. By unanimous consent, and in consequence of the great calamity that had overtaken the community, it was voted that

"three days grace be allowed on all contracts falling due this day." I will not attempt to set forth any of the reasons and speculations that were advanced as to the cause of our present troubles, but all agreed that the visitation was a supernatural one, and that in some way we who were left on earth were blamable for it.

In the evening mostly every church in the city was open, with overflowing congregations. Everybody was anxious to know the cause and

Meaning of the "Great Visitation,"

and to learn how lost hopes might be regained. Many of the pastors had gone with the missing ones, but some were present in their churches. All order of service was dispensed with, and noisy confusion prevailed; crimination and recrimination were bandied to and fro, between the pastors and the people, the latter asserting that, if the pastors had done their duty, and taught their flocks the plain truths of the Bible, instead of lulling them to sleep with philosophical and moral essays, they would not now be in their present sad condition. In my own church the pastor was present, with scores of persons whom I had but rarely seen at meetings.

The pastor was speaking when I entered the room, and was entreating the audience to endeavor to allay their feelings, while he would attempt to speak to them for a few minutes. Quiet being somewhat restored, he said, "This pastor's heart is bleeding at every pore in sympathy with his sorely afflicted people. The anguish which I experience at being, in a measure, the cause of our present unhappy condition, is indescribable. None of you can realize the

Keen Disappointment

I endure at this result of my labors. I am accused of having preached too much about the affairs of this life, and too little about the heavenly state, and the things to come; and of having kept you in ignorance of the imminency of the awful visitation which has manifested itself among us this day. In reply to all these accusations I can only say that I have taught you the same theology that was taught to me in college, and which I, in common with the great majority of our ministerial brethren, firmly believed to be the teaching of God's Word.

"But now I have to confess that I was sadly mistaken, for, after what has occurred, I cannot help believing that *God's Word means just what it says*. My pastoral labors, during all the time I have been with you, have been excessive, and in consequence, I have not been able to devote to the study of prophecy the time which a subject so deep and intricate demanded. I am glad, however, now to be able to say for your comfort that, since this morning I have made a prayerful examination of the Scriptures, as to our present condition, and find that we are yet in the place of hope."

Here a chorus of voices ejaculated, "Thank God for that!"

The pastor proceeded: "Although we have lost the glorious privilege of the raptured saints, salvation is yet ours, if we humbly and truly accept it. We may have to pass through greater trials and tribulations than the world has ever yet experienced ere we reach the Kingdom, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved. Now what is left for us is to reorganize our Church in the spirit of true holiness, to serve the Lord with all our heart and soul, and, according to His promise, He will pour out upon us such an abundant blessing that we will not be able to receive it."

Here the electric light suddenly went out, and there arose such fearful screams that I *sprang to my feet in terror—and—awoke!*

My wife, who was in an adjoining room, hearing my sudden uprising, hastened in to see what was the matter. Oh, how glad I was to see her, and to realize that my terrible experience in my easy-chair was only a dream. But the more I thought of it afterwards, the more solemn seemed the Scripture truths which it contained, and the more was I impressed with the importance of having our lamps trimmed and burning, ready to go out and meet the Bridegroom.

* From his article published in the *Episcopal Recorder*.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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WILL subscribers please understand that the fact of their continuing to receive the paper regularly through the mail is an intimation that their renewals have been received and credited to them on our books? It is not our custom to send receipts, the date on the label always being changed as soon after receipt of money as possible, to show the time the paper is paid to. Some subscribers who have renewed for 1889 may notice that the date on the address label has not yet been changed. This is unavoidable, owing to the large number of changes to be made; but it is being rectified as rapidly as possible. Any subscriber having renewed, and receiving a notice of expiry, may conclude it was mailed before his subscription was entered on the list, and need, therefore, pay no attention to the letter.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President has Sent to Congress a Report and correspondence about the German interference in the affairs of Samoa. It included an unequivocal letter from Commander Mullan, of the United States steamer *Nipsic*, severely censuring the German policy. The Commander states that from all he could learn from trustworthy and responsible American, English, and native citizens he is convinced that the Tamasese party is assisted by German subjects. Tamasese seems well supplied with arms and ammunition, while the other party is lacking in ammunition. The German men-of-war, Commander Mullan says, do all they can to aid Tamasese and discourage Malietoa. The Malietoa party outnumber by far that of Tamasese, and were not the former interfered with by the German element there is not a shadow of a doubt that at an early day the former party would be successful and set up its own Government at Apia. As long as the present state of affairs is allowed, however, it is his deliberate opinion that this internal war will last for some time to come, and may eventually end in placing Tamasese upon the throne, not through the choice of the Samoan people, but through German assistance. He is convinced that were German interference withdrawn the internal strife would cease, and the much needed foreign capital would flow in.

An Accession to Republican Strength in the United States Senate was gained on January 15, when Delaware for the first time elected a Republican Senator. Mr. Higgins, on whom this distinction has fallen, has long been a recognized leader of his party in the State. He was President Grant's United States District-Attorney for Delaware. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1868, and the next year he received the complimentary vote of his party for Senator, in opposition to Mr. Bayard. He took an active part in subsequent campaigns, and in 1884 he ran for Congress, polling a large vote, but not sufficient to secure his election. Mr. Higgins is forty-nine years of age.

The Notorious and Unblushing Bribery practiced at the recent election, has so stirred public indignation that a bill was introduced last week in the New York Legislature, with the ostensible object of checking the evil. As might be expected, it was so feeble and inadequate that it excites only ridicule. It requires candidates to file a statement of their expenses, and punishes a failure to do so by a fine of a thousand dollars and forfeiture of office. On its face the bill is unconstitutional, because a man elected by the people cannot be deprived of his office, but some recognition of the popular feeling was necessary, and this bill is probably considered sufficient for the purpose. The extent of the evil may be inferred from the fact that the Governor of New York, declared in his message that at least one hundred thousand dollars were expended in two districts of the State. No man in the State is more likely to

know than he, so the statement deserves credence. He also said that the election was "the most corrupt of any in the history of the country so far as the direct use of money was concerned in influencing the electors." He might have added that there never was more dealing or barter of votes by mixed tickets and otherwise. In other States, also, bribery was practiced, though probably not to so great an extent. It may be hoped that patriotic citizens, who cannot fail to perceive the danger to our institutions involved by this corrupt expenditure of money, will agitate and protest until a really effective preventive law is enacted by every Legislature in the country.

The Loss of Eight Lives by a Railroad Disaster occurred on January 14, near Akron, O. A west-bound freight train broke in two about five miles from that place, and before the rear section could be removed from the tracks an east-bound passenger train on the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio line ran into it. A brakeman had been detailed to flag any approaching train, but he was absent at the critical moment, having gone to the forward section in answer to a call that he believed was made from the locomotive. Almost immediately after the collision occurred, the passenger-cars were on fire from the overturned stoves. A scene of horror ensued, for some of the passengers were held by the broken seats, and were slowly roasted to death. The engineer of the passenger train, the fireman, the express messenger, and five passengers all lost their lives, and many other passengers were injured. The necessity of prohibiting railroad companies imperilling the lives of their passengers by stoves is emphasized by this holocaust.

The Result of the Inquiries on the Subject of restricting immigration, which were made in the chief cities last year by the Ford Committee, are embodied in a report on which a bill will probably be based. The chief recommendations of the committee are that all intending immigrants be compelled to give three months' notice of their intention to come to this country, and to submit to an examination by a United States consular agent as to their character, antecedents, and general fitness, upon the result of which will depend their admission to the United States. It is also recommended that provision be made for the return to their native country of immigrants who, after two years' residence in the United States, shall prove to be objectionable, and that the Government assume control of Castle Garden. A tax on immigrants is also to be suggested, but there are differences of opinion in the committee as to its amount. Some members believe it ought to be fixed as low as one dollar a head, while others would make it twenty-five dollars. A compromise on five dollars will probably be made.

The Parnell Commission Resumed its Sessions on January 15. An important witness was examined on the following day. He was a convict named Delaney, who was implicated in the Phoenix Park murders. He was tried and sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and he was brought from the Penitentiary to give his evidence. He swore that the organization known as the Invincibles, which it is admitted were a gang of murderers, received money from the National League. He was at a Fenian meeting in 1879, at which Parnell, Egan, Biggar, and other Parliamentary leaders attended, and took part in the consultations. He testified that the Invincibles were bound under oath to assassinate the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Forster, and other officials. He had himself kept the people from crossing a bridge while two Invincibles tried to murder Mr. Forster. Carey, one of the Phoenix Park murderers, had told him that Egan was one of the leaders of the Invincibles. He had never seen money paid by an officer of the League to the Invincibles, but he had seen the money in gold and bank-notes lying on a table at which Byrne was sitting. This is the most direct and important testi-

mony yet given, and if it is true, proves the case of the *Times*. The man, however, did not stand cross-examination well, and he admitted that he had been guilty of highway robbery, and other offences besides.

Fears of Trouble at Panama When the work on the Canal ceases, are entertained. Our consul there had been notified, in common with the consuls of other nations, that the contractors would probably suspend work when the funds at their command were exhausted, and consequently large numbers of men would be out of employment. The consuls were advised to apply in time to their governments for permission to send the subjects of their respective countries to their homes, when they might thus be deprived of the means of subsistence. President Cleveland and his Cabinet have referred the matter to Congress, having, as they believe, no authority to transport American laborers without a special appropriation for the purpose. Not many Americans are employed on the canal, but whenever the crisis comes they will need all the protection the Government can give them. It seems probable also from Mr. Bayard's letter that we are under obligations by treaty to maintain order at the Isthmus to some extent. Should this be so, the sudden idleness of a large number of laborers of all nationalities will involve a task of serious difficulty and responsibility.

Mr. H. M. Stanley's Letter to Tippoo Tib was received in Brussels last week, and its contents published. In it the explorer announced his return to Boma, on August 17, with three soldiers and sixty-two natives, having left his forces with Emin Pasha, with whom he had parted eighty-two days before. Stanley said: "Emin has ivory in abundance, thousands of cattle and sheep, goats and fowls, and food of all kinds. His soldiers blessed our black men for their kindness in coming so far to show them the way. Many of them were ready to follow me out of the country, but I asked them to stay quiet a few months, that I might return and fetch the other men and goods left at Yambunga. They prayed to God that He would give me strength to finish my work. May their prayer be heard!" He asked Tippoo Tib to come to him, promising to wait ten days for his arrival, at a big island in which there were plenty of houses. A communication of later date from an officer at Stanley Pool reports the arrival there of Tippoo Tib's secretary, who said that Stanley had taken the men left with the late Major Barttelot, who were under the command of Bonny, and had returned with them to Emin Pasha, at Wadelai. He thought that Stanley would not return by the same route. Stanley's letters for Europe are eagerly awaited, as this letter to Tippoo Tib, though relieving anxiety as to his safety and that of Emin Pasha, contains no details as to Stanley's own adventures.

The Emperor of Germany and Prince Bismarck made another effort last week to depreciate the esteem in which the character of the late Emperor Frederick is held by the German people. By command of the Emperor, the official journal published the indictment in full of Professor Geffcken, who was charged with having published the extracts from Frederick's diary. The indictment contains many disparaging references to the late Emperor, and, among others, states that Frederick's proclamation, announcing his accession to the throne, issued on March 12, was prepared by Professor Geffcken as early as June, 1885, when the late Emperor William was seized with fainting fits during a stay at Ems. This attempt to injure Geffcken, and influence public opinion against him by an *ex parte* statement, is generally condemned by the German liberal press. One prominent journal says: We cannot recollect any previous instance in Germany, or any other country, of a trial of the kind being conducted before the bar of public opinion in an official form by means of legal documents. The English press is still more outspoken, and denounces the unfilial conduct of the Emperor in plain terms.

A Large Audience Gathered in Association Hall. New York, on January 15, to hear the third lecture of Bishop H. C. Riley's series. The wonderfully beautiful pictures thrown on the sheet by his stereopticon elicited frequent applause. Probably few of those present had previously anything like so clear an idea of the scenes and buildings of Mexico, or of the picturesque beauties of South America, as they gained from the pictures and the Bishop's descriptive remarks. His narrative of the rise and progress of evangelistic work in Mexico, and of the struggles and dangers of the noble men who are laboring in the Church of Jesus there, was listened to with intense interest. Dr. Riley's next lecture will be given on January 29, in the same place.

An Interesting Ceremony was Witnessed by a large concourse of people in New York on January 12. The interest was aroused by the laying of the corner-stone of the new Gospel Tabernacle by the pastor, the Rev. A. B. Simpson. The building is being erected on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, and will cost, including the land, \$110,000. The old church in Madison Avenue has been advantageously sold. The new one is intended to afford accommodation for the college, a Deaconess' Home, and other departments of evangelistic work. The college will have about fifty students. The Tabernacle will have a seating capacity for 1,200 persons, and the lecture-rooms are to be so arranged as to increase the capacity of the main room when necessary. The Bera-chah Home will be removed from its present quarters in Sixty-first Street to a new building adjoining the Tabernacle.

A Petition for the Pardon of a Murderer has been sent to the Governor of Maryland. Six years ago a murder was committed at Cambridge, Md., by a well-known citizen, who had previously borne an irreproachable character. In a moment of passion, and under circumstances of extreme provocation, he drew his revolver and shot a man. He was tried, and a strong effort was made to have him acquitted. The facts, however, were plain, and the jury convicted him of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. The man has behaved well in prison, and with the allowance of time for good conduct is entitled to his discharge next week. It might be supposed that there was, therefore, no necessity for a pardon, but he is extremely anxious to save his citizenship. If he serves out his sentence he will lose his rights and privileges as a citizen, but a pardon from the governor would reinstate him. The petition has therefore been prepared by his friends, and as there is no opposition it is expected that Governor Jackson will grant the pardon. It is still more than that that God does for the sinner when He pardons him. The merits of Christ's propitiation are so great that God can still be the righteous judge while justifying the sinner who pleads the work of his Saviour. (Rom. 3: 26.)

A Circular to Lady Suitors was Mailed on New Year's Day from Ann Arbor, Mich. A few months ago an eccentric bachelor of that city died, leaving an enormous fortune. He bequeathed it to a nephew on condition that he should take up his residence in Ann Arbor, and marry within five years of the date of testator's death. He went there as required, and the other condition of the old man's will having found its way into the papers, opportunities have been proffered him for the fulfilment of that also. He reports that he is constantly receiving letters from ladies who are willing to sacrifice themselves for his benefit. His daily mail is larger than that of any business firm in Ann Arbor. He has had to employ a secretary, whose only duty is to file these love missives; and the secretary affirms that he is kept well employed. The prospective heir sent to his lady correspondents on January 1 a printed circular with the compliments of the season, and explaining to them that considerable delay must result from a suitable consideration of

their various proposals, and an examination and comparison of numerous accompanying photographs, and that answers could not well be given at present. It is a pity that these ladies who are so eager to unite themselves with a man of whom they know nothing, except that he is wealthy, have not more wisdom. Then they would seek and gain eternal riches through union with Christ. (Hosea 2: 19, 20.)

A Son-in-Law's Singular Suit Was Dismissed in the City Court of Baltimore, Md., on January 3. The young man who brought it alleged that before his marriage his prospective father-in-law offered to make him a full partner in his lucrative business, which was estimated to yield a net income of \$100,000 a year. After the marriage he received less than a tenth of the profits, and when he complained, and insisted on a full share, he was requested to cease all participation in the business, and his authority to sign the name of the firm was revoked. Thereupon he brought suit to compel his father-in-law to fulfil his promise. The father-in-law, in reply, said that he had two sons, and another daughter besides the one who was plaintiff's wife. His daughter had fallen in love with plaintiff, and though he did not approve of the match, he had consented to it. In love to his daughter he was willing to provide for her, and incidentally for her husband, but, in justice to his other children, he could not yield the demand made, and he had never promised any such sum. The judge in dismissing the suit made some very caustic remarks on the mercenary nature of the claim. He reminded the plaintiff that men who marry from sordid motives are usually disappointed, and he inflicted the disappointment very willingly in this case by dismissing the suit. It is to be feared that sordid motives are frequently the cause of men uniting themselves with the Church. Such men forget that they are dealing with One who reads all hearts, and that their union will bring them no eternal advantage. (Ezek. 33: 31.)

An Engineer's Caution in Testing a Foundation before beginning to build, was shown in the report issued last week respecting the new Peekskill Suspension Bridge. Before commencing the erection of the east tower, the chief engineer not only examined the rock on which it is to be built, but sent divers down to see if there were any washouts or cavities made under it by the action of the river. They reported that there were none, but the engineer was not yet entirely satisfied. He set a diamond drill at work and bored a hole in the rock, taking out a core of more than a hundred feet. The work, which occupied twelve days, resulted in finding for the entire depth an exceedingly hard, amorphous, and metamorphic granite, interspersed with quartz and feldspar, and with some iron showing in it. There were no wide seams or fissures, the rock being compact and solid for the whole distance. The work can now be commenced and carried through with confidence, and those who in after years will cross the river by that bridge will have no fear of collapse. It is so with those who, having built on Christ, the sure foundation, approach the dark river of death. None who have trusted in Him need be dismayed. (Matt. 7: 24, 25.)

A Daughter Disowned by Her Family Died in St. Paul, Minn., on January 5. Her story came to light during the last few days of her life. She was the youngest child of a wealthy banker in Toronto, Canada, and was beloved and indulged to an extraordinary degree. All that love and riches could do to make her life enjoyable was freely lavished upon her. About three years ago she met a man in society, whom she grew to love passionately, and who made her an offer of marriage. Her parents disliked and distrusted him, and earnestly warned her against him. But the girl was infatuated, and married him in spite of their opposition. They cast her off altogether. The husband had hoped for a reconciliation, with all the advantages that connection with so wealthy a father-in-law involved. When it was clear that the

quarrel with the family would never be arranged, he grew indifferent to his wife, neglected, and finally deserted her. In her desolate condition, a married sister in the West offered a refuge to her and her babe. The deserted wife gratefully accepted, but in a short time the sister was left a widow, and destitute. The two women tried to earn a livelihood; but they had not been reared to work, and gradually sank into dire poverty, and were in danger of starvation. The younger, under the hardship and exposure, became ill, fell into consumption, and then application to a charitable society for help brought out the story. Her parents were notified, but they gave no assistance, and the woman died in utter poverty. She must have bitterly repented her perversity. Had she allowed herself to be guided by her parents, instead of having her own way, all that misery might have been spared her. The time is coming when God's children will see that in trusting Him and yielding to Him their own will, even when it costs a struggle, they are preserved from evil. (1 Peter 1: 6, 7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Seven Christian Endeavor Societies have recently been organized in Foochow, China, and the vicinity.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections in New York amounted to \$38,777.50. A few more sums have yet to be received.

Christian readers in New York are reminded that a Daily Prayer-Meeting is held at noon at 281 Greenwich Street. Many recent meetings have been much blessed.

The net gain of new churches in the United States during the year 1888 was 6,434; the increase in the number of ministers was 4,505, while the increase in church members was 774,861.

A man who kept a liquor saloon in Raleigh, N. C., went to hear Sam Jones in Durham, was convicted and converted, and at once telegraphed to Raleigh: "Close up my saloon; I am done with the business."

Rev. Thomas Harrison's work in the Beekman Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, is being much blessed. Large numbers have already made a profession of faith, and every service is densely crowded.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has commenced a series of services in Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, Brooklyn. Much success, especially among the younger people, has attended them. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Love have charge of the singing.

Any reader having religious papers or tracts to spare may have them distributed among the fifteen hundred convicts in the Penitentiary of North Carolina by sending them to Mr. John T. Pullen, Raleigh, N. C., who is a teacher in the Penitentiary.

The thirty-sixth anniversary of the New York Young Men's Christian Association will be held in Association Hall, January 28. Addresses are to be delivered by the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church, and Major-General O. O. Howard.

The third annual convention of the Young People's Christian Association will be held to-morrow (Thursday) in the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of 60th Street, at 3 and 8 o'clock. Rev. John Hall, D. D., and Rev. Dr. C. P. Masden, will speak.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has commenced work in the Arch Street Church, Philadelphia, and expects to labor in the city all next month. Thirteen churches have united in the invitation to him, and will hold union meetings. Preliminary meetings are being held in several churches.

The Bowery Branch of the New York Y. M. C. A. is about to open a free lodging house for destitute men and boys. The old building, recently vacated by the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, at the corner of Broome Street and the Bowery, has been purchased for the purpose at a cost of \$85,600.

An important conference of students was held in New York, last week, to consult and organize work for Home and Foreign Missions. Meetings were held in Calvary Church, and in the Church of the Holy Communion. Bishop Potter, Dean Hoffman, Dr. Kirkly, and other eminent clergymen took part.

The death of the Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep, D. D., the veteran missionary to Turkey, is announced. He was a native of Smyrna, Asia Minor, and was seventy-four years of age. He was educated at Amherst and Andover, and was ordained as a missionary in 1839. He was one of the most accomplished Oriental scholars in the world.

The Tenth Anniversary of Michael Dunn's Institution for ex-convicts was celebrated on January 13. Forty convicts are now in the Home. Over 1,100 have been received since the Home was established, and work has been found for them all. The profits of the work done in the Home last year by the convicts temporarily staying there amounted to \$2,500.

THE CURE OF DOUBTS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." John 20: 27.

A Test that Should not Have Been Required—Conviction Immediate—How the Doubts were Satisfied—I. Crave no Signs—Dishonoring to the Word—Unreasonable—Presumptuous—Damaging and Perilous—II. Turn to Christ's Wounds—Tokens of His Love—Marks of Identity—III. Seek Helps for Faith—Study the Story—The Wonderful Realization—In Times of Distress—Of Temptation—In Difficult Duties.

AMONG us at this day we have many persons who are like Thomas—dubious, demanding signs and tokens; suspicious, and oftentimes sad. I am not sure that there is not a slight touch of Thomas in most of us. There are times and seasons when the strong man fails, and when the firm believer has to pause awhile, and say, "Is it so?" It may be that our meditation upon the text before us may be of service to those who are touched with the malady which afflicted Thomas.

Notice, before we proceed to our subject in full, that Thomas asked of our Lord what he ought not to have asked. He wanted to put our risen Lord to

Tests Which Were Scarcely Reverent to His sacred person. Admire his Master's patience with him. He does not say, "If he does not choose to believe, he may continue to suffer for his unbelief." But no; He fixes His eye upon the doubter, and addresses Himself specially to him; yet not in words of reproach or anger. Jesus could bear with Thomas, though Thomas had been a long time with Him, and had not known Him. To put his finger into the print of the nails, and thrust his hand into His side, was much more than any disciple had a right to ask of his divine Master; and yet see the condescension of Jesus! Rather than Thomas should suffer from unbelief, Christ will let him take great liberties.

Observe that Thomas was at once convinced. He said: "My Lord, and my God." This shows our Master's wisdom, that He indulged him with such familiarity, because He knew that, though the demand was presumptuous, yet the act would work for his good. Our Lord sometimes wisely refuses, saying, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended"; but at other times, He wisely grants, because, though it be too much to ask yet He thinks it wise to give.

I. The first head of my discourse shall be this:

Crave no Signs.

If such signs be possible, crave them not. If there be dreams, visions, voices, ask not for them. Crave not wonders, first, because it is dishonoring to the sacred Word to ask for them. You believe this Bible to be an inspired volume—the Book of God. The apostle Peter calls it "A more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed." Are you not satisfied with that? When a person, in whose veracity you have the utmost confidence, bears testimony to this or that, if you straightway reply, "I would be glad of further evidence," you are slighting your friend, and casting unjust suspicion upon him. Will you cast suspicion upon the Holy Ghost, who, by this word, bears witness unto Christ? Oh, no! let us be content with His witness. Let us not wish to see, but remain satisfied to believe.

Crave no signs, because it is unreasonable that we should desire more than we have already. The testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ, contained in the Word, should alone suffice us. Besides that, we have the testimony of saints and martyrs, who have gone before us, dying triumphant in the faith. We have the testimony of many still among us, who tell us that these things are so. In part, we have the testimony of our own conscience, of our own conversion, of our own after-experience, and this is convincing testimony. Let us be satisfied with it. Thomas ought to have been content with

the testimony of Mary Magdalene, and the other disciples, but he was not. We ought to trust our brethren's word. Let us not be unreasonable in craving after proofs when already proofs are afforded us without stint.

Crave no signs, because it may be you will be presumptuous in so doing. Who are you, to set God a sign? What is it He is to do before you will believe in Him? Suppose He does not choose to do it, are you therefore arrogantly to say, "I refuse to believe unless the Lord will do my bidding"? It is presumption which dares to ask of God anything more than the testimony of Himself which He chooses to grant us

In His Word.

It is, moreover, damaging to ourselves to crave signs. Jesus says, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Thomas had his sign, and he believed; and so far so good, but he missed a blessing peculiar to those who have not seen, and yet have believed. Do not, therefore, rob yourselves of the special favor which lights on those who, with no evidence but the witness of the Spirit of God, are prepared at once to believe in the Lord Jesus unto eternal life.

Again, crave no signs, for this craving is highly perilous. Translated according to many, and I think translated correctly, our Saviour said, "Reach hither thy finger, and put it into the print of the nails; and become not faithless, but believing," intending to indicate that Thomas, by degrees, would become faithless. His faith had grown to be so little that, if he continued insisting upon this and that, as a sign or evidence, that faith of his would get down to the very lowest; yea, he would have no faith left. "Become not faithless, but believing." Dear friends, if you began to seek signs,

If You Were to See Them,

do you know what would happen? Why, you would want more; and when you had these, you would demand still more. Those who live by their feelings, judge of the truth of God by their own condition. When they have happy feelings, then they believe; but if their spirits sink, if the weather happens to be a little damp, or if their constitution happens to be a little disordered, down go their spirits, and, straightway, down goes their faith. He that lives by a faith which does not rest on feeling, but is built upon the Word of the Lord, will remain fixed and steadfast as the mount of God; but he that craves for this thing and that thing, as a token for good at the hand of the Lord, stands in danger of perishing from want of faith. He shall not perish, if he has even a grain of living faith, for God will deliver him from the temptation; but the temptation is a very trying one to faith.

Crave, therefore, no sign. If you read a story of a person who saw a vision, or if you hear another declare that a voice spake to him—believe those things, or not, as you like; but do not desire them for yourself. These wonders may, or may not, be freaks of the imagination: I will not judge; but we must not rely upon them, for we are not to walk by sight, but by faith. Rely not upon anything that can be seen of the eyes, or heard of the ears; but simply trust Him whom we know to be the Christ of God, the Rock of our salvation.

II. Secondly, when you want comfort,**Turn to the Wounds of Your Lord.**

You see what Thomas did. He wanted faith, and he looked for it to Jesus wounded. He says nothing about Christ's head crowned with glory. He does not say that he must see Him "girt about the paps with a golden girdle." Thomas, even in his unbelief, is wise; he turns to his Lord's wounds for comfort. Whenever your unbelief prevails, follow in this respect the conduct of Thomas, and turn your eyes straightway to the wounds of Jesus. These are the founts of never-failing consolation, from which, if a man doth once drink, he shall forget his misery, and remember his sorrow no more. Turn to the Lord's wounds; and if you do, what will you see?

First, you will see the tokens of your Master's

love. O Lord Jesus, what are these wounds in thy side, and in thy hands? He answers, "These I endured when suffering for thee." There is no restorative for a sinking faith like a sight of the wounded Saviour. Look, soul, and live by the proofs of His death! Come and put thy finger, by faith, into the print of the nails, and these wounds shall heal thee of unbelief. The wounds of our Lord are the tokens of His love. They are also the seals of His death, especially that wound in His side. He must have died; for "one of the soldiers, with a spear, pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare witness." This is our comfort, for if He died in our stead, then we shall not die for our sins; our transgression is put away, and our iniquity is pardoned. If the sacrifice had never been slain, we might despair; but since the spear-wound proves that the great Sacrifice really died, despair is slain, hope revives, and confidence rejoices.

The wounds of Jesus, next, are the marks of identity. By these we identify His blessed person after His resurrection. The very Christ that died has risen again.

There is no Illusion:

there could be no mistake. It is not somebody else foisted upon us in His place; but Jesus who died has left the dead, for there are the marks of the crucifixion in His hands and in His feet, and there is the spear-thrust still. It is Jesus; this same Jesus. This is a matter of great comfort to a Christian—this indisputably proven doctrine of the resurrection of our Lord. It is the keystone of the gospel arch. Take that away, or doubt it, and there remains nothing to console you. But because Jesus died and in the self-same person rose again, and ever lives, therefore does our heart sweetly rest, believing that "them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him;" and also that the whole of the work of Jesus is true, is completed, and is accepted of God.

Once again, these wounds may comfort us, because in heaven they are, before God and the holy angels, the perpetual ensigns of His finished work. That passion of His can never be repeated, and never needs to be: "After He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, He sat down on the right hand of God." But the memorials are always being presented before the infinite mind of God. Those memorials are, in part, the wounds in our Lord's blessed person. Glorified spirits can never cease to sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"; for every time they gaze upon Him, they perceive His scars. How resplendent shine the nail-prints! No jewels that ever gemmed a king can look one-half so lustrous as these. Though He be God over all, blessed for ever, yet to us, at least, His brightest splendor comes from His death.

My hearer, whensoever thy soul is clouded, turn thou to these wounds, which shine like a constellation of five bright stars. Look not to thine own wounds, nor to thine own pains, or sins or prayers or tears; but remember that "with His stripes we are healed." Gaze, then; intently gaze upon thy Redeemer's wounds, if thou wouldst find comfort.

III. This brings me to my third point: whenever faith is staggered at all,

Seek Helps for Your Faith.

Though we cannot literally put our finger into the print of the nails, and may not wish to do so, yet let us use such modes of recognition as we do possess. Let us put these to their utmost use; and we shall no longer desire to put our hand into the Saviour's side. We shall be perfectly satisfied without that. Ye that are troubled with doubts and fears, I give you these recommendations.

First, if you would have your faith made vivid and strong, study much the story of your Saviour's death. Read it: read it: read it: "Tolle: lege," said the voice to Augustine, "Take it: read it." So say I. Take the four evangelists; take the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: take the twenty-second psalm; take all

other parts of Scripture that relate to our suffering Substitute, and read them by day and by night, till you familiarize yourself with the whole story of His griefs and sin-bearing. Keep your mind intently fixed upon it; not sometimes, but continually. *Crux lux*: the cross is light. Thou shalt see it by its own light. The study of the narrative, if thou pray the Holy Ghost to enlighten thee, will beget faith in thee; and thou wilt, by its means, be very greatly helped, till at last thou wilt say, "I cannot doubt. The truth of the atonement is impressed upon my memory, my heart, my understanding."

The Record Has Convinced Me."

Next, if this suffice not, frequently contemplate the sufferings of Jesus. I mean by that, when you have read the story, sit down and try and picture it. Let your mind conceive it as passing before you. Put yourself into the position of the apostles who saw Him die. No employment will so greatly strengthen faith, and certainly none will be more enjoyable! An hour would be grandly spent if occupied in turning over each little detail, item, and incident in the marvellous death by which you are redeemed from death and hell. You will be surprised to find how this familiarizing of yourself with it, by the help of the Holy Spirit, will make it as vivid to you as if you saw it; and it will have a better effect upon your mind than the sight of it would have done; for, probably, the actual sight would have passed away from your mind, and have been forgotten, while the contemplation of the sorrowful scene will sink deep into your soul, and leave eternal lines!

What next? Why, dear friends, the Lord has a way of giving His people wonderful realizations. I hope I shall not say anything incorrect when I remark that there are times with us when the Lord is present with us; and we are strongly impressed with that fact, and, therefore, we act under a sense of that presence as if the divine glory were actually visible. Do you know what it is to write a letter to a friend, feeling as if the Lord Jesus were looking over your shoulder? I know what it is at times to stand here and preach, and feel my Lord so near me that, if I had literally seen Him, it would not have surprised me. Have you never, in the watches of the night, lain quiet, when there was no sound but the ticking of the watch, and thought of your Lord till, though you knew there was no form before you, you were just as

Certain that He was There

as if you could see His sorrowful countenance? In quiet places, all alone—you scarcely like to tell the story—in the lone wood, and in the upper chamber—you have said, "If He spake, I should not be more certain of His presence; and if He smiled upon me, I should not be surer of His love." These realizations have sometimes been so joyfully overwhelming that for years you have been lifted by them beyond all power of doubt. The holy summer days banish the frosts of the soul. Whenever a doubt is suggested to me about the existence of my Lord and Master, I feel that I can laugh the tempter to scorn, for I have seen Him, and spoken with Him. Not with these eyes, but with the eyes of my inner life, I have beheld my Lord, and communed with Him. Wonder not that I am not among the crew of the black, piratical ship of "Modern Thought."

Nor is it merely in seasons of enjoyment that we get these helps, but in times of deep distress. Prostrate with pain, unable to enjoy any comfort, unable even to sleep, I have seen the soul of the believer as happy as if all sounds were marriage peals. Some of us know what it is to be right gleesome, glad, and joyous in hours of fierce trial, because Christ has been so near. In times of losses and bereavements, when the sorrow stung you to the quick, and you thought, before it came, that you never could bear it, yet have you been so sustained by a sight of the sacred head once wounded, and by fellowship with Him in His sufferings, that you have said, "What are my griefs compared with his?"

If you have been helped in this way, it will

have all the effect upon you that ever could have come of putting your finger into the print of the nails. If, perchance, you have been given up to die, and have, mentally, gone through the whole process of dying, expecting soon to stand before the bar of God, and have been happy, and even exultant, then you could not doubt the reality of a religion that bore you up above the surging billows. Now that you are again restored to life for a little longer time, the recollection of your buoyant spirits, in what you thought your dying hours, will answer all the purpose to you, I think, of putting your finger into the nail-prints.

Sometimes the strengthening influence may be afforded under the stress of temptation. If ever, young man, you have had a strong temptation hurling itself against you, and your feet have almost gone—ay, let me not say "young man"; but if ever a man or a woman of any age has had to cry out, "God, help me; how shall I escape out of this?" and you have turned your eyes, and seen your Lord, and beheld His wounds; and if you have felt at that moment that the temptation had lost all power, you have had a seal from the Lord, and your faith has been confirmed. If at the sight of your Lord you have exclaimed, in presence of the temptation, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" after that, you have had the best proof of your Redeemer's power to save. What better or more practical proof could you desire?

In these times, when the foundations of our faith are constantly being undermined, one is sometimes driven to say to himself,

"Suppose it is Not True."

As I stood, the other night, beneath the sky, and watched the stars, I felt my heart going up to the great Maker with all the love that I was capable of. I said to myself, "What made me love God as I know I do? What made me feel an anxiety to be like him in purity? Whatever made me long to obey my God cannot be a lie." I know that it was the love of Jesus for me that changed my heart, and made me, though once careless and indifferent to Him, now to pant with strong desires to honor Him. What has done this? Not a lie, surely. A truth, then, has done it. I know it by its fruits.

If this Bible were to turn out untrue, and if I died and went before my Maker, could I not say to Him, "I believed great things of thee, great God; if it be not so, yet did I honor thee by the faith I had concerning thy wondrous goodness, and thy power to forgive"? and I would cast myself upon His mercy without fear. But we do not entertain such doubts; for those dear wounds continually prove the truth of the gospel, and the truth of our salvation by it. Incarnate Deity is a thought that was never invented by poet's mind, nor reasoned out by philosopher's skill. Incarnate Deity, the notion of the God that lived and bled and died in human form, instead of guilty man, it is itself

Its Own Best Witness.

The wounds are the infallible witness of the gospel of Christ. Have you not felt those wounds very powerful to you in the form of assistance in times of duty? You said, "I cannot do it, it is too hard for me!" You looked to Jesus wounded, and you could do anything. A sight of the bleeding Christ has often filled us with enthusiasm, and so with power: it has rendered us mighty with the omnipotence of God. Look at the Church of Christ in all ages. Kings and princes did not know what to do with her. They vowed that they would destroy her. Their persecuting edicts went forth, and they put to death thousands upon thousands of the followers of Christ. But what happened? The death of Jesus made men willing to die for Him. No pain, no torture, could keep back the believing host. They loved Jesus so that, though their leaders fell by bloody deaths, another rank came on, and yet another, and another, till despots saw that neither dungeon nor rack nor fire could stop the march of the army of Christ. It is so now. Christ's wounds pour life into the Church by transfusion: the life-blood of the

Church of God is from Jesus' wounds. Let us know its power and feel it working within us to will and to do of His good pleasure.

And as for those who do not trust Him, what shall I say? The Lord help you to do so at once; for as long as you do not trust Him, you are under an awful curse, for it is written, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus, let him be Anathema Maranatha"—cursed at the coming of the Lord. May it not be so with you! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THREE STUDENTS.*

IN the class of 1840, of which I was a member, were two ministers' sons, of fine minds, but neither of them Christians. During revival services near this edifice, one of them was converted; but the other held aloof. Under an urgent appeal from his friend, he had, however, been touched. He did not quench the Spirit. He became finally a minister, and settled at New Rochelle. In the same class was a third member, an avowed infidel. After graduation he banded with others, even worse than himself, to go by sea to New Orleans, and thence overland into Texas, there to form a predatory band for the commission of all kinds of iniquity. They did not all reach New Orleans. A part went on, but were attacked by disease. This student buried the last one, and was left alone. From Galveston he worked his way home, sick, diseased, and ragged, to his mother's door. He got a little school at New Rochelle, but was a gambler and misanthrope, resisting long all his classmate's advances and appeals. Touched at length by them, he did not quench the Spirit. He began a higher, a Christian life; and these three students of this college are now all ministers of Christ.

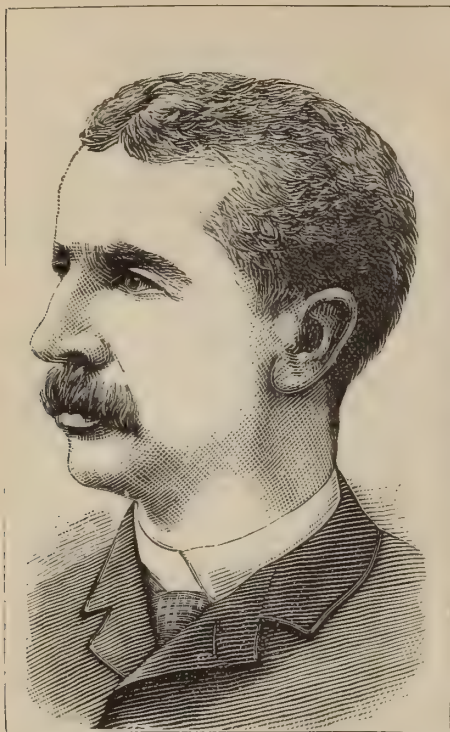
A Clerk Watched.

Some years since a trio of gentlemen, members of a large mercantile firm, came into the office of the writer, and, under injunctions of profound secrecy, desired the favor of using the window for a few days. The privilege was readily granted, and one of the number was at once installed behind a curtain, where, with a powerful glass, he could rigidly scrutinize every movement of a certain clerk in a large building across the way. The young man, all unconscious of the vigilant eye constantly upon him, was absorbed in his duties making entries and receiving money; and whatever consciousness of innocence or guilt was carried about with him, the suspicion of a rigid watch upon his actions—every movement closely scanned and weighed by his employers—doubtless had never entered his mind. The surveillance was continued nearly a week, when it was abruptly terminated, and the result, whether in discovery of wrong, or establishing innocence, I never learned. The incident made a profound impression upon me, suggesting with thrilling distinctness the solemn truth which men are so prone to forget, "Thou, God, seest me!" and enabling me as never before to realize how open before Him are the hearts and ways of men, their desires, volitions, actions; and that at last He shall bring every work into judgment, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

A Discouraged Minister

had the following strange dream: He thought he was standing on the top of a great granite rock, trying to break it with a pickaxe. Hour after hour he worked on, with no result. At last he said, "It is useless; I will stop." Suddenly a man stood by him and asked, "Were you not allotted this task? and, if so, why are you going to abandon it?" He answered, "My work is vain; I can make no impression on the granite." Then the stranger solemnly said: "That is nothing to you; your duty is to pick, whether the rock yield or no. The work is yours, the results are in other hands; work on." In his dream he saw himself setting anew to his labor, and at his first blow the rock flew into hundreds of pieces. This was only a dream, but it proved a valuable and never forgotten lesson

*From "Anecdotes Illustrative of Old Testament Texts," Pp. 332. Price \$1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.



Elijah W. Halford.



Hannah's Return from the Island.

to the minister, and a means of comfort and cheer to his soul.

ELIJAH W. HALFORD.

Private Secretary of the President-elect.

MR. HALFORD, who is to occupy the much-coveted and responsible position of Private Secretary, is at present editor of the *Indianapolis Journal*. He is an Englishman, about forty-five years of age. His father came to this country when Elijah was a child, so that his education was distinctively American. It was obtained in the common schools of Indianapolis, in which city the greater part of his life has been spent. His first occupation after leaving school was that of a compositor, but he soon became a reporter on the *Journal*, and eventually its managing editor. For about two years he was managing editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, and he also was for about a year employed on the *Indianapolis News*, but he returned to his first love and became the editor of the *Journal*. He has for several years served his party in Indiana getting up platforms, and doing similar work requiring a ready and clever pen.

In personal appearance Mr. Halford is a middle-aged gentleman, slender, and of medium stature; his hair is turning gray; he looks straightforward and honest, as he is. Mr. Halford is a lay preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and exemplary in all the relations of life. A wife and daughter take care of the Christian home maintained by his industry.

A TRAGEDY ON AN ISLAND.

(See Illustration.)

It was a gala day in the little fishing village by the sea. There was a double wedding in the old church. Mary Lewis and Hannah Nottage, the two belles of the village, and fast friends, were married at the same time to their respective lovers, who like themselves had been born and had grown up in the little isolated community. All the village turned out that morning at an early hour to witness the ceremony. After it was performed and congratulations tendered, the two young couples went to the Nottage home for a wedding breakfast, and then went off by themselves in the best boat in the village to spend the day on the cliffs at a favorite island resort some ten miles away, meaning to return in the evening for a reception and dance in the large barn placed at their disposal by the squire. All the villagers who could spare the time, were busy during the afternoon hanging festoons of evergreens from the

big beams of the barn, and covering its walls with such bright-colored materials as the village could furnish. It looked fit for the reception long before sunset, and every one hurried through the evening meal, donned Sunday attire, and in the twilight went from all parts of the village toward the barn.

The young couples and the ceremony of the morning formed the general topic of conversation in the various groups of villagers. "Guess Will is glad now he did not sign the parson's temperance pledge," said one. "He'd have missed his glass to-night."

"That's so," was the reply, "and it would have looked queer to have a bridegroom drinking water at such a time."

"Will wouldn't have cared for that," said another of the group. "He wanted to sign when the parson asked him, and he will sign to-morrow, you'll see. He'd have done it then if David hadn't interfered. If David and he hadn't been going to be married at the same time and Will hadn't hated to spoil fun, he'd have done it. Hannah wanted him to wait too, and that settled it."

"Well, perhaps David will sign, too; it won't do him any harm."

"I hope so. I guess the parson was afraid they'd overdo it to-night, and that made him anxious to get it done yesterday. But he was asking a little too much."

There was something wrong at the barn. Anxious faces were looking out, and each group as it arrived learned that the four principal persons had not arrived. Neither were they at their homes, for their friends were among the guests anxiously looking for them. The young couples were blamed for their imprudence, for the stretch of sea between the village and the island was not just the kind for rowing over in the dark, and besides, the weather was ugly. Anxiety deepened as time passed and they did not arrive. At last, it grew so late that it was evident there would be no dance that night. The brides and bridegrooms must be staying on the island for the night, for the weather was now so rough that they would never venture to cross in their light rowboat. The villagers separated reluctantly, and more than one heart was heavy with foreboding of some disaster.

In the gray of the morning, quite a crowd gathered on the shore, looking anxiously in the direction of the island for some sign of the missing wedding-party. They did not have to look long. The boat was seen slowly approaching. But only one figure was in it, and that a

woman. As it drew nearer the woman was recognized as Hannah Nottage, the bride of the Will who had been persuaded, as the villagers said, not to sign the pledge until after the ceremony. The crowd increased before the boat reached the beach, as the news of its coming passed from mouth to mouth. The vicar and his wife were there, and the fathers and mothers of the brides, and all the villagers who could leave their work. They shouted their inquiries to Hannah, but she rowed on, and did not answer. When the boat was so close that a fisherman waded in and pulled it up on the beach, Hannah shipped her oars and turned her head. Her face was then seen to be ghastly pale.

"Will is dead," was all she could say. Then in a moment she added: "David is hurt badly. Somebody must go for him and Mary. We've been all night on the cliff. One of you come back with me for Will. We could not lift him into the boat. Oh, I am sure he is dead!"

The squire, who was among the crowd, lifted both hands in horror, and on every face there was distress, while the girl's terrible calmness seemed worse to them than hysterics.

Before night, all the village knew what had occurred. The dead body of poor Will was brought home, and David, with a broken leg and arm, was lying under the doctor's hands in his widowed mother's house. The two brides, one of them now a widow, would not say much, but eventually it was learned that David had taken a supply of liquor with him in the boat, resolved that his triumph over Will's inclination to sign the pledge the previous day should be made the most of. Both he and Will must have drunk freely, and in some skylarking between them Will had fallen over the cliff, and David, in trying to descend to his relief, had fallen, too. The two helpless girls made their way down, only to find Will lifeless and David unable to move. They had to stay all night, listening to the winds and waves and David's moans, and in the morning poor Hannah made her solitary voyage to get help.

A cloud of sorrow seemed to rest on every home, and every heart echoed the moan of the poor young widow. "Oh! if we had only let him sign the pledge when the parson wanted him, this would never have happened."

THE GREENLAND EXPLORATION PARTY.

(See Illustration on page 61.)

A REMARKABLE feat of exploration has recently been achieved by the party of explorers

whose portraits are given in the accompanying illustration. They have succeeded in crossing Greenland on snow-shoes, from its eastern to its western shores. The perilous nature of the undertaking may be realized from the fact that the country has been well described as a mass of rocks intermingled with huge blocks of ice. It extends from the Arctic circle, like a tongue, in a southerly direction, between the northeastern shores of Canada and the Continent of Europe. It was formerly believed to be a part of the American Continent, but recent explorers are convinced that it is an island, the northern shores of which are bound up in the ice of the Arctic Ocean nearly the whole of the year.

The Norwegian explorers sailed on the whaler *Jason* to the ice-rim, outside the Sermilik fjord, where they arrived on July 17. Thence they made their way on foot to the north of Cape Farewell, where, after twelve days' travelling on the ice, they trod on the land. They followed a northerly course as far as Uminik, and from that point commenced their arduous task of crossing the country to its western shore. This was on August 15. They had some four hundred miles of the roughest country in the world to traverse, and their journey must have been perilous and arduous in the extreme. During several weeks the party were at an altitude of nine thousand feet, with the thermometer from forty to fifty degrees below zero (centigrade). It was not until near the end of September that they reached the west coast, at a point a little north of Godthaab. During part of the journey they were delayed by loose new-fallen snow, which made walking, even on snow-shoes, very laborious.

They made a difficult descent over jagged ice to the sea, and then set about the construction of a boat with bamboo reeds, willow branches, and a portion of their tent. In this frail craft two of the party paddled to Godthaab, hoping there to find a steamer. But the last steamer had left for the winter. Hearing, however, that the *Fox* was at the cryolite mines, 300 miles distant, two native messengers were hired, who carried letters for her to take to Norway, and a message asking her captain to wait the arrival of the party of explorers. He was unable, however, to comply, as he feared that his vessel would be frozen in. He, therefore, sailed without them, bringing only their letters in which the success of the expedition was announced. It will not be until the spring that the explorers will have an opportunity of returning to Norway.

The leader of the expedition is Dr. Frithiof Nansen, for many years Curator of the Museum at Bergen, and a noted athlete. He was the champion snow-shoe runner at Christiania, and among his exploits was the ascent of the Norwegian mountains, which he accomplished on snow-shoes, dragging a sleigh after him, and sleeping in a bag on the snow. On



The Norwegian Explorers of Greenland.

the Greenland expedition the food supply consisted of dried beef, bread, flour, and chocolate. A remarkable feature of the supplies was the *total absence of alcoholic stimulant in any form*. Dr. Nansen is a highly accomplished man. He has won a high reputation among physiologists by a work on nerve centres containing some ingenious and original theories. Besides his own language, he speaks fluently German, French, and English, and is well read in history and general literature. The story of his adventurous journey is awaited with much interest, and is likely to add considerably to our knowledge of a land of which at present little is known.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 47.)

Trials of Faith.

ONE day, I remember, my husband received a letter from an infidel gentleman in Lausanne, a neighboring city, requesting him to come and see him, that they might talk together over Mormonism, for he had heard of us and of our doctrine; and my husband resolved to visit him before our money was all gone. When Mr. Stenhouse reached Lausanne, he visited first a Protestant minister, with whom he had some slight acquaintance and who was also interested in Mormonism, and told him that he was going to call upon the Gouverneur de l'Hôpital. The minister was greatly opposed to my husband visiting such a man. "He is a socialist," he said, "a revolutionist; he fought at the barricades; he is a *mauvais sujet* (bad subject), and not a fit person to be spoken to about religion."

This only increased the interest which Mr. Stenhouse felt in the governor, and made him more than ever determined to see him; and he did see him, although the good minister had represented him *aussi noir que le diable* (as black as the devil). So they met; and my husband began the work for which he had come. They had long talks together, and my husband—as did the elders ever in such cases—spoke to the

governor of redemption through Christ, and baptism for the remission of sins.

Faith is not an act of the will. Like the unseen wind, it comes, and we see the power thereof, but know not whence it proceeds. Thus at first the unbelieving governor found it; he might find himself no match for the arguments of his opponent, but he could not force his heart to believe, and he was by no means a willing convert. My husband, however, remained with him; and before he left, the governor had been baptized into the Church. Our new convert proved to be a most excellent and worthy man, notwithstanding his former infidelity, and he was subsequently a great aid to us in our mission. We felt satisfied that the expenses of that journey had been well spent, if only on his ac-

count, although a few francs at that time could ill be spared.

But our circumstances seemed to be getting worse and worse, and my health began to fail. For several months neither of us had had sufficient nourishment, and my anxieties increased my physical weakness. I was dispirited, yet I feared to complain, or even to let my husband know what I felt. At length I could not leave my bed. I well remember the solemn silence that reigned in our home one day. I had risen from my bed, weak, and oh! so faint-hearted that I had scarcely any desire to live; and I was sitting with my little daughter in my arms. She had cried herself to sleep, cold and hungry, and, much as I loved her—nay, idolized her—I confess that for an instant I harbored in my soul the impious, the unnatural, wish that rather than see my darling awake again to cold and hunger, she might sleep her sweet young life away. For me to yield to such a thought—to wish my child to wake no more! I, who would have given gladly the last drop of my life-blood to save her! For me to look upon her innocent little face with such a thought! I can hardly now believe that such a thing was possible, even for a moment. But I was desperate and bold and cowardly—all at the same time; or my heart was humiliated by poverty, and my faith was rousing bitter thoughts in me.

My husband was pacing the room. I knew too well all that was passing in his mind, although we had long been silent. At length I said to him, "Take courage, dear, for we are the servants of the Great God, and surely He will find a means of escape for us. We are sent here; we came because the Lord wanted us to come, and surely He will provide for us!" He turned to me in reply, and said, kindly, "We can at least have some water;" and he went for some water; and then, with as reverential feeling in his soul as ever inspired a grace before dinner, he blessed it, and we drank.

We had scarcely done so when the mail courier brought a letter. Governor Stoudeman, with a feeling of delicacy, had hesitated, when my husband visited him at Lausanne, to offer him any

assistance; but, he said in his letter, he had been "impressed" to do so, and hoped that we should not be offended. As the letter was opened, a piece of gold fell upon the table. We could hardly believe that God had so soon answered our prayers, and sent us relief; and our emotions of gratitude for this timely aid found expression in tears.

All this time our landlady knew nothing of our distress; she was as ignorant of our situation as if she had never seen us. So long as I was able to walk about, I used at regular hours to go to the kitchen, get the cooking utensils, and go through the routine of cooking, as if we had a well-filled larder all the time. I set the table with punctilious care, and the good old widow never suspected but that we had plenty. Thus, supposing that we wanted nothing, she and her children were more than ordinarily kind to us, and to our little girl, who was now old enough to toddle round, and go from room to room. Very often they would get her into their room at meal-time, and give her little things to please her; and while they felt honored in being permitted to do so, we were silently thankful for her sake, for her sufferings were more than we could endure.

The temporary aid from Lausanne was very welcome to us, though it only served to make us feel more keenly our dependent position. I might relate stories, alas, too true! of cold and want; of days, and even almost an entire week, passed at one time without food—stories which for painful detail would eclipse romance. It was a weary waiting for Providence! Such things are better forgotten. And yet I feel that in after years my temper was more subdued, and my mind more patient under affliction, than it would have been had I not experienced this discipline.

People who have heard, with a sneer, of Mormon missionaries and their work, would perhaps have realized that faith may be sincere, although mistaken, if they could have seen us at that time. The first teachers of a doctrine, whether it be good or evil, if only it stems the current opinions of the hour, have ever found that at the end of a rocky way there was waiting for them a crown of thorns. Many a time since then I have felt the weight of anxious care in providing for my family; the trial of our faith has not been light, or seldom repeated; but those days of trouble in Switzerland were, I think, the darkest I ever experienced. We realized literally, the necessity of trusting to God's daily mercies for our daily bread; and the assurance that the Lord would provide was our only hope. To say that we practiced the strictest economy, would be to give but a faint idea of the way in which we had to consider and contrive, in order to exist at all.

For years we kept the "Word of Wisdom"—a "Revelation of Joseph Smith"—which enjoined abstinence from wine, coffee, tea, or, in fact, warm drinks of any kind; and trifling as such self-denial may at first appear, it was not really so when other privations were added thereto. For months at a time we existed—for I dare not say lived—without what are considered, even by the poorest, the most common necessities. I can even recall to mind one trying week in Switzerland, when, for the whole seven long days, we had less than a pint of corn-flour to live upon, and that was chiefly reserved for our poor child. As I look back to those dark, painful times I feel that it was by little short of a miracle that our lives were spared. Our faith alone saved us.

Very soon after this we were notified that the Apostle Snow was on his way to Switzerland, and that we might shortly expect him. This to me was joyful news, for he had relieved me of my trouble once before, and I almost looked upon him as my good angel. He came, and remained with us a few days; and before he left instructed Mr. Stenhouse to repair to England, to raise funds to aid the mission. He also gave me a few pounds to procure what I needed for an event which I expected shortly to take place.

This kindness on his part brought to my mind such a sense of relief, and so renewed my energy, that I felt ready for my missionary labors again.

When my second child was about two months old, I went to Lausanne to reside, while my husband was absent in England. Apartments were engaged for me, at the house of a gentleman who had recently been baptized. I was made very comfortable there, and for the first time since my husband was sent on a mission, I experienced a feeling of repose, so that I now had some hopes of regaining mental and physical strength. No provision had been made by the Saints for my support; but even without that, I thought, living among those who were happy, and one with us in the faith, I should myself find more tranquillity of mind.

Madame and Monsieur Balif, in whose house I resided, were persons of good social position. The husband was one of nature's gentlemen, and as good a man as I ever knew. He received the Mormonism taught by Mr. Stenhouse with all his heart, and never seemed weary of showing his gratitude by his good deeds. Madame Balif did not at once join the Church, and probably never would have done so but for the love which she bore to her husband. She was not, however, hostile to the new faith, as some other wives were, and she did all that she could to render pleasant my stay with them, and tried to make me forget what I had suffered in Geneva.

Madame Balif was a high-spirited, impulsive woman, and devotedly attached to her husband; I never saw a woman more so. She impressed me as being one of the happiest of wives; he one of the best of husbands. After I had lived in the house a few weeks, she was baptized; but she never was satisfied with Mormonism. Poor, dear lady! How often have I bitterly regretted that I was instrumental in leading her into the Mormon Church, in which, as (years later, in Utah) she told me, she endured such cruel humiliation and martyrdom. I knew well indeed then, by experience, what all that meant.

While I lived with them, it was agreed that I should pay for my apartments monthly; but after I had paid for the first month, Monsieur Balif told me that I should do so no more. And knowing that he meant it as an expression of kindness and gratitude on his part, I felt relieved of all anxiety on that account. All that I had, even then, for the support of myself and my two little ones was about five francs (about \$1) a week; but my wants were studiously few, for I had taught myself to require nothing but what was absolutely necessary to keep me alive.

During Mr. Stenhouse's absence, the meetings were held in my parlor; and as the brethren who had joined the Church had not previously been religious men, though they were persons of the best moral character, they were very diffident about conducting the meetings, and for a time could not think of praying before others. It devolved upon me—of sheer necessity, for I disliked prominence as much as they did—to lead the singing, to pray, to preach—in fact, to do everything. Had I not done so, they would have sat looking at each other, for they were all too timid to speak. I encouraged them in every way to try, and finally we managed to get along very well. A "good spirit" prevailed; and we were like a little band of brothers and sisters.

The only person, now, who gave me any anxiety was Madame Balif, who was very weak in the faith. Her doubts and fears troubled me much, for I had conceived a very great regard for her. I feared that with a heart so proud and rebellious as hers, she would never get salvation, and I trembled for her happiness. How slight a hold the new faith had taken of her mind, I was forcibly reminded by an incident which was at the time a very great trial to me.

My little daughter fell ill with intermittent fever, and I dared not call in a physician; it would not do for me, a missionary's wife, to show lack of faith. Such was our zeal in those days. But now, as I have stated, even the most

orthodox Mormons, including Brigham Young, do not think of relying upon God and the ordinances of the Church, as they did in former years, but call in the best physician they can get. I was much troubled about my little girl, for she was evidently failing fast. She had been "administered to" by one of the native elders, who had anointed her with oil, and prayed over her; but yet she did not get better. Madame Balif, in the midst of my affliction, taunted me about the child not recovering, and asked where was the power of God, of which I had talked so much: "Now," she said, "if you could get that child healed, it would be some proof to my mind that the power you speak of is still in the Mormon Church."

I felt ashamed that I had not exercised more faith. I was certain that the gift of healing was in the Church, and I believed it was my own fault that the child was not even now well. In my zeal I replied rather warmly, "My child *will* be healed, and you shall see it." But I had no sooner uttered these words than I began to fear I had promised too much.

I determined, however, that nothing on my part should be left undone. I sent for Governor Stoudeman, our new convert, as he was the president of the branch and an elder. I told him that this child *must* be healed by the power of God. We had not witnessed any manifestation of the healing power among the Saints in Switzerland up to that time; and I earnestly desired that now, for the first time, this gift might be proved among us, for the sake of the Church as well as for my own. So I told the governor that it was his duty, as well as mine, to fast and pray that the Lord might grant us this blessing, that it might be a testimony that it was His work, and that we were His servants. He became as enthusiastic as I was myself, and we fasted and prayed for nearly two days. At the end of that time he came to see me, and by the bedside we knelt and prayed; and he laid his hands upon the child, and blessed her in the name of the Lord.

That night the child was very low; and though I strove to show my faith, I dreaded that she would have her usual attack of fever about midnight. After the departure of the elder, Madame Balif came into the room, and said, "Your child is very ill; if your God cannot help her, why do not you send for a physician?" This appeared to me so profane, and such an insult to my God and faith, that I replied indignantly, "Madame, she *will* and *shall* be healed this very night; for I know that power is in the Church. The reason why the child was not healed before is because I have not been earnest enough in seeking the Lord."

When I was left alone I sat down by the bedside, trembling lest I had been too rash in declaring that the child would be healed that same night. Much and fondly as I loved my little treasure, I confess that I suffered more at the thought of God's name suffering reproach than I did from fear of my darling's death; and I tried earnestly to banish my doubts, with the remembrance that all things are possible to them that believe. Kneeling there in the dark and lonesome midnight, I poured out my soul fervently to God, beseeching Him, for His Kingdom's sake, and for the glory of His great name, to answer, and not to suffer my unworthiness to stand in the way. I watched hour after hour beside my darling's bed, and the child slept on peacefully, without any symptoms of returning fever; and oh! how anxiously I waited for her awaking.

At last, worn out with fatigue and watching, I laid myself down on the bed beside her, and soon fell asleep; and when I awoke it was daylight, and my little one was peacefully sleeping on still—the fever had left her. No tongue could tell the gratitude which filled my heart; I could only weep tears of joy, and sing aloud my praise to God.

Madame Balif entered the room early in the morning to see what kind of a night we had passed. Then I drew her to the bedside, and

told her how tranquilly the child had slept all night, and showed her how much better she looked, and asked her if she did not see in all this the providence of God. But she simply said, "Ah, well! I suppose the disease had run its course." This grieved me, for I had trusted that such a direct answer to my prayers would have helped to increase her faith in our religion; but Mormonism had not touched her heart; and I believe it is much more the devotion of the heart than it is the mental acquiescence in doctrine which gives us the power to hope, and endure, and believe.

When, by-and-bye, my little Clara awoke, she was evidently very much better, and not only free from the fever, but bright and cheerful, like her former self; and she never relapsed. In the course of a week she was running about as well as ever, and the Saints were greatly confirmed in their faith.

(To be continued.)

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for February 3, Mark 4: 1-20. Golden Text, Mark 4: 23.

Christ's Friends Concerned About His Physical Wants—Should the Body be Neglected in Spiritual Work?—A Safe Rule—Jesus Not an Ascetic—The Sermon From the Ship—Illustrations from Common Things—How to Get the Best Explanation—Jesus Still Ready to Teach—What was Sown—The Soils of Modern Times—The Proof of Good Ground.

It was a Sabbath day (Matt. 12: 1; 13: 1); Jesus had already been teaching many things; He had taught the true law of the Sabbath (Matt. 12: 1-6; Mark 3: 1-5), had healed the man with the withered hand, and cast out the blind and dumb demon. (Matt. 12: 10, 22.) He had also warned the scribes who had come down from Jerusalem on a commission to investigate His work, that their imputing His work of casting out devils to an unclean spirit, was the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and that whoso committeth it "hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation." (Mark 3: 28-30.) After this His friends, who had before sought to interfere with Him, because, in His work among the multitude, He had not been able even to eat bread, had made a second attempt to care for His bodily needs, and He had taken occasion to teach the great lesson, "Whoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."

"And He began again to teach by the seaside." Probably He had gone home with His mother and friends, and had taken some refreshment, and set to work again. How far are we

To Care for Our Bodies?

Are we to go on with the work continuously, and leave eating and sleeping to chance; or are we to take care of the bodies with which God has entrusted us, and make it a rule at all times to let no work interfere with our regular meal-times and hours of sleep? Oh, how many Christian workers are puzzled by these questions! The enemy has succeeded in breaking them down through neglecting the body, and he tries, on the other hand, to make them slaves to the care of their bodies. What, then, is the solution? Surely this; our body "is the temple of the Holy Ghost," who alone has the right to dispose of it. It is not for us to make a system either of caring for or neglecting our bodies; but rather, should we yield them up to the disposal and the care of God. When Jesus was driven into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil, He could trust His Father to feed Him with the Word; and now He could trust for strength to teach the multitude until the moment when His Father would have Him seek refreshment. Jesus was not an ascetic; it was the exception, and not the rule, with Him to neglect His body; and in things physical as well as spiritual, He settled all with His Father, and did always those things which pleased Him. (John 8: 29.)

As soon as He resumed His teaching on the

Sabbath day, when He could get the ear of so many more than on week days, "there was gathered unto Him a great multitude, so that He entered into a ship, and sat in the sea." It was not eloquent language, powerful declamation, or anything which constitutes grand oratory, which was to be found in the words of Jesus, and yet

"Never Man Spake Like this Man!"

(John 7: 46.) It was the Master's hand touching His own workmanship. His words always touched a chord in every receptive heart, and always awakened opposition in those who would not have to do with God: under His words no one could remain neutral. His teaching was so personal, and so touched the real life and the real needs of His hearers, that multitudes thronged to hear, and to come under its power. He had been passing through the corn-fields, and instead of seeking for illustrations in bygone history, or recondite science, He drew His parallels from the present hour, and told a little true story of the corn-field. "Behold, there went out a sower to sow." Who is the sower? "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man." (Matt. 13: 37.) He told of how the sower sowed on various soils—the wayside, the stony ground, among thorns, and, finally, on the good ground—and, without explaining His meaning to them, He left them, with the words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

There were some who had ears to hear, "and when He was alone," these still lingered about Him with the twelve, and "asked of Him the parable." It is safer than any commentary, and within the reach of the most uneducated believer, to do as these disciples did.

They Asked Jesus

to make His meaning plain. Oh, how many aching brains might be spared, how much bitter controversy avoided, if every child of God asked Jesus Himself to explain what he does not understand of His truth! "Who teacheth like Him?" (Job 36: 22.) Jesus' mission was a reassuring one; He said, "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but unto them which are without, all these things are done in parables: that seeing, they may see, and not perceive; and hearing, they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them." But none need remain without; the call to every man is "Come," from God the Father (Isa. 1: 18; 55: 1), from God the Son (Matt. 11: 28; Luke 14: 17), from God the Holy Ghost (Heb. 3: 7; Rev. 22: 17). And He said unto them, "Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables?" If we do not know what concerns our entrance into the kingdom, how shall we know the things of the kingdom? If we know nothing about being born again and reconciled to God, how can we know anything about the Christian life which is thus begun?

Jesus said, "The Sower soweth the word." Anything else which is sown does not come from the great Sower. In many a congregation, in many a family, in many a social circle, seed is being sown, and it may be said, "An enemy hath done this." (Matt. 13: 28.) But the Sower soweth only the word. "And these are they by the wayside where the word is sown; but when they have heard, Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts." These are the people who leave themselves open to any impression, good or bad. If a revival is going on, they will be there; and if a famous actor comes to the theatre, they will be there; the way through their hearts is trodden by so many feet that nothing makes a lasting impression; they are "past feeling." (Eph. 4: 19.) "And these are they which are sown on

Stony Ground,

who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness." It is so easy, "without money and without price," nothing to pay—this just suits them; they are willing to get all the joy they can, all the relief they can, from the knowledge of sin forgiven; they exult

in their own feelings, and it looks like a true and real conversion. But this song is not the "new song" of him who knows he has come up out of the "horrible pit and the miry clay," it is not "praise unto our God" (Ps. 40: 1-3); it is a joy in its own advantage, and not in being right with God. "These have no root in themselves;" self has not given place to God, the empire of the being has not changed hands, they "endure but for a time; afterward, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended." Oh, how many conversions are like these! As long as they are in a perpetual excitement, singing hymns and meeting friends, appreciated and noticed, their joy in salvation seems to last; but when some Christian says a hard word, or some other Christian does not take as much notice of them as formerly, or a brother or sister, husband or wife, begins to oppose them, the rootless plant "withers away." There was nothing in the soul to take hold of—the will was still hard as a stone, resisting the pressure of the plant; and the seed, which began to grow, withers. This is not a true conversion, but it is a kind with which all evangelists are familiar, and none can tell until the testing-time which are the lasting, true conversions, and which these temporary ones. "And these are they which are

Sown Among Thorns;

such as hear the word, and the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." A real conversion, but a divided heart! a real work of God, but the ground always disputed by self-care and self-interest. Like Lot, they are worldly; or, like Jacob, they are anxious; and the world around sees more of the thorns where the word is sown, than of the precious Word of God which is sown amongst them. These are no credit to the great Sower; these are the stumbling-block of earnest seekers, the excuse of infidels, the grief of the true children of God; they are not happy, and they make other people miserable; they are not holy, and they do all they can to make other people think they cannot be holy either; but they form the grindstone which sharpens God's faithful children. "And these are they which are sown on

Good Ground,

such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some an hundred." The good ground has been ploughed, and has yielded to the plough; has been harrowed, and has yielded to the harrow; there has been a giving up to the purposes and plans of God. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts 9: 6.) This was a proof that Saul of Tarsus was good soil. "And he left all, rose up, and followed Him" (Luke 5: 28); this showed that Levi, the publican, was good ground. The good-ground conversions always bear fruit; such Christians leave their mark wherever they go. If they enter a house, the people within are the better for them; if they speak or write for Jesus, something comes of it; if they pray, they have the answers to record. Why? Because God can have His way with them, and manifest His life in them. True, the fruit may be thirty-fold (never less), sixty-fold, or an hundred-fold, but fruit there always will be, to the glory of their God.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York; price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles, among others, are contained in the number for January:

The Dark Day of May, 1780. By the Editor.
Correspondence of the Revelation with Daniel's Seventieth Week. By Chas. Underhill, Esq., J. P.
The Rationalist "Church of the Future" to be apostate. By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.
The Future Antichrist's Covenant with the Jews.
Knowledge of the Time or Season of the Second Advent. By the Editor.
The Second Trumpet; Its Year-day Fulfilment. (Continued.)
Notes of the Prophectic Conference at Exeter Hall last Month.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophectic Standpoint.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

Secure is that soul in the midst of affliction,
Who sees in each sorrow the hand of his God,
And knowing all things for his good, work together,
Unquestioning bows 'neath each stroke of the rod:
Oh! blest is that heart that when tossed by the
tempest,
Can cling to this hope as a bird to its nest,
And say, with a faith by each trial made stronger,
"The Dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

Each blossom of hope in our lives may be blighted,
Swept by adversity's pitiless blast;—
Clouds of misfortune o'ershadow our pathway,
Friends of a lifetime prove false at the last;—
The heart may be sad, and the way may be lonely,
And rough be the path by the weary feet press'd,
Yet faith pleadeth ever, Oh! fail not to trust Him,
"The Dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

The seed, that with weeping, we sowed for the
Master,
Unquickened, may lie where it fell by the way;—
Prayers that were wrung from our heart's deepest
anguish,
Unanswered remain, though we cease not to pray;
The Father may hide for a moment His presence,
And the soul by its doubts, and its fears be distress'd,
But faith whispers low, "Though He slay thee,
yet trust Him,"
"The Dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

These light afflictions, which but for a moment,
The Father hath sent us His promise to seal,
Are naught to the weight of the glory eternal,
And far more exceeding, which God shall reveal:
Some day we shall know why the crosses were given,
For the angels will summon us home to our rest,
Where with faith lost in sight, and with vision
grown clearer,
We shall see as God sees, and shall know it was
best.

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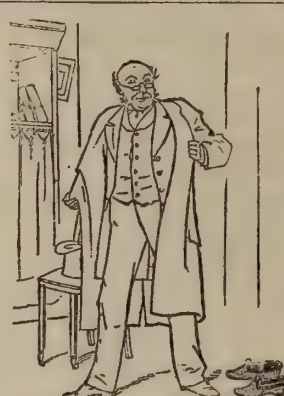
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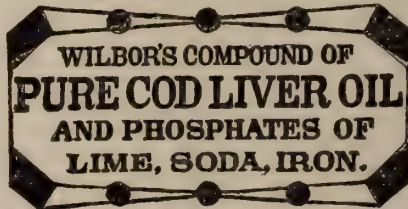
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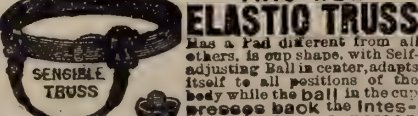


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Vol. XII., No. 3. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1889.

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SUNDAYS, BRIGHT OR DOLEFUL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 13, 1889.

"And call the Sabbath a delight."—Isa. 58 : 13.

Christianity a Cheerful Religion—The Delights of the Sabbath—I. A Day of Healthy Repose A Savings-Bank of Vitality—Sabbath-Breaking Suicidal—Testimonies of Merchants—Destruction of a Farmer's Crops—An Inventor Ruined by a Sunday Shuttle—II. A Day of Domestic Reunion—Eleven New Hampshire Families—III. A Day of Christian Assemblage—IV. Foretaste of Eternal Sabbatism—Two Treasures Never to be Given Up—The Sabbath in Continental Europe—A Centenarian's Sabbath in the Prairie—How to War Against Sabbath-Breaking—Example in the Home.

THERE is an element of gloom striking through all false religions. Paganism is a brood of horrors. The god of Confucius frowned upon its victims with blind fate. Mohammedanism promises nothing to those exhausted with sin in this world but an eternity of the same passion-indulgences. But God intended that our religion should have the grand characteristic of cheerfulness. St. Paul struck the key-note when he said: "Rejoice evermore, and again I say, rejoice." This religion has no spikes for the feet; it has no hooks for the shoulder; it has no long pilgrimages to take; it has no funeral-pyres upon which to leap; it has no Juggernauts before which to fall.

Its Good Cheer

is symbolized in the Bible by the brightness of waters, and the redolence of lilies, and the sweetness of music, and the hilarities of a banquet. A choir of seraphim chanted at its induction, and pealing trumpet, and waving palm, and flapping wing of archangel are to celebrate its triumphs. It began its chief mission with the shout: "Glory to God in the highest!" and it will close its earthly mission with the ascription: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

But men have said that our religion is not cheerful, because we have such a doleful Sabbath. They say: "You can have your religious assemblages, and your long faces, and your sniffling cant, and your psalm-books, and your Bibles: give us the Sunday excursion, and the horse-race, and the convivial laughter. We have so much joy that we want to spread it all over the seven days of the week, and you shall not have one of our days of worldly satisfaction for religious dolefulness." I want to show these men—if there are any such in the house this morning—that they are under a great delusion, and that God intended the fifty-two Sundays of the year to be hung up like bells in a tower, beating a perpetual chime of joy and glory and salvation and heaven; for I want you to carry out the idea of the text, "and call the Sabbath a delight."

I remark, in the first place, we are to find in this day the joy of

Healthy Repose.

In this democratic country we all have to work—some with hand, some with brain, some with foot. If there is in all this house a hand that has not, during the past year, been stretched forth to some kind of toil, let it be lifted. Not one, not one. You sell the goods. You teach the school. You doctor in the sick-room. You practice at the bar. You edit a newspaper. You tan the hides. You preach the gospel. You mend the shoes. You sit at the shuttle. You carry the hod of bricks up the ladder on the wall. And the one occupation is as honorable as the other, provided God calls you to it. I care not what you do, if you only do it well. But when Saturday night comes, you are jaded and worn. The hand cannot so skilfully manufacture; the eye cannot see as well; the brain is not so clear; the judgment is not so well balanced.

A prominent manufacturer told me that he could see a difference between the goods which went out of his establishment on Saturday from the goods that went out on Monday. He said:

"They were very different indeed. Those that were made in the former part of the week, because of the rest that had been previously given, were better than those that were made in the latter part of the week, when the men were tired out." The Sabbath comes, and it bathes the soreness from the limbs, quiets the agitated brain, and puts out the fires of anxiety that have been burning all the week. Our bodies are seven-day clocks, and unless on the seventh day they are wound up, they run down into the grave. The Sabbath was

Intended as a Savings-bank:

into it we are to gather the resources upon which we are to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath robs his own nerve, his own muscle, his own brain, his own bones. He dips up the wine of his own life, and throws it away. He who breaks the Lord's day gives a mortgage to disease and death upon his entire physical estate, and at the most unexpected moment that mortgage will be foreclosed, and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland and pore and cell and finger-nail demands the seventh day for repose. The respiration of the lungs, the throb of the pulse in the wrist, the motion of the bone in its socket declare: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

There are thousands of men who have had their lives dashed out against the golden gates of the Sabbath. A prominent London merchant testifies that thirty years ago he went to London. He says: "I have during that time watched minutely, and I have noticed that the men who went to business on the Lord's day, or opened their counting-houses, have, without a single exception, come to failure." A prominent Christian merchant in Boston says: "I find it doesn't pay to work on Sunday. When I was a boy I noticed, out on Long Wharf, there were merchants who loaded their vessels on the Sabbath day, keeping their men busy from morning till night; and it is my observation that they themselves came to nothing—these merchants—and their children came to nothing. It doesn't pay," he says, "to work on the Sabbath."

I appeal to your observation. Where are the men who twenty years ago were Sabbath-breakers, and who have been Sabbath-breakers ever since? Without a single exception, you will tell me, they have come either to financial or to moral beggary. I defy you to point out a single exception, and you can take the whole world for your field. It has either been a financial or

Moral Defalcation

in every instance. Six hundred and forty physicians in London petition Parliament, saying: "We must have the Sabbath obeyed. We cannot have health in this city and in this nation unless the Sabbath is observed." Those in our own country have given evidence on the same side. The man who takes down the shutters of his store on the Sabbath takes down the curse of Almighty God. That farmer who cultures his ground on the Sabbath day raises a crop of neuralgia, and of consumption, and of death.

A farmer said: "I defy your Christian Sabbath. I will raise a Sunday crop." So he went to work and plowed the ground on Sunday, and harrowed it on Sunday, and he planted corn on Sunday, and he reaped the corn on Sunday, and he gathered it into the barn on Sunday. "There," he says, "I have proved to you that all this idea about a fatality accompanying Sabbath work is a perfect sham. My corn is garnered, and all is well." But before many weeks passed the Lord God struck that barn with His lightnings, and away went the Sunday crop.

Sabbath-Keeping Pays.

During the last war, it was found out that those public works which paused on the seventh day turned out more war material than those which worked all the seven days. Mr. Bagnall, a prominent iron merchant, gives this testimony: "I find we have fewer accidents in our establishment and fewer interruptions, now we observe the Lord's day; and at the close of the year, now that we keep the Sabbath, I find we turn out more iron and have larger profits than

any year when we worked all the seven days." The fact is, Sabbath-made ropes will break, and Sabbath-made shoes will leak, and Sabbath-made coats will rip, and Sabbath-made muskets will miss fire, and Sabbath occupations will be blasted. A gentleman said: "I invented a shuttle on the Lord's day. I was very busy, so I made the model of that new shuttle on the Lord's day. So very busy was I during the week that I had to occupy many Sabbaths. It was a great success. I enlarged my buildings; I built new factories, and made hundreds of thousands of dollars; but I have to tell you that all the result of that work on the Sabbath has been, to me, ruin. I enlarged my buildings, I made a great many thousands of dollars, but I have lost all, and I charge it to the fact of that Sunday shuttle." I will place in two companies the men in this community who break the Sabbath and the men who keep it, and then I ask you who are the best friends of society?

Sabbath in the Household.

I suppose that the mere philosopher would say that the Sabbath light comes in a wave current, just like any other light; but it does not seem so to me. It seems as if it touched the eyelids more gently, and threw a brighter glow on the mantel ornaments, and cast a better cheerfulness on the faces of the children, and threw a supernatural glory over the old family Bible. Hail! Sabbath light! We rejoice in it. Rest comes in through the window, or it leaps up from the fire, or it rolls out in the old arm-chair, or it catches up the body into ecstasy, and swings open before the soul the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. The bar of the unopened warehouse, the hinges of the unfastened store window, the quiet of the commercial warehouse seem to say: "This is the day the Lord hath made." Rest for the sewing-woman, with weary hands, and aching side, and sick heart. Rest for the overtaken workman in the mine, or out on the wall, or in the sweltering factory. Hang up the plane, drop the adze, slip the band from the wheel, put out the fire. Rest for the body, for the mind, and for the soul.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

Again I remark, we ought to have in the Sabbath the joy of

Domestic Reunion

and consecration. There are some very good parents who have the faculty of making the Sabbath a great gloom. Their children run up against the wall of parental lugubriousness on that day. They are sorry when Sunday comes, and glad when it goes away. They think of everything bad on that day. It is the worst day to them, really, in all the week. There are persons who, because they were brought up in Christian families where there were wrong notions about the Sabbath, have gone out into dissipation and will be lost. A man said to me: "I have a perfect disgust for the Sabbath-day. I never saw my father smile on Sunday. It was such a dreadful day to me when I was a boy, I never got over it, and never will." Those parents did not "call the Sabbath a delight," they made it a gloom. But there are houses represented here this morning where the children say through the week: "I wonder when Sunday will come!" They are anxious to have it come. I hear their hosanna in the house; I hear their hosanna in the school. God intended the Sabbath to be especially

A Day for the Father.

The mother is home all the week. Sabbath day comes, and God says to the father, who has been busy from Monday morning to Saturday night at the store, or away from home: "This is your day. See what you can do in this little flock in preparing them for heaven. This day I set apart for you." You know very well that there are many parents who are mere sutlers of the household; they provide the food and raiment; once in a while, perhaps, they hear the child read a line or two in the new primer; or if there

be a case of especial discipline, and the mother cannot manage it, the child is brought up in the court-martial of the father's discipline and punished. That is all there is of it. No scrutiny of that child's immortal interests, no realization of the fact that the child will soon go out in a world where there are gigantic and overwhelming temptations that have swamped millions.

But in some households it is not that way; the home, beautiful on ordinary days, is more beautiful now that the Sabbath has dawned. There is more joy in the "good-morning," there is more tenderness in the morning prayer. The father looks at the child, and the child looks at the father. The little one dares now to ask questions without any fear of being answered: "Don't bother me—I must be off to the store." Now the father looks at the child, and he sees not merely the blue eyes, the arched brow, the long lashes, the sweet lip. He sees in that child a long line of earthly destinies; he sees in that child an immeasurable eternity. As he touches that child, he says: "I wonder what will be the destiny of this little one?" And while this Christian father is thinking and praying, the sweet promise flows through his soul: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And he feels a joy, not like that which sounds in the dance, or is wafted from the froth of the wine-cup, or that which is like the "crackling of thorns under a pot," but the joy of domestic reunion and consecration.

Eleven Families.

I have some statistics that I would like to give you. A great many people, you know, say there is nothing in the Christian discipline of a household. In New Hampshire there were two neighborhoods—the one of six families, the other of five families. The six families disregarded the Sabbath. In time, five of these families were broken up by the separation of husbands and wives; the other by the father becoming a thief. Eight or nine of the parents became drunkards, one committed suicide, and all came to penury. Of some forty or fifty descendants, about twenty are known to be drunkards and gamblers and dissolute. Four or five have been in State-prison. One fell in a duel. Some are in the almshouse. Only one became a Christian, and he, after first having been outrageously dissipated. The other five families that regarded the Sabbath were all prospered. Eight or ten of the children are consistent members of the Church. Some of them became officers in the Church; one is a minister of the gospel; one is a missionary to China. No poverty among any of them. The homestead is now in the hands of the third generation. Those who have died have died in the peace of the gospel. Oh, is there nothing in a household that remembers God's holy day? Can it be possible that those who disregard this holy commandment can be prospered for this life, or have any good hope of the life that is to come?

Again, we ought to have in the Sabbath the Christian Assemblage.

Where are all those people going on the Sabbath? You see them moving up and down the street. Is it a festal day? people might ask. Has there been some public edict commanding the people to come forth? No, they are only worshippers of God, who are going to their places of religious service. In what delicate scale shall I weigh the joy of Christian convocation? It gives brightness to the eye, and a flush to the cheek, and a pressure to the hand, and a thrill to the heart. You see the aged man tottering along on his staff through the aisle. You see the little child led by the hand of its mother. You look around and rejoice that this is God's day, and this the communion of saints.

I look upon the Church of God as one vast hosanna. Joy dripping from the baptismal font, joy glowing in the sacramental cup, joy warbling in the anthem, joy beating against the gate of Heaven with a hallelujah like the voice of mighty thunderings. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion." It is the day and the place where Christ reviews

His troops, bringing them out in companies and regiments and battalions, riding along the line, examining the battle-torn flags of past combat, and cheering them on to future victories. Oh, the joy of Christian assemblage!

I remark also, we have in this day the joy of Eternal Sabbathism.

I do not believe it possible for any Christian to spend the Lord's day here without thinking of Heaven. There is something in the gathering of people in church on earth to make one think of the rapt assemblage of the skies. There is something in the song of the Christian Church to make one think of the song of the elders before the throne, the harpists and the trumpeters of God accompanying the harmony. The light of a better Sabbath gilds the top of this, and earth and heaven come within speaking-distance of each other, the song of triumph waving backward and forward, now tossed up by the Church of earth, now sent back by the Church of heaven.

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

The Christian man stands radiant in its light. His bereft heart rejoices at the thought of a country where there is neither a coffin nor grave; his weary body glows at the idea of a land where there are no burdens to carry, and no exhaustive journeys to take. He eats the grapes of Eshcol. He stands upon the mountain-top, and looks off upon the promised land.

Two Treasures to Protect.

With what revulsion, and with what pity we must look out on that large class of persons in our day who would throw discredit upon the Lord's day. There are two things which Christian people ought never to give up; the one is the Bible, the other is the Sabbath. Take away one, and you take both. Take either, and farewell to Christianity in this country, farewell to our civil and religious liberties. When they go, all go. He who has ever spent Sunday in Paris, or Antwerp, or Rome, if he be an intelligent Christian, will pray God that the day will never come when the Sabbath of continental Europe shall put its foot upon our shores. I had a friend in Syracuse who lived to be one hundred years of age. He said to me in his ninety-ninth year: "I went across the mountains in the early history of this country. Sabbath morning came. We were beyond the reach of civilization. My comrades were all going out for an excursion. I said: 'No, I won't go; it is Sunday.' Why, they laughed. They said: 'We haven't any Sunday here.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'you have. I brought it with me over the mountains.'"

There are two or three ways in which we can war against Sabbath-breaking usages in this day; and the first thing is to get our children right upon this subject, and teach them that the Sabbath day is the holiest of all the days, and the best and the gladdest. Unless you teach your child under the paternal roof to keep the Lord's day, there are nine hundred and ninety chances out of a thousand it will never learn to keep the Sabbath. You may think to shirk responsibility in the matter, and send your child to the Sabbath-school and the house of God; that will not relieve the matter. I want to tell you, in the name of Christ, that

Your Example

will be more potential than any instruction they get elsewhere; and if you disregard the Lord's day yourself, or in any wise throw contempt upon it, you are blasting your children with an infinite curse. It is a rough truth, I know, told in a rough way; but it is God's truth, nevertheless. Your child may go on to seventy or eighty years of age, but that child will never get over the awful disadvantage of having had a Sabbath-breaking father or a Sabbath-breaking mother. It is the joy of many of us that we can look back to an early home where God was honored, and when the Sabbath came it was a day of great consecration and joy. We remember the old faces around the table that Sabbath morning. Our hearts melt when we think of those

blessed associations, and we may have been off, and committed many indiscretions, and done many wrong things; but the day will never come when we forget the early home in which God's day was regarded, and father and mother told us to keep holy the Sabbath.

There is another way in which we can war against the Sabbath-breaking usages of the country at this time, and that is by making our houses of worship attractive, and the religious services inspiring. I plead not for a gorgeous audience-chamber; I plead not for groined rafters or magnificent fresco; but I do plead for comfortable churches, home-like churches.

Make the Church Welcome

to all, however poorly clad they may be, or whatever may have been their past history; for I think the Church of God is not so much made for you who could have churches in your own house, but for the vast population of our great cities, who are treading on toward death, with no voice of mercy to arrest them. Ah! when the prodigal comes into the church, do not stare at him as though he had no right to come. Sometimes a man wakes up from his sin, and he says: "I'll go to the house of God." Perhaps he comes from one motive, perhaps from another. He finds the church dark and the Christian people frigid (and there are no people on earth who can be more frigid than Christian people when they try), and the music is dull, and he never comes again. Suppose one of these men enters the church. As he comes in he hears a song which his mother sang when he was a boy; he remembers it. He sits down, and some one hands him a book, open at

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me."

"Yes," he says, "I have heard that many times." He sees cheerful Christian people there, every man's face a psalm of thanksgiving to God. He says: "Do you have this so every Sunday? I have heard that the house of God was a doleful place. I have really enjoyed myself!" The next Sabbath the man is again in the same place. Tears of repentance start down his cheek; he begins to pray; and when the communion-table is spread, he sits at it, and some one reaches over and says: "I am surprised to find you here! I thought you didn't believe in such things." "Ah!" he says, "I have been captured. I came in one day, and I found you were all so loving and cheerful here that I concluded I would come among you. Ah! you can't drive men out of their sins, but you can coax them—you can charm them out."

I would to God that we could all come to a higher appreciation of this Sabbath heritage! We cannot count the treasures of one Christian Sabbath. It spreads out over us the two wings of the archangel of mercy. Oh, blessed Sabbath! They scoff a great deal about

The Old Puritanic Sabbaths,

and there is a wonderful amount of wit expended upon that subject now—the Sabbaths they used to have in New England. I never lived in New England, but I would rather trust the old Puritanic Sabbath, with all its faults, than this modern Sabbath, which is fast becoming no Sabbath at all. If our modern Sabbatism shall produce as stalwart Christian character as the old New England Puritanic Sabbatism, I shall be satisfied, and I shall be surprised.

Oh, blessed day! blessed day! I should like to die some Sabbath morning when the air is full of church music and the bells are ringing. Leaving my home group with a dying blessing, I should like to look off upon some Christian assemblage chanting the praises of God as I went up to join the thousands of thousands standing around the throne of Jesus. Hark! I hear the bell of the old kirk on the hill-side of heaven. It is a wedding-bell, for behold, the Bridegroom cometh! It is a victor's bell, for we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

"Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

PROPERTY CONSECRATED.

A CONVERT in Western Turkey has literally borne the test which Jesus applied to the rich young man (Luke 18:22). Mr. Tracy, of Marsovan, in Western Turkey, writing to the *Missionary Herald*, says: "Three Sundays ago I called on one of our leading brethren. I found him sick, after returning from a journey. Let me tell you, in substance, what he said. 'For the last two or three days I have been looking at that picture on the wall opposite (Christ preaching to the people on the mountain). It is a very sweet picture to me. As I looked at it, Christ seemed to say to me: "Will you sell all you have and give it to the poor, and come and follow me?" The question disturbed me terribly. I could not say yes. He kept looking at me and asking me the same question. My soul was thrown into tumult. I said: "How can I sell all and give it away? This house cost me — pounds. I shall have to sell it for half that sum, and *that* I must give away. How can I part with my store, and all I have got with such hard labor, and distribute the whole avails to the poor?" Long did my heart rebel and struggle against the demand. At last, terrible as it was, I came to the point where I said, "Yea, Lord, I will do as thou requirest." I put up my house at auction; it went at half its value. I put up my store; it went likewise. I distributed all. I took my wife and children out into the street. We went down into a humble quarter and entered a poor tenement. We sat down in a mean room. When we were seated, Jesus came in and said: "Peace. Hast thou done as I bade thee?" I replied, "Yea, Lord, I have given all." Then He said, "To-day is salvation come to this house."

A MISSIONARY BUILDER.

In a sketch of the work of the Rev. John Jones on the island of Masé, one of the Loyalty group in the South Pacific, it is stated that the natives of the island were ferocious cannibals, whose dwellings were miserable huts, and a more rude or barbarous race could scarcely be conceived. On going there Mr. Jones at once constituted himself the friend and helper as well as the religious teacher of the people, while they were interested and attracted by the new way of living, and the various conveniences of civilization introduced by the missionary. They saw the missionary build for himself a better house than they had ever seen before; under his superintendence some of them had assisted him in the building of it, and soon they desired "improved dwellings" for themselves, and set to work to rear them. The door and the window, and the lock and the key were indeed to them works of art; but with the help of the missionary, who supplied them with the latter and directed them in the construction of the former, they soon attained to respectable cottage homes. The mission station was the centre of all operations.

A TOUR IN JAPAN.

In a letter from the Rev. T. S. Tyng to the *Spirit of Missions*, that missionary gives an interesting account of a tour he took in November last to outlying districts around his station in Japan. Three young men had preceded him to Fukui, and wrote him encouraging reports of the field. They had met a judge of the provincial court, who had for some time been reading the Bible daily, but had found himself unable to understand clearly, unless "some one should guide him." "He gathered together at his own house," says Mr. Tyng, "some *twenty-four of the judges and officers of the court*, to hear what our young men had to say. Nothing, of course, but genuine interest in the subject of which they spoke would have led men of this standing to come together to listen to the teaching of young men of twenty-two or twenty-three, whose very names they had never heard before. Naturally, therefore, I pressed on to visit the place as soon as possible.

"Arrived at Takebu after thirteen hours on the road, I found that the preaching would not

begin until the following night. When that time came we found, in spite of rain, an audience of 120 or 130 to hear us at the theatre. It was evident from their appearance that they were among the most intelligent people of the place, and they listened with a great deal of attention to addresses which, as far as my Japanese helpers were concerned, were well worth listening to. The second night the audience was larger, and equally attentive. How the work will develop further we cannot yet say. Some people of large influence in the place are disposed to help us, but for the most part privately, because they 'fear the people.' Yechizen is the chief remaining stronghold of Buddhism in Japan. That religion is decaying rapidly indeed, and the money raised by the priests in this region is said to have fallen off one-half in the last two or three years; but it is still strong enough to make men who are anxious for popularity careful how they openly oppose it.

"At Fukui we had preaching for two nights in a large vacant house, being unable to get the theatre. It was crowded to overflowing by intelligent and attentive listeners, who were, I think, much impressed by what they heard. Arrangements have been made to open a preaching-place at once in Fukui, the judge whom I mentioned becoming responsible for the rent."

A SERVICE BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

IN the Bijou Theatre, a variety resort in the slums of Seattle, W. T., surrounded by saloons and gambling-dens, Major Hilton is conducting Gospel services which threaten disaster to the iniquitous interests of the locality. On the second night of the meetings the enemies of the work got the gas light cut off. Candles were procured, and it was a novel sight to see scattered through the large audience many people holding in one hand a lighted candle and in the other hand a Gospel Hymn-book, heartily engaging in the service. Major Hilton remarked that it reminded him of the poor woman who, on calling for a pound of candles at the store during the late war, was told they had advanced in price two cents per pound. Asking for a reason for the advanced price, she was told it was "owing to the war." "What!" she exclaimed, "are they fighting by candle-light?"

The fight with the enemy of souls by candle-light on the night referred to in Seattle resulted in fourteen men turning from the service of Satan unto the testimonies of the Lord, and the work is still going on with increasing interest. (1 Peter 2: 9.)

FIVE YEARS IN BED.

A LETTER is published by Mrs. M. Baxter in her monthly magazine, *Thy Healer*, from Captain Goring, who writes from Coburg, in Germany, the following account of the healing of a girl nineteen years of age, who had passed five years in bed, suffering from *curvature of the spine*:

"We are rejoicing over a dear girl who was for five years a helpless invalid. At the age of nine she was taken ill, and after many doctors had tried their skill and remedies, she was sent to the Children's Hospital. There they tried their best, but in vain. She came home, and in a little while went back, with no better result. She then was taken to the Alfred Hospital, where Drs. Cooke, Backhouse, and others tried their utmost to relieve and cure the girl, but failed. After some months she was given up by the doctors as incurable. Again she came home and had other physicians attending her. After a time she went to the Homœopathic Hospital, with no better results. She was then sent to the Incurable Hospital, where she lay for two years and a half. Two months ago she came home, and there upon her bed she lay waiting for the coming of her Lord.

"Last Friday, I went to see her; I had been before (her brother is a soldier), and had often chatted with her. While on my knees this time talking about Jesus, she looked in my face and said, 'Why doesn't the Lord heal me?' He heals others.' You will be sure that my heart beat with joy to hear her speak like that. I

then showed clearly from God's Word that Jesus was waiting and willing to heal; also showing there need be no 'ifs' about it, for when the leper said to Jesus, 'If Thou wilt Thou canst,' the Lord once and for all showed unmistakably His will by saying, 'I will, be thou clean.' I then left her a copy of *Thy Healer*, which I had with me, to read. We went home with a bright ray of hope in our hearts that God was going to raise her up. We prayed through all the week, and on Wednesday night her sister and Brother Ross were at my place and told us that she had bidden her sister get her clothes made, because the Lord was going to heal her. Her sister, who had been praying and believing, set to work; they were quite sure it would be done. I sent her more copies of *Thy Healer*, also a pamphlet that Mrs. Harvey had sent me. We also promised that we would call the next day. The next day (yesterday) we went to visit a soldier, and while there we heard the blessed news that our dear sister had got up and was sitting in a chair, healed. We went over, and as we entered the room she cried out, 'You see the Lord has healed me,' and with tears of joy and a heart full of glory we praised the Lord. During the morning she had been reading the testimonies in the books. They strengthened her faith, and at 1:30 P. M. she cried out for her clothes; she was going to get up. *The Lord had healed her!* The doctors called it 'curvature of the spine,' and though they tried all the energy and skill at their command, they failed. Now the girl is talking of how she will work for the Lord."

JEWISH CONVERTS IN NEW YORK.

THE seventh annual report of the Rev. Jacob Freshman's work among the Jews of New York City shows healthy and encouraging progress. As he and his good wife are laboring without salary in faith, they have, as other kindred workers, been called to pass through hardships, but their faith has not wavered. Gifts for the work have been used strictly for the work, and only personal gifts have been applied to their personal needs. Of the \$25,000 owing on the church, \$15,000 have been paid, and Mr. Freshman has no doubt about the balance being cleared. One young Hebrew, converted at the mission, is now an ordained preacher among the Methodists. The name of a second, who was converted while the services were held in Cooper Union, was in the list of graduates at the Union Theological Seminary last year, and he goes as pastor of a Presbyterian church in Pennsylvania. A third will finish his course in the United Presbyterian Seminary in the spring. A fourth is at the Reformed-Episcopal Seminary in Philadelphia, and Bishop Nicholson and Dr. Hoffman speak of him in high terms. Another is at Drew Seminary. The list might be extended, but these instances show the useful and unsectarian nature of Mr. Freshman's work.

At a recent meeting in the church, an opportunity was given to new converts to speak. A newly baptized brother was so deeply affected he could hardly command language to express himself. He said: "I have not words to tell you what I feel and know of this salvation, but the Lord never had a man who will serve Him better. I intend, by His help, to prepare to preach the Gospel." He then addressed his Hebrew brethren in German.

A brother said: "When I first embraced Christianity, it was with a purely intellectual faith. It did not influence my life. But two years ago, the truth touched my heart, and now I believe with both head and heart."

A Hebrew sister testified: "For one, I can say I never became a Christian for gold. I came here a stranger, heard of Jesus, and believed in Him. Three weeks ago, I asked your prayers for an infidel Jew, and now he is willing to listen to the truth. I ask you to continue your prayers for the conversion of my parents and my brothers and sisters."

A brother who is helping in the mission work expressed his earnest intention to ever hold aloft the banner of King Jesus. He had been

in a house where there were twelve Jews, and had boldly confessed Christ before them. He was roughly treated, spit upon, and abused. All this he bore patiently because he remembered that his Lord and Master had been so treated.

Freewill offerings to aid Mr. Freshman in his work may be addressed to him at 17 St. Mark's Place, New York.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

By D. L. Moody.*

A Neglected Doctrine—Satan Responsible—Its Separating Influence—Christ Will Surely Return—As He Went—Injunctions to Watch—Death not Intended—Three Great Facts Predicted—Two Fulfilled—The World to Grow Worse—Representative Translations—The Redeemed Dead to Return—Texts to Study.

IN II Timothy 3: 16 Paul declares: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness"; but there are some people who tell us, when we take up prophecy, that it is all very well to be believed, but that there is no use in one trying to understand it; these future events are things that the Church does not agree about, and it is better to let them alone, and deal only with those prophecies which have already been fulfilled. But Paul doesn't talk that way; he says: "All Scripture is profitable for doctrine." If these people are right, he ought to have said, "Some Scripture is profitable; but you can't understand the prophecies, so you had better let them alone." If God didn't mean to have us study the prophecies, He wouldn't have put them into the Bible.

I don't want to teach anything dogmatically, on my own authority; but to my mind this precious doctrine—for such I must call it—of the return of the Lord to this earth is taught in the New Testament as clearly as any other doctrine in it; yet I was in the Church fifteen or sixteen years before I ever heard a sermon on it. Now, I can see the reason for this; the devil does not want us to see this truth, for nothing would wake up the Church so much.

The moment a man takes hold of the truth that **Jesus Christ is Coming Back** again to receive His followers to Himself, this world loses its hold upon him. Gas stocks and water stocks and stocks in banks and railroads are of very much less consequence to him then. His heart is free, and he looks for the blessed appearing of his Lord, who, at His coming, will take him into His blessed Kingdom.

But how is He going to come? We are told how He is going to come. When those disciples stood looking up into heaven at the time of His ascension, there appeared two angels, who said unto them (Acts 1: 11): "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as you have seen Him go into heaven." How did He go up? He took His flesh and bones up with Him. "Look at me; handle me; a spirit has not flesh and bones as ye see me have. I am the identical one whom they crucified and laid in the grave. Now I am risen from the dead and am going up to heaven." He is gone, say the angels, but He will come again just as He went. An angel was sent to announce His birth of the Virgin; angels sang of His advent in Bethlehem; an angel told the women of His resurrection; and two angels told the disciples of His coming again. It is the same testimony in all these cases.

In Matt. 24 we find that He is to come unexpectedly and suddenly. In the twenty-seventh verse we have these words, "For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth unto the west, even so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." And again in the forty-fourth verse, "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Some people say that means death; but the

Word of God does not say it means death. Death is our enemy, but our Lord hath the keys of death; He has conquered death, hell, and the grave, and at any moment He may come

To Set Us Free From Death,

and destroy our last enemy for us; so the proper state for a believer in Christ is waiting and watching for our Lord's return. In the last chapter of John there is a text that seems to settle this matter. Peter asks the question about John, "Lord, what shall this man do?" Jesus said unto him, "If I will that he tarry *till I come*, what is that to thee? Follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren that that disciple *should not die*." They did not think that the coming of the Lord meant death; there was a great difference between these two things in their minds.

There is another mistake, as you will find if you read your Bibles carefully. Some people think that at the coming of Christ everything is to be all done up in a few minutes; but I do not so understand it. The first thing He is to do is to take His Church out of the world. He calls the Church His bride, and He says He is going to prepare a place for her. We may judge, says one, what a glorious place it will be from the length of time He is in preparing it, and when the place is ready He will come and take the Church to Himself. There was a time when I used to mourn that I should not be

Alive in the Millennium;

but now I expect to be in the millennium. Dean Alford says—and almost everybody bows to him in the matter of interpretation—that he must insist that this coming of Christ to take His Church to Himself in the clouds, is not the same event as His coming to judge the world at the last day. The deliverance of the Church is one thing, judgment is another. Now, I can't see any place in the Bible where it tells me to wait for signs of the coming of the millennium, as the return of the Jews and such like; but it tells me to look for the coming of the Lord; to watch for it; to be ready at midnight to meet Him, like those five wise virgins. The trump of God may be sounded, for anything we know, before I finish this sermon—at any rate, we are told that He will come, and at an hour when many look not for Him.

Read the first Epistle to the Thessalonians. Paul has something to say about this same thing in every chapter; indeed, I have thought this Epistle might be called

The Gospel of Christ's Coming Again.

There are three great facts foretold in the Word of God; first, that Christ should come; that has been fulfilled. Second, that the Holy Ghost should come; that was fulfilled at Pentecost, and the Church is able to testify to it by its experience of His saving grace. Third, the return of our Lord again from Heaven—for this we are told to watch and wait "till He come." Look at that account of the last hours of Christ with His disciples. What does Christ say to them? "If I go away I will send death after you to bring you to Me; I will send an angel after you?" Not at all. He says: "I will come again and receive you unto Myself." If my wife were in a foreign country, and I had a beautiful mansion all ready for her, she would a good deal rather I should come and bring her to it, than to have me send some one else to bring her. So the Church is the Lamb's wife. He has prepared a mansion for His bride, and He promises for our joy and comfort that He will come Himself, and bring us to the place He has been all this while preparing.

It is perfectly safe to take the Word of God just as we find it. If He tells us to watch, then watch! If He tells us to pray, then pray! If He tells us He will come again, wait for Him! Let the Church bow to the Word of God, rather than try to find out how these things can be. "Behold, I come quickly," said Christ. "Even so come, Lord Jesus!" should be the prayer of the church.

Take the account of the words of Christ at the communion-table. It seems to me the

devil has covered up the most precious thing. "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death

Till He Come."

But most people seem to think that the Lord's table is the place for self-examination and repentance, and making good resolutions. Not at all; you spoil it that way; it is to show forth the Lord's death, and we are to keep it up till He comes.

Some people say, "I believe Christ will come on the other side of the millennium." Where do you get it? I can't find it. The Word of God nowhere tells me to watch and wait for the coming of the millennium, but for the coming of the Lord. I don't find any place where God says the world is to grow better and better, and that Christ is to have a spiritual reign on earth of a thousand years. I find that the world is to grow worse and worse, and that at length there is going to be a separation. "Two women grinding at a mill; one taken and the other left. Two men in one bed; one taken and the other left." The Church is to be translated out of the world, and of this we have two examples already, two representatives, as we might say, in Christ's Kingdom, of what is to be done for all His true believers. Enoch is the representative of the first dispensation, Elijah of the second, and as a representative of the third dispensation we have the Saviour Himself, who is entered into the heavens for us, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. We are not to wait for the great white throne judgment, but the glorified Church is set on the throne with Christ, and to help to judge the world.

"Behold I come quickly," said Christ to John, and the last prayer in the Bible is, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Were the early Christians disappointed then? No; no man is disappointed who obeys the voice of God. The world waited for the first coming of the Lord, waited for 4,000 years, and then He came. He was here only thirty-three years, and then He went away. But He left us a promise that He would come again; and as the world watched and waited for His first coming, and did not watch in vain, so now, to them who wait for His appearing, shall He appear a second time unto their salvation. Now, let the question go round, "Am I ready to meet the Lord if He comes?" "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

There is another thought I want to call your attention to, and that is, Christ will bring

All Our Friends With Him

when He comes. All who have died in the Lord are to be with Him when He descends from His Father's throne (Rev. 3: 21) into the air. 1 Thess 4: 16, 17. A brief interval of time ensues between this meeting of all His saints in the air and His coming with all His saints to execute judgment upon the ungodly, to chain Satan in the bottomless pit for the thousand years, and to establish the millennial reign in great power and glory. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death has no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." (Rev. 20: 6.)

Now, I want to give you some texts to study: When we eat the Lord's supper we show forth His death *until He come*. (1 Cor. 11: 26.)

We are using our talent, *until He come*. (Luke 19: 13.)

We are fighting the good fight of faith, *until He come*. (1 Tim. 6: 12-14.)

We are enduring tribulation, *until He come*. (2 Thess 1: 7.)

We are to be patient, *until He come*. (James 5: 8.)

We wait for the crown of righteousness, *until He come*. (2 Tim. 4: 8.)

We wait for the crown of glory, *until He come*. (1 Pet. 5: 4.)

We wait for reunion with departed friends, *until He come*. (1 Thess 4: 13-18.)

We wait for Satan to be bound, *until He come*. (Rev. 20: 3.)

*From a pamphlet of 27 pages published by Fleming H. Revell. May be had, price 10 cents, from J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

WILL subscribers please understand that the fact of their continuing to receive the paper regularly through the mail is an intimation that their renewals have been received and credited to them on our books? It is not our custom to send receipts, the date on the label always being changed as soon after receipt of money as possible, to show the time the paper is paid to. Some subscribers who have renewed for 1889 may notice that the date on the address label has not yet been changed. This is unavoidable, owing to the large number of changes to be made; but it is being rectified as rapidly as possible. Any subscriber having renewed, and receiving a notice of expiry, may conclude it was mailed before his subscription was entered on the list, and need, therefore, pay no attention to the letter.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Bill for the Incorporation of the Nicaragua Canal Company passed the House on January 4, and was sent to the Senate, for that body to consider the changes that have been made in it in the House. The real motives for the opposition the project has encountered, could be inferred from the fact that the leaders of the opposition who have succeeded in getting amendments passed, actually voted on the final division against the bill, with their own amendments in it. It will, therefore, depend largely on the Speaker's choice of members for the conference committee whether the safety of the bill is secured. As it now stands, the United States will have the power to regulate tolls, but the clause authorizing the United States to acquire the canal by paying its cost and five per cent. interest, was not carried. On January 7 the Senate passed the joint resolution requesting the President to notify foreign Governments that any connection on their part with a project for piercing the Isthmus would be regarded by the United States with serious concern and disapproval. Attempts were made to have the resolution worded more courteously, but they failed; and, finally, the resolution passed, with only three dissentient votes—those of Senators Blackburn, Vance, and Hampton.

Important Changes in the System of Voting for Representatives in Congress are contemplated in a bill introduced in the Senate on January 8 by Senator Sherman. The bill requires the President to appoint, with the approval of the Senate, five qualified voters in each State, to be known as the Board of State Canvassers, and three voters in each Congressional district, to serve as an Electoral Board. The Electoral Board of each Congressional district shall appoint a Registrar and three judges (not all of the same political party) for each election district or precinct, to hold office for six years, and the Board may also increase the number of election precincts at its discretion. It is also directed to appoint three Commissioners of Election for each county or corresponding political division, whose duty it shall be to meet after the election, and count the votes. The Registrars are to attend to the registration before the election, and they are to have power to strike from the books the names of any person known to be dead, or disqualified by reason of conviction in court. If complaints of informalities or irregularities are made, the Board may examine the judges and amend the returns. The Electoral Board must send the returns to the State Canvassers, who may also hear complaints, and correct the returns, and who are to finally certify the result of the election. The bill also provides that any State Legislature may direct the election of Presidential Electors, to be conducted by the same machinery, and in that case the expense will be borne by the Federal Treasury. It will be seen from this brief summary of this long and complicated measure that a momentous change of principle is pro-

posed. The bill transfers the management of the elections from the States to the Federal Government.

A Wrong to the Indians and a Source of danger to the country would be removed if Congress would settle the question of settlers' rights on the Round Valley reservation in California, by passing the bill now before it. The bill provides for the reimbursement of white settlers on the reservation, of money and labor laid out in permanent improvements on the lands before the reserve was established. At present these men remain, using the law courts to prevent the military ejecting them, and thus defying an executive order. Their presence is also exasperating to the Indians, and constitutes a trespass, which General O. O. Howard recently described as "extraordinary and disgraceful," adding that "the iniquity perpetrated upon this reservation is so glaring, so public, that it is demoralizing in its effects upon a large community." It must be said, however, that the trespassers have in many cases a just claim against the Government, which cannot be met without special legislation. With its customary disregard of public interests, Congress has kept this bill pending for a year, and still appears disinclined to deal with it.

A Grave Charge Against the Managers of the Republican party was made last week by the *Voice*, the leading organ of the Prohibition party. The proprietors of that journal had collected, during the recent Presidential campaign, at considerable expense and labor, the names of the leading Prohibitionists and temperance people throughout the country. They had, however, in their employ two unscrupulous men, who have now confessed that they stole proof-sheets containing these names, and other sheets containing the names of subscribers to the *Voice*. These were taken to the Republican Headquarters in New York and offered for sale. The two men state that Chairman Quay, Vice-Chairman Clarkson, and Mr. Dudley examined the stolen goods and purchased them on behalf of the National Committee, knowing them to be stolen. It is known that they were used, because the men whose names were on the lists received Republican campaign documents from headquarters, as they would not have done but for the theft. The Prohibition National Committee will consider what step to take, but it may be hoped that so serious a matter will not be allowed to rest. Neither can men of the standing of Quay, Clarkson, and Dudley afford to stand in the light of receivers of stolen property; and if the Prohibition committee decides against prosecution, the accused men should take steps to vindicate themselves if they are not guilty.

A Destructive Tornado Swept Through Pennsylvania on January 9, causing serious loss of life and property. The city of Reading was the greatest sufferer. About half-past 4 in the afternoon a telegram from Altoona notified Reading that a terrific storm had passed through that city, and was travelling eastward with frightful velocity. Half an hour later telegrams from Harrisburg announced the arrival of the storm there, and a quarter of an hour later it fell upon Reading with increased fury. The storm first struck the large one-story paint-shops of the Pennsylvania and Reading Company on the western side. A number of men were at work when the place was wrecked. A fire broke out immediately, in which at least five men were burned to death. From there the tornado took a path probably 100 yards wide, unroofing houses, tearing down chimneys and window-shutters and finally struck the silk-mill with tremendous force, and the large building collapsed instantly, and sank into one mass of ruins. At least 200 operatives, principally girls, went down with the wreck. All occurred in the brief space of about two minutes. How any of the inmates escaped is a mystery. A large number did manage to crawl out with comparatively slight injuries, but *twenty-three dead bodies* have been recovered, and many girls are still

missing. In Pittsburg sixteen persons were killed by falling buildings, and other cities also report fatalities and damage. The edge of the storm also caught Brooklyn, N. Y., overturning a gasometer and doing other damage.

The Deposition of King Mwanga, the Blood-thirsty young savage who ordered the murder of Bishop Hannington, is reported in a telegram from Zanzibar, received on January 11. Unhappily the report also contains the announcement of the murder of native Christians by the Mohammedans. The deposition of the King appears to have originated in an attempt on his part to destroy his entire body-guard; his intention being to abandon them on an island in the Victoria Nyanza, where they would starve to death. The guards, who had been forewarned of the King's intentions, refused to enter the canoes which were to convey them to the island, and, returning to the capital, made an attack on Mwanga's palace. The King fled to escape the fury of the guards, and his brother, Kiwewa, was enthroned in his stead. Kiwewa appointed Christians to the principal offices. This enraged the Arabs, who murdered many of the Christian officials and replaced them by Mohammedans. The dispatch says that the Arabs burned the English and French mission stations, and killed many of the converts to Christianity. Many letters for Emin Bey and Henry M. Stanley were destroyed by the burning of the missionary stations. The missionaries have reached Usamboco in safety. The Msalala dépôt is safe. Mwanga is a prisoner at Magu. He has appealed to the English missionaries for assistance. The Arabs have written to Missionary Mackay, exulting in their triumph and prophesying the extinction of all the mission stations in Central Africa in revenge for England's anti-slavery policy. They have proclaimed Uganda a Mohammedan kingdom.

The Death of Signor Gavazzi, the Famous Anti-Papal orator, was announced on January 11. He was in his eightieth year. He first came into prominence when, as an Italian monk, he denounced the corruption in the papal court of Gregory XVI., for which he was thrown into prison and kept there until the death of the Pope. He took an active part in the revolution of 1848, when he had charge of the hospital service, and did much valuable work. He was with Garibaldi in the Neapolitan campaign of 1860. But it was after his conversion to Protestantism that Gavazzi's fame became world-wide. He commenced a tour of Europe, lecturing everywhere against the Papacy, exposing its errors, its wickedness and corruption. His eloquence was marvellous. As an orator he held his audiences spell-bound and kindled them into enthusiasm. His orations were intensely patriotic, and he more than any one else had the merit of enlisting European sympathy in the cause of Italian unity. He paid several visits to the United States, and was well received here on each occasion.

The Uncalled-for Intervention of Germany in the affairs of Samoa has had the result, so far, which European nations are becoming accustomed to when they meddle in affairs of distant peoples. In endeavoring to force an unpopular ruler on Samoa, the Germans have met with a reverse. They have had a skirmish with Mataafa's followers, whom the Germans call "rebels." It appears that the German gunboats sent a party of men ashore to demand indemnity for insults to the German flag, and also the disarming of the insurgents. While the party were on their way to the Vailele plantation they were suddenly attacked by "the rebels," led by an American named Klein. The gunboats then landed more men, who succeeded in repelling the natives and destroying some of their villages. One German lieutenant and fifteen men were killed, and two lieutenants and thirty-six men were wounded. Other accounts state that the Germans retired to Vailele, and held it against the greatest odds until reinforced. Mataafa's loss was ten killed and thirty wounded.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal were received last week to the amount of \$13.50. They were from: S. P. A., \$5; London, Ont., Can., \$1; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., \$1; Providence, R. I., \$1; N. Y. City, \$1; Burlington Junction, Mo., \$1; Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1; Vassalboro, Me., \$1; Franklin Park, N. Y., \$1.50.

The Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association appears likely to aid in solving the Labor Question, in addition to doing its specific work for the spiritual benefit of the men. At the anniversary held on January 8, in the rooms of the Association in New York, Messrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, Austin Corbin, and other railroad magnates testified to the help the Association had been in bringing employers and employed into closer touch and sympathy, with mutual benefit. Mr. Vanderbilt was especially enthusiastic, and spoke in congratulatory terms of the extension of the movement. He said that during the year branches had been established in six new points in the country, making a total of ninety-three principal railroad points where branches are now in active operation, in addition to which branches are about to be established at two more places, and two railroad companies are considering the proposition to establish the work along their lines. There are over 5,000 in daily attendance at all the railroad branch associations in the country, a large increase upon the statistics of the previous year.

The Exclusion From Calvary Cemetery of the body of one of Dr. McGlynn's friends appears to be legal. A civil suit was tried in New York last week, to compel the trustees of the cemetery to allow the interment of a man who died suddenly at one of the excommunicated priest's meetings. He owned a lot in Calvary Cemetery, but when the family took his body there for interment, the authorities would not permit it to be brought inside the grounds. It was, therefore, temporarily deposited in a vault at Greenwood, until the court was appealed to on the question. Judge Beach, of the Supreme Court, last week handed down his decision, dismissing the appeal. He said that any person purchasing a lot in a denominational cemetery, did so with the tacit understanding that it was for the burial of persons in communion with the Church with which the cemetery is identified. Also, that the authorities of the Church, and not a civil court, are competent to decide whether the person died in communion with the Church. He therefore declined to interfere in the case. This decision concerns all the owners of lots in denominational cemeteries. Happily, it applies only to the body. Though that may be excluded from the resting-place purchased for it, no Church authority can exclude the soul that has trusted in Jesus from the mansion He has prepared. (John 14:2.)

A Nobleman Hungry and in Rags Was found in Philadelphia on January 5. He came to this country in 1887, from Germany, where his father and family still live on the ancestral estate at Eichelz, near the town of Brechelshof. When he was twenty-five years old he wanted to enter the army, or to have a university education, but both were refused him. His father wished him to live at home and superintend the estates, which are of considerable extent. The young man was resolute, and his father equally determined. Finally there was a bitter quarrel, in which angry words were used on both sides. The son, feeling himself humiliated, left his home and came to America. He succeeded in obtaining employment in New York, and for a few weeks did well. He lost his position, however, through sickness, but obtained another in Washington, D. C., which he also lost for the same cause. Recovering, he took the first place available, which was that of a coachman, in Baltimore, Md. Again he was prostrated by sickness, and was so long regaining strength that all his money was exhausted, and every article of value he possessed was disposed of. He went to Philadelphia in utter destitution to

look for work. There he was recognized by a lady who held a large sum of money which had been sent to her by his family for his use, if she could find him. The man was soon fed and clothed, and went to Washington with her. He said that he would not have accepted his father's money if he had not been driven to do so by want. That is the case of many who have wandered away from God. Only when convinced of their own inability to save themselves will they accept the salvation God has provided. (Isa. 26:16.)

The Sudden Reappearance of a Supposed dead man has astonished the citizens of Elberton, Ga. On the night of the Presidential election of 1876, a colored man was seized by a band of white men and told to prepare for death. They bound him, and started off several miles to Broad River, which at Hillyer's Bluff is deep and swift. So far as the public knew, the colored man had been thrown into the river. His people mourned him as dead, and his pastor preached a funeral sermon for him. The truth now appears to be that when the party reached the bluff the negro was in such absolute terror that some of the party took pity on him and worked for his rescue. It was finally agreed that if he would leave the country at once and forever, concealing his identity wherever he went, he would be permitted to go. To these terms he quickly assented. He was taken across the river and set at liberty. He went from there to Athens, where he settled and prospered, concealing his identity, and never going near the place where he would have been recognized. He has now revealed himself, and there is much surprise that he could have remained unknown for twelve years. Though those who, through Christ, are saved from eternal death are not required to conceal their identity, He expects that they shall quit their old lives and live a life separate from the world, with new aims, hopes, and joys. (II Cor. 6:17.)

An Italian's Unsuccessful Appeal to the police for the possession of a wife, is reported from Fall River, Mass. On January 9 an excited man, speaking broken English, rushed wildly into the police station and demanded that the marshal help him to recover his wife. Some time was required to get the man calm enough to give an intelligible account of his trouble. It was eventually found that he came from Providence to search for his wife, who had been seen at Fall River. He had found the locality in which she was living, and wanted the marshal to send a policeman with him, to compel her to return with him. "Have you any proof that she is your wife?" asked the marshal. The Italian said he had, and produced a paper, which, on being examined, proved to be a *marriage license*, issued two years ago by the city clerk of Providence, for which the Italian had paid fifty cents. The man had never married the woman, and appeared to have taken no steps toward marriage beyond procuring the license, until the woman was courted and married by another man. Then he asserted his claim, supposing that the license constituted a marriage. There is reason to fear that many persons are making a similar mistake in spiritual matters. Those who imagine that baptism and church membership constitute them members of Christ's bride, though they have not been born again, are under a grievous delusion. (Matt. 7:21-23.)

An Attempt to Save a Newborn Babe from a bull-dog involved a physician in Boston in severe injuries recently. The doctor told his story in the Supreme Court on January 10, when he sued the mother of the babe, who is also the owner of the dog, for compensation. It appears that the doctor laid the babe on the bed, after its birth, while he performed some offices for the mother. As he did so, a large bull-dog sprang from a corner of the room and attempted to seize the child. The doctor snatched up the child and placed it in the arms of a nurse. The animal sprang at the woman and tried to tear the child from her, but the doctor dragged him off and pushed the woman

out of the room. Then the savage animal attacked him, biting him severely in the arm and leg. The doctor was overpowered for a minute and fell to the floor, but, recovering himself, he fought the dog, rolling over and over with him in a life and death struggle. Eventually he obtained a firm grasp of the beast's throat and with a supreme effort flung him through the window. The astonishing feature of the case is that the mother should have had so ferocious an animal in proximity to her helpless offspring, and that the man who saved her child at the risk of his life should have had to sue her for compensation. Though few parents would be so heedless of their children's safety, there are many who expose them to the attacks of the great enemy of souls and are similarly ungrateful toward Him who died to rescue the whole human race, including their "darling, from the power of the dog." (Ps. 22:20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has begun meetings in Keene, N. H. Dr. Pentecost has been conducting a series of meetings in Kelvinside, Glasgow.

The Chicago Theological Seminary began the new year with a gift of \$350,000.

Major Whittle, aided by his son, has had a most successful term of gospel effort at Ballymena, Ireland.

A correspondent in Croton, Mich., desires us to call the attention of evangelists to that town. A cordial welcome and a promising field of labor, he says, may be found there.

The Rev. Thos. Harrison is conducting meetings in the Beekman Hill Methodist Church, East Fiftieth Street, New York. The church is crowded at every meeting, and much good is being done.

A new and commodious building, known as "The Christian Institute," has been dedicated in Toronto. It was erected by William Gooderham, Esq., and is intended to be a home for Bible study.

Letters from Jerusalem state that the welcome rain has come, and the long drought, which had produced a water famine, is now over. There have been snow-storms there, and the cold is unprecedented.

The pastors of the Evangelical German churches of this city have formed a German Evangelical Alliance "to maintain and defend the civil and religious liberty of this country wherever it seems to be in danger."

Mr. Ira D. Sankey has made an evangelistic tour through the midland counties of England. At Hemel Hempstead, an immense concourse of people assembled, and at other places his meetings were crowded. He is now on his way back to America.

Mr. D. L. Moody began his labors in San Francisco, Cal., December 30. He is accompanied by a band of gospel singers. A tabernacle has been built, capable of seating five thousand people, with inquiry-rooms and every facility for carrying on a successful work.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter are meeting with remarkable success in their Canadian work. At Brandon fully five hundred persons made a confession of faith as the result of their meetings. Among the congregations were families who had come forty miles to attend.

The students in the Yale Theological Seminary are engaging in active evangelistic work in co-operation with City Missionary Mossman. They have thoroughly canvassed New Haven from house to house for an organized effort. Messrs. Stagg and Corbin, the noted base-ball players, lead in the movement.

An evangelist of the Methodist Protestant Church, who has labored in Washington, D. C., and many places in Pennsylvania, is now in New York, and will be glad to help in evangelistic work in any city of the State during the next few months. Address, J. P., care of Rev. John Dooley, Broome Street Tabernacle, New York.

Subscriptions for the erection of the Adoniram Judson Memorial Church in New York have flowed in freely since the project was started. Dr. Edward Judson proposes to erect the church in Thompson Street, near Washington Square, a neglected quarter of the city. He proposes to make it a mission church, with home comforts for needy persons.

"Gipsy Smith," an English evangelist, formerly in the Salvation Army, is about to pay a visit to this country for an evangelistic tour. He holds letters of recommendation from the Revs. C. Garrett, H. J. Pope, S. F. Collier, and other Methodist ministers, and Dr. J. O. Keen, President of the Bible Christian Conference. Letters for him may be addressed to this office.

Volume XI., of the Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price, \$2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, and 1887 are also for sale. We can also furnish complete volumes for 1884, 1885, and 1888, unbound, price \$1.50, including postage.

EYES RIGHT!

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." Prov. 4:25.

Directions for Keeping the Members of the Body—Persons Living as if in Sleep—Others Staring Around—Have a Way, and Let it be Straight—I. Let Christ be Your Way—Seek to Have Him—To Know Him—To Obey Him—To be Like Him—To Win Souls for Him—II. Set Your Eyes on Him—To Know the Way of Life—Avoid Retrospection—And Introspection—And Much Circumspection—Looking with the Eyelids—III. Look to Christ Alone—Not to Secondary Aims—Look Till Faith Comes.

THESE words occur in a passage wherein the wise man exhorts us to take care of all parts of our nature, which he indicates by members of the body. "Keep thy heart," says he, "with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil." It is clear that every part of our nature needs to be carefully watched, lest in any way it should become the cause of sin. Any one member or faculty is readily able to defile all the rest, and, therefore,

Every Part Must be Guarded

with care. We have selected for our meditation the verse which deals with the eye. These windows of light need to be watched in their incomings, lest that which we take into our soul should be darkness rather than light; and they need to be watched in their outgoing, lest the glances of the eye should be full of iniquity, or should suggest foolish thoughts. Hence, the wise man advises, "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." Have eyes, and use them. Using them, take care to use them honestly.

Some persons are always as if they were asleep. They go through the world mooning about, seeing nothing, or seeing men as if they were trees, with a sight which is not sight, but blindness hidden. The shadows of this transient life impress them, and that is all: they have never awakened yet to the true life and its solemn realities. They have never seen anything in very truth; for

It is Faith that Sees,

and of faith they have none. That which is apart from faith is not visible to the soul, however clear it may be to the eye. We have thousands around us who need to be startled out of that slumber in which they see the fabrics of their dreams, and the unsubstantial fancies of the hour. They say, "We see;" but scales are on their eyes.

Many others are somewhat awake mentally, but they are not looking right on, neither do their eyelids look straight before them. They are staring about them, star-gazing, wondering what will be seen next: always ready, like the Athenians, to hear and see some new thing. They have never yet discovered that this life is a preface to a life of diviner mould. They do not regard the present as the lowly porch of the glorious edifice of the future. They have not thought that time is but

The Doorstep of Eternity,

a thing of small account, save that it is linked with the endless ages; and so they seek after this, and then after that, and then after the other; and always after that which is too poor, too trifling, to be the object of a mind capable of fellowship with God. To beings who lead such purposeless lives we would address the words of the wise man, "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." Have something to do, and do it. Have something to live for, and live for it. Get to know the right way, and, knowing the right way, keep to it with full purpose of heart and concentration of faculty.

If a man is to let his eyes look right on, and

his eyelids straight before him, then he is to have a way, and that way is

To be a Straight Way,

and in that straight way he is to persevere. You cannot see to the end of a crooked way. You can only see a small part of a way that twists and winds. Choose, then, a direct path which has an end which you dare think of and look upon. Some men's lives are such that they dare not think of what the end of them must be. They would not long pursue their present track if they were forced to gaze into that dread abyss, which is the only possible close of an evil course. The way of transgressors is hard in itself, but it is hardest of all when we behold their dreadful end.

Every wise man will conclude that the best way for a man is the way which God has made for him. He that made us knows what He made us for, and He knows by what means we may best arrive at that end. According to divine teaching, as gracious as it is certain, we learn that the way of eternal life is Jesus Christ. Christ himself says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life"; and he that would pursue life after a right fashion must look to Jesus, and must continue looking unto Jesus, not only as the author, but as the finisher of his faith. It shall be to him a golden rule of life, when he has chosen Christ to be his way, to let his eyes look right on, and his eyelids straight before him. He need not be afraid to contemplate the end of that way, for the end of the way of Christ is life and glory with Christ for ever. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

A friend said to me the other day, "How happy are we to know that whatever happens to us in this life it is well!" "Yes," I added, "and to know that if this life ends, it is equally well, or better." With all my heart I invite any who have never yet begun to live after a right fashion, to take Christ to be the way of life to them; and then I entreat them to let their eyes look straight on, and their eyelids straight before them, and to follow Jesus without giving a glance either to the right hand or to the left, till it shall be said of them, even in glory, "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

I shall make my earnest appeals to the heart and conscience by beginning with this first exhortation;

Let Christ be Your Way.

If Christ be your way, you will begin first to seek to have Christ. "How shall I have Him?" says one. Dost thou desire Him? Wilt thou accept Him? He is thine. The act of accepting Christ secures Christ to us; for the Father freely gives Him to all who freely accept Him. Some are troubled through ignorant and unbelieving fears, and are saying, "I wish I could lay hold on Jesus! I wish I knew that Christ was mine!" Art thou willing to have Him? Who made thee willing? Dost thou desire Him? Who made thee desire Him? Who but the Spirit of the Lord? Wilt thou now take Jesus to be thy Saviour, to save thee from thy sin? Then depend on it, He is thine. Let your eyes look right on, and your eyelids straight before you, till you find Him. Look nowhere else but to Him and after Him. Shut yourself up in your room; determine not to come out again until you have Him, and it shall not be long before you find Him. Concentrating all your gaze upon the Crucified, light shall come from Him, causing the scales to fall from your eyes, and you shall see Him, even you that could not see; and you shall cry in delight, "He is mine, He is mine." Remember how David said to his son, "If thou seek Him, He will be found of Thee."

When you have Christ, the next business of your life must be to know Christ. Seek to know more of Him, to know Him better, to know Him more practically, to know Him more assuredly. "That I may know Him," said the apostle, after he had been a believer in Him for fifteen years. That same man of God speaks of

"the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," even his knowledge, which was of the fullest sort; so that he meant to go on learning more and more of Christ, and he did not count himself to have attained. Christian men and women, you do not know your great Master yet. Here have some of us been nearly forty years in His service, and yet we could not describe Him to our own satisfaction. In this matter let your eyes look right on, and your eyelids straight before you.

When you come to know somewhat of what He is, then go on

To Obey Christ.

Is there anything that He has bidden you do? Do it. Some Christians have never yet been baptized: how will they answer for wilful neglect of a known duty? Others have been Christians for years, and yet have never communed at the Lord's table. Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Do they keep His commandments? It was His dying request, "This do in remembrance of me," and yet they will not fulfil it. Even such a tender request they slight, as though it were of no importance whatever, as if their Lord was a mere nobody whose wishes might well be overlooked. What shall I say of many of the biddings of our holy gospel, many of those sweet precepts which are to be used in the family, and in the business, and in the field? What forgetfulness there is of them! What said the blessed Virgin to those who were at the feast? Note the words, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." It was well spoken of the favored mother, and it remains as a golden precept for us all—"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Make no reserve, exercise no choice, but obey His command. When you know what He commands, do not hesitate, question, or try to avoid it, but, "do it": do it at once, do it heartily, do it cheerfully, do it to the full.

That being attended to, remember, if Christ be your way, you have further to

Seek to be Like Him,

not only to do as He did, but to be as He was, for "as He was, so are we in this world." What a man *does* is important, but what a man *is* is all-important. The ring of the metal is something, but if its ring could be imitated by a base coin, it would be nothing. It is, after all, the substance of the metal that decides its value. "As we have born the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly"; and we must begin to bear that heavenly image even now. This, therefore, we must aim at, though as yet we have not attained it. Here is something to be thought of very carefully, and I charge you, by the Holy Ghost, let your eyes look right on, and your eyelids straight before you, that you may be transformed from glory to glory into the image of the Lord. God grant that it may be so with every one of us!

Now, supposing that we have attended to all this, if Christ is our way, and our model, there is something more, namely, that we seek to glorify Christ, and labor to win others to Him. Here is a grand

Field for all Our Energies.

Are not some of you indifferent as to whether your fellow-men are lost or saved? Have not some of you, in your families, come to this pass—that you see your brother an infidel, your sister frivolous, your parents godless, and yet it does not fret you? I think that if I had a godless relative, it would break my night's rest, not now and then, but always. A brother, a father, a child, unsaved! What mean ye by taking your ease? We need men and women who live to convert others to Christ. The minister had better quit his pulpit if it be not his one burning desire to bring hearts to Jesus' feet. If a divine impulse be not upon him, driving him to seek the souls of men, let him go elsewhere with his windy periods. Professors have little right to be in Christ's Church, unless they are passionately in earnest to increase His kingdom by the salvation of their fellow-men. O my brothers and sisters, on whom is the blood-mark of re-

demption, I charge you concerning this matter to "let your eyes look right on, and let your eyelids look straight before you"!

II. Following the text again, only working it a little differently, the second exhortation is,

Set Your Eyes on Him

as your way. First, that you may know the way of life, let your eyes be fixed on Him. Soul, art thou in the dark? Kneel down and pray, and look Christ-ward. Saint, art thou bewildered? Go by the way of the Cross, the way of the Crucified, for that is the true and sure path. Sinner, art thou burdened? Wouldst thou be rid of thy burden? Run Christward. Any direction given thee to go anywhere else will misdirect thee. I say not to anyone I meet to-night, "Go to the wicket-gate." Neither will I bid you look to any light within, and run that way. My only direction is, "Go to Jesus!" "To Christ!" "To Christ!" "To Christ!" That is the sole inscription upon every finger-post of the road to heaven. Keep to the King's highway.

Look alone to Jesus, and do this to keep your spirits up. Some men's eyes do not look right on, and their eyelids do not look straight before them, for

They Look Back

upon that part of the road which they have traversed, and grow content with that which they have already attained. They live in *retrospection*. When you begin to look back at what you have done, and rub your hands, and say with self-satisfaction, "I remember when I did right well," wisdom warns you that this is not the right kind of look. What have you to look back upon? Poor, weak creature! Forget that which is behind, and press forward to something better and higher.

Some spend much of their time in what is called *introspection*. Now introspection, like retrospection, is a useful thing in a measure; but it can readily be overdone, and then it breeds morbid emotions, and creates despair. Some are always looking into their own feelings. A healthy man hardly knows whether he has a stomach or a liver; it is your sickly man who grows more sickly by the study of his inward complaints. Too many wound themselves by **Studying Themselves.**

Every morning they think of what they should feel: all day long they dwell upon what they are not feeling; and at night they make diligent search for what they have been feeling. It looks to me like shutting up your shop, and then living in the counting-house, taking account of what is not sold. Small profits will be made in this way. I remember Mr. Moody saying that a looking-glass was a capital thing to show you the spots on your face; but you could not wash in a looking-glass. You want something very different when you would make your face clean. So let your eyes look right on. Forget yourself, and think only of Christ.

Some not only unduly practice retrospection and introspection, but they carry much too far a sort of *circumspection*. They look all around them: they look upon their past, and their present, and their fears, and their doubts, and from all these things they judge their condition, and decide their state of mind. You recollect Peter. He cried to his Lord, "Bid me come unto Thee on the water." He receives permission. Down the side of the boat goes Peter. To his intense surprise he is standing on a wave. Peter had never done such a thing before in his life as walk on the water. He might have kept on standing on the wave, and he might have walked all the way to Jesus, if he had kept his eyes on his Master until he reached Him. The waters would have borne him up as well as a granite pavement; but Peter began to look at the billows, and he listened to the howling of the wind, and then to the beating of his own heart; and down he went; and then he had to cry to his Master. "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee": thou canst walk the waters all the way to the golden shore, if thou canst but stop thine eyes to all things else.

Surely I may use the text as an illustration of that closing of the eyes. "Let thine eyes look right on." "I understand that," says one, "for I trust. But you cannot

Look With Your Eyelids."

What can that mean? Remember that you can shut your eyes with your eyelids to a great many things, and so cease to see them; and in the matter of faith-sight a great many things are best not seen. So, when you would otherwise see the danger, and all the difficulties and the doubts, do not look with your eyes, but look with your eyelids. Not to look at the difficulties at all is all the look they deserve. Let your eyelids shut out the view which would create distrust. Do not see, do not feel, "only believe." Draw down the blinds, and see nothing, know nothing, believe nothing, but the living word of the living Saviour. "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee."

III. But my time has almost expired, and I have only to lay emphasis on one more matter. Let your eyes distinctly and directly

Look to Christ Alone.

I have gone over this before, but I need to hammer at it again, in order to clench the nail. *Look not to any human guide*, but look to Christ Jesus alone. We have no faith in priests; but it is a very easy thing to fix your faith upon a minister, and hear what he says, and believe it because he says it. I charge you, believe nothing that I tell you if it cannot be supported by the Word of God. I am content to stand or to fall by this: "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, there is no light in them." I will quote the authority of no other book, whoever may have composed it; no ancient book, let it belong even to the earliest days of the Church. This one inspired volume is the text-book of our religion. Follow Holy Scripture, and you have an infallible chart. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the one apostle and high priest of our profession; follow Him.

Again, look not to any secondary aims. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. In seeking Christ, make no bargain with gain or reputation; be content to lose all gold and all honor if you may but win Christ. To follow religion for pelf would be a mean act of hypocrisy, and to leave it for the same reason is equally vile. Let your eyes be fixed on following your Lord, and as to any worldly consequences, bring your eyelids into use, keep them fast closed, and go right on in implicit obedience to your Lord.

And, lastly, take care that you continue gazing upon Christ until you have faith in Him. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Go on hearing the Word of God till faith come thereby. Do you ask me

How Faith Comes?

It is the gift of God, but it usually comes in a certain way. Thinking of Jesus, and meditating upon Jesus, will breed faith in Jesus. I was struck with what one said the other day of a certain preacher. The hearer was in deep concern of soul, and the minister preached a very pretty sermon indeed, decorated abundantly with word-painting. I scarcely know any brother who can paint so daintily as this good minister can; but this poor soul, under a sense of sin, said, "There was *too much landscape*, sir. I did not want landscape; I wanted salvation." Dear friend, never crave word-painting when you attend a sermon; but crave Christ. You must have Christ to be your own by faith, or you are a lost man. When I was seeking the Saviour I remember hearing a very good doctrinal sermon; but when it was over I longed to tell the minister that there was a poor lad there who wanted to know how he could be saved. How I wished he had given half a minute to that subject!

I am not here to give you intellectual treats: my eyes look right on to your salvation. Oh that yours may look that way! Go after Christ, dear friend. Seek after Christ with your whole

heart and soul. Feel that the one thing you must have is to be reconciled to God by the death of His Son. Keep on with that cry, "None but Christ; none but Christ." Then you will soon find Him. "Let your eyes look right on, and let your eyelids look straight before you," and you shall see the Lord of grace appearing to you through the mist and through the cloud, that self-same Saviour who stands in the midst of us even now, and cries, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE VICAR'S IDEA OF AN ANGEL.*

A CHILD said to him one day, "Please, Mr. Hawker, did you ever see an angel?" "Margaret," said the vicar, solemnly, as he took one of the child's hands in his palm, "there came to this door, one day, a poor man. He was in rags. Whence he came I know not. We gave him bread. There was something mysterious, wonderful, unearthly, in his face. And I watched him as he went away. Look, Margaret! do you see that hill all gold and crimson with gorse and heather? He went that way. I saw him go up through the gold and crimson, up, still upwards, to where the blue sky seems to touch the top of the hill, and there I lost sight of him all at once. I saw him no more; but I thought of the words, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

A Plea For a Captain.

In 1853 a vessel laden with copper-ore was wrecked in the bay below Morwenstow church. The ore was recovered and carried up the cliff on the backs of donkeys; but it was a tedious process and occupied two or three months. . . . All that time the agent for the firm which owned the vessel lived in the vicarage and was entertained royally. When everything had been recovered and he was about to depart, he thanked the vicar for his great kindness, and begged to know, on behalf of the firm, if there was anything he could do, or give him, which would be acceptable as some recognition of his kindness.

"No," answered the vicar, "Nothing; God will repay me."

The agent again, and in more forcible terms, assured him that the firm would not be happy unless they could make him some acknowledgment for his services and hospitality out of the common way.

"Then I will ask one thing," said the vicar: "Give the captain another ship."

The agent hesitated, and then said that what he asked was an impossibility. The firm had no ships which were not already provided with captains. They could not in justice displace one of them to install in his room the captain of the wrecked ship.

"Never mind," said Mr. Hawker; "this is the only thing I ask of you, and this is refused me."

A few days afterward, the agent came to inform him that the firm purposed laying the keel of a new vessel, and that the captain for whom he pleaded should be appointed to her.

The ship was built, and was named *Morwenstow*. She now sails to and fro along the coast, and whenever she passes Morwenstow, runs up a flag, as a mark of deference to the spot whence she derives her name.

A Speaker Confused.

Archdeacon, afterward Bishop, Wilberforce came to Morwenstow to advocate the cause of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and met Mr. Hawker. "Look here," said the archdeacon, "I have to speak at the meeting at Stratton to-night, and I am told that there is a certain Mr. Knight who will be on the platform and is a wearyful speaker. I have not much time to spare. Is it possible, by a hint, to reduce him to reasonable limits?"

*From the "Vicar of Morwenstow," a life of Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, M. A., by S. Baring-Gould. Fifth American edition. A most interesting memoir of a man whose character was a curious combination of piety, benevolence and eccentricity. Pp. 312; price 60 cents. Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.



Mr. Russell B. Harrison, Son of the President-Elect.



Native Evangelists in the Baptist Seminary, Delhi, India.

"Not in the least," said the vicar; "he is impervious to hints."

"Can he not be prevented from rising to address the meeting?"

"That is impossible: he is irrepressible."

"Then what is to be done?" asked the archdeacon, blankly.

"Leave him to me: he will not trouble you."

At the meeting a crowd gathered to hear the famous archdeacon. Mr. Knight was on the platform, waiting his opportunity to rise. "O Knight," whispered Mr. Hawker, who was in the chair, "I have left my watch at home; will you lend me yours for timing the speeches?"

With some hesitation Mr. Knight pulled his gold watch, with bunch of seals attached, from his fob and gave it to the vicar. Presently Mr. Knight was on his feet to make a speech. Now, the old gentleman was accustomed, when addressing a public audience, to swing his bunch of seals round and round in his left hand. Directly he began his oration, his hand went instinctively to his fob in quest of the bunch; it was not there. He stammered, and felt again, floundered in his speech, and, after a few feeble efforts to recover himself and find his bunch of seals, sat down red, perspiring, and angry.

MR. RUSSELL B. HARRISON, Son of the President-Elect.

MONTANA naturally does not join the clamor for recognition in the coming President's political family which is now being raised from many States. There are so many claims stronger than hers that she does not look for recognition. She has, however, a friend in one of her prominent citizens, whom nature has placed very much nearer to the President-elect than members of his Cabinet will be. His son, Russell B. Harrison, is one of the best known citizens of Helena, and an enthusiastic believer in the excellence and future prosperity of the Territory.

It is about ten years since Mr. Harrison settled in Montana. He has worked his way up to be chief of a large stock-farm, and is reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in his section. He is no stranger to Washington society. During his father's term as Senator, young Mr. Harrison, with his sister (whose portrait appeared in this journal on December 13), took an active part in the social gatherings in the Harrison home, and formed friendships which will now, doubtless, be renewed with mutual pleasure. One result of much importance personally to the young man, had its origin in that period. He became acquainted with Miss Saunders, daughter of Alvin Saunders, Senator from Nebraska. This acquaintance developed into a

love affair, and Miss Saunders is now Mrs. Russell B. Harrison. It is expected that she, with her husband's sister, Mrs. McKee, will aid "the First Lady of the Land" in making the White House receptions attractive.

NATIVE STUDENTS AT DELHI.

(See Illustration.)

THE growing conviction, which experience confirms, that Christian work in heathen lands can have no more successful aid than that of native converts, is being practically tested in India. The Baptist Missionary Society has established a Missionary Training Institute in the ancient city of Delhi, and is encouraged by its success. On this page is an engraving from a photograph of the young men who, having been converted to Christianity, are now being trained for Christian work among their countrymen. The Rev. Stephen S. Thomas adds to the value of the picture by the following sketch of the principal characters in the group: "I will not attempt to describe each man, but I would like to single out the three whom the Conference will be asked to accept this year as evangelists, and also our mission doctor.

"Saul David, the doctor, stands in the centre of the back row. Despite his somewhat ferocious countenance, he is a really good fellow, doing a good work. He was brought up in our school, afterwards studied at the Agra Medical School, and, since then, in addition to his dispensary work, has read in the training classes with a view to becoming a more efficient preacher. He is an active deacon of the church.

"Silas, a deacon's son, was a school teacher, but was rightly thought by Mr. Guyton to be capable of undertaking evangelistic work.

"Masih Charan comes of a steady, solid—some would say stolid—Christian family, the best known member of which is Ibrahim, pastor of Sabzi Mandi. The influence of such a family is extremely valuable amongst a people who are by nature so unstable. Masih Charan has all the family characteristics. He has done well in his examinations, not because he is brilliant, but because he is plodding.

"Lal Mahammad, as his name suggests, is a convert from Mohammedanism, sent here by Mr. Price from Danapur. He is undoubtedly the cleverest, ablest, and best educated student we have, and, therefore, the one of the three about whom I have the greatest hopes and greatest fears. His sermons are often extremely good, though his language is sometimes too fine for our poor people to understand. These brethren preach in turn on Sunday evenings, and, until lately, when through extra pressure

of work I have had no time for preparation, I have regularly taken them to bazaar preaching, and some who heard have been saved."

LOTTIE MOWATT'S REFUGE.

(See Illustration on page 45.)

AT the window of a hotel in the outskirts of a large city, a lady of some three-and-twenty years stood one cold winter afternoon, watching the descending snow-flakes. The hotel stood near a large park, across one corner of which the lady could see the chimneys of the grand old mansion of Colonel Mowatt.

"Now I am here," she said, in soliloquy, "I am no nearer the old, real home than I was before. It is no home for me. I do not know what to do." After a few moments of consideration, she said, "Yes, that is best; I will send to Grace." She sat down and wrote a short note, which she dispatched by a messenger.

Grace Vernon lived about a mile from the hotel, but the messenger had to retrace his steps, for Grace was at Colonel Mowatt's house, one of a large party celebrating the coming of age of the Colonel's son. Grace's lover was there, too; a young Scotchman, named Alec Campbell, who during his American tour had been fascinated by Grace's beauty, and on closer acquaintance loved her for the beauty and depth of her Christian character.

It was a curious coincidence that, on that day of all others, the letter which the messenger bore to Grace Vernon should have found her at Col. Mowatt's house. She had once been a frequent guest there, but until that day she had not entered it for three years. She and the Colonel had quarrelled, and words had been spoken on both sides that it was difficult to forgive or forget. Every one knew the cause. Charlotte Mowatt, the Colonel's only daughter and Grace Vernon's dearest friend, had brought disgrace on the family name, and while scandal was busy with her sin, and the Colonel in mortification and anger struck her name out of the record in the family Bible and declared that he no longer regarded her as his daughter, Grace Vernon had remained true to her friend, and had dared to tell the Colonel himself that, instead of shutting his doors against her, he ought to follow and reclaim her. Other people had thought Grace in the wrong. Alec Campbell, however, with a lover's partiality, declared, when he heard the story, as he did that very day, from another of Col. Mowatt's guests, that Grace was right, and the world would be better if the erring had more of such faithful friends.

He was chatting with some of his male friends near a window, when, to his amazement, he

saw Grace walk quickly past through the snow, with no umbrella, and a set look of determination on her face. In a moment he encased himself in his overcoat, and snatching up his Glengarry cap and an umbrella, was striding rapidly after her.

"Why are you leaving us, Grace?" he asked as he overtook her and held the umbrella over her. "What has happened?"

"It is too long a story to tell you now. I will tell you some other time," Grace said, hurrying on. "Please do not come with me."

"I cannot allow you to walk alone on such a day as this. I will not be inquisitive, but I must come with you."

Grace silently acquiesced, but she walked steadily on, her thoughts apparently rendering her oblivious of his presence. Alec bore it as long as he could, speculating, as he walked, on the cause of the girl's strange demeanor. At last he said: "Forgive me for speaking of it. I have heard Miss Mowatt's story. Has your present business anything to do with it?"

"It has," said Grace, curtly. "Lottie was my dearest friend, and though every one in the world spoke ill of her, I would love her still in spite of her sin and shame."

"You will hear no reproach from my lips," said Alec; "I think you acted nobly and like a true Christian in that matter."

Grace made no reply in words, but she took one of her hands from the pocket of her ulster, and put it gently on Alec's arm. After a minute she said: "I am going to her." She referred to a scrap of paper in her pocket, and looked around. She said: "There is the place, that hotel. Lottie is there. She sent a boy just now with a note telling me of her being there, and begging me to come to her at once."

"Go you to her room, then," said Alec; "I will wait for you in the lobby."

He waited two hours, and then Grace came back. "I can do nothing," she said. "Lottie is in deep sorrow and remorse, but she will not go home unless she is assured of a welcome, and I know her father would not receive her."

"Would she allow me to see her?" asked Alec. "I do not know, and I do not see that you could do any good; but I will ask her, if you like."

"Do so, please; I wish to see her." Grace returned, and came back with permission for Alec to visit the wanderer. He entered the room, and greeted the lady respectfully.

"I suppose Grace has told you who I am, Miss Mowatt," he said. "I know your story and your present difficulty. I would not have intruded, but that perhaps I, of all men, may be best able to solve it. Grace has made me happy by promising to marry me in a few weeks, and we are going to our home in Scotland. Will you allow me, in her name, to offer you a share of it?"

"Ah, sir, you do not know me, or the life I have been living, or you would not make such an offer."

"Excuse me, madam, it is because I do know, and because, speaking with all humility, I am a follower of Jesus, that I make that offer, and most earnestly beg you to accept it. It is too sudden for you to decide at once, perhaps, but I am going to leave you and Grace alone to-



Charlotte Mowatt's Friends.

gether now; and I think, when she has talked to you, you will decide as I wish."

"Alec," said Grace, "I love you. You could not have done anything that could have given me half the pleasure."

When Grace once more rejoined her lover it was all arranged. The repentant sinner, spurned from the home she had disgraced, was rescued by the two young people whom the life and teachings of Christ had led to pity the fallen. Lottie is now the honored wife of a Scottish lawyer, who knows her early history, and who, like his friends, the Campbells, has no stones to throw at those who, under fierce temptation, fall in life's slippery ways. Happily, Lottie was more fortunate than many who sin as she sinned; at the crisis of her life she found friends who endeavored to follow their Master in loving the sinner while hating the sin. She too, loves much, because she was forgiven much.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 31.)
Straits in the Home.

IT was not the expectation of the Mormon Apostles that the missionaries would do much in Roman Catholic Italy. The same causes were in operation there as affected the work in France. Few, if any, really good Roman Catholics have ever joined the Saints. The Irish mission was never successful, and the same may be said of the French and Italian missions. In France and Italy by far the greater part of the people might be classed under two heads—Roman Catholics and infidels. The first had already an infallible guide in which they trusted; and as for the infidels, they ridiculed the idea of any guide at all. Both classes were utterly devoid of that acquaintance with Scripture of which the Mormon missionaries understood so well how to take advantage, and which rendered those so susceptible to influence who took the Bible as their basis.

The missionaries in Italy soon experienced the difficulties presented by these facts. After their arrival in Genoa, Mr. Stenhouse was directed to carry the Gospel to the Waldenses—those brave old Protestants of the dark ages, who so manfully suffered, even unto death, for conscience' sake; and some time after he had begun his labors among them, the Apostle Snow joined him. Whatever they might believe or teach theoretically, there can be no doubt that the American Apostles were largely endowed with the "organ" of caution. Preaching without purse or scrip among people who either detest you as a heretic or else regard you with profound indifference is not a pleasant task, and the Mormon Apostles very prudently "took up" liberal collections in England before they started. Had it not been for this common sense proceeding, I am at a loss to say what would have become of the missionaries in Italy; and as it was, their lot was not a very enviable one.

Besides the scarcity of money, the other great difficulty experienced by the missionaries was learning the language of their destined converts.

For many years it was supposed among the Saints that the "gift of tongues" would be all-sufficient for this purpose. The two distinguished Apostles, Orson and Parley P. Pratt, whose writings do so much for Mormonism, had both of them eloquently discussed the subject in print; but the missionaries soon discovered that for practical purposes the "gift" was not of much service; and the two Pratts themselves afterwards experienced—the one in South America, and the other in Austria—the fallacy of their theories. Without the "gift" in any shape the work in Italy was necessarily very slow, and an elder who could speak a little French was sent out from London to assist them. They had at last come to the conclusion that if the Lord would not bestow the "gift" upon them, they must try to acquire it.

The Apostle Snow now thought of sending the Gospel to the Swiss, and Mr. Stenhouse was selected for the work. But before he went it was determined that the Church in Italy should be "organized," and about a week later I received a long account of how this was done. I heard how, one pleasant November morning, the Apostle Snow, Elders Stenhouse and Woodward, together with several Waldenses whom they had converted, ascended the mountain-side contiguous to La Tour, and overlooking the fertile valley of Pinerello. There they sang praises and prayed. They christened the place "Mount Brigham"; and the stone upon which the three elders stood and offered up a written prayer they named "The Rock of Prophecy"; and there they organized the church, dedicating the soil of Italy to the Lord. Moreover, then and there my husband was solemnly consecrated a "High Priest after the Order of the Son of God."

All this I heard, and much more; and in confiding faith that this was indeed a great and glorious work, I rejoiced that I had been accounted worthy to suffer patiently at home, if only my husband might successfully fulfil his task abroad. After that I heard that he had left Italy, and had arrived in Geneva, believing

that he would be more successful among the Swiss than the Italians.

A few days after the arrival of the missionary in Geneva, an event occurred which interested my own self personally—my little Clara was born. Very happy was I when I looked upon her tiny little face for the first time, and kissed her for being the prettiest baby in the world; very happy was I when I folded her in my arms, and talked to her as if she could understand all that I said; very happy indeed, as I looked at her again and again, and marvelled whether she could be, indeed and certainly, my own baby girl. It seemed as if baby's papa would never come back again, but I had a companion, now, in my child; and weak and weary as I was, with new responsibilities, and less power to help myself, I found comfort in my new care, and realized the truth of the old Scotch song: "Muckle lichter is the load, When luvie bears up the creel." I was not now alone. Then, too, came round to see me, Mary Burton. She was as fond of and tender to me as ever, and tripped quietly about the room, and tried to wait upon me, and sat by the bed, playing with baby, calling her all the pretty things she could think of; and I felt that her presence brought new light to my room. She brought another letter from my husband, and I found that he was now acquiring for himself the "gift" of the French tongue, unable to do much else, as he and everybody didn't understand each other. He could not yet talk to the French-speaking Genevese, and the English-speaking residents would not listen to him; they had only heard of Mormonism as a clumsy fraud, and looked upon the prophet Joseph Smith as an impostor. So, for a whole winter, he sat shut up in his room, poring over a French grammar, and deploring his hard fate in being denied the gift of tongues.

In the spring of the new year I received a distinguished visitor, who kindly interested himself in my welfare. The Apostle, Lorenzo Snow, left Piedmont for England, and passed through Geneva *en route*. On his way to London he called upon me at Southampton, and expressed much sympathy for me. He noticed the change in my appearance, and immediately sent for Mr. Stenhouse to return to England. He acted very kindly to me at that time; did all that he could to assist me, and said that he never again would ask any man to make such a sacrifice. I fully appreciated all his kindness; but much as I wanted to, I did not venture to ask him about the truth or falsity of those terrible suggestions which I had heard whispered.

My husband, having been sent for by Apostle Lorenzo Snow, hastened home, coming by way of Calais, in order to meet his president and receive his instructions. The Apostle showed much sympathy for him, and very early in the morning accompanied him some miles to the railway station; but he never once mentioned how I had been situated in Southampton until he left him, and then he exacted from him a promise not to open his lips, whatever he might learn. I need not say that I was happy to see my husband once again, and to present to him his little daughter, who was now five months old. He was, of course, soon busy in visiting the Saints, and he received from them many tokens of attachment.

In the beginning of June a Central Conference of the branches of the Church in Britain was held in London. The apostles and missionaries were present, and my husband and I were also there. We had speeches and prayers. The business of the Conference occupied but very few minutes, for no measure was questioned. Among the Mormons there are no opinions, no discussions. The presiding head has made out his programme before he comes to the Conference; he knows what he wants to do, and no one ever questions him. He may, perhaps, for form's sake invite the brethren to speak on any point he introduces; but when he has furnished the clue to his wishes, the elders who speak only spend their time in arguments in its favor.

At the Conference of which I speak the re-

ports of the native elders were very cheering to us. Throughout England and Wales they had been most successful in adding members to the Church. Mormonism was then most successfully preached in Britain. There were more Mormons there than in all Utah Territory: there were fifty Conferences, with over seven hundred organized "branches," and more than six thousand men ordained to the priesthood. That peculiar influence which the Mormons call "the Spirit," of which I have spoken elsewhere, was spoken of by the Elders as being a common experience everywhere.

During all that Conference I listened carefully for a word from the lips of any of the speakers which might indicate in any way that polygamy was part of the Mormon faith; but not a whisper, not a hint, was uttered. I naturally concluded that the Elders, whose doubtful expressions at Southampton had so troubled my mind, were misinformed or unsafe men. Still, I could not altogether banish my apprehension of coming evil; but so bound to secrecy were those who did know of polygamy being practiced in Utah, that there was not one who would admit it; and even my own husband's lips were sealed to me. He did not deny it, but he would not talk about it, and did everything he could to banish the thought from my mind.

At that Conference the Apostle Snow spoke very strongly of the way in which I had been neglected; and it was arranged that Elder Stenhouse should return to Switzerland, and that I should accompany him. My knowledge of French was expected to be very serviceable. We now made preparations for an early departure, and prepared to leave our friends. To the reader it may seem strange for a man, his wife and babe, to be sent out in this way on a mission without any proper arrangement for their maintenance; but to my mind, at the time, it seemed to me not only perfectly proper, but altogether in accordance with God's word and commandment.

My young friend, Mary Burton, came round to bid me good-bye; and the poor girl wept, and I wept with her, and we kissed one another tenderly as our tears mingled. We had become very dear to each other, and the thought of separation for years, or perhaps forever, was very painful to us. She hung about my neck at the last moment, kissing me, and begging me not to forget to write to her very, very often; and this I gladly promised her, asking the same in return. Then with a fond embrace we parted, and it was years before I saw her dear face again. Thus it was that we three—my husband, my babe, and myself—set forth on our pilgrimage to convert the Swiss.

It was with no ordinary feelings that I entered the ancient city of Geneva. I was not ignorant of its history, and the struggles of its inhabitants for civil and religious liberty. It had been the refuge for the English Protestants during the fiery days of Queen Mary; just as in the time of the French Revolution it was the refuge of infidel and Papist, royalist and republican alike. There Calvin lived in gloomy austerity, battling with Rome; there Servetus, the Unitarian, was condemned to be roasted alive as a heretic; and there we expected, in our own humble way, to be able to testify, by our suffering and patience, to what we firmly believed was the truth.

In free countries like England and the United States—free from the surveillance of a military police, it is easy, if he wishes it, for the missionary to mount a chair at a street corner, or hold forth under a tree; and such has often been done. But all over continental Europe there is hardly a place where this would be possible. In the various grand duchies, kingdoms, and empires, paternal governments look too closely after the morals and religion of their subjects; while under the ephemeral republics, as long as they happen to last, there is often to be found, under the name of liberty, a despotism more despotic than under the rule of royalty. It is the *colporteur*, the man of books and tracts, who

makes the converts there; and in this slow way we soon found that we were destined to proceed.

During my husband's former stay in Geneva he had had neither Mormon books nor Mormon papers, with the exception of a paper published at Boulogne, containing a letter by the Apostle Taylor in French and English. This single copy he lent to a Genevese to read, and never saw it again; and yet in a short time, even before he could properly speak French, he converted and baptized two men in the Rhone, one of whom is to-day a devoted Mormon in southern Utah.

His first attack was upon a shoemaker, whom he visited for the purpose of repairs. While the shoemaker worked, Elder Stenhouse talked; and as the English are all reputed wealthy on the Continent, the friendly overtures of the Mormon missionary were graciously received. As they grew intimate, Elder Stenhouse would sit down on the bench beside the man as he worked, and taking from his pocket a French Testament, which he always carried about with him, would try to read it aloud—the good-natured shoemaker undertaking to correct his pronunciation. In this way he kept his auditor's attention constantly fixed upon certain passages, more especially those which spoke of baptism for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. So persistent was he that at last the shoemaker's curiosity was awakened, and finally he was baptized; but not long after a small pamphlet upon the mission of Joseph Smith fell into his hands, and made shipwreck of his faith.

With his second convert he was much more successful. This time it was his landlord who was to be the subject of attack. He was a tailor, and, fortunately for the missionary, somewhat talkative. The same arrangement was made about reading and correction, and with a like result—the tailor was baptized. Just at this time came the Apostle Snow's letter, telling my husband to return to England: and as he might not leave the country without a representative, he ordained the tailor a priest in the Mormon Church. When we arrived in Geneva, *Monsieur le tailleur* was all that constituted the Church of Latter-day Saints in Switzerland.

Soon a few personal friends began to gather, to hear the English missionary tell about the new religion; and my husband being very much in earnest, interest before long began to be excited. I remember well our first meetings among the Swiss—half-a-dozen people sitting round a table with open Bibles before them, passages from which Mr. Stenhouse was trying in very bad French to make them understand. I pitied him very much, but those who were present made as if they did not notice his embarrassment, and listened with marked attention. Among the Mormons it is a woman's duty to keep silence; I therefore remained a listener only. But at the close of the service—for such it was regarded—when I might speak, my missionary labors began; I was aroused to an earnest eloquence, and our parting was longer than our meeting.

The warmth with which the few who were present responded to our efforts satisfied me that they had come under the same mysterious influence which I had observed in England. I was then convinced that Mormonism could awaken the Christian soul more to a realization of what it already possessed, than impart to it any moral or religious qualities. Mormonism of itself never made Christians, but Christianity built up Mormonism. It was an awakening to the teachings of Christ and His apostles that begat confidence in the mission of the Mormon.

Although we observed the very strictest economy, it did not take long for us to exhaust what little money we brought from England. This placed us in a very awkward position. It is inconvenient enough to be without money in one's own country, where one understands and is understood by everybody; but to be in a strange land, especially in a country like Switzerland, where every Englishman is supposed to be a

"milor" and the bounteous dispenser of unlimited wealth, it is more than inconvenient. We left our first quarters, where we had so many visitors, and rented a room from a widow, who fortunately was not inquisitive. She had a family of children to support; and as we paid our rent monthly in advance, she had no occasion to know whether or not we kept a bank account; and we were thankful that it was so, for, had it been so ordained, we could there have starved to death without attracting the notice of any one. A nice thing to be thankful for!

We were not hopeless, though we were heavy-hearted; but we had expected trial, and could not complain, for we knew that thus it would probably be.

(To be continued.)

FORGIVENESS AND HEALING.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for January 27, Mark 2: 1-17; Golden Text, Ps. 103: 3.

A Connection not Generally Realized—The Commission to the Disciples—Sickness as Punishment Under the Old Dispensation—Second Causes Operative—How to Approach God for Healing—Christ's Arrival in Capernaum—His Previous Visit Assuring Welcome—Only One Centre of Attraction—The Paralytic Patient—The Spiritual Preceding the Physical—Sickness a Channel of Blessing—Responsive Faith.

"BLESS the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all His benefits! who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Thank God, this is the blessed experience of thousands of people who have been forgiven their sins, and healed of their bodily diseases, by faith in Christ alone; and this in all parts of the known world. God's work in soul and body, the connection between forgiveness and healing, is closer than many have, as yet, discovered. John the Baptist, the preacher of repentance, never taught healing; his work was to wound, but the Lamb of God who "taketh away the sin of the world," healeth also "all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people," for He came as the Healer. When He sent out His disciples to preach, He always commissioned them to "cast out devils," and to "heal the sick" (Matt. 10: 1, 5-8; Mark 3: 14, 15; 6: 7-13; 16: 15-18; Luke 9: 1, 2; 10: 8, 9), so making their mission to touch soul and body together, and thus bearing witness that

The Whole of Our Being

may benefit from His redemptive work. It is abundantly shewn in the Old Testament how sickness, as well as war, pestilence, famine, vexation, and rebuke, was used by God as a punishment for sin, was the curse of the broken law (Deut. 28: 15-63), and, as such, was not to be looked upon as depending upon outward conditions, so much as upon the direct voice of God to His disobedient children. No doubt then, as now, there were second causes operative in sickness: bad drains, infection, chills, bad food, overwork, anxiety, etc., etc.; but some of these very causes might include, or have to do with, the disobedience which God was aiming at. Sickness, above and beyond all other dealings of God, is connected with the failure to hear His voice, and to obey it. (Ex. 15: 26; 23: 20-25; Deut. 7: 12-15; Job 33: 14-33.) God is the first cause in everything, He is above and supreme over all other rule—natural law, circumstances, all else—and no sickness can overtake us without His permission. He holdeth our soul in life, and He

Holdeth Our Body in Health.

There are many who hear of God's power to heal, and who are ready enough to avail themselves of a cure which is not painful, which costs nothing, and which is to be had for the asking; but we cannot command the power of God, as we would the skill of a physician, in consideration of such and such a fee; we cannot subject His Almightyness to suit our purpose, or to gain our end. If we come to God, it must be as

creatures to a Creator, as subjects to a King, as children to a Father, and not as patrons to a professional. We come, not to command, but to submit.

Jesus again "entered into Capernaum after some days; and it was noised that He was in the house." Such a presence "could not be hid." And yet He had no "form or comeliness" for a worldly eye. But where He was, there were light and blessing, healing and comfort. His last stay in Capernaum had been marked by the flight of unclean spirits, by the opening of blind eyes, by the setting free of sufferers from the diseases from which they suffered. It was, then, no wonder that on this, His second visit, His coming was announced from mouth to mouth along every street, and in almost every house. Here was Peter's wife's mother, a joyous witness of His power; there, the man who had been delivered from the unclean spirit; here, a formerly lame man, running now to meet Him; a once deaf one, drinking in His every word; a once palsied one, walking with firm tread; one who had been crippled with chronic rheumatism, now elastic and graceful in every movement; and the Author of their healing, who had with it taught them the way of pardon and of holiness, was come again. No newly devised advertisement could so effectually gather the people.

"Straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them; no, not so much as about the door; and He preached the word unto them." No sitting room, no standing room, and Jesus the centre of attraction. Would that it were so now! There are such who think that people cannot be attracted to hear of Jesus without music, entertainments, etc. Here was Jesus Himself preaching His own Word. This was all, but this was enough. If we could only show Him as He is to the people, and give His Word with His presence and power manifested in us, there would be a more potent attraction for really needy and thirsty souls than all the outward attractions which a worldly church has to offer. What lost man wants is

The Saviour Himself,

a real living Christ, the God-man, ready and able to put him right where he is wrong in spirit, soul, and body. How many preachers leave their hearers where they find them, and nothing comes of their discourses! but there are those who lift up Jesus when they preach, and the Holy Spirit who speaks through them comes with power upon the souls of the people. As in a lightning-flash they see themselves as they are, and despair stares them in the face. "How shall man be just with God?" And then they see Jesus to be the one all-sufficient supply for pardon, holiness, usefulness, heaven.

While Jesus was speaking to the people, and they were drinking in the truth from Him who spake as never man spake (John 7: 46), some kind neighbors approached the house, carrying a man afflicted with paralysis, so heavy and so helpless that it took four of them to carry him on his bed—a kind of mat they used for sleeping on. The throng within and outside the house were so wedged together that a single person would have had difficulty to get near, much more such a turnout as this. But they had started out to get at Jesus, and no difficulty would hinder them. This is the right spirit; no one who ever set out to find Him, and who sought Him alone, was ever disappointed. They thought of

A Novel Expedient

to get near to Him. Doors and windows were all blocked, so they uncovered the flat roof of the house—on which, in the East, they generally plant a garden—and they let the sick man down at the feet of Jesus. Fear for their heads made the people find room, and the sick man and the great Healer were brought together. Jesus saw him; but He saw what others did not—He saw the faith of the four kind men who had brought him; but instead of healing his body, Jesus immediately dealt with his soul, and said, "When He saw their faith, Son, thy

sins be forgiven thee." Perhaps they were disappointed; they may have set their hearts on seeing him immediately healed; but *he* was not disappointed. The burden of paralyzed and helpless limbs is bad enough; but the burden of a lost, powerless, unforgiven soul is far greater, and now life from the dead entered into the man's soul. The healing had begun, but it began in the soul instead of in the body. It was no accident that that man was paralyzed. God does not willingly grieve nor afflict His creatures, but how many a poor lost soul has first heard His voice on a sick-bed, when, taken from business, pleasure, or family cares, there was

Time to Think of God

and of eternity. "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that Thou in very faithfulness hast afflicted me." (Ps. 119: 75.) There were in that company some who had entered that house with no idea of learning anything from Jesus. They were the teachers of the day, and were most unwilling that any should rival them. Looking on Jesus as a rival, they were filled with opposition to Him. They said nothing, but Jesus read their hearts, saying: "Why doth this Man thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?" and He answered them, "Why reason ye these things in your hearts? Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk." These men were unaccustomed to divine thought-reading; they knew doctrinally the God of the Jews, but the searching of His all-seeing eye into the thoughts and intents of the heart, and their being spoken out thus publicly, was a novelty to them. They had not expected that this wonderful Teacher would have thus driven them into a corner. He continued, "But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." The healing of Jesus began in the sick man's soul, where no eye but the eye of God could see it. His sins were forgiven out of pure grace, but now the Lord calls for an act of faith. The man was still as helpless as ever; he lay there pressed in by the throng; and in such circumstances came the command, "Arise, and take up thy bed." But he had already tested the power of Jesus' word, and he knew what the scribes could not perceive, that his sins were forgiven, and his soul was passed from death unto life. Thus he knew that Jesus was not mocking him; and in the faith which was newly born within his soul he met

The Creative Power

of the word of Jesus, and, in its strength, arose, rolled up his bed, and shouldered it, pushed his way out of the crowd, and went on his healed limbs to his own house. Jesus had conquered. He had proved to the scribes His power to forgive sins. He had shown to the sick man and to the multitude how intimately the welfare of soul and body are connected in God's economy. He had made the man's obedience to His word an opportunity for him to bear testimony to Jesus, in whom he had believed. And He had borne witness that His healing is no captious thing. He has a plan in His working, for the blessing of souls. He permits sickness and other trials for the blessing of souls as well as bodies; He heals those who trust in Him. He will never heal the body at the expense of the soul, for "He doeth all things well." His healing is radical, it touches the whole being; it is not simply a cheap and convenient way of cure. The people who thronged the house were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, "We never saw it on this fashion."

NOTICE TO READERS OF THY HEALER.

On January 1 the size of *Thy Healer* was reduced to 20 pp, and the price changed from 75 cents to 50 cents. Those whose subscriptions run into 1889 will have their time extended, to credit for the difference in size and price. It is hoped that by reducing the price the circulation will be extended, otherwise it will be a considerable loss. Will not those who have found blessing through its pages recommend it to others?

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My path is light,
For Jesus goes before.

His "Peace be still!"
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For Jesus walks with me.

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'Neath dark temptation's thrall,
My steps He keeps,
And I shall never fall.

Soon shall Heaven's light
Dispel earth's shadows dim,
Close earth's long night,
And I am safe with Him!

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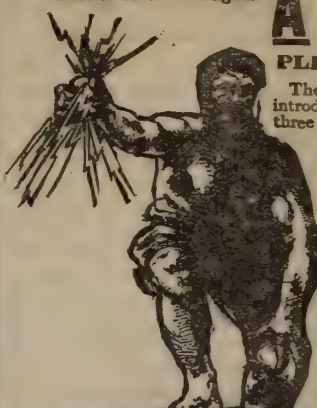
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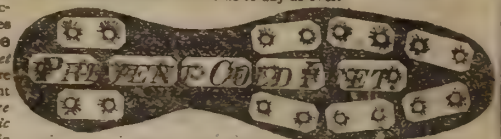
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events as well as Stories, Anecdotes etc.

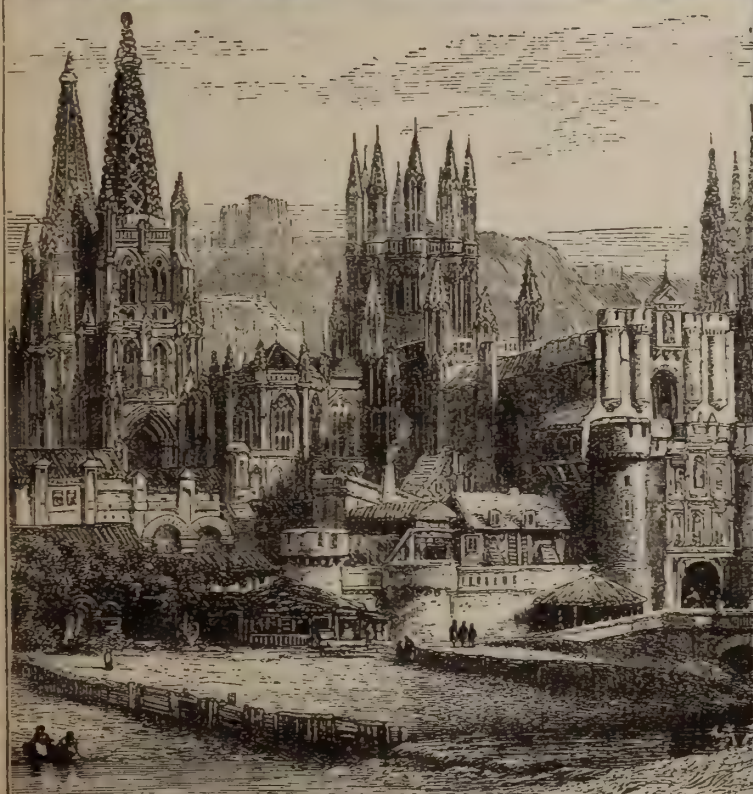
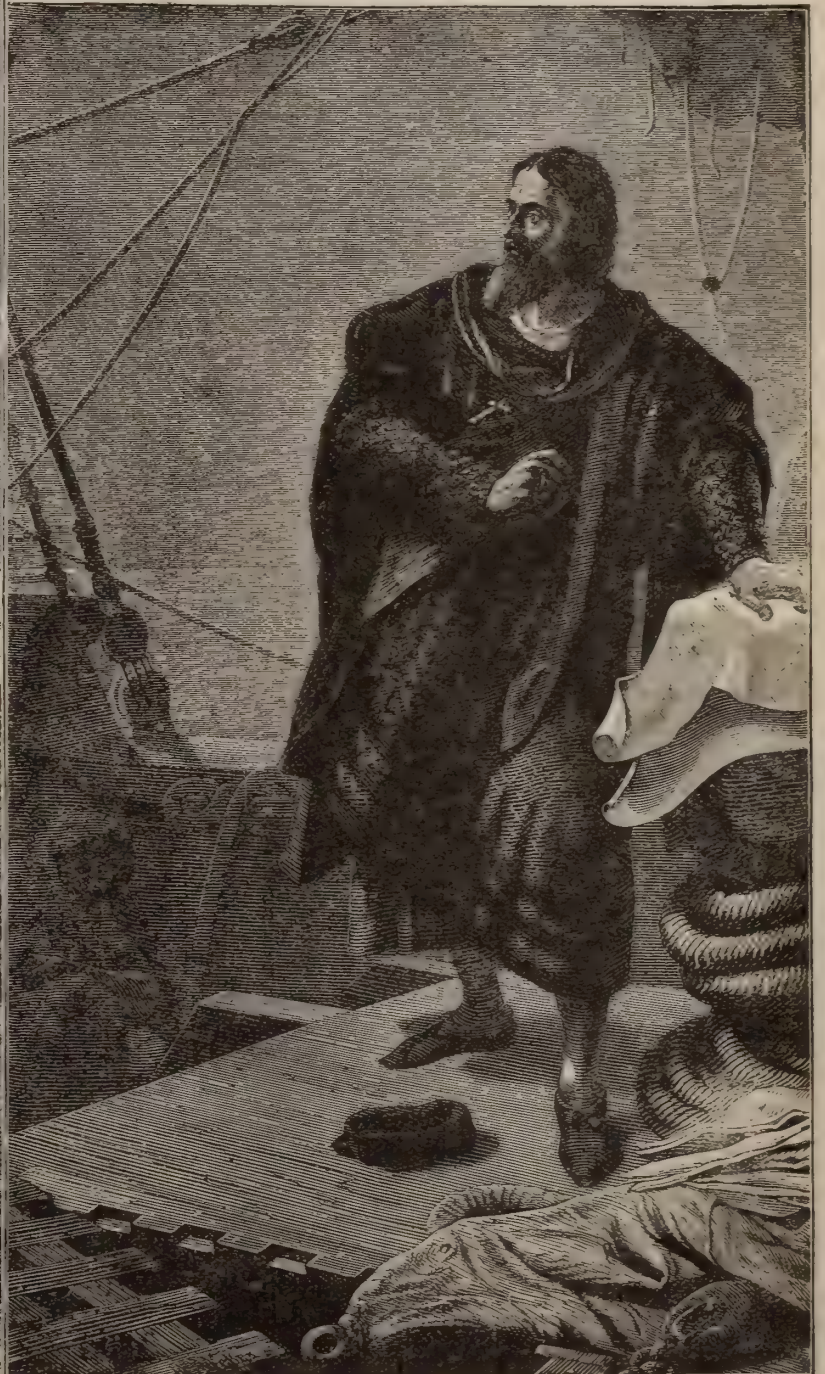
Vol. XII., No. 2. Office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN—COLUMBUS SIGHTING LAND—THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

QUEEN ISABELLA.

The Patroness of Columbus.

The Bond Between America and Spain—Its Influence on Both—The Queen's Life and Character—Her Self-Sacrificing Aid to Columbus—The Expedition and its Results—Intolerance in Spain—The Work of the Inquisition—The Reform Movement Surviving—Its Recent Development—Corresponding Movement in Spanish America—What the Struggle Means.

As the historian of European nations finds, in tracing back to its source the history of any nation of the Roman earth, in the conquest and dominance of that nation by the all conquering people the great landmark at which the vague and legendary give place to the exact and comprehensible, so in the history of America we are brought at the outset to the grand old Spanish nation, and more particularly to the august lady who nearly four centuries ago occupied the Spanish throne, and whose portrait appears on the preceding page. That she alone of the potentates of Europe should have listened to Columbus, and, when others treated him as a fanatical dreamer, have placed at his disposal the money and ships which he needed to put his dreams to the test, is a fact that America will never forget. Still more should the fact be remembered that Isabella, apart from her ambition to add new realms to her crown, was moved mainly by the desire to extend the knowledge of Christ to unknown lands. To her the expedition of Columbus was

A Distinctly Religious Expedition—

a missionary fleet which was to win a whole continent to the kingdom of Christ on earth. She succeeded better than she knew. America has outgrown her ideas, not only in civil government, but in religious light and liberty, and in its turn has exercised a momentous influence on Spain, an influence which, having made itself felt on political and social life, is permeating religious thought and feeling which have so long been repressed by the superstitions of the Papacy. Thus the effort on the one side to rescue from barbarism and heathenism the unknown continent, and the reflex desire on the other side to aid in the rescue of a nation from the darkness of superstition, unite America and Spain in a holy bond, higher, purer, and nobler than the great queen ever conceived.

The Queen's Life

was not one of that vacuous indolence and luxurious vapidity which often characterized the denizens of royal palaces. It was a life of intense spiritual vigor, grievously misdirected, especially in her later years, but conscientious and sincere, impelling her to sacrifices and efforts that only noble souls could have undertaken. She was born on April 22, 1451, at Madrigal. Her father was John II. of Castile. Her mother was the granddaughter of John I., King of Portugal, and thus a descendant of the famous John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, in England. On the death of her father in 1454, the little three-year-old girl was removed by her mother from the court, that she might grow up untainted by the vice and impurity which ran riot under the rule of her brother, Henry IV. At Arevalo the child was strictly secluded, and her education under the care of the priests was carefully conducted on virtuous principles, but probably with the narrowness and intolerance which commonly characterize such training and which afterward bore sad fruit in her life. In 1462, the King, her brother, foreseeing that she would be his successor, insisted on her return to the court and his will had to be obeyed. She was only eleven years of age, but the young princess conducted herself in the licentious court with a grace and modesty which were a standing reproof to the women who flourished there, and raised the hopes of the better class of courtiers, who longed for a purer and higher condition of court life.

Her Marriage

was necessarily a court arrangement, and of course would materially affect the influence she would wield in her high station. At an early

age there were many suitors for her hand, and among them Ferdinand of Aragon, who eventually became her husband. The King promised to give her to Alphonso of Portugal, but to this match the young princess was firmly opposed. A second suitor whom her brother favored was the Marquis of Villena, and to him also Isabella objected. She was, however, overruled, and the marriage would have taken place had not the bridegroom suddenly died while on his way to the solemnization of the nuptials. The subsequent candidates were a brother of Edward IV., King of England, and a brother of Louis XI., King of France, but Ferdinand of Aragon again pressed his suit, and to him she was finally united in marriage, at Valladolid, on October 16, 1469, she being at that time eighteen years of age.

She Became Queen

of Castile and Leon five years later, on the death of her brother, and from that time her life was one of ceaseless activity, of trial and struggle against domestic and foreign foes. In 1479 Ferdinand succeeded his father, and the two crowns of Castile and Aragon were united, international jealousies subsided, and Spain as one nation developed a unity of purpose and a vigor of national life never witnessed before. The two sovereigns retained their respective rights, though their names were joined in public documents, and they lived, says one historian, less like man and wife than two sovereigns in close alliance. Isabella, says Washington Irving, "is one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanor. Her complexion was fair, her hair auburn, inclining to red; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression, and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing as it did a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, engaged personally in his enterprises, and in some instances surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures; while being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy."

Her Patronage of Columbus,

which has immortalized her name, was an evidence of her high qualities as a woman and a queen. Repulsed and cheated by the Court of Portugal, disappointed at Genoa, laughed at by the Court of Venice, despised as a visionary by the English king, Columbus found a friend in Isabella who listened to him attentively, and was willing to risk her name and possessions in his cause. Nearly eighteen years of disappointment, ridicule, and scorn had the brave, persistent man endured, and he was now fifty-six years old, when the sun of royal favor rose upon his project. Ferdinand and Isabella were engaged in the closing struggle with the Moors, who for seven centuries had kept a footing in Spain. As the crescent disappeared from the tower of Granada and the silver cross rose in its place Columbus claimed the fulfilment of Isabella's promise, and the noble Queen graciously responded. When her husband and his officials pleaded for delay and pointed to a treasury exhausted by war, the Queen made the project her own, declared that her own realm of Castile should bear the burden, and if no other means availed, her own jewels should be sacrificed rather than the expedition should lack funds.

Every American school-boy knows the history of the next few months. How on Friday, August 3, 1492, after surmounting difficulties innumerable, Columbus sailed, with his three poor vessels and their discontented and foreboding crews, on their voyage of discovery. How as the days passed, the discontent increased to the verge of mutiny, and Columbus, driven from one stratagem to another to prevent their compelling him to return, was at last almost in des-

pair, when, on October 11, he took his station on the high poop of his vessel, before midnight, ranging his eye along the horizon and maintaining an intense and unrelenting watch. It was the supreme moment of his life, for in the darkness he saw a light moving that, from its motion, he knew must be on an inhabited land. (See illustration on first page.) Scarcely daring to believe his eyes, he summons others to his side, who confirm his own discovery, and the dawn reveals to all the shores of the New World.

When the news of the wonderful discovery reached Spain numbers of expeditions were fitted out, which soon carried such numbers of adventurers across the Atlantic that in some Spanish towns, notably so in Seville, few other than aged men and women were left behind. Two powerful empires in the newly discovered territories, one that of Mexico, ruled by Montezuma in North America, and the other that of Peru, ruled by the Inca, Atahualpa, on the west coast of South America, were soon conquered by the Spaniards; the first by the prowess of the Spanish warrior Cortes and his fellow-countrymen; the second by Pizarro and his Spanish companions. Colonies of Spain were soon planted throughout large portions of North and South America; and multitudes of Spain's sons and beautiful daughters left their native land, crossed the Atlantic, and made their homes among all the beauty and grandeur of Spanish America, and for about three centuries the Spanish viceroyalties governed with almost regal splendor. Nor was Isabella's desire for the extension of the Catholic Church forgotten in this absorbing struggle for wealth and power. Magnificent cathedrals were built in the chief cities of Spanish America, and Queen Isabella saw with delight the New World, outwardly, at any rate, becoming Catholic. As the years passed this religious zeal became still more completely the governing principle of her life, and the nobility and enlightenment of her younger days were clouded by subservience to papal control. Isabella died at Medina del Campo on November 24, 1504, at the age of fifty-three.

The Gospel in Spain,

from that time to the present, has been less known than in any of the great nations of Europe, and until the Spanish American colonies shook off the Spanish yoke, they, too, remained in a spiritual darkness, which is but now only slowly yielding to the dawning light. Still, the Lord had His witnesses always in the nation. In the sixteenth century an heroic struggle was made in Spain to restore the primitive faith. Philip II., the husband of Queen Mary of England, had taken to England a number of the more learned and eloquent Spanish ecclesiastics, with a view of trying by their means to extend again the usurpations of the Bishop of Rome throughout England. One of these ecclesiastics, Carranza by name, was appointed confessor to the Queen. Others were named professors at Oxford. Instead, however, of these Spanish ecclesiastics convincing the English reformers, the English reformers convinced some of them. It was found that after their return to Spain several of their number were in sympathy with the great truths revindicated during the English Reformation. Carranza was subsequently named Archbishop of Toledo, and Primate of the Spanish Church.

In the moments when the Emperor Charles V. was dying, Carranza implored the dying monarch to trust alone in the Saviour, and in His atoning sacrifice for pardon. These words, together with some that were found in the publications of Carranza, recommending the general study of the Holy Scriptures, led to the conviction that Carranza was in sympathy with the English Reformation. He was thereupon suddenly imprisoned, and kept a prisoner for eighteen years by the Inquisition.

Over three thousand persons, among whom were prominent ecclesiastics and distinguished members of the nobility, took an active part in the struggle to re-establish the faith in its purity in Spain in the sixteenth century. The

Reformation movement was gaining ground rapidly in that land, when, on a given day, the officers of the Inquisition, suddenly turning on the leaders of this Reform movement, imprisoned every one more or less connected with it, of whom they had received information, as far as they were able to do so. Many of those thus imprisoned died under the tortures inflicted by the Inquisition, or were publicly burned at the stake.

A few of those who had accepted the pure Gospel in Spain escaped the persecution under which others of their number died the martyr's death, and fled to foreign lands. Three of these exiles devoted several years

To Translating The Scriptures

into Spanish. One of the number, Juan Perez, left his fortune for the publication of the Spanish edition of the Holy Scriptures. That Spanish translation of the Bible that has come down to us from those stormy days, has of late years, and under very different circumstances, been circulated both in Spain and Mexico. Liberty of worship has been proclaimed in both those lands; through the reading of the Holy Scriptures some earnest souls in our days in Spain and in Mexico have been led to a clear knowledge of the Gospel. Among those who have thus learned to love the Gospel in its purity in those countries, faithful preachers of the pure faith have been raised up, around whom congregations have been gathered. The portraits and lives of several of these brave men have appeared from time to time in this journal.

The Work in Mexico.

Christian schools have been established by them, in which large numbers of bright boys and girls have received a secular education, and have also been carefully taught the Christian faith. Two grand stone church buildings in the city of Mexico, which had reverted to the General Government, when the orders of friars and nuns were suppressed in the Mexican Republic, have been repaired, and the pure Gospel preached within their walls for many years.

The Reformation movement, therefore, inaugurated and fearfully persecuted in Spain in the sixteenth century, has not been utterly destroyed. Over the ashes of martyrs in Spain, the Holy Scriptures, then translated, are again being studied, and

The Dawn Of The Reformation

among the Spanish-speaking people begins to attract attention. Among these reforming Christian congregations, both in Spain and Mexico, there are some carefully educated ecclesiastics. In both those lands a noble effort has been made to organize a native and national Church, and to revive the ancient Spanish liturgy, the Mozarabic, so far as it can be applied to modern use.

The election of Juan B. Cabrera as Bishop in Spain, whose portrait appeared in this journal on July 21, 1887, and of the Rev. H. C. Riley, as Bishop in Mexico, has given to this reforming work among the Spanish-speaking peoples on both sides the Atlantic new life and energy. The sister churches are in communion, and are working for the same end—the spread of the knowledge of Christ's gospel wherever the Spanish language is spoken. During a recent visit to Spain, Bishop Riley received a most cordial welcome, was privileged to preach in the reformed churches, and was enabled to cheer and encourage the hearts of the devoted men who are laboring in the mother country in the same cause. He was also enabled, in his journey home, to explain the movement in Spain and Mexico, and enlist the sympathy of intelligent, pious men in other lands. Among these was Lord Plunket, the Protestant Episcopal Archbishop of Dublin.

Every sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ must long to aid these devoted men in their struggle to preach the gospel throughout the Spanish-speaking lands. They have to do battle against prejudice, against a Church wealthy and powerful, and against insidious foes in the Protestant Episcopal Church, who, given over to

ritualism, sympathize with the Roman Catholic Church and not with the reformers. It is an honor to help in such an effort as Bishop Riley is making, as it was an honor to have helped Luther and Wickliff and the reformers of by-gone times. Theirs is a kindred work. Europe is aiding Cabrera and his comrades in Spain; it is for us to see that Bishop Riley does not lack funds for the prosecution of the work on this side the Atlantic.

A Noble Effort.

We are glad to learn from the good bishop, who, by the way, has devoted the whole of his large patrimony to the work, that he has already received valuable aid from the readers of this journal. One noble lady in Philadelphia only recently sent him a contribution of two hundred dollars. Beyond this he gratefully acknowledges that the smaller gifts of one or two dollars, which have been sent, have been accompanied by words of cheer so earnest and sincere that in his hours of darkness and discouragement, inevitable in so desperate a struggle, the remembrance of those words, and the consciousness that their writers were praying for him, have given him renewed courage, and have inspired him with new hope in his toilsome struggle. He has given his fortune to the work, his life has again and again been in peril of assassination, but he is still supported by God's power, and is full of faith and confidence. He asks the prayers and gifts of our readers, and no sum, however small, but is gratefully welcomed, and does its work in the mighty struggle. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, J. P. Heath, Esq., 43 Bible House, New York.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Only a Year Married.—"A Few Days Ago there came before my notice a most melancholy instance of the ravages which strong drink is making in our midst. A young man, married only one year, had in that short time so far lost all sense of honor and duty as to completely neglect his wife and child, and bring them to the verge of destitution. In a fit of drunken frenzy he committed suicide, and hurled himself into the presence of his offended Creator. He had gone to a place of public amusement with a friend, and there spent most of his time in the drinking-saloon, returning home in a state of mad intoxication. He had a few angry words with his mother-in-law, who tried to remonstrate with him, then lifting a poker swung it round his head exclaiming that he was mad, and breaking what furniture he had still left. Then running to the window, he jumped clear through the glass and fell a height of twenty-four feet, fracturing his skull, and dying on the spot. You young men who say you only take a social glass, beware! See in this picture the possible end of the road which you have begun to travel. 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will you die.'"

A Motherless Boy Provided For.—"A Gentleman hurrying home from business one day, was accosted by a bare-footed little boy, who pleadingly asked a penny. The gentleman looked at the boy searchingly, then said, somewhat sharply, 'What do you want with the penny?' 'I want it to buy bread,' was his reply. 'Now, boy, don't tell me an untruth; had you not any dinner?' 'Sir, I am telling you the truth,' he murmured, while his eyes filled with tears; 'I have not eaten anything to-day nor yesterday.' 'Where is your father?' asked the gentleman, his heart beginning to soften as he looked down on the poor, tear-stained face. 'Dead,' was the reply. 'And your mother?' again asked the gentleman. 'She died last night, sir,' the boy sobbed. Then, thinking the gentleman might not yet believe him, he said, as he took him by the hand, 'Come, and I'll let you see where she is.' The gentleman suffered himself to be led through one back street after another, until at last they reached a most miserable one, and there, in a cellar, lying on a bundle of rags, lay the dead body of the mother. 'Who was with her when she died?' asked the gentleman. 'No one but

me, sir. When she was dying she looked up at me and said, 'God will take care of you when I am gone'; then, unable to say more, she sank back and died.' The gentleman took the boy home with him, and educated him, and brought him up in the fear of God."

"Sing a Hymn to Jesus."—"You seemed to enjoy the service to-night, my friend," said the preacher to a laboring man, after a special service in the village of R. 'I did, sir, and no mistake. My heart's all jumping with joy now.' 'How long have you known the Lord?' 'Well, sir, it was like this here: I was stopped by the Holy Ghost when I was coming home one Saturday night, two years ago, three parts drunk. I was singing out loud some of the songs we had in the tap-room, when the words came to me: "Sing a hymn to Jesus." A hymn to Jesus? No, I can't. I felt ashamed of myself. Now I used to go to bed every Sunday afternoon, and sleep to tea-time; but that Sunday afternoon I slipped into the little chapel like a dog with a burnt tail, and crept behind the door; and the text that day was, 'Come to Jesus.' Well, if you will believe me, I came to Jesus, and He saved me, and has kept me ever since. My old mates couldn't make it out why I didn't go any longer with them to the saloon; but, sir," said he, 'my heart isn't in the world I've given my heart to Jesus.'"

A Puzzled Scotch Clergyman.—Mr. Scroggie said: "A friend of mine met a gentleman with whom he was acquainted, and who knew that he was connected with evangelistic work. My friend was being told of a wonderful work that was being done in this minister's parish. Splendid meetings were being held. They were crowded to overflowing every night, and the clergyman thanked God for the blessings they had received. 'Have there been many brought in?' my friend asked. 'Brought in? What do you mean?' he responded, with a puzzled look on his face. 'Have you had many conversions to Christ lately?' the gentleman inquired, further. But the clergyman was shocked, and exclaimed, as the color mounted to his brow, 'You do not mean to say that in this Christian land of ours, with its churches, training academies and Sabbath-schools, that our young folks need conversion?' Oh how many are like that astonished minister. They do not think there is any necessity for conversion. Live a moral life, give every man his due, behave rightly towards your neighbors, and you are sure of heaven, they think, and sometimes say. No, that is not it. 'Ye must be born again.' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

A Conundrum at a Wedding.—Mr. McLaren says: "I have just come from the house of a friend who was at a marriage in Scotland the other day. When the ceremony was performed, and the newly made husband and wife had left the room, the minister remarked to a group of young men, who stood watching the bride's cake being cut up, 'Here is a conundrum which I have often asked, but to which I have never received a satisfactory answer. At the present moment, where is the bride's home?' All the young fellows thought for a moment of the ceremony to which they had been witnesses. The bride had left her father and his home, and she had not yet entered into the home which her husband had prepared for her. Where, then, was her home? At length one young man answered, 'I think the bride will feel at home, and be happiest where the bridegroom is.' Does not that little incident show the Christian's standing in this world? Where is the Christian's home? By giving himself over to Christ, the heavenly Bridegroom, he has severed his connection with the world, and though Christ has prepared a beautiful home for him in heaven, he has not yet entered upon it. Where, then, is the Christian's home? Is it not wherever Christ is, feeling happiest in the sunshine of His smile? Let us be ever keeping our eyes on the Bridegroom, and He will lead His bride into the eternal and glorious mansion, which He has provided for her."

DOES RELIGION PAY?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday,
January 6, 1889.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." 1 Tim. 4: 8.

The Best Way of Meeting a New Year—Where Catiline's Body was Found—A Period of New Business Relations—A Partner Suggested—A Wrong View of Godliness—Not a Mere Admission Ticket to Heaven—Good for this Life—I. Good for Physical Health—By its Removal of Apprehension—By Promoting Industry—II. Good for the Intellect—What it Has Done for Poetry and Art—III. Good for the Disposition—Lord Ashley's Prayer—Two Rival Merchants in New York—IV. Good for Worldly Business—The Merchant Who Would not Compromise—A Bank Clerk's Balance—The Divine Tonic.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to one and all!

There is a gloomy and passive way of waiting for the events of the opening year to come upon us, and there is a heroic way of going out to meet them, strong in God, and fearing nothing. When the body of Catiline was found on the battle-field it was found far in advance of all his troops, and among the enemy; and the best way is not for us to lie down and let the events of life trample over us, but to go forth in a Christian spirit determined to conquer.

The papers were made out, and some of you have just entered into business partnerships, and others of you take higher positions in the commercial establishment where you were engaged, and others have entered upon new enterprises, and there were last week in these cities ten thousand business changes. You are expecting prosperity, and I am determined, so far as I have anything to do with it, that you shall not be disappointed, and, therefore, I propose, as God may help me this morning, to project upon your attention a new element of success. You will have in the business firm, frugality, patience, industry, perseverance, economy—

A Very Strong Business Firm,

but there needs to be one member added, mightier than them all, and not a silent partner either—the one introduced by my text: "Godliness, which is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come."

I suppose you are all willing to admit that Godliness is important in its eternal relations; but perhaps some of you say: "All I want is an opportunity to say a prayer before I die, and all will be well." There are a great many people who suppose that if they can finally get safely out of this world into a better world, they will have exhausted the entire advantage of our holy religion. They talk as though religion were a mere nod of recognition which we are to give to the Lord Jesus on our way up to a heavenly mansion; as though it were an admission ticket, of no use except to give in at the door of Heaven. And there are thousands of people who have great admiration for a religion of the shroud, and a religion of the coffin, and a religion of the hearse, and a religion of the cemetery, who have no appreciation of a religion for the bank, for the farm, for the factory, for the warehouse, for the jeweler's shop, for the broker's office. Now, while I would not throw any slur on a post-mortem religion, I want this morning to eulogize an

Ante-Mortem Religion.

A religion that is of no use to you while you live, will be of no use to you when you die. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." And I have always noticed that when the grace is very low in a man's heart he talks a great deal in prayer-meetings about deaths, and about coffins, and about graves, and about churchyards. I have noticed that the healthy Christian, the man who is living near to God, and is on the straight road to Heaven, is full of jubilant satisfaction, and talks about the duties of this life, understanding well that if God helps him to live right He will help him to die right.

Now, in the first place, I remark that *godliness is good for a man's physical health*. I do not mean to say that it will restore a broken-down constitution, or drive rheumatism from the limbs, or neuralgia from the temples, or pleurisy from the side; but I do mean to say that it gives one such habits and puts one in such condition as is most favorable for physical health. That I believe, and that I avow. Everybody knows that buoyancy of spirit is good physical advantage. Gloom, unrest, dejection are at war with every pulsation of the heart, and with every respiration of the lungs. It lowers the vitality, it slackens the circulation, while exhilaration of spirit pours the very balm of heaven through all the currents of life. The sense of insecurity which sometimes hovers over an unregenerate man, or pounces upon him with the blast of ten thousand trumpets of terror, is most depleting and most exhausting, while the feeling that all things are working together for my good now, and for my everlasting welfare, is

Conducive to Physical Health.

You will observe that godliness induces industry, which is the foundation of good health. There is no law of hygiene that will keep a lazy man well. Pleurisy will stab him, erysipelas will burn him, jaundice will discolor him, gout will cripple him, and the intelligent physician will not prescribe antiseptic, or febrifuge, or anodyne, but saws and hammers and yardsticks and crowbars and pickaxes. There is no such thing as good physical condition without positive work of some kind, although you should sleep on down of swan, or ride in carriage of softest upholstery, or have on your table all the luxuries that were poured from the wine-vats of Ispahan and Shiraz. Our religion says: "Away to the bank! away to the field! away to the shop! away to the factory! do something that will enlist all the energies of your body, mind, and soul." "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"; while upon the bare back of the idler and the drone comes down the sharp lash of the apostle as he says: "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

Oh, how important in this day, when so much is said about anatomy and physiology and therapeutics, and some new style of medicine is ever and anon springing upon the world, that you should understand that the highest school of medicine is the school of Christ, which declares that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come." So if you start out two men in the world with equal physical health, and then one of them shall get the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ in his heart, and the other shall not get it, the one who becomes a son of the Lord Almighty will live the longer. "With long life will I satisfy thee, and show thee my salvation."

Again I remark that godliness is

Good For The Intellect.

I know some have supposed that just as soon as a man enters into the Christian life, his intellect goes into a bedwaring process. So far from that, religion will give new brilliancy to the intellect, new strength to the imagination, new force to the will, and wider swing to all the intellectual faculties. Christianity is the great central fire at which Philosophy has lighted its brightest torch. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is the fountain out of which learning has dipped its clearest draught. The Helicon poured forth no such inspiring waters as those which flow from under the throne of God clear as crystal. Religion has given *new energy to Poesy*, weeping in Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts," teaching in Cowper's "Task," flaming in Charles Wesley's hymns, and rushing with archangelic splendor through Milton's "Paradise Lost." The religion of Jesus Christ has hung *in studio, and in gallery of art*, and in Vatican the best pictures—Titian's "Assumption," Raphael's "Transfiguration," Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," Claude's "Burning Bush," and Angelo's "Last Judgment." Religion has made *the best music of the world*—Haydn's

"Creation," Handel's "Messiah," Mozart's "Requiem." Is it possible that a religion which builds such indestructible monuments and which lifts its ensign on the highest promontories of worldly power, can have any effect upon a man's intellect but elevation?

Now, I commend godliness as the best mental discipline—better than belles-lettres to purify the taste; better than mathematics to harness the mind to all intricacy and elaboration; better than logic to marshal the intellectual forces for onset and victory. It will go with Hugh Miller, and show him the footprints of the Creator in the red sandstone. It will go with the botanist, and show him celestial glories encamped under the curtain of a water-lily. It will go with the astronomer on the great heights where God shepherds the great flock of worlds that wander on the hills of heaven, answering His voice as He calls them all by their names.

Good for the Disposition.

Again I remark, that godliness is profitable for one's disposition. Lord Ashley, before he went into a great battle, was heard to offer this prayer: "O Lord, I shall be very busy to-day; if I forget Thee, forget me not." With such a Christian disposition as that, a man is independent of all circumstances. Our piety will have a tinge of our natural temperament. If a man be cross and sour and fretful naturally, after he becomes a Christian he will always have to be armed against the rebellion of those evil inclinations; but religion has tamed the wildest nature; it has turned fretfulness into gratitude, despondency into good cheer, and those who were hard and ungovernable and uncompromising have been made pliable and conciliatory. Good resolution, reformatory effort, will not effect the change. It takes a mightier arm and a mightier hand to bend evil habits than the hand that bent the bow of Ulysses, and it takes a stronger lasso than ever held the buffalo on the prairie.

A man cannot go forth with any human weapons and contend successfully against these Titans armed with upturn mountain. But you have known men into whose spirit the influence of the gospel of Christ came, until their disposition was entirely changed. So it was with

Two Merchants in New York.

They were very antagonistic. They had done all they could to injure each other. They were in the same line of business. One of the merchants was converted to God. Having been converted, he asked the Lord to teach him how to bear himself toward that business antagonist, and he was impressed with the fact that it was his duty, when a customer asked for certain kinds of goods which he had not, but which he knew his opponent had, to recommend him to go to that store. I suppose that is about the hardest thing a man could do; but being thoroughly converted to God, he resolved to do that very thing; and being asked for a certain kind of goods, which he had not, he said: "You go to such and such a store, and you will get it." After a while, merchant number two found these customers coming so sent, and he found, also, that merchant number one had been brought to God, and he sought the same religion. Now they are good friends and good neighbors—the grace of God entirely changing their dispositions.

"Oh," says some one, "I have a rough, jagged, impetuous nature, and religion can't do anything for me." Do you know that Martin Luther and Robert Newton and Richard Baxter were impetuous, all-consuming natures, yet the grace of God turned them into

The Mightiest Usefulness?

A manufacturer cares but very little for a stream that slowly runs through the meadow, but a strong torrent that leaps from rock to rock, and rushes with mad energy through the valley, and out toward the sea. Along that river you will find fluttering shuttles and grinding mill and flashing waterwheel. And a nature the swiftest, the most rugged, and the most tremendous, that is the nature God turns into greatest use-

liness. Oh, how many that have been pugnacious, and hard to please, and irascible, and more bothered about the mote in their neighbor's eye than about the beam like ship-timber in their own eye, who have been entirely changed by the grace of God, and have found out that "Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for the life to come."

Again I remark that religion is

Good for Worldly Business,

know the general theory is, the more business the less religion; the more religion the less business. Not so thought Dr. Hans, in his "Biography of a Christian Merchant," when he says: "He grew in grace the last six years of his life more than at any time in his life; during those six years he had more business crowding him than at any other time." In other words, the more worldly business a man has, the more opportunity to serve God. Does religion exhortate or retard worldly business? is the practical question for you to discuss. Does it hang like a mortgage over the farm? Is it a bad debt on the ledger? Is it a lien against the estate? Does it crowd the door through which customers come for broadcloths and silks?

Now, religion will hinder your business if it be a bad business, or if it be a good business wrongly conducted. If you tell lies behind the counter, if you use false weights and measures, if you put sand in sugar, and beet-juice in vinegar, and lard in butter, and sell for one thing what which is another thing, then religion will interfere with that business; but a lawful business, lawfully conducted, will find the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ

Its Mightiest Auxiliary.

Religion will give an equipoise of spirit. It will keep you from ebullitions of temper—and you know a great many fine businesses have been blown to atoms by bad temper; it will keep you from worriment about frequent loss, it will keep you industrious and prompt, it will keep you back from squandering and from dissipation, it will give you a kindness of spirit which will be easily distinguished from that mere store courtesy which shakes hands violently with you, asking about the health of your family, when there is no anxiety to know whether your child is well or sick! but the anxiety is to know how many dozen cambric pocket handkerchiefs you will take, and pay cash down. It will prepare you for the practical duties of every-day life. I do not mean to say that religion will make us financially rich, but I do say that it will give us, it will assure us of, a comfortable sustenance at the start, a comfortable subsistence all the way through, and it will help us to direct the bank, to manage the traffic, to conduct all our business matters, and to make the most insignificant affair of our life a matter of vast importance, glorified by Christian principle. In New York City there was

A Merchant, Hard in His Dealings

with his fellows, who had written over his banking house, or his counting-house room, "No compromise." Then when some merchant got in a crisis and went down—no fault of his, but a conjunction of evil circumstances, and all the other merchants were willing to compromise; they would take seventy-five cents on the dollar, or fifty cents, or twenty cents—coming to this man last of all, he said: "No compromise; I'll take one hundred cents on the dollar, and I can afford to wait." Well, the wheel turned, and after a while that man was in a crisis of business, and he sent out his agent to compromise, and the agent said to the merchants: "Will you take fifty cents on the dollar?" "No." "Will you take anything?" "We'll take one hundred cents on the dollar. No compromise." And the man who wrote that inscription over his counting-house door died in destitution. Oh, we want more of the kindness of the Gospel and the spirit of love in our business enterprises! How many young men have found in the religion of Jesus Christ a practical help? How many there are in this house to-day who could testify out of their own experience, that godliness is profit-

able for the life that now is! There were times in their business career when they went here for help, and there for help, and yonder for help, and got no help until they knelt before the Lord crying for His deliverance, and the Lord rescued them.

In a bank not far from our great metropolis—a village bank—an officer could not balance his accounts. He had worked at them day after day, night after night, and he was sick nigh unto death as a result. He knew he had not taken one farthing from that bank, but somehow, for some reason, inscrutable then, the accounts wouldn't balance. The time rolled on, and the morning of the day when the books should pass under the inspection of the other officers arrived, and he felt himself in awful peril, conscious of his own integrity, but unable to prove that integrity. That morning he went to the bank early, and he knelt down before God and told the whole

Story of Mental Anguish,

and he said: "O Lord, I have done right; I have preserved my integrity, but here I am about to be overthrown, unless Thou shouldst come to my rescue. Lord, deliver me." And for one hour he continued the prayer before God, and then he rose and went to an old blotter that he had forgotten all about. He opened it, and there lay a sheet of figures which he only needed to add to another line of figures—some line of figures he had forgotten, and knew not where he had laid them—and the accounts were balanced, and the Lord delivered him. You are an infidel if you do not believe it. The Lord delivered him. God answered his prayer as He will answer your prayer, O man of business, in every crisis, when you come to Him.

Now, if this be so, then I am persuaded, as you are, of the fact that the vast majority of Christians do not fully test the value of their religion. They are like a farmer in California, with fifteen thousand acres of good wheat land, and culturing only a quarter of an acre. Why do you not go forth and make the religion of Jesus Christ a practical affair every day of your business life, and all this year, beginning now; and to-morrow morning putting into practical effect this holy religion, and demonstrating that godliness is profitable here as well as hereafter?

How can you get along without this religion? Is your physical health so good you do not want this

Divine Tonic?

Is your mind so clear, so vast, so comprehensive, that you do not want this divine inspiration? Is your worldly business so thoroughly established that you have no use for that religion which has been the help and deliverance of tens of thousands of men in crises of worldly trouble? And if what I have said this morning is true, then you see what a fatal blunder it is when a man adjourns to life's expiration the uses of religion. A man who postpones religion to sixty years of age gets religion fifty years too late. He may get into the kingdom of God by final repentance, but what can compensate him for a whole lifetime unalleviated and uncomfortable? You want religion to-day in the training of that child. You will want religion to-morrow in dealing with that Western customer. You wanted religion yesterday to curb your temper. Is your arm strong enough to beat your way through the floods? Can you, without being encased in the mail of God's eternal help, go forth amid the assault of all hell's sharpshooters?

Can You Walk Alone

across these crumbling graves and amid these gaping earthquakes? Can you, waterlogged and mast-shivered, outlive the gale? Oh, how many there have been who, postponing the religion of Jesus Christ, have plunged into mistakes they never could correct although they lived eighty years after, and like serpents crushed under cart-wheels, dragging their mangled bodies under the rocks to die; so these men have fallen under the wheel of awful calamity, crushed here, destroyed forever, while a vast multitude of others have taken the religion of

Jesus Christ into every-day life, and first, in practical business affairs, and secondly, on the throne of heavenly triumph, have illustrated, while angels looked on and a universe approved, the glorious truth that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life which now is as well as of that which is to come."

CONVERSION OF A JEWISH AGNOSTIC.

In a letter from the Rev. J. B. Ginsburg, who is laboring among the Jews of Turkey, he thus describes the conversion of a young Hebrew of Constantinople: There are some young men of the school of Agnostics, who, whatever their ostentatious language, seize now and then utterances and verses from the inspired volume, ponder over them, search further, examine and compare, and come again to ask for more.

One of these, proud of his University training, and who only the other day boasted that he would not bow before a woman-born Messiah having a "myth" for His father, lowered his flag when vanquished by the simple Word of God—by the two-edged sword of the Spirit. His philosophy, his learning, vanished like hoar frost before the warmth of the early sun. The following is a translation of a letter the would-be-enemy has addressed to me:

"Having, after continuous study and with your kind guidance, become enlightened, and through the grace of God led out of darkness to the true old paths, I now recognize the saving faith in the Messiah as the only Redeemer. Indeed, the seed you have sown brought forth glorious fruit. In the proportion as my heart became open to the influence of the Holy Ghost, His most precious fruit, faith, love, hope, forgiveness, wrought unspeakable rest and peace in my soul, hitherto unknown to me. Yes, I have arrived at the full knowledge that the hoped-for, and to this day expected, Messiah is Jesus of Nazareth. Thus convinced, I believe and confess Him to you, and come with this letter to apply for baptism, which I ask with a warm heart and sense of need. Touched by a deep feeling of gratitude, I am driven to express to you my sincere thanks. I need hardly assure you that I will endeavor to do my utmost, as far as in me lies, to become, with God's help, a worthy member of the Church of Christ."

Thus has another son of the dispersed been brought within the fold of the Great Shepherd. He acknowledged his errors to, and would not withhold the truth as it is in Christ Jesus from, his unconverted brethren at Galata, from which spontaneous confession he suffered insults, shame, and humiliation. But he was not ashamed of his Lord and Saviour. Before his conversion he tried to escape inevitable trials; he murmured and felt crushed. But feeling like a pardoned criminal, and believing in life eternal, he now took his cross willingly, and with the indwelling of the Spirit of Jesus, he bore it submissively. The last day before his baptism, when, uncalled for, and from an unexpected quarter, he was upbraided and humiliated, he shrank for a moment and wept bitterly. Indeed, it would not be a cross if he did not shrink. But he was already sufficiently warned by the love of Christ, and remembering the words, "Is there any sorrow like my sorrow?" he, in that hour of temptation, once more, and let us hope for ever, resolved manly and Christianly to bear the inevitable load of trials, and courageously and cheerfully came forward to confess the crucified Jesus as the Messiah before the little congregation at the Industrial Home at Ortakuey. Sunday, September 30, he was thus, in the usual way, during the morning service, received by the rite of baptism a member of the Church.

His history is very touching, and how the Lord led him to His knowledge and salvation. His father was murdered in his own house, the mother died soon afterwards, and brother and sister also died one after another. This young man was marvellously preserved, to be plucked as a brand out of the fiery furnace of superstition and unbelief.

A SCENE IN A DEVIL'S TEMPLE.

WHEN Mr. Thomas, the eminent missionary, who is now at Tinneveli, in the Presidency of Madras, India, reached his station there a few years ago heathenism was rampant, and devil-worship prevailed. The idolatry which prevailed was of the most repulsive kind. He thus describes one scene which he witnessed: "On one side of the road stood a devil-temple, and I saw at some distance a crowd of people assembled round it. . . . One old woman drew my attention, and I shall never forget her figure, and the fury like air and expression of her countenance. She was tall, and more than ordinarily masculine in appearance, and was smeared with ashes and saffron-water; her long black hair hung dishevelled down her cheeks, and her motions indicated a state of mind in the highest degree frantic. While she thus stood in the centre, a sheep was brought and laid at her feet. She looked wild, muttered her order, and, to my surprise, the neck of the sheep was suddenly severed by a sharp knife. Four men held the animal by its legs, and instantly, on the gash being made the sheep was lifted from the ground, and the fiendish-looking, wretched old woman pressed her mouth and face between the severed head and body and drank its blood warm as it flowed. . . . As soon as she had done so, some saffron-water was thrown upon her. Her face, to the eyes, her neck and breast, were smeared with the blood, which also clotted in her loose hair. She reeled to and fro, and seemed to have every muscle of her body in action. The accompaniment to all this was the tom-toms, and the harsh noise of a species of clarinet used by the natives, interrupted occasionally by the wild shouts of the crowd." Happily there are many hundreds of Christians now in the once dark land of Tinneveli.

A DYING CONVERT'S VISION.

AN astonishing incident is reported to the *Missionary Herald* by Mr. Tracy, of the American Board, who is laboring at Marsovan in Western Turkey, and who is evidently firmly convinced of its truth. He says: "A few days ago I sat by a dying woman. She was in the last stage of pulmonary consumption, and could speak only in a whisper. In a few more hours she would be beyond pain. She held my hand between both hers, and poured forth such expressions of heavenly love and joy as I never before heard from human lips. She laughed and rejoiced, striving in vain to make known the unutterable happiness that filled her soul. And why? Because she was going to be with Jesus. Who was she? A poor weaver. Where did she find this unearthly joy? In the Scriptures, which she had learned years ago, when Mrs. Tracy used to have her daily, with a dozen others, for an hour's study of the Bible.

"This girl was a pleasant and amiable person. She was married, and had children, but the burdens of life bore heavily upon her, and she was seized with pulmonary disease. She was a child of God. Her last days were remarkable. She seemed to have the visible presence of Christ with her day after day, and night after night she was filled with unearthly joy. Though in the full possession of her faculties, appreciating every little kindness—as a cup of tea—with most affecting expressions of gratitude, she was favored, in spirit, with *what seemed to be the sight of the very face of Jesus*. Her own words were: 'Christ came last night, and stood by the window outside, looking in upon me. His face was so full of love and grace, so benignant, so glorious, so beautiful, that it overcame me as I looked. I gazed on His countenance till I could bear the glorious beauty of it no longer; then I hid my eyes under the coverlid; but my heart smote me for refusing to look on Him who had come to manifest Himself to me: so I looked again. Thus I looked, though it filled me with a glory which I could not bear. Oh, how happy I am! I am going to the presence of Jesus! Rejoice with me! It is wedding-day to me! Away with mourning! Rejoice and be glad with me, for I am going to be with Jesus!'

"Sometimes the friends asked her to describe what she saw, to tell them more about that glory in which she was. She replied: 'It is not lawful to utter. I am not permitted to speak further about it.' In this ecstatic state of mind, with seraphic joy on her countenance, she remained for several days, and then passed away, with her last breath sending most loving salutations to us, and bidding her relatives rejoice and be glad, to make festivity as for her wedding, and have no sadness at her death.

"When a boy, I read 'Edwards on the Affections,' and have always been a little sceptical about ecstatic emotions; but as I sat by this happy, emaciated creature while she held my hand in both hers, pouring out her soul's unutterable joy, I wished that some of the wise and prudent of this world, who wander in polar seas of splendid but endless and hopeless speculation, could have taken my place and seen how the Father of our spirits reveals Himself unto babes. When the Good Shepherd, moving among his flock, takes to his bosom some maimed and helpless lamb, who can know the joy of the favored one?"

A MIDNIGHT TALK WITH A WAIF.

AMONG the recent incidents of the work Dr. T. J. Barnardo, the philanthropic physician, is doing in rescuing the waifs of the London streets, is the following, which we give in the Doctor's own words: "It was a cheerless and rainy midnight some few weeks ago when I left the train in Moorgate Street station, in London, on my return from a journey. The dismal streets seemed deserted, but at the very entrance to the ticket-office, one crouching and ragged figure caught my eye, and hardly had I observed it before a pathetic voice reached my ears: 'Box of lights, sir! Only a 'apenny a box, sir!' It was the figure of a boy, shoeless and ragged, and obviously soaked to the skin. He was slight and fragile in appearance, and with a childish face bearing the look of wretchedness and misery which went straight to my heart. Of course, I was not going to lose sight of this midnight waif; so I opened a conversation, and turned it into a personal channel at the earliest opportunity. Where did he live? Oh, he lived in the Borough. By a curious coincidence I wanted to go there myself. Would he show me the way? That he would; for though he had earned only a few pennies that day, there was no more chance for him now that the late trains were in, and so, side by side, we trudged off through the sloppy streets. By the time we reached that region of squalor, I had heard much of his history, for his tongue was speedily unlocked.

For a year, he told me, he had been lodging alone in a common lodging-house, and picking up a livelihood by selling matches on the streets. His father had been a printer's compositor, who, at his death five years before, had left a comfortable little home to his wife and his son and two little daughters. The mother had evidently been a frugal and industrious woman, who had done her best to face the world and bring up her family respectably. But the lad said she had been 'werry ill for a long while'; they had obviously fallen steadily downwards in the scale of living, and it was melancholy to reflect that the tidy wife and careful mother had to go into the poorhouse, where she died, and was buried by the parish. This crowning tragedy in Charlie's life occurred thirteen months before I met him. The two little sisters had been received into the poorhouse school, and the boy, his heart rebelling against public aid, had taken to the streets. Nearly 1 o'clock in the morning we reached the lodging-house which was favored with Charlie's patronage. It was a much more forlorn-looking building than houses of a similar class are. Poor Charlie was in a piteous plight as he stood steaming in the glare of the fire. His bare feet were red and swollen, his rags limp and dripping, and his small face was thin and careworn, despite the childishness of its features. Poor fellow! His appearance went to my heart. Charlie is now

safe and happy in our Homes, and, I may add is abundantly justifying my estimate and my hopes. I trust that a very short term of further stay therein will be sufficient to open up to him the great possibilities of a Canadian farmer boy's career."

MR. C. H. SPURGEON AT MENTONE.

THE famous pastor of the Tabernacle, whose sermons appear from week to week in these pages, is now spending a few weeks at his usual place of recuperation, Mentone, in the south of France. He suffers so intensely from the damp and fogs of the English climate in November, that he hurries away, before they appear, to the genial air on the shores of the Mediterranean. This year, in his devotion to his labors, he delayed his departure, and, in consequence, was prostrated before leaving; the journey, therefore was a painful one; but we are happy to learn that he has revived, and is progressing favorably. A press correspondent says: "Mr. Spurgeon has arrived at Mentone, and has once more settled in his favorite hotel, the Beau Rivage. This is situated at the extreme end of the East Bay, which is by far the most sheltered part of the town. He goes out a great deal each day, sometimes driving on the beautiful Corniche road, or up one of the wooded lateral valleys; at other times boating on the blue, calm Mediterranean, of which exercise he is very fond. While thus enjoying daily the fresh air and sunshine, Mr. Spurgeon manages to get through a vast amount of literary work. He of course rests from preaching, although he attends regularly the Scotch Church, where the worshippers are always glad to see him. Every morning, in his own room in his hotel, he conducts 'household worship.'"

AMONG THE INDIANS.

AN unexpected offer of help has come to the Rev. W. F. ReQua in a matter which he has long had at heart and made the subject of prayer. It is that of caring for the orphan children of Indians, of whom there are many, and who are totally neglected by the tribes. Some of them are exceedingly bright children, who, being thus without home influence, present most hopeful opportunities for educational and spiritual work. Mr. ReQua has cherished the hope that he might gradually be enabled to take charge of a few of these orphans, extending the work as God provided means, and, if possible, building a home, which he proposes to call "*The Christian Herald Orphanage*," to identify it with the journal whose readers have so materially helped him in his work. While these hopes were in his mind he received a letter from a lady in New York City, who asked that her name might not be published, stating that a friend who is not wealthy had been forming a fund for the education of her own little son. God has lately taken the boy to Himself, and his mother now desires to consecrate her little hoard to Christ's service. She informs Mr. ReQua that if he knows of an Indian orphan boy worthy of a Christian education, she is prepared to find the money for the purpose. Thus God answers the prayers of those who trust in Him!

Mr. ReQua suggests that there may be some readers of this journal living in country districts who might be willing to aid the work in another way. If they were willing to receive an Indian orphan into their home, either a boy to help in farm work, or a girl to help in household labor, always with the hope of obtaining some education, and especially sound Gospel teaching, the arrangement might be mutually advantageous. The proposal would involve the necessity for clothing, and cost of travelling from the Indian Territory, as Mr. ReQua, like other missionaries who go out to labor trusting in God for the supply of their needs, has no surplus funds for this or any purpose outside his evangelical work.

It is gratifying to learn that some kind reader of this journal has sent the missionary and his devoted wife a sum of money which he wished expended in the purchase of a cow. This has

been done, with very pleasant results. Perhaps if it is known that Mr. ReQua could use sufficient clover or timothy seed for four or five acres with advantage to himself and the cow, some friend might supply that too. Barrels of clothing, and almost any kind of provisions that would bear transit, would be very welcome, and money, of course, which in the Indian Territory as everywhere else smooths many rough places in life. His address is *Rev. W. F. ReQua, McAlester, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory.*

THE CONDITION OF THE EARTH IN THE MILLENNIUM.

By the Late Dr. Albert Barnes.*

No Millennium till After the Fall of Papacy and Mohammedanism—Satan to be Bound—Righteousness to Prevail—Its Duration—What that will Imply—The Rebellion at the Close—The Consummation—Declension and Antagonism.

It may be proper, in order to a correct understanding of Revelation 20, to present a brief summary of what may be expected to be the condition of things in the time of the Millennium of 1,000 years.

1. The Millennium will be subsequent to the downfall of the Papacy and the termination of the Mohammedan power in the world. Of course, then, this lies in the future. Our interpretation of the various portions of this book and the Book of Daniel, have led to the conclusion that the termination of those powers cannot now be remote. If so, we are on the eve of important events in the world's history. The affairs of the world look as if things were tending to a fulfilment of the prophecies so understood.

2. It will be a condition of the world as if Satan were bound; that is, when his influences will be suspended, the principles of virtue and Religion Will Prevail.

According to the interpretation of the previous chapters, it will be a state in which all that has existed, and that now exists, in the Papacy, to corrupt mankind, to maintain error, and to prevent the prevalence of free and liberal principles, will cease; in which all that there now is in the Mohammedan system to fetter and enslave mankind—now controlling more than one hundred and twenty millions of the race—shall have come to an end; and in which, in a great measure, all that occurs under the direct influence of Satan in causing or perpetuating slavery, war, intemperance, lust, avarice, disorder, scepticism, atheism, will be checked and stayed. It is proper to say, however, that this passage does not require us to suppose that there will be a total cessation of Satanic influence in the earth during that period. Satan will, indeed, be bound and restrained as to his influence and power. But there will be

No Change in the Character of Man as he comes into the world. There will still be corrupt passions in the human heart, though greatly restrained; and though there will be a general prevalence of righteousness on the earth, yet we are to remember that the human race is fallen, and that even then, if restraint should be taken away, man would act out his fallen nature. This fact, if remembered, will make it appear less strange that, after this period of 1,000 years of prevalent righteousness, Satan should be represented as loosed again, and as able once more, for a time, to deceive the nations.

3. It will be a period of long duration. On the supposition that it is to be literally a period of one thousand years, this is in itself long, and will give, especially under the circumstances, opportunity for a vast progress in human affairs. To form some idea of the length of the period, we need only place ourselves in imagination back for a thousand years—say in the middle of

the ninth century—and look at the condition of the world then, and think of

The Vast Changes in Human Affairs that have occurred during that period. It is to be remembered, also, that if the millennial period were soon to commence, it would find the world in a far different state in reference to future progress from what it was in the ninth century, and that it would start off, so to speak, with all the advantages in the arts and sciences which have been accumulated in all the past periods of the world. Even if there were no special Divine interposition, it might be presumed that the human race, in such circumstances, would make great and surprising advances in the long period of a thousand years.

4. What, then, will be the state of things during that long period of a thousand years?

(a) There will be a great Increase in the Population

of the globe. Let wars cease, and intemperance cease, and the numberless passions that now shorten life be stayed, and it is easy to see that there must be a vast augmentation in the number of the human species.

(b) There will be a general diffusion of intelligence on the earth. Every circumstance would be favorable to it, and the world would be in a condition to make rapid advances in knowledge. (Dan 12:4.)

(c) That period will be characterized by the universal diffusion of revealed truth. (Isa. 11:9.)

(d) It will be marked by unlimited subjection to the sceptre of Christ. (Ps. 2:7-9; 22:27-29; Isa. 2:2-3; 66:23; Zech. 9:10; 14:9; Matt. 13:31, 32; Rev. 11:15.)

(e) There will be great progress in all that tends to promote the welfare of man. We are not to suppose that the resources of nature are exhausted. Nature gives no sign of exhaustion or decay. In the future there is no reason to doubt that there will yet be discoveries and inventions more surprising and wonderful than the art of printing, or the use of steam, or the magnetic telegraph. There are profounder secrets of nature that may be delivered up than any of these, and the world is tending to their development.

(f) It will be a period of the universal reign of peace. The attention of mankind will be turned to the things which tend to promote the welfare of the race, and advance the best interests of society. The single fact that

Wars will Cease

will make an inconceivable difference in the aspect of the world; for if universal peace shall prevail through the long period of the millennium, and the wealth, the talent, and the science now employed in human butchery shall be devoted to the interests of agriculture, the mechanic arts, learning, and religion, it is impossible now to estimate the progress which the race will make, and the changes which will be produced. For Scripture proves that it will be a time of universal peace. (See Isa. 2:4; 11:6-9.)

(g) There will be a general prevalence of evangelical religion. This is apparent in the entire description in this passage; for the two most formidable opposing powers that religion has ever known—the beast and the false prophet—will be destroyed,

And Satan Will Be Bound.

In this long period, therefore, the Gospel will exert its fair influence on governments, on families, on individuals; in the intercourse of neighbors, and in the intercourse of nations. God will be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and not in the mere forms of devotion; and temperance, truth, liberty, social order, honesty, and love will prevail over the world.

(h) It will be a time when the Hebrew people—the Jews—will be brought to the knowledge of the truth, and will embrace the Messiah whom their fathers crucified. (Zech. 12:10; 13:1 Rom. 11:26-29.)

(i) Yet we are not necessarily to suppose that all the world will be absolutely and entirely brought under the power of the Gospel. There will be still on earth the remains of wickedness

in the corrupted human heart, and there will be so much tendency to sin in the human soul, that Satan, when released for a time (vers. 7-8), will be able once more to deceive mankind, and to array a formidable force, represented by Gog and Magog, against the cause of truth and righteousness.

Religion will no longer be trampled under foot, but will triumph. In all parts of the earth it will have the ascendancy, as if the most eminent saints of past ages lived and reigned with the Son of God in His kingdom. A spiritual kingdom will be set up, with the Son of God at the head of it, which will be

A Kingdom of Eminent Holiness, as if the saints of the best days of the Church should come back to the earth and dwell upon it. The ruling influence in the world will be the religion of the Son of God, and the principles which have governed His people.

The Rebellion of Gog and Magog, mentioned in Revelation 20:7, 8, will occur at the close of the Millennial period—the period of the thousand years. It is not said, indeed, that it would be immediately after that; but the statement is explicit, that it will be after that, or “when the thousand years are expired.” There may be an interval of an indefinite time before it shall be accomplished; the alienation and corruption may be gradual; a considerable period may elapse before the apostasy shall assume an organized form; or, in the language of John, before the hosts shall “be gathered to battle”; but it is to be the next marked and prominent event in history, and is to precede

The Final Consummation.

This will be a brief period. Compared with the long period of prosperity that preceded it, and perhaps compared with the long period that shall follow it before the final judgment, it will be short. Thus, in verse 3, it is said that “Satan must be loosed a little season.” There is no way of determining the time with exactness; but we are sure it will not be long.

We may thus suppose that at that time, from causes which are unexplained, there will be (a) a revived opposition to the truths of religion; (b) the prevalence, to a greater or less extent, of infidelity; (c) a great spiritual declension; (d) a combination of interests opposed to the Gospel; (e) possibly some new form of error and delusion that shall extensively prevail. Satan may set up some new form of religion, or he may breathe into those that may already exist a spirit of worldliness and vanity—some new manifestation of the religion of forms—that shall for a limited period produce a general

Decline and Apostasy.

We are to remember that human nature will then be essentially the same as now. There is no intimation that man, as born into the world, will be then different from what he is now; or that any of the natural corrupt tendencies of the human heart will be changed. Men will be liable to the same outbreaks of passion; to be influenced by the same forms of temptation; to fall into the same degeneracy and corruption; to feel the same unhappy influences of success and prosperity as now—for all this appertains to a fallen nature, except as it is checked and controlled by grace. We often mistake much, in regard to the millennial state, by supposing that all the evils of the apostasy will be arrested, and that the nature of man will be as wholly changed as it will be in the heavenly world.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION—1888.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled, “Forty Coming Wonders,” may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting 75 cents. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God.

* Originally printed in 1851. Reprinted in the current number of the *Prophetic News*, which contains, besides, articles on The Slaying of the Witnesses, The Heavenly Jerusalem, The Wise and Foolish Virgins, The Pause of Judgment, etc. Price six cents, including postage. For sale at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

TERMS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Important Constitutional Amendment was introduced in the House on January 2 on its re-assembling after the holiday recess. Mr. Springer, of Illinois, proposed a joint resolution relative to the election of President and Vice-President and Representatives in Congress. It extends the Presidential term to six years, and makes the President ineligible for re-election. It abolishes the Electoral College, and provides for a direct vote of the people. Each State shall be entitled to as many votes as there are Senators and Representatives from such State. The bill further provides for the counting of the votes by a joint assembly of the two houses of Congress, and such regulations are provided as to preclude the possibility of the result not being announced prior to March 4. The term of Representatives in Congress is extended to three years, and shall expire on December 31. Each session shall begin on the first Wednesday of January in each year. The advantages of lengthening the Presidential term are obvious. The enormous amount of money spent at the recent election—much of it in bribery and corruption—and the loss from disturbance of business, led thinking men everywhere to wish such affairs did not come so often as once in four years. The abolition of the farce of Presidential electors also is an improvement.

A Humane Proposal Came Before Congress on January 4, in the shape of a report from the Secretary of the Treasury. It dealt with the question of establishing camps of refuge in the Arctic for shipwrecked and ice-bound sailors. Mr. Fairchild recommends that Congress should reimburse the revenue marine service for all moneys expended for feeding and clothing the castaways, inasmuch as the regular appropriation for that service is too small to admit of any unnecessary expenditure. In the Secretary's opinion the better plan of rendering assistance to shipwrecked sailors would be for two vessels, one to be furnished by the navy and the other by the revenue marine, to patrol the whaling waters as long as the season will permit, although he expresses no objection to the establishment of a camp as well. The Secretary also recommends that Congress appropriate each

year a sum sufficiently large to handsomely reward parties who may live in Eastern Siberia for going by land to the rescue of shipwrecked American sailors whom it would be impossible for us to succor on account of the ice. Lieutenant Emory and Engineer Melville, on the other hand, advocate the camps.

A Remarkable Report on Pauperism in New York was presented to the Secretary of State last week. It gives the nationality of persons supported or relieved in New York last year at the public expense. The total was 50,271. Of these only 15,732 were native Americans. The Irish numbered 19,618, the English 1,958, and the Germans 7,454. Of the causes of pauperism the report says that 247 cases resulted from intemperance, 163 from vagrancy, 344 from idiocy, 5,997 from lunacy or insanity, 100 from blindness, 91 from lameness, 30,526 from sickness, 248 from old age, 11 deaf and dumb, 11,459 from destitution, 555 orphans.

A Proposal to Reduce the Postage on Letters between the United States and England from five to two cents has been made. Mr. John Henniker Heaton, M. P., has accepted an invitation to visit the United States. He expects to have the honor of appearing before Congress in advocacy of ocean penny (two cent) postage. His idea is that, as letters are now carried long distances by rail at the penny rate with a profit to the Post-Office departments of England and the United States, penny postage between England and America would be perfectly feasible. Twelve millions of letters, and 2,500,000 pounds weight of newspapers, etc., were sent in 1887.

The Admission of Five New States Will probably take place this year. Mr. Springer, who is chairman of the Committee on Territories, said, last week, to a reporter: "The bill to provide enabling acts for Dakota (one State or two, as the people there may decide), Montana, Washington, and New Mexico, will be called up in the House Tuesday, January 15, and I think it will be passed on that day or on the day following. I hope the names will be changed, so that instead of North Dakota and South Dakota we may have Dakota and Winona, and instead of Washington and New Mexico we may have Takoma and Montezuma. This will depend upon the action of the House." The bill provides for elections in all of these Territories for delegates to constitutional conventions in May next, for the conventions to assemble in July, and for a vote on the constitutions in October next.

Phonographic Congratulations Were Exchanged on New Year's Day between the mayors of New York and London. The Lord Mayor of London received on that day one of Mr. Edison's phonographs, into which the Mayor of New York had spoken a congratulatory message. The reply was at once made by the same medium in the following words: "The Lord Mayor of London has received, with much pleasure, the phonograph message of good-will from the Mayor of New York, and most heartily reciprocates the friendly feelings therein expressed. He earnestly trusts that the friendship which has so long existed between the two great English-speaking communities may last for all time, and that the only rivalry between them may be in the development of education, art, science, and manufactures, with the common object of increasing the well-being and happiness of the vast populations of the United States and the British Empire."

A Uniform Divorce Law for All the States is being earnestly advocated, and is receiving strong public support. At present a man may obtain a divorce in one State for causes which would not secure it for him in another State. And—what is still more serious—a man who could not legally be married in one State, can be married in another. At a meeting of representative ministers of various Protestant denominations, held at Baltimore on December 31, to discuss the subject, the Rev. J. T. Wightman, D. D., said that the United States sanctioned polygamy by recognizing thirty different

causes and twenty-seven thousand courts for divorce cases! To the honor of South Carolina, be it said, she has never granted a divorce. In New York a man may have three wives, if they have been wedded to him in separate States. In Maryland he may have as many wives as he pleases, provided the first has been absent from him seven years. In 1878 there was 1 divorce to 7,466 of the population; in 1886 1 to 3,703. Throughout the United States the average is about 1 divorce to 50 marriages. The ministers adopted a resolution recommending that Congress have power to regulate the law instead of the Legislatures of the States.

The Pope has Issued an Encyclical Letter, in which he deplores the degeneracy of the times. It opens with thanks to God for the consolations which the Jubilee rejoicings have brought to the Pope, and to the Catholic world for its tokens of affection and devotion. Turning to religious matters, the encyclical complains that the tendency of the age is toward material interests, and that this tendency is strengthened by worldly pride, an evil press and drama, demoralization of the arts, and a changed education in schools, materialistic and atheistic teaching obscuring true notions of right. Socialism, nihilism, and communism, it says, are also outcomes of this addiction to material things.

A Contradiction of Osman Digna's Assertion that Emin Pasha was captured on October 10 is given by a Greek traveller who arrived at Suakin on December 31 from Khartoum, whence he started two months ago, coming by way of Kassala. He says that nothing had been heard at Khartoum of the fall of the government of the Equatorial provinces, or of the capture of Emin Bey. On the contrary, he says that the forces of the Mahdi had been twice defeated in Bahr-el-Ghazel. The letters of Mr. Stanley have been delayed. They are not expected to reach England before March.

Gen. Boulanger Has Issued His Address to the electors of Paris. It is devoted chiefly to disproving the charge that he is plotting to become a Dictator. He says: "When a Minister, I was overthrown under the pretext that I was the personification of war. Now I am opposed as the personification of a dictatorship. If I could ever have entertained the idea of playing dictator, it would have been when, as Minister of War, I had the whole army in my own hands. There has been nothing in my conduct to justify such a suspicion. I accepted the sympathies of all without dreaming of stealing popularity from any. There is nothing dictatorial in a programme that demands constitutional revision by the most democratic system—by a constituent assembly." Paris, however, is not likely to forget that the late Emperor made even stronger protestations of fidelity to the Republic."

The Emperor of Germany is Anxious to Make his antagonism to his father's policy as conspicuous as possible. On New Year's Day he gave the order of the Black Eagle to Herr von Puttkamer, formerly Minister of the Interior. Practically the only important act of Emperor Frederick's brief and tragic reign was the dismissal of this official, who is recognized all over Germany as the type of everything hateful and oppressive in the Junker bureaucracy. His disgrace was hailed by Liberals throughout Europe as a triumph of decent politics, and his being singled out now for the highest honor conferred on New Year's Day to any German is significant. The *Kreuz Zeitung* says it is an act that signifies the Emperor William's satisfaction with Puttkamer's course in the "disgraceful intrigue" which led to his dismissal by the late Emperor Frederick.

The Next Few Weeks will be the best time for canvassing for new subscribers. We are happy to learn that many of our friends are already introducing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD among their friends and neighbors. Any one desiring sample copies for this purpose, will be supplied free of cost by writing for them, stating explicitly how many can be advantageously used. Address The Manager 63 Bible House, New York.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal were received last week to the amount of \$136.75. They were from: New York City \$100; Omaha, Neb., \$2; Parsons, Kan., \$2; Southport, N. Y., \$1; Diamond Springs, Kan., \$4.75; Bollineau, Dak., \$1; Camden, N. Y., \$1; E. Des Moines, Iowa, \$5; Des Moines, Iowa, \$5; Gambier, O., 50c.; Woodhaven, N. Y., \$2.50; Sparta, Wis., \$1; Plattsville, Ont., Can., \$2; Philadelphia, Penn., \$4.50; Long Branch, N. J., \$2; Lancaster, Ont., Can., 50c.; Oostburg, Wis., \$2. We heartily thank our friends who have thus liberally responded to our appeal on behalf of this fund. We can assure them that their gifts will be the means of cheering and helping many a poor preacher, who, having no library, and often not a single commentary, finds the weekly visit of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a valuable aid in his work.

The Evangelical Alliance for the United States has issued a circular calling the attention of the people to insidious attempts now being made in several States to undermine the public-school system. It says: "The bulwark of the common schools is now assailed along the line of States by insidious methods and immoral political deals, in which American principles and rights are bartered for foreign votes. There is an organized and persistent attempt, under foreign leadership, and occasionally under the mask of devotion to liberty of conscience and freedom of worship, to subject the infant wards of the State to proselytizing influences and discipline; to prevent by spiritual threats and other undue influence the attendance of children at the public schools, and to pervert to sectarian purposes the School Fund." These attempts have been made in Maine, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and New York. Christian citizens in other States should be on the alert in this matter, and not leave to their assemblymen the duty of scrutinizing bills in any way affecting the public schools. If they are in any doubt about the effect of any bill, they should write for information to the Evangelical Alliance, 42 Bible House, New York.

The Tragical Death of a Bride and Bridegroom is reported from Arkansas. The young couple had been very ardently attached for some time, and their love increased as the difficulties in the way of their union developed. When those difficulties were surmounted, their delight passed all bounds and they looked forward to a life of happiness. The wedding-day was fixed for December 27. On the afternoon of that day the prospective groom started from his home for the dwelling of the bride, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. When he reached the bayou the ferry-boat was gone, having drifted down-stream. As it would require some hours to get it in running order again, he undertook to ford the stream, which was much swollen with the rains. His horse became unmanageable when half-way across and threw him into the water. He was swept down by the current and drowned. The news was carried to the waiting wedding-party and delivered to the bride herself with shocking abruptness. She maintained her composure for the time, but she said to her mother, "It is a death-blow." She became dangerously ill, and on December 30 she died. It was a sad ending to the romance. That the death of the bridegroom should have caused the death of the bride, shows how devotedly she must have loved him. The love of the Church to the Bridegroom is tested so; His death brought life to her, but in proportion as she loves Him she dies to the world. (Rom. 6: 11.)

A Delusive Promise Tempted a Boy to Desert a happy home on Staten Island, N. Y., recently. On December 31, a detective on Broadway, New York, noticed a bright, intelligent, well-dressed lad trying to beg from the passers-by. He went to the boy and questioned him. The boy said he lived at Stapleton, Staten Island. One day, about a month ago, being in New York City, a man accosted him and spoke very kindly

to him. The stranger urged him to leave home and come and live in the city with him, promising to treat him well, and make a rich man of him. The pictures he drew of the glorious life of the city, the chances there were for a bright boy with shrewd guidance, and the certainty of wealth and power, proved too strong a temptation for the ambitious lad, and he yielded. The man was kind to him, but the boy soon found what he was wanted for. His protector trained him for a sneak thief, and employed him in going into flat-houses to steal any valuables he could find, and even into back yards to steal linen from the wash-lines. The man would wait safely outside to receive the product of the boy's expeditions. The boy soon realized that he had been duped, and had sufficient sense to know that he was on his way to a prison rather than to wealth and power. Therefore, though he was kindly treated, he seized the first opportunity to run away, and was begging a few pennies to pay his fare back to his father's house. It is much to be wished that Satan's victims, lured into his service by promises of worldly success, were similarly wise in time, and would seek their Heavenly Father rather than continue living in sin. (Ezek. 18: 31, 32.)

A Remarkable Discussion Among Specialists in brain diseases took place at the Academy of Medicine in New York on Thursday last. It was at the regular meeting of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence and State Medicine, and the subject was the brutal murders recently committed in Whitechapel, London, in which the victims were horribly mutilated. Dr. Austin Abbott led the discussion. "These slaughterers," he said, "are wholly within the lines of the habitual conduct of barbarous ancestors indulged in for the pleasurable sensation of witnessing tortures. Cruel mutilations are not, therefore, inconsistent with average soundness of mind. The Whitechapel murderer is behind the times. He is an anachronism, but not necessarily to be accorded the charity of considering him insane." Dr. Spitzka and others also discussed the question, and it was the general opinion that the fiend was not insane. It is gratifying to find that the medical profession is beginning to recognize the evil of allowing criminals to escape punishment by setting up the plea of insanity. Yet in this case an able lawyer would have no better basis for such a plea than Dr. Abbott's suggestion that this criminal may be impelled to the commission of his crimes by hereditary proclivities. Even among men who are not criminals there are many who are conscious of "taints of blood." They find it impossible to reform. Happy are they who in such cases accept the deliverance which the Apostle Paul experienced and graphically described. (Rom. 7: 19-25.)

An Electrified Store in Meriden, Conn., caused some excitement in the neighborhood on January 3. A heavy rain-storm was drenching the streets, and a clothing merchant went out of his store to take in some goods exposed for sale outside. They were hanging against the front of the store, and appeared to have undergone no change. But no sooner had the man taken hold of a knitted jacket, which was the first article at hand, than he received a violent shock and was thrown to the pavement. He recovered and made another attempt, but this time his hand was scorched, his arm was paralyzed, and he felt intense pain in the back of his neck, as if some one had struck him a violent blow. The man's cries brought the neighbors to his aid, and they experimented with the electricity. Sparks could be drawn from any of the articles on the store front, and the front itself was fully electrified. An electrician, who was sent for, found that the awning in front of the store, after being saturated with rain, had overlapped an electric light wire, and had conducted the electricity to the store front, which was made of iron, and this in turn had electrified the goods suspended against it. The trouble came from the changed condition of the awning. When dry it might have touched the wire harmlessly; but when saturated, it became

a conductor. It is so with some forms of spiritual and moral mischief. In his normal condition a man may be in contact with temptation without falling, but when under the influence of liquor the temptation may acquire power over him and involve injury to himself and others. (Isa. 5: 11-13.)

A Diver's Narrow Escape From Death is reported from Philadelphia. It appears that, having to repair the keel of a vessel which was sunk in the Schuylkill River, he put on his diving suit and descended, carrying a large patch with him to nail over the hole. When he had been down half an hour, the man in charge of the line by which signals are exchanged between the diver and those in charge of the air-pumps discovered that something was wrong. He could get no answer from the diver, and the line was slack. An alarm was given, and the men pulled up the diver. The rope had become entangled about the man's feet, and he came to the surface feet first. He was unconscious, and it was a long time before he could be restored. When he was able to speak, he said that while he was nailing on the patch, he suddenly became aware that his supply of air was cut off. He became alarmed, and started to walk to the place where the air-pumps were; but before he reached them he fell unconscious, and knew no more until he opened his eyes and saw his comrades working over him for his restoration. The cause of the trouble was, that the diver had carelessly adjusted the air-hose to the back of the helmet, and it became detached while he was at work, thus depriving him of air. There is always a danger of an analogous negligence affecting Christian workers. Their spiritual life depends on continual supplies of grace from on high, and if they neglect the means by which that grace is obtained, they lose power and vitality. (John 13: 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. William Noble is suffering from an overstrain of work, and is compelled to take a period of absolute rest.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey addressed crowded meetings at the Albert Hall, Nottingham, England, during the month of December.

The Lutherans are growing rapidly in this country. In 1870 the number of communicants was less than 400,000. Now there are over 1,000,000.

Peter Bilhorn has commenced his evangelistic tour, which this year includes North Adams, Holyoke, and Springfield, Mass., and New York.

Dr. George D. Dowkontt, the Director of the Medical Missionary Society, asks us to state that he has received a donation: "For Jesus' Sake," \$10.

The queen of Madagascar has presented Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt with a gift of \$100, as an expression of her interest in the total abstinence work.

The Revs. Sam Jones and Small will hold services in Los Angeles about the middle of January. It is quite probable that they will spend a week or two in Santa Rosa, while on the Coast.

Evangelists Pratt and Birdsall have commenced their year's work with churches among the Berkshire Hills in western Massachusetts. They commenced a series of meetings in Methuen, Mass., on December 30.

Major George A. Hilton is holding very successful meetings at Seattle, Wash. Ter. The Bijou Theatre, in which he speaks, is well filled with all classes of people, and some very remarkable conversions have taken place.

A series of inter-denominational services is being held in the old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of New York, during this month. There is preaching every week-day by eminent ministers of all denominations, and the service lasts one hour only, from 3 to 4 o'clock.

The International Committee of Y. M. C. A. has issued its annual list of Prayer-Meeting Topics for 1889. It has the new feature of a list of fifty-two topics for Boys' Meetings. It may be had, price five cents, from the International Committee, 48 East 23d Street, New York.

The Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn, of which Dr. Meredith is pastor, dedicated, with appropriate religious services, on January 6, its new house of worship. The church will seat over two thousand people. Dr. George F. Pentecost was formerly pastor of the church.

The evangelical clergymen of the Ninth Ward, New York City, have, as a result of the Chickering Hall conference, decided to adopt the house-to-house visitation plan of city evangelization that has the indorsement of the Evangelical Alliance, and has been so successful in Brooklyn, Buffalo, and other large cities.

THE LORD'S OWN SALVATION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But I will have mercy upon the house of Judah, and will save them by the Lord their God, and will not save them by bow, nor by sword, nor by battle, by horses, nor by horsemen." Hos. 1:7.

A Message of Judgment and Mercy—Both to be Proclaimed—A Limit to God's Long-suffering—God's Way of Saving His People—I. Often Puts Visible Means Aside—True in Grace—In Manner of Calling—In Revivals—In the Day of Trouble—II. God's Reasons for Doing So—To Prevent Boasting—To Take Away Reliance on Second Causes—To Endear Himself to His People—To Encourage Them in Future Troubles—III. The Gospel in the Text—Salvation Possible in Every Case—To be Sought in God.

GOD is very considerate toward the messengers by whom He delivers His Word to men. They are bound to deliver His Word faithfully, whatever the tidings may be. Sometimes the burden of the Lord is very heavy. The prophets have to denounce woe upon woe, with terrible monotony of threatening; and then it is that God hastens to relieve them by giving them a gracious word, so that they may refresh their hearts, and not be altogether crushed beneath their load. We have an instance here of the Lord's care for His heralds. Hosea was bound to say, in the name of the Lord, "I will no more have mercy upon the house of Israel; but I will utterly take them away"; but when he had said *that*, with heavy heart and tearful eye, he was allowed to add, "but I will have mercy upon the house of Judah." The Lord will not let our spirit fail beneath a burden which is all of grief; but He will grant us the high privilege of proclaiming grace, as well as publishing judgment. The connection of our text suggests the thought that there is

A Limit to the Long-Suffering

of God. He bade Hosea say, "I will no more have mercy upon Israel." He had borne with that guilty people very long, and overlooked their daring crimes; but He would do so no longer: He would give them over to the enemy, who would carry them quite away, so that Israel, as a distinct monarchy, should cease to be. Oh my hearers, God is very gracious, but His Spirit shall not always strive with you. A little more sin, and you may be over the boundary, and God may give you up. Stay, I pray you! Do not further provoke. Repent, and turn unto the Lord with full purpose of heart.

But now the text brings us to consider this fact, that God will save His own people in His own way. He tells us positively how He will save the house of Judah, and negatively how He will not save them. "I will have mercy upon the house of Judah, and will save them by the Lord their God, and will not save them by bow, nor by sword, nor by battle, by horses, nor by horsemen."

I. First, then, God is pleased very often, in working salvation, to

Put Means Aside.

He said of Israel, "I will break the bow of Israel in the valley of Jezreel." He thus struck out of the hands of His people their only defence; they had trusted in their bow, and the Lord destroyed it.

First, the Lord does this in the work of salvation by grace. Salvation is of the Lord alone, Salvation is not of human merit, for there is no such thing. Plenty of demerit you can find anywhere and everywhere, but merit there is none. Neither are we saved by any good dispositions which lie dormant and latent within us, for there are no such things. There is none good; no, not one. The heart is, in every case, deceitful, and desperately wicked. You may, perhaps, have seen a picture drawn by a cunning artist. It represents a lady, very fair and beautiful to look upon; but the picture is so contrived that you discover underneath it the form of death. That which appeared outwardly so lovely is only a veiled skeleton. Just that kind of change the Spirit of God makes upon our moral beauty; he turns it into corruption by making us see what we really are. The bones

of the skeleton of depraved nature stand out through the proud flesh of our self-righteous pride. Then we cry to God for mercy. Then we give up all idea of saving ourselves. Neither bow, nor sword, nor horse, nor horsemen, are any longer our confidence. The

Weapons of Self-Help

are looked upon by us as weapons of rebellion—and they really are so; and we throw them away, and will have nothing further to do with them. The man upon whom there is found a bad coin is very earnest in declaring that it is none of his; somebody must have slipped it into his pocket! He will not own it. A little while ago he thought to himself, "What a splendid imitation it is! How well I have cheated the government!" Self-righteousness is nothing but a piece of counterfeit coin; and when all goes well with us, we say, "How well I have done it! How splendid is my righteousness!" But when the Spirit of God arrests us, then we are anxious to get rid of the very thing wherein we gloried.

False Expectations.

It is so in the actual salvation of men, and it is often so in their calling to this salvation. Was any man ever converted in the way in which he expected to be? I hardly think so. I know what you thought would happen; at least, I know what many expect. They look for an interesting incident. They suppose, perhaps, that they will have a very wonderful dream; or that, going to hear a minister, there will be something very striking in the sermon which will alarm or depress them, so that they will be tempted to commit suicide, or do some other outrageous thing. Possibly, on the other hand, they half expect that there will happen a sudden death in the family, or sickness upon many, and that so they will be impressed; or, possibly, like Martin Luther with his friend Alexis, they may be walking out in a thunder-storm, and Alexis will be killed, and they will be aroused in that way. I myself always looked for something very remarkable, but it did not come to me. And yet something happened which was more remarkable than the most remarkable thing would have been: I simply heard the gospel command, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." I looked, and I lived; and that is all the story I have to tell you. Dear hearer, that is all the story, very likely, you will ever have to tell. You will not be saved by bow, nor by sword, nor by battle, nor by horses, nor by horsemen, but by simple trust in the Lord alone. What more do want? What more can you hope to receive?

In the next place, the same thing is true with regard to the progress of religion, and the work of revivals. Let every man work as he feels called to do, provided he follows the rules of his Lord; but we have seen revivals of which it was said at the first, "We will get up a revival." Revivals can be got up, but are they worth the trouble? What has been the end of them all? A few years after—the result, where is it? I hear an echo say, "Where is it?" I cannot tell you what has become of it; in many cases I fear that the disappointed church has become more hard to stir than it was before. Brethren, I hopefully believe that there will soon come a deep, widespread, lasting revival of religion, and it may be it will come just as it used to in apostolic times. How did they act in Jerusalem? What did they do in Asia Minor? What was

The Apostles' Plan?

I cannot find, for the life of me, that they did anything else but preach the gospel, while at the same time they went from house to house, and held meetings for prayer: and thus the kingdom of Christ came. They did not work up a revival, but they prayed it down. They simply waited upon the Lord in supplication and service. They might have tried other plans had they been so unwise as to think of them. They would never have tolerated the dodges of the present period, the adaptations of the gospel, and the degrading of it, by secular lectures, entertainments, and so forth. They never dream-

ed of keeping abreast of the times with liberal philosophical teaching; but I recollect that Paul was so resolutely ignorant as to say, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

"But, surely," cries one, "we must have some advancement in theology. We ought to know more than our old fathers did." This is the pride of our hearts. Would you advance beyond the apostles? Into what can you advance but into the ditch of error? They did not crave for an advance in the apostolic times; but they were satisfied to speak over again "all the words of this life."

They Remained True

to the "faith once delivered to the saints," and they found salvation in this primitive revelation. Why should we go gadding elsewhere?

I believe that the same great truth will be made apparent as to the establishment of the truth of God in this land. How my soul has been burdened with the many that have turned aside, and the few that remain faithful to the covenant God of Israel! These last are not so very few as some would make them out to be, but yet they are sadly scant in number. God has reserved unto Himself seven thousand that have not bowed their knee to Baal. Oh, that there were a thousand times as many! But we have striven with all our might to bear our outspoken testimony for the old faith, and we have hopefully thought that many would rally to the cry; but it is not so, nor, perhaps, is it God's mind that it should be. Men of eminence have held their tongues, and brethren once ardent for the gospel have practically gone over to the enemy. I am sure that the Lord will confound the adversary, and bring forth His truth as the noonday; but it may not be as we would suggest. He has His own way.

Dear friends, I would make one other application of these words, and I trust it may be profitable. The text has a voice to God's people

In the Day of Trouble.

I may be addressing godly people who are in most terrible distress. You have faith in God that He will bring you out of your affliction. Maintain that faith; and if for a long time no deliverance should come, still maintain it. Perhaps you have hopes from a certain quarter. Those hopes may come to nothing; that cistern will leak. You have another friend to whom you can apply. Yes, you can apply; that is all that will happen, for that tank also holds no water. When you have tried all the cisterns, be wise enough to recollect the fountain. It may be that there will come a day when every door will be fast closed, and you will see no way of relief whatever; but bethink you that then there will remain the one way, which you should have followed at the first. In such an hour let my text speak with you: "He will save them by the Lord their God, and He will not save them by bow, nor by sword, nor by battle, by horses, nor by horsemen."

If thou must have thy bow and thy sword, or else give up hope, then the battle rests with thyself. How canst thou plead the promise of God? But when thou putteth the bow aside, and the sword is hung on the wall, then canst thou go to Him who is better to thee than bow and sword, and rest in Him, and He will work gloriously, so that His own name shall be magnified, and thou shalt be blessed. I pray the Holy Spirit to apply that truth to any heart here that is heavy by reason of sore conflict at this time. Oh, for grace to rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him, for in His own time and way He will work, and none shall hinder Him.

II. But now, secondly,

God Has Good Reasons

for this. I shall very briefly touch upon this theme. The Lord is full of wisdom, and His doings are ever prudent. He always has good reasons for everything, but one of the things we should never do is, to ask His reasons. It is an unreasonable thing to ask God to give reasons for what He does. His answer to arrogant questioners is—"May I not do as I will with

my own?" Oh for grace to be silent where God is silent! Is He not God, and we worms of the dust? Who shall presume to ask Him why or what He does? Better far to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth Him good." If He never gave us a reason for what He did, we ought to be well content to leave all with Him, knowing that He must do that which is best and wisest.

But, so far as in humility we may dare to look, we have looked, and we believe that the Lord's ways are intended, first,

To Prevent All Boasting.

How prone we are to self-esteem! How wickedly we rob God to honor ourselves! If God uses us—if God uses any sort of means—yet there is no credit to the means which He uses, but to Himself only. Some of us might have enjoyed a much larger blessing, if we had not grown *top-heavy with the blessing* we already enjoyed. God saved a soul or two by you, my dear friend, and you began to rub your hands, and think that you were something better than an angel. You were running away with God's glory, and thus ending your own influence. Often this is the cause of the drying up of hopeful usefulness. The instrument began to exalt itself, and so the Lord put up the bow, the sword, the horses, and the horsemen, and then all men saw what powerless things these were. Oh, that the Lord may never feel compelled to leave you and me to ourselves!

My dear hearers, some of you are not saved yet, and I will tell you what happens with many of you. You come here on Sabbath days, and to Monday prayer-meetings, and Thursday services, and I am glad to see you. You also read your Bibles; I am glad of that. You say a thing you call a prayer: I do not know whether I am glad about *that*. But I will tell you what you are doing. You are making yourselves quite comfortable, as if, by some singular process, salvation would insensibly penetrate you by your being found in good company, hearing the Word, and so on. Let me remind you that

These Things Were Never Prescribed

as the way of salvation. I do not want you to run away from hearing the Word, or from the use of the means; but I do want to assure you that, if you trust in these means, you will be disappointed in the result. These are mere pitchers, but they will not quench your thirst if there is no water in them. Look to God, not to your minister. Get to Jesus Himself rather than to the sacred Book. Remember how the Saviour puts it—for this is not a wrested reading—"Ye search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: but ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." Pass beyond the Scriptures to the Christ whom the Scriptures reveal. "Ye must be born again!" You must distinctly go to Christ for yourselves, for the Lord saves men by the Lord Jesus Christ, and He will not save them by books, and prayer-meetings, and sermons any more than He would save Judah by the bow, the sword, the battle, the horses, and the horsemen.

Again, beloved, the Lord blesses His people Himself that He may endear Himself to them. He reveals Himself to them apart from other things, that they may see *Him* and know what *He* can do. You do not know to the full what God can do so long as He keeps within the bounds of the ordinary means, or you feel that you are well provided for by ordinary methods. You are apt to forget that

God Provides for You,

because your quarterly allowance is received so regularly. Now, suppose that your business fails. Ah! then God must provide for you: then you will see what God is doing. Suppose that, instead of being in one place, you should be kicked about like a football, and still the Lord should give you rest in Himself; then you will see what He can do.

I like that bit in Abraham's life when the king of Sodom offered him the property which he had captured. Abraham had a right to it, for he had taken it in war; but he said, "I will

not take from a thread to a shoe-latchet, lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abram rich." No, no; the servant of the Lord would not have a king talk as if he had been the maker of the Lord's own servant. God Himself will so help you, so bless you, so carry you through, that you shall not have to take off your hat to any king of Sodom, neither shall he be able to go up and down the city and say, "I have made Abram rich." God will put the king of Sodom away with the horses and the horsemen, and double the mercy to you by handing it out with His own hand after His own way.

I think that the Lord does this also to encourage you in all future troubles: He has rescued you in a way beyond means, without means, and even against means, and therefore you cannot be in a condition from which He will be unable to rescue you. If you should come to be more friendless and more feeble than you now are—what then? Are your

Resources Within Yourself,

or dependent upon friends? If so, you are in an evil case. But if all your supplies are in the Lord, you are no worse off than you used to be. When the Lord strips you bare of your own garments, then you can go to His wardrobe and put on the raiment which He has provided. You cannot wear God's clothes while you glory that you are wearing your own. When want has swept your table, then all the bread on it will come from your God. When the Lord has brought you down to the bare rock, then you can go no lower, and there is a chance to build a house which will stand against flood and wind. Be reliant upon Him who can work by means, but can equally well work without means whenever it seemeth good in His sight! In such confidence you will find security against all ill weathers. The Lord changes not, and therefore you shall not be consumed.

III. My time is done, or else I was going to say, thirdly, there is a gospel in this text for those here present. I can only hint at this in a few words. The first gospel is that

Salvation is Possible in Every Case.

Notice, "I will save them." What can stand against a divine "I will"? With God nothing is impossible. If there be nothing to help Him, what does it matter? He does not need help. He expressly abjures the aid of a creature when He says, "I will not save them by bow, nor by sword, nor by battle, by horses, nor by horsemen." My dear hearer, whoever you may be, there is hope in your case: if God saves, then you can be saved. If you had to save yourself, you would not be saved; but as there is nothing wanted of you, but God worketh salvation with His own right hand, your case is hopeful. How clear is this! And how bright with comfort!

Next, *salvation is to be sought of God alone*. Do not go wandering about to the second cause. Go straight to the Lord Himself, and go at once. Straightforward is the best running in the world. Go straightforward to your God, your Saviour. Let there be no waiting for tears, feelings, repentance, sanctification, or anything else; but arise at once, and go to your God, and for Christ's sake plead with Him to have mercy upon you at this moment. As salvation does not necessarily come through the outward means, if I address any here who have neglected the outward means, let them come away to God at once, though they have neglected His courts, profaned His day, and despised His ministers.

You came in here with no idea of worshipping God, but only just to see the place, and what the preacher is like. Never mind,

Look to the Lord

Jesus Christ straight away! With these eyes that are so blinded, look! If you cannot see, it may be that in your obedient attempt to look, the Lord will give you sight. He does not command you to *see*, but He does command you to *look* to Him and be saved: so that, if you turn your eyes toward Jesus, though they be sightless eyeballs, He will make them see. If you will trust in Christ, you may cast your

guilty soul on Him at this moment. Why should you not do so? Then for you the rain will be over and gone, and you will see the bright light in the clouds. Instead of the dark and dismal winter of doubt, you shall have a summer-time of hope and comfort. These dreary weeks of cold despair shall give place to a season in which heaven and earth shall blend in your experience in a joy unspeakable. The Lord grant it, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE FOREIGN INVASION.*

RECENT statistics seem to prove that our immigration is being drawn from lower and lower strata of European society. The cheapened passenger rates of the transatlantic steamboat lines have enabled people to emigrate whose poverty formerly compelled them to remain at home. The bulk of Italian immigration, which formerly came from the North, now comes from the South. It is not only in regard to Italy that this observation holds good, but also in Ireland and Prussia. In Ireland there has been a relative increase of immigration from the poorer western provinces of Connaught and Munster, while formerly it was the comparatively richer provinces of Ulster and Leinster which sent the majority of our aldermen and municipal rulers. We see in New York of what nationalities its population is made up, and we see to our cost how hopeless it is for the little American remnant to assert its right to govern the vast metropolis in accordance with American ideas and in an American spirit. But what right have we to wonder at this result, as long as we take no measures to stem the tide that is threatening to overwhelm us?

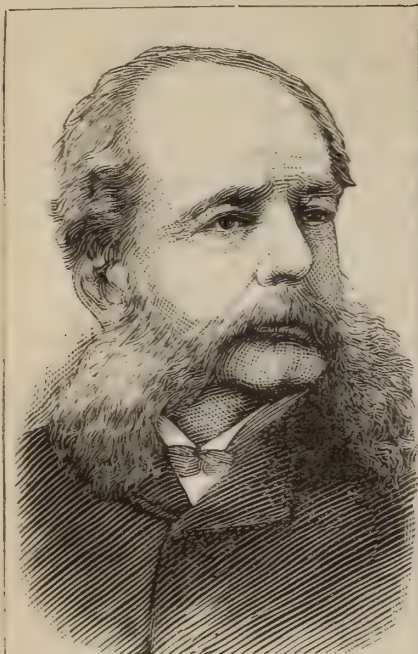
Fiery Writing On the Wall.

There is already an unnatural ferment in our society, resulting from race-antagonism, class-antagonism, and lack of organic cohesion. We have permitted our hospitality to be abused and we are now beginning to reap the consequences. What does the appearance among us of such phenomena as anarchism and socialism mean, if not this? What do the perpetual convulsions in economic centres—the strikes, boycotts, and riots—mean if not this? They are a *fiery writing on the wall* which he who runs may read. They mean that we have been too hospitable for our own good; they mean that we have absorbed in excessive quantities an indiscriminate diet—some of it of an extremely indigestible kind—which we are unable to assimilate, and which therefore produces disease and disorder. A nation can perish as an individual can—it can pass through crises so serious that if it survives, it is no longer the same that it was. Its health, its strength, its faith, may be broken. The new order which sooner or later follows the chaotic upheavals is sure to be a different, though not necessarily a better, social condition.

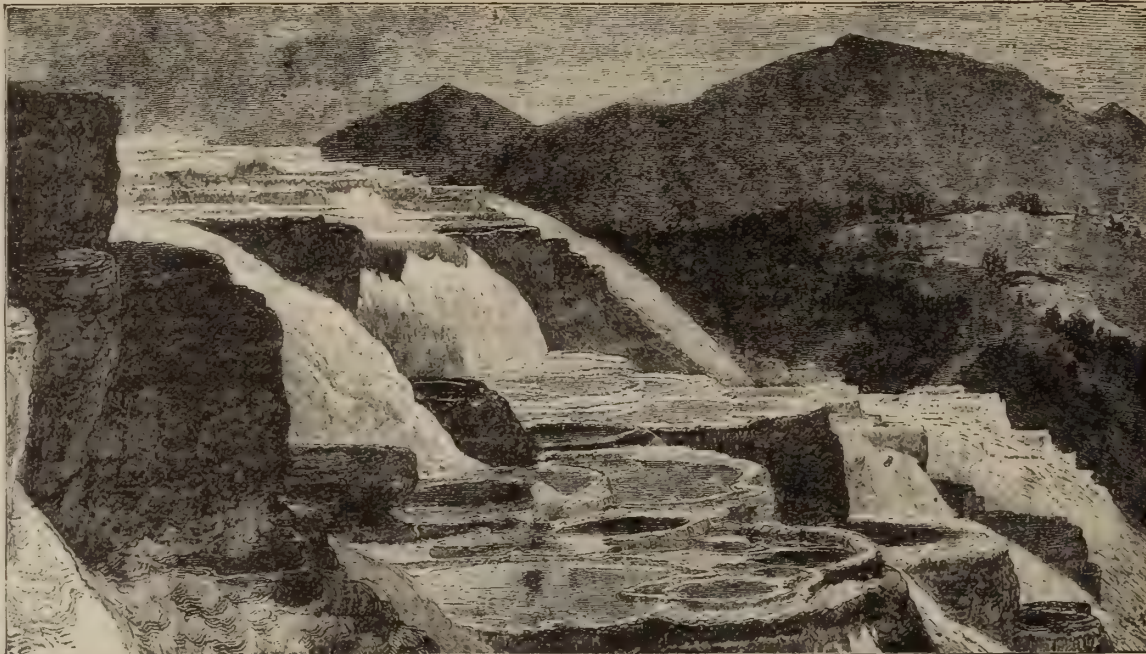
The Plan of Restriction

which I proposed some years ago is by no means an ideal measure; but it will, if properly enforced, have the effect of shutting out the very worst classes; and it has the additional advantage of being perfectly feasible. My idea would be that no immigrant should be permitted to land, unless he can exhibit a certificate signed by the American consul residing nearest his home, testifying to his good character, and showing that he complies with the conditions, whatever they may be, which Congress may see fit to impose. In all European countries such information is easily accessible; the parish, communal, and police authorities usually being able to furnish all information desired concerning the individuals within their jurisdiction. If the proper care is exercised in the selection of consular officers, and if it were clearly understood that the policy of the administration

* From the "Problems of American Civilization," a volume of addresses delivered at the recent Christian Conference in Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance. The addresses are by Prof. Boyesen, President Gates, Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., Bishop A. Cleveland Cox, Dr. McCosh, and other eminent men, and they discuss the perils now menacing society in this country. Published by the Baker & Taylor Co., New York.



Admiral Luce, U. S. N.



The Hot Springs of the Yellowstone.

avored restriction rather than indiscriminate hospitality, the object of the law would, no doubt, be accomplished in lessening the total number of immigrants and excluding the most undesirable classes.

A Fatal Gift.

We cannot afford to neglect the condition of the common people, for the condition of the common people is the condition of the commonwealth. Society has a way of avenging itself for the wrongs committed on the lowest of all its members. Sir Robert Peel gave his daughter a magnificent riding-habit on her nineteenth birthday, and, attired in the embroidered gown, she rode side by side with him in the parks of London. She had scarcely returned home before she was taken ill with the most malignant form of typhus fever, and in ten days was laid to rest in the churchyard. And the secret was a very simple one. The poor seamstress, in a garret in one of the slums, while she was embroidering that garment looked upon a husband shivering in the paroxysm of chills, and she took the half-finished garment and laid it over him; and the garment took up the germs of fever, and conveyed them from the hovel of the poorest to the palace of the statesman. And so, we are bound together in one bundle of social life; and if we neglect the poorest and the lowest, society will avenge herself in the destruction of the highest and the richest and the most cultivated.

ADMIRAL LUCE.

THE expedition to Hayti for the recovery of the steamer *Haytian Republic*, which had been wrongfully detained by the revolutionary Government, was placed under the command of Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N., one of the best known and most popular members of the service. In addition to his naval services he has won a reputation as the originator of the naval apprentice system, the founder of the Naval War College on Coaster's Harbor Island, near Newport, R. I., and as the author of works on tactics. Admiral Luce has been in command of the naval forces on the North Atlantic Station since July, 1886 and will be retired from active service in March, 1889.

He is now more than sixty years old. Like so many old salts, he is a short, heavily bearded, sturdy sort of man. While on shore duty he is always the centre of a group of admiring friends, who like nothing better than to listen to his reminiscences. To them he is known familiarly as "Steve Luce" and he is often called so to his face, in spite of the dignity that the gentleman knows so well how to assume. He did most of his service during the war in the

blockading squadron, and was made a commander shortly after the Confederacy collapsed. The Admiral is known among the old society men of New York City, with whom he was quite a favorite during the time he was in command of the training ship *Minnesota*, in Brooklyn, ten years or more ago.

THE YELLOWSTONE HOT SPRINGS.

(See Illustration.)

By no means the least wonderful of the many wonders of the Yellowstone region are the calcareous hot springs of Gardiner's River, at the north of the gigantic National Park. "You may imagine," says a recent visitor, "a river falling over a series of steep rapids, over terrace after terrace, only, instead of being simple terraces, they are hollowed into basins of different sizes, giving to the terraces a very irregular appearance. The water comes from an almost innumerable number of hot springs—thousands of them—which form themselves into a stream and then rush over the declivity. When the water issues from the springs, it is very hot. It fills the little reservoirs on the terraces, and in each leaves a residuum of lime or silica. As you look at this cataract from a distance, it gives you the idea of an irregular white wall. It looks, indeed, like a mass of snow and ice. Columns of steam rise from it here and there, but towards the foot of the declivity the water becomes cool enough for people to bathe in it. Into some of the basins the water no longer flows, and those are crumbling away into a calcareous powder, but those into which the water still flows have their rims constantly replenished with wavy, frill-like borders of all kinds of vivid colors. Most of the basins are about six feet in diameter, and about three feet in depth, but the upper ones are much larger—one of them being forty feet in diameter and twenty-five feet deep."

JAPANESE Y. M. C. A.'S.

IN a farewell address given in the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, a short time ago, by General L. D. Wishard, who is about to start on his five years' tour, to organize Young Men's Christian Associations in Asia, he said: "The Young Men's Christian Association has particularly demonstrated its adaptability to young men in foreign lands. I receive by mail every day many evidences of the success of the institution among heathen people. There are now four or five branches in Japan, four in China, two in Ceylon, and several in India, where, I am informed, the members are exerting their influence upon the Government schools. Mr. Swift, who was formerly Assistant Secretary

of this institution, went to Tokio some little time ago to teach in one of the Japanese colleges. Now he has founded a Young Men's Christian Association from some students in the Imperial University, and he intends to give up his position as Professor and devote his entire work to the furtherance of the interests of the institution. This shows the possibilities of the work before the young men all over the Christian world, and it is believed that soon I will be in a position to call upon the home branches for men who are thoroughly equipped as Secretaries to go into Asia and take charge of and develop branches of the Young Men's Christian Association there."

PROGRESS IN PALESTINE.

THE remarkable growth of the City of Jerusalem is described in the *Neuesten Nachrichten*, a German newspaper published in Palestine. It states that new buildings are rising daily: churches, gardens, and institutes of various kinds are filling up the formerly desolate neighborhood to the distance of half an hour's walk beyond the old limits of the city. The Jews are to the front as builders. Their houses spring up out of the ground like mushrooms. The Rothschilds have completed a new hospital. Close by it there is a new Abyssinian church. The Russians are also great builders; they have erected a new church, consulate, lodging-houses for pilgrims of the orthodox national churches, and a hospital. The Russians have also built a high tower upon the Mount of Olives, from whose summit the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea can both be seen. The Greeks and Armenians are also busy builders, but they provide for the bodily rather than for the religious demands of the pilgrims.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

THE little group of amateur astronomers depicted in the illustration on page 29 as intent on the phenomenon of an eclipse of the sun, had its counterpart in many a Western city on New Year's Day. The event, whenever it occurs, arrests the attention of all, and though the young folks may not be able to understand the problems connected with it, or even know its cause, they generally contrive to secure the necessary optical instrument of a smoked glass to watch the phenomenon. With far more intense interest, with delicately constructed instruments and with trained intelligence the same phenomenon was last week observed by parties of learned astronomers at several points on our Western coast. Large sums of money were expended in conducting the scientific observations successfully, and so important were

the results expected that the New York *Herald* arranged with the Western Union Telegraph Company for the control of a *telegraph wire three thousand miles long* to be carried into the New York office direct from San Francisco, in order to obtain early and authentic accounts of the astronomers' observations.

The most important problem which astronomers hope to solve by an observation of a solar eclipse is that of the luminous envelope which surrounds the sun, and which they call the corona. When the moon comes between the sun and the earth, totally eclipsing the greater luminary, this ring surrounding the moon's edge, which was at one time thought to be upon the moon but is now found to belong to the sun, appears like a fiery crown. It consists of broad rings of light from which spring individual rays extending an enormous distance. In the eclipse of 1878 there were two of these rays which curved upward like wings, and met like the arch of a Gothic window at a distance of millions of miles. Various conjectures have been hazarded as to the materials of which the corona is composed, and what it is and does. The modern theory as stated by Prof. J. K. Rees, of Columbia College, is that the matter in the sun is in a gaseous state, although the gases are not in the form in which we know them. From the enormous pressure exerted upon them they are probably of the consistency of honey. They are intensely hot, hotter than we can form any idea of, but they are under enormous pressure, and are crushed together into a viscid liquid like honey. Of course the moment that this pressure is released a great explosion follows. Now, these gases come to the surface of the sun, radiate their heat, expand and form the atmosphere of the sun. From this point the gases which form solids by combination fall back upon the sun in the form of rain and are once more dissociated by heat. Outside of this point, however, there are glowing gases.

In 1869, during the eclipse on August 7, elaborate observations were taken of the corona with the spectroscope, and it was found that it contained iron. In 1878 Young was able to resolve the line of iron into two—one of that metal, the other of coronal gas. The substance is not known to our chemistry, but it is luminous at half a million miles above the surface of the sun, and must be considerably lighter than hydrogen. To sum up the result of the observations of the five eclipses from 1860 to 1871, it was ascertained, first, that the corona belongs to the sun; second, that the prominences are composed of hydrogen and other gases in a state of incandescence, and rise from an envelope some thousands of miles thick; third, that the corona is of a highly complex constitution, being made up in part of glowing vapors and in part of matter capable of reflecting sunlight.

In observing the eclipse last week, Professor Pickering, who was at Willow, Cal., was able to secure between fifty and sixty photographic



Amateur Astronomers Observing an Eclipse.

negatives, which he will bring home to develop. He reported exceptionally fine weather, and says that he had a grand view of the two wing-like protuberances, which were fully two million miles in extent. The same phenomenon was observed at Chico, Cal., where Professors Payne, Pearson, and Wilson were engaged. It will be several weeks before the result of the observations will be available for astronomical science.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.
For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.
Parting and Poverty.

I PROMISED secrecy—what could I have refused her?—and she said: "The other day two of the sisters were at our house—I may not tell you their names, for fear of making mischief—and they were talking together between themselves, and did not notice that I was present—or else they didn't care. And I heard one of them tell the other that she had heard, secretly, that in Zion men were allowed to have many wives; and she used that word 'polygamy' very often, and said that was what the people of the world called it."

"Well, Mary dear," I replied, "that is no great secret; we have all heard that said before. Wicked people who hate the gospel say that, and a great deal more, in order to bring scandal upon the Church to which we belong; but, of course, it isn't true."

"Ah, but I haven't told you all," she said. "The sisters had a long talk about it, and they

explained whom they heard it from, and it was from no one outside the Church. And then one of them said that Elder Stenhouse had heard all about it, and knew it was true, only of course he did not talk about such things yet; but that the time would come when every one would acknowledge it, and all the Saints would have many wives. I was frightened when I heard this, and very angry—for I thought of you—and I spoke to her, and said it was all untrue, and I'd ask Elder Stenhouse. And they scolded me very much for saying so, and said it was very wicked for a child like me to listen; and that was why I did not like you to call me 'a child.'"

"Well, darling," I said, "I'll not offend you any more in that way; and it was very good of you to tell me anything you thought I ought to know." Then I kissed her, and continued, "But, after all, I don't think it's of any consequence. It's the old scandal, just as in the early days they said wicked things of Christ and His apostles. Elder Stenhouse knows all that people say, but he has told me again and again that there is not a word of truth in it, and I believe him."

"You think so, Sister Stenhouse," she replied, "and I suppose I ought to think so too; but if it's all false, how did people first begin to think of it? People don't say that the Mormons are murderers and thieves, because we have given them no reason to think so. Then why should they think of such an un-

heard-of thing as polygamy—surely there must have been some reason. Don't you think so?"

"No, dear," I answered. "Elder Stenhouse says that sometimes very wicked men have joined the Church, and have done all manner of shocking things, so that they had to be cut off; and then they went about trying to make other people believe that the Mormons were as wicked as they were. There was John C. Bennett, who lived a frightful life at Nauvoo, and then tried to make out that Joseph Smith was as bad as he was. And Marsh, the president of the twelve apostles, and Orson Hyde, when they apostatized, not only said bad things of Joseph, but took affidavit, and swore solemnly before the magistrates, that the prophet had been guilty of the most fearful crimes." I kissed her again, and she said:

"Well, perhaps you are right"; but I could see that in her heart she was not convinced.

Then we talked of ourselves, and all that interested us; and she told me all her childish hopes and ambitions; and to me—young as I was myself—it was pleasant to listen to her innocent prattle. She promised to come and see me when Elder Stenhouse had gone, and I should be left alone; and when we got back to the rest of the party, we were as firm friends as if we had known each other a lifetime.

At midnight, Saturday, June 15, 1850, the steamer left Southampton for Havre-de-Grace, bearing on board the first two Mormon missionaries to Italy; one of them was my husband. The Saints had called in the evening to bid

Elder Stenhouse good-bye; and as he was, of course, to travel "without purse or scrip," they vied with each other in showing their appreciation of his position and his devotion to the faith. The poorest among them would not be denied the privilege of contributing their mites to aid in the conversion of the Italians; and none of the brethren felt that they could show too much kindness to the departing missionary. Just in this way have all the foreign missions of the Mormon Church been projected and sustained; the elements of success were always present—devotion and self-abnegation on the part of the missionaries, and an earnest, self-sacrificing disposition on the part of the people, commanding respect, however erroneous or foolish the foundation of their faith.

In the bustle of departure, Mr. Stenhouse seemed never to have thought about himself, and certainly he made no preparation for me. I had full confidence in him, however, and loved him devotedly, and knew that my love was returned. But men who look for miracles, and count upon special providences for daily bread, are not generally very prudent or far-seeing in their domestic arrangements. Elder Stenhouse had been told that "the Lord would provide," and it therefore seemed to him superfluous that he should interfere; it would have been a lack of faith to have shown too much interest in what might become of me. He left me with only five dollars. I now realized the loneliness of my position; there was no earthly friend to whom I could turn for sympathy at a time like this. Before my Heavenly Father alone I could pour out the bitterness of my soul and all my griefs, and in His presence weep and pray.

When the Apostle Snow called upon Mr. Stenhouse to go to Italy, the Saints willingly accepted the responsibility of providing for me during his absence. They thought it was more an honor than a burden to have this charge committed to them; but it was very humiliating to me to be placed in such a position, however anxious they might be to assist me and to serve the general cause. To face opposition, or to give my all for my religion, I was willing indeed; but to depend upon others for my daily bread was utterly repugnant to my feelings, although, of course, if the Church sent away my husband, whose proper place and duty it was to support his family, it was only right that the members of that Church should undertake the responsibility. But then, and at many other times in my life, I have learned the truth of Christ's precept: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The American Apostle was not without worldly wisdom when he proposed that an unmarried man should be appointed to preside over the Southampton Conference, as his wants would be few. But Mr. Stenhouse had been solicited by a friend, who had a wife and children, to secure his appointment; and with ready confidence in that friend, he overlooked his own interests and my welfare, and I was left to pass through trials and privations which I can never forget.

The Saints were very kind, and took pleasure in doing all they could for me; but the mistake which my husband committed in leaving his friend to succeed him as president of the Conference was soon apparent. The "friend" thought of his own family first, and the family required all that the Saints could be expected to contribute; and even then they had not enough. I therefore received only such little sums as could be withheld from them; and to make the matter worse, those who had any property or estate were counselled to sell all, and "gather to Zion." The more wealthy Saints were soon gone, and the current expenses of the Church fell heavily upon those who were hardly able to support their own families. They tried to send me something every week, and I have no doubt they did send me all they could. When their contributions reached four or five shillings I thought myself fortunate; more often I did not receive the value of fifty cents in the whole week, at times less, and sometimes nothing

at all. That unfailing comfort to respectable poverty, a cup of tea, was my greatest luxury, but at times for weeks together I had not even that; I had nothing but bread; but I never complained.

Whenever it was possible I concealed my true situation from every one, and in my almost daily letters to my husband not a shadow of a hint was ever dropped relative to my own privations. I wanted him to be successful in his mission, and I feared that his energy would desert him if he knew of my difficulties. I was in extreme poverty, but for myself I was not in trouble. God would provide for me, I felt; and it was glorious to suffer in a sacred cause.

But darker days, days of severer trial, were creeping slowly near me. Up to this time I had worshipped God and loved my husband with a perfect heart. Now the dark shadow of an accursed thing was looming in the distance, and approaching surely, if slowly. In some way an idea had got abroad that the Mormons were somewhat unsound respecting the marriage question. Still, the elders stoutly denied the charge, and the more they were accused, the more strenuous became their denials.

At a public discussion at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France, the Apostle John Taylor, in reply to the accusations of polygamy which were brought against him, said: "We are accused here of actions the most indelicate and disgusting, such as none but a corrupt and depraved heart could have conceived. These things are too outrageous to admit of belief. . . . I shall content myself with quoting our views of chastity and marriage from a work published by us, containing some of our articles of faith—'Doctrine and Covenants.'" He then proceeded to quote from the "Book of Doctrine and Covenants" such passages as the following: "Marriage is ordained by God unto man; wherefore it is lawful that he should have *one* wife, and they *twain* should be *one* flesh." (p. 218.) He quoted many other things also, among which might be enumerated the following: "Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her, and none else." He quoted also several other passages of Scripture, which had direct reference to the subject—each powerful to put aside even the idea of polygamy, and each equally powerful as an argument against polygamy itself.

Let the reader here note the value of what Mormons say when their faith is called in question. See and judge! Brother Taylor, who spoke at that meeting, and utterly denied polygamy, had himself—at that very moment when he so atrociously perjured himself, and when he swore that no Mormon had more than one wife—*five wives* living in Salt Lake City. One of his friends there present had two wives; and the other was married to a mother and her own daughter! Any conclusion, any expression of disgust at these abominations and deliberate perjuries, I leave to the reader.

Among those who came to see Mr. Stenhouse before he left for Italy was Elder Margetts, an English elder of some prominence in the British mission. At the picnic, of which I have already spoken, I noticed that this elder was more than usually attentive to a pretty young sister, who was also present. There was always an affectionate familiarity among the Saints; as I previously mentioned, they were like brothers and sisters, and addressed each other as such. But the attentions of the elder I speak of pointed a little beyond all this. He could not, perhaps, be accused of any open impropriety, but he certainly looked much more like the girl's lover than an ordinary friend or her spiritual adviser. I knew this elder's family in London, and his conduct pained me a good deal. So I drew the attention of my husband to the circumstance; and he said the elder was foolish, but he would speak to them, and he did.

After the departure of the missionaries, this elder remained for several days. He then returned to London, but it was not long before he was again in Southampton, and he still paid

marked attention to the same young sister. This caused unpleasant remarks among the Saints, who, at this time, certainly did not believe that polygamy was practiced in Utah.

At a later date this elder, with some others, was again in Southampton, and I was invited to take tea with them at the house of one of the Saints. In the course of the evening there was a general conversation on "the work of the Lord," in which I, of course, was greatly interested. Whenever any of the missionaries were visiting, the Saints would seek their society, just like children who were glad to meet again their parents after a long absence; and at such times they were at liberty to ask what questions they pleased. On the evening I speak of, I well remember that the general subject of conversation was the apostasy of the Christian Church, from the true order of God's salvation. Prominence was given to the history of Abraham and his descendants, and occasional allusion was made to their marital relations; but nothing directly was spoken. It was evident that these elders only wanted to drop a word or two here and there, to suit those who wanted it; but nevertheless they spoke to obscurely and mysteriously that they could easily have retracted what was said, if any one had accused them of teaching a doctrine which they were unwilling openly to avow.

When I returned home that night, I was fully satisfied that the elder I have spoken of (Margetts) had a reason for his frequent visits to Southampton, and shortly after the young sister went to London. Whether polygamy was ever to be a doctrine of the Church or not, it was very clear to me that the London elder was a polygamist at heart.

The more my mind dwelt on these things the more sick at heart did I become, and faint and weary. I had, however, personal cares enough to engage my attention. I found that I could not depend upon the Saints to provide me with even the barest necessities of life, so I looked about me and made inquiries for some light employment by which I might support myself. My health at that time would not have allowed me to do much, but for a long time I could not get anything at all to do. I had, of course, been used to teaching, but employment of that kind it was just then impossible for me to take, even if I could have got it; the only resource which seemed left to me was to find occupation for my needle, and it was a long and weary time before I could obtain even this. At length I got a little plain sewing to do, and out of the miserable pittance thus earned I contrived to pay my rent and provide a few necessities; but at times this too was beyond my power, and I have gone a fortnight at a time with nothing to eat but dry bread. Still my faith never failed, and thus the weary days passed by.

Now, however, a new interest began to gather round my life, for I expected before the end of the year the arrival of a little stranger to share my affections and my care. This certainly was a sad beginning of domestic bliss, but still the thought was pleasant to me. I had at that time no one to aid me or comfort me. The Saints were very kind, but they could not supply the place of an absent husband. My dearest friend, Mary Burton, used to come as often as she could to see me, and her presence was like a gleam of sunshine; but she was so young and innocent and happy that I had not the heart to trouble her with my sorrows. All my jewelry and trinkets, and the greater part of my wardrobe, had gone in providing for my daily wants, and in preparing those necessary trifles upon which a young mother bestows so much loving care. My health was daily failing, and sometimes I doubted if I should ever be well and strong again. But all that I suffered was for the Church, and that thought sustained me.

Often I would sit alone and think—think of the past, and all my early day-dreams of love and hope and bliss; think of my husband in a far-off land, devoting his life and all his energies to the preaching of the latter-day glory; think

of those whisperings of that accursed doctrine (polygamy) which has since brought desolation and anguish to the hearts of so many weary women; think of my future life, dark as its promise even then appeared. Sometimes I heard from Italy—heard how my husband was progressing with his work, and with wifely love I sympathized with him in all his difficulties, for he told me how arduous the task was in which he was engaged.

(To be continued.)

HEALING OF THE LEPER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for January 20, Mark 1: 35-45, Golden Text, Mark 1: 42.

Jesus Praying before Sunrise—Second-hand Communion with God—Advantages of Morning Prayer—Jesus Interrupted—Popularity Failing to Retain Him—The Leper's Doubt—Not Ability but Will—The Will of God May be Discovered—Christ Bearing Our Infirmities—Difficulties in the Way of Healing—Similar to those in the Way of Salvation—Christ's Injunction to the Healed Man—Result of his Disobedience.

AFTER Jesus had done a great work of teaching and healing, He retired to rest just as other men do. But "in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." There are some believers who seem to drag on a kind of life which subsists on prayer-meetings, open-air meetings, and evangelistic services: they take part in the prayer-meetings, and reflect the religious emotions of others who have more direct dealings with God. But their own spiritual life is almost entirely second-hand. They believe what others believe, they feel what others feel, they say what others say, they testify what others testify, they object to what others object to; but they have little or no

Direct Intercourse With God.

Some of these satellites are a kind of shadow of some good minister, and all of these think little of communion with God in private. But those who have to do with God Himself, those who see His hand in all which happens, cannot live without communion with God. They can exist without meetings and services, if need be, and not suffer, but they cannot be deprived of communion with God without getting all astray. Our dear Lord did not commune with His Father as a kind of forced thing, a kind of strained example to His Disciples, although He felt no need of it Himself. Jesus was really Man, and, as such, really dependent on His Father, He "emptied Himself," and so leant on His Father as we do on Him. He could not enter on His day's work until He had settled matters with His Father. The one glimpse of his communion with God which Isaiah gives us—He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned (Isa. 50:4)—shows us the obedient Son asking and receiving directions, while the larger glimpse we have in John 17, shows us that the great subject of His prayers was His own disciples. A heart disciplined to know its own dependence, instinctively turns to God, and arranges all things, the greatest and the smallest, in intelligent intercourse with God. Jesus' special time for prayer was the early morning. God first, man and things second. There is no time for communion with God like the morning. We then come to the world refreshed by God, instead of coming to God burdened by the world. But

Jesus Was Interrupted.

This was the beginning of His day's work, to show how the Son of God, who saw His Father in all that happened, could bear an interruption in the most important work of the day. It was from His disciples. They had wakened later, and their first morning experience was to miss Jesus, and to seek after Him. Jesus always lived in His Father's presence. He did not need to seek Him. The disciples said to Him, "All men seek for thee." What would a successful evangelist have answered? Probably he would have said, "Then I must take advantage

of the disposition of the people, and strike when the iron is hot; it will never do to leave this place just now." But Jesus said unto them, "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also, for therefore came I forth." "It seems contrary to common sense to lose such an opportunity," says unbelief. But the all-seeing God, who created common sense, can see much farther than we can. When He sent Philip from his splendid work in Samaria to the desert, there to win one single soul for God, He knew what He was about. When He allowed the same Paul who turned the world upside down, and who founded churches all over Asia Minor, and some parts of Europe, to be shut up in prison for years before his death, God did not love souls the less. He was not losing His interest in His work, but He was bringing out other witnesses (Phil. 1:14), and He was providing from the epistles then written a library of doctrine for the Church, which is a precious part of His inspired Word unto this day. So Jesus took orders from His Father, and "preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee, and cast out devils."

It was about this time that He preached His Sermon on the Mount; and on His descent from the mountain, there came a leper to Him, beseeching Him, and saying unto Him. "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."

"If Thou Wilt!"

Oh, how many in the present day take up the cry of the leper, and say, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst heal me of my cancer, my consumption, my fever, my paralysis, my gout, my eczema," etc. But is there no possibility of discovering what is the will of God? Paul says, "Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." (Eph. 5:17.) Therefore we know it is possible that we should know the will of God. Paul prayed for the Colossians that they "might be filled with the knowledge of God's will" (Col. 1:9), and Epaphras labored fervently for them in prayer that they might "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." (Col. 4:12.) Thus we see that God wants us to know His will. How do we discover His will about the salvation of our souls? Surely by the written Word. He willet "all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. 2:4.) "The Lord is long-suffering to us ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Pet. 3:9.) And, moreover, "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness." (1 Pet. 2:24.) Why should He bear our sins if He did not want to save us? But does His Word declare anything about His will to heal? "Himself took our infirmities and bear our sicknesses." (Matt. 8:17.) What for? He healed all that were sick,

That He Might Fulfil

this word. Thus He bore our sicknesses that He might heal us. Again, He came down from heaven, not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. (John 6:38.) How did He do it in relation to the sick? Was it by bringing sickness upon them? We do not read of His doing this in a single case. Was it by giving them patience to bear their sicknesses? We never read of this either. No; but He healed "all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease," and in doing so, He did always those things which pleased God. (John 8:29.) And a message is left us in James, making provision for this day, and to all time, that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." (James 5:14, 15.) "But how is it then," says one, "that I have prayed, again and again, that God would heal me, and I am no better? I have taken for granted that it was not God's will to heal me." Have you never known one pray, again and again, for salvation, and still have no consciousness that he was saved, because he had been praying and striving, instead of trusting himself over to Jesus, and accepting His salvation? Would you, therefore, say that it was not God's will to

save him? Or would you say that He had not fulfilled the condition which God imposed upon him, and therefore was not saved.

The poor leper looked upon his case as peculiar. He was ceremonially unclean, and no one could touch him without being contaminated. He had his eye on what *he* was, rather than on what *Jesus* was. This was

The Hindrance

to healing. But Jesus did not blame him. He was "moved with compassion, and put forth His hand, and touched him, saying, I will, be thou clean." The poor suffering man felt nothing; but he trusted the word of Jesus, and immediately his leprosy was healed. It must have been a marvellous change—the loathsome sores all healed, the distorted and swollen features all natural, the skin all clear, and this the work of an instant! None but God could do this.

Jesus gave him a charge as He sent him away: "See thou tell nothing to any man: but go thy way, shew thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them." Jesus would have had the priests brought to testify of what God had done for the leper, and this would have had far more weight than his testimony of himself. If all those whom God heals without doctors or remedies in the present day, in answer to the prayer of faith, would go back and shew themselves to their former doctors, that they might have the opportunity of seeing the handiwork of God, it might be of much more service to God, and to other sufferers, than talking of it far and wide. True, many doctors might try to explain away some of the symptoms, and again some who have been healed might be proved to have been less ill than they imagined; but no true child of God wants to keep up a deception, or would object to know the truth about himself. Every one should be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh a ground of the hope or confidence which is in him. Some may object, "But unconverted people cannot understand faith in God, because He is unreal to them, and they will take for granted either that I am not cured, or that I never was really ill." This is quite true. But if they find you now perfectly healthy, and their own diagnosis in the past has proved that you were diseased, then they are in face of the working of a power which is not of man; and who knows how God may make His power known to them! Had the leper gone first to the priests—the very priests who had pronounced him unclean, and who knew that his case was incurable—what a testimony would it have been!

The leper "went out, and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter, insomuch that Jesus could no more openly enter into the city, but was without, in desert places, and they came to Him from every quarter." The leper thought he knew better than Jesus, and he

Acted On His Own Ideas

in spreading abroad the matter. Many who have been healed of the Lord have done the same thing; without waiting to know what God wanted them to do, they have blazed abroad the matter, forcing it upon the notice of people who are most unprepared to believe in God's immediate working in these days. This has led to much imitation, and people who have had no direct dealing with God in the matter, have set up to teach what they call faith healing. But let us not be discouraged; God overrules. "What is the chaff to the wheat?" (Jer. 23:28) He asks. If He sees that it is needful for us to be humbled through spurious imitations of what God would teach through us, let us welcome the loving discipline, and say, "He hath done all things well."

NOTICE TO READERS OF THY HEALER.

On January 1 the size of *Thy Healer* was reduced to 20 pp, and the price changed from 75 cents to 50 cents. Those whose subscriptions run into 1889 will have their time extended, to credit for the difference in size and price. It is hoped that by reducing the price the circulation will be extended, otherwise it will be a considerable loss. Will not those who have found blessing through its pages recommend it to others?

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If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
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The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The lesser pains of daily life,
The noise, the weariness, the strife—
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if He really shares
In all my little human cares—
This mighty King of Kings!
If He who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things.

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain;
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving throb of Deity
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord! my heart shall no more doubt
That Thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine!
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Is not the Love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
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Vol. XII., No. 1. Office, 63 Bible House. N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1889.

Price, 3 Cents. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

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MR. CHAS. N. CRITTENTON—THE RESCUE WORK OF THE FLORENCE MISSION IN NEW YORK

MR. CHARLES N. CRITTENTON, Founder of the Florence Mission in New York. A Memorial to a Dead Daughter—The Surroundings of the Mission—The Life and Death of Little Florence—The Germ of the Mission—The Sphere of the Baxter Street Work—Success of First Efforts—The Method Adopted—Another Bereavement—Extension of the Work.

DISTINGUISHED visitors to an American city, say European critics of our manners and customs, are sure to be taken to see the cemetery. The reflection on our taste in entertaining visitors is not wholly to our discredit. In rearing enduring memorials to our beloved dead, and in making beautiful by arborial and horticultural skill the places in which we have laid the dear dead bodies, we manifest a fidelity of affection of which human nature has no cause to be ashamed. It is, however, with another kind of memorial that we are now concerned—one that also speaks of intense and passionate love—the memorial of a dead child.

A Costly Memorial,

too, but one that the Christian—who sometimes, as he looks at the expensive piles of granite or marble in our cemeteries, thinks that the money which they cost might have been used to better purpose—may look upon with approving thankfulness. It stands in a position where one would not look for a monument to the dead. In Bleeker Street, New York—the notorious Bleeker, not now quite so villainous a neighborhood as it was twenty years ago, but still so reeking with vice and crime as to render its name offensive to lovers of order and morality—stands this monument, within sight of the Bowery, with its teeming thousands of busy pedestrians, conspicuous night and day like a lighthouse on the shoals of the storm-tossed sea of human sin and misery. It is like a lighthouse, too, in its purpose; for it tells the weary, shipwrecked voyager of a haven of peace and rest and safety. It seems out of place there, yet it is precisely in its proper place. The illuminated sign, which it swings out over the pavement, with its conspicuous legend,

"Florence Mission,"

looks out of character with its neighbors, which invite the passer-by to billiards, or the dance, or the intoxicating cup; but many of the former denizens of the neighborhood bless God that it was placed there, where, right in the midst of their sin and sorrow and shame, they saw its beckoning light and accepted its invitation. Nearly seven years is it since little Florence Crittenton (*whose portrait appears in the medalion on the first page*), the little four-year-old darling of the prosperous New York merchant, passed away, leaving behind her a home so blank and vacant by her removal that neither wealth nor amusement nor the pleasures of the world could restore its brightness. About a year later—in April 1883, her name shone out in letters of light in the moral darkness of Bleeker Street, and the Florence Mission became to women long spiritually dead the door to a new life. There is no soil so fruitful as that in which the dead are laid; none has borne so many blessed growths for the healing of the world's maladies as that which has been watered by the tears of sorrow; this child, living, the joy of a small circle, becomes, when taken out of it, a centre of wide-reaching influences, the spring of efforts which have restored to far distant homes the daughters that sin and Satan snatched out of them. Sorrowing fathers and mothers, grieving that a fate worse than death had befallen their loved ones, expecting that their gray hairs would go down in sorrow to the grave, have received their lost ones, repentant, alive from the dead, united to them by a closer bond than the broken one—the bond of union with them in Christ, and they know that they owe their unexpected, unspeakable joy to the fact that God put it into the heart of a bereaved father to rear to his little daughter's memory such a monument as the Florence mission.

Mr. Charles N. Crittenton (*whose portrait appears on the first page*), the founder of the Florence Mission, is fifty-five years of age, having

been born in Jefferson County, N. Y., in 1833. Of an imposing presence, gentlemanly and courteous of bearing, his hair but slightly tinged by the frosts of the past years, and eyes singularly alert and yet gentle, he makes a favorable impression on first acquaintance, which increases with more intimate knowledge. In March, 1882, his home in New York was a very happy one. His business as a wholesale chemist was a prosperous one, and he was in possession of a considerable fortune, which every year increased. Three dear children had been given to him and his beloved partner in life, but the second one God had taken to Himself. Little Florence, the youngest of the three, was the light of the home, her intelligence, winsome ways, and bright, joyous spirit rendering her very presence a delight. "Papa's Baby," the name she clung to when she was a baby no longer, indicated the affection subsisting between the two. She was but a little over four years old when death silenced her sweet voice, and stilled the tiny, pattering feet forever. Mr. Crittenton felt when he laid her in the grave that life had lost its joy.

At that time Mr. Crittenton was unprepared to meet so terrible a sorrow in faith, or to believe that God was dealing lovingly with him. The cares of business, the occupations of city life, the joys of domestic happiness, had filled his mind to a degree unfavorable to spiritual growth. A member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he had been satisfied with a perfunctory attention to religious observances, and liberal contributions to the needs of the Church. But now, under a great sorrow, he yearned for a higher life, a closer knowledge of God's ways, and a clearer, firmer faith in His love. It came, and in a chastened spirit he tasted the peace and happiness of the Divine life. He was thinking of some suitable memorial for Florence, when one day early in 1883,

The Germ of the Mission

was received into his mind. He was at a Daily Prayer-Meeting in New York, and spoke casually to a stranger there. The two men walked away together, and the stranger, Mr. Smith N. Allen, described a mission work which he and Mr. Henry B. Gibbud had commenced in an upper room in Baxter Street, and of the need there was for more of such work in the city. Mr. Crittenton was interested, visited the Baxter Street work subsequently, and was impressed by the degradation surrounding it. His new friend offered to be his guide in an afternoon tour among the slums and dives of that section of the city. The offer was accepted, and the sights which met his eyes during that afternoon were a startling and appalling revelation to him. No greater depth of human depravity seemed possible than that into which the hundreds of lewd and utterly shameless men and women whom he met had fallen. Satan had done his very worst and most awful work upon them.

Almost Like An Inspiration

the idea of a memorial mission came to Mr. Crittenton—a mission to reach these lost creatures and tell them of a God who delighteth not in the death of a sinner, but rather that he would turn from his evil way and live. Under these circumstances the house in Bleeker Street was acquired, the two rooms on the ground floor were thrown into one for a meeting room, the upper part was fitted up with beds for the homeless, and the basement as a kitchen and dining-room. A matron was secured, Mr. Allen was engaged as an all-night missionary, and the Rev. John Dooley as superintendent of the home work. Mr. Crittenton undertook the entire cost of the institution, and has borne it, with occasional voluntary help, to the present time. The Mission was opened April 19, 1883. Its value was soon proved. In a short time, not only was every bed occupied each night, but poor miserable outcasts begged to sleep on the floors; and at the night meetings, in the room below, the number of unhappy creatures who came seeking spiritual help and guidance was surprising. The results were most blessed.

Many fallen girls were helped to lead virtuous lives. During the first year one hundred and seventy-six were received into the home. When it was possible, a reconciliation with their parents was effected, and they were sent home. In other cases they were put in the way of earning a livelihood. Some became skillful milliners or dressmakers, others became clerks, and others domestic servants. Considerably more than half of those who came to the mission were rescued from vice, and are still living virtuous lives. Some of them have been married and have made exemplary wives.

The Method Adopted

is to receive all comers, and the all-night missionary who patrols the haunts the lost creatures frequent at a distance from the mission, gives cards of invitation to those who might not know of the place. The utmost liberty is given to them. They are entertained, fed, medical attention is provided when it is needed; they may stay as long as they wish, and leave when they desire to do so. No rule that might be irksome, or suggestive of penal confinement, exists—no rule at all but the rule of love and of Christian sympathy. Some who come are so destitute of clothing, even in the winter, that garments have to be supplied; and it is in this department that Mr. Crittenton welcomes and solicits help. Any Christian lady sympathizing with the work, who has cast-off wraps, shoes, or clothing of any kind by her, would render welcome help by sending them to the Florence Mission.

The meetings are held every night, commencing at half-past 8. Three classes may be found before the platform from which volunteer Christian workers make their appeals. On one side are the girls then staying in the home; on the other are the girls who have strayed into the meeting from the street, attracted by the music and singing, and in the winter by the warmth and comfort; thirdly, in the rear are men who have been similarly drawn, and who want to be helped to give up their intemperate and vicious lives. Outside, the missionary goes from place to place, speaking kindly to the class of women whom the mission was established to help, directing them to the place (*See illustration No. 1 on first page*), and putting into their hands a card on which is written: "Any mother's girl wishing to leave a 'crooked' life, may find friends, food, shelter, and

A Helping Hand

to a better life, by coming just as she is, at any time, to the Florence Night Mission." Some come the next day; others respond immediately, and the meeting receives reinforcement by their entrance, while the superintendent passes through the room, speaking to one and another, giving welcome and kindly words. (*See Illustration No. 2.*) Later on, the hymns, the addresses, and the short, earnest prayers have had their effect on some, at least, of those present; the Holy Spirit is touching their hearts, and, melted to tears, they accept an invitation to the inquiry-room, where good, Christian ladies talk with them, hear their story, pray with them, and point them to the Saviour. (*See Illustration No. 3.*) Many sad stories have been told there, of a long and bitter struggle to earn a living in the hard, pitiless city; of loss of work, destitution, debt, expulsion from the boarding-house, temptation and fall. In other cases the story is of a giddy, heedless girl, enticed away from a comfortable home, lured by visions of a life of pleasure, only to be speedily disenchanted. Whatever the contributing circumstances may have been, the end is the same, and to all the mission offers help in the effort to return to the path of virtue.

Extension of the Work

soon became a necessity. Mr. Crittenton, seeing how manifestly God was blessing his efforts, realizing, from the accounts given by the rescued women, as well as by personal observation of his own and his helpers, how wide was the field on which they were laboring, took measures to increase and extend the facilities at first provided. He bought the house next to the mis-

sion and threw both into one, building also in the rear, until he had an establishment with the sleeping accommodation of an average hotel and with separate rooms for the various departments of the work. (See *Illustration No. 4*.) About two years ago—just before these improvements were undertaken, Mr. Crittenton was called again to pass through the ordeal of domestic affliction. His beloved wife was prostrated by sickness, and in a short time she died. The effect of her loss on her bereaved husband was, as at the death of little Florence, to withdraw him still more from secular occupations and draw him nearer to God. He made arrangements for almost complete retirement from business, and consecrated his time and money unreservedly to his great work. Latterly he has been earnestly endeavoring to promote similar efforts in other cities, and has visited several in the hope that by telling Christian people how God has blessed the work in New York, they might be stirred up to undertake a like enterprise. It is his earnest hope that ere long he may see a chain of these rescue-stations stretching across the entire continent, and in every great city where Satan's victims are stranded, an organization established from which kindly men and women will go forth to lead the prodigals to the Father's house.

THE JUDGMENT TO COME.

BY REV. F. B. MEYER, B. A.

WE believe that Jesus Christ will come again personally. A proof text for this is Acts 1:9-11. Some around us would spiritualize it, but we affirm that the coming of Christ again is to be as literal as His going away from men into heaven. We also believe that Christ's advent will not be at the end of the Millennium, but at its beginning. I could deduce a wealth of proofs from this Book to show that, but I will only give three texts: (1) In Daniel 2, the stone which demolishes the image seen by Nebuchadnezzar does not come out of the image, but from above. That last king shall not come from earth, but from heaven. (2) In Luke 21:24-27, no millennial golden age is spoken of, but while men's hearts are failing them for fear, then the Son of man comes. (3) Nor does II Thess. 2:8 look like a golden state of things before the Second Advent. I think these three texts show that Scripture teaches that the Coming of Jesus Christ is not prepared for by the golden age, but introduces it to the world.

Another point is, that the coming of the Lord will have, in the first place, immediate bearing on the resurrection of His saints. Turn to I Thess. 4:14. I always feel that to be a proof that our beloved who have left us are with Christ. How could Christ bring them unless they were with Him? Moreover, Paul says, "To depart and be with Christ." They must be where Christ is; they must be in heaven. The disembodied spirits are certainly with Christ, blessed for ever. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth."

The Dead In Christ Shall Rise First.

Those who are not Christ's will not have anything to do with it. They will be left to sleep on. They may have been buried in the same tomb with some beloved Christian, but the Christian will go and they will stay. The dead in Christ shall rise first. I do not expect that the world will know much about this; the ungodly may not hear the angel's trump, nor see the rush of the glorified bodies back to meet the Lord; all this may not be discerned by the eye of flesh. Those who are not Christ's may as well shut their ears, for they will have no share in this. We believe Christ will halt, hidden by a veil of cloud, in the regions of the air; then the dead in Christ shall rise first, and then we Christians who are alive at the coming of the Lord

Shall Be Caught Up Together

with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and to be ever with Him. Those who are waiting and ready will go; and the world will, I think, simply *miss us*, as they missed Enoch. Some think that then there will be the

marriage supper spoken of in the parable. Revelation 20 throws great light upon this. Look also at Luke 14:14, Luke 15:34-36, Philippians 3:10, 11, I Corinthians 15:20-23. These four passages seem to corroborate what I am saying.

When Jesus Christ Comes

there in the clouds to receive His church, He will in all probability call His saints to receive their rewards. Turn, to prove that, to Luke 19:12-27. Notice here also that it was after He had rewarded His servants that He turned round to deal with His enemies. This seems to me the precise order in which it will be. We shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ for the rewards to be adjusted, but that is a very different thing to the great white throne. Observe I Corinthians 12:15. I wonder whether our building will be found to be hay and stubble, or gold and precious stones? That fire shall reveal everything. Christ will reward us according to our work. That is what the chapter says. It is not a question of being saved or damned; that is settled by the blood of Jesus. It is about the reward. You say I am a mean-spirited fellow to think of a reward; but, suppose the reward is being near Christ, and being trusted by Him, and made His companion. You may call me what you like, but I shall strive for it. It seems to me worth a little care in our work down here. Are there

Degrees of Glory

in heaven? I believe that some will have ten talents, and some five, and some hardly any at all. Some will get in by the back door, some by the front gate. Let us strive after whatever there is to be got. Let us stand as near Christ as we may in the glory. Just two passages to show you about this judgment-seat of Christ—Romans 14:11; II Corinthians 5:10. When the rewards have been given, we have the millennial reign. I cannot go into that now. There is certainly the conversion of the Jews—I have not the least doubt about that. No one can who reads his Bible. I will give you one text that proves it—Romans 11:25. Revelation 20 tells you about the millennial age. Keep your eye on the chapter as I draw to a close. Observe the twelfth verse. What books are to be opened? The book of conscience, the book of history, the book of memory, the records of our lives. Every man shall see the record of his life. You and I will have to look down it some day.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Christ Better than Empty Husks.—"When I was once preaching in Dundee, a man came to me at the close of one of the meetings, and said: 'Mr. Thomson, will you tell me, must I give up—naming a certain thing—if I become a Christian?' 'Brother,' I replied, 'God does not empower me to ask you to give up anything, but to entreat of you to come to Him and accept something, even Himself.' We seated ourselves, and had a little talk, the result being that when the man left he was trusting Christ. Next night he again came to the meeting, and having shaken hands with me, I said to him as I looked into his face, now beaming with joy, 'Well, what about giving up what you wanted to keep, now?' 'Oh!' was the reply, 'I cannot be troubled with it.' The joy of Christ has quite swallowed up all minor joys.' Yes; Christ filled his mind, and did what nothing else could do—satisfied him. No one should hunger after the swines' husks, when they may eat of the dainties from the King's table. Who would long after the world when they have Christ as their All-in-all?"

A Match-boy Becomes a Missionary.—Mr. J. Murray remarked: "A poor little boy stood, some time ago, at the corner of one of the busy streets in Glasgow selling matches. As he stood there a gentleman approached him, and asked him the way to a certain street. The way to that particular street was very tortuous, but the little fellow directed him very minutely. When he had finished his directions the gentleman said, 'Now, if you tell me the way to heaven as correctly, I'll give you a sixpence.' The boy

considered for a moment, then suddenly remembering a text he had learned at the Sunday-school he replied 'Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, sir.' The gentleman at once handed him the promised sixpence, and left him visibly affected. The child thought this an easy way to make money, and going along the street he met an old companion of his father, whom he stopped, and to whom he said, 'If you give me sixpence I'll tell you the way to heaven.' The man was surprised, but from curiosity he handed the boy sixpence, and was told, 'Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' 'Ah,' said the man, 'I have been looking for the way in the saloon these many years, but I believe you are right. It was my mother's way.' Going on his way, the boy told the same message to others. In after years it was his privilege to tell it to the heathen, for the little fellow saved a child from being run over one day, and from gratitude he was educated by the child's father, and to-day he is a foreign missionary showing to others the way to heaven."

A Desperate Struggle Ended.—The Rev. Mr. Muir observed: "One Sunday evening recently a man attended a meeting I was conducting, and was greatly impressed by the preaching of the Gospel, and when that hymn, 'I am coming, Lord, coming now to thee,' was read out, he felt that things had come to a climax. He could not sing the hymn, he felt, unless he were indeed in the very singing of it to come to Christ. But he knew what he had to give up, and even though he were to receive in its stead Jesus, his Saviour, he could not get himself to part with his idol. He went home without, unpledged. During the next four days he was miserable. Dull and spiritless throughout the day, with a fearful gnawing at his heart; and every night, impelled by some overpowering force, he came back to the meeting. Yet still he did not surrender. On the Thursday evening he was again at the meeting, and during the service I gave out the same hymn which had so roused him on the Sunday. The decisive moment had come. With a desperate effort, and a quick cry to God, he tore the idol from his heart, and accepted Christ. He came to me later in the evening, not to ask the way of salvation, but that I might rejoice with him that he had found it. He had found, like many others, that there is nothing to be compared with Christ, and yet He is often refused admission into the heart, that men may entertain degrading guests instead of the King of Glory."

Crying Over the Wash-Tub.—Mr. Murray observed: "A poor, aged woman, who was obliged to hire herself out as laundress, in order to gain even an existence, was one day, when engaged at her usual work, observed by the little daughter of the lady by whom she was engaged, to be weeping as she bent over the tub. The child watched the tears running down the old woman's cheeks for some time with deep emotion. Then going to her mother, she asked what made the poor laundress cry. 'Ah!' said the mother, 'it is because she has at home a big, wicked, lazy son, who drinks all the money she makes, and thrashes her because she does not bring more, keeping his old mother and younger sister in a constant state of misery.' The girl made up her mind to go and see that young man; and, taking a temperance card along with her, she set out with her doll in her arms. When she arrived at the woman's house, only her son and daughter were in. Approaching the girl, she put the doll in her arms; then walking up to the young man, she said, as she handed him the card, 'Jesus loves you! Jesus loves you!' That was all the child could say. She turned and left the house; but, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the young man was led to think of the love of Jesus, and to give himself into His keeping. His mother had no longer to work so hard; her son kept her at home, making her old age easy. Thus God uses the small things of this life to effect His great purposes. We may not be able to do or say much, but we all can say to a sinner, 'Jesus loves you!'"

BARN-LIKE BIRTHPLACES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday, December 30, 1888.

"Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host." Luke 2:12, 13.

A Celestial Serenade—An Apparently Inadequate Occasion—What the Birth in the Barn Meant to the World—I. Encouragement for the Poorly Started—Most of the Renowned so Started—II. Good-will to Men—The Paradise Catastrophe Reversed in the Barn—What the World Wants—III. Sympathetic Union with Other Worlds—A Star Harnessed to a Manger—IV. The Offender's Hope—What the Manger Was—Children Holding the Door of Heaven Open.

AT midnight from one of the galleries of the sky a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife—travellers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an outhouse of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the divine significance of motherhood.

But such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed, or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the House of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the House of Cæsar, or the House of Hapsburg, or the House of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered; but a barn seems too poor a centre for such delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

No, sir! No, madam! It is my joy this morning to tell you

What Was Born That Night

in the village barn; and as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climacteric, I begin, in the first place, by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born *encouragement for all the poorly started*. He had only two friends—they His parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel-drivers. No wonder the mediæval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of what poverty He rose until to-day He is honored in all Christendom, and sits on the imperial throne in heaven!

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel, in chapel and church and cathedral, this hour? Jesus! For whom could one hundred million souls be marshaled, ready to fight or die? Jesus. From what depth of poverty to what height of renown! And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to His example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of

The World's Deliverers

had barn-like birthplaces? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines; Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford-on-Avon; Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty in Genoa; Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in a humble home in Westmoreland; Kitto and Prideaux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures, which had never been entered, born in want. Yea, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliverers, nine out of ten of the world's messiahs—the messiahs of science, the messiahs of law, the messiahs of medicine, the messiahs of poverty, the messiahs of grand benevolence—were born in want. I suppose that when

Herschel, the great astronomer, was born in the home of a poor musician, not only one star, but all the stars he afterward discovered, pointed down to his manger. I suppose when Haydn, the German composer, was born in the humble home of a poor wheelwright, that all the angels of music chanted over the manger. Oh what encouragement for those who are poorly started! Ye who think yourselves far down, aspire to go high up!

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who, one Christmas night, about eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago, was wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born

Good-Will To Men,

whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness, or geniality, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise, not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy, and the whole brood of cockatrices.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says: "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says: "Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the war-ship *Constellation*, that carried shot and shell, into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland, hook your cavalry horses to the plough, use your deadly gunpowder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your lawsuits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary—'Good-will to men.'"

"Oh!" you say, "I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian, then—I say you are no Christian, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses, how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good-will to men."

Oh, my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into our hearts this Christmas hour! I tell you

What The World Wants

more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our happiness in making others happy. Out of that Bethlehem crib let the bear and the lion eat straw like an ox. "Good-will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will, side by side, take the jubilant sleigh-ride intimated by the prophet when he said: "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

Again, I remark that, born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic

Union With Other Worlds.

The only scepticism I have ever had about Christianity was an astronomical scepticism which said: "Why would God, out of the heavens and amid the Jupiters and Saturns of the universe, have chosen our little bit of a world

for the achievements of His only begotten Son when He might have had a vaster scale and vaster worlds?" But my scepticism is all gone as I come to the manger, and watch its surroundings. Now I see all the worlds are sisters, and that when one weeps they all weep, and when one sings they all sing. From that supernatural grouping in the cloud-banks over Bethlehem, and from the especial trains that ran down to the scene, I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously surrounded.

The Meteors Are With Us,

for one of them ran to point down to the birthplace. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky. Oh, yes; I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined; and when a child is born angels fetch it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery to watch our dead. Angels in church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentant souls. Angels above the world! Angels under the world! Angels all around the world!

Rub the dust of human imperfection out of our eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girded by angels, cohorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angel stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest Angel that night lay among the cattle—the Angel of the new covenant.

As the clean white linen, sent in by some motherly villager, was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world, but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh, yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers! Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder, at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, not a friendless planet spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. *A star harnessed to a manger.*

Again, I remark that that night, born in that village barn, was

The Offender's Hope.

Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh no! I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the carnelians and the jaspers and the emeralds and the chrysalis before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages. Oh! that jewel had a very poor setting. The cub of the bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of the lion takes its first step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild-flower, the kid of the goat is born in cavern, chandeliered with stalactite, and pillared with stalagmite. Christ was born in a bare barn. Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless enter here"

"Oh, horror," you say, "that shuts us all out!" No. Christ came to the world in one door, and He departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and He departed through the door of the sepulchre.

His One Business

was so to wash away our sin that one second after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God. I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission. All crased, all washed away, all scoured out, all gone! That undergirding and overarching and irradiating and imparadising possibility for you, and for me, and for the race was given on that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to-day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that

we take organ and cornet and youthful voice and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael and Rubens and Titian and Giotto, and Ghirlandajo, and all the old Italian and German painters, gave the mightiest stroke of the pencil to sketch the Madonna Mary and her boy?

Oh! now I see what the manger was.* Not so high the gilded and jeweled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louis of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find, out of that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling-clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamond sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was

Not a Complete Song,

but only the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won. Oh, heaven, heaven, heaven! I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone, I shall meet you there. I look out to-day, through the mist of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordan, through the wide-open door of solid pearl, to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned, and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

I am going in. I am going to take all my family with me. I am going to take all my church with me. I am going to take all my friends and neighbors with me. I have so much faith in manger and cross, I feel sure of it. I am going to coax you in. I am going to push you in. By holy stratagem I am going to surprise you in. Yea, with all the concentrated energy of my nature—physical, mental, spiritual, and immortal—I am going to compel you to go in. I like you so well I want to spend eternity with you!

Some of your children have already gone. Some time ago I buried one of them, and though people passing along the street and seeing crape on the door-bell may have said, "It is Only a Child,"

yet when the broken-hearted father came to solicit my service he said: "Come around and comfort us, for though she was only fifteen months old we loved her so much." Ah! it does not take long for a child to get its arms around the parent's whole nature.

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver-haired old father young again, and mother, who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes, well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you! They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine to-day, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

"Steer this way, father, steer straight for me; Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee."

Oh, those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door;

All the Secret is Out.

No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and hallelujahs marching that way. What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right, and acted right, you and I would have had no interest in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft, mid-ocean, and let the ship sail by, carrying perfect passengers

from life on earth to a perfect life in heaven. Oh! I have heard the commander of that ship is the same great and glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all the passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the captain two questions: "Who art Thou? and whence?" and He says: "I am Captain of Salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh! bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight. Chime all the bells. Wreath all the garlands. Rouse all the anthems. Shake hands in all the congratulations.

Merry Christmas!

Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the rapture to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger and lay Him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to Him as costly a present as the Magi brought, but we bring to His feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the pearls of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship.

Down at His feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at His feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the archangel! Down all worlds at His feet and worship! "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

PROPHETIC CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

SECOND Advent addresses were given in Exeter Hall, London, on the afternoons and evenings of Monday and Tuesday, December 10 and 11, and the evening of December 12. Among the speakers were the Rev. M. Baxter, and three other Episcopal clergymen—Revs. Mr. Cooke, J. B. Kearney, and H. M. Barnett, B. A.; the Rev. T. J. Malyon, Lieut.-Colonel Alves, and Messrs. W. Greene, from Spain, W. Christmas, T. Jay, T. Parsons, J. Stewart, R. Smith, from Australia, and others.

After one or two addresses, each meeting was thrown open for brief remarks on questions from any in the audience. General agreement prevailed among the majority of speakers that

The Great Period

of 2,345 years commenced, according to Daniel 9: 25, with Nehemiah's command to rebuild Jerusalem in Passover Week, B. C. 445, and therefore will terminate in Passover Week, A. D. 1901 as the End of this Age. This 2,345 years consists of the 2,300 years in Daniel 8: 14, and the additional forty-five years by which the 1,335 years extend beyond the conjoint end of the 1,290 and 2,300 years in Daniel 12: 11, 12. The Crimean War Treaty of Peace and accompanying Turkish Edict of Toleration in Passover Week, 1856, was explained to be the chronological conjunction and meeting-point of the end of the 2,300 years, and the beginning of the forty-five years from Passover Week, 1856, to Passover Week, 1901.

Special emphasis was laid upon the fact that Christ's Second Advent, while fulfilled in its last stage at

The End of this Age

in Passover Week, 1901, may nevertheless be expected as early as March, 1896, in its first-fruits stage, to raise the deceased saints, and translate 144,000 watchful Christians—the wise virgins—to meet Christ in the air, because Daniel shows that first-fruits stage to take place 1,862 days before the End, *i. e.*, sixty nine weeks of days, or 483 days after the commencement on November 8, 1894, of the final 2,345 literal days. (Daniel 9: 25; 8: 14.)

The speakers also showed, from Daniel 9: 27, that the future Antichrist-Napoleon will make a covenant with the Jews for a term of seven years, from Passover Week, 1894, to Passover Week, 1901, and that he must arise as a little Horn or King over a little state somewhere in the old Græco-Turkish territory, about 1891 or 1892, and "wax exceeding great," and become King of the North (Syria), according to Daniel

11: 21, 40 and 8: 9, by the time he makes his Jewish covenant in 1894. But that as this Little Horn does not arise at all as a king until *after* the Ten Horns have arisen to reign over

A Ten-kingdomed Confederacy,

according to Daniel 7: 24, therefore the ten-kingdomed confederacy of the existing twenty-three kingdoms inside Cæsar's original Roman Empire must be formed not later than 1891; and it can only be formed by gigantic European wars and revolutions between 1889 and 1891, in which France must regain the Rhine as its ancient boundary line, and in so doing must defeat Germany and annex to itself Belgium, Switzerland, Luxemburg, &c., and become the predominant European Power, completely changing the map of Europe and forming the twenty-three kingdoms into ten, viz., France, Britain, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and the Balkan States. Meanwhile Britain will lose Ireland and its Colonies, which are outside Cæsar's Roman Empire.

It was thus shown at this Conference that not later than the early part of 1890, and more probably even in 1889, a thunder-clap of

Unexampled Wars

will burst upon Europe, involving *all its nations* in the conflict, and removing many of their ancient landmarks and bringing astounding calamities on Britain; so that never again during this Nineteenth Century will England at Christmastide find herself in the enjoyment of so much prosperity and dominion as at this Christmas. Before the musical carols and belfry chimes of Christmas, 1890, are sounded we shall assuredly have to hear the hoarse roar of cannon and crackling explosion of bombshells on great battle-fields in Europe.

RESCUED FROM THE SLUMS.

In a report, recently issued, Dr. Barnardo tells the pathetic story of two street waifs, Rose Watson and her brother, whose early years were spent amid surroundings so vile as to shake any faith but that of a Christian in their reformation. He says: "Not unfrequently the helpless children, whom I am permitted to save from ruin, are snatched from the fires of moral perdition, as well as from the throes of physical suffering. Such was, indeed, the perilous position of little Rose Watson, nine years of age, and of James, her brother, aged twelve. The father, an utterly abandoned character of no occupation, had been convicted twenty-one times of various crimes. The mother was *convicted six times* of drunkenness and theft. The sister of fifteen was already living an openly abandoned life, and had been convicted five times for theft. Their brother, fourteen, had been convicted for a similar offence. Both the sister and the mother at the time of the children's admission were in gaol. James was being forced to beg and to steal by the father, and Rose was frequently beaten because she refused to become a thief. Her brother James often attended race meetings to eke out his livelihood, and was rapidly becoming a thief.

"Yet he was not altogether bad. Indeed, I not unfrequently find that, if in faith I boldly strike across the sins, the neglects, and the ignorance of years, I meet with an unexpected response. His sister Rose was, strange to say, preserved unpolluted amid such a family-life as all this implies. Both Rose and James had been half-starved, beaten, kicked, ill-used, and when they came to me they looked like what they were—poor abandoned children, waifs and strays indeed, having within them, perhaps, the possibilities of good, but with no opportunity for its development; everything fair and true crushed out of their lives by the villainess of those who had them in charge. And yet—thank God for the elastic nature of childhood and for its infinite possibilities!—hardly had these children remained in the Home for three or four months, when they began to manifest a sweetness of disposition, a docility, and a willing obedience, which won for them both the love of those who had them under their care. Their young lives, like muddied streams, soon ran clearer."

A STRANGE BURIAL SERVICE.

THE fact that even among the most reckless and profane, death brings to them the realization of the need of God and religion, is illustrated in an incident mentioned by the Rev. T. C. Armstrong in a letter to the *Church*. He says: I must mention an incident that occurred a few weeks ago, which is characteristic for Montana. One "Charley Brown," an old-timer, and a character in his way, rather illiterate but of strong native powers, sent to me for a prayer-book for a funeral service. A woman had died sixty miles up Tongue River, and this man, who lives in town, was to be master of ceremonies. He said if they could do so they would come to town with the body, and in that case they would want a funeral service in the church; but it might be impracticable to bring the body so far, and if they had to inter the body at the home, they desired to give the woman a Christian burial, and so he wanted a prayer-book. I said I had no prayer-book, and that he would have to solicit a prayer-book from some Episcopalian friend. I loaned him a Testament, however, which he took and used. He himself is very profane, can hardly utter a sentence without profanity, and is a man who never goes near a church, although his wife is one of our members.

Well, they found they could not bring the body to town, and so my friend Brown went through a service. He reported to us when he came home; said that he was somewhat embarrassed, but he did the best he could. He selected something appropriate from the Testament; said he made one mistake in reading. He called the word *immortality* "*immorality*," but with this slight mistake he got through pretty well.

Of course the incongruity of the whole thing seems very striking to us, yet this man and his class think it is all right. They always want to have a Christian burial. If they can get a preacher, well and good; but if not, and there is not a Christian person near, then some one must go through a service in some way. They must do something religious, like the miner who, when nobody would consent to lead in a funeral service, when all were assembled proposed that they take up a collection, for he said they ought to do something religious. This class of men are not sceptical, but seem hard to reach with gospel influences.

A SLAVE RAID IN AFRICA.

How sorely the effort now being made by England and Germany to check the slave trade is needed, may be realized from the following incident sent by a missionary at Kibanga on Lake Tanganyika to *L'Afrique*. He says: "Toward noon we began to see upon the hills which surround our station the negroes running toward us. The first who arrived said that a half-breed chief, east of Tanganyika, was coming to lay waste the country. In fact, at 3 o'clock we saw at a distance a troop of half-breeds and of negroes on the heights this side the river Louvou, which bounds our station. These were the soldiers of Mohammed, who came to make their raid, as they have done in all the country around us. From our hill we could see them seize the fowls, pull up the vegetables, and steal the boxes which the poor inhabitants could not carry away in their precipitate flight. A lieutenant of Mohammed brought to the missionaries the explanation that the Sultan of Zanzibar had given orders not to rob the white men, and he avowed having sacked Rouando at the north, Manyerua, Unyabemba, etc. Then at night one could see the villages everywhere in flames, the people saving themselves on the lake, and the brigands going away with the women and children in long files. A poor old woman, who was being led into captivity, caught hold of the clothing of a missionary, and entreated him to save her, but she was hauled off like a beast of burden, the rope around her neck. Another one, unwilling to go, received a blow from a pistol which mortally wounded her. These expeditions are the spectacles seen

around the mission stations, and there, where yesterday the missionaries went forth to carry instruction and consolation, reigns now the silence of a desert."

A SOUTHERNER IN A MISSION.

AMONG the testimonies given recently at the Florence Mission in New York, a picture of which appears on the first page, was that of a fine looking man, who said: "I don't know just how to tell my experience, my heart is so full, but perhaps the contrast between to-night and a little over a year ago will show what God has done for me. I had left my wife and family down South. I had ruined all my prospects there, and came to New York to get away from everything, and was determined to make a man of myself before I let them know where I was. When I got here I went on a spree, and that lasted until money and everything was gone. I was so discouraged I determined to commit suicide. I started for the river one night, when I chanced to pass this door; Mrs. G. was singing a solo, it was one my wife used to sing to the little ones Sunday afternoon. I looked up and saw the sign 'Florence'; that was the name of my oldest daughter, and these two things set me to thinking, and I knew they were praying for me, and drunk as I was I came in. I felt that that was my chance, and so asked them to pray with me. I did not dare to wait till I sobered up. Well, to make a long story short, I was saved that night, even in my drunken condition, and have been kept ever since by the power of God. I got employment, and in a short time was enabled to send for my wife and family, and here we are to-night. This is my wife, and this is my Florence (turning to a lady and young girl who were with him), and I thank God for it all."

A NEW SPHERE IN AFRICA.

THE efforts which have been made by the missionaries on the East coast of the Dark Continent to penetrate to the territory of Gungunyau have, it is now reported, been successful. Mr. Bates, writing to the *Missionary Herald* says: "The attitude of the Portuguese, the unwillingness of the natives to act as carriers, the fear of the king to give audience to any white men, made things look very unfavorable to our mission. So many gold seekers have been looking towards this 'land of Ophir' that no whites have been admitted to an audience the last year or more, and all prophesied that we would have no better success. Those whose success was reported about a year ago were summarily driven from the country. We have now been *six weeks trying to gain a hearing*, and at last have been successful. The way is now open, the king has sent word that he will be glad to see us, and has sent men to guide us to his kraal. The enforced stay near the coast has enabled us to determine many things about the language, and Mr. Wilder finds that although of a different race from the Zulus, yet wherever we have been the great majority of the people speak the Zulu language.

"It seems to be the policy of the king to enforce the teaching of Zulu throughout his dominions, and thus the number of Zulu speakers is yearly increasing. There are two other great languages, the Isi Senji spoken from the Sabi to the Buzi, and the Isi Nhlwenga, from south of the Sabi. This, Mr. Wilder thinks, is probably the Sheitswa of Mr. Ousley."

PROTESTANT OFFICIALS IN BRAZIL.

A REMARKABLE fact, showing how a consistent Christian life impresses a community and inspires confidence in spite of difference in creed, is reported to the *Church* by the Rev. Donald C. McLaren. He says three of the leading members of the Presbyterian Church in Cabo Verde, Brazil, were till recently the most powerful town officers. The Brazilian *sub-delegado* is the representative of the crown in the town in which he resides. He is the magistrate before whom all criminal processes must originate, and is responsible for the general good order of his district. The Justice of the Peace

is elected by the people, the suffrage, however, being very limited. The two officials, within their respective spheres, have great powers, and are, so to speak, the kings of the town.

One of the elders of our church, St. Antonio de Padua Dias, was appointed sub-delegado, and his brother, also elder, was first assistant. They had discharged their duties with marked fairness and to the general satisfaction of the community, when a politician sent a letter to one of the senators of the Province, claiming that the police authorities of Cabo Verde were Protestants, that they had built a house of worship in one of the suburbs, and that they were using their authority to compel men to become proselytes, promising liberty to prisoners, &c., on condition of their becoming Protestants! This letter was read in the Senate of the Empire, and an inquiry ordered into the facts of the case. St. Antonio, with becoming dignity, promptly resigned his position, though his brother retained his, and had not been relieved at latest accounts. It is unlikely that the result of the investigation would have led to action on the part of the Government, which is far from being priest-ridden.

The estimate of the community is shown in that, soon after this report to the Senate, in the popular election, another Protestant, a third brother of the same family, was elected Justice of the Peace, and that too though an insignificant minority of the voters are Protestants.

CLEANING HOUSE IN CHINA.

MISS GUINNESS, who is now laboring in China, reports in a recent letter the occupations of one Saturday afternoon. She says: "A good afternoon's hard work lies before us ere we can reduce to anything like respectable cleanliness the chambers we are to inhabit. There is no help to be had, so we hopefully set to work ourselves, and gathering what poor implements we can, commence a vigorous cleaning process, supplying in good-will and cheerful resolution what we lack in apparatus. China knows no such *tong-si* (article or thing) as either a scrubbing-brush or a broom, and the only substitute for these necessities to (English) existence is, for the former, a rag mop, and for the latter a soft kind of twig hand-brush. No mop can be had to-day. They are not to be bought in shops; each family makes its own, and our good pastor's wife has none, so we set to work with a very old, worn-down brush and a native dust-pan, made of basket-work, which being exceedingly old also, is plentifully supplied with holes of various sizes, the distressing effect of which is that the dust-pan partakes of the nature of a sieve, letting a large proportion of its contents through. We supplement our sweeping operations with pails of hot water and flannels made from some disused garment, which in skilful hands do good service. But oh, it is a funny scene! We are now installed in the native pastor's house at Tsing-kiang-pu, and no soap, no soda, but a good supply of stick-at-it and fun. Meanwhile M—, in the middle room, surrounded by various strange articles of furniture, is rubbing away at Chinese chairs and tables, and dislodging various unhappy spiders, who may no longer dwell in their peaceful recesses. Many a sweet hymn resounds in the busy rooms as we ply our various tasks, and the hours fly swiftly by: 'Am I a soldier of the Cross, a follower of the Lamb?' 'I will love Jesus and serve Him, for see, how the dear Saviour has watched over me,' 'All my heart I give thee, day by day, come what may,' 'And above the rest this note shall swell,' with many another favorite. At last in the gloaming we feel our task is finished, and lay aside our poor tools to look round on rooms that appear to us radiant with cleanliness and comfort, though to uninitiated eyes they might still leave something to be desired. San-sa comes up to tell us that tea is ready below in the 'women's room.' A happy, quiet hour at prayers follows, and then Chinese worship closes the busy day."

A SABBATH IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for January 13, Mark 1: 21-34.
Golden Text, Luke 4: 16.

Jesus Teaching—Not a Priestly Office—The Power of His Words Felt—The Consciousness of Commission—A Strange Visitor—Unclean Spirits in Evangelistic Meetings—Uncongenial Associations Significant—The Spirit Acknowledging Subjection—The Miracle on the Fever Sufferer—No Convalescence Needed by the Divine Healer—The Crowd Around the Door—Seeking Life and Health—Jesus Still Ready to Heal.

JESUS and His disciples were sojourning in Capernaum, "and straightway on the sabbath-day He entered into the synagogue, and taught." This was His custom. (Luke 4: 16.) Jesus was not a priest after the order of Aaron; He did not come of the priestly tribe, the tribe of Levi; but He loved His Father's Word, and it was a delight to Him to read the Scriptures. In every town, village, and hamlet in Palestine, or in any of the Jewish colonies where as many as twelve could meet together, the Scriptures were read and prayer offered on the sabbath-day; this formed a synagogue. Where a large congregation gathered, buildings were built like the Jewish synagogues of the present day. The reading of the Scriptures was not confined to the priests and Levites, and thus Jesus ministered to the people in these simple services. It is probable that He had done so already in His early life at Nazareth, where He was only known as "the carpenter's son." But there was a power in His very reading. On one occasion, when He simply read the Word in the power of the Holy Ghost in the synagogue at Nazareth, so deep was the impression made that "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him." (Luke 4: 20.) On the present occasion, the audience felt

The Power of His Words.

"They were astonished at His doctrine: for He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes." What authority? Jesus did not come with kingly or with priestly authority. What, then, was the power? "I am come in My Father's name." (John 5: 43.) This was His authority. And if ever we would speak with power, it must be as commissioned by Him, just as He was commissioned by His Father. "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." (John 20: 21.) It is a common thing to hear learned, eloquent, carefully-prepared discourses, but unless they are spoken in the consciousness of being commissioned by God, they are not spoken with authority. When a man or woman speaks out a message which God has first burned into them by the power of the Holy Ghost, it comes with authority; the instrument sinks into insignificance behind His message, and the hearers feel that God has spoken to them. All other preaching is but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." (1 Cor. 13: 1.)

Wherever there is preaching with divine authority, there are always results, whether perceived or unperceived at the time. God's "Word shall not return unto Him void, but it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and it shall prosper in that whereunto He sent it." (Isa. 55: 11.) "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." (John 6: 63.) "There was in their synagogue

A Man With an Unclean Spirit.

Strange that such a place should have an attraction for such a man! Strange that the poor drunkard, the fallen of both sexes, the thief, and open sinners of every kind, should so often be found in evangelistic services, just where there is a work of the Spirit of God. Oh how it shows that the Spirit of God is at work in the world, convincing of sin, and that another voice than that of the master they have yielded to is at work, urging them to break their chains and fly to the great Deliverer! The poor, unhappy man could not be still. Oh, dear reader, when a poor, unhappy drunkard or scoffer interrupts a religious service don't be impatient; it is no accident that he has come there into

the midst of the people of God; God has drawn him there that you may pray for him. A man with an unclean spirit could not be at ease in the presence of Jesus; can a sinner be comfortable in your presence, child of God? Are you so little unlike him that he feels quite at home with you, or does the presence of Christ in you make him want to get away from you?

An Old Christian Minister

took a young clergyman one day to call on a dear old servant of Christ. When they left the house, the young man drew two or three long breaths, and said, "Oh, I am so glad to have got away; I felt so uncomfortable while we were in that house." "Why?" said the old clergyman. "That man is so holy," he replied, "I could not bear to be there." Alas, the young clergyman had a spirit uncleaned from the world! "Let us alone," said the poor victim of Satan, "what have we to do with Thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee, who Thou art, the Holy One of God." Oh how strange, how piteous, it is that the first testimony from man to God's Anointed should have come from a man who was possessed by an unclean spirit! "Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him." And the spirit showed of what kind he was—if he could no longer possess the man, he would injure him in every way he could, so he "tore him, and cried with a loud voice, and came out of him." Great as had been the power and authority of Jesus' teaching, this command over the power of the enemy was yet more striking to the people; "they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, what thing is this, what new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth He even the unclean spirits, and they do obey Him."

No wonder the fame of Jesus spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee! the merchants, the market people, and travelers of every kind would carry the news of this wondrous deliverance. But with Jesus it was not as with many a young preacher, whom God may use to do a mighty work in one place, but who, because he gets too

Full of Himself

cannot be trusted to do anything great again for his own soul's sake. Jesus went out from the synagogue where He had cast out the unclean spirit, "into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John." But "Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever; and anon they tell Him of her." Jesus proved it to be a good sabbath occupation to read the Scriptures and expound them, to cast out the unclean spirits, and to visit and heal the sick ones. There is a great clamor in these days, since all cities have become more cosmopolitan, to make Sunday more of a pleasure day, and less a day of religious observance. What did Jesus do? Just what His Father taught, for He did not do His pleasure on God's holy day, but He called the sabbath a delight and He honored God, not doing His own ways, nor finding His own pleasure, nor speaking His own words. (Isa. 58: 13.) Jesus was on duty for His Father all the day, and this is the delight of all who love Him. When Jesus heard of the poor woman's sickness, "He came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her." And then and there, without one day to recover her strength, she arose, in the power of that creative hand which lifted her, out of the fever, out of the sickness, out of the weakness, into the life-giving power of God. In almost all, we may say *all*, kinds of fever, medically treated, there is

A Period of Convalescence,

the patient is never expected to recover all at once; but the hand which created the body is a Master hand, and He requires no period of time to work His wonders.

The evening came: there was no evening service in the synagogue. Probably some of the worshippers came from a long distance, and if the Bible-reading was as long as in the time of Nehemiah—from the time it was light until mid-day (Neh. 8: 3)—they would have had enough

instruction for one day. Some time must have been spent in the synagogue after the service was finished, in the wondering conversation of those who had beheld the unclean spirit cast out. Then in the house time was spent, no doubt, in speaking of the power of God, while the healed woman prepared food for her welcome guests; and so the evening drew on. Meanwhile, many arrivals took place in that little home. There was no home in Capernaum so much frequented that day. Blind people were being led there; paralyzed people were carried; some who had long been sick left their beds, and, leaning on the arms of two friends, were helped along the street; sick babies were carried. Some with bandaged limbs were driven and brought up to the door in carts; it was like the entrance door of one of the modern hospitals. There were insane people there, staring out of eyes which looked as though they would start out of their sockets; dumb people were there making signs; and the anxious-looking deaf were there. "They brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door," the larger number from curiosity to see what would happen. And "He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." (Matt. 8: 16, 17.) Not one of those sick ones was unwelcome—to not one of those did He say, "I cannot heal thee; it is better for thee to continue sick." They all

Took It For Granted

that He both could and would heal them, and according to their faith it was unto them. Their sickness had done its work, which was to make them feel their need of Jesus; it had brought them in contact with Him; now He was touched with the feeling of their infirmity, and healed them one and all. If sickness only drives us to some remedy or some change of residence, or some celebrated doctor, it has not accomplished its purpose. All God's dealings with us are calculated to make us know Him "whom to know is life eternal." If He cannot lead us to know Him, or when we do know Him, to know Him more perfectly, without sickness, then He lets it come; but when it has done its work, He who bore it for us does not wish to keep it on us. Wherever He met with sickness when He was upon earth, He invariably took it away, and He always, in doing so, did those things which pleased God. Jesus is not changed, and His Father is not changed. He is "the Lord that healeth thee" unto this day. Thus the sabbath ended with a harvest of blessing to souls and bodies.

MRS. M. BAXTER'S WORKS.

THE following works by Mrs. M. Baxter, and others, may be had from this office, 63 Bible House, New York:

"Words for Daily Life," "Practical Lessons," "Life Lessons," "Leaves from Genesis," "Trials and Teachings of Paul." By Mrs. M. Baxter. Each, paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 35 cts. "Record of International Conference on Divine Healing, London," 15; Paper, 25 cts. "Living Word in the Gospel of St. John," Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 50 cts. "God's Prophets," Paper 35 cts.; cloth 50 cts. "Lessons from St. Matthew's Gospel," Paper, 35 cts.; cloth 50 cts. "Teachings from St. Mark's Gospel," Paper, 35 cts.; cloth, 50 cts. "Sunday-School Lessons, 1877 and 78." By Mrs. M. Baxter. Each, cloth, 50 cts.

Any of Mrs. M. Baxter's tracts in the following list may also be had at one cent each or ten cents the dozen: "If it be Thy Will," "Does Sickness Sanctify?" "Casting All Your Care," Two cents each or twenty cents the dozen, "God's Purpose in Sickness," "The Great Physician," "Job's Sickness," "God's Side of Prayer," "Pastor Rein," "The Body for the Lord." Also the following tracts at one cent each, or ten cents the dozen, by the late Rev. W. E. Boardman: "He Careth for You," "A Perfected Self," "Paul's Thorn," "The Father's Rod," at two cents each, or twenty cents the dozen. "The Law of Liberty," at three cents each, or thirty cents the dozen. "Bethshan, a House for Healing," and "Endowment with Power," Miss C. C. Murray's tracts, at one cent each, or ten cents the dozen. "Repeating Prayer," "Thou Art Loosed," at two cents each, or twenty cents the dozen. "Redeemed from all Evil," "Anointing Him with Oil," at three cents each, or thirty cents the dozen. "Pastor Blumhardt," by Miss Sisson, at one cent each, or ten cents the dozen. "What About the Use of Means," and "The Apostolic Attitude," at two cents each, or twenty cents the dozen. "Asking and Receiving," by Mrs. Boardman.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

TERMS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Published Weekly. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$1.50 a year; \$1 eight months; 75 cents six months; sent two months on trial for 25 cents, postage free; in Europe and in all countries in the Postal Union, 50 cents extra postage; subscriptions always payable in advance. Single copies, price 3 cents. Any newsdealer will furnish the paper weekly when ordered.

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Notice of Expiration of subscription is always sent in addition to the date being given on the address label. When not renewed by date of expiration, the paper is stopped; no notice from the subscriber being required.

Subscribers having renewed their subscription for 1889, receiving a notice that their term will expire at the end of the year and asking for renewal, will understand that the order was written previous to their renewal order reaching us, and will treat it accordingly.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Happy New Year, in the Best Sense of the familiar words, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wishes to all its readers in this its first visit in the year of our Lord, 1889. To many of them the greeting is that of an old and valued friend, and it is gratifying to learn, from the numerous letters received during the past few days, that the affection and respect with which they regard the paper increases as the years pass by. With deep thankfulness the letters of our friends are read in this office, for they tell of the ways in which God has used the paper during the past year in His service. Every department in its pages has, it appears, been blessed to some. The singular unanimity with which subscribers express their admiration of the paper, the total absence of criticism, and the information that prayers are continually being offered for a blessing on those who have control of it, are very encouraging. This is the eleventh time that the Editor has been privileged to tender a New Year's greeting to his readers, and on each occasion it has been to a larger circle, and with more abundant evidences of their appreciation. For all this, humble thanks are due to the Giver of all grace. Profoundly conscious that the larger opportunities of usefulness which each year places within reach of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD involve increased responsibility, we gratefully write here the word, "Ebenezer, hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and depend for the future, with humble confidence, on the same Source of help and guidance.

Both Houses of Congress Adjourned for the Holiday recess on December 21, to meet again on January 2. It is expected that in the interval the Republican Senators will decide what changes shall be made in the Tariff Bill, the discussion on the last day of sitting having shown that there was much difference of opinion on some of the details. The whole question is left with the Finance Committee, as it is evident that unless individual Senators yield to the decisions of the Committee, there is no possibility of getting the bill through the Senate at this session. An indication of the confidence with which the election has inspired the advocates of Protection was given during the dis-

cussion by Senator Blair, who advocated a policy which would *prohibit all imports*, and declared that that was the true Republican policy. When he was asked how the Government's expenses would be paid unless by a direct tax, Mr. Blair answered that they would be paid by the American manufacturer, who would be better able to pay than now. If Mr. Blair's opinion is correct, and that is really the true Republican policy, the probability of tariff reduction by the present or any other bill, vanishes for some time.

The Nicaragua Canal Project was not Sanctioned before Congress adjourned. The House continued its discussion of the subject up to the hour of adjournment, and advanced it to the stage of third reading, so that, on reassembling, it will come up for passage. Many amendments have been made to the bill since it left the Senate, so that, if it should pass the House in its present shape, it will have to be submitted to a conference committee. It was noticed that the opponents of the measure are fully as determined and persistent as they have been throughout, but the majority of the House were clearly in its favor. The amendments which have been made in the House, are chiefly with the object of giving to the United States increased power over the canal. The most important require that the directors shall be citizens of the United States and Nicaragua—a majority of them to be citizens of the United States; that there shall be annual reports made by the company to the Secretary of the Interior; that the United States shall have power to acquire the franchise by the payment of the cost of construction, with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the amount invested.

The Surrender of the Steamer "Haytian Republic" was reported last week. A telegram from Kingston, Jamaica, to the New York Herald stated that as soon as Admiral Luce arrived at Hayti with the United States vessels *Yantic* and *Galena* he made a formal demand through Minister Thompson on the government of President Légitime for the delivery of the vessel to the United States naval commander in the outer harbor. If the steamer were not delivered before sunset the United States ships would take her by force, and if resistance were offered they would shell the city. In order that there should be no delay the *Galena* sent boats to the vessels in the harbor to get out of range, and the foreign Consuls were notified of the possibility of an early beginning of hostilities. The Haytian Government immediately sent a small steamer alongside the vessel which has been the subject of dispute, and which still kept the Stars and Stripes flying. Captain Compton was on board, and formally received his ship back, and at sunset she was towed to the outer harbor, and brought to anchor near the *Galena*. Conflicting statements are made as to whether an indemnity was paid, but Secretary Bayard has kept silence on the question. It is probable, however, that some indemnity will be demanded.

A Fatal Steamboat Disaster Occurred on the Mississippi on Christmas Eve near Plaquemine, La. The fine river steamer *John H. Hanna*, from Ouachita River with a cargo of cotton, caught fire, and in a few moments was a total loss. About one hundred persons were on board, and it is estimated that out of this number at least thirty perished, while those who were burned more or less severely number perhaps as many more. The passengers were enjoying themselves merrily in the cabin when the fire broke out. Their first intimation of peril came from a colored man, who rushed into the cabin crying wildly that the boat was on fire. Almost in an instant the flames shot into the cabin and over the cotton, enveloping the boat in fire. One brave man ran through the smoke and kicked at the doors of the sleeping-cabins to arouse some of the passengers who had retired. The passageways were, however, blocked with cotton bales, and some of the affrighted passengers were unable to reach the deck. The vessel was headed immediately for the bank, but when she struck she bounded off again and

floated down the stream, the flames bursting out on all sides. Many of the crew and passengers jumped off and saved themselves by swimming, but at least thirty must have been burned.

A Mystery Still Surrounds the Situation of Mr. H. M. Stanley. News published last week, however, increases the doubts with which the report was received, of Osman Digna's capture of him and Emin Pacha. A despatch from Zanzibar stated that on August 17 Mr. Stanley arrived at Bonyala, on the Aruwhimi. He had come to find out why the stores left with his rear-guard, and which the late Major Barttelot was to have brought after him, had not arrived. He had left Emin Pacha thirty-two days before, in perfect health, and provided with plenty of food. He intended to return ten days later, to rejoin Emin. He reported all the whites in the expedition as healthy, and said the expedition wanted nothing. It is still possible that the capture of him and Emin, which Osman Digna said was made in October, may be true, but it is extremely improbable; and the proofs sent by that Mahdist leader, when examined, proved to be untrustworthy. It is believed that Osman sent the report in the hope that it might prevent or delay the British attack on his position before Suakin.

The Queen's Speech in Proroguing Parliament contained no reference to the unpleasant Sackville incident. She did, however, mention the Fishery Treaty. She said, "I regret that the convention concluded between myself and the President of the United States, for the adjustment of the questions which have arisen with reference to the fisheries in North American waters, has not commended itself to the judgment of the United States Senate, in whom, according to the Constitution of the United States, the power of ratification is vested. The temporary arrangements, however, which have been adopted will, I trust, prevent any immediate inconvenience arising from this decision." Referring to the joint English and German expedition for the suppression of the slave trade, she said: "The renewed vigor of the trade, of which symptoms have unhappily shown themselves in several parts of Africa, has largely contributed to the production of disturbances. I have joined the German Emperor in establishing a naval blockade of that part of the coast which is in insurrection, in order to prevent not only the exportation of slaves, but the importations of munitions of war."

General Boulanger is Again Causing Concern to the French Government. One of the members of the Legislature for Paris died recently, and General Boulanger has come forward as a candidate for the seat. The outcome of this election is awaited with all the more interest, from the fact that General Boulanger recently met with an electoral defeat in the Department of the Ardennes, where M. Auffray, who came forward under the General's and monarchical support, was beaten by the republican candidate. It is a noteworthy fact that General Boulanger's movements have excited general distrust among the friends of the Republic, of all sections. Floquet, Clémenceau, Ferry, Lacour, Reinach, and other leaders are divided on the question of the necessity of a revision of the Constitution, but are united against Boulangism. That their distrust is not without cause, is proved by the fact that General Boulanger is evidently cherishing the hope of attaining the Presidency. In a published interview on the subject of the banishment of members of the Royal Family, he said: "The first act of my Government, if the country raises me to the Presidency, will be to repeal the laws relating to banishment, readmit everybody, and open to all Frenchmen the France I love so well."

The Next Few Weeks will be the best time for canvassing for new subscribers. We are happy to learn that many of our friends are already introducing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD among their friends and neighbors. Any one desiring sample copies for this purpose, will be supplied free of cost by writing for them, stating explicitly how many can be advantageously used. Address The Manager, 63 Bible House, New York.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received, since our last acknowledgment, to the amount of \$6.50. They are: from Youngstown, O., \$1.50; Bath, Me., \$1; Naperville, Ill., \$3; Homer, Ill., \$1. An extract from a letter received a few days ago from Kerbyville, Mo., will show the friends who have so long maintained this fund, how one of the beneficiaries appreciates their liberality; and his letter is only a specimen of many others. He says that the whole of his income is needed for rent, food, and clothing for himself and his family, and only by the most careful economy does it suffice for those necessities. He says: "I wish to offer you my heartfelt thanks for making me one of the beneficiaries of your fund during the past year, and I pray God's blessing on the unknown friend who contributed the money that paid for my paper. It has been of inexpressible benefit to myself and family, and it has furnished me with rich material for my sermons, that I should not have had if the paper had not been sent to me." He and many others are praying that God will incline the hearts of His people to give them the same source of help for another year.

The Excellent Results of the Work Now Being done by deaconesses in Chicago, is described in a letter to this office from a correspondent in that city. She states that a number of devoted women spend the whole of their time in visiting the poor, nursing the sick, and reading the Bible to the ignorant. Some very remarkable conversions have followed this labor of love. The women receive no salary, and are content with only board and clothing. The committee in charge of the work believe that the good already done will lead to the extension of the effort to other cities. They are now trying to build a new home and headquarters for the women, and are asking for help from Christian people who are willing to aid in thus obeying our Lord's explicit command. (Matt. 25:35-40.) Contributions may be sent to the Superintendent of Deaconess-Work, Chicago, Ill.

A Boy Charmed by a Snake is a Singular item of news reported by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It states that the proprietor of a store noticed a boy in the street staring intently into his window. The store-keeper paid no attention to him further until an hour afterward, when he saw that the lad was still in the same position, and that he appeared powerless to move. His face seemed to be glued to the window. He was quite a ghastly object as seen from inside the store, having a glassy stare in his eyes, which seemed bursting from the sockets. His nose was flattened and his mouth firmly set against the glass. Inside the window was a big rattlesnake on exhibition. The snake had coiled himself, raised his head, and charmed the boy through the glass. The boy was pulled away from the window and taken into a drug store. It was half an hour before he could speak. A similar strange charm is sometimes exercised by the Old Serpent, the great enemy of our race. The vicious man, the gambler and the drunkard, often seem infatuated, longing to free themselves, but powerless to do so. To all such, deliverance is offered by Him who has overcome the Evil One. (Luke 10:18, 19.)

How Typhoid Fever is Caused was Explained last week in a lecture by Dr. Cyrus Edson, of New York. "Nothing is so discreditable in civilization," said he, "as typhoid. It is found everywhere, yet it is easily preventable. After investigating many cases, I am convinced that typhoid fever is nearly always due to polluted water, milk, ice, or meat. The typhoid germ gets into the system by entering the body through the mouth. Wells are a great source of danger. There is scarcely a safe one in the country, for nearly everywhere you will find the well a close neighbor of a source of disease." Dr. Edson had just learned of a case at a popular resort in this State, where twenty-two persons had been taken sick, pretty surely because they used ice cut on a lake near by. In another in-

stance the disease was caused by a milkman washing his cans at an infected well. "The typhoid poison," he said, "must enter the stomach." It is not so with spiritual malady. That is why the various efforts of philosophers in all ages to reform the world have failed. The source of evil being within, in the heart of man, there is no hope of extirpating it but in the promise of a new heart which God gives to those who ask Him through Christ. (Matt. 15:17-20.)

A Curious Loss of Memory Afflicts a Citizen of Jamestown, N. Y. He sustained a paralytic seizure some months ago, but has so far recovered as to be able to go anywhere about the city at his pleasure. He can converse intelligently on any subject he was familiar with before his sickness, and remembers all his old friends, but has not regained the faculty of recalling the names of his most intimate friends, although he knows, as far as circumstances with which he and his different friends were associated, perfectly well with whom he is conversing. He understands and appreciates what his friends read to him, and can converse readily, with but a slight impediment in his speech, about the subjects read. But he cannot read a word himself nor tell one letter of the alphabet from another. He remembers distinctly having been able to read before he was sick, and is troubled because he cannot do so now. He sees perfectly well, the peculiarity being with the mind and not with the sight. The curious feature of the case is, that while some mental faculties are performing their functions, others fail to do so. Christian workers often meet with analogous cases. Men who are intelligent, honorable, and scrupulous in business life, appear incapable of realizing their obligations towards God, or the necessity of seeking their eternal happiness. (1 Cor. 2:14.)

The Discovery of Three Old Deeds Among rubbish in a garret may lead to the acquisition of a large fortune. A Pittsburg, Penn., journal states that a former resident of that city, who is now a widow living in Allegheny City, was putting her house in order a few weeks ago, when she came to an old trunk in the garret which had not been opened for a long time. She turned out its contents, and found among them three deeds yellow with age. She examined them, but not clearly understanding their purport, submitted them to a lawyer. He found that they were the title to six hundred acres of land in Philadelphia, and appeared to be still valid. Investigation was at once commenced, which hitherto has developed nothing to invalidate the deeds. A reporter who has seen the documents says that they look genuine, but have evidently not seen the light for a long time, and the edges where they had been folded were ragged and torn. One of them almost fell to pieces when opened, and the parts hung together like threads. Each deed calls for 200 acres of land and a town lot "in the City of Peace." They are dated June 8, 1817, and one of them bears the endorsement of the Clerk of Records of that year. Should the claim be established, the widow will become enormously rich. The deeds have been in her possession for a long time, but she did not know of them. That is the case with many Christians, who do not realize the privileges which God is ready to give them if they will but claim them in faith. (Rom. 8:32.)

A Too Tardy Consent to a Marriage has In- volved a lawsuit in the City Court of New York. The complainant states that for some considerable time the gentleman has paid his addresses to her. She did not at first believe him to be sincere, as his manner varied at different times. At length he convinced her, and she accepted him. The wedding day was fixed at some distant day and she spent \$1,700 on her wedding outfit. At the gentleman's desire the day was postponed, and again it was delayed. Finally, concluding that he had no intention of fulfilling his promise, and probably also being disgusted with him on account of his procrastination, she sued him. He then came to her

house, begged to be forgiven, and offered to fix a day for the ceremony and keep it, if she would withdraw her suit. The lady was tired of the man's shifty ways, and concluding that he had only been brought to terms by fear of the law, refused to renew the engagement, and is going on with her lawsuit. To a reporter the man professed himself anxious to marry the lady now, and insisted that he is sincerely attached to her, but is fully aware that all hope of making her his wife is at an end through his own tardiness. He claims that he is suffering more from the consciousness of that fact than from fear of having to pay damages. A far more terrible calamity will fall on some to whom salvation has been offered time and again, and who have postponed acceptance of it to "a more convenient season," until they find that they have postponed it too long. (Prov. 1:14-29.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The exact number of licensed saloons in New York city to day, is 6811. Twelve years ago they were 10,000.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry has been chosen to take the White Cross branch of the Social Purity department of the National W. C. T. U.

The Congregationalists of this country raised for missions at home and abroad, during the last year, over \$2,000,000.

Twenty converts arose at one meeting of the Central Union Mission, Washington, to testify to their conversion during the recent meetings. One of them was a Jew.

Students of Princeton Theological Seminary are delivering addresses at the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 224 Bowery, New York, every Sunday night.

Rev. Mead Holmes, member of the City Council of Rockford, Ill., has been active in opposing license for the saloons, and the liquor men have threatened to attack him.

The General Assembly of 1888 changed the day of prayer for colleges from the last Thursday to the last Wednesday of January. This makes the day of prayer for 1889 fall on Wednesday, January 30.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Dover, N. H., was celebrated on the 16th of December, with appropriate services. This is the oldest parish in New Hampshire.

Princeton College catalogue, just issued, shows that there are in the undergraduate academic department 463 students, in the school of science 111, post-graduates 90. Altogether there is a total of 667 students, as against 611 last year.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have closed their services at Winnipeg, Manitoba. An immense crowd assembled for the last service. During the forty days they have been there, upward of one thousand persons have made a profession of faith.

The Wetmore Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls, in New York, celebrated its twenty-third anniversary on December 27. The Home has recently been enlarged by the addition of a laundry, which will give employment to forty girls, and by new dormitories.

The Rev. E. G. Thurber, D. D., of the Park Presbyterian Church of Syracuse, N. Y., has resigned to accept a call from the American Church in Paris. This is a union church, although under the general supervision of the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations.

Ben Hogan, the converted pugilist, has been holding meetings in Oil City, Pa. He has had large attendances, and his own testimony, given with straightforward earnestness in a community where his past life is well known, had a marked effect on his hearers.

A National Academy of Theology was founded in New York on December 27, at a convention of theological professors. Prof. James Strong, D. D., of Drew Theological Seminary, was elected president, and Prof. C. D. Hartman, D. D., of Hartford Seminary, secretary.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's closing service at Bloomington, Ill., is described by local journals as an extraordinary gathering. The numbers present and the enthusiasm displayed, show how profound is the impression made by the eighteen days' union meetings. Over 500 persons made a profession of faith at the meeting.

Rev. E. P. Hammond has been holding meetings at Jackson, Mich. The interest has not been confined to children, large numbers of adults having been led to Christ. The ministers of various denominations in the city report that many inquirers are coming to them for advice, having been quickened at Mr. Hammond's meetings.

The Committee of Twenty-five, appointed to organize efforts for city evangelization in New York, has elected Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst as president. The committee ask that the managers of the meetings of the week of prayer, that begins on New Year's, be requested to make the committee and its work special subject for prayer during the week.

FALSE TRUSTS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth, their idols were upon the beasts," etc. Isa. 46: 1-4

Not a Promise for Old Age Only—Goodness of God in all Tenses—I. False Confidences Passing Away—The Gods of Babylon Falling with the Empire—Their Ignominious Treatment—False Philosophies Falling Also—The Monkey-god of Modern Thought to Fall—II. God always the Same in the Past—To His Aged Children—To All Ages—In Changing Circumstances—In Impending Trial—III. God Ever Will Abide the Same—A Child Carried Up-hill—No Fresh Mercy Needed—Past Mercies Continued.

THE confidence of Babylon is buried among her heaps of rubbish, for her gods have fallen from their thrones. "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth." As for us, beloved, our trust is in the living God, who lives to bear and carry His chosen, even in Jehovah, the only true Lord. We begin our spiritual life by faith in Him, for till faith comes we have no power to become the sons of God. Our spiritual life will have to be continued, in the same way of trust in the Lord, "for the just shall live by faith." We live by faith upon the Son of God, who loved us, and gave Himself for us. We rejoice that we shall never have to change our confidence, for our God will never be carried into captivity, nor torn from His throne. Our faith is built upon a rock that can never be moved. Nothing in the past has shaken the foundation of our faith; nothing in the present can move it; nothing in the future will undermine it. Whatever may occur in the ages to come, there will always be

Good Reason For Believing

in Jehovah and His faithful word. That part of our text which says, "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you," may seem to be a promise made to old age. So, indeed, it is. Many a hoary saint has made a soft pillow of this precious promise, and has rested upon it with delight in the days of his decay. But yet the text, if it be rightly read, is a promise to the people of God at any and every period between their birth and their death. The Lord is good to us in all tenses, and in all ways. Our experimental dealings with God make us know that He is our gracious Helper from the first to the last. Bel and Nebo disappoint their votaries, but Jehovah is our God for ever and ever, and He will be our guide even unto death.

I. I shall begin my sermon by calling your attention, first, to the set-off and background, which are placed behind the brilliant promise given to the Lord's people. Observe that

False Confidences Pass Away.

The Lord has made a full end of false gods and their worship. "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth, their idols were upon the beasts, and upon the cattle: your carriages were heavy laden: they are a burden to the weary beast. They stoop, they bow down together; they could not deliver the burden, but themselves are gone into captivity." Bel and Nebo were two great gods of Babylon. You get the name of Bel in the name of king Belshazzar, and the name of Nebo in the name of Nebuchadnezzar. They were esteemed to be such great deities that their kings were named after them, and professed to be their servants. Bel and Nebo stood in Babylon supreme. The Babylonian empire which served these deities was so strong as to be invincible; it carried its cruel sword into all nations, and piled up the dead bodies of men in heaps; it was therefore dreaded in every part of the world; and not without cause. What kingdom or empire could stand against it? If you had gone to Babylon, and seen its mighty walls, its lofty towers, its engines of war, its wonders of art, its multitudes of heroes, you would have thought that the worship of Bel would endure for ever, and that the image of Nebo would stand there to be adored of mortals while the world existed.

But these idols—always a mere deceit—proved themselves powerless in the day of trial. Cyrus came, the Euphrates was dried up, the empire of Babylon ended, and the gods were discred-

ited for all ages. In the ruin of Babylon the gods became a prey. The golden images themselves were too precious to be left standing in Babylon, and too little venerated to be treated with respect. They were taken off to Persia as a spoil, and became a burden to the weary beasts. Huge images of less costly material were dragged down with ropes, dashed in pieces, or buried beneath heaps of ruins. Ah me! what a melancholy fate for things which were called gods, and received the reverence of great nations! Even in these latter days, we have had an illustration of "Bel boweth down, and Nebo stoopeth," when Mr. Layard went to the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, and dragged out those huge bulls which stand to-day in the British Museum, objects of our curiosity, but certainly not of our worship. "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth." The false gods that reigned supreme over so many myriads of men were

Made Contemptible.

The like thing has happened unto false systems of teaching. They have risen, and they have dominated over the minds of men; but, like Bel and Nebo, they have tottered and fallen. They seemed to be established beyond all hope of confutation and overthrow, and yet they have passed away! If you are at all readers of the history of religious thought, you will know that systems of philosophy, and philosophical religions, have come up, and have been generally accepted as indisputable, and have done serious injury to true religion for a time; and yet they have vanished like the mirage of the desert. When at their best, they have withered; the grass has flowered, the flower has come to its full, and has fallen beneath the scythe. The gourds have come up in a night, and have perished in a night.

Even those of us who are not aged yet remember two or three different forms of philosophical divinity which preceded

This New Dreaming,

which is just now so loudly cried up. Many modern thoughts have come up, and have gone down again. Bel has bowed down, and Nebo has stooped. The boastful "thinkers" carried up their elaborate systems into their places with great labor, and then they carried them away again, and buried them with equal labor. What philosophers prove one year, philosophers disprove another year. We old-fashioned Christians have remained unchanged in our fidelity to revealed truth, and we have seen Bel go up and Bel go down, and Nebo go up and Nebo go down. Yes, we have seen rubbish venerated as a precious thing, and anon the precious thing carted away as so much lumber. The present idols of the mind are just as worthless as those of former times. *The god of modern thought is a monkey.* If those who believed in evolution said their prayers rightly, they would begin them with, "Our Father, which art up a tree." Did they not all come from a monkey, according to their own statement? They came by "development," from the basest of material, and they do not belie their original. But we shall see the monkey-god go down yet, and evolution will be ridiculed as it deserves to be.

But now, beloved, it will be just the same with us if we trust in

False Confidences

of any sort; such, for instance, as our experiences, or our attainments, or our services, or our orthodox belief, or aught else. If we set up any confidences apart from our God, we shall soon see the end of them. Imagine that any Christian here should be so foolish as to rely upon his own works. God forbid we should! But what an airy nothing our confidence would be! Before long that Bel would bow down, and that Nebo would stoop, for the hope would be too flimsy to bear the least weight. Or, if we should begin to rely upon our own enjoyments—if frames and feelings should become our confidence—all would come down, and our boast would become our burden, our glory our shame. If in our daily life we look to an arm of flesh, or

practice self-reliance instead of God-reliance, or if we trust to friends instead of leaning upon the one great Invisible, we shall yet learn with tears the terror of that sentence, "Cursed is he that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth"; anything that you make your confidence instead of God, will fail to bear your burden, and will itself become a burden to you. Instead of its carrying you, you will have to carry it. Instead of its taking your load, it will increase your load, and become at last an intolerable curse.

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Beloved in the Lord, think not that this is an unnecessary warning even for you, for you may as easily set up an idol in your heart as other men may set up a false system of philosophy, or an idol god. Guard against setting up a rival trust to rob the Lord of even a small part of your confidence. Let us lean upon our God with all our weight, and lean nowhere else; for if we put our confidence elsewhere, our idolatry will come home to us, and we shall hear the voice of disappointment, wailing bitterly, "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth."

II. Let that stand as the black cloud on which God will paint His bright rainbow, while I notice in the second place, that our

God Abides Always the Same.

Dear friends, we rightly expect trials between here and heaven; and the ordinary wear and tear of life, even if life should not be clouded by an extreme trial, will gradually wear us out. If life should flow never so smoothly, yet there are the rapids of old age, and the broken waters of infirmity, and the cataract of disease; and these we are apt to dread; but why? Is not the Lord our trust? Is it not sure that the Lord changes not? Make this your strong confidence. As for you, ye youths, ye are strong, but boast not of your strength; the Lord Jehovah is our strength and our song. As for you in the midst of life—tremble not because of your difficulties: "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" As for you that are sinking into the decline of life, and know that very soon your tabernacle will be taken down, be not afraid, for the Lord has not altered. Hath He not said, "I am the Lord, I change not"? Let this be your delight.

In the course of years, not only do we change, but our circumstances change. Many look forward to trying circumstances in the declining days of life. "When I cannot earn my livelihood, when I cannot go out to the farm, or stand at the counter, or work at the bench, what will become of me then?" Hearken, my brother, if you are where you ought to be, your confidence is in God now, and you will have the same God then, and He will still be your guardian and provider. He will be under no decay from age, nor decline from weakness. His bank will not break, nor His treasury fail. His granary will not be exhausted, and His bounty will not be worn out. Trust in Him for that which is written between the folded leaves of destiny, as well as for the page which lies open before you. If the infirmities of the body scare you, trust Him; and if the changing circumstances of your life alarm you, trust Him, for He must be the same though heaven and earth should be dissolved. He says, "Even to old age I am He."

"Ah!" say you, "but what I most mourn is the death of friends." Yes; that calamity is

A Daily Sorrow

to men who are getting into years. A new-made grave is with us every day. How many of those whom I dearly loved are now with God? When we near sixty, or pass onward towards seventy, we lament the multitude of dear friends that have fallen like the innumerable leaves of autumn. Some of us have now more friends in heaven than we have on earth. The best are going, still going: the messengers with heavy tidings follow close upon each other's heels. One of these days we think that some friend will cry, "I only am left." Ah, yes! But the Lord says, "I AM HE," as much as to say, "I am left to you, and will not fail you."

Some trouble themselves concerning prophetic

crises which are threatened. One would think, from their perpetual alarms, that the prophets wrote to afflict us rather than to comfort us. "Oh, what shall I do," says one, "if there should be wars and rumors of wars, and earthquakes in divers places, and so forth?" What would you wish to do but trust in the Lord even as you do now? Certainly, we only see part of the Lord's way; and if we could see the whole we should most probably rejoice where now we grieve. Why, then, are we cast down? The Lord Himself says to us, "Even to your old age I am He." The Lord took care of the world before we were here to help Him, and He will do it just as well when we are gone. We can leave politics, religion, trade, morals, and everything else with Him. What we have to do is to obey Him, and trust Him, and rejoice in Him, and go on our way rejoicing.

"Still," says one, "there are such Evil Tokens in the Church itself as must cause serious apprehension to godly men." Yes, I know it. I have had to know it to my personal sorrow. The Church grows old; gray hairs are upon her here and there, and she knoweth it not. But never despair of the Church of God, for of her it is true, "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you; to your old age I am He." The Head of the Church never alters. Let us not be afraid, though clouds should come, for it is written, "Behold, He cometh with clouds," God is the same; there is the corner-stone of our comfort.

If you are depending upon anything or any person besides your God, woe unto you! "Oh," say you, "I used to hear a dear old minister in my early days; but I find none like him now. He has gone home; and I feel as if I could cry, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!'" I could make some of you weep if I were to go through the list of those holy men who fed you with food convenient for you in your younger days. Where are the teachers and fathers now? But then the point is, the God of these saints is not dead. The Great Shepherd of Israel still lives, and He leads us still, and feeds us still, and guards us still; and He will guard His flock, and guide His flock, till He makes us to lie down in the green pastures on the hill-tops of glory.

III. And now, thirdly, I want to call your attention, in the words before us, to the fact that, while false confidences pass away, God will forever be the same. His former mercies

Guarantee Future Mercies.

First, you see, he says, "*I have made.*" The Lord, who is your helper, is He that created you. It is well to remember the mercy of God to us in our formation, and in the first days of our birth and infancy. We know very little indeed about those first three or four years, yet the Lord fed us, and led us, and here we are in proof of it. But think, beloved! God made us in another sense. He new-made us. Blessed is the man that has been twice born, and thus twice made! The Lord God has made us new creatures in Christ Jesus. He has made us to be His children: we have been "begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." If He has done all this, He does not intend to leave us till He has finished the work of grace with power. He who hath begun a good work in us will carry it on, and perfect it unto the day of Christ. The past guarantees the future, since we have to do with a God who can never change.

But I must not linger on any point, as our time flies; I must notice next that, practically, God's mercies through life are always the same. No new form of mercy is ever wanted; all we need is the old mercy repeated, and adapted to our case. My dear friend, you will never want anything of God but what you have already had. The grace that saves the young man will save the old man. The patience that bore with your follies in youth will bear with your weakness in age. Depend upon it, you will require nothing but what you have already received the like. In this matter, the thing that has been,

is the thing that shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun.

As for this "*carrying*" of which the text speaks, assuredly that is no new thing. Our first spiritual blessing came of our being carried: we were sheep going astray, and the Shepherd came after us; and, when He found us, He carried us upon His shoulders rejoicing, and brought us home. Many a rough place have I encountered in my life's pilgrimage, and I have wondered how I should ever get over it; but I have been

Carried Over the Rocky Way

so happily that the passage has made one of the most charming memories of my heart. I begin to like rough places, even as Rutherford fell in love with the cross he had to carry. When the road is smooth, I have to walk; but when it is very rough, I am carried. Therefore, I feel somewhat like the little boy I saw the other night. His father had been carrying him up-hill; but when he reached a piece of level road, the boy was a great lump to carry, and his father set him down, and let him walk. Then the little gentleman began to pull at his father's coat, and I heard him say, "Carry me, father! Carry me, father. Carry me again!" Just so. Any sensible child of God will still say, "Carry me, Father! Carry me still, I pray thee!" The Father's answer is, "I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry you."

The promise closes with the words, "And I will deliver you." That is no new mercy. Have you not been delivered many times already? "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine"—so David trusted, and so do we. See how Paul puts it: "Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us." See! it is a note from the same trumpet, a voice from the same mouth. Wherefore, beloved, as you will only want the same mercy repeated, be confident, be joyful. Do not dread to-morrow. Do not fear next year. Do not pine because of the coming of old age. Do not dread that painful operation which seems needful. Do not dread even death itself. He that made you will make you to endure; He that has carried you, will carry you; He that has delivered you will deliver you to the end. Blessed be God, we only want a continuance of the same mercy as we have already experienced, and that the Lord promises to us.

And now, to close, notice in the text two

Things Which Are Always Here—

the same God and the same mercy. There is nobody else here but the Lord alone with His people. Will you note that? There is nobody else here but you and your God; and you are nobody but a poor thing that has to be carried. "Even to your old age I am He. Even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." We have great admiration of angels, but we are very pleased to see that they are not mentioned in this promise. We have many kind-hearted friends, but we are glad to see that they are not brought in here. God's great I, and that alone, fills up the whole space. And oh, what a blessing it is when we trust in the Lord alone! You have been, perhaps, as I have often been, in a cleft stick, where nobody could tell you how to get out, but yet the Lord found a way of escape for you. You were shut up, and you could not come forth, and then God cleared the way in a moment. What a great Maker of ways is God!

You young people, oh how earnestly I wish that you would begin with my Lord Jesus Christ—begin with the great and blessed Father, and Him, for He will take care of you to hoar hairs! Oh my brothers, do trust my God! Do not let the world say, "God's own people cannot trust Him"! Surely they will think that He is not to be depended on if you begin to doubt Him. Trust Him as He deserves to be trusted, and rest in Him with all your souls. And you, my aged brethren and sisters, to whom I speak with much reverence, show to us who are younger, where your joy and your peace are, that we also may

rest in God. He has brought you through seventy years of trial! Do you think that He will now forsake you? You are eighty, you say, or even getting on to ninety. Well, you have at least eighty reasons why you should not distrust your God and Saviour. If you will read your own diaries, you will see that there are eighty million reasons why you should trust Him, and yet you cannot find one solitary reason why you should not do so. Wherefore, "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him," and may He bless you evermore, for Jesus' sake!

[The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE CHILD IN THE MANGER.*

THIS Child was born in the fullness of time, at a particular period and in a particular place, when the world was ready for Him and the development might begin. For that day all Jewish history had been looking and waiting. The nation in its slavery in Egypt, in its wandering in the desert, in its conquest of the land promised, and in its peace and rest under Solomon, in its splendors and its decay alike, had been preparing. Moses gave the law for it, Joshua conquered the Canaanites for it, David fought, and Solomon ruled, that it might come. And over all the world the people were scattered; and their land was a Roman province, that Moses might be preached in every city, and that the synagogues might be ready for the first preaching of the faith.

At no time as at this time—before certainly not, and after certainly not—was the situation of Israel such as to make the preaching of the Gospel to all nations effectual from itself as a basis. But now, everywhere throughout the empire, in Rome as in Corinth or Alexandria, was the idea of a one unseen, eternal, and only God, to be worshipped without image, altar, or bloody sacrifice, made common among polytheists and idolaters. The synagogue worship, uncommanded in, extraneous to, the Scriptures, seems to have had its divine authority sufficiently in this—that everywhere it was holding up its testimony of the Divine oneness, and that God is a spirit, to be worshipped in spirit, and that so the synagogue stood ready for the Apostle when he came to complete the testimony by preaching that God hath revealed Himself in His Son.

Other Nations Waiting.

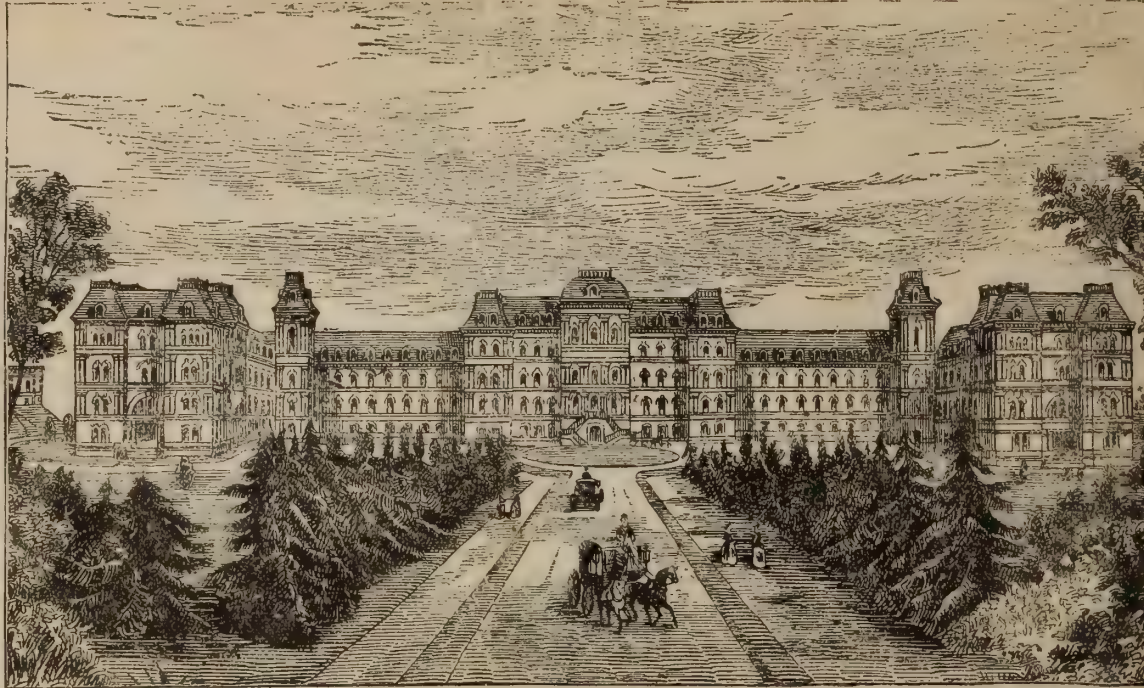
Not Israel only had been guided for this, and in this its story made coherent, purposeful: Babylon rose for this, and fell; and Nineveh and Tyre and Sidon, and Tadmor in the wilderness. And in the dark, unnoticed, by the Tiber, the outlaws built their first rude fortification, and founded Rome. And slowly, still unknown to the great Oriental peoples, the germ so planted grew. The whole story of the building of Rome unfolds itself in battles, intrigues, struggles of leaders, writhings and fierce pains of the people, a very wolf's litter, bloody and hungry on the prey—till out of all comes the great, strong, masterful people, who, "dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly," lorded it over a submissive world.

But is the end of all Rome's splendid story to be the later Cæsars and the overwhelming rush of the barbarians? Had Rome no purpose? Nay, we dare to say, the purpose of Rome was a divine purpose, and the great empire was built on the foundation laid in mire and darkness, and the sweat and blood of men, for the new Kingdom of God. The great roads ran from the city to the empire's bounds, that St. Paul

*From "The World and the Kingdom." By the Rt. Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, D. D., Bishop of Mississippi. A series of thoughtful and suggestive lectures for the times. Pp. 145; price 75c. Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.



Lady Stanley, the First Lady of the Dominion.



Vassar College.

might travel swiftly to preach the gospel. The Mediterranean was whitened with the sails of the ships, that the story might be carried by the winds and the waves. One power ruled, that under its shadow there might be protection; for even an apostle, to fulfil his purpose, might need to say, "*Civis Romanus sum*" and appeal to Cæsar.

LADY STANLEY.

Wife of the Governor-General of Canada.

EVERYTHING Canadian is unusually interesting just now, and a portrait and sketch of the first lady in the Dominion will be welcome.

Lady Stanley of Preston, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, possesses a fine figure, a pleasant face, and an attractive manner. Since her arrival in Canada she has won much popularity, being bright and animated in conversation, and thoroughly informed upon social, political, and literary topics. Indeed, some Canadian politicians give Lady Stanley the credit of commanding rare diplomatic resources and skill.

Lady Constance Stanley of Preston was born in 1840, being the daughter of George William Frederick Villiers, fourth Earl of Clarendon. She is the eldest of a family of ten children. Her father was born in 1800, and in 1839 married Lady Catherine, daughter of Walter James, first Earl of Verulam. Earl Clarendon, father of Lady Stanley, was a leading English statesman, at one time Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

Lady Stanley was married to Lord Stanley on the 31st of May, 1864, and has been blessed with ten children, of whom one died in 1869, aged two years. One of them, Albert George, born in 1865, is now a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. Queen Victoria stood sponsor for Albert Victor, who was born in 1867.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

THE famous college for women near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a picture of which appears on this page, was instituted, built, and endowed by an Englishman, Matthew Vassar, who was born in a small picturesque cottage at Tuddenham, Yorkshire, not far from the North Sea, April 29, 1792. His father emigrated to this country in 1796, and settled on a farm three miles from the present site of Poughkeepsie, and in 1801 he and his brother established a brewery in that city, which flourished until 1812, when it was burned. Matthew Vassar, in the meantime, had been to school, and from thence he went into a country store, but he subsequently established himself in business on his own account.

Mr. Vassar had no children to whom to leave his fortune, and, being of a charitable and philanthropic disposition, he earnestly desired

to become a benefactor to his race, and to spend his money in some public-spirited manner. His first idea, and one he kept steadily in mind for ten years, was that of founding a hospital; and with this purpose in view he, in 1845, visited London, and studied the methods adopted in Guy's Hospital, which was founded over a hundred years before by a kinsman of his, who had been distinguished by a like philanthropic spirit to that of Mr. Vassar. This project, however, had not acquired definite shape, and he returned to Poughkeepsie with the subject still in mind, but with no matured plans. He, however, frequently conversed with friends, and confided to them his desire to realize his hope during his lifetime, when he could exercise a personal supervision over it, and enjoy seeing his work grow, and watch and judge of its uses, as well as to employ his own energies in guiding it.

His niece, Miss Booth, the principal of Cottage Hill Seminary for Young Ladies, had planted and fostered in his mind the idea of founding a model school for young ladies, but she suddenly died, and the seminary was closed; and for some time the subject of the education of women must have been banished from Mr. Vassar's mind; and he had taken the preliminary steps towards establishing in Poughkeepsie a large hospital for the sick, when these ideas were in turn thrust aside by circumstances.

Professor M. P. Jewett, who had been the principal of a large school for young women in Alabama, re-opened in 1855 the Cottage Hill Seminary, and at the same time united with the Central Baptist Church of Poughkeepsie, of which Mr. Vassar was a member. These gentlemen established at once friendly and confidential relations, Mr. Vassar confiding to him his cherished plans as to the disposition of his fortune, which was largely increasing yearly; and Professor Jewett suggested his building and endowing a college for young women—one that should be to their sex what Harvard and Yale colleges are to young men. Thus he might become a greater benefactor than by any other act or plan of his, as the uses would be more permanent, and, with ever-spreading influence, reach more recipients than a hospital could. Mr. Vassar was greatly pleased, and the desire was awakened in him to carry it out at once on a liberal scale.

A site was selected in a beautiful natural park of 200 acres extent, with charming woodland scenery, a picturesque lake of pure spring water, and the horizon bounded by distant mountains; this within two miles of Poughkeepsie, with which it is connected by car-tracks and telegraphic communication. On June 4, 1861, Mr.

Vassar lifted the first spadeful of earth from its bed, and traced with a plough the foundations of the future college, and in the spring of 1865 the building was completed.

The main building is 500 feet in length. The centre building and wings are five stories in height, the connecting portion being four stories. In this imposing building there are accommodations for 400 students, besides six independent dwellings for resident officers, apartments for a full complement of managers and servants; suites of rooms for class recitations, lectures, and instruction in music and painting, a chapel, dining-hall, and parlors, besides the picture-gallery, library, and philosophical apparatus, cabinets of natural history, and everything, in fact, contributing to the needs of a first-class college. The art gallery, containing over 400 paintings, represents some of the best-known English and American artists.

One beautiful June day, in 1868, seven years from the laying of the foundations of the college, Mr. Vassar met his associates of the board of trustees in the building. He proceeded to read his annual address to them. He read sitting, and his voice was so feeble that the board drew nearer to catch the words that faltered from his lips. Suddenly, towards the close, his voice ceased, the paper fell from his hand, his head sank back on his chair, and without a struggle, in that peace, serenity, and quiet of a good old age, Matthew Vassar passed away. His paper concluded with an invocation to the Divine goodness to continue His smiles and favor to the institution so cherished and beloved by him, and imploring the Divine benediction.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most exquisitely beautiful piles of architecture in the world is the famous cathedral, a picture of which appears on page 13. It was completed in 1519, and has, therefore, stood nearly 370 years. Its high tower, called the Giralda, is still more ancient, having been built by the Moors in 1196, and raised from its height of 250 feet, at which the Moors left it, to its present height of 350 feet in 1568, when a rich filigree belfry was added to it. The cathedral itself is 431 feet long, 315 feet wide, has seven aisles, and a magnificent organ with over five thousand pipes. The late Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, of New York, who visited it during one of his European tours, gives, in his interesting record of travel (published by Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.,) a graphic account of his visit. He says:

"It is the noblest example of the Gothic ecclesiastical architecture in the world. St. Peter's

at Rome produces no such effect on the soul when first you enter it. The Cologne cathedral is nearer it in power. I have no superstitious feeling that compels me to be awed by a place; but I cannot enter this temple without worshipping. Instantly, as you stand within its walls, its giant solemn columns rising around, scarcely visible in the twilight at the noon of a brilliant southern day, its vastness, its amazing height, the roof, like a firmament, resting on arches dividing it into sixty-eight compartments, one feels that this surely ought to be none other than the house of God. High mass was celebrated during one of my many visits to the cathedral. When the tinkling of the bell gave the signal of 'the elevation of the host,' the faithful, wherever they chanced to be in the vast area, fell on their knees and silently worshipped the water over which the officiating priest had muttered his incantations, and now held aloft for the worship of the ignorant multitude. A woman entered one of the chapels, and knelt before an image of the Virgin, and poured out her soul in prayer; as if unconscious that spectators were all around her, she wept and told her beads."

It is a depressing picture of darkness, superstition, and ignorance. Happily, since that time there has been a hopeful movement witnessed in Spain. Vila and others have taught and preached; a Church of Jesus has been formed on similar evangelical principles to those which Bishop Riley is propagating in Mexico, and that Church is in harmonious sympathy with its Mexican sister. The accounts Bishop Riley has received recently from his Spanish brethren encourage sanguine hopes of a widespread evangelical movement, and he is laboring with new heart and vigor for the spiritual welfare of the Spanish-speaking peoples of this continent.

ESCAPED FROM THE MORMONS.

A Life Story: By Mrs. Stenhouse.

For More than Twenty-five Years the Wife of a Mormon Missionary and Elder.

(Continued from page 814.)

A Wife's Trial.

BUT there were every-day matters of much more real importance to me than those strange speculations which had recently employed so much of time and attention. It was now necessary that I should either return to France and fulfil my engagement with Monsieur D., or else resolve, once and forever, to renounce all those ties which had become so dear to me. Meanwhile, religious theories were not the only influences brought to bear upon my mind. While day by day I began to be still more doubtful whether it would not after all be sinful in God's sight for me to leave my friends in the new faith and go back to France and my betrothed, who I knew neither was nor ever could become a Saint, other thoughts began to intrude themselves upon my mind, and to shake my determination.

Elder Stenhouse's visits to my father's house began to be more frequent than ever, but as he desired to become familiar with the French language, and would bring his French grammar with him "to get a lesson," as he said, no par-

ticular notice was taken of his frequent coming. He was always welcomed with pleasure by the whole family, and, of course, by myself, who was his teacher. My pupil was studious—so much so that he told my father and mother that he could not study very well in the parlor where every one was conversing, and begged the privilege of having the folding-doors thrown partly open, that we might sit in the back parlor and be more quiet, one of my sisters being sent in with her sewing to keep us company. But my pupil by this time had made rapid progress in the French language; and, while my sister was innocently sewing, he was repeating his lesson to me; and it was not our fault if in those French phrase-books there were passages expressive of love and devotion. Unconsciously to us both, he formed the habit of repeating those phrases to me at all times, and I formed the equally bad habit of blushing whenever he made use of them. This my sister observed, and communicated the fact to my mother, who immediately said that we had better discontinue our French for awhile, as it was monopolizing too much of our time, and keeping both of us from attending to other and more important duties.

But the discontinuance of the French lessons did not put an end to the visits of Elder Stenhouse. He was a persevering young man; but the secret of the great interest taken in the French lessons was soon discovered. Then it

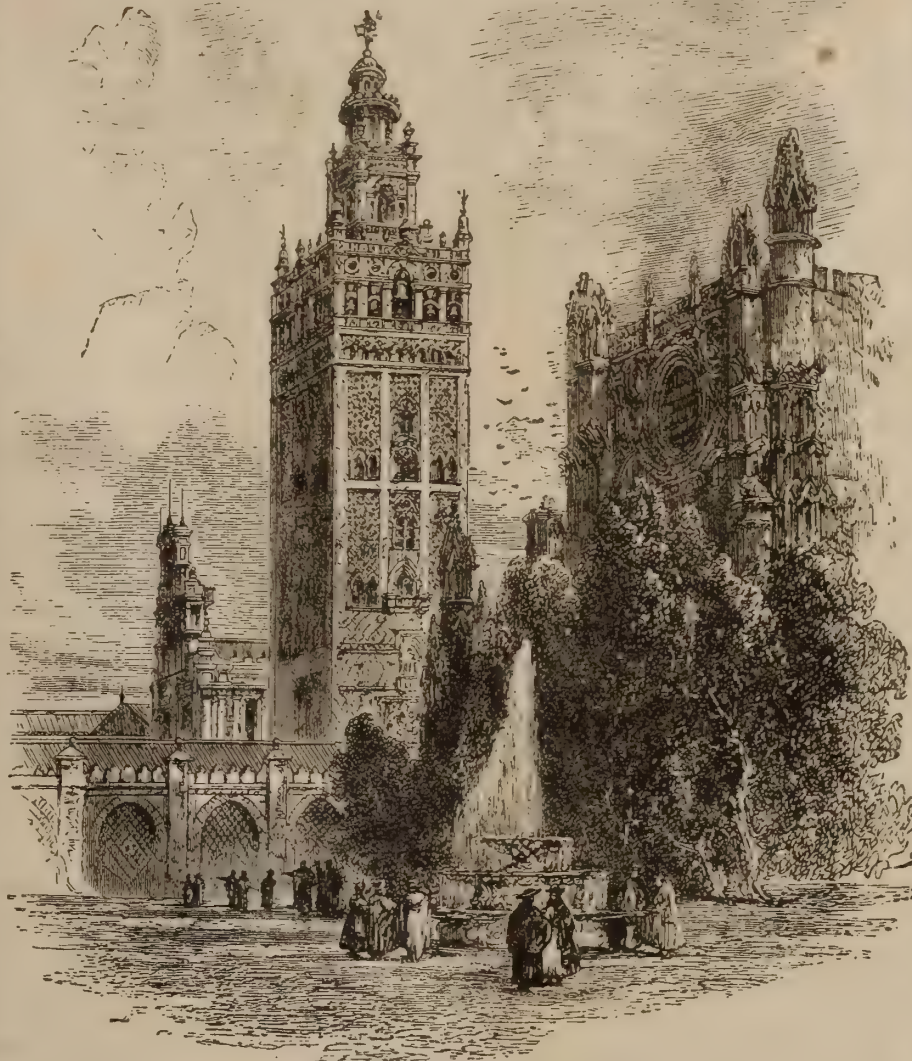
was that arguments of all kinds, and strong reasons, were brought forward to shake my purpose of returning to France. I was "in doubt," when, one day, discussing the point, Elder Stenhouse made use of the very same expression which had fallen from the sister's lips at the testimony-meeting I have referred to—"Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." My mind unsettled, with all its strength of argument and religion on the one side, and on the other no one to plead for reason and for my return to France, who can wonder that I—at best only a weak and inexperienced girl—listened to the entreaties of my friends, and resolved to stay.

In the course of a few months I was engaged to be married to Elder Stenhouse. It may, perhaps, seem strange that I could so soon forget the past, with all its pleasant memories, and renouncing my betrothed husband, Monsieur D., accept the attentions of another; but it should be remembered that I now firmly believed it was my duty—a duty which I dared not neglect—to blot out forever all past associations, however dear to my heart they might be. Besides which, I, in common with all around me, had learned to look upon Elder Stenhouse as almost an angel, on account of what he had endured for the gospel's sake; and I thought that any girl might consider herself honored by an offer of marriage from a man in his position in the Mormon Church. My marriage in France would, I feared, have been but doubtful happiness in this world, and certain ruin in the next; but heaven itself, I thought, would bless my union with one of its own ordained and tried servants. Thus it came to pass that on the 6th of February, 1850—

eight months after my arrival in Southampton—I was married to the young Mormon missionary, Elder Stenhouse.

I entered upon my new sphere as a missionary's wife, feeling that there were no obstacles so great that I could not overcome them for the gospel's sake. How little could I then imagine the life that was before me! I wrote to my friends in France. I told them frankly all. In return they wrote to me—especially Monsieur D.—entreating me to alter my determination. Kind and very gentle were those letters. Dear, very dear, has been the memory of them, and of their beloved writers, in later days. But at the time I felt that the influence which they still retained over me was in itself a sin.

About three months after our marriage it was rumored that four of the Twelve Apostles had been appointed to foreign missions, and were then on their way to England. The Saints in Britain had been for years without any missionaries direct from the body of the Church, and the announcement of this foreign mission was hailed with joy. I confess to experiencing much pleasure at the thought of becoming acquainted with a living apostle. How often in my girlhood I wished that I had lived when men inspired of God walked the earth! What a joy, I thought, it would have been to have listened to the wisdom of such teachers! Now the time was near when I should realize all the happiness of my day-dreams—when I should really



The Cathedral of Seville, Spain.

have the privilege of conversing with those chosen men of God. The invitation, therefore, to meet the Conference in London on the 1st of June was very welcome intelligence. We went to the London Conference—my husband and I; and there for the first time I met with Apostles, who were also Prophets and Priests and High Priests and Teachers and Elders and Deacons—all assembled in solemn convocation.

The four Apostles whom I met at that time were John Taylor, Lorenzo Snow, Erasmus Snow, and Franklin D. Richards—pleasant and agreeable men, and withal very fair specimens of Mormon missionaries, who had found favor in the eyes of Brigham Young and of the leaders in Zion, and who had been promoted accordingly. They lived comfortably, wore the finest broadcloth, fashionably cut, and were not averse to gold chains, and charms, and signet-rings, and other personal adornments. They put on no particular airs, were as polite and attentive to ladies as gentlemen always are, and could go to a theatre or any other place of amusement without hesitation. I afterwards discovered that, in one particular at least, if not in all, they resembled the early apostles, for they too could, like St. Paul, “lead about a sister” without any compunctions of conscience.

The Southampton Saints had hitherto formed only a branch of the London Conference, but did not form a conference of their own. It was now resolved that, since so large a number had recently been baptized in Hampshire, the several branches of the church there should be organized into a special conference at Southampton, with Elder Stenhouse as its president; and the Sunday following was appointed for that purpose, when the Apostle Snow, *en route* to Italy—to which country he had just been appointed missionary—would honor the occasion with his presence.

As we returned, some gentlemen in the same railway carriage, to while away the time, I suppose, entered into a religious discussion. What the subject was I do not now remember; but I can recollect that a good deal was said as to which of all the numerous Christian sects really possessed Divine authority. Elder Stenhouse took an active part in the argument, and being, like all the Mormon missionaries at that time, very well posted in Scriptural discussions, he attracted considerable attention, and was much complimented by several persons present. The Apostle Lorenzo Snow was silent all the time, but he took note of all that passed. Elder Stenhouse was a man of great zeal and untiring energy—qualities in which perhaps Brother Snow felt himself a little deficient; and he was going on a mission which required unflinching devotion and perseverance. We had not been an hour at home before he told my husband that he should accompany him to Italy! How often—even while I still clung to Mormonism—did it appear strange to me that the “revelations” of distinguished Saints should so frequently coincide with their own personal wishes and inclinations, and come at such convenient times!

I had laid aside my travelling-dress, and was hastening to provide some refreshment for the Apostle, when my husband came and told me of the revelation which had been so opportunely received. I was at that time as much an enthusiast as Elder Stenhouse himself, and I felt honored that my husband should be the first English Elder appointed to a foreign mission. Here was the fulfilment of my ambition—that we should be in the forefront of the battle, and should obtain distinction as zealous servants of God. But at what a cost was this ambition purchased! My poor, weak heart sickened at the thought—I had been but four months married.

When the Apostle asked me if I were willing that Elder Stenhouse should go to Italy, I answered “Yes,” though I felt as if my heart would break. I remembered that in my first transport of joy and gratitude after being baptized, I had made a covenant with the Lord that I would do

anything which He might require of me; and I dared not rebel or break that vow. Oh, the agony that fell upon my young heart! It seemed that the weight of a mountain rested upon it when I was told that my husband might be five years absent. He had already been five years a travelling elder without a home, trusting for daily bread to the voluntary kindness of the Saints. He had labored faithfully, and looked forward to the day when his “Conference” should be established, and he could count upon an improvement in his temporal position, and an early call to emigrate to Zion. In the few months that I had been his wife, it was only natural that I should share his hopes; but just at the moment when they were about to be realized, hopes and expectations were scattered to the winds. On the following day the Saints assembled, the Southampton Conference was organized, and Elder Stenhouse elected its president. Ten minutes later, he was publicly appointed by the Apostle on a mission to Italy.

During the few days which intervened between the time when Elder Stenhouse received his appointment and the hour of his departure I enjoyed but little of his society. Arranging the affairs of the Conference which he was leaving, and preparation for his mission, fully occupied his attention. I do not think we either of us uttered a word, when alone together, respecting the future that was before us. It was probably better that we did not. There are moments of our life when silence is better than speech; and it is safer to trust in the mercy of a compassionate God than to try to shape our own destiny.

The Saints are noted for the fraternal spirit which exists among them. There are, of course, exceptions; but, as a rule, every Mormon is willing to help his brother in the faith, acting upon the principle, “One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.” The Southampton Saints were no exception to this rule, but showed their kindness both to my husband and myself in a thousand little ways. I have spoken of my unhappiness during that week of preparation, but I must not forget that there were gleams of hope in the darkness. One occasion I shall never forget—a picnic which our friends held as a kind of valedictory feast in honor of the departing missionaries, of Elder Stenhouse in particular.

Right up the Southampton River, not far from Netley Abbey, is a pleasant and picturesque spot named Bittern, which I need not too particularly describe, although the memory of its beauty recalls recollections of mingled sadness and pleasure to my mind. There my parents now lived, and thither it was proposed our friends should go. They could obtain all they needed for the picnic at my father’s house, and we could take our good things into the woods, and enjoy ourselves as we pleased. We had a very happy time; for the moment, even I forgot the cloud that was hanging over me; and our dear friends not only enjoyed themselves to the utmost, but seemed bent upon making the time pass pleasantly to everyone else.

I had been talking to Sister White about the recent doings of the Saints, the establishment of the Conference, and the sending away of Elder Stenhouse. I wanted Sister White, as in fact I wanted every one else, to think that I was perfectly happy in the separation, and that I counted my feelings as a wife as nothing when placed in the balance against my duty as a missionary; and I tried to impress upon her how proud I was that my husband should be the first English Elder entrusted with a foreign mission. We talked together a great deal in this way. She was still quite a young woman, though married and the mother of four darling children; but probably she had a better experience than I had, and could see through my attempts to stifle my natural feelings, while, at the same time, she sympathized with me. She spoke very kindly to me; and as we talked, we wandered inadvertently away from the rest of the party. Suddenly she thought of her little boy,

and, mother-like, thinking he might be in danger, ran off in search of him, promising to come back immediately.

I sat down upon the grass to await her return. I was somewhat excited by the conversation which had passed between us; but as I sat musing, my agitation began to cool down, and I was soon lost in thought, and did not notice that I was not alone. I did not hear the light footsteps near me, and did not see a little fairy friend, as I called her, pass between me and the sun. But a tiny hand was laid gently on my shoulder, and looking up I saw the loving eyes of Mary Burton looking straight down into mine.

“Where have you been, dear?” I asked. “Why, I have hardly seen you all the day.” “But I knew you were here,” she said, “and I thought you were alone; and I wanted to see you, and talk with you.” “Come and sit down beside me, Mary,” I said, “and let us have a little chat together.” Then I drew her gently towards me, and she sat down by my side. For a few moments we said nothing, but I was watching her, and waiting to hear what she would say. She seemed such a sweet and gentle girl—more like one of those little birds of glorious plumage and thrilling song that we see glittering among the dew-drops and the dancing leaves, than a child of earth. And I pitied her for her beauty, for such beauty is often a snare; and I wondered whether her innocent soul was as fair and glorious before God as her face was sweet to me; and I asked whether in years to come, when the glory of her childish radiance had passed away, the brightness of a soul pure and serene would lend a new beauty to her features—the beauty, of a noble womanhood.

I took her hand in mine, and asked her some trifling question; but she did not answer. Suddenly she looked up full into my face, and said, “Sister Stenhouse; I’m very sorry for you.”

“Sorry for me, dear?” I said. “Why should you be sorry? I am not sad.”

“You shouldn’t say so,” she replied; “you know in your heart you are sad, although you don’t say so. It’s a fine thing, no doubt, for Elder Stenhouse to go away, though for my part I’d rather stop at home if I loved any one there; and at any rate, you must feel sorry that he is going away so far, if you love him.”

“But, Mary,” I said, “you know it is his duty to go; and he has been called to it by the Apostle, and it is a great honor.”

“Oh yes, I know that,” she replied, “I know that.” Then we relapsed into silence for some few moments. Drawing nearer to me, she said again, quite suddenly.

“Sister Stenhouse, do you know the meaning of the word ‘polygamy’?”

“Why, what a singular question to ask me, child!” I exclaimed.

“Child, you call me, Sister Stenhouse; but I’m not a child—at least not quite a child; I shall be fifteen next birthday.”

“Well, dear,” I said, “I did not mean to offend you; and I call you ‘child’ because I love you; but you asked me such a strange question, and used such a strange word.” This was quite true, for at that time the word “polygamy” was as seldom used as the word “polyandry,” or any other word signifying a state of things with which we have nothing to do.

“I’m not offended,” she said, “only people have a way of treating me as if I were only such a very little girl; I suppose I look so.”

She certainly did look so, and I suppose she read my thoughts. Womanhood, by and by, brought to her more of reality, both in face and figure, as well as in the terrible facts of life; but at that time the term “Little Fairy,” which I have so often used respecting her, seemed the most appropriate. The meaning of that terrible word “polygamy” she understood in later years fully as well as I did. “Well, dear,” I said, “why did you ask that strange question?” “You must promise not to be angry with me if I tell you,” she answered; “and yet I think you ought to know.”

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1889.

JANUARY.		FEBRUARY.		MARCH.		APRIL.	
1 Tu	My presence shall go with thee. Ex. 33: 14.	1 F	The Lord shall guide thee continually.	1 F	With God all things are possible. [15]	1 M	Be ye kind one to another. Eph. 4: 32.
2 W	Take unto you the whole armor of God.	2 S	Seek the Lord and His strength. Ps. 105: 4.	2 S	To-day, if ye will hear His voice. Heb. 3	2 Tu	Hate evil, and love good. Amos 5: 15.
3 Th	Bear ye one another's burthens. Gal. 6: 2.	3 S	God shall wipe away all tears. Rev. 7: 17.	3 S	This is the way, walk ye in it. Isa. 30: 21.	3 W	I will instruct thee. Ps. 32: 8.
4 F	He shall strengthen your heart. Ps. 31: 24.	4 M	Fear not . . . be strong. Zech. 8: 13.	4 M	He shall fight for you. Deut. 1: 30.	4 Th	Seek first the kingdom of God. Matt. 6
5 S	Ask, and it shall be given you. Matt. 7: 7.	5 Tu	I will go before thee. Isa. 45: 2.	5 Tu	Follow after righteousness. 1 Tim. 6: 11.	5 F	Draw nigh to God. Jas. 4: 8.
6 S	Be thou in the fear of the Lord.	6 W	There is no Saviour beside Me. Hos. 13: 4.	6 W	The Lord is thy keeper. Ps. 121: 5.	6 S	The gift of God is eternal life. Rom. 6: 23
7 M	Ye have not, because ye ask not. Jas. 4: 2	7 Th	All things are possible to him that believ-	7 Th	Ye have not resisted unto blood. Heb. 12	7 S	No man can serve two masters. Luke 16: 13
8 Tu	In all thy ways acknowledge Him. Prov.	8 F	The Lord thy God is with thee. [eth.	8 F	Trust in Him at all times. Ps. 62: 8.	8 M	The Lord is good. Nahum 1: 7.
9 W	Ye cannot serve God and mammon. [3: 6	9 S	Help cometh from the Lord. Ps. 121: 2.	9 S	The Lord is a strong tower. Prov. 18: 10	9 Tu	The Father Himself loveth you. John 16
10 Th	Christ shall give thee light. Eph. 5: 14.	10 S	Ask, and it shall be given you. Matt. 7: 7.	10 S	Serve Him in sincerity. Josh. 24: 14.	10 W	Seek, and ye shall find. Matt. 7: 7.
11 F	Come unto me. Matt. 11: 28.	11 M	The Lord is merciful and gracious.	11 M	Take hold of my strength. Isa. 27: 5.	11 Th	Christ hath redeemed us. Gal. 3: 13.
12 S	Fear not; I will help thee. Isa. 41: 13.	12 Tu	Remove thy foot from evil. Prov. 4: 27.	12 Tu	Rejoice in the Lord alway. Phil. 4: 4.	12 F	Be our peace. Eph. 2: 14.
13 S	Let us not be weary in well doing.	13 W	He giveth power to the faint. Isa. 60: 29.	13 W	Wash you, make you clean. Isa. 1: 16.	13 S	Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Prov. 27
14 M	God is our refuge and strength. Ps. 46: 1.	14 Th	It is the spirit that quickeneth. John 6: 63	14 Th	Be of good courage. Ps. 31: 24.	14 S	Trust in the Lord. Ps. 115: 10.
15 Tu	His mercy endureth for ever. Ps. 118: 1.	15 F	Ye are the light of the world. Matt. 5: 14.	15 F	The Lord give thee understanding. 2 Tim.	15 M	He hath chosen us in Him. Eph. 1: 4.
16 W	Be blameless and harmless. Phil. 2: 15.	16 S	Walk as children of light. Eph. 5: 8.	16 S	Let the word of Christ dwell in you.	16 Tu	My words shall not pass away. Matt. 24:
17 Th	Lo, I am with you alway. Matt. 28: 20.	17 M	Trust in the Lord, and do good. Ps. 37: 3.	17 M	In the furnace of affliction. Isa. 48: 10.	17 W	Be sober, be vigilant. 1 Pet. 5: 8.
18 F	Judge not, that ye be not judged. Matt.	18 Tu	He shall cover thee with His feathers.	18 Tu	The Lord is with you. 2 Chron. 15: 2.	18 Th	The God of Jacob defend thee. Ps. 20: 1.
19 S	I will strengthen thee. Isa. 41: 10.	19 W	He healeth the broken in heart. Ps. 147: 3.	19 W	Trust in the living God. 1 Tim. 4: 10.	19 F	Good Friday. It is finished. John 19
20 S	Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.	20 Th	The Lord is with you. 2 Chron. 15: 2.	20 Th	His own self bare our sins. 1 Pet. 2: 24.	20 S	As thy days, so shall thy strength be. [30
21 M	Do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. 10: 31.	21 F	Judge righteous judgment. John 7: 24.	21 F	Who loved me. Gal. 2: 20.	21 M	Easter Sunday. I am the way.
22 Tu	Be clothed with humility. 1 Pet. 5: 5.	22 S	Washington's Birthday.	22 S	Let us lift up our heart unto heaven. [8.	22 Tu	Live peaceably with all men. Rom. 12: 18.
23 W	Strive to enter in at the strait gate.	23 M	Keep yourselves in the love of God. Jude	23 M	Every one that asketh, receiveth. Matt. 7:	23 W	I will deliver you. Isa. 46: 4.
24 Th	Serve Him in truth with all your heart.	24 Tu	Be ye doers of the word. Jas. 1: 22.	24 Tu	In the world ye shall have tribulation.	24 Th	The Lord of peace give you peace. 2 Thess
25 F	Now the God of peace be with you. Rom.	25 W	He died for all. 2 Cor. 5: 15.	25 W	Behold, I send an angel before thee. Ex.	25 F	Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess 5: 17.
26 S	The Lord upholdeth all that fall. [15: 23]	26 Th	He was wounded for our transgressions.	26 Th	Put on the new man. Eph. 4: 24.	26 S	Rise. He calleth thee. Mark 10: 49.
27 M	Be strong, for I am with you. Hag. 2: 4.	27 F	If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him	27 F	Love the truth and peace. Zech. 8: 19.	27 M	His mercy endureth for ever. Ps. 136: 5.
28 Tu	Ye are not your own. 1 Cor. 6: 19.	28 S	Walk worthy of God. 1 Thess. 2: 12.	28 S	Be thou faithful unto death. Rev. 2: 10.	28 Tu	God is a Spirit. John 4: 24.
29 W	The Lord shall preserve thee. Ps. 121: 7.	29 M		29 M	With the Lord there is mercy. Ps. 130: 7.	29 W	I am the light of the world. John 8: 12.
30 Th	Love not the world. 1 John 2: 15.	30 Tu		30 Tu	The Lord bless thee and keep thee.	30 Th	Watch and pray. Mark 13: 33.
31 F	Glorify God in your body. 1 Cor. 6: 20.			31 S			
MAY.		JUNE.		JULY.		AUGUST.	
1 W	I am thy shield. Gen. 15: 1.	1 S	Render to all their dues. Rom. 13: 7.	1 M	Put not your trust in princes. Ps. 146: 3.	1 Th	He doth not afflict willingly. Lam. 3: 33.
2 Th	Love your enemies. Matt. 5: 44.	2 S	I am the Lord thy God. Isa. 43: 3.	2 Tu	My soul, wait thou only upon God. Isa	2 F	Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom. 13:
3 F	Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.	3 M	Abhor that which is evil. Rom. 12: 9.	3 W	Pray to thy Father. Matt. 6: 6.	3 S	I lay down My life. John 10: 17.
4 S	Be blameless. . . . just, holy. Tit. 1: 7, 8.	4 Th	He will swallow up death in victory.	4 Th	Independence Day. Ebenezer.	4 M	God is love. 1 John 4: 16.
5 S	Ye are bought with a price. 1 Cor. 7: 23.	5 F	He maketh sure, and bindeth up. Job. 5: 18.	5 F	Bless, and curse not. Rom. 12: 14.	5 M	Be not conformed to this world. Rom.
6 M	He will be our guide. Ps. 43: 14.	6 Th	The Lord of Hosts is with us. Ps. 46: 11.	6 Th	Father, forgive them. Luke 23: 34.	6 Tu	The Lord pondereth the hearts. Prov.
7 Tu	Let us consider one another. Heb. 20: 14.	7 F	A gracious God and merciful. Jonah 4: 2.	7 F	Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6: 12	7 W	Seek ye the Lord. Isa. 55: 6.
8 W	Set your affection on things above. Col. 3: 2.	8 S	See that ye walk circumspectly. Eph. 5: 15	8 M	I will make darkness light. Isa. 42: 16.	8 Th	He will answer thee. Isa. 30: 19.
9 Th	The love of Christ constraineth us.	9 S	Whit Sunday. Fret not thyself.	9 Tu	Do good, and lend. Luke 6: 35.	9 F	If the Lord be God, follow Him. 1 Kings
10 F	Be renewed in the spirit of your mind.	10 M	Be not weary in well doing. 2 Thess. 3: 13.	10 W	Thou art the guide of my youth. Jer. 3: 4.	10 S	Hearken unto the voice of the Lord. Deut.
11 S	See that ye love one another. 1 Pet. 1: 22	11 Tu	There remaineth therefore a rest.	11 Th	I will put My Spirit within you. Ezek. 36:	11 M	Provide things honest. Rom. 12: 17.
12 S	Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.	12 W	The Lord is long-suffering. Num. 14: 18.	12 Tu	Create in me a clean heart. Ps. 51: 10.	12 Th	I have faith in God. Mark 11: 22.
13 M	Keep thy tongue from evil. Ps. 34: 13.	13 Th	Ye are the salt of the earth. Matt. 5: 13.	13 W	Thou shalt have treasure in heaven.	13 F	I have prayed for thee. Luke 22: 32.
14 Th	Cast thy burden upon the Lord. Ps. 55: 22	14 F	We also should walk in newness of life.	14 Th	He is our help and our shield. Ps. 33: 20	14 M	His mercy is everlasting. Ps. 100: 5.
15 F	Himself took our infirmities. Matt. 8: 17.	15 S	Good and upright is the Lord. Ps. 25: 8.	15 M	Continue ye in my love. John 15: 9.	15 Tu	Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.
16 S	I know thy works. Rev. 2: 2.	16 M	Be of good comfort. 2 Cor. 13: 11.	16 Th	My God shall supply. Phil. 4: 19.	16 W	He maketh the storm a calm. Ps. 107: 29.
17 Th	Seek good, and not evil. Amos 5: 14.	17 Tu	Walk in truth. 3 John 4.	17 W	Whatsoever ye shall ask. John 14: 13.	17 Th	The Son of man is come to save. Lu. 19: 10.
18 F	He satisfieth the longing soul. Ps. 107: 9.	18 M	The Spirit of the Lord is upon me. Luke	18 Tu	There is nothing too hard for Thee.	18 S	Children, obey your parents. Eph. 6: 1.
19 S	Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?	19 W	This is the way, walk ye in it. Isa. 30: 21.	19 Th	Ye have need of patience. Heb. 10: 36.	19 M	The author and finisher of our faith.
20 M	When I fall, I shall arise. Micah 7: 8.	20 Th	Return, ye backsliding children. Jer. 3: 22.	20 W	Blessed are the pure in heart. Matt. 5: 8	20 Tu	Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Prov.
21 Tu	I will deliver him. Ps. 91: 15.	21 F	Weep ye not for the dead. Jer. 22: 10.	21 F	Having made peace. Col. 1: 20.	21 W	Christ abideth forever. John 12: 34.
22 W	Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.	22 Tu	A Father of the fatherless is God. Ps. 68: 5.	22 W	Jesus Christ, the same yesterday. Heb	22 Th	Abide in me. John 15: 4.
23 Th	Blessed are the merciful. Matt. 5: 7.	23 M	I am the Almighty God. Gen. 17: 1.	23 Th	According to His mercy He saved us.	23 F	Without me ye can do nothing. John
24 F	Love worketh no ill. Rom. 13: 10.	24 Tu	With God all things are possible.	24 F	Charity beareth all things. 1 Cor. 13: 7.	24 S	Fear not; for I have redeemed thee. Isa.
25 S	In whom we have redemption. Eph. 1: 7.	25 W	He will come and save you. Isa. 35: 4.	25 S	Be ye therefore perfect. Matt. 5: 48.	25 M	Watch and pray. Matt. 26: 41.
26 M	Depart from evil, and do good. Ps. 34: 14.	26 Th	The Lord thinketh upon me. Ps. 40: 17.	26 Th	I can do all things. Phil. 4: 13.	26 Tu	Blessed are the peacemakers. Matt. 5: 9.
27 Tu	The grace of God that bringeth salvation.	27 F	Pour out your heart before Him. Ps. 62: 8.	27 F	I will feed my flock. Ezek. 34: 15.	27 W	I am the Lord, I change not. Mal. 3: 6.
28 W	Swear not at all. Matt. 5: 34.	28 M	The path of the just is as the shining light.	28 M	Take heed that ye be not deceived.	28 Th	Godliness with contentment is great gain.
29 Th	Awake, thou that sleepest. Eph. 5: 14.	29 Tu	Be kindly affectioned.	29 W	Let thy words be few. Eccles. 5: 2.	29 F	Let another man praise thee. Prov. 27: 2
30 F	Decorations Day. Till he come. 1 Cor.	30 W	We are unprofitable servants. Luke 17: 10.	30 Th	Ye shall seek Me, and find Me. Jer. 29:	30 M	I will give peace and quietness. 1 Chron.
31 S	Why are ye so fearful? Mark 4: 40.			31 W		31 S	Put Me in remembrance. Isa. 43: 26.
SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.		NOVEMBER.		DECEMBER.	
1 S	Be not afraid nor dismayed. 2 Chron. 20: 15	1 Tu	Return unto Me. Mal. 3: 7.	1 F	Christ pleased not Himself. Rom. 15: 3.	1 S	Let him that is athirst come. Rev. 22: 17.
2 M	The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.	2 W	Show mercy and compassion. Zech. 7: 19.	2 S	That great Shepherd of the sheep.	2 M	Doing the will of God. Eph. 6: 6.
3 Tu	Let us walk honestly. Rom. 13: 13.	3 Th	He will not always chide. Ps. 103: 9.	3 Th	Thou art my hiding place. Ps. 32: 7.	3 Tu	Remember now thy Creator. Eccles. 12: 1
4 W	He will be found of thee. 1 Chron. 28: 9	4 F	Who shall separate us? Rom. 8: 35.	4 M	Thy right hand upholdeth me. Ps. 63: 8.	4 W	I will be with thee. Isa. 43: 2.
5 Th	The servant is not greater than his lord.	5 S	Love not the world. 1 John 2: 15.	5 Tu	To serve God with a perfect heart. 1 Chron	5 Th	He laid down his life for us. 1 John 3: 16.
6 F	Be not highminded, but fear. Rom. 11: 20.	6 W	Abstain from all appearance of evil. 1 Th.	6 W	Speak evil of no man. Tit. 3: 2.	6 S	He is able to succor. Heb. 2: 18.
7 S	Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.	7 Th	Cleave unto the Lord. Josh. 23: 8.	7 Th	Be no brawlers, but gentle. Tit. 3: 2.	7 M	This do in remembrance of Me. Luke
8 S	Strengthened with all might. Col. 1: 11.	8 F	Our God shall fight for us. Neh. 4: 20.	8 F	Look unto Me. Isa. 45: 22.	8 Tu	In the swelling of Jordan. Jer. 12: 6.
9 M	I will give you rest. Matt. 11: 28.	9 W	I am meek and lowly. Matt. 11: 29.	9 W	Who gave Himself a ransom. 1 Tim. 2: 6.	9 Th	Is this the victory, even our faith. 1 John
10 Tu	Rejoicing in hope. Rom. 12: 12.	10 Th	His song shall be with me. Ps. 42: 8.	10 Th	Ask in My name. John 14: 13.	10 W	Neglect not the gift that is in thee. [5: 4
11 W	So run, that you may obtain. 1 Cor. 9: 24.	11 F	Be swift to hear. Jas. 1: 19.	11 M	Be not faithless, but believing. John 20:	11 Th	Thou shalt not keep them secretly.
12 Th	Tribulation worketh patience. Rom. 5: 3.	12 Tu	Let the wicked forsake his way. Isa. 55: 7.	12 Tu	Stand fast in the faith. 1 Cor. 16: 13.	12 F	The wise shall inherit glory. Prov. 3: 35
13 F	The Lord be with you. 2 Thess. 3: 16.	13 W	He saved them. Ps. 107: 13.	13 W	Consider your ways. Hag. 1: 5.	13 S	Show me Thy ways, O Lord. Ps. 25: 4.
14 S	Be led of the Spirit. Gal. 5: 18.	14 Th	The Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam.	14 Th	Ye have need of patience. Heb. 10: 36.	14 M	Ye are my witnesses. Isa. 43: 10.
15 S	He spared not His own Son. Rom. 8: 32.	15 M	He will abundantly pardon. Isa. 55: 7.	15 M	My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. 12: 9	15 Tu	Let no man despise thee. Tit. 2: 15.
16 M	Let your light so shine. Matt. 5: 16.	16 W	We shall see Him as He is. 1 John 3: 2.	16 Th	In thy name shall they rejoice. Ps. 89: 16	16 M	Oneis your Master, even Christ. Matt. 23
17 Tu	Now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. 6: 2.	17 Th	He is not far from every one of us. Acts 17	17 M	The God of peace shall be with you. Phil.	17 Tu	And He saw them toiling. Mark 6: 48.
18 W	He shall teach you all things. John 15: 26.	18 F	He will speak peace. Ps. 85: 8.	18 W	The Lord is faithful. 2 Thess. 3: 3.	18 W	He will not fail thee. Deut. 31: 6.
19 Th	He delighted in mercy. Micah 7: 18.	19 S	Seek those things which are above. Col. 3: 1	19 Th	The Lord is faithful. 2 Thess. 3: 3.	19 Th	The Lord will give strength. Ps. 29: 11.
20 F	The man Christ Jesus. 1 Tim. 2: 5.	20 M	Labour not to be rich. Prov. 23: 4.	20 M	The Lord is my deliverer. Ps. 18: 2.	20 F	Unto the pure all things are pure. Tit. 1: 15
21 S	The shadow of a great rock. Isa. 32: 2.	21 Tu	Flee youthful lusts. 2 Tim. 2: 22	21 Tu	Love without dissimulation. Rom. 12: 9	21 S	Despise not prophecies. 1 Thess. 5: 20
22 S	Why sleep ye? rise and pray.	22 W	Nothing shall be impossible. Matt. 17: 20.	22 W	God knoweth your hearts. Luke 16: 15.	22 M	Awake to righteousness. 1 Cor. 15: 34.
23 M	He giveth His beloved sleep. Ps. 127: 2.	23 Th	Be comforted. 1 Cor. 14: 31.	23 Th	The Lord God is a sun and shield. Ps. 84	23 Tu	I give unto them eternal life. John 10: 28.
24 Tu	Let us cleanse ourselves. 2 Cor. 7: 1.	24 F	Thou art near, O Lord. Ps. 119: 151.	24 F	Is it well with thee? 2 Kings 4: 26.	24 W	The kingdom of God is within you. Luke
25 W	I will uphold thee. Isa. 41: 10.	25 S	My peace I give unto you. John 14: 27.	25 M	A God full of compassion. Ps. 86: 15.	25 Th	Christmas Day.
26 Th	Learn to do well. Isa. 1: 17.	26 M	His compassions fail not. Lam. 3: 22.	26 Th	Be ye steadfast. 1 Cor. 15: 58.	26 F	His name shall be called Wonderful.
27 F	I know thy works. Rev. 2: 9.	27 Tu	Be not wise in thine own eyes. Prov. 3: 7.	27 M	Be subject one to another. 1 Peter 5: 5.	27 S	Surely He hath borne our griefs. Isa. 53: 4.
28 S	There shall be no more death. Rev. 21: 4.	28 W	He knoweth our frame. Ps. 103: 14.	28 Th	Thanksgiving Day. He gave thanks.	28 M	Giving thanks for all things unto God.
29 S	Be ye followers of God. Eph. 5: 1.	29 Th	Take no thought for your life. Luke 12: 29	29 F	Cast thy bread upon the waters. Eccles. 2: 9	29 Tu	It is the spirit that quickeneth. John 6: 63.
30 M	I live by the faith of the Son. Gal. 2: 20	30 F	Walk ye in Him. Col. 2: 6.	30 S	Walk in the Spirit. Gal. 5: 16.</		

MY PLEA.

Dear Lord it seems from day to day,
I nothing do, I nothing say,
But hide within my heart of hearts,
The joy Thy love to me imparts.

When answers to my prayers are given,
I trembling send my thanks to heaven.
Teach me, my Lord, to meekly tell
To others that I know so well.

Use all my powers to work for Thee.
Give of Thy spirit large and free,
That rising with each new-born day,
Fit Thou my armor for the way.

O when there comes a needy cry,
Send, Lord, through me, a full supply;
The teeming earth is wholly Thine,
Give me to raise some drooping vine.

Do freed men cry for gospel food?
Give me to send the needed good.
Do heathen live in dusk of sin?
O give me grace a soul to win.

Whether by mine or other hands,
O send Dear Lord to distant lands
The means to speed the joyful day
Of Jesus' coming, Jesus' sway.

O Father hear this prayer of mine
Make me a dresser of some drooping vine
And let my joy abound in Thee
Thou King of Kings Thou Triune Three.
—S. S. B.

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